THE PROTECTOR
AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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HOW TO LIVE.

The Life of Faith Exemplified and Recommended, in a Letter found in the Study of a Minister after his death.

[The subjoined was published by the London Tract Society. There is no date, and it seems to be very old; but its spirit is so comforting in these unsettled times, that it is thought worth transcribing.]

Dear Brother,—Yours I received, and have thought on that question, "How to live in this world, so as to live in Heaven." It is one of the common pleas of my heart, which I have often occasion to study, and, therefore, takes me not unprovided. It is hard to keep the helm up against so many cross winds as we meet withal upon this sea of troubles. That man knows not his own heart that finds it not difficult to break through the entanglements of the world. Creature smiles stoop and entice away the affections from Jesus Christ; creature frowns encompass and tempestuate the spirit, that it thinks it doth well to be angry; both ways grace is a loser. We had all need to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. The greatest of your conflicts and causes of complaint seem to have their original here. Temptations follow tempers. As there are two predominant qualities in the tempers of everybody, so there are two predominant sins in the temper of every heart. Pride is one in all men in the world.

I will tell you familiarly what God hath done for my soul, and in what frame my soul keeps toward himself. I am come to a conclusion to look after no great matters in the world, but to know Christ and him crucified. I make the best way in a low gale. A high spirit and a high gale together will be dangerous; and, therefore, I prepare to live low. I desire not much; I pray against it.

My study is my calling; so much as to tend that without distraction, I am bound to plead for, and more I desire not. By my secluded retirement, I have the advantage of observing how every day's occasions insensibly wear off the heart from God, and bury it in self, which they who live in care and lumber cannot be sensible of. I have seemed to see a need of everything God gives me, and to want nothing that he denies me.

There is no dispensation, though afflictive, but either in it, or after it, I find I could not be without it. I cast all my concerns upon the Lord, and live securely on the care and wisdom of my heavenly Father. My way, you know, is in some sense hedged up with thorns, and grows darker and darker daily; but yet I distrust not my God in the least, and live more quietly in the absence of all, by faith, than I should do, I am persuaded, if I possessed them. I think the Lord deals kindly with me, to make me believe for all my mercies before I have them; they will then be Isaacs—sons of laughter. The less reason has to work upon, the more freely faith casts itself upon the faithfulness of God. I find that while faith is steady, nothing can disquiet me; and when faith totters, nothing can establish me. If I depend upon my fellow creatures, something always goes wrong with me in the end; but if I stay myself on God, and leave him to work in his own way and time, I am at rest; and can sit down and sleep in a promise, when a thousand rise up against me. Therefore, my way is not to cast beforehand, but to work with God by the day. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

I find so much to do continually with my calling and my heart, that I have no time to puzzle myself with peradventures and futurities. As to the state of the times, it is very gloomy and tempestuous; but "why do the heathen rage?" Faith lies at anchor in the midst of the waves, and believes the accomplishment of the promise through all those overturnings, confusions, and seeming impossibilities. Upon this God do I live, who is our God forever, and will guide us to death. Methinks I lie becalmed in his bosom, as Luther; in such a case, I am not much concerned; let Christ see to it. I know the prophecies are now dark, and the books are sealed, and men have all been deceived, and every cistern fails; yet God doth continue faithful, and "faithful is he that hath promised, who will do it." I believe these dark times will give birth to a bright morning.

Many things more I might have said, but enough. O! brother, keep close to God, and then you need fear nothing. Maintain secret and intimate communion with God, and then a little of the creature will go a great way. Take time for duties in private; crowd not religion into a corner of the day. There is a Dutch proverb, "Nothing is got by thieving, nor lost by praying." Lay up all your good in God, so as to overbalance the sweetness and bitterness of all creatures. Spend no time anxiously in forehand contrivances for the world; they never succeed. God will run his dispensations another way. Self-contrivances are the effects of unbelief. I can speak by experience. Would men spend those hours they run out in plots and devices, in communion with God, and leave all on him by venturesome believing, they would have more peace and comfort.

I leave you with your God and mine. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit. Pray for your own soul, pray for Jerusalem, and pray earnestly for your poor brother,

J. B.

LOST! LOST! LOST!

Just after breakfast, a few days since, we were startled by the hasty tolling of the court-house bell, as if for fire. Every one rushed out into the streets, but it was soon ascertained that the bell tolled for a lost child, not for fire. "A child lost!" The announcement sent a pallor to every cheek, and a tremor to every heart, and tears to many eyes. Parents thought of their own little ones, and, rejoicing that it was not their child, hastened to join in the search. The mechanic left his shop, the merchant his goods—only one thought filled every mind, "a child lost." Arrangements were made for a thorough and speedy examination of every place the child could possibly have reached. No pains or trouble were to be regarded—"we must find the child," was the universal sentiment. Just then the little fellow was brought in from the country, whither he had gone the night before without the knowledge of his parents.

What a joy we all felt that he was found. How thankful that he was not wandering away, exposed to the bitter cold, and the driving snow. And with what a sensation of relief we returned to our homes, rejoicing over "a child found."

Do you not hear that knell? It tolls for a *lost soul* a soul wandering on the dark mountains of sin, lost to all good, to God, to Heaven. It may be the soul of your parent or your child, your brother or your sister, your husband or your wife—will you not hasten to the rescue? Perchance the erring one may be reclaimed, and led back to the fold of Christ. Angels in Heaven may rejoice over him "who was lost and is found." Hasten, ere it be too late, to show the wanderer the only path that can lead him to happiness and to Heaven.

It may be your own soul is lost—wandering far from God, and every moment in danger of eternal death. Christ is seeking you. He came to seek and to save the lost—listen, and you hear him calling you! Answer that call: follow the sound of that voice, and you may yet reach heaven. But neglect it, wander on, and still on, in sin: refuse every call of love and mercy, and you will at last wake up in despair, to echo through the long, long ages of eternity the wail of the ruined soul—"Lost, lost, lost!"

ORIGIN OF WATTS'S HYMNS.

When Dr. Watts was a young man, and a candidate for the ministry, says a recent article in the *North British Review*, the congregation in which he worshipped, with his father's family, being one of those which did not eschew all psalmody, were accustomed, of course, to sing from the rude collections of Sternhold or Barton, or other like rhymesters, such as existed in that day. The collection did not come up to the standard which the devotional feeling and poetic taste of the young student craved, and having hinted his discontent he was challenged to produce something better. Accordingly, on a subsequent Lord's day, the service was concluded with the following stanzas, which, if mentally contrasted by the reader with the monstrous doggerel the congregation was doubtless accustomed to, will be perused with a redoubled glow of pious and poetic exultation. This is a genuine gospel lyric, and the joy with which pious hearts instantly welcomed it, attests the peculiar and unequalled merit of Watts as a sacred *song writer*.

Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odour sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on Thy head.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoner free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten the delaying days,
And bring the promised hour."

Such is the tradition, and we have no reason to question its truth. But more remarkable than the opposition of the hymn, is the alacrity with which it is said to have been received. The attempt was an innovation, and the poet was a prophet of their own country; but, to the devotional instincts of the worshippers so welcome was this "new song," that they entreated the author to repeat the service till, the series extending Sunday after Sunday, a sufficient number had been contributed to form the basis of a book.

LOOKING FROM SELF TO CHRIST.

Leigh Richmond was greatly blessed in the possession of a pious and judicious mother, from whom he seems to have inherited much of that constitutional sweetness of temper, which, acted on and enhanced by heavenly grace, made his character so eminently beautiful. But all that he owed to her he richly repaid in the admirable letters to her preserved in the memoir of his life. The following, from the parsonage at Torvey, is a rich treasury of spiritual counsel, and may well be the *Vade Mecum* of a Christian soul. It is the Theology of his excellent Tracts, and of his long and useful ministry, compressed into a single page.

"Your occasional doubts and fears arise from too much considering faith and repentance as the *grounds*, rather than as the *evidences* of salvation. The truth is, that a weak faith makes the soul as *secure*, though not so happy, as a strong one; and an imperfect repentance, as we deem it, may be sincere, and therefore a work of grace. Our salvation is not because we do so well, but because *He* whom *we trust*, hath done all things well. The believer is never more happy nor secure than when at the same moment he beholds and feels his own vileness, and also his Saviour's excellence.

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me,'

is the burden of its song. You look at yourself too much, and the infinite price paid for you too little. For conviction, it is true, you must look to your own heart; but for comfort to your Saviour. Thus the wounded Israelites were to look only at the brazen serpent for recovery. The graces of the spirit, such as love, patience, goodness, faith, &c., are good things for *others* to judge us by. But it is Christ, as reclined on, believed in, rested upon, loved and followed, that will speak peace to ourselves. By looking unto him, we shall grow holy; and the more holy we grow, the more we shall mourn over sin, and be sensible how very short we come of what we yet desire to be. None are so holy as those who mourn they are not so. While our sanctification is still a gradual and imperfect work, our justification is perfect and complete; the former is wrought *in us*, the latter *for us*. Rely simply as a worthless sinner on the Saviour, and the latter is all your own, with its accompanying blessings of pardon, acceptance, adoption and the non-imputation of sin to your charge. Hence will flow thankful obedience, devotedness of heart, patience and tribulation, and quiet waiting for the glory of God. Thus salvation is by faith alone, and thus saving faith works by love. Embrace these principles freely, fully, and impartially, and you will enjoy a true Scriptural peace, assurance and joy."

HUGH MILLER AND THE PRECIPICE.

Heaven above and hell below,
Pleasure, pain, and joy, and woe,
Repeat the words in accents slow,
Stop and think!

Hugh Miller, the celebrated geologist, when a boy, was in the habit of scaling giddy precipices either in search of some peculiar specimen of rock, or some unknown species of bird.

On one occasion he saw a raven's nest far above the ground, snugly fixed on an inaccessible cliff, which had never been scaled by the foot of man. From below it was a matter of impossibility to reach it; for it was more than a hundred feet above the the level of the sea. He therefore determined to make an attempt from above. Creeping carefully along, now holding by some protruding rock, now clinging to some slender shrub, he at last found himself within six or eight feet of the desired prize. There he stopped and hesitated. Beneath, the raging surf foamed and boiled. One misstep would launch him into eternity. His foot was stretched out to take the first step, when he observed, as the sun burst suddenly from behind the cloud, the light glistened on a smooth surface of chlorite, slippery as glass. He at once saw the consequence of such an attempt, retraced his steps, and was in God's providence spared to exert an influence for good, the extent of which will never be fully known.

Reader, have you ever attempted to perform some act which no one else was able to accomplish, and been on the very brink of destruction, when the Sun of Righteousness shone on your pathway and revealed to your darkened understanding the imminent danger of your position?

Young man, you that are anxious to write your name high above that of your fellow-men, beware how you step. The ocean of a never-ending eternity is roaring beneath you. You, perhaps, do not see your danger—yet it is there. If you are seeking only the riches of this world, which perish with the using, and endeavoring to achieve what no one else has done, pray that God will show you the peril of your position, retrace your steps, and remember the sad end of him "who layeth up for himself, and is not rich towards God." Luke xii. 21.

The sequel to this little sketch is very heart-rending. Not long after the above occurrence, a youth named Mackay made a similar attempt; paused, even for a longer time; then trusting himself to the treacherous chlorite, his foot slipped, and he fell headlong over the precipice. His head striking violently against a projecting rock, his brains were scattered over an area of ten or twelve square yards in extent. The rock doubtless yet remains, a lasting monument of the sinful folly of man.—*Philip Barrett.*

Sorrow is God's school. Even God's own Son was not made perfect without it; though a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things that he suffered.

Convulsions, by the very fact of their violence, show that they are short-lived.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

We have seldom been more forcibly impressed with the thought that when God has a work to do, he raises up the instruments to do it, than in looking over this remarkable volume. Dr. Livingstone was at the outset a poor factory boy in Scotland. His toilsome and exhausting daily routine, however, could not quench the thirst for improvement which a Divine power had awakened within him. With his first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin, and his studies were pursued by fixing his book before him on the spinning jenny, or by poring over it at night, until his mother, alarmed for his health, would jump from her bed and snatch it from his hand. From such beginnings the Scotch lad became a thoroughly educated missionary physician, ready to embark for service in China, his chosen field. But the breaking out of the opium war was the providential event which gave the turn to his life, from which so much has resulted. Hindered from entering that field, he studied theology and was licensed, and embarked for Africa, where he has spent the last sixteen years. It is only saying of Dr. Livingstone what the world already knows, when we state that he has been the honoured instrument of for the first time thoroughly lifting the veil which has mantled in midnight the great African continent. He gives us, as it were, a revelation of a new world. He has disclosed to us portions of the earth populous, beautiful, productive—capable, when it may please God, of playing an important part in the affairs of mankind, of which we before knew absolutely nothing more than we do of the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter. He has brought out to our astonished gaze, races of men, of character and attainment by no means inconsiderable, where we had imagined only the lowest forms of barbarism. In short, he has, to a large extent, solved the problem of Africa. That great section of the world is no longer *terra ignota*. It cannot be doubted that from the information he has furnished, most important results, both commercial and religious, will ensue. As an illustration of calm perseverance and personal daring, as well as a narrative of adventure and travel, the volume holds a high rank, and though the author is extremely modest as to his literary qualities, he tells his story well. It is amusing, however, to find him saying that he would as leave cross the continent of Africa again as write another such book. On our first page we give an extract from the work, which will touch the hearts of all who care for the poor heathen.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

DR LIVINGSTONE AND THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

The following very interesting, impressive, and admonitory narrative, is from Dr. Livingstone's African Travels.

Sechele was seated in his chieftainship when I made his acquaintance. On the first occasion in which I ever attempted to hold a public religious service, he remarked that it was the custom of his nation, when any new subject was brought before them, to put questions on it; and he begged me to allow him to do the same in this case. On expressing my entire willingness to answer his questions, he inquired if my forefathers knew of a future judgment. I replied in the affirmative, and began to describe the scene of the "great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it, from whose face the heaven and earth shall flee away," &c. He said, "You startle me: these words make all my bones to shake: I have no more strength in me; but my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going." I got out of the difficulty by explaining the geographical barriers in the North, and the gradual spread of knowledge from the South, to which we first had access by means of ships; and I expressed my belief that, as Christ had said, the whole world would yet be enlightened by the gospel. Pointing to the great Kalahari desert, he said, "You never can cross that country to the tribes beyond; it is utterly impossible even for us black men, except in certain seasons, when more than the usual supply of rain falls, and an extraordinary growth of watermelons follows. Even we who know the country would certainly perish without them." Reasserting my belief in the words of Christ, we parted; and it will be seen further on that Sechele himself assisted me in crossing that desert which had previously proved an insurmountable barrier to so many adventurers.

Seeing me anxious that his people should believe the words of Christ, he once said, "Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them: and if you like, I shall call my head-men, and with our litupa (whips of rhinoceros hide) we will soon make them all believe together." The idea of using entreaty and persuasion to subjects to become Christians—whose opinion on no other matter would he condescend to ask—was especially surprising to him. He considered that they ought only to be too happy to embrace Christianity at his command. During the space of two years and a half, he continued to profess to his people his full conviction of the truth of Christianity; and in all discussions on the subject he took that side, acting at the same time in an upright manner in all the relations of life. He felt the difficulties of his situation long before I did, and often said, "O, I wish you had come to this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs!" In fact, he could not get rid of his superfluous wives, without appearing to be ungrateful to their parents, who had done so much for him in his adversity.

In the hope that others would be induced to join him in his attachment to Christianity, he asked me to begin family worship with him in his house. I did so; and by-and-by was surprised to hear how well he conducted the prayer in his own simple and beautiful style, for he was quite a master of his own language. At this time we were suffering from the effects of a drought, which will be described further on, and none except his family, whom he ordered to attend, came near his meeting. "In former times, said he, "when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs, and became fond of hunting too. If he was fond of dancing and music, all showed a liking to these amusements too. If the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different. I love the Word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me."

When he at last applied for baptism, I simply asked him how he, having the Bible in his hand, and able to read it, [he had at this time learned to read,] thought he ought to act. He went home, gave each of his superfluous wives new clothing, and all his own goods, which they had been accustomed to keep in their huts for him, and sent them to their parents, with an intimation that he had no fault to find with them, but that in parting with them he wished to follow the will of God.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—If we educate rightly the girlhood of England, we very nearly accomplish every object which popular education aims at. The girl who can cast up accounts cleverly, wash and dress linen nicely, use her needle skillfully, cook well, and arrange her house with neatness, will make her husband and her children comfortable, however humble may be their home. Her domestic hearth will have higher charms than the wasteful revelry of the public-house, and a race of honest frugal, and industrious citizens will be reared under her protection. The sons of such a mother would be taught to prize the amenities of home, and to refrain from endangering them by wasting the hard-earned wages of their labour. Daughters would, when they married, make good wives, and in their turn would teach as they had been taught. In whatever sphere of life a woman may be placed in this age and country, she ought to possess an available knowledge of domestic economy, reading, writing, and arithmetic. In the middle and upper ranks numerous accomplishments may be appropriately added to these requirements, in accordance with family circumstances and individual tastes. The main point to be remembered by parents of the independent classes in relation to the education of their daughters is this—that ornamental branches are useless deceptions, unless they are accomplishments in the strict meaning of the term—the complements of cope-stones of a solid educational building. The woman who is a proficient in music, painting, and foreign languages unless she be likewise acquainted with social economy, history, arithmetic, and essentials of a mere plebeian education, is certainly not an "accomplished" person in any legitimate sense of the expression. Useful knowledge, moreover, can never be an incumberance to any one, and it often may, when unforeseen calamities have overtaken its possessors, alleviate or remove much severe misery.—*Morning Post.*

WAR AND THE GOSPEL.

In looking over our files of English papers, and particularly the religious journals published in different parts of the United Kingdom, we have been deeply interested to see how the Christian people of Great Britain regard the war in India, as opening the door to a wider diffusion of the Gospel. It is now boldly asserted by the Christian public of England, and confirmed by the voice of Protestant Europe, that India is held in trust for its conversion to Christianity. The *Edinburgh Witness*, on the part of Scotland, calls for a conference of the Evangelical Churches, on the best mode of carrying this trust into execution; Sir Culling Eardley, on the part of the Evangelical Alliance, thinks it a fair subject for the deliberations of that body, how best to effect it; Foreign Protestants, he says, of Germany, France and Switzerland, long to co-operate in the mighty work; the Archbishop of Canterbury enters into the common Protestant feeling; and the *Times* says, "We must civilize India, and Christianity is a part of our civilization."

Whether these anticipations shall be realized or not; whether Hindostan is to be evangelized by the co-operative efforts of Protestant Christendom, or by the churches acting, as they have heretofore done, separately but harmoniously; we are likely before long to see in the Providential course of events the solution of the mysterious and deplorable occurrences in India. Since the fall of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow, the English public consider the reconquest of India established, and already the press is discussing the future government of that country, and the spirit abroad among the churches in England and Scotland is a guarantee that in any arrangements provision shall be made that "the Word of the Lord shall have free course."

It is truly wonderful to mark the steps by which, in a few years, that vast Empire with its teeming population, has come to be under the dominion of Britain; and with this extension of territory, the change that has taken place in the public mind regarding the expediency, wisdom, and duty of imparting to the people the benefits and blessings of religion. Had the course of events turned French conquest in that direction, India might now be as cursed with ignorance, superstition, and idolatry under the name of Christianity, as South America; and thereby effectually closed against Protestant missions. Were the public mind now guided by the witty indifferentism of the early Edinburgh Reviewers, and did the maxims of the Government that refused Carey and Marshman permission to land, guide the councils of the nation now, we might weep over the scenes of slaughter without finding one redeeming circumstance to brighten the gloom. But the spirit of revived, vital Christianity in the churches, has influenced the nation, and the nation's representatives; and the influence from the Government, goes abroad and permeates the officials in the colonies and dependencies; and the result has been the silent but powerful diffusion of the gospel. While the Government of India has been promoting education, and the material improvement of the country, the teachers of Christianity have been pursuing "the noiseless tenor of their way" in enlightening the population with "the true light," and not unsuccessfully.

But the wide-spread revolt of the Sepoy army, so trained, disciplined, and petted, on which the Indian Government relied for its authority over the millions of India, whether the result of fanaticism, or a conspiracy to drive the Christian "Feringhees" from the sacred land; and the dreadful scenes to which it has given rise, and the mighty efforts required for its suppression, and for the re-establishment of British rule, have kindled an interest in regard to Hindostan unfelt before. India, its history, condition, and government, and the position of Christianity there, with its future, both as to its government and the course to be pursued for civilizing and Christianizing the people, are the subject of "Lectures" everywhere in Great Britain. These have been delivered by men, senators, noblemen, philosophers, and the course is still going on. The consequence is an amount of information conveyed to the public mind that could not otherwise have been obtained, and therewith a feeling of national responsibility as to the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of that vast Continent, that could not otherwise have been produced. And both must tell upon the future administration of India, when the sole management, as must inevitably be the case—is taken from the East India Company, and assumed directly by the British Government subject to the control of Parliament.

How favourable this must be to the efforts of Christendom for its crusade to Hindostan, for erecting Christianity on the ruins of Mohammedan delusion and Hindoo abomination, must be obvious. It may not get rid of the difficulties, in the way of imparting to the people the pure doctrines and precepts of the gospel, arising from the practical infidelities of its professors; but it will, at least, put an end to the anomaly of those in authority iscountenancing the diffusion of their own creed, and patronizing the practices of the idolatrous and superstitious population.

There is one thing which Sir Culling Eardley suggests, which is quite within the province of the Evangelical Alliance, and which might be of vast service, preliminary to those increased efforts for the conversion of Hindostan which will unquestionably be made, that is, the sending of a deputation to investigate the actual condition of the native population. This might divide itself into portions, so as to traverse the Presidencies, the Punjaub, and the regions on the Eastern boundary; and report on the difficulties, facilities and most appropriate means in these wide regions, for introducing the gospel to the homes and hearts of the people. The result might be, a harmony in the future operations of Churches and an adaptation of means to the peculiar circumstances of the tribes, from which the happiest effects might be expected.

Our Irish correspondent writes to us:

"The Roman Catholics throughout the British Empire manifest, with comparatively few exceptions, an indifference to the condition of the Europeans who suffer from the insurrection; and those of Ireland, in particular, sympathize rather with the insurgents. The followers of Mitchell and O'Brien are placarding the walls of the town in Munster with laudations of the Sepoys, and prayers for their success; accompanied with calls to take 'the opportunity from 'England's difficulty' to create the same scenes in Ireland: that she as well as India may be free. The calls are just as vain as the prayers are impious, and the laudations groundless. But the feeling displayed; and there is not a doubt, that the priests would rejoice in the overthrow of British power in India, as they forsee that its reconquest and right administration must issue in its conversion to Protestant Christianity; just as the impotent and insignificant fragment that has survived the emigration of those who would have rejoiced in acting the "Sepoy" in Ireland, look at Britain's power re-established in India as the final blow to their silly hopes of an Irish Republic—as intolerant of pure Christianity as Naples or Tuscany with all their Ultramontane despotism. The wrath of man is made to praise God; and the remainder he restrains. He permits an amount of human wickedness to display man to his fellow man; and when there is sufficient for this, to be overruled for His own glory, He suppresses the remainder. So will it be with India. Already memorial churches are in preparation for Cawnpore and other places."—*Evangelist.*

Many of the brightest virtues are like stars—there must be night, or they cannot shine. Without suffering there could be no fortitude, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy.

I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds.

Take all sorrow out of life, and you take away all richness, and depth, and tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

The business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour, more than a day's fasting would do.

NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

HALIFAX, MONDAY, JANUARY 4, 1858.

The Royal Mail Steamer Niagara did not arrive from England until midnight of Friday. The news from India is interesting, as will be seen by our extracts—but still more interesting events seemed at the latest dates to be rapidly approaching. A fearful conflict between the combined forces under Sir Colin Campbell and the numerous hordes around Lucknow, was speedily expected. It seems the Old General was very near falling into the hands of the rebels, having imprudently gone on in advance of his troops, and encountering a large body of mutineers, was compelled to retreat ten miles in his carriage before he could be safe.

The saddest feature in the news is that no less than 464 officers and men had fallen into the hands of the Rebels, and the greatest fears may be entertained as to their fate when at the mercy of such blood thirsty wretches.

Col. Inglis and his band were reported safe on the 9th November, in his beleaguered residency.

Both Houses of Parliament adjourned till Thursday, 4th February, 1858. Before the adjournment of the Lords, Lord Panmure referred to the report widely circulated and generally believed, that serious disagreements unhappily existed between Sir Colin Campbell and Lord Canning, Governor General of India. Government had denied the truth of those reports, but the denials received no great attention though Lord Panmure says they were generally credited. To put the matter beyond all doubt, his lordship read a letter from Sir Colin Campbell to the Commander-in-Chief written when the veteran General was leaving Calcutta to assemble his forces for the relief of Lucknow and the suppression of the insurrection in Oude. Sir Colin speaks of Lord Canning in terms of the highest respect, and bears grateful testimony to his lordship's personal anxiety to promote the public interests. Thus this mischievous rumour is disposed of.

The Leviathan is moving very slowly, and with no little difficulty, towards the river. The cost of the launching has exceeded all expectations—the expense already incurred being estimated at about £70,000.

Some disgraceful malpractices have come to light in connection with the Newington workhouse, London. The late undertaker to the parish at once defrauded the guardians, and carried on a disgusting traffic. At least twenty bodies, for whose interment he received payment, were sold for the purpose of dissection for sums of £3 5s., or £3 10s. each. The late master of the workhouse, Mr. Feist, is involved in the charge.

The news from India is considered to be favourable. The reinforcements from home were arriving in thousands. It was not doubted that Sir Colin Campbell would speedily be able to defeat the insurgents and relieve Lucknow.

The intelligence from China is not of unusual interest. A naval expedition had been successful in destroying a number of forts and mandarin junks. A detachment of marines had arrived, and when the whole force has assembled, it is understood that active operations would immediately commence.

A despatch from St. Petersburgh announces a great victory over the Circaseians, in which many were killed, and several villages burned. The Russians have been gaining great victories in Circassia for the last thirty years, much in the same way that they won battles in the Crimea—with the loss of one man killed or wounded.

It is stated that the Ministers of France and Britain at Washington have protested against the inefficiency of the United States officials in checking the fillibustering expedition of the notorious Walker. Affairs in Kansas continue gloomy and unsettled; and it cannot well be otherwise while an unscrupulous slave power, of which the Cabinet is the friend and accomplice, is resolute in the fraudulent attempt to force slavery among an unwilling people.

It is announced that the number of cases of fever now daily occurring in Lisbon are as low as thirty. This is a great change for the better. About 11,000 persons had been attacked, of whom between three and four thousand fell victims.

The result of the Belgian elections is the complete triumph of the liberal party. The people having fully learned the nature of constitutional government, are not prepared to throw away its advantages at the dictation of a set of priests.

SIR H. HAVELOCK.—The Colonelcy of the 3d Buffs will be conferred on Sir Henry Havelock.

EAST INDIA HOUSE.—At a special court on Wednesday, an annuity of £1000 per annum for Sir Archdale Wilson was unanimously agreed to. After some discussion of pensions, £750 per annum each, in addition to the usual pensions, were awarded to Mrs. Nicholson and Lady Neill.

CIRCASSIA.—A despatch from St. Petersburg, dated 14th December, announces that an important victory had just been gained over the Tcherkesses; great numbers were killed. In this affair a number of the villages of the Tcherkesses were burnt.

FRANCE.

The bullion of the bank of France goes on steadily increasing, but this cannot be said of the reserve of notes; the sum total lent by the Bank for the support of commerce being still very great.

The Chinese expedition will be accompanied by 23 sisters of the Order of Vincent St. Paul, who have undertaken to act as nurses in the hospital.

It has been arranged between the French and English Governments that a conference is to take place shortly in London, in which a distinct understanding is to be established as to the nature of the instructions to be forwarded to the cruisers on the Western Coast of Africa. There can be no doubt that, as matters are at present, with the exportation of free negro labourers, on which the French have set their mind, and which our cruisers, according to their instructions, might be inclined to treat as slave traffic, danger of a conflict exists.

SARDINIA.

TURIN, December 14.—The opening of the session has just taken place. The King was received with enthusiasm by the Parliament and people.

The return of an uniform rate of discount at 6 per cent. is thought to be at hand.

NAPLES.

THE BRITISH ENGINEERS AT NAPLES.—Naples, December 6.—Mr. Acting Consul Barber visited the English engineers again yesterday, and found them tolerably cheerful. They still complained of the treatment which they had received, and begged, so it is said, Mr. Barber to visit the room in which they were first visited. In a portion of the prison, is a wretched room with scarcely space enough for them to walk up and down at the bottom of their beds. The room had no door—nothing but a curtain, through which the wind rushed from a long corridor. A room close by it was occupied by the guard, who were singing and shouting, and smoking all night, utterly destroying all sleep. There certainly was no comfort in such a room.—*London Express.*

CHINA.

HONG KONG, Oct. 30.

DESTRUCTION OF JUNKS.—An expedition under Commodore Elliot, consisting of gunboats with some ships' boats, left Tiger Island on the 14th inst. During the cruise several mandarin junks and some forts were destroyed, but private property was not interfered with.

PREPARING FOR ATTACK.—Lord Elgin is here, and it is probable he will not leave the place till the results of the demonstrations against Canton are known. We understand as soon as the whole force of marines arrive operations will commence. The first detachment arrived on the 28th inst. in the steamer Imperador.

MURDER AND ROBBERY BY CHINESE.—I regret to have to report another accident on board ship arising from Chinese treachery. The schooner Neva left this on the 17th inst., with a valuable cargo of treasure and merchandise, bound to Foochow. The following evening some Chinese passengers, assisted by the carpenter of the ship, killed the captain and a couple of the seamen who were on deck. The mate escaped up the rigging, where he remained till the Chinese left the vessel, which they did after two or three hours, taking with them about 22,000 dollars worth of treasure. Rewards are offered for the apprehension of the perpetrators of this act, but no clue has been got of them as yet.