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## Religious Miscellany.

### "Forget not what Thy Ransom Cost."

Pilgrim to the better country,  
Traveler and narrow road,  
Lighted by the distant glory,  
Of the city of our God;  
When the cloud of care comes o'er you,  
And the glorious light before you,  
In temptation's night is lost;  
"Forget not what thy ransom cost."  
When sweet words of earth-born pleasure  
Seek to ravish all thy soul;  
When thy path seems dark and thorny,  
And far off the shining goal;  
When soft airs and pleasant flowers  
Lure to folly's widening bowers,  
Till heaven for earth is lost;  
"Forget not what thy ransom cost."  
When thy wandering steps returning,  
Find too steep the backward road,  
While the sin-taint on thy spirit  
Hangs like a weary load;  
Think—thy Saviour's precious blood,  
Think—of the purchase money,  
Take, in meekness, take the cross,  
"Forget not what thy ransom cost."

Think—for you bore the hiding  
Of his Father's tender face,  
Think—of the heavenly mansions  
To prepare for you a place.  
By the tears wept in Jordan,  
By the anguish in the garden,  
By his wounds, and by his cross,  
"Forget not what thy ransom cost."  
When thy lot is dark and dreary,  
Think of Him frown and sore;  
Comforting the sick and weary,  
Seeking out the erring poor,  
When from His compassion learning,  
When like Him o'er sinners yearning,  
Can you measure earth's vain dross,  
With the price your ransom cost?  
We are hid behind the portals  
Consecrated by his blood;  
Here can no destroying angel  
Pass with his avenging rod.  
Oh! if tempted o'er to leave Him,  
Oh! if he left o'er to give Him,  
Let his love, and let his cross,  
Remind thee what thy ransom cost."  
—L. A. C.  
—N. Y. Observer.

### Pulpit Sketches.

JOHN HOWE.  
By W. C. MCKINNON.  
"Understanding is all things."—1 Th. 2: 17.  
There are four peculiarities relating to the Protestant ministry of the XVIIth century:—their labours, their learning, their piety, and their personal labours. Not that these particulars were in all the ministers of that period; then, as now, many were "wolves in sheep's clothing," and such will be found even at the appearance of the great Shepherd. But in every age there are representative men—representatives of the class to which they belong. Such a representative man is JOHN HOWE, not the least conspicuous for labours, learning, piety, and personal labours, and who produced the *Pearsons, Baxter's, Bunyans, Usshers, and Fleetwoods*, whose names are imperishably registered in the records of the Church below the ground. Also recorded in the Lamb's book of life.  
It does not always occur that proportion be discoverable between the internal and external man. Isaac Watts would be remembered for only for the memorable impromptu—  
"Wee! I sat tall as an oak in a spin,  
And grasped the crown on the pole,  
I must be measured by my soul;  
The saint's the standard of the man."  
Alexander Pope was a small man; and so was Cowper. Even Dr. Cumming is not a son of Anak. But in John Howe, mind and matter were alike Titanic. If the gem was a *koh-i-noor*, the casket corresponded. If John Howe's soul was the right order, the shrine which contained it was magnificent. A broad, white, high Shakspearian forehead;—a clear, piercing, intellectual eye;—an erect and noble bearing, all contributed to add to the dignity of a person tall and athletic beyond the ordinary standard of men. We can attend to his countenance, because John Howe's magnificent form and aspect produced an important change in his fortunes. Cromwell heard him preach. Cromwell, an acute observer and thorough judge of his species, intuitively felt that Howe was no ordinary man. He already had attached John Milton to his cause as his private secretary; with the same feeling which induced the selection of Milton as secretary, he decided on calling Howe to the chancery of the Protectorate. Full of love to his quiet country parish, Howe at first refused an offer so tempting to ordinary ambition. But the great Puritan's ambition was not ordinary; and the offer, presented at the Heavenly Court, and regarded as a very low estimate of the honours of an earthly abode that court surrounded such a monarch as even a Cromwell. But the Protector would brook no denial. Consequently John Howe, bidding farewell to his beloved parish and former residence, removed to London as chaplain to Cromwell, about the year 1656.  
It is no part of our purpose to sketch the life of such a man; that would require a volume. Those who desire more knowledge than already possessed on such a subject will be fully gratified by the Life by Henry Rogers and another residence, revised by Dr. Calamy (almost his contemporary), or, failing these, the sketch prefixed to his collected works by Dr. Urwick. We mean to make a passing allusion to those features of ministerial life in the XVI. century, to which reference has already been made.  
"In labors more abundant" are those who live in the present day there appears something approaching physical impossibility in the work by the preachers of the Howe type in an ordinary Sabbath day. "He told me," said Dr. Calamy, "that his common way was to begin about nine in the morning with a prayer of about a quarter of an hour, in which he begged a blessing on the work of the day; and afterwards read and expounded a chapter, in which he spent

three quarters of an hour; then prayed for an hour, preached for another hour, and prayed for half an hour. After this he retired and took some refreshment for about a quarter of an hour—the people singing all the while—and then returned to the pulpit, prayed for another hour, and gave another sermon of about an hour's length, and so concluded the service of the day about four o'clock in the evening." Seen hours (with a trifling intermission of fifteen minutes) spent in praying, preaching, and expounding by the same man! Let it be remembered also in Howe's case, that no demand upon brain or muscle could exhaust the endless variety of the one, or the physical power of the other. His were not common-place discourses. They all rank as high, nay higher, than Chanoor's, Paley's, or South's.  
Though Howe's learning was prodigious, yet it is more by the beauty of his style than by his contributions to the general fund of knowledge that he is to be remembered.  
We have said that his knowledge was prodigious. To verify such an assertion it is sufficient to quote Hall's declaration that he "had learned more from Howe than from any other author he had ever read." (Hall's works, volume iii., p. 78.) Nor will it be wondered at, when we remember that the great literary advantages he enjoyed during his youth were sedulously improved to the utmost. At the age of twenty-two he had taken a degree; he had then gone through a course of philosophy, read the Hebraean moralists, and all we have remaining of pagan theology, the writings of the Schoolmen, several systems of theology drawn up by the Reformers—above all he had so thoroughly mastered the Scriptures that he drew up a system for himself, from which he never afterwards saw it necessary to materially deviate. Patient of toil, minute in his investigations, unbiased in his judgment, his learning became vast and multifarious, yet well digested and proper to his office.  
Though many works from Howe's pen were contributed to the sacred literature of his day, it is more especially for his great work—"The Living Temple"—that John Howe will be remembered and admired by posterity. Quaint in phraseology, apparently loose in structure, altogether Miltonic in its design and plan, well might it be characterized by Professor Wilson of Edinburgh as containing the finest specimen of composition to be found in the English language. This passage the Professor once read before his class, and compared with a piece from Kautz—writing the deed of preference to the extract from the "Living Temple." We have not room to quote the passage—but the reader may turn to page 76 of Howe's work above quoted, and read for himself the passage beginning—"The living temple is a building to every one that dwells in Christ's hands; though his enemies be leading him with anathemas, and though he be, under the influence of morbid feeling, or writing bitter things against himself, at the crisis of his leaving the body. Still a cloudless sunset is pleasant to witness, though in its progress it will be hurried down to a cloudless day." And such a sunset was John Howe's. Many great men visited him on his death-bed—among others Richard Cromwell—son of the late Protector. On April 2nd, 1705, John Howe confided his sacred trust to the hands of "The Loving One who has the keys of heaven and earth"—his only glorifying being in the cross of his Lord and Saviour, by whom he had been redeemed.  
Who can follow such a spirit into the presence of God! It has gone where there is no more sorrow, where joy reigns forever. It can do no more. "All over—and all is won. Dying, such a spirit not merely resists for his labours—but his works follow."  
"Pity us, O God, and let us not sink under a contemplation beaming with such awful and exceeding glory. Nerve me to save a soul, and when I shall hence give me at some time to meet that redeemed spirit in the heavenly assemblies—let me contemplate him from age to age—and after millions of millions of the years of eternity shall have passed let me be near to witness his still advancing glory—his everlasting blessedness."  
—Adm. the Governor for the Times, p. 248.

ing, and could not change its habits at the word of command. After the singing and another prayer, Mr. Spurgeon pronounced a discourse which I mistook for the sermon, but which turned out to be only an exposition of the first verse of Psalm, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits." "You are not," said Mr. Spurgeon, "required to remember all his benefits; you cannot do that, for they are too numerous; but, at any rate, do not forget them all. Bring at least one of the benefits upon the minds of memory, and hang them round your neck as a token of gratitude." The sermon proper came after another hymn.  
"Before giving out the text, Mr. Spurgeon said that a Minister of the Gospel, preaching for the first time before a congregation, was under a great temptation to choose a subject which might give occasion for burning words and fiery periods. He had struggled against that temptation, and had chosen a text, than which a more simple one did not exist in Scripture, and which would give him no occasion to glorify himself, as a man of letters. He had chosen, therefore, to preach on the words, 'Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' There existed, he said, in ancient times cities of refuge to which criminals might fly from the avenging arm of the law. It was the humane policy of the civil governments of those times to facilitate access to the cities of refuge. Signs were erected at every cross road with the word 'Refuge' written upon them, so that the fugitives, hotly pursued, might not hesitate a moment as to the course they were to take.  
In like manner his text to-night plainly enough pointed out the road which the sinner must follow, and the city which he must reach. But it was his special business, as a surveyor of the road, to fill up quagmires, to level hills, and to remove stumbling blocks. After this introduction he proceeded to enumerate a variety of the blessings which stood in the way of a Christian's course, and to show how they might be overcome. Developing the doctrine which he preaches to the fullest extent of absolute and irrevocable election, he said:—'Never believe in any religion about which there is any uncertainty; that cannot be a true religion. Does anyone tell you that it is possible for the pardon of sinners to fall away from grace? Never believe them. The curse of the Church of England is the philosophy that has crept into it. A way with all the drapery which hides the Cross, I care not whether it be Calvinism or any other system, away with it! It is the Cross, the Cross, the Cross. Instead of saying, Down with the Pope, let us say, Up with Christ—that is the way to put the Pope down."  
"Recounting an episode of his own conversion, Mr. Spurgeon said that in the early days of his ministry he was much troubled by blasphemous thoughts which would come into his mind, when he had fancied he was most ardently struggling in prayer, and which would even so run to his lips that he had been obliged to put his hand to his mouth to keep them down. He had consulted a respectable Christian friend about these wicked thoughts, who asked him whether they came into his mind in any consecutive form, or only by fits and starts. He replied that they came quite suddenly, and had nothing consecutive about them. "Oh, that man," said the friend, "is a fool for those thoughts; I know where they come from; treat them as in Old England we used to treat vagrants, flog them at the cart's tail and send them home to their parish. These thoughts come into your mind from Satan, who says to himself, 'I am likely to be a minister of the Gospel, and I will be for the benefit of that institution, but his friends would not allow it, and insisted that the money should go to the fund for building his chapel in London, for which £20,000 had been already subscribed, but for which £10,000 more was wanting. He gratefully accepted the offer, and hoped he might live to have an opportunity of returning the favor in some way or another. He asked no one to subscribe, but merely informed the congregation what would be the destination of the money they might please to give. The managers of the chapel, in order the better to effect a donation from every person present, had arranged to send out the plate to every one in his seat, but Mr. Spurgeon, seeing that this operation would take a long time, cut it short and begged the collectors to go to the door, so that he might be able to receive the money at once. In conclusion he made a second impromptu attempt to introduce universal singing. 'We will finish,' he said, 'with the doxology, and now do let me have the satisfaction of hearing one universal shout of praise.' The result must have disappointed the preacher."

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### General Miscellany.

Excelsior!  
Longfellow has beautifully sketched the upward and onward career of a youth who, in the face of danger, disaster, and difficulty, despite the warnings of the aged, the entreaties of the young, would his way up the rocky heights of the Alps mountains, but to make his grave beneath the cold snow of its summit peak.  
The shades of night were falling fast,  
As though an Alpine valley passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!  
His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flashed like falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver chain rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!  
In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!  
"Try not the pass!" the old man said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent's deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!  
"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary limbs upon this snow-  
A year stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!  
"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch,  
Beware the madd'ning avalanche!  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!  
At break of day at heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!  
A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Halt buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

### The Irish Revival.

The London correspondent of the *Protestant* says:—  
"The question of physical agitations connected with the Irish revival still excite a good deal of discussion. There would be little difficulty if the striking down only occurred to those whose minds are under the influence of a severe convulsion of feeling, or to those who are engaged in a noble and heroic effort in the service of the army, or to those who are engaged in the service of the law, or to those who are engaged in the service of the church, or to those who are engaged in the service of the state. But this is not the case. It is evident that the Divine design that man should become the head and father of a family; and occupying such a position, his duty is to provide for the best interests of his wife and children, and to be a blessing to those dependent upon him. He must do this by using all prudent and honorable means. Not only by present toil, but also by future plans; not only for to-day, but for to-morrow. Extending his help to the future as far as his natural obligations permit, sustaining children until maturity, and fitting them for it; and providing for the probabilities or possibilities of orphanage or widowhood. This is universally felt and acknowledged to be the duty of a husband and father, and he must labour diligently and honestly for its accomplishment. Now the system of Life Assurance is designed to aid honest effort in the completion of this task, and it is the most effectual in its help. The demands of duty and natural

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A banner with the strange device,  
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His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flashed like falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver chain rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
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In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
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### The Irish Revival.

The London correspondent of the *Protestant* says:—  
"The question of physical agitations connected with the Irish revival still excite a good deal of discussion. There would be little difficulty if the striking down only occurred to those whose minds are under the influence of a severe convulsion of feeling, or to those who are engaged in a noble and heroic effort in the service of the army, or to those who are engaged in the service of the law, or to those who are engaged in the service of the church, or to those who are engaged in the service of the state. But this is not the case. It is evident that the Divine design that man should become the head and father of a family; and occupying such a position, his duty is to provide for the best interests of his wife and children, and to be a blessing to those dependent upon him. He must do this by using all prudent and honorable means. Not only by present toil, but also by future plans; not only for to-day, but for to-morrow. Extending his help to the future as far as his natural obligations permit, sustaining children until maturity, and fitting them for it; and providing for the probabilities or possibilities of orphanage or widowhood. This is universally felt and acknowledged to be the duty of a husband and father, and he must labour diligently and honestly for its accomplishment. Now the system of Life Assurance is designed to aid honest effort in the completion of this task, and it is the most effectual in its help. The demands of duty and natural

### Protestant Congregations in Italy.

The great liberty enjoyed at present by the Protestants of Lombardy, Tuscany, the Legations, Parma, and Modena, has already called into existence several flourishing congregations. At Milan a Waldensian congregation has been founded, which already is not only self-supporting, but also enables its minister to employ six colporteurs for the country. In Florence a congregation has been collected under the auspices of the National Evangelical Society, and principally through the labors of Signor Mazzarella, a converted lawyer of Naples, and the most prominent man in this new Protestant denomination, who came from Genoa to assist in establishing the congregation of Florence on a firm basis. Unfortunately, even the Provisional Government of Tuscany has so far yielded to the threats of the Archbishop of Florence as to shut up temporarily the meeting place, but the increase of the congregation continues, and the membership already exceeds three hundred. Congregations of converted Italians have also been organized at Pisa and Leghorn, and a large number of colporteurs and Bible readers are traversing these states, forming in dozens of places the nucleus of new congregations. If only religious liberty is not crushed on again by the influence of the priests, the prospects for the formation of a strong Italian Protestant Church are brilliant, and better than were ever before—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

### Protestant Missions.

The first mission of the Protestants was that of the Huguenots to Rio Janeiro in 1556, which was conducted by John Calvin and Admiral Gouligny, the noble leader of the Huguenots who was brutally murdered at the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Missionary efforts were also made by Swedish Christians in Lapland near the end of the last century; by the Dutch early in the next century; by John Eliot the Apostle to the Indians; the Mayhews in Massachusetts in the same century; by the king of Denmark in 1701, and by the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts in 1705; by Sargent, Edwards, and Baister among the North American Indians about the middle of the last century; by the Marquis de Lamoignon, by the English in 1795; by the London Society in 1795; and by the Netherlander Society in 1797—*Christian Observer*.

### General Miscellany.

Excelsior!  
Longfellow has beautifully sketched the upward and onward career of a youth who, in the face of danger, disaster, and difficulty, despite the warnings of the aged, the entreaties of the young, would his way up the rocky heights of the Alps mountains, but to make his grave beneath the cold snow of its summit peak.  
The shades of night were falling fast,  
As though an Alpine valley passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!  
His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flashed like falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver chain rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!  
In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!  
"Try not the pass!" the old man said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent's deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
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"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
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