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Religious Miscellany.

Lines

Written upon hearing of the cruel murder of the Rev. G. N. and Mrs. Gordon of the Nova Scotian Mission, on the Isle of Erromanga, South Seas, May 20th, 1861.

Sad Erromanga! blood stain'd shore!
Again bedew'd with martyr's gore—
With sorrowing hearts we breathe thy name,
And mourn thy darkness, sin and shame.

Zion had shed her bitter tears
O'er thy foul deed of by-gone years;
But Zion's fears were chas'd away,
As dawn'd the glorious Gospel day.

She saw the hand that dealt the blow,
That laid th' immortal "Williams" low,
Rais'd, in devotion to the skies,
With stricken heart, and weeping eyes.

She heard Jehovah's praise resound,
Where horrid idol-rites were fond,
And guilt, enshrin'd with sacred ties,
Give place to penitential cries.

And gratefully did Zion smile
O'er hopeful "Erromanga's" isle;
When lo! the sudden news of woe—
Once more, the martyr's blood doth flow.

By more than mortal love inspired,
The Missionary's heart was fired;
He yearn'd those wanderers to reclaim,
And sign that isle with Jesu's name.

The saint must tread the Saviour's path,
The Master's cup, His servants hath:
Jesus was killed, and so must he
Seal with his blood his ministry.

In works of mercy, on he press'd
Despis'd malign'd, by man unblest;—
The warrior rais,d his axe to slay,
And at his feet the martyr lay.

One piercing cry, one dying groan,
Which scarce had echoed in his home,
Ere the lov'd partner of his cares,
His last, his dying struggle shares.

Together, in their blood-red car
They mount, where martyrs welcom'd are;
And as they rise, they seem to say—
Zion avenge this solemn day:.

Avenge, by scattering o'er this land
A faithful missionary band,
Baptized for the dead, to prove
How Christians overcome by love!

Sept. 21, 1861. FREDERICK BROWN.

The Rev. T. Jackson. S. T. P.

(Concluded.)

Soon after Mr. Jackson became editor, the Book Committee secured the services of John Jackson, R.A., to paint the portraits of the preachers, and true likenesses they were which came from Mr. J. Jackson's pencil. In 1831, the editor laments the death of that celebrated artist; and during the same year, many further modifications were made in conducting the magazine. Nor was it only as editor of that serial must we mention Mr. Thomas Jackson. Some very important standard works were published at that time, all of which were edited by him, with a skill and care which render any improvement in them impossible. Our space prevents our saying much which would be interesting, regarding the fourteen years during which Mr. Jackson presided over the editorial department of the Connexion previous to his first presidency. They were years of progress and prosperity in numbers, finances, and connexional literature. There was, however, a great outcry made during one period, against some alterations, or mutilations, which Mr. Jackson, as editor of the authorised edition of Mr. Wesley's works, was said to have made in those works. We record the fact as one of historical importance. Two works from Mr. Jackson's pen during this period must be named—they were, the "Life of John Goodwin, D.D., the eminent Puritan divine;" and the "Life of Richard Watson," who had been one of Mr. Jackson's chief contributors. Both these works are before us, but we have not space further to enlarge upon them.

Here we arrive at the centenary year of Methodism. The honour of being president of the Conference during that memorable year, was conferred upon the connexional editor with a cordiality and a unanimity which did honour both to the preachers who conferred it, and to Mr. Jackson who received it. Mr. Jackson resigned the editorial chair for the year, and Mr. Cubitt was elected his successor for that year.

It will be impossible to dwell upon the duties which devolved on Mr. Jackson during the year of his presidency. They were special and peculiar; he presided at all the numerous great meetings which were held throughout the United Kingdom in furtherance of the centenary celebration; and in the great picture of the first meeting held in Manchester, a copy of which we now behold, Mr. Jackson occupies the place of honour, and he will be known to all future generations of Methodists, as the first Centenary President of the Connexion. He made that event even more celebrated by the Centenary Volume which he wrote, and which was published in three or four sizes, and scattered by tens of thousands over the world. We could have liked to have recorded here many things honourable to Mr. Jackson during this centenary presidency, but space prevents. He also preached the now celebrated Centenary Sermon, which was published and very widely circulated.

In 1834, when the first germ of the idea of a theological institution for young ministers was started, Mr. Jackson was placed on the committee for maturing the plans for carrying out that scheme. How fully he entered into those duties, and approved and advocated that scheme, will appear subsequently. At the Conference of 1839, the Rev. Theophilus Lessey was elected president, Mr. Jackson became ex-president, and resumed the editorial chair with Mr. Cubitt as his assistant. Mr. Jackson's portrait, as president of the Conference of 1838, and editor in chief, forms the frontispiece to the Magazine for 1839. Mr. Lessey's health failed him during his year of office as president, so that Mr Jackson had again to act in that capacity during part of the year 1840. In the preface to the magazine for that year, the word editors is uniformly used instead of the singular form, editor, which had previously been used. He continued the duties of chief editor till the conference of 1842, when he was elected to the very responsible office of Theological tutor of the large new college which had been erected on Richmond Hill out of part of the proceeds of the Centenary Fund—a fund which realised some £215,000—and out of which the Conference office, near the City-road, and the Centenary-hall were also erected. During the same year the "Tracts for the Times," especially number 90, were threatening the Church of England and assuming a preposterous character against Methodism and Dissent. In defence of Methodism, Mr. Jackson wrote and published a letter to Dr. Pusey which did good service in showing the folly of the silly notions put forth by the writers of those celebrated "Tracts for the Times."

From August, 1842, to August, 1861, Mr. Jackson sustained the distinguished office of Theological tutor to the young ministers in Richmond College. Declining strength obliged him to resign that office at the last Conference. We cannot notice the many excellent speeches which were given on the occasion. Mr. Jackson's reply we gave in the introduction to this paper. During the sixty years of his close reading and study, he collected together a library of divinity, rich, chiefly, in Puritan works, many of them of great scarcity and value. Mr. Jackson did us the honour, several years ago, of passing an hour pleasantly in looking over our small library; we shortly afterwards had the privilege of examining the truly fine library of Mr. Jackson at the College, Richmond. We will not attempt any description of it farther than to say, that it has been considered to be of such importance to the Methodist Connexion, that James Heald, Esq., has generously offered to give the sum of £2,000, at Mr. Jackson's death, to secure the books for the use of the rising Methodist ministry at the Richmond College for ever.

At the Conference of 1849, Mr. Jackson was elected president a second time. Like his former presidency, this also became one which will be long remembered as a very important epoch in Methodism. We cannot enter upon the particulars here; a glance at the summary of the proceedings of that Conference as recorded in Dr. Smith's third volume of the History of Methodism, just published will suffice. At that Conference, it was thought proper to expel three preachers of some influence in the Connexion from the Conference. A large portion of the English press condemned the acts of that Conference. A great agitation followed those expulsions; and during that year, 56,000 members were lost to Methodism; and in five years following the expulsion, about 150,000 members were lost to the society, and about £150,000 lost to its funds, though these numbers, and the loss in funds, have since been more than made up.

During the year 1850, Mr. Jackson was called upon to preach a funeral sermon at Wakefield, for his friend, Samuel Stocks. The sermon was published; as were also two other discourses during the same year, on the deaths of Dr. Newton, and of Dr. Bunton, by Mr. Jackson. His charges, also, have been both published, delivered to the young ministers during his two presidencies. There are few then living who have read more divinity, or made better use of their knowledge, than has Thomas Jackson.

Some years ago, an American College sent him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which he would not accept, but shortly afterwards, the honour was sent in another form, and as Professor of Sacred Theology, [S.T.P.,] we believe Mr. Jackson has no objection to be designated.

At the re-opening of the Richmond College after the recess in 1860, Mr. Jackson delivered a very elaborate and interesting inaugural address, which has recently been published; the subject of the address being "The Demand for a Well trained Ministry." In the College, Mr. Jackson was a father in the truest sense of the word to the students. We well remember once walking in the college grounds with the venerable man, on a fine summer's afternoon, when a youth from beyond the Tweed entered the gates; the tutor approached the youth, and though personally strangers, so cordial and fatherly was the welcome he gave the stranger, that the fear and tremor which at first sat on his countenance, yielded to the gentleness of the old man's Yorkshire welcome, and over a cup of tea he was made happy and at home.

We have seen Mr. Jackson in the chair on great occasions; we have seen him at Richmond College, surrounded by the magnates of the Connexion sitting in committee in the College; we have walked with him in quiet in Richmond Park, through the busy streets of London, and down Paternoster-row; we have seen him preaching a great sermon, as well as in the quiet of home,—and we always found him the same quiet, calm, collected, and gentle-spirited Christain. When, a few years ago, Divine providence removed from him the companion of his pilgrimage, still he meekly submitted—he murmered not. Mrs Jackson was a true help-meet—a sincere Christian wife and mother.

We extract the following resolution from the Minutes of Conference, just published:—

"The Conference, yielding to the wish of the Rev. Thomas Jackson to retire from the more active duties of the Christian ministry, records, with gratitude to Almighty God for the grace imparted to his servant, its high sense of the services which, through a long life, he has so faithfully, ably and usefully rendered to the cause of Christ, in the pulpit, by the press, and as Theological Tutor at Richmond for the space of nineteen years. By his richly-evangelical and powerful ministrations,—by his numerous writings, distinguished as eminently Christian and Wesleyan, and often supplied most seasonably in vindication of Scriptural truth, and the interests of the Church of Christ, and by his sound instructions in Christian theology, he has nobly served God in his generation. The Conference particularly recalls to mind his invaluable services to the Connexion when twice called to sustain the office of its President. During his first Presidency, in 1839, when the Centenary of Methodism was celebrated, he gave wise direction and powerful impetus to that ever-memorable movement, by his deeply interesting volume on its rise and progress, its essential principles and its great design; and also by his most able and stirring addresses at many public meetings. And again, as President in 1849, when agitation threatened to subvert the entire frame of the Wesleyan church order and government, Mr. Jackson firmly took his stand upon the Scriptural principles which the Conference had received in trust from its Founder and fathers, and earnestly called upon his brethren, and the people of their charge, to maintain them. To his firmness, combined with "meekness of wisdom," the Conference was greatly indebted, under God, for its steadfastness in the day of trial, and for the preservation, in unimpaired integrity, of its principles of union and action. The Conference assures Mr. Jackson that, with this high sense of the value of his life of service, it entertains for himself the most affectionate regard; and it cherishes the hope that it may please God yet to spare him to render important service to His church, and to afford his brethren his valuable counsel at their annual Conferences' for years to come."

The following is a list of works by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, which are now in print:—"The Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism," a sketch of the rise, progress, and present state of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies throughout the world, "The Christian armed against Infidelity," a collection of treatises in defence of Divine Revelation, "The Duties of Christianity," theoretically and practically considered, "Expository Discourses," "The Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D." "The Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A." comprising a review of his poetry, sketches of the rise and progress of Methodism, with notices of contemporary events and characters, 2 vols. "Memoirs of the Rev Charles Wesley, M.A." comprising his poetry, the rise and progress of Methodism, &c., in one volume, unabridged. "The Journal of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M. A.:" to which are appended, selections from his correspondence and poetry, 2 vols. "Memoirs of the Rev. R. Watson." "An answer to the Question Why am I a Wesleyan Methodist?"

The following pamphlets are also in print:—Christian Presbyters; their office duties, and reward; a sermon preached before the Conference of 1850. "The Minister of Christ Passing to His Final Reward," a sermon occasioned by the death of the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D." "The Character and Commission of the Prophet Daniel;" a sermon occasioned by the death of the Rev. Jabez Bunting D.D. "The Fulfilment of the Christian Ministry;" a charge. "A Letter to Dr. Pusey;" being a vindication of the tenets and character of the Wesleyan Methodists against his misrepresentations and censures. "Ministerial Duties and Encouragements;" a charge delivered to thirty-two young preachers, August 7th, 1850. "Speech on the Principles the Conduct of Mr. Wesley," in regard to the Church of England. "Wesleyan Methodism a Revival of Apostolical Christianity;" a centenary sermon. "Devotedness to Christ;" a sermon occasioned by the death of Samuel Stocks, Esq., of Wakefield; also the Inaugural Address previously named.

John Angell James.

A minister of so catholic a spirit as John Angell James may be said to have belonged not so much to a sect as to Christ's Universal Church. He was almost as well known in America as in England. His *Anxious Enquirer*, of which more than half a million copies have been issued in England alone, and which has besides been translated into Gaelic, Welsh, German, French, Swedish, and other languages, has made his name a household word in every nook in Christendom. His correspondence with Drs. Sprague and Patton, as well as other christians of the United States, and his unstinted hospitality during his long life to American Christians visiting Great Britain, have made Mr. James almost one of ourselves. His life, just republished by the Carters of this city, is a stout octavo of more than six hundred pages. Though full of interest, it will need to be abridged for popular circulation. Whether true or not for the learned, for the people it is true that a big book is a great evil. We fear that it will be found that John Angell James has been both embalmed and entombed in this portly volume. We shall, we think, render our readers a service, by drawing from the biography some descriptions of the life and character of this eminent servant of Christ, referring them for a fuller account to the volume itself.

The "introduction" very gently opens for us the door of the good pastor's study, and presents him to us in the year 1858, employed in writing an autobiographical narrative, which was, however, never finished:—

"Let the reader imagine himself in a square room of moderate dimensions, comfortably furnished but without ostentation, a blazing fire on the hearth, the dark heavy curtains drawn, and candles lit for an evening's work. The wall on your left is covered with engravings of well known ministers: you will recognize at once the majestic form and ardent gaze of Dr. M'All, the most brilliant of modern preachers; the quaint, kindly countenance of William Jay; the rugged face of Chalmers; and the robust form and ample brow of Robert Hall, who in genius and scholarship, vigor of judgment and splendor of imagination, surpassed them all. Facing you are two large oil-paintings, one on each side of the fire-place; that on the right is an early portrait of Mr. James, the other, of his second wife, who has been dead now for seventeen years.—Two or three other faces which are dear to the old man writing at the table, look down upon him from above the mantle-piece; and on a bracket fastened to the opposite wall stands the bust of his tutor, Dr. Bogue.

"There is a couch on one side of the fire, and on it there lies one whose sufferings, protracted through many weary years, have had much to do with her father's sanctity. Now and then, as he looks up from his writing to speak a kind word to his child, you see in his countenance a massive strength and a winning gentleness, the simplicity of childhood blended with a manly shrewdness and nobility. The mouth was made for eloquence; the broad and ample chest below is what you like to see in a popular orator. His eyes are of the light blue so uncommon now in England, and brighten as he speaks till they shed a positive illumination over his face. But the light passes away, and he turns again to the page before him, writing swiftly and surely, hardly ever pausing for a word, or turning back to cancel or correct. He writes like one who has written much, and who has small anxiety about the refinements of literary art. If he can make his meaning clear, if his sentences run smoothly, and are tolerably accurate and vigorous, he is satisfied. And now, having shown you the writer, I leave you for a time to the manuscript which is growing rapidly under his hand."

"My life," says Mr. James, modestly, "has had little variety of incident. I have had few changes of situation, and a limited range of adventure. I have lived fifty-three years in the same town, have been all the time connected with the same church, and have resided all this while, with the exception of one year, in the same house. True, had I kept a diary, and been purposely observant of passing events, I might have found material enough to suggest much profitable remark, although I have not been called out to strange adventures, to only one or two controversies, and to no picturesque situations. Mine has been a life of great uniformity, with the exception of domestic troubles. My ministerial life has been singularly monotonous; happily the monotone was a joyful one. I have had no quarrels with my flock, no divisions in my church, no change from one town or church to another. No pastor even had less of this. As in general history, so in more private life, war and strife rather than peace, furnish the stirring, startling, engrossing themes of a narrative.—Moreover, though I have had a good share of publicity, and of what is called popularity, I have not been summoned as by a trumpet call to occupy posts of difficulty, importance, or danger.

"I have been a mere plodding, working husbandman, using old implements with some industry, and following old methods with a kind of dogged perseverance and considerable success. I set out in my ministry, even when a student, with the idea of *usefulness* so deeply imprinted on my heart, and so constantly present to my thoughts, that I could never lose sight of it long together; and I mean usefulness of one kind—that is, the direct conversion of souls. I have perhaps been in danger, and I now feel it, of restricting that idea within too narrow a circle.

"In consequence partly of this, partly of want of literary ambition, and partly also of a want of vigorous application to study, by which to build on the very slender foundation laid in my very deficient college education, I never reached to such eminence of attainment as would enable me to do anything beyond my own line of practical teaching.

John Anghll James was born in Dorsetshire, England, on the 6th of June, 1785. His father was a linen-draper. His mother "was a woman of sweet, loving, peaceable and gentle disposition, a general favorite, and deservedly so, but not possessed of an enlarged mind. She was a woman of sincere piety, without much theoretical knowledge. Her heart was beyond her head, as is the case, I believe, with many of God's children. She was a woman of prayer, and so fervent in her private devotions that she could be heard far beyond the precincts of her closet." During his early years he gave no promise of his future character. He "was a bright, merry boy, with exulting animal spirits, and a kindly, generous temper. He was not very clever in class, but was a good hand at trap-ball and rounder; and in the rough fun of the playground, and in the practical jokes so dear to thorough English lads, he was always forward. Some boyish sins he fell into, but he was always brave and generous, and was never suspected of a lie.

"He often used to tell with great glee how, on one Guy Fawkes' night, he had the audacity to set off a squib at a soldier, which singed the warrior's whiskers, and greatly provoked his fury; and how, on another, having filled his pockets with fireworks, all his thunder prematurely exploded, and began to blaze away so fiercely that he had to be put under the spout of the pump in order to save him from as tragic and fiery a fate as that to which the immortal conspirator had doomed the rulers of the English nation. To convict all unbelievers, the pump is still at the back of the old house, with his father's and mother's initials upon it.

"Once he is said to have thrashed a boy for calling him a 'pug-nosed Presbyterian,' an insult flung at his religion as well as his person, which an ardent, impetuous, broad-chested boy could hardly be expected to endure. Old Mr. Fisher, father of the two gentlemen of that name now living at Blandford, was travelling once in the west of the county, and put up at an inn kept by a Blandford man. Naturally enough the innkeeper began to enquire about the towns-people, and as the conversation ran on he exclaimed: 'There were two boys of the name of James that went to school with me—what has become of them?'

"'One of them,' was the reply, 'has become an eminent Nonconformist minister.'

"'Ay, which is that?'

"'John Angell.'

"'What! thik (Dorsetshire for *that*) thick-headed fool—why, he was fit for nothing but fighting.'

"The general religious influences under which he lived during his boyhood were very feeble.—He had to thank God for his mother's piety, but for little besides."

The independent churches of Mr. James's boyish days were "paralysed by respectability and dullness." The spirit of the Blair school ruled in the pulpit; good preaching was expected to be elegant and cold. "Good Mrs. James, however, was often weary of the coldness and formality of the services at the independent meeting. Many a time on a winter evening she called one of her boys to light the lantern and walk with her to the lowly room where the Methodist preachers were stirring the blood and firing the devotion of their simple-hearted hearers. She found there less polish but more power, and believed the dignified discourses of their own minister were well exchanged for the rude eloquence of less cultivated but more fervent men.

Athough for a time she had no reason to suppose that her eldest son was at all affected by what he heard, who can venture to affirm that the stirring sermons he listened to at his mother's side in the Methodist coventicle produced no impression on his boyish heart? At least they must have helped to teach him that lesson which he often and solemly endeavored to teach others, that the Gospel, though preached by unlearned men, is always and everywhere 'the power of God unto salvation.'"

In the year 1798, young James was apprenticed to a linen-draper of the town of Poole.—Without being notoriously wicked, he led at this time a careless life; a fellow-appentice of decidedly religious principles was the means of his conversion to God. A pious shoemaker, whose house the two young men visited, gave them their first lessons in practical religion. Before long, being convinced that it was his duty to engage in the work of the ministry, he was, through the intervention of friends, released from his apprenticeship, and committed to the care of Dr. Bogue, then at the head of a private institution for the training of young candidates. Dr. Bogue was a pastor as well as a theological professor. The teacher of such a school of the prophets is described by the biographer as a "man that occupies at the same time the pulpit and the professor's chair, and superintends the reading of his students in the most dissimilar and remote departments of learning; lectures to-day on Original Sin, and to-morrow on Jupiter's Satellites; passes from Xenophon to Homiletics, and from Tacitus to the principles of Church Polity." With this jumble of pursuits, and his little preparatory discipline, young Angell James could not possibly be a very brilliant student. He says himself:—

"I remember that when I entered the college the class were in the middle of the system of divinity, and the first lectures I had to copy, to read upon, and to study, were on 'The Freedom of the Will;' and one of the first books I had to read was Jonathan Edwards's celebrated treatise on this profound question. To those who are acquainted with that extraordinary piece of theological logic, it will be no surprise that to a youth just leaving the counter, with no previous habits of study, who had gone through no process of mental training, such a volume should prove a most vexatious and discouraging commencement: it was indeed a *pons asinorum* to my untutored brain, which, to tell the truth, I did not, and could not pass over, so I tumbled over the side of the bridge into the water, and, narrowly escaping drowning, scrambled up the bank and got into the road again, with the rest of the train, a little further on." He had, however, among his fellow-students the subsequently celebrated Dr. Morrison, missionary to China.

When a little over seventeen and a half years of age he began preaching. His early sermons must have given indications of more than ordinary promise, for when but nineteen years old he was invited to supply the pulpit of the Carr's Lane Chapel Birmingham.

In preaching from this pulpit, and in ministering to the people, Mr. James spent the remainder of a long life. In the year 1855 he celebrated with his people a pastoral jubilee. The results of fifty years of service are thus summed up:—

"He came, in 1805, to a church of fifty-members; in September, 1855, it numbered about one thousand; the congregation had increased from about one hundred and fifty to seventeen hundred. The increase in the size of the church was not more remarkable than the development of its Christian activity and generosity, and its prolonged peace, which, through the whole fifty years, was scarcely ever threatened with interruption."

How these fifty years were employed, we will show in another article.—*N. Y. Methodist.*

Dependance on God.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God! but thee?

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is
Since 'tis thy will.

For O! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything besides, how joyfully
Passes that silent, solitary hour,
My God! with thee.

More tranquil than the silence of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything, my spirit lies
Within thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God! but thee?

Religious Intelligence.

Bareilly Orphanage, India.

Our American Methodist Episcopal brethren have a claim on our warmest sympathy, not only on fraternal grounds, but on account of the positive assistance, both temporal and spiritual rendered to the subjects of our own sovereign. In various parts of India they have planted missions, which, for many years, have been burning and shining lights in that stronghold of heathenism. At Bareilly, in connexion with the mission, have been established an orphanage, which is likely to prove extensively useful. Besides a large number of girls, there are fifty-one boys receiving the benefits of the institution. The Rev. W. Butler, the Superintendent, has just transmitted to New York brief sketches of each of the boys, a few of which we have selected, from the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, for our own columns:—

12. Benjamin Cocker—Hindoo name, Buddoo. This boy was found in a starving condition, in Bijnour, a few months since. Has no parents. Was driving bullocks for a man, who used him inhumanly, giving him half a sufficient quantity of food. From Bijnour, he went to Moradabad, when he was taken into the mission, as his cruel master had dismissed him, and he had not where to go to find a mouthful of food. He came to Bareilly in a wretched condition, but is now fat and flourishing. His sunken cheeks have become round, and he is a fine-looking and excellent boy, perhaps fifteen years of age, tall and slim. Though just beginning his studies, he makes good progress. He loves the mission; it is all his hope.

17. James P. Magee—Mussulman name, Tussaduk Hussain. Little James is one of the loviest of our flock—a meek, gentle-spirited boy. From a defect in his spinal column, he is in stature very low. He is about eleven or twelve years of age. He came an orphan in a most filthy and distressed plight, to our mission house in Lucknow, two-and-a-half years since. He is now cleanly, learns readily, reads his Bible well and frequently, and a is most encouraging specimen of a Mussulman turned Christian. He has a good mind, and though retiring wins one's confidence. Seems quite healthy and strong.

20. John Wesley Rockwell (Hindoo name, Kesri) is the son of an indolent, worthless man, who professed to be, or desired to be, a Christian; but, besides being a little tricky, he is so lazy that he would sooner starve than work. His mother, however, is far superior, and from her the son has inherited a measure of that extraordinary intelligence, the qualities of mind and heart which first attracted our attention, and awakened a desire to save him from a life of indolence and degradation. Nothing is so dear to him as his books; and though he has been with us but a year, his improvement has succeeded our highest anticipations. In this time he has learned to read Urdu, Hindu, and to know something of English. He seems never to forget what he once learns; is about nine or ten years of age, lively, obedient, respectful prayerful, always wearing a smile, healthy, and, finally, one of our best boys.

23 and 24. William P. Jones, (Gulab) and John Dempster (Rulloo) are two brothers, of Hindoo parentage—William about twelve, and little John about three years of age. Their parents lived in the Budaon district, and supported themselves by tilling the land. On the death of their parents, by starvation and disease, the elder boy, taking his poor emaciated little brother in his arms, started for Buduan, where they were directed to our mission, and were soon taken care of. The elder boy acts as a father, mother and brother to the younger, who is a mere babe. The little fellow has the best of care, and is now becoming quite fat; though on his arrival, from scant food for weeks previous, he was a mere skeleton. William is a noble boy—one of the best looking lads we have. He is beginning to learn well, though with us but a short time. The two may be seen always together, and we are all much interested in them. John Dempster is the youngest.

29. David Hubbard (Hindoo name changed,) was found in Lucknow by the police, a fatherless, motherless, homeless boy, and given to the mission. Naked, starved, filthy and sick, his chanees for usefulness at first seemed few; but now he has grown to be one of the most robust small boys in the mission. For nearly a year there was scarcely vitality enough in his little body to support the growth of a few struggling spears of hair visible on his otherwise bald head. He is probably nine years of age, learns well, and is in all an interesting, fine looking, merry boy.

The Portadown Camp Meeting.

From the Irish Evangelist.

(Continued.)

Thursday. Again the rain was descending heavily, and the ground excessively wet, yet, notwithstanding, a goodly number assembled in the large tent, and had a most blessed meeting. The Rev. Robert Collier preached from John xv. 15, after which Mr. Graves delivered an address. An earnest effort was made in the prayer meeting to get every one to decide for Christ, and there was evidently a very gracious feeling in the meeting. An interesting instance of determination was manifested by a woman who came with her donkey's cart, and having inquired for and obtained a place to put it, she came in to attend the meeting, feeling, as she said, a great burden which she wanted to get removed. It was done unto her according to her faith, and she was made happy before she left the meeting. Twenty-three persons spoke in the fellowship meeting. One of these was the wife of a minister, and she was determined on reaching to be a co-worker with her husband. This day there arrived some more friends from Enniskillen, and some also from Moate.

The Rev. W. Gorman of Belfast, preached in the afternoon from the request of the Greeks to Philip in John xii, 21, "*Sir, we would see Jesus.*" Plainly did he endeavour to bring the penitent sinner to the point of taking hold of Christ by faith. There was a good prayer meeting afterwards, and many earnest seekers and some finders, too, of salvation before the close. Twenty persons spoke at the fellowship meeting afterwards; amongst these were a minister and his wife, happy in God themselves, but anxious for the conversion of their children, some of whom were present. In the evening meeting they both arose to praise God, for having given them their heart's desire with regard to two of them. The Rev. Mr. Ramsay, P. W. M., preached in the evening from Acts xvi. 30, 31, and afterwards there was a prayer meeting, at which numbers flocked to the penitent forms. Twenty persons spoke at the fellowship meeting this evening, and almost all referred to the blessing of perfect love. A minister present told of having received the blessing at the morning service. Indeed it could not but be remarked how constantly it was the theme. A request was made by Mr. Greaves before the close, that all present who were converted would individually make an effort to induce others to decide for Christ, and invite them to the camp meeting.

Friday morning the Rev. T. W. Baker Ballyclare, preached the first sermon from James iv. 8, "*Drawnigh to God and He will draw nigh to you.*" This was followed by another short sermon from Rev. F. Elliott, Lurgan, on Acts ii. 21, "*Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.*" A heartfelt address on free, full present, and everlasting salvation. Then came the prayer meeting and the fellowship meeting in which twenty persons testified of Christ. The Rev. Mr. Bayley, Lurgan, preached in the afternoon to a large congregation, in the open air, from Col. i. 12, 14. A fine exposition of this passage of scripture. After a short address from Mr. Armstrong the people went to the tents. In one the meeting was conducted by Mr. Paul, in the other by the Rev. Messrs. Duncan and Elliott. There followed a fellowship meeting, in which fifteen persons spoke in a short time of experimental religion. The last of these was an old man who had been converted sixty years before, and was now clearer than ever of his acceptance with God, through Christ.

The Rev. James Donnelly, Armagh, preached in the open air in the evening from Rom. xii. 1. Many seemed constrained to offer themselves a living sacrifice to Christ, and in the prayer meeting in the large tent, a most gracious feeling was manifest. Twenty-four persons spoke at the fellowship meeting afterwards. One of these was a gentleman who had come a distance of 120 miles to visit the camp, and he felt himself well repaid. Now, having been blest himself, he was anxious for his son. The meeting was this day attended by a great number of strangers from various places.

Saturday.—The first sermon was preached by Mr. Clarke, of Charlemont, from Acts iii. 26. Afterwards Mr. Greaves delivered an address on "*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*" It was a time of searching of secret sins, and at the prayer meeting which followed, many humbled themselves, and prayed earnestly for the application of the all cleansing blood. A minister rose up and said that "he felt he had never preached as he ought, never cared for souls as he ought," and then knelt down at the penitent form and prayed for power from on high. There were some public confessions of sin, and several testimonies of having received good at the fellowship meeting afterwards. The son of the gentleman who had come such a distance to attend the camp, and who had been blessed the night before, arose to tell that he felt his soul filled with the love of God. In each succeeding meeting there seemed to be more of the felt presence of God. The Rev. James Donnelly preached in the afternoon from Phil. iv. 6, 7, and about twenty persons gave public expression that they were seeking good at the hand of the Lord. Between twenty and thirty afterwards spoke in the fellowship meeting. This part of the meeting was always intensely interesting and very profitable, the testimonies generally being short, graphic, and to the point. Some persons were so anxiously seeking pardon at this meeting, that they would not arise from their knees, and when the general congregation was dismissed continued in prayer for some time. Just when the congregation was returning to the tent, after preaching in the open air, one of those who had remained pleading with God, obtained peace through believing. Mr. Greaves preached the evening sermon from Col i. 12, and the services of the week were brought to a close soon after nine o'clock.

Sunday morning came and the brightest hopes regarding the weather were fully realized. It was all that could have been desired, and the camp meeting was attended by persons from all the surrounding country, and many from a great distance. It was supposed there were not fewer than 10,000 people on the ground at one time, and that 15,000 visited the camp during the day; yet, notwithstanding the numbers, not the slightest indecorum, or want of order was manifested, either during the services or the short intervals allotted for refreshment. Of the ministers present we noticed the Rev. Messrs. Duncan, Donald, Bayley, Elliott, Hamilton, Baker, Thorneloe, (England,) Johnson (do.,) Nicholas, Greaves, Armstrong, Donnelly, Russell (P. M.,) Nullis (do.,) Ramsay (P. W. M.) Of course it was impossible that such a vast concourse of people could all hear at one place; and in the afternoon there were no fewer than six sermons being preached at the same time, but not in the least degree clashing or interfering with one another.

(To be Continued.)

General Miscellany.

The Marvels of a Seed.

Have you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is a miracle of miracles. God said, "Let there be plants yielding seed;" and it is further added, "each one after his kind."

The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present, and future generations of seeds were contained one within the other, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what signified all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple-seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest seed of a poppy or a bluebell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about in the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful usefulness!

Consider first their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnæus, who has been called "the father of botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle of Geneva described 40,000 kinds of plants, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Well, let me ask you, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown into a sunflower? Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest in the shade.

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up, and sixty years afterwards, when his hair is white and his step tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life, and become a young, fresh, and beautiful plant.

M. Jouannent relates that in the year 1835 several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Bergorac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small, square stone or brick with a hole in it, containing a few seeds which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends who had buried them perhaps 1,500 or 1,700 years before. Th