

The Admirers of such men as David Nasmith whose character is so well delineated in the following article, will be pleased to learn that all who visit Toronto, can have an opportunity of obtaining all the information respecting him, which a brother may be supposed to possess, by calling upon John Nasmith, of Nelson Street, Corner of Adelaide Street.

From the North British Review.

THE FOUNDER OF CITY MISSIONS—DAVID NASMITH.

"About the time when Dr. Chalmers preached his first sermon in the Tron Church at Glasgow, (30th March, 1815,) a youth of sixteen, of humble birth, undistinguished personal appearance, and little apparent intellectual promise, was received into the fellowship of the Congregational Church in Nde-St., in the same city. No two persons could be more strongly contrasted. In Dr. Chalmers all was fresh and gorgeous, both in speech and writing, in David Nasmith all was plain, laborious, and undistinguished. Each has done a great work, yet it may be a question whether the work of the plain man will not be as enduring, and produce, for all time, as abundant fruit as that of the brilliant orator and profound divine. David was born in Glasgow, 21st March, 1700, as his rather dull biographer informs us, "of parents respectable in circumstance and eminent for piety," members of the College Church. But it was apparently, neither parental influence nor any external cause that made him what he was. The spring of his religious development was independent and internal. He had been self-guided and self-acting from a child. At fourteen we find him secretary to an association of boys in a Sunday-School, formed for distributing Bibles among the poor. At sixteen he chose, in a cool thoughtful manner, the religious communion (Independent) to which he held through life, though dissenting afterwards, in one important particular, from its religious practice. And to his latest hour he never seems to have lost for a moment his confidence in the personal guidance of his God. He knew that his own motives were right, and he was quite sure that God would guide him. Hence, few religious lives have been so uniform in their tenor. He was neither drawn to religion by overpowering terror nor tempted to it by romantic love; nor, as in some religious heroes, was there in him any period of agony or distress, or of feverish half-conscious exertion. He was visited by no heavenly visions and haunted by no demons. All was quite prosaic in him. He brought to his Maker's altar no shining attractive abilities, no brilliant fancy, no eloquence, above all, no learning. He was a plain dry speaker; and when he wrote, he scratched away at an erased and blotted manuscript, until at last he hammered out the right thing. His gifts consisted of a commonplace, but very efficient, power of organization and management, such as would have made him a first-rate head in a large mercantile or manufacturing establishment; of a power of reading character by attentive and unimpassioned observation, which would have qualified him for a detective policeman; of the method and promptitude of a first rate man of business; and of the steady, calculating perseverance of a cautious Scotsman. These are not the rarest gifts; but, we think, they are those that are most rarely sacrificed to the service of Heaven. And these—such as he had to give—David Nasmith

devoted without a particle of reserve. He was the grand example of the nineteenth-century type of saintship. This is not the most romantic form, or the most admired; but we are certain that it is the noblest. Men admire most the pictorial saints,—those ardent beings, whom the irresistible impulse of enthusiasm, or the thirst for religious glory, carries in a state of spiritual exaltation, which almost excludes self-consciousness, through terrible pains, and over enormous difficulties. A saint in a cave of the desert, or a cell five feet square, or shrinking from observation upon a pillar seventy cubits high, or half-dead with fast and vigil, or kissing putrid ulcers in a crowded hospital as a proof of his extreme humility and utter contempt for the vanity of fame,—these look beautiful in pictures, and read well in story-books. But give us, for Nineteenth-century purposes, a saint upon a three-legged stool, with a ledger and correspondence-book for his disciplines, a committee for his board of inquisitors, and an office for his cell. We believe that the highest authority in the world has pronounced his highest approval upon the man who, before he resolves to give up all things, sits down and counts the cost,—the cool calculator, and business-like philanthropist.

Such was David Nasmith—a man who deserves all the honor short of idolatry that can be paid to departed merit."—*Fugitive*.

WHEN MAY CHILDREN COME TO JESUS.

They should come at once, for now is the accepted time; the Bible nowhere invites them to come to-morrow. To-day you may repent, and have your sins forgiven; this very hour you may become an adopted son or daughter of the Lord Almighty.—Jesus Christ even now waits to receive and welcome you.

An old man, one day, taking a child on his knee, entreated him to seek the Saviour now, to pray to him and love him, "But why don't you seek God?" The old man deeply affected, answered, "I would, my child, but my heart is hard, my heart is hard."

An intelligent, well educated boy, about twelve years of age, attending a meeting held for conversation and prayer with those anxious on the subject of religion, inquired of one who was assisting the pastor, what he must do to be saved. He was told to go home and read the Bible, and pray to God for a new heart. "But," said the little boy, with deep emotion, "Sir, I am afraid I might die before I get home, and then it will be too late." The good man invited him to kneel at once and seek the forgiveness of his sins. The little boy complied with the last advice, and went home rejoicing in hope; and, now, for over thirty years, he has been a constant member of the Church of Christ. Yes, children,

"I will save you from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve your following years,
And make your virtues strong."

A REFUGE FROM THE STRIFE OF TONGUES.

I have all along been vastly too much disquieted by the misconstructions of those who did not comprehend me; and have suffered much both from the fatigue of refuting and explaining the same thing a hundred times over, and from the vexation felt in finding that in spite of every effort, there is a character assigned to my views the very reverse of every principle by which I am actuated. But why should