

to the early history of the Mission, and to the steps which they had taken to prevent any such disasters as had marked the commencement of their proceedings. The "Allan Gardiner," a vessel expressly built for the Society under the care of Captain Sullivan, who had for a great number of years been in communication with the Falkland Islands, and had sounded all the coasts, had been entrusted to the care of Mr. William Parker Snow, who had formerly been employed as second in command in Lady Franklin's Arctic vessel, and who had circumnavigated the globe five times, besides having travelled much by land. Captain Snow, after inspecting the vessel, said she was as strong as any Arctic vessel. The Society had done everything in their power to study the comfort of those on board and of the land party, by providing stores of all kinds that would last for twelve months, and all kinds of materials that would be required on shore. Several whale boats had been placed on board. A superintending surgeon had been engaged, and also a properly qualified catechist, a carpenter who had been brought up in one of the Moravian schools, and a person who was a mason by trade, and also knew something of the smith business. Keppel Island, one of the Falkland group, had been selected as the Mission station, from which access could be obtained to the mainland. Besides preaching the gospel, they were to carry on agricultural operations, and to become, in fact, a kind of Moravian colony. The vessel had safely reached its destination, and he intended to leave Liverpool in April in one of the vessels that sailed from that port for that quarter of the world, a free passage having been offered him by Mr. William Jones. Mr. Despard said, that the Society, although called the Patagonian Mission, embraced in its sphere of labours the whole of South America, and intended to take advantage of any openings which might present themselves for the diffusion of the gospel throughout that vast continent. After adverting to the fact that this part of the world had been wholly overlooked by the Christian Church, he said that although the members of the Society belonged to the Church of England, yet it was based on evangelical principles, as their object was not to preach the Church of England, but Christianity; and that it was only after having applied to the Church Missionary Society, Scottish, and other Missionary Societies, to add this to their spheres of labour, but without success, that they brought its claims before the public. The Rev. Mr. Moody Stuart conducted the devotional exercises.—*Edinburgh Witness.*

EXTRAORDINARY PREACHER.

The City of London has again been favoured with the labours of a preacher, whose wonderful success promises to rival that of Whitfield. Mr. Spurgeon is a Baptist minister, of twenty-one years of age. The chapel in which the congregation under his pastoral care worshipped before he came among them soon became too small, and while it was being enlarged, he preached in Exeter Hall, which was regularly filled with about five thousand hearers. When the enlarged chapel was re-occupied, the whole of the new sittings were immediately let, and three hundred persons were disappointed who applied for seats. Mr. S. preaches in many other places besides his own chapel, and thousands gather around him in the open air. God has greatly blessed his labours, and in a few months, more than three hundred had been added to the church through his instrumentality. He usually spends four mornings of the week in conversing with persons under conviction.

Mr. S. is evidently not an ordinary man.—

In his preaching there is much to make it effective. Though not *College bred* or highly refined, he is well educated. His homeliness reaches the illiterate, his originality and power arrest the thoughtful and learned, while his earnestness and independence command attention from all. His doctrine also, highly Calvinistic, or we should rather say, fully Scriptural, is the truth which saves. He is avowedly dependent on the Spirit's work for giving effect to his preaching, and consistently gives due prominence to the closely-allied, though old-fashioned doctrines of total depravity, unconditional election, vicarious atonement, and final perseverance.

Mr. S. is charged with being offensively severe on all who differ from him, and perhaps deservedly. But the truth will be evil spoken of, and to accomplish any good, men must encounter opposition. In reading about such a man, we thank God that he is now raised up in London, as a witness for the truth, powerful as acceptable; for we are sure that the foolishness of preaching by such men will be more effectual for putting down Hydo Park riots, preventing Sabbath desecration, and restraining that Infidel spirit which produces these, than all combinations of men, or acts of legislatures—"when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

We subjoin an extract from a sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon in the open air in Harkney, London, to a congregation of about twelve thousand persons. We copy from the *Montreal Pilot*. The text was Matthew viii. 11. 12. "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out," &c. After a few introductory remarks, he proceeds:—

My text has two parts. The first is very agreeable to my mind, and gives me pleasure; the second is terrible in the extreme; but, since they are both the truth, they must be preached. The first part of my text is, "I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." The sentence which I call the black, dark, and threatening part is this: "But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

I let us take the first part. Here is a most glorious promise. I will read it again: "Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." I like the text, because it tells me what heaven is, and gives me a beautiful picture of it. It says, it is a place where I shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. O what a sweet thought that is for the working-man. He often wipes the hot sweat from his face, and he wonders whether there is a land where he shall have to toil no longer. He scarcely ever eats a mouthful of bread that is not moistened with the sweat of his brow. Often he comes home weary, and flings himself upon his couch, perhaps too tired to sleep. He says, "Oh! is there no land where I can rest? Is there no place where I can sit, and for once let these weary limbs be still? Is there no land where I can be quiet?" Yes, thou son of toil and labor,

"There is a happy land
Far, far away!"—

where toil and labor are unknown. Beyond you blue welken there is a city fair and bright, its walls are Jasper, and its light is brighter than the sun. There "the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling." Immortal spirits are yonder, who never wipe sweat from their brow, for, "they sow not, neither do they reap;" they have not to toil and labor.

"There on a green and flowery mount
Their wearied souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of their feet."

To my mind, one of the best views of heaven is that it is a land of rest—especially to the working man. Those who have not to work hard, think they will love heaven as a place of service. That is very true. But to the working man, to the man who toils with his brain, or with his hands, it must ever be a sweet thought that there is a land where we shall rest. Soon this voice will never be strained again; soon, these lungs will never have to exert themselves beyond their power; soon, this brain shall not be racked for thought; but I shall sit at the banquet-table of God; yea, I shall recline on the bosom of Abraham, and be at ease for ever. Oh! weary sons and daughters of Adam, you will not have to drive the ploughshare into the unthankful soil in heaven, you will not need to rise to daily toils before the sun hath risen, and labor still when the sun hath long ago gone to his rest, but ye shall be still, ye shall be quiet, ye shall rest yourselves, for all are rich in heaven, all are happy there, all are peaceful. Toil, trouble, travail, and labor, are words that cannot be spelled in heaven, they have no such things, for they always rest.

And mark the good company they sit with. They are to "sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob." Some people think that in heaven we shall know nobody. But our text declares here, that we "shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob." Then I am sure that we shall be aware that they are Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. I have heard of a good woman, who asked her husband, when she was dying, "My dear, do you think you will know me when you and I get to heaven?" "Shall I know you?" he said, "why, I have always known you while I have been here, and do you think I shall be a greater fool when I get to heaven?" I think it was a very good answer. If we have known one another here, we shall know one another there. I have dear departed friends up there, and it is always a sweet thought to me, that when I shall put my foot, as I hope I may, upon the threshold of heaven, there will come my sisters and brothers to clasp me by the hand, and say, "Yes, thou loved one, and thou art here." Dear relatives, that have been separated, you will meet again in heaven. One of you has lost a mother—she is gone above; and if you follow the track of Jesus, you shall meet her there. Methinks I see yet another coming to meet you at the door of paradise; and though the ties of natural affection may be in a measure forgotten—I may be allowed to use a figure—how blessed would she be as she turned to God, and said, "Here am I, and the children that thou hast given me." We shall recognize our friends:—Husband, you will know your wife again. Mother, you will know those dear babes of yours—you marked their features when they lay panting and gasping for breath. You know how ye hung over their graves when the cold sod was sprinkled over them, and it was said, "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes." But ye shall hear those sweet voices once more; ye shall yet know that those whom ye loved have been loved by God. Would not that be a dreary heaven for us to inhabit, where we should be alike unknowing and unknown? I would not care to go to such a heaven as that. I believe that heaven is a fellowship of the saints, and that we shall know one another there. I have often thought, I should love to see Isaiah; and, as