

housed, as comfortably as myself? How is this done? Do I pay my part cheerfully, punctually, conscientiously, without bluster, parade, or talk? or have I rented a seat and never paid for it; or promised a subscription, but never fulfilled it? If so, can I prosper? will God approve? will this do to die by?

9. *Am I a laborer in God's vineyard, or loiterer? Is my talent laid up in a napkin, or laid out to the best advantage for Christ? How shall I regard my present course upon my dying pillow?*

10. *Am I growing in grace? My privileges are great. Do I improve them? Do I love God more, Christ more, Christians more, sinners more? Is my faith stronger, hope brighter, humility deeper, charity broader, and principles more fixed? Do my hatred to sin and love to holiness increase? Is my spiritual vision clearer? Are my evidences growing brighter and brighter?*

11. *Do I live under the impression that I am responsible to God for time, talent, property, and the improvement of opportunities of usefulness? Upon all these do I see the motto written, "You are responsible to me?"*

12. *Am I prepared to die? I am in a world of probation, trial, and duty; should God call me at once to his bar, am I prepared? Is my work done? Are my accounts straight? Should I receive the applauding welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"—N. Y. Recorder.*

AN INFIDEL CONVICTED.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

I was once crossing Lake Erie with an old gentleman, who related an incident of thrilling interest. His narrative was elicited by the fact that our boat had been on fire the night before, when we were all asleep, but God being merciful, the fire was extinguished without alarm to us. My friend was a plain man, but one of these Christians who are skilful in the Word of God. As near as possible, I will give the narrative in his own language:

"I was once crossing this Lake in the month of April. It was the first trip the boat had made that season, and really the weather was never more pleasant, and the Lake more calm. We were bound from Detroit to Buffalo. Towards evening I noticed a certain anxiety in our captain's countenance, and the care with which he examined the machinery of the boat. Still I could see no reason for alarm, and felt none. A young lawyer embarked with us, who during the day had made himself conspicuous for his impudent denial of any Divine revelation, and for finally asserting his disbelief in the existence of God. He was profane and coarse in his jests, and malignant in his sneer at religion and its friends. I was among the marked objects of his ridicule, and the following may give you an idea of my conversation with him, abating profaneness and other coarseness on his part:

"A man is a fool to believe in God. All things happen according to necessary law. They do not want a Creator."

"Why do not steamboats happen in the same way?" I inquired. "The steamboat shows no more masterly workmanship or design than the forest oak that furnished its ribs and planks."

"Here there was a dead pause. The sceptic was at the end of his rope, and I said to him in a quiet way, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.' I then left him, and he followed me with an audible curse, which to a wicked man is a weapon more available than truth."

"We were seated at the table, and in an instant the dishes seemed dancing. The vessel rolled heavily, as though struggling to keep from sinking. We left the table, but so greatly did the boat toss, and rock, and plunge, that we could scarcely keep from falling. We were in

the midst of a gale, and all was now in confusion. The machinery worked true, and seemed instinct with desire to save us. The tiller-chains grated ominously over their pulleys, and it seemed as if man, the inventor of that gallant boat, would outdistance the tempest."

"One fact struck us all. Our bold infidel seemed paralyzed. He became deadly pale, and as the storm increased he uttered cries of distress. You must be out in such a storm to have an insight into the word, 'He did fly upon the wings of the wind.' It is a trying time, for any one to meet God in the tempest and be convinced of his weakness, but especially it is to the fool who has said, 'There is no God.'"

"While noticing the agitation of this man, my attention was suddenly called to the perfect absence of sound from the chains by which the rudder was managed. Clinging to the sides of the cabin, I crept along to where the captain stood. He was in despair. 'Our rudder is gone,' said he. At that moment a heavy wave struck the unmanageable vessel, and we were thrown into the trough of the sea. Another wave poured over the deck, and our fires were extinguished."

"We are gone!" exclaimed the captain in consternation, "nothing short of a miracle can save us."

"The infidel had reached the place where we stood, and as the captain spoke, and all hoped, he uttered a piercing cry, and looked the perfect image of despair. His infidelity was gone."

"Captain—," said I, "you have read the account of Paul's shipwreck, have you not?" "Yes," "Can you tell me why Paul said to the centurion and soldiers, as the sailors were about to abandon the ship and its passengers to ruin, 'Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved?' 'No I cannot,' the captain replied. 'Well, I will give you my idea about it,' said I. 'God purposed to save them all, but generally he works through means. The sailors knew best how to manage their vessel, and therefore their agency formed a part of the plan to save those two hundred and seventy-six persons. Now you, Captain—, have no right to cease effort to save our lives so long as there is a plank left.'"

"A sailor accustomed to storms on the ocean stood by me, and when I spoke thus, he abruptly exclaimed, 'That's first rate; and now I'll give you my opinion. I don't believe the rudder is gone. Just put a rope round me, and I'll go down and examine.'"

"It was a bold proposition, and yet the bold man executed it. We held to the rope, and he leaped from the stern of the boat. In a short time we drew him up, 'Just as I said,' he exclaimed. 'Give me a hammer and some spikes, and I'll right the craft in a minute.' You may be sure we watched the experiment with thrilling interest, and to our joy it was perfectly successful."

"In a minute the vessel was brought out of the 'trough of the sea,' and we rekindled our fires. In a few hours we were safely moored at Fairport. The lawyer stayed with me, but he was no longer an infidel. The entire night after we landed at Fairport, he paced the room, and constantly uttered exclamations of mingled penitence for his past wickedness, and of wonder that he was not already 'in hell, lifting up his eyes, being in torment.'"

IRELAND.

Ireland! once the boast of Christian freedom, when her sister kingdom was following the beast. In that beloved land there are thousands now rejoicing in the Gospel, who formerly adhered to Romanism. It is not over 18 years since the Irish Presbyterian Church commenced her home mission. Since then, she has added to her number more than 18 churches in Roman Catholic districts, whose membership is mostly composed of Roman Catholic converts. Several of her ministers were originally Roman Catholics. Her

sister Church of the establishment is also doing a great work for the evangelization of her country. In one diocese ten thousand persons during the last year, have bid farewell to Rome, and united with the Protestant cause. A correspondent of the *London Times*, after detailing the proceeding of a tour of the Bishop of Tuam, to the several missionary stations in Connemara, says:—

"There appears to be a favourable impression towards the Protestants at the present time in all the places I visited. There was no disturbance or annoyance given by the people. The power of the priests is, from some cause or other, on the wane. In what I have written I have merely stated facts. I do not express any opinion as to the movement, but I have merely reported what I have seen and heard. It is reported by credible witnesses, that in the district through which I have travelled for the past week, nearly 5,000 persons have left the Church of Rome. There are certainly large numbers of Romanists, or persons who had left that church, at all the stations I have visited; and with many of these I conversed, who appeared to be sincere and intelligent, and who were quite able to assign reasons for the step they had taken."

According to a report given to the British Parliament, it appears that the population of Ireland, is not much over six millions and a half, and that three millions of these are Protestants. It also appears from the same report, that during the last few years more than one million, seven hundred thousand souls have been removed by famine or emigration. Such a state of affairs is certainly very interesting, and is showing good symptoms of the approach of that time when Ireland shall be enlightened, free and happy; and when her standards as they wave and float to and fro in the breeze, shall proclaim her, "Great, glorious, and free—first flower of the earth, and last gem of the sea."—*Rev. J. B. Finlay.*

WHOSE ARE THE PROMISES?

Every pastor finds among his flock some desponding souls who refuse to feed by faith upon the promises, under a strong impression that the promises are not for them. In many cases this state of mind lasts for years, causing great concern and perplexity to the pastor, as well as unspeakable distress and sickness of heart to the subject of it. Such a distemper of the mind may arise from pride, which refuses to begin the Christian life as a babe in grace, but aspires to be a well-grown saint, full of strength and activity from the birth. Or it may originate in unsuspected selfishness, which so busily occupies itself on the degrees of its personal enjoyment, as to care little for the claims of duty, or the honor and glory of God. Or the malady may be owing to natural feebleness of purpose, the vacillations of an irresolute mind, often connected with a low state of the animal spirits; and the constitutional turn for melancholy is often aggravated by injudicious teaching. Yet, in most of these cases, there is reason to believe, either that these persons have in them some faint and half-suppressed motions of grace, struggling after a freer life; or at least that the Spirit of God is truly with them and that they are not far from the kingdom of the promises.

The healing of such a disordered plight of mind, is truly a work for that Great Physician, who is able to apply the remedy to the very seat of the disease in the inmost soul. Yet there are various considerations presented in Scripture, which may, by his divine blessing, administer toward the cure. The following consideration has sometimes been found efficacious in relieving the distressed mind of a habitual doubter:—

Take some inspired promise—say this, which occurs repeatedly in the Scriptures,—"Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." There is no question but this is a divine promise, most sure to all who avail themselves of