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THE HARVEST HOME.

From the far-off fields of earthly toil
A goodly host they come,
And sounds of music are in the air—
'Tis the song of the Harvest Home.
The weariness and the weeping,
The darkness has all passed by,
And a glorious sun has risen—
The Sun of Eternity!

We've seen those faces in days of yore,
When the dust was on their brow,
And the scolding tears upon their cheek—
Let us look at the laborers now!
We think of the life-long sorrow,
And the wilderness days of care;
We try to trace the tear-drops,
But no scars of grief are there.

There's a mystery of chastened joy
Lit up with sun-light hues,
Like morning flowers, most beautiful:
When wet with midnight dews,
In each true and truthful gaze,
Telling of wondrous lessons,
Learnt in their pilgrim days.

And a conscious confidence of bliss,
That shall never again remove—
All the faith and hope of journeying years
Gathered up in that look of love.
The long waiting days are over,
They've received their wages now;
For they've gazed upon their Master,
And His name is on their brow.

They've seen the safely garnered sheaves,
And the song has been passing sweet,
Which welcomed the last in-coming one
Laid down at the Saviour's feet.
Oh! well does this heart remember
As those notes of praise sweep by
The yearning, plaintive music
Of earth's sadder minstrelsy.

And well does he know each chequered tale
As he looks on the joyous band—
All the lights and shadows that crossed their
path.
In the distant pilgrim land—
The heart's unspoken anguish,
The bitter sighs and tears—
The long, long hours of watching,
The changeful hopes and fears!

One had climbed the rugged mountain side—
'Twas a bleak and wintry day—
The tempest had scattered his precious seed,
And he wept and turned away.
But a strange hand had watered
That seed on a distant shore,
And the laborers now are meeting
Who never met before.

And one—he had toiled amid burning sands,
When the scorching sun was high;
He grasped the plow with a fever'd hand
And then laid him down to die.
But another, and yet another,
Had filled that deserted field,
Nor vainly the seed they scattered
When a brother's care had till'd.

Some with eager step went boldly forth,
Broad casting o'er the land;
Some watered the scarcely budding blade
With a tender, gentle hand.
There's one—her young life was blighted,
By the withering touch of woe,
Her days were sad and weary,
And she never went forth to sow.

But there rose from lowly couch of pain,
The fervent, pleading prayer;
She looks on many a radiant brow,
And she reads the answers there!
Yes! sojurers and reapers are meeting—
A reaping host they come!
Will you join that echoing chorus?
'Tis the song of the "Harvest Home."

ALL OUGHT TO WORK.

Are all the obligations of a human being met when he connects himself with the visible Church of the Lord Jesus Christ? When his name is entered upon the register of the denomination with which he feels himself most sympathizing as to doctrine and discipline, is there nothing more for him to do—nothing more that he ought to do?

There are few, if permitted to ponder these questions, and then present their answer in written characters, who would not answer them in the negative. Nearly all would respond that union with the Church is simply the formal recognition of the Saviour's right to every service we can render, that it is merely the entrance upon a way of life—that upon every hour there comes an additional obligation—that is incumbent on us every day do something for the advancement of the Kingdom of the Son of God in the world, and particularly for the coming of that kingdom in our own hearts, and over our own lives.

Let us seek, however, the judgment of the Church, after another manner. But as the process. Instead of directly propounding such questions, let us examine the department of those who have connected themselves with the Church, and are burdened with its vows. In such an examination we will discover large numbers who never did more than allow the Church to take their names. Subsequently to that period they never in any appreciable manner employed the Church in their own spiritual interest, or for the benefit of others. They were still born. They reported at the portals of the religious world, but never indicated any signs of life. Then we will come upon vast masses who entered with some exhibitions of vitality, and with some prospects of improvement and usefulness. They appeared to hunger after right counsels for themselves, and to possess some anxiety that the righteousness of Jerusalem should go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. But as the months have rolled away they have sadly degenerated. Through a patient charity, or through official delinquency, their names are on the records; but there are no counterparts to these names. They rarely, if ever, attend the means of grace; they exert no spiritual power upon those with whose lives are associated; and they bear none of the financial burdens of the house of the Lord.

The Church, however, is not made up of those we have just described—men and women who are only nominally Christians. There are vast multitudes who bring no reproach upon the name of Christ. They are uniform in their attendance upon the means of grace. They give with liberality and regularity to the cause of the Redeemer in their own community. They show substantial friendship to the unfortunate. No properly accredited claim upon their charity fails to find a welcome as it comes into their presence. They evidently recognize the divine right to every service they can pay, and find a supreme satisfaction in declaring the glory of that Redeemer who has bought them with his own blood. They are unhappy when not at work for their Master. They know enjoyment only when about the business of their Father in Heaven. Admitting the inspiration of the sacred Scriptures, they ascertain their requirements in reference to themselves, their fellow-beings, and their Maker, and endeavor to observe those requirements to the letter. Dismissing those who call themselves Christians ought to resemble in spirit and conduct the blessed Being whose name they wear, they toil so to live that the most superficial observation may see that they have been with Jesus, and have learned of him.

But surely there is no intimation in the Word of God that there should be any such division into classes of those who compose the visible Church. There is no ordinance by the Head of the Church to the effect that some of its members shall simply take the vows of membership, and at once and forever retire into a cold and inactive condition; that others shall deport themselves becomingly for a season, and then degenerate into lukewarmness and apostasy; and that a few should continue to run well, enduring hardships as good soldiers, and in all things walking worthy of the vocation where-with they are called. Our Saviour Jesus Christ gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. He gave himself for us that he does not long to redeem from all iniquity. He redeems none from iniquity that he does not long to purify unto himself a peculiar people. None are among his peculiar people who are not zealous of good works—who do not make it the visible sign of their lives to help redeem the world to him who has so graciously redeemed them. As is present devotion to the cause of Christ is present enjoyment, and as is present devotion to the cause of Christ is future compensation. It is to any member of the Church there is only possible little work, then there is possible to such only little happiness in this world, and little remuneration in the world to come. But the Lord of all does not so unjustly discriminate and decree. All may employ their utmost capacity in his vineyard. All are summoned to so employ themselves. They who refuse to go and work as thus divinely directed, miss the wages of service, and inherit the doom of disobedience.

Verily it is good in God to accept the co-operation of men in the work of saving the world. He could have done without them. He might have secured other agencies for the accomplishment of his benevolent purposes to the world. But he has chosen to take us into partnership with himself in the salvation of humanity. He thus endows us with large possibilities of honor and profit—with possibilities of honor and profit which under other circumstances could not have been ours. Gratefully acknowledging this consideration, let us quit ourselves like men. Let us awake to the consciousness that to be a Christian is to be the highest style of man—that membership in the Church burdens with obligations to activity, and thus opens a path to the sublimest achievements, and to the grandest destinies—that those who suffer with Christ shall reign with him—that those who work for him shall share in his exaltation when the period shall come to

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."
Pittsburg Advocate.

THE GIFT OF POWER.

In stirring up Timothy, his son in the Gospel, to prosecute with earnestness his evangelic labors, the Apostle Paul declares, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power." We hear much in religious circles of the "gift of power." Especially in the grove meetings, now numerously held throughout the country, the burden of many prayers for this Divine grace of "power." The olden times of the Church, as recorded by the eloquent pen of its historian, were marked by many singular exhibitions of Divine power in connection with the labors of individual ministers and during special religious services. It is an interesting question whether the ministry of the Church is born of this power, and whether, with the increase of members and wealth, the Church has lost this vital Divine gift, without which no material facilities can avail in securing spiritual results. What is this "gift of power"? Do those that speak of it and pray for it understand what is involved in it? Might not the Saviour respond to many of these petitions, as he did to that of the mother of James and John, "Ye know not what ye ask; are ye able to drink the cup, to make the incident self-sacrifice, to be baptized with the baptism, to submit to the Divine discipline requisite to fulfill the answer to your prayer?" Are not many prayers offered as if inspired by the expectation that some immediate external demonstration will follow, like the rushing sound of the wind at Pentecost and the appearance of the tongues of flame? Have we any reason to expect such manifestations as these? To signify the fulfillment of the attesting sign of the exaltation of the Messiah to the right hand of God, this outward miraculous symbol of the presence of the Spirit which is then shed forth in accordance with the promise received of the Father was vouchsafed. For this the disciples had been directed by our Lord to wait in Jerusalem. It was to be the greater counterpart of which John's baptism was the type and symbol. The Forerunner had baptized with water, while he a few days after his ascension would baptize them with the Holy Ghost. The Spirit afterward descending upon Cornelius, and followed the laying on of the hands of the Apostles; but the rushing wind

was not heard again, nor were the tongues of fire renewed. There were no human physical exhibitions even in this sublime hour of overwhelming Divine power, no bodily prostrations, no ecstatic exclamations, no swelling organ of song in the utterance of inspiring psalms, but those who received this power simply recited their experiences "of the wonderful work of God" within them, which was understood by all the various peoples of different tongues gathered at the great feast in Jerusalem. Nothing could be calmer or less exciting than the discourse of Peter which followed the gift of the Spirit, himself then "full of the Holy Ghost"; but three thousand were pricked to the heart under its power, and earnestly sought of the Apostles the way to obtain Divine pardon.

What a striking contrast there was between the outward condition of the Apostle Paul and the language he uses to Timothy. He was a second time restrained of his liberty and arraigned before the tribunal of Nero. He was the occupant of a prison, and was suffering from the want of the one cloak which he had unfortunately left at Troas with Carpus. He was in the immediate expectation of a violent death at the hands of his persecutors. His whole Christian life had been a struggle. "God has not given us," he says, "the spirit of fear, but of power." Looking only at the things which are seen, there was not more powerful man in Rome; but looking at the things which are not seen, there was not a more powerful man within its walls.

The nature of this power is signified by the contrast of the terms used. This power was the direct opposite emotion to fear. The presence of the Holy Spirit had given him the absolute mastery of his position. He had power to accept without shrinking all the physical sufferings and sufferings incident to his evangelic labors. This had been revealed to him at an earlier period of his ministry, that bonds and afflictions awaited him in every city; but the Spirit, who disclosed to him these inevitable incidents in his career, bestowed upon him at the same time the power to say, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus."

It was this same supernatural calmness amid the most serious perils that overawed the Jewish Council when Peter stood in its presence. Trusting in the strength of his rude natural courage, Peter had deemed it impossible that he should fail in his proffered support to his Master in the hour of his arrest by his enemies; but the first trial of his resolution proved its weakness, and fulfilled the Lord's prophecy in reference to his denial. After the crucifixion, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, having been seized and brought before the rulers, although he knew that those who had not shrunk from condemning his Lord would not hesitate to take his life also, being "filled with the Spirit," Peter fearlessly declared that by the name of Jesus Christ whom they had crucified the miracle had been wrought which he then filled Jerusalem with wonder. When the Council "saw the boldness of Peter and John . . . they marvelled, and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." This is one of the significant elements of the "power" which the Holy Ghost bestows upon the truly devout disciple—a divine calmness and courage in the endurance of the labors, sacrifices, and sufferings incident to a faithful Christian life.

Another element of this power was the ability to make an absolute consecration of himself to Christ. The life of Paul after his conversion was equally as supernatural as the circumstances attending that remarkable event. A young lawyer of superior abilities, of much cultivation of great worldly promise, at a very early age a member of the highest court of his nation, liberally and at once yields every earthly consideration, and devotes himself joyously, without remuneration, at the cost of almost every conceivable form of personal suffering, to the preaching in strange cities and countries, until the hour he falls a willing victim to his zeal, the every-where despised Gospel of the cross. No mortal power could produce such a marvellous change in the direction of a human life, or inspire it with such an absolute and unselfish consecration. Many professed Christian disciples see the beauty and consistency and necessity of such a practical gift of all their talents and time to the Lord, and offer many, but feeble, prayers for its realization, yet they still yield their lives chiefly to the world and labor for selfish ends. They have but an indistinct conception of the great want in their spiritual progress. It is "power," power given of God, in answer to unexpressed and unimportant desire, to raise the life up out of its worldly habits and consecrate it wholly to the Master's service. There is only one process by which this can be done. We must place ourselves, in all our impotency, where the friends of the paralytic brought him in the presence of the Lord Jesus—and await in prayerful expectation of the work which fulfills its own command, "Rise, take up thy burden, and go about thy work."

The gift of power does not engender an unusual, rough, morbid, or misanthropic character. God has given the Apostle, he says, the spirit of "power and love." It is a gentle and sweet force, but all the more potent on this account. It is love that melts. Through this mightiest of the affections the power of the Gospel expresses itself, as it did in the life of Christ. It is love, not simply after the flesh, but love for him, but it touched the prodigal, the publican, and the sinner at the manger. Paul passed his life among strangers, but he was drawn to them by an unutterable tenderness of affection; for he thus judged that if one died for all, then were all dead, and he sought, by becoming all things to all men, that he might happily save some. There is no true evangelic power without deep and unselfish love and a divine tenderness. Paul preached the gospel in Ephesus, and elsewhere, from house to house, "with tears."

This "power" is not ecclesiastic nor extraneous, nor exercised in a lawless manner. Paul had received the spirit of power, of love, and

of a sound mind. It does not necessarily inspire extraordinary gifts of utterance, remarkable felicity in prayer or exhortation; these are natural gifts, not equally bestowed upon all. But the gift of power may be shared alike by every Christian earnestly seeking its bestowment. If a life be wholly set apart, wherever the providence of God directs that it shall be employed, to the Saviour's work, he will be forth the Spirit upon it, and make both its voluntary and involuntary acts powerful to save those coming under its influence.

This is the "power" the Church of Christ needs more than anything besides at this hour. It will do more for her than wealth and learning, and it will also sanctify these and make them instruments of grace.

Is it this kind of "power" for which the Church is now praying? Are the Christians that offer their prayers placing themselves where Christ can answer them? Such prayers, offered in one accord, would bring upon the Church another Pentecost. "Even so, come Lord Jesus!"—*Christian Advocate.*

HOW TO BE SAVED.

Some years ago a lady was travelling with her husband to Kansas. As she was crossing Illinois she saw in the saloon of the car a beautiful young lady reclining on the sofa, and asked her, "Why don't you come out and enjoy the scenery?"

The conversation that followed revealed the fact that the young lady was the agent of the railroad, and that she was ill, and in a dependent state of mind. The lady endeavored to direct her attention to Christ and the great salvation.

"I am very ignorant," she replied. "I never thought so much on the subject, nor had any friend to help me."

The tears began to flow. The lady closed the door of the saloon and sat down by her side, and, like Philip, "preached Jesus" to her. Then she opened her heart freely. "I have been a gay and fashionable girl," she said, "fond of the hall room and other gaily pleasures. A few months ago I attended a ball with an intimate friend, and, walking home with our tin shoes in the rain, we both took cold. The friend is in the grave, and I know I am not prepared to die. I have had no meeting to go to, no Christian friend to consult. I have read in the Bible that I must be converted; but I could not tell what it was to be converted, and I am still in darkness; can you tell me?"

"It is to come right to Jesus with a humble, contrite heart, and cast yourself on him. He invites you, and is willing and waiting to receive you. Are you willing to give yourself up to him, and be his forever?"

"O yes, willing and anxious. The world has nothing to satisfy my immortal spirit. All my desire is to have Christ for my Saviour."

"Are you willing to commit yourself to him without reserve, and when you go home to tell your parents and friends that you have given yourself to him?"

"Still weeping," she said, "Blessed Jesus, take me as I am."

As she said this her face beamed with joy. She stretched forth her arms and clasped her unknown friend in one long, fervent embrace. "O, how grateful I am for your kind words! God has sent you to me. No person ever said a word to me on the subject of religion before in my life. I can I do trust in Jesus as my Saviour. How can I ever thank you enough? The darkness is dispelled. I am happy now."

As they were nearing the station where her father would meet her, she handed her card and said, "We may never meet again in this world, but we shall meet again. God bless you."

That card and name are sacredly treasured yet, and that conversation remembered, as among the most precious of a life-time. How many such golden opportunities are lost! O, let us be faithful!—*American Messenger.*

LOUIS NAPOLÉON'S VICTIMS.

BY PROF. W. W. WELLS.

Among the first decrees of the new republican government in France, was one for the liberation of all political prisoners. The world can scarcely imagine what glad tidings this was to thousands of men who had been for years suffering all the horrors that it is possible for human beings to bear. We read accounts of the enthusiasm caused by the liberation of such prisoners from the forts of Paris, but this tells but a small portion of the story.

When Napoleon throttled the republic in December, 1851, it will be remembered that the Republicans made a feeble resistance during a few days. Thousands of them were shot down in the streets, and many thousands of others were seized by the police and brought before a so-called "Commission of Safety." These were sentenced without hearing or defence, to be transported to distant islands, and kept there in a state of exile for a certain term of years, or for life, and some of the more slightly implicated were sent to Algiers to be distributed to farms in the steppes of Africa. It was enough for men to be actively engaged in endeavoring to sustain the public, or even to belong to secret societies, to insure to them these terrible sentences.

It is affirmed that in 1852 no less than fifty thousand were transported, and in 1853, after the attack on the emperor's life by Orsini, about 25,000. These figures seem almost incredible, but they are the assertions of the Republicans. This "deportation," as the French call it, has been going on more or less for the last twenty years. The islands chosen for the victims lay off the shore of French Guyana, in South America, and they are said to be the most deadly on the entire coast. The principal ones are Cayenne, King's Island, and Devil's Island. The victims were first sent to the bagnes of Brest or Toulon, where they were accepted as galley-slaves previous to their departure across the ocean; and beard and hair cut as short as possible; they were clothed in the well-known dress of the galleys, and chained by the foot to iron bars.

Some of these poor wretches served out their five or ten years, conquering the climate and ill-treatment, but the greater part were struck

down by the fever, or succumbed to some other species of horror. Among the few who have returned is Charles Delecluse, the editor-in-chief of the *Reveil*, one of the principal radical papers of Paris. A few months ago he was again sentenced to thirteen months imprisonment for too freely criticizing the government, and being too ready to converse and write about the "horrors of Cayenne." He is now free again, and can write to his heart's content about his arch-enemy, which he does faithfully without doubt.

A mixed commission condemned him to ten years' deportation to Cayenne for being a member of a secret political club. He was first landed on Devil's Island in October, 1858, which he describes as a perfect picture of desolation and misery. He was told by the military commander that he must report himself three times daily at headquarters, sunrise, noon, and sunset; and as for the rest he must take care of himself with the food that they would give him. After this he was wandered off among the stunted vegetation and the rocks to see what he could find. In the distance were a few tufts of stone and mud, covered with thistles; in these he found some of the victims, to whom he made himself known, and who kindly welcomed him to share their misery. The poorest hut in France was a palace to these cabins, with holes for doors and windows, and no other furniture than a coarse wooden table and benches.

There were thirty-five of these poor wretches on this island, the principal man, a comrade of Ledru Rollin and Mazzini in a conspiracy that these men always insisted was nothing but a fabrication of the police. These two found refuge in England, while Tibaldi, former Prefect of the Department of the North, was sent to Cayenne. Rollin refused to return to France under a recent amnesty of the emperor, but now returns to the republic, and is, it is said, to be sent as French minister to this country. Since Tibaldi had been on Devil's Island, he had not heard a word from his family. They led a purely vegetable life, getting their own wood and water, and doing their own cooking and mending. When their shoes were worn out, they were privileged to go bare-foot on the stony soil. Their daily rations consisted of one pound and a half of bread, sometimes eatable and sometimes not so, and this was occasionally replaced by mouldy biscuit. They had fresh beef and salt pork, but the former was rarely fit to eat, and the latter never so; the beans were so hard that they could not be made digestible, and the rice was full of worms.

When Delecluse received his first ration, he put it into a banana leaf for want of any other receptacle, and looking at it said to himself, "To be or not to be," existence or death. He had neither kitchen nor hearth, pot nor plate, knife nor fork nor spoon, and he had not the first idea of the art of cooking. A fellow exile offered to assist him, or he must have eaten his portion raw or starved. There was not the least care for the health or comfort of the victims; they were clearly sent to Cayenne to die. "Cayenne is death," was a saying among them. Of a transport of thirty-six that had lately arrived on one of the islands from Toulon, no less than eleven had succumbed to the murderous climate. Once a month letters were sent to France, but they were transmitted to the commandant open, written only on one-third of the page, and were always to bear at the head the name, number and section of the exile. In many instances they never reached their destination, nor did the prisoners often hear from their friends in return.

At night the discharge of a cannon brought them to their sleeping barracks, where they had nothing but board benches, without bed or pillow. A woolen blanket was their only covering, and they had reason indeed to envy the uncivilized Indians their swarming hammocks. And even then their sleep was disturbed by mosquitoes, so enormous that their sting was like a dagger's thrust, and the wound as painful. The Devil's Island was most appropriately named; it was terrible enough by nature, but to make it still more fearful and deadly for French republicans every tree on the island had been cut down, which left it all day to the pitiless beating of a burning sun. The island had been made a story desert because some of the prisoners had made canoes out of the trees and thereby escaped.

When the victims had been fully broken on this Devil's Island, they were transported to others, and sometimes to the forts of the mainland, where the treatment was a little better if they were perfectly humble. But no pea can depict the horrors of these bells, and their human beatitudes will write a fearful tale in the book of accusations against Louis Bonaparte. How these islands will ring with glory when the glad tidings arrives that the tyrant has fallen and his victims are free!—*North Western Advocate.*

PULPIT PRAYER.

The *Morning Star* treating of pulpit prayer, says that thanksgivings, confessions, petitions and praise, have come to be regarded as mere appendages to public services, and continues: "There is but one way to make pulpit prayers interesting and profitable, make them local, personal and sympathetic, and they will take hold of all hearts. But to do this, the minister must first take into his own hand the every day life of his people. If he knows them well, and feels for them, as one should feel for his own soul, he can and will take them to God, in his arms, in the warm embrace of a fervid soul. When a minister brings the business cares, perils and successes, the home life, the little every day trials of his people, the personal joys and sorrows of the aged, of the children, of the youth, of those who are strong, and those who are weak, before God and interprets and presses them for divine sympathy and help, in the light of a deep religious insight, and powerful love and faith, no one will be indifferent or unprofitable. They will find his pleadings taking hold of their own souls, and they will begin to plead; the prayer will be their prayer, and the blessing will come to them like 'cold water to a thirsty soul.' And prayer will no longer be an indifferent part of public worship to them; they will look forward to it with the same interest that they

do to the sermon, and recall its influence upon their hearts after many days.

We have more men who are able preachers than able preachers. They are dull and indolent on horatory and pointless, or cold and unimpassioned, in their prayers, while strong and in structure in sermon. They excuse themselves with the plea that they are not "gifted in prayer." That is true; but why are they not gifted, because they undervalue its importance, and do not study and strive to obtain the gift. The stiffness and formality which now fetter them can be broken up, and they can get power to lead the people to God as eagles help their young to soar in mid heaven.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—*Num. xiv. 21.*

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?—Fifty years ago, the Sandwich Islands were in the lowest state of barbarism; with no written language, with no comfortable dwellings, with very little clothing, with the family constitution in ruins, unmitigated licentiousness universal, and every vile passion indulged without restraint; the people a nation of drunkards, with no laws or courts of justice. "Society was a dead sea of pollution." The government was wholly arbitrary—the kings and chiefs were owners of the soil, the people were slaves, with their property and lives subjected to the will of those above them. The cruel rites of their idol worship were exceedingly burdensome and oppressive.

What a change has been wrought on these islands during the fifty years! "To-day," says a correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, "the same people hold an acknowledged place among Christian nations." A constitutional government (the constitution was framed by Chief Justice Lord) administered equitable laws. The symbols and appliances of an advanced civilization are seen. Churches dot the land. Education is so generally diffused that the proportion of the people here who can read is larger than in Boston, and from this point the light of Christianity is radiating to the remote islands of the southern sea.

What has wrought this wonderful change in these islands—a change that would seem to require two centuries at least? But one answer can be given to the question—the Gospel has done it. The semi-centennial of this great triumph was celebrated in June last by a week of the most stirring and interesting social and Christian festivities. The King and Queen and various government and foreign officials participated in the exercises, and at a great banquet, towards which the King contributed liberally, 7,000 persons sat down. No greater triumph of the conversion of the heathen has ever been recorded, and should lead every Christian to greater zeal for the conversion of the world to Christ.

INDIA.—We have often called attention to the wonderful work of God among the Teluguos in India. The work is still progressing and the prospect for the spread of Christianity among that people was never more encouraging. Rev. Charles Powell, Assistant Superintendent of Police at Ongole, a member of the Church of England, writes a most encouraging letter of the success of this mission. He says:

"I believe there is a greater work begun and going on under your missionaries, especially in the mission under Rev. J. E. Clough, than any in India. I believe this is mainly owing to preaching the Gospel to those willing to hear the 'good news,' and teaching those who are willing to be taught. As in our Saviour's time 'the common people heard Him gladly,' so it is now. 'The basic things of this world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen to bring to naught the things that are.' The common people, as a rule, have been His instruments, and, in this part of the country, are doubtless His elect ones. This great work among the weak ones strengthens faith in the promise that all shall know Him, from the least to the greatest."

"About nine months since, at Markapore, a village where myself and family were encamped, thirty 'low caste' people came to inform us that they wished to become Christians, such as Mr. Clough's catechists had told them about; and that they wished to know more of Jesus. They came every Sunday for prayer, and reading with our own servants. Since that time they have been baptized by Mr. Clough, and, though persecuted, have held fast their profession."

"In the villages around, numbers are being awakened, and are desirous of knowing the true and living God. There is an eager desire to escape Brahminism, and rise upon a better faith. There is a flame of inquiry kindled that only waits for a beacon-fire to light the way for thousands more. Mr. Clough could educate many more native teachers. Just now, in Ongole, many helpers have been sent back to their native villages for want of means."

CHRISTIANITY ONWARD.—Christianity is no failure—has lost no real ground—it takes no back steps. It is destined to fill the whole world. An able, earnest writer says, "Christianity is on her march, and nothing will stop it. She is moving forward; and whoever opposes her progress, will only be crushed to pieces. She throws off the puny efforts of Infidelity, as the majestic lion shakes from his mane the dew-drops of the morning. She asks no armistice or compromise from her enemies; if they will fall into the magnificent procession she is leading they may yet be received; if not, they must abide the issue. Methinks the celestial bands are this moment waiting to welcome her approach to her native skies. Methinks the seventh angel has the trumpet to his lips, and is preparing to sound 'Hallelujah! to the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever.'"

CHINA.—This vast empire is feeling deeply the Divine influence of the Gospel. The day is preparing rapidly for the conversion to Christianity of its millions of people. The celebrated Dr. Morrison arrived there in 1807, since which time, 338 Protestant missionaries have labored in the empire. Among the results of these labors, 490 works have been printed,

in Chinese, of which 28 were translations of Scripture, or portions of Scripture, 30 commentaries on portions of the Bible, 232 theological works, 74 educational or scientific works, 232 were printed in English, 9 in Malay, 8 in German, 6 in Dutch, 2 in Japanese, 1 in Mongolian, and 1 in Siamese. Eleven of the missionaries published more than twenty vols., each in Chinese, English and other languages, the entire number being 432.

Never was our own mission prospered there as at present. The native ministers are greatly blessed in their labors. Let the Church rejoice and give thanks to God for these wonderful successes of the Gospel in China.

AFRICA.—The Basle Mission on the Gold Coast in Africa, is sharing largely in revival influences. Rev. J. A. Mader a devoted missionary there, gives an interesting account of the mission from which we take the following:—

"On Good Friday we had the Lord's Supper with 104 African communicants. On Sunday after Easter I baptized thirty heathen in the name of the triune God. Many candidates have been made to wait; from one town thirteen out of twenty. The admitted candidates received regular instructions for three months. Many of these young Christians said they had received their first impressions of the Gospel through the sermons preached on the streets in towns by missionaries and Christians. Most of these baptized people will never need any material help from the mission. There is no end of new applications for baptism, made by people who, weary of devil-worship, seek salvation by Christ."

THE CENTURY OF MISSIONS.—The modern missionary enterprise commenced less than one hundred years since, and what has been accomplished in saving the heathen during this time! There are now 86 missionary societies, supported by 40,000 missionaries, who preach the gospel in 15,000 localities and for the support of whom, \$5,000,000 are annually contributed. In Asia and Africa, 1,400,000 converts from heathenism are enrolled—a glorious array to spread the truth and convert the heathen world to Christ. Most that has been accomplished by Christian missions, has been done in the 19th century. Let the Church give thanks and praise to God for such wonderful triumphs of the Gospel!

ITALY.—The Gospel is doing a great work in Italy at the present time. The people are inquiring after the truth everywhere, and they must have it. Rev. Wm. Clark, laboring under the direction of the "American and Foreign Christian Union," writes most encouragingly of the work there. He says:

"How thankful I am to God that I am able to speak the Slavic, for it is the language of ninety-five hundredths of all the people with whom I come in contact. I am thus able to preach Christ to those people who 'for fifteen centuries sat in darkness, and such is their readiness to hear the Gospel that I succeed in sowing much of its good seed among them.'"

In his travels, he visited a neighboring village, and respecting it, he says:—

"In Castell, one hour distant, whom I often visit, I find every man, but men and women, who gladly listen to the truth. They bring also their children with them to the place where we meet, and ask me to speak to them; and in talking with them of the Saviour in a simple and familiar way, I always have their whole attention."

Mr. Clarke did even the Mohammedans willing to hear him.

"Some time since I was cordially received into the house of one of the principal citizens of Spalatro, and for many weeks my visits have been frequent in his family. A few days ago, meeting him in the street, he said to me, 'There are now two Mohammedans from Bosnia in my house, come in and preach the gospel to them.' I accordingly, not waiting to be twice asked, followed him to the house, and found the two. They were father and son, traders, who had come a great distance to make purchases. I at once spoke to them in Slavic, and for more than an hour conversed with them of the Bible as the Word of God, of Christ as his beloved Son, his divinity, purity of life, love and sacrifice for his sinners. They manifested deep interest in all that I said, and the son, who was about twenty years of age, often approved enthusiastically. When I left they received a Testament with many thanks, and cordially invited me to visit them in their country.'"

"THE TIME IS SHORT."

While riding in the rear car of a railway train a short time since, a gentleman came to seat near me, and taking a package of tickets and a bundle of little hand-bills from his travelling bag, went to the rear of the car and scattered them along the way. Curious to know what he was throwing out, I watched him very closely. At length, unable to ascertain in any other way what he was doing, I approached him as he took his seat, and asked if he had any objection to my knowing what he was scattering.

"No," said he, "I am glad to let you know. He then gave me a few of the tickets, which had on one side the question—

"DO I LOVE JESUS?"

and on the other side this question, in this form—

"Should I not love Him, serve Him, look to Him, stand up for Him, trust in Him, believe on Him, pray to Him, asking Him to watch over me, because Jesus died for me?"

The handbills, of which he gave me a few, were headed—

"WHY NOT NOW?"

urging sinners to accept of Christ at once.

In this way this Christian man was doing good found that he was a wholesale merchant in a Western city, and a very active member of the Young Men's Christian Association. Said he to me as we parted after a pleasant interview—

"I have but a little time in which to do good in this world, and I shall have a long eternity to think about the little I did."