

very scorners, who a year ago were taunting us with the poverty of our missionary work, now ascribe to its influence the whole distress that has befallen us. So would Satan persuade us to read God's lessons backwards; and as of old he could misquote Holy Scripture itself to serve his malicious purpose so does he turn God's righteous judgments now into an argument for greater sin. When the veil has been rudely stripped off, wherewith we tried to cover the enormities of Pagan life; when God has compelled us by a bitter visitation to see the unaltered character of idolatry, foul and cruel now as when it called forth the burning indignation of St. Paul;—when we have realized that horrible description of ancient heathenism, that belonged, as we vainly thought, to the old world, and to other ages than our own;—at such a time would Satan move us again to dally with his service, and persuade us that through Beelzebub the powers of darkness can be overcome. We took the feast of prey to our homes, and it turned upon us: shall we be so mad as to lavish our carresses on it again? Rather, brethren, let us find in each reverse that has happened a motive to remedy our past neglect. By every foul disaster, by every bitter injury, by the unutterable wrongs of slaughtered infancy and outraged innocence, we are called—oh! do not say to vengeance, merely—to deliver from the chain of error the land whose children have so deeply sinned. Noble revenge! if we can teach them to exchange those fiendish tempers, those inhuman lusts, for the kingdom of God whose laws are righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost! And what if the State refuse to enter on this great work? if her policy or her fears forbid her to profess her faith in the one Saviour of the world? Not a moment must the Church delay to fill her place.—The opportunity is not far to seek: the instruments of Christian labor are ready to your hands; it is for this very purpose that the religious societies invite your aid. There was not in all India—the Bishop of Madras is my authority—a more promising mission than that which the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was maintaining in the heart of Delhi. Its light has been quenched in blood; to you she appeals for help to rekindle its flame, and flash its rays yet further into the gloom of heathen night. Perhaps, at this moment, while I speak, our soldiers are entering the gates of the old Mahomedan city in stern triumph. Oh! be ready to lend victory a softer aspect by the presence of Christ's ambassador there. Let the Hindoo, cowering under the just indignation of his injured masters, learn to acknowledge the yet mightier power that shall wring his soul with anguish for his sins, and bring him prostrate to the foot of the Cross. I have said that the Societies invite your aid. My text should have taught me better. It is you, not yours only, that they seek. It may be, that in their applications they have sometimes taken too low an aim, and have departed from the idea which their exemplary founders proposed to themselves. They—all honour be to their pious memories—did not, as now, go about merely to gain subscribers to a fund; they used the language consecrated by our Lord and His Apostles to the perpetual description of Christian unity, and sought "members" of the brotherhood they had established. Now, with reports and circulars, platforms and deputations, we seek to beguile men of their gold, and men give it, upon that compulsion, as a contribution to the fund which certain officers administer, regarding themselves as altogether external to the institutions which they aid. Surely a religious society means more than this. It did mean more than this when these societies had their birth. Their founders, like St. Paul's Macedonian converts, first gave their own selves unto the Lord. The chief of them crossed the ocean to do the work, in which his heart was set, in the American colonies; his colleagues vied with him in a personal devotion to the Lord, whose cause they served. It was not merely a society for religious purposes, it was a society of religious men. It was the fellowship of men who could pray together and strengthen each other in holy exercises; no mere association of secretaries and clerks, but a living brotherhood of Christians, who had this in common, amongst many diversities of occupation, and substance, and rank, that they loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and cared for the souls He died to save. And oh! that the blessed Spirit, by whom that work of grace was wrought in a dark era of English history, would stir up men's hearts to love each other in Christ yet once again! Would that the preacher on such an anniversary as this, were enabled to address his hearers, not as possible contributors to a needy fund, but as embarked with himself in a great and holy cause—that he could speak to them not as the besetting

apologist of a troublesome petition, but as the exponent of their own zeal and charity, as provoking to love and to good works them whose forward mind and ready will scarce needed provocation at all. But if ever such a hope is to be fulfilled, it must be by no isolated movement—no mere affection for a particular institution, however venerable or wise. It is well worthy notice that the two societies, whose members—may I indulge for a moment that grateful thought?—are assembled here to-day, were closely connected in their origin with the Societies for the Reformation of manners, by which the prevailing profligacy of the British metropolis, in the seventeenth century, was for a time restrained. And sure I am that a personal dedication unto God is needed by them who would do effectually God's work; personal holiness is the essential qualification for a successful effort to extend Christ's Church. For the mere purpose of enlisting your support we must seek you first. And we do seek you. In the name of these societies, and of the Church they serve—rather in the name of Him in whom alone these institutions can have life or power—in the name of Christ we exhort you; give yourselves a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. If there be those among you to whom it is permitted to offer yourselves as servants of Christ, to do His work in the far lands for which England is so deeply responsible, oh, give that service! Better than all offerings of gold and silver—better than rich men's patronage, and great men's favour, will be the devotion of your lives to that high enterprise of faith. If this may not be, yet still, dear brethren, we seek you for Christ. You, not yours only. In these days of jealousy and distrust, when brother is estranged from brother, and friend from friend, we yet dare to ask for loving hearts and sweet communion in Christ, a warm, deep interest in the progress of the Gospel, a tender love for souls, a burning zeal to vanquish Satan and assert the victory of the Son of God—for less then this we cannot make our claim. If once their claim was granted, easy would be my office to-day—to promote the knowledge of Christ, to propagate His Gospel far and wide, would be the people's desire rather than the preacher's prayer. It may seem a dreamer's fancy to anticipate such days as these; yet dreams even are sweet in a world of troubles and unrest. And what are all such dreams but glimpses of a brighter world, dear anticipations of the time—nay, time no longer—when the seeking shall be over, and the lost ones found—when that Good Shepherd, whose loving search for souls is the foundation of all our poor efforts to win wanderers to the fold, shall have returned from all His mighty journeyings, travelling in the greatness of His strength—when He shall bring with Him from North to South, from East to West, the objects of His compassionate love, and proclaim among the rejoicing angels the glad issue of His unwearied search—"These my children were dead, and are alive again; they were lost and are found."

At the conclusion of the service a collection was made, when the sum of £83 17s. was collected.

POWER OF A WORD.—I was told a story to day—a temperance story. A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, stood at her garden-gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years, mad with love of the sea.

"Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of the seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you never will drink."

Said he, (for he told me the story,) "I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope—and for forty years, whenever I saw a glass of sparkling liquor, my mother's form at the garden-gate on the hillside of Vermont rose up before me, and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; for said he—

"Yesterday there came into my counting room a man of forty, and asked me—

"Do you know me?"

"No," said I.

"I was brought once," said he to my informant, "drunk into your presence on shipboard. You was a passenger. The captain kicked me aside. You took me into your berth, kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said, never that I knew of; I never had heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours at the garden-gate, and to-day, twenty years later, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me."

How far back that little candle throws its beam—that mother's word on the green hillside of Vermont! God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word!

DENOMINATIONS IN LONDON.—In "Low's Handbook to Places of Worship in London" there is a list of 371 churches and chapels in connection with the establishment. The number of church sittings, according to Mr. Mann, is 409,184. The Independents have about 104 places of worship, and 100,486 sittings; the Baptists, 130 chapels, and accommodations for 54,234; the Methodists, 155 chapels, 60,696 sittings; the Presbyterians, 25 chapels, 18,211 sittings; the Unitarians, 9 chapels, about 3300 sittings; the Roman Catholics, 35 chapels, 34,994 sittings; Quakers, 4 chapels, 3151 sittings; Moravians, 2 chapels, 1100 sittings; Jews, 11 synagogues, 3642 sittings; and there are 74 chapels belonging to the New Church, the Plymouth Brethren, the Irvingites, the Latter-Day Saints, Sandemanians, Lutherans, French Protestants, Greeks, Germans, Italians, which chapels have sittings for 18,833.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.—The spirit of the Lord's prayer is beautiful. The form of petition breathes a filial spirit—"Father."

A catholic spirit—Our father.

A reverential spirit—Hallowed be Thy name.

A missionary spirit—Thy kingdom come.

An obedient spirit—Thy will be done on earth.

A dependent spirit—Give us this day our daily bread.

A forgiving spirit—And forgive our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us.

A cautious spirit—Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

A confidential and adoring spirit—For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.—The Christian is a man, and more; an earthly saint, an angel clothed in flesh, the only lawful image of his Maker and Redeemer; the abstract of God's church on earth; a model of heaven, made up in clay; the living temple of the Holy Ghost.

For his disposition, it hath in it as much of heaven as his earth may make room for.

He were not a man if he were quite free from corrupt affections; but these he masters, and keeps in with a straight hand, and if at any time they grow testy and headstrong, he breaks them with a severe discipline, and will rather punish himself than not tame them. He checks his appetite with discreet, but strong denials, and forbears to pamper nature, lest it grow wanton and impetuous. He walks on earth, but converses in heaven, having his eye fixed on the invisible world, and enjoying a sweet communion with God his Saviour. While all the rest of the world sits in darkness, he lives in a perpetual light; the heaven of darkness is opened to none but him; thither his eye pierceth, and beholds those beams of inaccessible glory which shine on no face but his.

He is holily temperate in the use of all God's blessings, as knowing by whom they are given, and to what end; neither dares either to mislay them, for to mispend them lavishly, as duly weighing upon what terms he receives them, and fore-expecting an account. Such a hand doth he carry upon his pleasures and delights, that they run not away with him. He knows how to slacken the reins without a debauched kind of dissoluteness, and how to straiten them without a sullen rigor.—*Bishop Hall.*

LUXURY.—I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care, and beauty where they are possible; but I would not have that useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities; cornicing of ceilings and graining of doors, and fringing of curtains, and thousands of such things which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual—things on whose common appliances hang whole trades, to which there never belonged the blessing of giving one ray of real pleasure, of becoming of the remotest or most contemptible use—things which cause half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness, and facility. I speak from experience; I know what it is to live in a cottage with a deal floor and roof, and a hearth of mica slate; and I know it to be in many respects healthier and happier than living between a Turkey carpet and gilded ceiling, beside a steel grate and polished fender. I do not say that such things have not their place and propriety; but I say this emphatically, that a tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic comforts and incumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England; such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes of the poor, and bring its influence above the party of the poor.