

it prove an awakening power although expressed in such an humble and homely way. May it rouse those delinquent teachers, (some of whom are personally known to me,) to a sense of the awful responsibility resting on them.

The Power of Faith.

As warriors carry different weapons with which to attack their enemies and defend themselves, so Christians are armed with different graces wherewith they accomplish their welfare, whether it be to resist a temptation, to overcome an adversary, to remove a stumbling-block from their path, or to build themselves up in the fear of the Lord.

Where'er they travel, and where'er they stay,
Their Christian graces ever mark their way.

Some stoop to conquer, achieving more victories by their humility than others can effect with their pride. Some win their way by love, being "kindly affectioned;" they serve every one they can, "believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things." Some force a path through every impediment by their zeal, allowing nothing to daunt or subdue their ardor; while others are so mighty in the Scriptures and in prayer that they seem armed for ever exigency—come pleasure or pain, light or darkness, good or evil, they are ready for them all.

Prayer gives them power whatever ills arise,
And draws down countless blessings from the skies.

Peace in Death.

On the 23d of August, 1683, the Rev. John Owen (of precious memory) dedicated a note to his likeminded friend, Charles Fleetwood:—"I am going to him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but while the great pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond: the promise stands invincible—that he will never leave nor

torsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency."

The morrow after, a friend called to tell him that he had put to the press his "*Meditations on the Glory of Christ.*" There was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it: but O, brother Payne! the long wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world."

A few hours of silence followed, and then that glory was revealed. On the 4th of September, a vast funeral procession, including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning-coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there, in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where, five years later, John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr. Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with undertaker's sheds, and blind brick walls, with London cabs and omnibuses whirling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty Non-conformist."

Mount Pleasant, Sept. 20, 1852.

Sir,—Though we are far back in the wood of America, yet we have a good school, and the attendance is generally good—about 60. We take no magazine; but, as we are desirous of introducing the *Record*, you will please send me a few copies. We had a soiree this summer, in which our minister, the Rev. John Ewing, took a prominent part. Upwards of two hundred sat down to tea; and we cleared five pounds for the purchase of books. After tea, the Revs. G. Tweedie, Lawrence, Gunday, Morton, and Ewing, gave us excellent speeches. The occasion was one of much interest, and was productive of good.

JOHN McLEAN.