

character of the *Dayspring* in so many of the ports of Australasia—and this Captain Fraser has done. It will be hard indeed to get a man to fill his place.”

Presbyterianism in British America.

The following facts have been compiled by Rev. S. Houston, of St. John, and have been published in the *British American Presbyterian*:—There are not less than 679 Presbyterian congregations in British North America, exclusive of Manitoba and British Columbia, and all these with the exception of 13 belong to our churches now negotiating Union. The Canada Presbyterian Church reports 362; the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, 137; the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, 127; and the Presbyterian Church of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland, 40. I take these figures from the last published minutes of the Supreme Court of each Church. The other 13 embrace the U. P. Presbytery of Ontario and two small Presbyteries of Covenanters in these Lower Provinces.

Illustrations of Sabbath School Lessons for June.

FIRST SABBATH.

Golden Text:—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them—Psalm 34: 5.

Some fifty years ago, one bitter January night, the inhabitants of the old town of Sleswick were thrown into the greatest distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and new and fearful reports of the conduct of the lawless soldiery were hourly reaching the place.

In one large, commodious cottage dwelt an aged grandmother with her widowed daughter and grandson. While all hearts quaked with fear, this aged woman passed her time in crying out to God that he would “build a wall of defence round about” them, quoting the words of an ancient hymn.

Her grandson asked why she prayed for a thing so entirely impossible as that God should build a wall about their house, that should hide it; but she explained that her meaning only was that God should protect them.

At midnight the dreaded tramp was heard, the enemy came pouring in at every avenue, filling the houses to overflowing. But, while most fearful sounds were heard on every side, not even a knock came to their door; at which they were greatly surprised. The morning light made the

matter clear; for, just beyond the house, the drifted snow had reared such a massive wall that it was impossible to get over it to them.

“There!” said the good woman triumphantly: “do you not see, my son, that God could raise up a wall around us?”

SECOND SABBATH.

Golden Text:—But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus—Phil. 4: 19.

In the County of Northumberland, England, near Barmour coal pits, lived Thomas Hownham, whose chief occupation was carrying coal from them to Doddington and Wooler. At other times he would make brooms of the heath, and sell them round the country. He was poor and despised, but, said one who knew him, “In my forty years acquaintance with the professing world, I have seldom met with his equal as a man devoted to God, or one who was favoured with more evident answers to prayer.” Being disappointed of receiving money for coals the day before, he returned home one evening, and found that there was neither bread nor meat, not anything to supply their place in the house. His wife wept for the poor children who were crying for hunger. Having got them to bed, and their mother with them, he went from his house to a retired spot at a little distance to pray; to spread his family wants before the Lord. In this place he continued about an hour and a half, and had such delightful views of Jesus by faith, that all thoughts about temporal things were taken away. Under this sweet and serene frame of mind, he returned to his poor cottage, when, by the light of the moon, he perceived, through the window, something upon a stool or form before the bed; and after viewing it with astonishment and feeling it, he found it to be a joint of roasted meat, and a loaf of bread about the size of our half-peck loaves. He then went to the door, to look if he could see any person; and after raising his voice, as well as his eyes, and neither perceiving nor hearing any one, he returned, and awoke his wife and children; then asking a blessing, they all shared in the providential repast. About twelve years afterwards, it was ascertained that the Lord had made use of a *miserly* farmer thus to supply Thomas Hownham and his family in their time of urgent need. The farmer lived at Lowick-Highstead. One Thursday evening he ordered his housekeeper to have a whole joint of meat roasted, having given her directions a day or two before to bake two large loaves of white bread. He then went to Wooler Market, and took as usual a piece of bread and cheese in his pocket; in the evening he came home in very bad humour, and soon