

us. Supposing he had been under the influence of strong drink at that time, and he might have been, and his men too, for it was very trying for them all at the time, we had rough weather, wet and cold; but instead of strong drink they had tea, or coffee, therefore they were all calm, cool, and collected. Our mates Messrs. Smith and Bryant, and the whole of the crew, were a credit to any Captain in the world. I never saw a more orderly set of men,—as sailors there was no disorder; they behaved themselves as men ought to behave, every order was answered with an "aye, aye, sir," and away they went. Anything that Captain Cary could do for the comfort of the passengers he would do.

All this, sir, I think, speaks highly for our principles. If ever I have to make a voyage again, nothing but a Temperance ship will do for me. I would strongly impress it upon you to advise all your friends who contemplate coming out, to be sure and come out in a Temperance ship. This is my advice to all my friends.

Mr. Thorpe concludes with saying:—"My advice is, to all who are doing well at home, remain there; to those who cannot get on and can work, especially those with families, come out by all means, only make up your minds to rough it. But the great curse to the colony is strong drink; drink—drink—drink—it's all drink. Those who wish to do here must come out abstainers."

Philanthropic & Social Progress.

Moral Aspects of the World.

Brethren, the aspect of the world is indeed dark in many respects; no one feels the pressure of the darkness more than I do; often have I smarted in spirit under it; and if it were not for that pole-star of prophecy that points so steadily to the bright and glorious future, often would my heart sink within me, and my spirit fail utterly. But whatever may be the intermediate processes by which we shall be ushered into scenes surpassing fable, we ought never to relax in the strength of our assurance that the most glowing visions of the prophetic muse shall one day be gloriously realised. The way in which the whole will be accomplished may be humbling to us; we may have to make endless confessions of error and shortcomings and prejudices; and we may all have bitterly to mourn on our knees over the many ways in which we wronged our brethren by our ancharitableness and misjudgments. It may be that all our existing organizations, so doatingly idolized, will have to go down into actual dissolution, so that out of the dissolved chaotic mass there may rise up a re-constituted church, bright and pure, and worthy of Him who is its Divine Head and King. All this may be, and much more; but let us be sure that the end will be glorious. At present, indeed, it may look almost like the very climax of unlikelihood. Everything now may look ominous. The shadows of evening may seem to be closing fast on the boary heights of old Christendom; the sun may seem to be setting in a red and angry sky; and all around the horizon clouds may be rising, black and lurid, and in their bosom lies sleeping the tempest that shall one day burst over the apostate and unbelieving nations; with only the occasional twinkling of a star, darkly shining, as it were, through the thickening gloom. All this, and much more, may be true; but shall we not rise in the spirit of faith, and say, "Come, O Almighty Saviour, come thou in the infinite sympathies of thy boundless compassion; come, thou Almighty Spirit of Grace, in the plenitude and overflow of thy soul-surviving and comforting influences! and let the blighting, it may be, of once fondly-cherished hopes, and the failure or retardation of once-fondly cherished prospects, and the consequent bringing down of every high thought and lofty imagination to the foot of the cross—let all these be unto us and unto

other believers throughout the world but the discipline and preparation for that night of storms which is now so ominously brooding over the nations! And when the gloom is thickest and the tempest of human passion loudest, and the rage of Satan, who cometh down in great wrath, fiercest, may ours be the faith to discern, even in all this, but the signs and presages of that hallowed morn that shall chase away the long dark night of ages—the heralds and precursors of the coming of Him in the glory of His kingdom, whether visible or invisible—of him.

"Whoso coming like the morn shall be,

Like morning songs his voice."

And then, amid the dawns of millennial glory, and the jubilee of our once groaning, but now renovated universe—then, O! then, in ways which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor imagination conceived, will be realized, in a bright and glorious consummation, the longings of this holy Evangelical Alliance of Christendom!"—*Speech of Dr. Duff.*

GOD GAVE ME TO THIS HOME.—One winter evening, not long ago, while the family were, as usual, gathered around the centre-table, a neighbor drove up, and entering with hearty friendliness, soon had Kitty on his knee. "Come, Kitty," said he, "won't you go home and live with me!" The child looked up into his face; the golden curls fell backwards and her deep blue eyes met his as she answered; "God gave me to this home." The tone was simple as the words, and the silvery voice was childhood's, yet for a moment, the sound seemed as if wafted from a far-off world, where angels only dwell. A shadow—no, not a shadow; but a sober brightness, as of something profound and holy—was cast over the meditative mood of the dwellers in "this house," and every heart within it swelled with gratitude for the great God's gifts.—*Knickerbocker.*

A Contrast.

The vicious die early. They fall like shadows, or tumble like wrecks and ruins into the grave,—often while quite young, almost always before forty. The wicked 'liveth not half his days. The world at once ratifies the truth, and assigns the reason, by describing the dissolute as 'fast men'; that is, they live fast; they spend their twelve hours in six, getting through the whole before the meridian, and dropping out of sight and into darkness while others are in the glow and glory of life. 'Their sun goes down while it is yet day.' And they might have helped it. Many a one dies long before he need. Your men of genius, like Burns and Byron, to whom, when dissipated and profligate, thirty-seven is so fatal; and your obscure and nameless 'wandering stars,' who waste their youth in libertine indulgence; they cannot live long. They must die early. They put on the steam till they blow up the boiler. They run at such a rate, that the fire goes out for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by reckless speed and rapid wear. Nothing can save them. Their physical system cannot stand the strain they put it to; while the state of their minds is often such, that the soul would eat through the substance of the most robust body, and make for itself a way of escape from the incessant hell of its own thoughts. But all probabilities are on the side of a different fate for the good. Peace and contentment, religious faith and religious virtue, are so many guarantees for long life. He, too, who lives as we are supposing, will not go through the world either as a vicious or selfish celibate. He will 'drink waters out of his own cistern,' and 'rejoice with the wife of his youth.' She will be to him, 'as the loving hind and pleasant roe.' She will be like a fruitful vine by the sides of his house—his children as olive plants round about his table.' Thus, then, our friend advances through life. He attains to a hearty and green old age. 'His sons come to honour,' and he lives to see it; his daughters 'do virtuously'; he survives to rejoice and 'to call them blessed.' His children's children hush his name and climb about his knees, like fresh flowers springing and waving round the root of an oak. Now all this is pos-