

and was awaiting the arrival of some one to take charge of the Chinese church, then under the supervision of Kioh Cheng, an intelligent native preacher, and Miss Jones. There were some hopeful Chinese candidates for baptism. The state of political affairs was unsettled; both the English and American embassies having failed, the Siamese authorities seemed inclined to adopt a more exclusive policy towards foreigners, than for some years past.

ASSAM.—Mr. Stoddart writes from Newgong, Sept. 18, that he was troubled with bronchitis to such a degree that he was compelled to suspend public speaking and teaching, leaving the school under the charge of Mr. Dauble. The school numbered 52 pupils—three being absent at the time—33 boys and 11 girls. Mr. Dauble writes, same date, acknowledging with gratitude his appointment by the committee, and professing his earnest desire to proclaim the gospel in that region.

MULMAIN.—Mrs. Judson, in a letter dated Sep. 22, says, with reference to the question of her return to this country:—"It was the wish of my late husband that I should return to America, collect his scattered family, and assume the guardianship of his children; but I conceive that, without disregarding his wishes, I might remain here a few years longer; that is if it should be the will of God to preserve my health to such a degree that I could be useful. The thought of leaving the mission is very painful to me; I can use the Burmese language some; the native Christian women entreat me to stay, and the missionaries approve and encourage, though they do not like to advise. If I have health, I can do good in my small way, while a more competent person would be obliged to spend a long time in learning the language. However, as I said before, God will decide. My health is improving very slowly."

ARRACAN.—Mr. Campbell in a letter dated Akyab, Sept. 25, says: "I have just been interrupted by the coming in of our 'learned assistant,' who has just returned from a preaching visit of a few weeks to Kyonk Phyoo. He says he is tired out, but yet is full of hope, and tells his story with a joyful countenance. Formerly when he went there, they refused to listen, and vexed him very much, but now they gave him food, clothes and lodging, and crowded around him to hear the Gospel, till he had no time to eat or sleep. They said, 'Let the missionary come,' 'Let the missionary come!' We had only yesterday heard definitely of our destination to Kyonk Phyoo, and you can imagine whether this was not gratifying intelligence. We can but thank God that he has thus given the desire to hear; and we pray and ask your prayers, that we may be able to tell the blessed mystery of Christ 'in the power and demonstration of the Spirit.'"

MERCUR.—Mr. Brayton, in a communication dated Mergui, Aug. 1, states that the schools had been much interrupted by the prevalence of measles; but though the number under instruction was lessened, yet their work was of an interesting and solemn character, having two families of professed inquirers; also a family of Salongs, from the western coast of Siam. He regards the Salongs as a deeply interesting people, and proposes to visit them.

CHINA.—So far as the missionaries in the free ports of China have enjoyed opportunities for penetrating into the interior, they have observed a high degree of kindness and affability on the part of the natives, and an almost total absence of the jealousy manifested by the inhabitants of the seaports. Mr. Gillfillan, of the London Missionary Society, in a letter dated Amoy, June 29, relates a visit to Chang-chew, a great city in the interior, of which Amoy is only the seaport. He met with no rudeness, and little annoyance. Unable to converse in the local dialect with ease, he confined himself mainly to the distribution of books, which were well received. On a second visit he was much applied to for books and for information respecting the "new religion." Some of the visitors

expressed themselves as glad that a foreign teacher had come among them, and on his proposing to hire a house and reside there, several were shown him on very moderate terms.

INDIA.—The English Baptist Mission continues to receive tokens of success amid the many obstacles that resist the evangelization of India. Six persons were baptized in Calcutta, upon profession of their faith, on the last Lord's Day in June, and the progress of Christian sentiments is said to be very noticeable at this time. At Caintara there was an evident moving of the waters, and the mission hoped to see richer proofs of the divine presence. The gospel was preached in the surrounding villages, and the missionaries were received with marked kindness by the people, yet their native hostility to divine truth was manifested very decisively, on the conversion of any to Christianity. Mr. Smith writes, that he had the privilege of baptizing three native disciples in April, and two more in May, and there were several more candidates for the sacred ordinance.

Miscellaneous.

THE POWER OF THE CROSS.

Let us now for a moment, turn to the history of that Cross, in order that we may perceive more clearly its strange elements of power. Place yourselves, then, in imagination, amid the multitude that, swayed by curiosity, or inflamed by hate, are rushing from the hall of judgment, and sweeping along their hurried and tumultuous way to the hill of crucifixion. Reeling under insults, a meek sufferer, whose head is bound with a crown of thorns, and his face swollen with blows and wet with the spewings of the mob, is threading, slowly and painfully his way through that exasperated crowd, who are all athirst and ravening for his blood. He has reached the spot selected for his death. There he stands, faint, but uncomplaining, whilst the cruel preparations are made that shall consummate the sacrifice. Amid shouts, and taunts, and blasphemy, he is nailed and lifted up. As the cross becomes erect, and he hangs at last before that excited multitude, methinks I see exultation, like a rising breeze, ruffle that sea of upturned faces. And there he is raised on high, how utterly friendless and abject to the eye of man, for even the thieves upbraid him, that hang and writhe beside him.

But were your eyes unsealed, as the prophet opened those of his servant at Dothan, you would discern, beside and above that howling rabble, a more august gathering. Legions, whose feeblest warrior would have turned to paleness the cheek of Cæsar at the head of all his hosts, are gazing there; yet withheld by some dread sentence, they do not interpose. Angels that excel in might and in glory, watch that desolate sufferer with adoring interest. That much outraged victim, seemingly rejected of man, and abandoned of God, is my Maker. In that lowly form is veiled the incarnate Godhead. The angels that smote Sennacherib's host and slew the first-born of Egypt, dispeopling a camp and decimating a nation in a night, have bowed often their heads to this being, as their Lord and their Creator. Excited as are his enemies, they could frame no consistent accusation against him, to justify their enmity. There, under reproach, anguish and cursing, dies the only one of Adam's race that knew no sin. For no guilt of his own is he suffering, but to cancel that of his murderer, man. Thus viewed, what elements of grandeur and tenderness, of loftiest splendor and the lowliest condescension, blend in that dread sacrifice! Do men look with interest on greatness in misery? It is here: the King of Glory, dying as a malefactor. Are they touched with sympathy for distress? How deep was the anguish even of his patient spirit, when he cried out, invoking a Father who had hidden his face! Should

wisdom attract, here was the great Teacher, whom all Judea had admired, speaking as never man spake—the heavenly Teacher, for whom Socrates had taught himself and his scholars to hope. He is here giving his lessons on the cross. The good man dying ignominiously, of whom Plato had glimpses, is here, the exemplar of perfect innocence, enduring the treatment due to consummate wickedness. That sacrifice stirs all worlds. Hell misses its expected prey, and the spell of despair over the accursed earth is broken, while heaven stoops to behold its King, incarnate and dying, that he may reconquer to his allegiance a revolted province of his empire, in the same act indulging his mercy, and satisfying his justice, whilst his expiring breath together magnifies his law and enunciates his gospel. That sacrifice may well have power with man, for it has power with God. To the human mind, it presents in the closest union and in their highest energy, all the elements of sympathy, awe and tenderness. It blends a Divine Majesty that might well overawe the haughtiest, with a winning gentleness that would reassure the most desponding. It may well be, at the same time, a theme for the mind of an angel to study, without grasping all its vastness; and a motive for the mind of the Sabbath-school child to feel, without being repelled by its loftiness. It has power—practical power—popular power—permanent power. It is God's remedy for sin; and with the accompanying influences of his Spirit, it can avail as the remedy for all forms of man's sin, as that sin is infused into, and as it is found enveloping either the literature of the world, or any other product of the human mind. Let us but transcribe that truth into the heart, and illustrate it in the life, or rather let the renewing grace of God's Spirit so transfer it into the soul of man; let me be enabled to believe in this Divine Sufferer as my Saviour—to feel that with him I am dying to the world, and with him, too, I shall rise again from the grave, see him on the judgment throne, and follow him to the gates of Paradise; and with these truths firmly grasped by the mind, what has the world left wherewith to allure, wherewith to appal me? I have thrown myself loose from the trammels of earth. Its cords have perished at the touch of ethereal fire. Disengaged from its entanglements, its bonds sundered, and its snares parted, I soar aloft, to sit in the language of Paul, in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. I rise yet higher, and in the awful language of Peter, I, the heir of corruption, and once the bondsman of death, am made 'a partaker of the divine nature.' Here is power.—Rev. W. R. Williams, D. D.

CAN GOD LOVE A SINNER?

The generality of men never trouble themselves about the love of God, or they take it for granted that a few tears and prayers will procure it; but there are some who either from ignorance of God's character, or a very vivid view of the nature of sin, think that God can never love sinners; at least, such sinners as they are. God can never love sin. He can never tolerate it. It is the object of his infinite, eternal, unqualified hatred. Yet God does love sinners, and because he loved them, he sent his only begotten Son into the world to save them. For sinners God became incarnate, for sinners Immanuel obeyed the law, and suffered the cruel, shameful, painful death of the cross. Yes, "it is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." It is a fact, that may well fill angels with astonishment and wonder, that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his son to be the propitiation for our sins." God so loved sinners that he punished his own Son in time, and visited on him the sins of believers, that he might not punish them in eternity. And because he loves sinners, he sends his glorious gospel to them, in which he invites the poorest, the vilest,