

But it shone not alone in Africa. There was stationed there at that time an American Commodore, whose business it was to suppress the slave traffic. He was as brave and noble an officer as ever trod the deck, but he was an unconverted man. By his intercourse with the Christian missionary, the seeds of saving truth were sown; and after he returned home, God stirred up the soil by sharp and trying afflictions. One after another of his children died, until at last, he was written childless. Then the power of truth shone out in his humble, penitential confession of Christ, and his bold, consistent walk with God.

"I knew him well; he was my very dear friend. I saw him but a few months ago, and that manly form was bowed, the hair was whitened, and the step trembling. I was passing his door. He stopped me. 'Come in—come in; I want to talk with you.' I went in. The old man sailed his voyages over again, and expressed a desire for some change in his own department of the government. 'But,' said he, 'it matters not. I am on another voyage, and shall soon make my port.' I asked him how he felt. He said, 'I am afraid I'm too sure. But I know in

whom I have believed. He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him. My foundation is sure. My timbers are all staunch. I am sure of my port. The end of my voyage is glory. Won't you have prayer with me?'

"I did so, and on rising, he threw his arms around my neck and kissed me, and pointing upwards, he said with choked utterance, 'Yes, I know in whom I have believed. Oh! what good times we shall have up there!'

"That naval officer was Admiral Charles H. Bell, and that missionary was the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson. He does not know, until this moment, that he has been the instrument, in far-off Africa, in helping to lead that soul to Christ. Dear Children, stand by the missionaries, for the harvest is sure."

The effect was electric. Dr. Wilson's head was bowed down upon his hands, but his manly form was shaking like an aspen leaf, showing that the good tidings so suddenly and unexpectedly revealed to him were as much as his full heart could bear. The children wept, and the old men were in tears, and if there was a single dry eye in the large congregation, our own eyes were too full to see it.

Editorial Notes.

We are glad to welcome the *Protestant*, a Monthly published by J. E. GRAFTON, Montreal, "to resist the political aggressions of Romanism in Canada, and to instruct in Protestant principles and doctrines." No one can deny but that work has to be done, and the "*Protestant*" seems, judging from the numbers that have reached us, both willing and able to do its share of the work very effectively. We wish it God speed in its mission.

The following remarks on Soirees, by a layman of education and social position, are given here because they may be useful to us, ministers and preachers, in letting us get a glimpse of ourselves as others see us.

"In the March number of THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, you make some severe strictures on Soirees. With the general tone of the article I cordially agree, and with yourself regret that congregations have to resort to