

THE WONDROUS STORY.

God forbid that I should glory,
 Save in Jesus and his cross!
 Oh! it is a wo. drous story,
 How he came to seek for us;
 How he left his Father's side,
 Toil'd and sorrow'd, wept and died.

'Tis a story past conceiving;
 'Tis the height, the depth of love;
 'Tis a story worth believing
 By the hosts in heaven above,—
 By poor children here below,—
 By a world of sin and woe.

'Tis a story, oh! how charming
 To the pilgrim in the vale!
 Of its sting cold death disarming,—
 Death, that "king of terrors" pale.
 Hell's strong bars are all in vain;
 Jesus died and rose again.

Come, then, sing the wondrous story,
 Children rich by Jesu's loss;
 God forbid that we should glory,
 Save in Jesus and his cross;
 This shall ever be our theme,
 We will sing of none but him.

MADRAS.

The Rev. J. M. Lechler, of Salem, who has laboured in the Presidency of Madras for two-and-twenty years, in a brief review of a recent visit to the capital, thus gives expression to his devout pleasure;—

"Formerly in Madras, on a Sunday, you could see but a few stragglers going to a place of worship, or a private house, to hear the Word of God: now we see families, with boys and girls schools walking in crowds to hear the preaching of the Gospel in various place of worship and in all parts of the city. In Pursewaukum, where I had the privilege of addressing the Tamil congregation of my friend and brother, Mr. Drew, on several successive Lord's days, and where twenty years ago there was no Tamil preaching at all, I found 300, and one time more than 400 individuals assembled