

Revival among Quarrymen.—"My space already well nigh exhausted, will only allow me to give another instance, of the power and prevalence of the revivals in this district. About two miles from this, near the out-kirts of the parish, there is a quarry, which was formerly notorious for the wickedness of those who wrought in it. It was, in fact, an emporium for all sorts of vice; but when our revival commenced in Comber, it was such a strange and unheard of thing amongst the quarry-men that they resolved, through curiosity, to come and see how it was that people were so mysteriously knocked down. They accordingly attended the nightly prayer-meetings, in our congregation. Gradually a change came over them. Drinking was diminished, swearing was given up, seriousness and anxiety prevailed. I was requested, as I could not go in the evening, to go and preach to them during working hours in the middle of the day. I did so.—Immediately on my appearance all work was suspended; and, at the very busiest time, master and men attended for upwards of two hours. Whilst under the open sky, in a sort of large amphitheatre, formed by the excavation of the quarry, and surrounded by the mountain's rocky walls, I proclaimed to them the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Much good, I understand, was that day affected, Prayer-meetings amongst the men were immediately established. The occupier of the quarry and head of the whole establishment soon announced to his men that he himself was entirely changed, and declared that he had resolved to live henceforth only for Christ. A marvelous alteration was soon apparent; and such has been the effect produced, that Mr. D.—, the head of the establishment referred to, told me last week, that out of ninety-six families in his employment, upwards of ninety have now established family worship.

"Drunkenness," he said, has disappeared and neither oath nor improper expression is heard in that quarry. As for myself," continued Mr. D.—, "I now look upon myself as a mere steward, having nothing of my own, and bound by feelings, both of responsibility, and gratitude, to live for God's glory."

“HOW GOOD IT IS THAT WE HAVE A GOD.”

A little boy, of four years old, was sleeping one night in a low bed, in the same room with his mother. He was a lovely and thoughtful child, and though so young, had already received fully into his mind the idea of the great God who made him and rules over all. He was happy in having been taught to pray to this great God, and was daily in the habit of asking what he most wanted of his heavenly Father, without fear and without doubt.

But this night of which I speak he awoke out of sleep with a loud cry, as if he had been disturbed by a frightful dream. When his mother tenderly inquired what was the matter, he told her that he was afraid, and begged to know if God would indeed take care of him.

When his mother assured him that God would take care of him in the darkness as well as in the light, he sunk back upon his pillow and sighed out, "How good it is that we have a God!" He then fell asleep peacefully, as if he felt the everlasting arms around him.

A GOOD ANSWER.—A young lady offered a ticket for the theatre to a little girl belonging to a Sunday school, who curtseyed politely, and said,—

"I thank you, ma'am; but I hope I could not disgrace the school so much as to think of going to such a place."

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