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WHOLE No. 609.

## Religious Miscellany.

### Christ is All.

BY H. MURPHY.  
My heart is sick, my spirit faint,  
My tongue speaks out in sore complaint;  
My hands, my feet, my eyes, my heart;  
Unsoundness dwells in every part.  
I rack my brain about some plan  
To feel the world, and rescue man;  
My wisdom falls—Heaven's light is shed:  
I see the plan!—Christ is my head.  
I hear the groans, I see the wound  
Of suffering mortals all around;  
Compassion calls, no tears can start;  
Ah, now they flow: Christ is my heart!  
How restless poverty demands  
The constant labor of my hands;  
New sorrows still my plans defeat,  
For Christ is strong; his work complete.  
A doubtful path I tread; I groan,  
To feel the snares around me thrown;  
My eyes are dim, O sweet surprise!  
My path is plain: Christ is my eyes.  
Up yonder hills a path appears,  
Which leads beyond the flow of tears;  
My feet are lame, what ill still?  
Christ gives me feet; I'll climb the hill.  
My head, my heart, my feet, my hands,  
Can now respond to God's commands;  
My tongue, once dumb to love and praise,  
Can sing redeeming love and grace.  
—Zion's Herald.

### Carvoso.—A True Life.

(Continued.)  
It is time we had concluded our notes on this good man's singularly useful and interesting life.  
He commemorates the forty-seventh anniversary of his regeneration. "Glory be to His name," he says, "the last year has been the best of the whole. I may now say with Bunyan, 'I have got into that land where the sun shines night and day.' I thank thee, O my God, for this heaven, this element of love and joy in which my soul now lives. But I am not yet landed on the eternal shore; still I live in an enemy's country. But thou, O Lord, who hast kept me hitherto, will keep me unto the end." It was this happy, confident spirit of piety that rendered his words so apt and quickening to others, especially to awakened consciences.  
"Faith was his great theme."  
"I discovered," he writes, "more clearly than ever the common mistake of many who are sincere. They say, 'I wish I was as happy as I was once,' without having the least conception of the excellency of faith as the instrument and condition of their salvation. God has made known the Gospel plan in these words: 'By grace are ye saved,' through faith. It is saved by simple faith, or by believing in Jesus Christ." "I have learned," he writes, "that the only way to heaven is by faith in Jesus Christ. It is by faith that we are enabled to see the true nature and preciousness of all the things of this world, and that we see they were never intended for our rest or portion. By faith we see that at last a smiling or frowning world amounts to nothing; we see the soul's wants, and miseries, and cure; we see Christ and heaven near; we triumph over all our foes, and lay hold on eternal life."  
So distinct and direct were his views of this fundamental doctrine of Christianity, that he groped for months or years in unbelief, suddenly saw it as in clear light while he was speaking of it, and, weeping or adoring God aloud, sprung, as it were, into the joy of a new life. His pages are continually interspersed with such instances.  
All Cornwall felt the influence of this devoted man. He was a prayer leader, class-leader, steward, trustee, but never ceased to be a preacher. "I am a teacher," he said, "but not a preacher; that is a work to which God has not called me." "A teacher he was of the first order," in the service of saving souls; writes a Cornwallist who knew him long; "for usefulness, perhaps Cornwall has not produced his fellow." He was one of the best examples which modern times afforded of what was probably the religious life of Christians in the apostolic age, and in those immediately subsequent times during which Christianity, with but few church edifices and comparatively few official teachers, nevertheless overpowered the Roman world. He was so holy, so simple, so genial and charitable, so full of faith and the Holy Ghost, that the ordinary language of Christian conversation seemed to glow with a new significance when it came from his lips. He was so rich himself in the consolations of faith, that they appeared to overflow his soul upon all contrite minds which approached him. "By a few minutes' conversation and prayer the whole scenery of the sick man's apartment was often changed; it was turned from darkness to light." His early education had been neglected, but, as he advanced in life and usefulness, he learned to write, that he might, by epistolary correspondence, direct the many souls whom his labors had led into the way to heaven. "By his means," says his biographer, "most of an effort in the feebleness of his age, his pious influence is found, directly or indirectly, acting powerfully on the minds of thousands distributed in the various intermediate places between Saltash and Land's End." In most of the revivals of Cornwall he was a chief agent, and at last, after a long life of extraordinary usefulness, he succeeded to heaven as in a chariot of fire. At the Conference before he

joined the Methodists, the region now included in the Cornish district, extending over about two-thirds of Cornwall, had but two circuits, seven members; it possessed no Sunday-school, and but few chapels, and few local preachers; before his death it reported thirteen circuits, twenty-five preachers, nearly three hundred local preachers, more than eighteen thousand members, two hundred and twenty chapels, about fifty-five thousand hearers in its chapels, and nineteen thousand Sunday-schoolers. To no one man was this great prosperity more indebted than to William Carvoso.

At last the veteran, in his 85th year, lies down to die. His disease was a local complaint, incident to old age, and inexpressibly painful—one that destroys existence mostly by the effect of pain itself, exhausting the constitution, and gradually consuming life. If he died of fire, beginning with the hand and burning onward slowly, till the consuming process had invaded the vital functions, he could scarcely have suffered more; and yet his faith bore him up as on the pinnacles of an angel. One of the last scenes of his life is thus described by his son, a Wesleyan preacher:—"This morning early I was sent for to attend my father, who had been taken much worse during the night. I found him in great bodily suffering. Since I saw him on Wednesday, he had drunk deep of the bitter cup. The sight was very distressing to those about him. At ten A. M. he was seized with a convulsive fit. We then thought the mortal agony was past; but after lying in a state of insensibility about four hours, he again awoke up in a suffering world, but with a blessed increase of the exercise of heaven in his soul. For several successive hours he exhibited, in lively conversation, all the triumph of faith."  
The end was at hand. He had a prodigious strength of constitution, but the consuming agony shakes and baffles it; yet the song of deliverance was on his lips. His son writes:—"My dear afflicted father is now evidently fast sinking in the outward man, but his confidence in Jehovah is steadfast, unmovable. The heat of the furnace still increases, and nothing short of an Abrahamic faith can support the strong, commanding evidence of God's unchanging love. But he is unburned in fire, and appears to behold a blessed monument of the power of religion. With tears, and his own indescribable emphasis, he repeated those beautiful lines:—  
"Though waves and storms go over my head;  
Though strength and health, and friends be gone;  
Though joys be withered all and dead,  
On this my steadfast soul remain,  
Thy Father, thy mercy never dies."  
"After, since the commencement of his affliction, he has seen him so exceedingly lifted above himself. At times, for hours together, he is sustained in the highest Christian triumph; when no language of sacred poetry, or of the Scriptures, appears too strong to afford expression to the vivid feelings of his full heart."  
At last the keen agony ends,—the aged saint departs. He speaks of his funeral,—"I lose the power of speech,—it returns again for a few minutes,—his friends bow around him in prayer. He responds with animation,—he pronounces a benediction on them when they rise, and now, 'gathering up his feet' to go, he sings, with his expiring breath, the doxology:—  
"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."  
But his voice fails before the chorus is through. A friend at his bedside speaks of the uplifted hand as a most unusual signal of victory in death, when all other power of expression is gone. The arm of the dying hero rises and he is gone. So triumphed in death William Carvoso, in the 85th year of his life, and the 64th of his religious pilgrimage.—Methodist.

**Prayer.**  
LORD! my heavy heart is wounded—  
Thou knowest best!  
LORD! thou knowest by grief surrounded,  
What I feel!  
Weak and faint I kneel before thee,  
Sorrow has power to aid I implore Thee,  
Mists of night seem gathering o'er me,  
While I kneel.  
Jesus! help my feeble spirit,  
Save Thy own!  
I can only plead Thy merit—  
Thine alone!  
Prayer, my last resource, seems failing;  
Fear my prostrate soul assailing;  
Help me with Thy grace prevailing,  
From Thy throne.  
Help me when the waves of anguish  
O'er my soul roll.  
Help me when with grief I languish—  
Make me whole!  
See the crushed reed broken lying;  
Hear thy thirst desert sighing;  
Send Thy dew, revive the dying—  
Save my soul!  
—Banner of the Cross.

### Religious Intelligence.

#### Faithful Preaching and its Results Illustrated.

It was at the close of the Conference in 1843 that Bro. A. received his appointment to Circuit. With an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, he went to this, his new field of labour, as he had often gone before, resolving "not to know any thing among men save Christ and him crucified." His circuit lay among the mountains of Western New York, had embraced in a two weeks' work some eleven appointments. One of these appointments was a village of some three or four hundred inhabitants. In this village the "parsonage was located, and here the preacher lived. The meeting house, a large, open, uncomfortable frame building. On one cold, stormy Sabbath night, the faithful preacher went to his appointment, as he was always in the habit of doing, for he never disappointed his congregation unless absolutely hindered, and found a small congregation standing close around the stove, mostly uncomfortable by reason of the cold. When the preacher thought his hearers had had time to get warm, he invited them to take seats directly in front of the pulpit. This is a good idea; when you have but few present, get them as near together as possible. The man of God having passed through the opening exercises, announced for his text the following Scripture: "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness." The discussion of this subject led him to descend at some length upon the various kinds of wickedness indulged in by many men, and particularly did he delineate faithfully the wickedness of intemperance, Sabbath breaking, profanity, &c. There sat a man near the aisle, who with unbroken attention and very considerable emotion, eyed the faithful preacher, until he closed his sermon. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, in place of stopping at the stove to warm, as others did, he took his hat and walked straight out of the house, and "walked straight out of the town, and a noted swearer."  
While the faithful preacher gave prominence of remark upon the sin of profane swearing, setting it down as eminently sinful in the sight of "jealous God," who had said, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for he will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain," this profane man was noticed by his neighbors as sitting with head erect, eyes his most noble and addressed him as follows:—"My dear sir, I admired God's wrath, but I have found his mercy. I am now resolved to follow my dear father's bright world above. Come and see us and pray with us soon." And with an affectionate grasp of the hand, he bade him good bye. From that day to the present, though it has been many years, that man has

exiled, they met again on this very spot, the hill of Sibaod, and renewed the same oath to God and each other.

### To the Intemperate.

We invite attention to the following facts. In the form in which we present them they are taken from M'Comb's Almanack for 1861 (for which we do sincerely thank the Rev. WILLIAM M'CLURE,) but they are otherwise well known to us.

RECIPE FOR A DRUNKARD.—Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; pepper-mint, 15 drops; spirit of nutmeg, 1 drachm; twice a day.

"This medicine was persevered in from March 2nd, 1816, till about the end of September following about seven months—and from September 19th, till November 22nd, 1836, not a drop of spirituous liquors has ever passed the surface of my tongue." So writes the author of the *Sinner's Friend*, a tract that has been published in some thirty languages, and as the means of countless conversions to God and to Godliness. His name, John Vine Hall, has now become famous both at home and abroad, and that of his family. The honour of having been the writer of a tract, which has been so extensively blessed, is greater than attaches to the authorship of the *Book of Psalms*, or even *Paradise Lost*. Then he was the father of the well-known Newman Hall, one of Rowland Hill's successors in Surrey Chapel, London, and of Captain Vine Hall, the Commander of the "Great Eastern" Steamship. Yet this distinguished man was once a drunkard; for many years he was the captive of the most debasing appetite. He fought against it again and again, but fell in forlornly many times before its resistless cravings. At length a physician prescribed the remedy we have copied. Mr. Hall says, "my bottle was taken with earnest prayer to God for His blessing to accompany it." Thus it was successful. Thereafter he lived more than forty years to prove its triumphs. When the physician spoke of wine in his last illness, he said, "Never, never, before he died, he charged his son, that, if he thought of preaching a funeral sermon for him, the text must be, 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?'"

### Prayer.

LORD! my heavy heart is wounded—  
Thou knowest best!  
LORD! thou knowest by grief surrounded,  
What I feel!  
Weak and faint I kneel before thee,  
Sorrow has power to aid I implore Thee,  
Mists of night seem gathering o'er me,  
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Jesus! help my feeble spirit,  
Save Thy own!  
I can only plead Thy merit—  
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Prayer, my last resource, seems failing;  
Fear my prostrate soul assailing;  
Help me with Thy grace prevailing,  
From Thy throne.  
Help me when the waves of anguish  
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Help me when with grief I languish—  
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adorned the doctrine of God our Savior" by an upright walk and a godly conversation.

### Ebenezer Church, Nanaimo.

EDITOR BRITISH COLONIST.—The Dedication of this neat and comfortable edifice belonging to the Wesleyan Methodist body at Nanaimo took place on Sunday the 11th inst., when sermons were preached morning and evening by the Rev. E. Evans, D. D., of Victoria; and in the afternoon, by the Rev. E. Robson, pastor of the church. The services were attended by large and respectable congregations, who contributed liberally towards the building fund. The pulpit ministrations of the reverend gentlemen displayed much ability, and were well worthy of such an interesting occasion.

A social Tea Meeting was held the following Tuesday evening, at which upwards of 100 persons partook of an abundant supply of refreshments, provided gratuitously by the good ladies of the congregation. The meeting was presided over by the Hon. Hudson Bay Company. It is in the Norman style of architecture, with a handsome tower, and tastefully ornamented front, altogether reflecting much credit on the architects, Messrs. Wright and Saunders, of Victoria. Mr. Wilson, the builder, also deserves much commendation for the perfect manner in which the work has been executed. The bell, which has been already ordered from San Francisco is expected every day. It is a source of gratification to the Trustees that all the sittings in the Church offered for rental have been appropriated.

May "Ebenezer Church" long prove a blessing to the flourishing community in whose midst it stands. C. B. Nanaimo, Nov. 20th, 1860.

### Daily Prayer Meetings.

TWO DAYS AT JOHN STREET DAILY PRAYER MEETINGS.  
On Wednesday, February 13, one said that he hesitated to rise, not that he was ashamed of the Gospel, for it had been the power of God to his soul, but he was ashamed of himself that he had not more faith and love. Twelve years ago said the Gospel found him a wild, roving, reckless man; but its power subdued his heart, and its light led him to Christ.  
Said another: "Three years ago, this month I was passing this church and stepped in, and I had not been in here five minutes before I was seized with conviction of sin. I left before meeting closed, hurried to my place of business, sought and found the mercy of God, and to-day my prospects are bright for glory. I promise to be faithful and meet you in heaven. Pray for me and for my unconverted brother."  
The following note was read: "Your earnest prayers are desired for a family in great distress through extreme poverty, that God may open to them a door of deliverance, and also bless and sanctify this affliction to each of their souls, that they may all be saved in heaven at last."  
Another, by note, from a husband for the conversion of a wife. Verbal requests were made for a young man in the Brooklyn Penitentiary, and that the labours of the local preachers who proclaim the Gospel there on Sunday afternoons may be owned of God. A request by a son for his father, that he may be converted, and for himself that he may walk consistently before him. One for an intemperate man who desires to reform, but fears that he is so far gone that the Gospel has not power to reach his case. Also, by a brother for four brothers and six sisters who are unconverted, himself the only one who loves Jesus.

To-day's meeting was well attended, and a spirit of earnest prayer and joyful praise as well as sweet Christian fellowship characterized the sacred hour.  
On Thursday, prayers were prepared for a poor man who was a limb amputated in a few days. By a sister for herself, who feels it her duty on her return to the country to labour for a revival in the Church with which she is connected. By a father for his two children, himself having recently found the peace of God. By a father for his five children; he has been a member of the Church forty years, but his children are yet unconverted. For a son of Christ. For an afflicted sister in Philadelphia. By a tract distributor, for help and success in his work. By a mother, for her son, now sojourning at the South in pursuit of health, and who is earnestly seeking salvation. Another note from the family in distress who were prayed for yesterday, as follows: "O pray for me in the agony of despair through poverty and embarrassment, that it may please the Lord for Christ's sake to deliver him and his family from Satan's power. Pray, dear brethren, for God is abundantly able to give all you ask." Some contributions were placed in my hands for the sick, but there has thus far been a concealment of name and residence, and an unwillingness to receive charity. In a third note, received at a late hour it stated: "It was prayers, not arms, I sought. My affliction began described in your paper, but O how I have been converted, Christians are seeking after holiness, the membership is increasing in numbers, and the little band of Christian sentinels set for the defence of this old tower in Zion are happy and hopeful.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

## General Miscellany.

### Metallic Sand.

Ever since the settlement of New Zealand by Europeans, their attention has been called to the peculiarities of a kind of metallic sand, along the shores of New Plymouth, in Taranaki. This sand has the appearance of fine steel filings, and if a magnet be dropped upon it, and taken up again, the instrument will be found thickly coated with the iron granules. The place where the sand abounds is along the base of Mount Egmont, an extinct volcano, and the deposit extends several miles along the coast, to the depth of many feet, and having a corresponding breadth. The geological supposition is that this granulating metal has been thrown out of the volcano along the base of which it rests, into the sea, and there pulverized. It has been looked upon for a long time as a geological curiosity, even to the trying to smelt some of it; but, although so many years have passed since its discovery, it is only recently that any attempt has been made to turn it into practical account. In fact, the quantity is so large, that people out there look upon it as utterly valueless; it formed a standing complaint in the letters of all emigrants, that when the breeze rose a little, they were obliged to wear veils, to prevent being blinded by the fine sand which stretched for miles along the shore. Captain Morabead, a gentleman in the West of England, was so much impressed with its value, that he went to New Zealand to verify the reports made to him in this country, and was fortunate enough to find them all correct. He smelted the ore first in a crucible, and subsequently in a furnace; the results were so satisfactory, that he immediately obtained the necessary grant of the sand from the Government, and returned to England with several tons, for more conclusive experiments. It has been carefully analysed in this country by several well known metallurgists, and has been pronounced to be the purest ore at present known. It contains 88.45 of peroxide of iron, 11.43 of oxide of titanium, with silica, and only 12 of sand in 100 parts. Taking the sand as it lies on the beach, and smelting it, the product is 61 per cent. of iron of the finest quality; and, again, if this sand be subjected to what is called the cementation process, the result is a tough, first class steel, which, in its properties, seems to surpass any other description of that metal at present known. The investigations of our metallurgical science have found that if titanium is mixed with iron, the character of the steel is materially improved; but titanium being a scarce ore, such a mixture is too expensive for ordinary purposes. Here, however, nature has stepped in, and made a free gift of both metals on the largest scale. To give some idea of the fineness of this beautiful sand, it will be enough to say that it passes readily through a gauge sieve of 4,900 holes to the square inch. As soon as it was turned into steel by Mr. Musket, of Coleridge, Messrs. Mosely, the eminent cutlers and toolmakers, of New Street, Covent Garden, were requested to see what could be done with the Taranaki steel; they have tested it in every possible way, and have tried its temper to the utmost, and they say the manner in which the metal has passed through their trials goes far beyond anything that they have ever worked in steel before. It has been formed into razors, scissors, saws, knives, table cutlery, surgical instruments, &c., and the closeness of the grain, the fineness of the polish, and keenness of edge, place it in the foremost rank—almost in the position of a new metal. Some silk cutting tools have been made, and so admirably have they turned out, that one particular firm will, in future, have no others. In the surgical instruments, the edges have no others. In the surgical instruments, the edges have no others. In the surgical instruments, the edges have no others.

On Wednesday, February 13, one said that he hesitated to rise, not that he was ashamed of the Gospel, for it had been the power of God to his soul, but he was ashamed of himself that he had not more faith and love. Twelve years ago said the Gospel found him a wild, roving, reckless man; but its power subdued his heart, and its light led him to Christ.

Said another: "Three years ago, this month I was passing this church and stepped in, and I had not been in here five minutes before I was seized with conviction of sin. I left before meeting closed, hurried to my place of business, sought and found the mercy of God, and to-day my prospects are bright for glory. I promise to be faithful and meet you in heaven. Pray for me and for my unconverted brother."  
The following note was read: "Your earnest prayers are desired for a family in great distress through extreme poverty, that God may open to them a door of deliverance, and also bless and sanctify this affliction to each of their souls, that they may all be saved in heaven at last."  
Another, by note, from a husband for the conversion of a wife. Verbal requests were made for a young man in the Brooklyn Penitentiary, and that the labours of the local preachers who proclaim the Gospel there on Sunday afternoons may be owned of God. A request by a son for his father, that he may be converted, and for himself that he may walk consistently before him. One for an intemperate man who desires to reform, but fears that he is so far gone that the Gospel has not power to reach his case. Also, by a brother for four brothers and six sisters who are unconverted, himself the only one who loves Jesus.

To-day's meeting was well attended, and a spirit of earnest prayer and joyful praise as well as sweet Christian fellowship characterized the sacred hour.  
On Thursday, prayers were prepared for a poor man who was a limb amputated in a few days. By a sister for herself, who feels it her duty on her return to the country to labour for a revival in the Church with which she is connected. By a father for his two children, himself having recently found the peace of God. By a father for his five children; he has been a member of the Church forty years, but his children are yet unconverted. For a son of Christ. For an afflicted sister in Philadelphia. By a tract distributor, for help and success in his work. By a mother, for her son, now sojourning at the South in pursuit of health, and who is earnestly seeking salvation. Another note from the family in distress who were prayed for yesterday, as follows: "O pray for me in the agony of despair through poverty and embarrassment, that it may please the Lord for Christ's sake to deliver him and his family from Satan's power. Pray, dear brethren, for God is abundantly able to give all you ask." Some contributions were placed in my hands for the sick, but there has thus far been a concealment of name and residence, and an unwillingness to receive charity. In a third note, received at a late hour it stated: "It was prayers, not arms, I sought. My affliction began described in your paper, but O how I have been converted, Christians are seeking after holiness, the membership is increasing in numbers, and the little band of Christian sentinels set for the defence of this old tower in Zion are happy and hopeful.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

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### Metallic Sand.

Ever since the settlement of New Zealand by Europeans, their attention has been called to the peculiarities of a kind of metallic sand, along the shores of New Plymouth, in Taranaki. This sand has the appearance of fine steel filings, and if a magnet be dropped upon it, and taken up again, the instrument will be found thickly coated with the iron granules. The place where the sand abounds is along the base of Mount Egmont, an extinct volcano, and the deposit extends several miles along the coast, to the depth of many feet, and having a corresponding breadth. The geological supposition is that this granulating metal has been thrown out of the volcano along the base of which it rests, into the sea, and there pulverized. It has been looked upon for a long time as a geological curiosity, even to the trying to smelt some of it; but, although so many years have passed since its discovery, it is only recently that any attempt has been made to turn it into practical account. In fact, the quantity is so large, that people out there look upon it as utterly valueless; it formed a standing complaint in the letters of all emigrants, that when the breeze rose a little, they were obliged to wear veils, to prevent being blinded by the fine sand which stretched for miles along the shore. Captain Morabead, a gentleman in the West of England, was so much impressed with its value, that he went to New Zealand to verify the reports made to him in this country, and was fortunate enough to find them all correct. He smelted the ore first in a crucible, and subsequently in a furnace; the results were so satisfactory, that he immediately obtained the necessary grant of the sand from the Government, and returned to England with several tons, for more conclusive experiments. It has been carefully analysed in this country by several well known metallurgists, and has been pronounced to be the purest ore at present known. It contains 88.45 of peroxide of iron, 11.43 of oxide of titanium, with silica, and only 12 of sand in 100 parts. Taking the sand as it lies on the beach, and smelting it, the product is 61 per cent. of iron of the finest quality; and, again, if this sand be subjected to what is called the cementation process, the result is a tough, first class steel, which, in its properties, seems to surpass any other description of that metal at present known. The investigations of our metallurgical science have found that if titanium is mixed with iron, the character of the steel is materially improved; but titanium being a scarce ore, such a mixture is too expensive for ordinary purposes. Here, however, nature has stepped in, and made a free gift of both metals on the largest scale. To give some idea of the fineness of this beautiful sand, it will be enough to say that it passes readily through a gauge sieve of 4,900 holes to the square inch. As soon as it was turned into steel by Mr. Musket, of Coleridge, Messrs. Mosely, the eminent cutlers and toolmakers, of New Street, Covent Garden, were requested to see what could be done with the Taranaki steel; they have tested it in every possible way, and have tried its temper to the utmost, and they say the manner in which the metal has passed through their trials goes far beyond anything that they have ever worked in steel before. It has been formed into razors, scissors, saws, knives, table cutlery, surgical instruments, &c., and the closeness of the grain, the fineness of the polish, and keenness of edge, place it in the foremost rank—almost in the position of a new metal. Some silk cutting tools have been made, and so admirably have they turned out, that one particular firm will, in future, have no others. In the surgical instruments, the edges have no others. In the surgical instruments, the edges have no others.

On Wednesday, February 13, one said that he hesitated to rise, not that he was ashamed of the Gospel, for it had been the power of God to his soul, but he was ashamed of himself that he had not more faith and love. Twelve years ago said the Gospel found him a wild, roving, reckless man; but its power subdued his heart, and its light led him to Christ.

Said another: "Three years ago, this month I was passing this church and stepped in, and I had not been in here five minutes before I was seized with conviction of sin. I left before meeting closed, hurried to my place of business, sought and found the mercy of God, and to-day my prospects are bright for glory. I promise to be faithful and meet you in heaven. Pray for me and for my unconverted brother."  
The following note was read: "Your earnest prayers are desired for a family in great distress through extreme poverty, that God may open to them a door of deliverance, and also bless and sanctify this affliction to each of their souls, that they may all be saved in heaven at last."  
Another, by note, from a husband for the conversion of a wife. Verbal requests were made for a young man in the Brooklyn Penitentiary, and that the labours of the local preachers who proclaim the Gospel there on Sunday afternoons may be owned of God. A request by a son for his father, that he may be converted, and for himself that he may walk consistently before him. One for an intemperate man who desires to reform, but fears that he is so far gone that the Gospel has not power to reach his case. Also, by a brother for four brothers and six sisters who are unconverted, himself the only one who loves Jesus.

To-day's meeting was well attended, and a spirit of earnest prayer and joyful praise as well as sweet Christian fellowship characterized the sacred hour.  
On Thursday, prayers were prepared for a poor man who was a limb amputated in a few days. By a sister for herself, who feels it her duty on her return to the country to labour for a revival in the Church with which she is connected. By a father for his two children, himself having recently found the peace of God. By a father for his five children; he has been a member of the Church forty years, but his children are yet unconverted. For a son of Christ. For an afflicted sister in Philadelphia. By a tract distributor, for help and success in his work. By a mother, for her son, now sojourning at the South in pursuit of health, and who is earnestly seeking salvation. Another note from the family in distress who were prayed for yesterday, as follows: "O pray for me in the agony of despair through poverty and embarrassment, that it may please the Lord for Christ's sake to deliver him and his family from Satan's power. Pray, dear brethren, for God is abundantly able to give all you ask." Some contributions were placed in my hands for the sick, but there has thus far been a concealment of name and residence, and an unwillingness to receive charity. In a third note, received at a late hour it stated: "It was prayers, not arms, I sought. My affliction began described in your paper, but O how I have been converted, Christians are seeking after holiness, the membership is increasing in numbers, and the little band of Christian sentinels set for the defence of this old tower in Zion are happy and hopeful.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

### Daily Prayer Meetings.

TWO DAYS AT JOHN STREET DAILY PRAYER MEETINGS.  
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