

continued thus to labor as a miner, holding meetings with his fellows when their day-labors were over, selling Bibles on the Saturday evenings, and teaching a class in school on Sabbaths. He was now a marked man, and in the spring of 1856 he was first introduced to him to whom he has since proved so able and hearty a co-laborer—Reginald Radcliffe, Esq. From April, 1856, his name has been prominently before the public, and his history was just to recount all the leading events in connection with this great movement by which these five years have been marked. Laboring incessantly with that self-consuming zeal and Paul-like earnestness which so eminently characterize him. In churches, halls, theatres, prisons, hospitals, and at open-air meetings, in Liverpool, London, Manchester, Sheffield, Chester, the towns, villages, mining and manufacturing districts of Lancashire and the midland counties of England, preaching everywhere to immense audiences, and being the honored instrument of turning to the Saviour those whose number "the day" alone will reveal. In the autumn of last year he visited Scotland for the first time, and took a leading part in the open-air meetings which were at that season held in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, and the mining district in Ayrshire, on some occasions addressing as many as 15,000 at a time, and by his fervid, burning vehemence and eloquence, producing impressions which few who mingled in these meetings are likely ever to forget.

Returning to England in early winter he has been similarly engaged in the places previously mentioned. He has spent this present summer in Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, and other towns in Ireland, and is at present in Scotland, where I lately had an opportunity of again hearing him. His excessive labors are telling upon his otherwise robust frame, and he now, in his 35th year, speaks with plaintive forebodings that he feels himself "going," and that his days on earth will be few.

He commences his services by a fervent and deeply importunate and impressive prayer, after which he sings his usual opening hymn, "Christ for me," leading the music himself, his deep, rich voice being clearly heard above all the others, even when thousands join him in the song. His language is copious and free, and forcible and vivid as the Saxon element can make it. During his entire addresses he keeps walking backwards and forwards along the entire length of the platform, where a space is left clear for him, continually displaying great bodily activity, suiting his actions to the words which the fervid mental emotions within prompt. A wild gleam plays occasionally around his eyes and brow; and when his feelings are wrought up to great intensity, his manner is at times frenzied and awful. This is one aspect; but at other times he shows a delicacy,

tenderness and refinement of feeling equalling that of woman.

But to describe either fully or adequately the matter of his addresses, or manner of this remarkable man, would be for me utterly impossible. Take, therefore, in conclusion, the following, in so far as it extends, as a correct and forcible one: "It is at once evident that a preacher of an unusual order has come among us. A man of rough speech, using hard words, and not toning down the everlasting realities of life and death, heaven and hell, to please the ear, but describing the terrors of hell and the torments of the damned with an imagery gathered from the dense darkness of the coal pit, the flames of the fire-damp, and the suffocating vapor of the choke-damp. He has seen men killed at his side, has often marvellously escaped himself, and knows that in the majority of cases accidents by which individuals or multitudes are suddenly destroyed are the effects of negligence, indifference, or carelessness. Moreover, he has, as we have said, stood by hundreds of dying beds, and heard the death-howl of the lost as they sank into everlasting burning; and it cannot be but that out of a college such as this should issue a preacher after the pattern of Elijah or John, a man of the desert, clad in a rough garment, feeding on wilderness fare, and crying, 'The God that answereth by fire let Him be God.'"

W. W.

For the "Record."

"The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them."—John XVII. 22.

What, was Christ's glory by the Father given?

Eternal power, coeval with His own!
 Creator of all things in earth and heaven—
 God's self-existent well beloved Son!
 One with His Father in that mystic bond,
 The Triune Godhead, from eternity;
 In glorious majesty, above, beyond
 All things that were, all things that yet shall be,
 In Sonship honored, and as Lord obeyed,
 His power omnipotent, unchangeable;
 Before His holiness earth shrank afraid,
 Archangels veiled their face, and kneeling fell,
 Lord of creation, thrones, dominions, powers—
 Could ever glory such as His be ours?

We, floating atoms on this little earth,
 Fallen and perishing, poor things of clay,
 Of feeble being and of feeble birth;
 Even as the flowers, as light and frail as they,
 Our birthright lost, our heritage the grave.

Weary with sorrow stained and worn by sin,
 No power to rise, to help ourselves, or save
 From doom beyond, or restless worm within;
 Once little lower than the angels' fount,
 Fresh from creative fiat, pure and good,
 Like young immortals, beautiful and crowned,
 At the fair threshold of earth's solitude:
 Now bowed and helpless, all our glory lost.

We bear the yoke, but chafe beneath its shame.

Tearful and stricken, tried and tempest tossed,—

Death the calm refuge which the weary claim—
 Strange wrecks, strange sea rift cast upon the shore—

Seems not our glory lost forevermore?