The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess., v. 21.

Vol. 3. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, July 6, 1861. No. 1.

The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

Is issued every Saturday from Haszard's Printing Office, South Side Queen Square,

BY

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TERMS:

Twelve Shillings if paid within the First quarter after being taken, or from the date of the last payment; Thirteen Shillings, if paid within the Second quarter; Fourteen Shillings, if paid within the Third quarter: after which, Fifteen Shillings will be charged.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. [To prevent disappointment, all advertisements should be sent to the Office before 3 o'clock on Friday.]

The Light at Home.

The light at home! how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall,
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love and rest and comfort all.
When wearied by the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way
Where loved ones loving lisp our name
Around the light at home.

When through the dark and stormy night
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,
How cheerful is that twinkling light
Which through the forest gloom he spies.
It is the light of home: he feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And softly through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care
Around the light at home.

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door,
The weary labourer to greet,
When rough toils of the day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that thy beams impart—
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light at home!

Synod of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces of British North America.

In our last, we gave a brief account of the opening proceedings of this Court. We copy the following account of the proceedings of the Synod, from Wednesday evening until Friday afternoon, from the *Presbyterian Witness*:—

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

This Session was taken up with devotional exercises and accounts of the state of religion in various parts of the Church. The Rev. John Munro, being called upon, gave a brief account of the state of religion in the western portion of the Pictou Presbytery. Amidst much that was discouraging there were a few drops that seemed to betoken a refreshing shower. He referred to the wonderful work of revival he had witnessed last autumn in Scotland and England, and expressed an ardent desire that our eyes might behold a similar work in this country.

The Rev. Mr Downie gave an interesting account of the peculiar circumstances and prospects of the Antigonish congregation. As an indication of their vigor he stated that they had raised for all purposes during the year the sum of £549 18s. 4½d. The Synod then engaged in prayer, with particular reference to the case of Romanists.

Rev. W. Murray was called upon to speak with reference to the western part of the Presbytery of Halifax. There were indications of improvement and advancement in some cases. There were regular additions to the roll of Church members, and they were cheered now and again with what they were privileged to regard as true conversions. Financially this was with them the day of small things, owing to the extreme depression of trade.

Rev. Mr M'Lean gave an account of the eastern portions of the Presbytery, including his own charge with those of Messrs. Sedgewick and Cameron. There was a marked increase in the number of families observing family worship. In Mr. Cameron's congregation there was a most gratifying movement indicative of deep concern for spiritual things. A praiseworthy spirit of liberality towards the schemes of the Church characterised his own congregation.

Rev. John Cameron referred to the subject of revivals and distinguished between the genuine and the false. In some cases men attempt to take the work out of God's hand and "get up" a revival. "Conversions" of a certain stamp are thus brought about and trumpeted in the press as "a wonderful work of grace." In his own congregation he had frequently to preach three times a Sabbath and to hold weekly meetings besides. The results were encouraging.

There was a general wish to hear the Rev. Robert Sedgewick. He accordingly addressed the Synod in a most happy and heart-stirring speech, giving an account of what he had seen during his recent travels in the United States and Canada. He described the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting—the Philadelphia Prayer Meeting and the Canadian Union. He felt persuaded that the God of nations would lead the great American nation out of its troubles, in a manner that will astonish the Church and the world. Prayers of faith such as he had seldom heard were ascending daily to God at those meetings. He had never witnessed such wrestling with God. There was a pertinacity, an unction and a preciseness about these prayers that contrasted strikingly with the pointless vagueness which we too often hear. Such prayers were sure to be answered. After describing most happily the scene he witnessed in Montreal on the 6th instant, he referred in good-chosen terms to the Established Church of Scotland in Canada, and had no doubt if there was fair play but that Church would throw in her lot with the united body before five years have gone by. A three fold cord which cannot be easily broken will then be drawn round these Provinces, and the great Presbyterian family will live in the enjoyment of unity and peace.

After devotional exercises the Synod adjourned.

SECOND DAY.

The Overture of the Pictou Presbytery regarding a Widow's Fund was taken up. The sentiment of the Synod was unanimous in favor of some step towards the establishment of such a fund. The principle of the overture was adopted, and a committee was appointed to consider the matter and report to the present Synod.

On motion of Rev. Mr Duff, seconded by Rev. Mr M'Knight the Synod agreed unanimously to appoint Rev. P. G. M'Gregor, Synod Clerk, with salary of £30.

Rev. Mr M'Knight, then read an elaborate and able Report of the Home Mission Board, and gave very lucid exposition of the principles which guided the Board in its plan of operations. The subject of "lay preaching" came up incidentally in connexion with a discussion as to whether students of theology should be sent forth as Catechists or Exhorters by the Board, and a distinction was reached between discharging the duty of a Catechist and official authoritative preaching. The Synod ultimately decided that in view of the urgent necessities of some localities the Board be authorized to follow the previous practice of engaging the theological students in missionary work, under the direction of Presbyteries and guided by rules to be drawn up by a Committee of Synod.

The scale of payments recommended by the Board was adopted. The great benefit arising from the labors of lay catechists in Cape Breton were pointed out by Dr M'Leod, and the Synod unanimously agreed to continue the usual grant of £5 per annum to them. The Report was adopted, and the Board was re-appointed with the exception of Rev. John Hunter, who had removed from the country.

Both the morning and afternoon sessions were taken up with the Home Mission field. The Report, when published in the *Record*, will be read with interest by the whole Church.

EVENING SESSION.

The Synod met at 7½ o'clock, and engaged in devotional exercises for half an hour. The Foreign Mission Report not being ready, Rev. John I. Baxter reported from the Colportage Committee. This is the ninth year of the operations of the scheme.—The hard times had interfered with sales both this year and the year preceding. Yet 2931 volumes, costing £273, were disposed of during the year.—£100 of old arrears had been paid. The liabilities are £262, and stock in hand is valued at £384 11s. Two Colporteurs had been recently engaged—Messrs. Maxwell and David A. Stewart. During the nine years of operation 60,000 vols. had been sold. The books were all of the best description, and they had served not only to check light and immoral literature but to drive it in many cases out of the field. All this had been done at a cost of £21 to the Church. Mr Baxter then showed the need there was for assistance, and urged the claims of the scheme on the Synod. Rev. Mr Darragh in moving the adoption of the Report, spoke very highly of the Colporteurs and their work. Rev. A. Sutherland, Rev. George Clark, and others spoke in the same strain. It was unanimously agreed to adopt the Report, re-appoint the Committee, and direct sessions to afford assistance to the scheme by collections or otherwise.

Rev. W. M'Culloch read Report of the Seminary Board, giving a clear and succinct account of the educational operations of the Church, the expenses incurred and the means available for meeting them. The Church has six Professors and between seventy five and eighty students. The annual cost is now about £1200. The Library numbers about 4000. The apparatus is the best in the Lower Provinces, but it is still very inadequate. The Report gave details of the numbers and attainments of the various classes taught by the Professors. The Training or Preparatory department under Mr Blanchard was attended by 16 pupils.

The Synod adjourned at 9 o'clock.

FRIDAY.

The Synod met at 10 o'clock. Minutes were read and approved. On motion of Rev. W. Murray, it was agreed that the evening sederunt should continue till 10 o'clock. On motion of Professor Ross, it was unanimously resolved to accept the offer of friends in Halifax of a Steamboat Excursion on the Harbor, and that next Tuesday afternoon be the time. Supply of pulpits for Sabbath was left to private arrangement. The Memorial of Mr D. M'Ewan was dismissed. Rev. Professor Ross read the Report of the Educational Board and Rev. A. M'Knight the Report of the College and Academy Board. Thanks were voted to these bodies, and a special vote of thanks to J. H. Liddell, Esq. The Commission of Synod to Charlottetown reported. It was agreed to receive the Report and thank the members of Commission, Messrs. Blair, M'Kinnon and W. Murray. Rev. G. Sutherland's Appeal and the memorial of the Queen's Square Church were also read. We must leave all further reference to these documents and the interesting discussion to which they gave rise, till our next.

Revival Intelligence.

CARLISTON.

A correspondent of the *Dumfries Standard* says:—The interest evidenced during the first week of our Revival services, conducted by Mr Silas Henn, in the Independent Chapel here, has continued unabated during the second week, the meeting last Friday evening being more crowded than any of the preceding; and the people appear to listen with great earnestness to the preaching of the Word, and unite in singing the Revival hymns with greater interest and spirit than anything we have ever witnessed in this place. Every night we have a number of anxious inquirers, as many as nine persons on one occasion. There being no Vestry attached to the chapel, Mr Henn is obliged to converse with those who are anxious about their salvation in the large pew in front of the pulpit. During the last fortnight fifty-four persons have professed to have found peace with God through believing in Jesus. Some of these cases are very interesting. In one instance the simple announcement of the text, "No man careth for my soul," was the means of bringing home conviction of sin to the heart. This person went home in a state of great anxiety, and obtained peace without having conversed with any of the ministers. Another, person, after attending one of the meetings, went home and retired to bed, but could not sleep; she arose and engaged in prayer and reading the Scriptures, until she saw the way of salvation clearly. One woman, deeply anxious, and not able to rest without Christ, left her house, went out to the sea-shore, which skirts the village, and all alone kneeled down and cried for mercy. God heard and answered her prayers, and at the close of one of the meetings she came forward and told Mr. Henn what God had done for her soul, and thanked him for having been instrumental in her salvation. On another occasion, a father was kneeling in the anxious seat (along with other persons with whom Mr. Henn was engaged in conversation in reference to the way of salvation,) when his son, a boy twelve or thirteen years of age, rose from his seat and came forward in tears, and knelt down beside his father. Another evening a mother and her two daughters came forward to confess before the world. Another evening a man and his wife were kneeling together in the anxious seat. On Sabbath morning last, as early as eight o'clock, four young men called on the Rev. Mr Young for conversation about their souls.—*Scottish Guardian.*

Pervading Religious Interest in England.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Observer* thus generalizes the existing state of things in England:

"A far greater change has come over this country in respect to religious life during the ten years I have resided here, than the Christian world know. Religious like political, England makes great advances without excitement. Revolutions do not flourish here. I can hardly believe, as I pass through the streets of London day after day, observing in all parts, east and west, often from ten to fourteen miles distant from each other, on posts, in windows, or carried by men on placards, notices of prayer-meetings, of preaching, of Scripture readings, and of poor-mothers' gathering at the Bible-women's hall, (more than one hundred of which last are now instituted,) that it is the same London it was in 1851. Though there is nothing here resembling in outward look your great revival of 1857-8, or the Irish revival of 1859-60, yet, I am convinced that a greater or more glorious work of the Holy Spirit England never enjoyed, than that which now stirs the masses to their utmost depth. Nor is the work confined to London. Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, and other large towns, are sharing more or less largely in the blessing. But greater than all, the quiet little country villages and hamlets are rejoicing in the blessing.

The two chief features of this blessed work, seem to be these, viz., The preaching of the gospel by clergymen and laymen in a clear, plain, and simple manner, not so much for the increase of churches, as for the gathering of souls out of this evil world to Christ; and the reality of the oneness of believers and of true Christian love. Conversation after meetings have closed, has been greatly blessed this winter. There is a mighty faith *for conversations with sinners* now exhibitted among believers, which is producing its true fruit, the conversion of souls. The gospel is felt to be adapted to the heart, and to tell a man that Jesus died for him, is a truth he cannot be indifferent to. There are no prostrations, oftentimes no physical effects at all, beyond the attentive ear and the tear-filled eye, but the glad tidings seem to go with a new power, a deep sense of sin is given, and then a blessed sight of Jesus, with liberty and joy through his cross and blood-shedding."

The London Midnight Meeting Movement grows in power and influence, and while it is little more than a year since its first efforts, it has achieved large results. During that period, upwards of five hundred persons have been rescued from a life of sin. Of this number more than one half are in service, restored to their families, or married. A very considerable number of those saved from temporal ruin, have been brought under the power of religious awakening, and are serving God in newness of heart as well as life.

"Looking Back."

A WORD TO PLOUGHMEN.

When I was a boy at school, it was the custom, every spring, to give us a holiday, on occasion of the parish ploughing-match. I was patronised by a famous veteran at the plough, who won the medal year after year, until at last he had to give up competing, having none to compete with him. Walking beside him at the plough, I observed his method. Before starting from one end of the field, he sat up a pole at the other, and a series of poles in the intervening space, in a perfectly straight line. On this line he set his mind, his heart, his soul; and so invariably, made a perfectly straight furrow. He "never looked back," either with his bodily or with his mental eye, but kept his whole mind concentrated on the business before him. The "foolish and young" rivals would begin well, and go on well, for a time. But one of them would by and bye "look back," look over his shoulder for an instant, to admire his own work or to see whether the people were looking on and admiring: and in that instant he would make a bend from the straight line of his furrow—it was a crooked furrow, and a lost prize. Another would "look back" mentally, would allow his mind to be turned aside for an instant in listening to what people said, or thinking of what they might think, or wandering to some other business than the business before him; and in that instant he would bend from the straight line of his furrow—it was a crooked furrow, and a lost prize. But my famous veteran, whose triumphs I felt to be my own, never looked back, never wavered in mind for an instant—and with him it was always a straight furrow, and a prize gained.

So it is in the Christian life. Our Saviour describes it as "ploughing." The apostle Paul speaks of it as striving for a prize. And we are told, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

A certain man has said to the Saviour, "Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go and bid them farewell, which are at home in my house." The Lord does not forbid him to go. He can go, and bid them farewell, and return in time to accompany the Lord to the cross at Jerusalem. And we can go, and discharge all the duties of natural affection, and yet never part from the Lord for an instant. But while leaving him free to go or stay as he will, the Master gives to this would-be follower the caution, to beware of looking back. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." Among our own kindred we may meet our deadliest foes; our natural affection to them may prove our most deadly temptation. The convert, among his old friends, may be tempted to return to his old forsaken paths; by their seductions, persecutions, sneers, jibes, scoffs, by their silent example, he may be tempted to walk again in the way of the ungodly, to stand once more in the counsel of sinners, and to sit down at last in the seat of the scorner. And he is warned by the Lord, what he must make up his mind to if he would really follow the Lord, if he would live a Christian life, and gain the prize. He must set the Lord before him, as Saviour—Prophet, Priest, King. He must keep his eye, his heart, his soul, steadfastly fixed on the straight way of the Lord's commandments. In other words, having undertaken to follow Christ, he must make up his mind to go through with it.

If your friends begin to mock you, to call you a fool, to speak of you as crazy fanatic; never mind, consider only whether you are following the Lord, and go through with that. If they try to terrify you, by representing the difficulties and dangers of a Christian life; never mind, consider only whether you are following the Lord, and go through with that. If Satan tempt you, threaten to break the kingdom of Christ in your soul, boast that he will and can destroy it; never mind, only consider whether you are following the Lord, and go through with that.

If you do so, there is no fear. The waves of men's mockery and rage have often beaten against, but never shaken, the Rock of ages on which you rest. The power of Satan has already been broken, the hammer has been shivered in breaking that anvil, the Christ who is formed in you the hope of glory. Your way in an "everlasting way." Only keep your heart upon Christ, follow him through good report and bad; resolve to do so, and seek, by God's grace, to carry your resolution out; and in your case it will be a straight furrow, and a prize gained. But if you begin to think what people will think, to listen to what they say, to look for their approving or admiring looks; than you have ceased to follow Christ; it is a crooked furrow, and a lost prize. "Remember Lot's wife."

"My Word shall not return unto me Void."

One day, the year before last, in one of the frontier towns of France, a regiment was setting out for the seat of war in Italy. A young soldier was bidding farewell to his friends, in high spirits, full of military ardour and youthful hope. Almost at the last moment, he was met by a worthy colporteur of the Bible Society. The good man addressed him in a few but earnest words. He spoke of the dangers to which he seemed so thoughtlessly hurrying—of the immortal soul which might so soon be called into an eternal world,—of the one only and all-sufficient Saviour. "If you do not know Him already," he said, "here, in this little volume, is the record which He has given of himself. Take this book, my dear young friend, read it, and I shall pray that God may bless it to you." The youth readily accepted the gift; and the signal for departure just then sounding, they parted, to meet no more in this world.

Five or six months after, the brief though bloody campaign being over, the regiment we speak of was ordered back to France. The young soldier had escaped all the dangers of the battle-field, but his days were numbered. Immediately after reaching the garrison town, he was attacked by severe illness, sent into hospital, and, after a short time of suffering, died.

Nothing is told us of his last hours; there were probably no Christians at hand, to speak of home or consolation to the departing spirit. But, as soon as all was over, the regimental surgeon was called upon to see the body, and give a formal medical certificate in regard to the cause of death. As the attendants were stripping the corpse in his presence, one of them exclaimed, "Oh, what a strange thing! see, our comrade has carried a little book on his heart!" A small vol. was handed to the surgeon, who looked at it with evident emotion, and then left the room.

He was not a religious man; but not long afterwards he sought an interview with a Christian of his acquaintance, and spoke to him with unusual earnestness. He related the incident connected with the soldier's death, and said, "I cannot tell you how much finding this book, the New Testament, on the corpse of that young man, has impressed my mind. A copy of the same was given to myself, before we left for Italy. And when I saw how carefully his had been preserved, and from the ink and pencil marks in all directions how diligently it had been studied, I could not but ask myself—What use have I made of the gospel, placed in my hands under similar circumstances? Had I, like him, been on a bed of death, what answer could I have given to the Judge of all, on his saying to me, 'I sought thee, when thou soughtest me not; I called thee by my word and thou hast despised the call?'"

There is every reason to believe, we are told, that these impressions have since deepened into conviction, and that the surgeon has not only read his own New Testament, but received its truths to the salvation of his soul.

It was so ordered in providence, that these circumstances occurred in the very town where was the home of the colporteur who had spoken to the young soldier on the eve of his departure. These facts were brought to his knowledge, and were by him communicated to the Secretary of the Bible Society in France. How many similar cases may never be known nor recorded on earth! But even one such as this may well strengthen the faith and animate the exertions of all who are seeking, by any means, to spread abroad the truth as it is in Jesus, and to circulate his word among their fellow-sinners.

"One soweth, and another reapeth." To reap in joy, at least on earth, is the privilege of some;—to sow in faith, though it may be with tears, is the duty, the privilege of all believers. Reader, do you count it yours?

"In the shade of the rural by-way,
In the close of the village mead,
In the town and the public highway,
Wherever a man may tread,
Alike at the door of the rich and the poor,
Sow thou the precious seed.

"And some shall fall in the thicket,
Some in the open weld;
For the wandering fowl to pick it,
Or shrivel it up the cold;
But some shall take root, and bear good fruit,
Even an hundred-fold!"

J. L. B.

Evil Company.

It is said that Sophronius, a wise teacher of the people, did not allow his sons and daughters, even when they were grown up, to associate with persons whose lives were not moral and pure.

"Father," said the gentle Eulalia one day, when he had refused to permit her to go in company with her brother to visit the frivolous Lucinda, "you must think that we are very weak and childish, since you are afraid that it would be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word the father took a coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you my child," said he; "only take it."

Eulalia took the coal, and behold her tender white hand was black, and without thinking she touched her white dress, and it was also blackened. "See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeased as she looked at her hands and dress, "one cannot be careful enough when handling coals."

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that the coal, even though it it did not burn you, has nevertheless blackened you! So is the company of immoral persons."

Treasury.

"Rich in Faith."

For many days I had been passing through "deep waters." A great cloud had settled down upon me, and I felt assured it would never lift or rift—nor yet in my own unbelieving blindness, could I see a "bright light in the cloud." So, desponding, I sat one morning in my darkened room, and wondered if any human being could be more miserable than myself.

The door bell rang, and a neighbor entered. He was a poor man, but a consistent, devoted, happy Christian. Often had I met him, and as often had I been reproved for my own lack of faith in a covenant-keeping God. *His* faith never wavered, *his* love never grew cold. Outward circumstances, however untoward, seemed not to affect his inward peace.

That morning, as I looked on his face almost shining with the happiness in his soul, I asked him, impulsively how he contrived to be always so happy. It was a thoughtless question, even a cruel one, and so I felt as soon as it had escaped my lips.

A shadow for a moment passed over his face, and a tear dimmed his eye; then I could not but remember his history—how a daughter, the pride and joy of his heart, whom he had tried faithfully to lead in the path of virtue, had gone astray, and brought shame to the poor man's house. I remembered too a son, his first-born, on whom he depended for support in his declining years, but who had wandered far from his father's God into the ways of sin, till he was now an inmate of the state's prison. I thought also of a large family dependent on his daily labor for their daily bread.

These thoughts rushed through my mind as soon as I had asked the question, and I regretted that I had been so thoughtless. But his reply was such a rebuke to my own lack of faith, and such an exemplification of the power of a living faith!

"I read," said he, "that 'all things work together for good to them that love God;' why should I not be happy?"

Poor man! Poor in this world's estimation, but "rich in faith," exceeding rich in the sight of God.

I counted over my mercies after he left the room. I enumerated friends, home, health, an open Bible, a living Saviour, an ever-present Spirit, a promised heaven; these and many, many more. What if some had been removed? So much the higher might I prize those that were left.

Then I went out from my darkened room into the light of day, went out also from the state of dark unbelief into the bright region of an unquestioning faith. Now the cloud lifted, and I saw a "bright light in the cloud."

Yes, "all things work together for good to them that love God;" cannot we believe it? Ah when, when shall we learn to take God at his word? Shall we ever entirely trust him, till we "see as we are seen, and know as we are known?"

Alone with God.

Every one needs to spend some time each day alone. We can better examine our own hearts, and can draw nearer to God in prayer when alone, than when in the company of even our own households. If one is not a Christian the need of such heart-searching is still greater, and the spirit of God may meet it while thus employed, and lead it to Jesus.

The father of a wild and thoughtless young man lay on his death-bed. The son had often slighted the father's entreaties to leave his sinful associates and their evil ways. Now his father begged he would grant him *one small favor*, which would be a comfort to him in his dying hour. It was that for some months after his decease, he should spend a half hour every day alone in his room.

The promise was readily given, and faithfully kept. No especial subject for meditation was prescribed, yet the son well knew the object of the question. At first he did not particularly improve the half hour of solitude, but by degrees some serious reflections were awakened. His thoughts usually turned to his father. He remembered his solemn affectionate warnings, his own neglect of them, and the sad hour when he bade him a last farewell. Conviction of sin followed, and he earnestly sought the way of salvation as revealed in the Bible. Those quiet half hours led to the conversion of his soul.

If you are yet a stranger to Jesus, will you not be willing to give the subject one half hour's consideration every day? Will you not go away alone, and lay aside all worldly employment for one half hour seriously to reflect upon your condition? The Saviour will surely be present with you. If you will pray, he will present your petition at the throne above. Jesus stands at your heart and knocks; if you will let him, he will come in and dwell there.

But one reader, I have no convenient place for meditation; there are so many about me all the time. A poor sailor-boy longed for a quiet place for secret prayer; but there seemed to be no place where he could be alone. At last he thought of the *masthead*, and made that his closet. Can you not find some quiet spot in which to commune with God? Could you not if it was an earthly friend you wished to speak with?

If you are indeed a child of God, spend much time alone with your Saviour; so shall your heart be filled with his love, and your soul daily grown into his likeness.—*E. L. M.*

Watch—The Master Cometh.

When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider that now day as your last, and live accordingly. Surely that night cometh, of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which will never see the night; but which of your mornings or nights will be such, you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyments hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is forsaking the ground, it is ready for the sickle; when the fruit is ripe, it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's breast is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven when our heart is there before us.—*Boston.*

"My peace I give unto you."

Every believer is [illegible] that his afflictions, equanity with his mercies, come from the hand of a living God. They form a part of the divine plan of his life, and are all designed to draw him into closer union with God here, and to minister to his final blessedness and glory in heaven. Nothing can happen to him contrary to the Divine plan; and if, in time of trouble, he wait on God, he shall never fail to be comforted.

"I had before prayed with much uneasiness," wrote the German poet, Klopstock, of his feelings at the time of the decease of his amiable and beloved Christian wife; "I could now pray quite differently. I entreated perfect submission. My soul hung on God. I was comforted and prepared for the stroke that was already near, nearer than I thought. I believed that she would yet live some hours; that was my only hope and that, according to her wish expressed not long before I left her, I might once more be permitted to pray with her. But how often are our thoughts not as God's thoughts. I said soon after her death, 'She is not far from me;' we are both in the hand of the Almighty.'

"After some time I wished to see what I had just before called my Meta. They prevented me. I said to one of our friends, 'Then I will forbear. She will rise again.'

"The second night came the blessing of her death. Till then I had considered it only as trial. The blessing of such a death, in its full power came on me. I poured above an hour in silent rapture. Only once in my life did I ever feel any thing similar, when in my youth I thought myself dying; but the moments of my expected departure then were somewhat different.