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Religious Miscellany.

Married to Christ.

BY REV. GEORGE PANSING TAYLOR.

"I do here solemnly, join myself in a marriage covenant to Him. O, blessed Jesus! I come to Thee hungry, wretched, miserable, blind and naked; unworthy to wash the feet of the servants of my Lord, much more to be solemnly married to the King of glory; but since such is Thine unparalleled love, I here with all my power, accept Thee, and take Thee for my head and husband, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, for all times and conditions, to love, honour and obey Thee before all others, and this to the death."—*Covenant Service.*

O Jesus, my lover and love,
The joy and repose of my breast,
The light of the city above,
In whom all the angels are blessed,
How sweet is thy presence this hour,
How dear thy inaudible voice;
Thy smile has unspeakable power
To make all within me rejoice.

What am I, O Saviour, that thou
Should'st come and commune with my heart,
In whispers so loving and low
That all my wearyings depart?
I drink in the light of thine eyes
Till the depths of my spirit are bright,
And my soul in beholding thee lies
Transported with awe and delight.

O Jesus! ineffable name!
Redeemer, Deliverer! King!
The gift of thy passion I claim,
Thy triumph in triumph I sing;
I dwell on the rapturous tale
Of pardon and holiness given;
A ransom that never can fail,
My Saviour, my hope, and my heaven.

Thy blood has redeemed me from death,
And washed me from shame and from sin;
And warmed into life by thy breath,
I feel a new being begin;
A life that is lost in thine own,
As a drop in a sea without shore,
With love and with Jesus alone,
Where Jesus is all, evermore.

For ever and ever, O Christ!
My heart is now married to thine;
Love's infinite void is sufficed,
Thine infinite fullness is mine;
By faith is the covenant sealed,
I trust thee and call thee my own;
And now is the mystery revealed
How Christ and his people are one.

Remarkable Conversion of the Rev. Mr. W——— in England.

The Rev. Mr. W——— pursued his studies at Oxford, where he acquired little knowledge of philology and still less of divinity, but all the [illegible] and what is called the *bonton*. Through the influence of a wealthy relative, he readily obtained the charge of a considerable parish, whose income, together with his own estate and his wife's dowry, enabled him to live as he listed. In the morning he would scour over hill and dale, attended by a number of well-fed hounds, and in the evening spend his time among jovial parties. His family and his parish were among those things he least cared for. Excelling in politeness, strangers who called on him could not cease admiring the grace and ease of his conversation, until they came to know him better. Even the poor of his parish were attached to him, not because he paid them pastoral visits or gave them spiritual advice, but because he was liberal, and without much ado, would bestow a few pence towards their temporal relief.

Some ecclesiastical business of importance one day led this clergyman to travel in company with one captain Arnold, residing at the same place, to another lying some distance from the parish. At the end of their first day's journey, they arrived in the evening at a small town, where they stopped at the best tavern they could find. After supper they requested the landlord to show each one to his room. But the inn-keeper, who was at a loss for words to express how much he felt himself flattered by having the honor of entertaining them at his house, told them it was so small that he could only furnish them with one room with two beds in it. "One room with two beds!" cried the clergyman; "I shan't agree to that!" Arnold interrupted him by saying: "My dear W———, there is one way in which we can easily get over this difficulty. During my campaigns I have spent many a night in far more wretched quarters than this tavern. A pillow and a coverlet is all I want in yon arm-chair. I am quite sure I shall be able to rest very comfortably there till morning, and you can have the room with the two beds to yourself." W———, however, knew too well what was becoming to accept the proposal. "You'll not beat me in this way, captain!" he replied; "we'll share the room together, and adjust ourselves there as comfortably as possible."

Notwithstanding his displeasure, the clergyman hastened to retire, but the captain was not in such a hurry. A difficulty which had not before occurred to him, now presented itself to his mind. It was his invariable custom, before retiring to bed, first to read a chapter in the Bible, and then to commend himself and his family by fervent prayer to the protection of God. Should he now observe this daily custom? Thereby he would run the risk of being charged with Pharisaism by his friend. Should he omit for once? Thereby he would burden his conscience with guilt. The internal conflict was but of short duration; the captain resolved to obey the dictates of his conscience and to leave the result to God. Accordingly drawing out of his pocket his faithful companion, a New Testament, he read a chapter in it, with a serious and collected mind, and then kneeling down, humbly confessed his sins to God, thanked him for blessings received and enjoyed, and prayed him to preserve him in his grace and love.

Arnold, awaking early next morning, was surprised that W——— had already left the room. Having hastily dressed himself and attended to his accustomed devotions, he went down into the parlor. Judge of his surprise at finding the clergyman there, hastily pacing the room, with evident perturbation of mind, and, showing by his whole deportment that he had spent a sleepless night, and that his heart was filled with anxiety. Captain Arnold most anxiously inquired if he had slept?—"Slept!" cried his companion, "why, who could sleep while he heard you all night reading and praying?" And with that he continued, with rising anger, to pace the room, while his friend assured him how sorry he felt for having disturbed his rest; although always adding that he could not remember having made the least noise. Such was really the fact, but W——— would not hear a word about it. The captain, being well aware that this was not the proper time for entering upon such discussions, resolved patiently to bear the ill-humor of his fellow-traveller and to await a better opportunity for broaching the subject.

The second day of their journey towards home, the captain, having for some time kept silent, and having locked up in his heart deep commiseration for his friend and his sincere attachment to him, the thought troubled him that, owing to a culpable weakness, he had neglected the most favorable, and perhaps the only opportunity, to open a religious conversation with W———. He therefore attempted to express his feelings on the subject; but when W——— suddenly turned away with contempt, as though he were tired of a discourse of this kind, it did appear to him as he were listened to with the most contemptuous indifference. He therefore concluded that there was no hope, and that it would be of no use to go on. But while indulging these thoughts, he perceived that his friend put up his hand to his forehead and sought to hide the tears that were quietly stealing down his cheeks. The aged veteran watched his motions with deep attention. His soul was greatly affected and he rejoiced over those tears, which appeared to him as the harbingers of coming joy. However, he did not let on to his friend that he had noticed his tears, and left him to his own reflections.

In this state they arrived at the same tavern at which they had spent the night before last. W——— immediately inquired whether the room with the two beds was vacant. On receiving the landlord's affirmative answer, he turned to Arnold and asked him, with a courteous smile, whether he had any objections to his intending to pass the night in this room? "None whatever," replied Arnold, "and I even prefer it to every other, because this arrangement meets your wishes." After supper, the friends being alone in the room they had made choice of, the clergyman grasped the captain's hand and said to him in a tone of unfeigned humility: "You understand how to pray for yourself, my dear sir! will you also pray for me?" Arnold's surprise and joy were at first so great that he could not utter a single word in reply. But as soon as he had recovered himself, while affectionately squeezing his hand, he congratulated W——— on the happy change that had been wrought in him. Thereupon both knelt down in the presence of God, when the pious captain invoked blessings upon the head of his friend with all the energy of a living faith and all the eloquence of a deeply affected heart. Both friends then retired to rest, but not to sleep. W——— appeared to have an unquenchable thirst for explanation and solution. "Do talk with me," said he, "about the new birth, dear friend; what is the new birth?" Never was a master happier and more blest in his instructions, never a pupil more anxious to learn and more docile, than the captain and his friend. Now the clergyman recollected many things which formerly he had studied as an irksome task, and now he understood what he formerly considered dark and unmeaning. An unknown light enlightened and warmed his soul.

Next day the travellers arrived at home.—W——— entered the hall with captain Arnold, where they found his wife, surrounded by two or three blooming children. Embracing them with a kindness such as he had never before manifested towards them, he clasped them to his bosom and bedewed his cheeks with his tears. Then, turning to his wife, he said: "My dear! this evening we shall have family worship!" Mr. W———, let us not to our other faults add that of hypocrisy!" "No, my dear," he replied, "I assure you hypocrisy will find no room in our family worship! I shall read a chapter from the Sacred Volume, and our friend there pointing to the captain—will be so kind as to pray with me and for us!"

A brief explanation was now given to Mrs. W. of all that passed between them.—The change wrought in her husband, proved a source of the liveliest joy to her. The bell was then rung, to call in a servant. "John," said the master, "go to my library and fetch me the Bible." "The Bible, sir?" fearing lest he might have misunderstood him; this being the first time his master ever charged him with such a mission. "Ah!" replied W., "justly may it create your surprise; often, yea daily, have I talked to you about my horses and my hounds, but never about the Bible.—Go now and fetch me that too long neglected book." The other servants were likewise called in to take part in the family worship.—They came trembling, fearing they should be met as usual by their master with harsh rebukes. But they were agreeably surprised when W. invited them in a kind tone to be seated. The whole family being assembled, the clergyman read a chapter in the Bible, with a serious and solemn tone; the captain led in prayer, and the remainder of the evening was spent in such conversation as had never before been heard at the parsonage. This occurred on Friday evening, and on the Saturday following the minister was as usual to mount the pulpit. On going to his library, he took up a collection of sermons, and while conning them over successively, he said at each new skeleton: "That's good for nothing! that's empty and frigid! that's wretched!—Have I indeed (he continued sighing,) fed the souls of my people with such trash, or have I not rather suffered them miserably to perish, while offering them a mere shadow of the bread of life. No! I will not, as I have heretofore done, continue to bid defiance to my God, nor lead the church He has entrusted to my care to perdition?"

W., not knowing how to prepare himself in a proper manner, resolved to apologize to his congregation, that his recent journey had prevented him from preparing a sermon. Sunday being come, he read the prayers of the church in such a serious and collected tone as none could remember ever having heard him read them. In his external appearance and in his deportment, there was something so new and so strange that his hearers regarded him in astonishment, and could scarcely trust their own eyes and ears. Having mounted the pulpit, he began by expressing his regret to his hearers that he had no time to prepare a sermon that would accord with his present views and his present faith. With unaffected simplicity he related to the audience the change that had been wrought in him, the means which God had employed for that purpose, and the nature and effects of his conversion. He confessed to them that he had hitherto been as a wolf in sheep's clothing among them; but that he was now resolutely determined, by the grace of God, to speak and act as a faithful servant of that Gospel which he now had the happiness to believe, and that he hoped henceforth to walk in sincerity before them, both outwardly and inwardly, and to feed them with the bread of life.

In this way he went on for more than half an hour, to preach Christ to his hearers, without a text and perceiving that he was preaching the very sermon for the poncomposition of which he desired to apologize, and that he had already commenced the work he had promised to accomplish. Finally, overwhelmed by the torrent of his emotions, he burst into tears, and having come down from the pulpit he was received with open arms by his friends, and everybody wept with him. He soon had a great assembly of devout and sincere worshippers of God around him; and to this day he is laboring with constantly renewed delight in the work which his Master entrusted to him. While thus witnessing in himself and in others the blessed fruits of his ministry, he gratefully remembers the day on which he heard Captain Arnold read the Bible and pray to God in the double bedroom.

The Free Choice.

When a man becomes a Christian, he acts as a freeman; and whatever power has been exerted over him, no violation has been done to his liberty, nor has he done anything which has not been to him a matter of preference or choice.

The converted sinner acknowledges the power of God in his change. He is sensible that he has become what he is by an influence from on high. It was some such mysterious power that arrested his attention, that alarmed his conscience that induced him to give his heart to God. But he has been sensible of no violation of his freedom. He has done nothing which he has not done freely.—He was not converted by bringing a deep sleep upon him, as Eve was formed from the side of Adam, nor was an unnatural stupor diffused over his frame, benumbing all his faculties, and leaving him to be molded as the clay: but he was converted in the full exercise of his faculties, and with the entire consciousness of acting as a freeman. He has done nothing which he did not prefer to do; he has abandoned no sin which he did not choose to abandon; he has formed no new plan of living, by becoming a Christian, which he did not choose to form. One of the most free and unfettered acts of his life was that when he gave himself to God; and he became a Christian with as much of the spirit of rejoicing, as the imprisoned father leaves the gloomy cell where he has been long immured, to visit his children when his prison-doors are thrown open, or as the galley-slave exults when the chains fall from his hands.

There is no act that man ever performs more freely than that of becoming a Christian. His whole heart is in it; and no matter what sinful course he abandons, what sacrifices he is constrained to make, or what amusements he is required to abjure—he does it most freely. And no matter what trials he may see before him, no matter though his embracing religion may require him to forsake his country and home to preach the gospel in heathen lands—it is all cheerfully done. It is the act of a freeman. He prefers it. He would not, for all the gold and diamonds and coronets and crowns of the earth, have it otherwise. And though he is conscious—for who could not be so in such a change?—that this has been brought about by the power of God, and will always ascribe it to the agency of the Holy Ghost, yet he feels that no law of nature has been violated, and that one of the most free acts of his life was that when he gave his heart to God.

Struggle for Life.

I only wish I saw people as eager to be saved from hell as I once saw a man to be saved from drowning. It was at yonder ferry. Procrastination, the ruin of souls, was almost his death. The time was up; the bell was rung; the gangway withdrawn; the boat in motion; when, after too many delays, he came running along the pier and, deaf to the cries of warning, took a bold and desperate spring to catch our bulwark. He caught it, but lost his hold; fell backward, and went down instantly, engulfed in the roaring sea. Sucked out by the receding wave, he rose to the surface a good way off. And, though it was a blessed sight to see his head emerge from the water, every eye was still anxiously fixed on him. He floated on his back but could not swim, and therefore had soon to perish. And he had perished, but that then one, bearing a life-buoy aloft in his hand, came rushing down the pier at the top of his speed. Anxiety was now wound up to the highest pitch. Shall he save him? He stops, and with the spray of the stormy sea flying in his face takes aim; now he bends like a bow, and then, rising to the spring, with herculean arm he sends the life-buoy spinning through the air, over the waves, to the drowning man. What a moment of suspense for him—for us, the on-lookers! Well thrown by man, and well directed by a watchful providence, it fell right over his sinking head—with what joy he caught it! How he laid hold of it! Never lover embraced lover with such eager, happy arms. I saw him holding on, pulled from a watery grave, and thought, would God that poor sinners, that every man ready to perish, laid hold as eagerly of eternal life! I gave God thanks that he was saved. He might have been damned if he had been drowned. Besides, I rejoice to think how happy that night his wife and children were to have him safe at home; and how bright the home which held a living father, rather, than a widow stunned with grief, and children weeping by a cold, livid corpse.—*Guthrie's Way to Life.*

A GAME-NET.—A Perthshire baronet saw what he supposed to be a deadly game-net hanging behind the door of a farmhouse. Pointing it out exultingly to his factor, "Have Mr. M———, long been suspecting these poaching nets, and now we have the proof." "Hoot, Sir P———," cried the honest farmer, "that the lassie's crinoline."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Delay of Conversion.

An accurate examination into the periods of life in which those, whose lives of godliness give evidence of true religion, first began to be followers of Christ, furnishes an amazing demonstration of the folly and danger of delay! The probability of conversion diminishes rapidly as years roll on.

Make up a congregation of a thousand Christians. Divide them into five classes according to the ages at which they became Christians. Place in the 1st class all those converted under 20 years of age; 2d class, all those converted between 20 and 30; 3d class, all those converted between 30 and 40; 4th class, all those converted between 40 and 50; 5th class, all those converted between 50 and 60. Then count each of the five classes separately. Of your thousand Christians, there were probably converted,

Under 20 years of age,	548
Between 20 and 30 years of age,	337
Between 30 and 40 " "	86
Between 40 and 50 " "	15
Between 50 and 60 " "	8

Here you have five classes! But you complain of me: you ask, "Why stop at 60 years old?" Ah, well, then! if you will have a sixth class, and call it a class—converted,

Between 60 and 70 years of age,	1

Just one out of a thousand Christians converted over sixty years old! What a lesson on delay! What an awful lesson!

I once made an examination of this sort in respect to two hundred and fifty-three hopeful converts to Christ who came under my observation at a particular period. Of this two hundred and fifty-three there were converted,

Under 20 years of age,	138
Between 20 and 30 years of age,	85
Between 30 and 40 " "	22
Between 40 and 50 " "	4
Between 50 and 60 " "	3
Between 60 and 70 " "	1

Beyond seventy, not one! What a lesson on the delay of conversion! How rapidly it cuts off the hopes of the delaying, as they continue in life, making darker and darker the prospect as they are nearing the tomb!—*Dr. Spencer.*

Religious Intelligence.

Madagascar.

The London Missionary Society commenced its missionary labors in this important island more than forty years ago, and for fifteen years their faithful agents labored with unabated vigor and with great success. In 1834 they were expelled the country; yet they left the word of God, which they had translated into the native language, in the minds and hearts of many converts. For more than a quarter of a century succeeding these Malagasy Christians suffered every form of cruel persecution for Christ's sake, and upward of a hundred sealed the truth with their blood. But the more they were oppressed, the more they multiplied: the two hundred believers with which the persecuting reign of the late queen commenced had increased tenfold when the persecutor died. The advent of Radama II. was hailed with joy and gratitude by the afflicted Christians, who were at once restored to liberty and peace; and many who were supposed to have died in their chains returned to their homes in the city of Antananarivo. The society then sent out that veteran missionary, the Rev. William Ellis, who had formerly labored there, and with him six coadjutors. We have published extracts from his communications, showing the favorable prospects opening before them. But these cheering circumstances, he says, demand corresponding exertion from their friends abroad, and he makes an urgent appeal to the society for aid in the erection of five churches. He says:

"The most pressing want at the present moment is places of public worship. Eight hundred, a thousand, or fifteen hundred natives meet every Lord's day in different parts of the city. And believing that the Christians of Madagascar would ever cherish the memory of those who from among them had joined 'the noble army of martyrs,' I sent to the king, in January last, to ask him to reserve the places on which, during the last twenty-six years, the martyrs had suffered, as sites for MEMORIAL CHURCHES—buildings which should not only be consecrated to the worship and service of that blessed God and Saviour for the love of whom they had died, but should serve also to perpetuate through future times the memory of their constancy and faith. The proposal pleased the king and the nobles, and greatly encouraged the Christians. Orders were immediately given that the pieces of land should be reserved for that special purpose; and his majesty has, since my arrival, assured me that the ground shall be used for no other purpose, and shall be given to us whenever we require it. The Bishop of Mauritius accompanied me to these spots while he was here, and was forcibly struck with their remarkable appropriateness for the purpose for which it is proposed they should be occupied, providing admirably for the accommodation of the inhabitants of the principal portions of the city.

"1. The first site is at Ambohipotay, (White Village,) the place where the first martyr suffered in 1837. Here also the greatest number of native believers suffered martyrdom in various forms during the reign of the queen; and on this spot still remain parts of the cross on which the Christians, as well as ordinary malefactors, were crucified; while around, the bones of the victims, bleached by the sun and rain, still lie scattered.

"2. ANDIMAMBINANA (the place of hurling down, or casting away,) the granite precipice, 150 feet high, down which eighteen native Christians were thrown in the second great persecution in the year 1849, is the proposed site of the second church.

"3. FARAVOHITRA is a spot on the crest of the hill where, in the sight of the whole city, the four nobles were burned alive, and the bodies of the eighteen thrown from the rock were also consumed. When I visited the place, in company with the Bishop of Mauritius, we stood and gazed on the prisons in the distance, in which the sufferers had been confined, in the places where their sentences were read over to them, and where, as they sat together on the ground, bound with chains, and encircled by soldiers, they sang their hymns of praise to God.

"4. AMBALINAKANGA has been the scene of much hope and disappointment, suffering and joy. Here the first Christian Church was formed, and the communion celebrated, in May, 1831, when the natives of Madagascar first united with the missionaries in commemorating the dying love of Christ. After the persecution of 1836, this house of prayer was turned into a prison, in which, mingled with wretched criminals, the Christians were confined. This chapel was a prison when I was here in 1856. King Radama, since his accession, has restored it to its original use, and a most attractive congregation of about eight hundred people occupy it every Lord's day.

"5. At FIADUNA, the spot where, during the last persecution in 1857, twenty-one were stoned to death, it is also proposed to erect a small village church as a sort of appendage to Ambohipotsy, from which it is not far distant."

These buildings, he says, should be of stone, plain and substantial, and each capable of accommodating from eight hundred to a thousand persons; the cost he estimates at not less than fifty thousand dolars. He asks if England will not "give to Madagascar these memorial churches, and thus associate the conflicts and triumphs of the infant Church, and perpetuate the feelings of sympathy and love which bind the Christians of Madagascar to their brethren in England?"

The directors of the society have approved the proposition, and made an appeal to its friends for special contributions for the purpose of carrying it into effect, which has been so heartily responded to that within a week one-third of the amount was subscribed in sums varying from fifty dollars to twenty-five hundred, the greater part being in sums of five hundred.

General Miscellany.

Tom the Donkey Driver.

Our beloved Queen's coronation was a very important event to a certain ragged little boy then twelve years old. He was a child of indigent parents—belonging to the very sub-stratum of the social pyramid, as my tutor would say—and was glad to be employed as a donkey driver in Hyde-park, when all the world was holiday-making and rejoicing. Such a run was there for donkey-riding among the little short-frocked and small-trousered people of that day, that young Tom Williams earned between three and four pounds in the course of that festive week. With this sum he purchased a donkey, and started in life on his own account. Tom has had his ups and downs—his "losses," like other people of consideration; but at present, I am happy to say, he is well to do—has savings for a rainy day, and a wife and two children whom, in a neat little house, he supports with comfort. In fact, though only a donkey-driver" in a suburban neighbourhood, his occupation is on rather a superior scale.

One of the bright and noticeable points in Tom Williams' character is the humanity he shows to his animals. There is no mistake on this subject; you can judge for yourself by the evident love they bear him. In fact, you must, be acquainted with his donkeys to know the docility and capabilities of these much abused creatures. His donkeys, instead of being exposed to the severities by which hundreds of these poor brutes perish every winter, are stabled and groomed by Williams' own hands. No matter how tired he may be—and he often walks twenty miles a day—he attends to their needs before resting himself. Every morning he washes out the well paved stable, and has it rubbed dry; every night the poor beasts are indulged with a clean straw bed "up to their knees."

Lately an elderly lady ordered a donkey-chair to take her home at the midnight hour! It was a bleak November night; but Tom being prudent and thrifty, and always ready to earn an honest penny, roused himself from heavy slumber about half-past eleven o'clock, and prepared to get his carriage in order to fetch the lady. Lantern in hand, he proceeded to the satble, where reclined in peaceful slumber a donkey and a mule. The straw that had been "up to their knees" now rose shelteringly above their heads, and Tom Williams paused from indecision which beast to arouse. Each had done his fair day's work, and received his fair day's wages of food and shelter; and both were snoozing so cozily that they were not aroused by their master's presence. Donkey had, perhaps, done a little more work that day; but mule was arranged on his couch in a peculiar and favourite attitude, of the comic order; that made Tom laugh to contemplate. Could it be that the cunning creatures knew the softness of his heart, and feigned deep sleep in this pathetic manner? If it was a pretence, it answered perfectly, for Williams had not the heart to disturb them; and treading gently, he left the two creatures to darkness and repose.

But did he disappoint the dissipated patronees? By no means.

Once Tom Williams had been distressed by a case of conscience which I must describe. He loves, as I have said to earn an honest penny; but he loves still more his sacred Sabbath, and its devotional services—joining in the psalm-singing with such loud earnestness that he once received a hint from the clerical authorities to be more gently musical. The case of conscience was this:—An infirm lady wished to be taken to Church every Sunday in the donkey-chair. The temptation to earn the honest penny was considerable; but Tom resisted it, on the plea, that it was a sin to make his animals toil on that day. The lady argued—Surely it was a work of necessity? Tom pondered the question, and hit upon an expedient that satified both parties. He bought a handle for his donkey chair, and made the shafts to be removeable; so, every Sunday he drags the old lady to church himself, and when she has alighted he enters the sacred edifice, and performs his devotions, leaving the chair at the church porch. Now, on the cold winter evening when he had not the heart to disturb a sleeping mule or donkey—in his own words, "couldn't abear to do it"—he put the handle to the chair, and making of himself a draught animal drew the lady to her home, a distance of a mile and a half up and down hill.

Now, Tom Williams never was and never will be a gentleman, and yet I maintain that there is a wonderful vein of "gentleness" in his heart which purifies and ennobles his whole nature. There is not an ounce of veneer or a particle of polish about the man; but the native ore, is not that fine? Just remember the poor donkey-boy and donkey-man, who has never begged or owed what he could not pay; whose devotions were, till checked, *too* boisterous; to whom, I should add, music is the dream of heaven; and who could not "abear" to awaken for fresh labour a tired donkey. And then contrast the fine dandy, with "Honourable" before his name, who rode his noble horse to a cruel death. I see—I cannot help seeing—something—hideous beneath the showy veneer and French polish; something black and rotten that has an odour about it, and that is dangerous to touch or use.

I often think of such things and get puzzled about the use of words; for the more my tutor explains to me the derivation and right meaning of them, the more I perceive how words have got twisted out of their true sense. I think if people tried to twist them right again there would be some good done.—*English Paper.*

Francis Xavier.

Some three centuries and a half ago, the little kingdom of Navarre gave birth to an extraordinary man. His family on both sides was among the proudest of ancestral Spain. While his elder brothers were fired with the military ardor which had filled the escutcheon of their fathers with deeds of renown, Francis, called also from his mother's family, Xavier, was smitten with a passsion for letters. His education was completed at Paris, and there, where five centuries before Abelard had drawn upon himself the eyes of Europe, and attracted to his lectures admiring thousands, Francis was now expounding that same Aristotle, and was rapidly winning a similar popularity.

He had fallen now upon an auspicious hour. It was the dawn of a new era. Faust had just revealed the magic of movable types. The Portuguese had opened the ocean pathway to the East Indies. Columbus had returned from his discovery with a story that electrified the nations. Luther and his coadjutors were agitating Europe with the profoundest religious sensation. At this opportune moment, Ignatius Loyola, one of the great founders, made his appearance in Paris. He had as yet found but two men fit to be his associates. He presently marked Xavier for the third. He sought his acquaintance, and laid open to him the glory of converting the infidels to Christianity, but his words fell on ears deaf to everything but the glory of this present world, which was just then opening to the rising philosopher in its brightest splendors. And, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and loose his own soul?" was the solemn message which he reiterated from day to day and from month to month, till at length, in an hour of sadness, it struck a new chord in the heart which had at first spurned so grave an admonition. The great thought, which now began to find an echo within him, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" went on deepening its impression till it transformed the world and him. The world which has been his god, he now despised and spit upon; its honors were faded rags; its majesty mean; its riches, despicable dust. He literally forsook father and mother, and houses and lands, for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He seized the first opportunity to sail to India as a missionary, and passing on his way to the seaport almost within sight of the home of his childhood, he refused to look upon it with his eyes; refused to see the face of kindred; refused the final adieus of a fond mother, lest the tenderness of earthly affections should shake the steadfastness of his soul.

Arrived in India, he went up and down the valleys, and over the mountains, and through the islands, learning the languages of the natives by miracle, and preaching Christianity with a zeal which brought hundreds of thousands to seek baptism at his hands. With an art which none but a disciple of Loyola could imitate, he knew how to become all things to all men.

Repulsed by the Emperor of Japan for the meanness of his garb, he forthwith arrayed himself in the gorgeous priestly robes of the Bonzes, and presenting himself again to the monarch, with a tone of authority he commanded reverence and obedience, and thus, through the edict of the emperor, a nation was converted in a day. He now looked over to the broad valleys of China, and burned to add her hundreds of millions to the list of his converts; and midway in his voyage to this enterprise, which was to be the crowning glory of this life, his great soul was obliged to forsake the frail body that refused to sustain this additional labor.

That which is worthy of our attention is the superhuman energy of a great soul under the inspiration of a great idea. Here was an earnest man penetrated with a conviction of the thing appointed him to do, and he did it with a might that will stand to all ages, the astonishment of the world. In this example of the single eye, the undaunted courage, the unresting aim, Francis Xavier exhibited all the *human* elements of moral power in the highest degree. And the minister of the Gospel, whether in heathen or in Christian lands, who shall imitate the apostle to the Indies in these things, and shall, in addition, have his soul filled with the light of truth and with the Holy Ghost, shall, even in the blaze and stir of this nineteenth century, give a new impulse to the moral world, and a higher tone to the Christian life.

Ministerial.

Dr. Chalmers' Power.

We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the high school. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighboring parish church, and off we set, a cartful of irrepressible youngsters.

As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city. He was our terror, and we not only wondered but were afraid when we saw him going in. The kirk was full as it could hold. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, and having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. He looks vaguely round upon the audience as if he saw in it one great object—not many. We shall never forget his smile; its general benignity; how he let the light of his countenance fall on us.

He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly. Then he gave out his text; we forget it, but its subject was "Death reigns." He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned: then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it. He told us how death reigned—everywhere, at all times, in all places; how we all knew it; how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never took his eye from the speaker. The tide set in; everything added to its power—deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme, the simple, terrible statement, was repeated in some lucid interval.

After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of death and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion; and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words, "Death is a tremendous necessity," he suddenly looked beyond us as if into some distant region, and cried out, "Behold a mightier!—who is this? He 'cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, travelling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save." Then in a few plain sentences he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced with redoubled energy and richness, freeness and simplicity, the security, the sufficiency of the great method of justification.

How astonished and impressed we all were. He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks—his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's, his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had been insensibly drawn out of our seats, and converging towards the wonderful speaker. And when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was and what it was that followed death on his pale horse, and how alone we could escape, we all sank back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look—exhausted, but sweet and pure. How he poured out his soul before God in giving thanks for sending the Abolisher of death. Then a short psalm, and all was ended.

We went home quieter than we came—we thought of other things. That voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts; those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice; that "tremendous necessity!"—*Dr. John Brown.*

Methodist Pulpit Oratoary.

Evangelical truth, as it drops from the pulpit, has its potency more or less affected by its mode of delivery. From the lips of one teacher, it falls upon the ear with the sweetness of music, and wins its way, like a spell, to the understanding and the heart. From the lips of another it loses much of its native melody, and goes out loitering and feebly on its great mission of human improvement. The former improves truth; the latter abates from its just attractions and power. This difference in pulpit effectiveness is not always owing to learning and various talents. Men of parts and of accumulated stores of knowledge have, in many instances, been dull and uninteresting in the pulpit. While others of limited information, and without pretensions to liberal culture, have often attained to the mastery and sway of immense multitudes. This difference is undoubtedly owing to that indefinable thing called oratory, which public speakers so much covet, and to which in its highest forms so few attain.

From the beginning, Methodism has been distinguished for the effectiveness of its pulpit labors. English Methodism has here a fine record. No Church can boast a prouder heritage of illustrious names. The lesser lights in the firmament of English Methodism would make a rich history for any religious people. But what other Church can point to such an ancestry as the two Wesleys, thrilling multitudes numbered by thousands; Whitefield, electrifying two continents by his eloquence; the sainted Fletcher, eminent both as a polemic and didactive divine; Bradburn, described by Lord Chatham as the finest orator in the world; Benson and Clarke, distinguished not less as pulpit orators than as commentators; Watson, who was in the pulpit as an angel, and will live forever in his Institutes; Coke, the eminent missionary, scarcely second to Wesley himself; Newton, whose eloquence made him first among his equals; and Bunting, distinguished as an organizer, and but lately gone to his rest in the grave? The origin and spread of the great revival called Methodism will cease to be a wonder if studied in the lives of its founders and leading spirits. They were providentially raised up for the times and for imparting a vigorous impetus to Christianity in its purest forms.

The eloquence of the Methodist pulpit was not the result mainly of scholastic attainments. Its most effective pulpit orators, in many instances, entered the ministry without either a collegiate or theological education. 'Tis true that subsequent and intense study made them respectable for their talents and knowledge, and advanced many of them to distinguished proficiency in liberal culture; but still the beginning of their ministry was as we have named it. Whence, then, came their pulpit power? We have long been satisfied that it arose chiefly from two causes: 1. *Naturalness.* In collegiate and theological training men study styles of address as well as topics of thought. They cultivate the most approved forms of oratory from text-books on elocution, and in most cases in doing so cease to be natural. They pursue oratory as an art; and nature is put under restraint. Our early Methodist preachers avoided this. Entering the ministry with limited academic training, they had neither time nor opportunity to be artistic. They followed nature, obeyed its impulses, and spoke "like dying men to dying men." 2. *Devotion to the one subject of soul-saving.* They were men of one work. In entering that work, they aimed neither at literary reputation nor the accumulation of wealth. Their sole object was to save men. As time passed this grew to be a passion; it occupied their thoughts; it absorbed their energies; and when the time came that they should speak about it they could not be