

in Oregon be deterred from coming, is the testimony which I bear.

"I would state, that after I received my wounds, as I lay on the ground, fully expecting in a short period to die, I did not regret, for one instant, my having devoted myself to the missionary work in Oregon. The Lord supported and sustained me in that trying hour—my dying hour, as I thought—and gave me sweet peace and tranquility of mind, and enabled me to pray for my murderers. Relying solely on the Saviour, I enjoyed his presence,—I enjoyed a sweet and heavenly calm within my breast, amidst the awful storm that raged around me, the horrible outcries and noise made by the murderers and robbers on that dreadful night. When my last hour actually arrives, may the king of terrors be equally as divested of his gloomy aspect, and may I be enabled as calmly and steadily to repose my soul on the blood and righteousness of the Redeemer.

"While I lay on the ground, bleeding from my wounds, and constantly growing weaker, life apparently fast ebbing from me, I looked back upon my past ministerial life, and felt thankful to God that, during the whole of it, my grand object had been to endeavour to save souls,—that my preaching, from first to last, had ever been salvation by grace through faith,—that in my pulpit addresses I had steadily endeavoured to preach right home to the hearts and consciences of my hearers, making them feel that they were personally and deeply interested in the important truths announced. I had preached the preceding Sunday on board the *Illinois*, and, calling it to remembrance, it afforded me great pleasure to reflect, that my last sermon on earth was respecting Christ Jesus the Lord, and the way of salvation through faith in Him.

"The Lord, for wise and important purposes, saw fit for me, while journeying on his errand, to be smitten down and robbed of all. Yet I can sing of mercies as well as judgment, with respect to temporal matters. My prospects at first, with respect to the things of this life, were dark; but my Master, in his own good time and way, provided all things needful for me. He furnished me, while in the hospital, with all necessary medical attendance, nursing, food, and clothing; and, before I left, put it into the heart of a resident of the place to give me a little money. On board the steam-ship which carried me from Panama to San Francisco, several of the passengers gave me each a trifle; and when I arrived at San Francisco, through the kindness of Bishop Kip and Rev. Dr. Clark, I likewise received a small sum. The agents of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company likewise gave me a free passage from thence to this place, remarking, that I was as one risen from the dead, and they could not think of charging me one cent for my passage. Thus far, therefore, the Lord has provided for me; and, having preserved my life so wonderfully, I indulge the hope that He has got work for me to do for him in Oregon.—I remain, yours respectfully,

JOHN SELLWOOD.

Rev. Dr. Van Kleeck, N. Y.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

We have often thought that a picture of the prayer meeting, such as it sometimes attains to be—a panoramic view—might be one of the best testimonies for it as an appointment of God and the scene of his power, which can be furnished. True, one does not often see it at its highest point of interest and efficacy. The privilege of witnessing it—of being a part of it

when at this point, even a few times in a life, is worth living that life for; and we trust this privilege will grow in frequency, in time to come, as Christians advance in this species of fidelity, and as they "see the day approaching."

The prayer-meeting, in the obvious capabilities of it, as it sometimes is, and will be yet more and more—we may have seen it; if not, we can conceive of it; but how can we speak of it? How present it in language—so various, so multiform, so hidden even in the springs of interest and power. It is a still place, because God is felt to be there; awful, sometimes, through the hushed sacredness of that presence. It is a place of deep feeling; now, feeling quietly and equably pervading the assembly; and now in a more quickened mode or moment, it is emotion, leaping, as it were, in its rills or torrents, from heart to heart. It is a place from which the world for a little season is banished; invisible but impenetrable walls keep it out. The other world with its vaster concerns, comes down and fills the room, and draws in the one heavenward direction, and to the one benignant centre, all hearts. Hence it is a place of sweet and absolute accordance, so far as Christians are concerned—all according in the one ascendent purpose and desire of their souls, and yet it is a place of great variety of character and experience. Not only is the Christian there; but the thoughtful convicted soul likewise; and the thoughtless soul perhaps, is swept there in the current and wake of others; and many have reverently come that they may not only witness, but gain a portion of the good and the blessing.

It is a place where all are priests; hence the liberty of service and of utterance; and safely so because the Spirit of Christ is there. Now God speaks from His word, and all receive and eat the living aliment of gracious strength and affection. One rises and utters his thoughts of counsel, of encouragement and exhortation. Another lays open the joy and peace of his own spirit. Another speaks of his conflict and his victory. Another of his faith—his undoubted assurance in the promise—yea, the fact, that God is graciously near. Another, to tell how God has come to him, in a way beyond his faith or his hope, compelling the heart to cry out, "Who is a God like unto Thee." Here, another, who has thoughts and desires, which he feels he cannot utter in the ear of man, rises up and speaks to God, with whom the unutterable has significance and power. Still another follows to relieve his struggling spirit of the pressure of its desire for the conversion of sinners; and all hearts with sympathetic quickness, join in to help him and pray with him. Thus goes up on high the strength and volume of holy incense. Then again, all affections sweetly blend and are wafted away on the wings of sacred song. All hearts heighten and swell the kindred joy, by joining in, and ascribing praise to Him to whom all praise is due.

All this makes no confusion. It is a heaven-born harmony—all done decently and in order. God smiles on the scene. The angels are present and would be glad to be a part. The aged disciple—the Christian of a tried and veteran faith, gets a fresh and large instalment of strength, and he feels that he is brought to the very vestibule of the better place. He who came with his long borne burden, drops it perhaps, he hardly knows how; and so light and salient is his heart within him, that he can hardly refrain from leaping forth with the sudden impulse of the strange joy. Some doubting Christian goes away stronger in faith; some gloomy one brightens in hope; some lingering one quickened in