

the blessings of salvation to the benighted nations of the earth. Missionary intelligence is being more extensively diffused; and the claims of the cause are so generally admitted now that no one can dispute them without bringing the sincerity of his own Christian character into question. The staff of missionaries engaged in foreign mission work consists of twenty ordained ministers, one medical missionary, twenty-six female missionaries, thirteen ordained native preachers, three licentiates, and forty-one native assistants; making in all 104 persons—an increase of 11 during the year. The work is carried on among the Indian tribes; in Mexico, Brazil, China, Italy and Greece. A Presbytery has been formed in Greece, composed entirely of native Greeks. "If it may be supposed," says the report, "that the inhabitants of heaven are cognizant of what is going on in this world what must be the emotions of the grand old apostolic Missionary as he looks from heaven and sees rekindled, on the same spot where he preached eighteen hundred years ago, the light of the pure gospel of Jesus Christ!"

### SPURGEON'S CONVERSION.

MR. SPURGEON said:—"I will tell you how I myself was brought to the knowledge of this truth. It may happen the telling of that will bring some one else to Christ. It pleased God in my childhood to convince me of sin. I lived a miserable creature, finding no hope, no comfort; thinking that surely God would never save me. At last the worst came to the worst—I was miserable; I could do scarcely anything. My heart was broken in pieces. Six months did I pray, prayed agonizingly with all my heart, and never had an answer. I resolved that, in the town where I lived, I would visit every place of worship in order to find out the way to salvation. I felt I was willing to do anything and be anything if God would only forgive me. I set off, determined to go around to all the chapels; and I went to all the places of worship; and though I dearly venerated the men that occupy those pulpits now, and did so then, I am bound to say that I never heard them once fully preach the Gospel. I mean by that—they preached truth, great truths, many good truths that were fitting to many of their congregations—spiritually-minded people; but what I wanted to know was—How can I get my sins forgiven? And they never once told me that. I wanted to hear how a poor sinner, under a sense of sin, might find peace with God; and when I went I heard a sermon on 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked,' which cut me up worse, but did not say how I might escape. I went again another day, and the text was something about the glories of the righteous—

nothing for poor me. I was something like a dog under the table, not allowed to eat the children's food. I went time after time, and can honestly say—I don't know that I ever went without prayer to God, and I am sure there was not a more attentive hearer in all the place than myself, for I panted and longed to understand how I might be saved.

"At last one snowy day—it snowed so much I could not go to the place I had determined to go to, and I was obliged to stop on the road, and it was a blessed stop to me—I found rather an obscure street, and turned down a court, and there was a little chapel. I wanted to go somewhere, but I did not know this place. It was the Primitive Methodist chapel. I had heard of these people from many—how they sang so loudly that they made peoples' heads ache, but that did not matter. I wanted to know how I might be saved, and if they made my head ache ever so much, I did not care. So sitting down, the service went on, but no minister came. At last a very thin-looking man came into the pulpit and opened his Bible, and read these words;—"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' Just setting his eyes upon me as if he knew me all by heart, he said:—"Young man you are in trouble.' Well, I was, sure enough. Says he:—"You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ.' And then lifting up his hands he cried out, as only a Primitive Methodist could do:—"Look, look, look! It is only look," said he.

"I saw at once the way of salvation. O how I did leap for joy at that moment! I know not what else he said. I did not take much notice of it, I was so possessed with that one thought. Like as when the brazen serpent was lifted up, they only looked and were healed. I had been waiting to do fifty things; but when I heard the word "Look," what a charming word it seemed have to me! O I looked until I could almost looked my eyes away; in heaven I will look on still in my joy unutterable. I now think I am bound never to preach a sermon without preaching to sinners. I do think that a minister who can preach a sermon without addressing sinners doe; not know how to preach.

### QUEBEC HIGH SCHOOL,

An Institution for Boys, incorporated in 1843, and affiliated with McGill University, Montreal.

REFERENCES:—Rev. Dr. Ormiston, New York; Principal Dawson, LL.D., C.M.G., Montreal; Rev. Geo. Milligan, M.A., Toronto; Rev. Dr. Mathews, Quebec; Rev. D. Anderson, Lewis.

All information in regard to the course of study, terms, boarding, prizes, scholarships, &c., can be obtained by application to the Rector,

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