

the Synod, an unprecedented interest has of late been awakened with reference to Divine things—that the Word of God has been read and heard preached—meetings for prayer and other ordinances of religion attended with remarkable earnestness, and that in very many cases the results are apparent of hopefully changed minds and decidedly changed conduct—feel warranted in coming to the conclusion that, amidst much abounding sin and unbelief, God is visiting His people with such an outpouring of His Holy Spirit as calls for thankful acknowledgment and praise.

“2. The members of Conference accordingly themselves resolve, and would take this opportunity of humbly stirring-up their brethren in the ministry with the other office-bearers and members of the Church, to be more earnest than ever in devotion, both in public and private; to afford also the means, where these are called for, of much religious instruction and united prayer; to cultivate brotherly love with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; and at this time to consider with special attention the work of the Holy Spirit of God, the Sanctifier and Comforter, who glorifies the Son, and who has been promised to abide with His Church for ever.

“3. That the Conference, from the accounts given them by eye-witnesses of some instances of peculiar excitement in connection with this movement, would respectfully suggest to their brethren in the ministry to give more instruction, and the members of the Church to obtain it, on the nature and evidences of true religion in the soul, as may, under God, secure the blessed results of ‘righteous peace and joy in the Holy Spirit,’ without others of a very doubtful and painful character; and they advise also that, in helping on by counsel or by prayer the work of God in congregations or parishes, careful respect be paid to the apostolic rule of doing all things in decency and order.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN SCOTLAND.

A REVIVAL INCIDENT.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.

My Dear Sir,—As time permits, “Oakleaf” will be glad to aid in any way the “Presbyterian.” Meanwhile he sends you the following incident which shows what we might expect, if the Church of Christ was truly awake: and may it especially arouse the women of the Church to be true sisters of mercy. An old lady was the other night coming to one of our prayer-meetings, when she passed two young unfortunate women of the town. She turned and spoke to them, inviting them to the prayer-meeting. After some persuasion she induced them to come near the door of the Church, but, when they saw a number of well dressed people going in, they shrank back, but at that moment a few of the young converts were passing, and at once in a most kind and entreating manner they came forward and brought them in. Both of these women had been drinking, though they were not drunk. They were much affected during the meeting, and one especially sobbed very much. A young man, whose whole soul is on fire at this time, was brought to them. He directed them to Jesus, the Friend of Sinners. After the meeting was over, one of the Ministers prayed with them, when they left. Two young female converts noticed where they went, and on the Sabbath after the afternoon service walked up and down before the close, where one of them

lodged. After some time she came out, when they at once went up and spoke to her and succeeded in bringing her away to one of their little prayer-meetings.

On Monday I was appealed to for advice by my young friends. One of these women, they said was penitent, but the other was only concerned. Both were brought to my prayer-meeting. One was in deep distress, but the other was not. After the meeting was over, when with the young converts and these two poor unfortunates, I witnessed one of the most touching scenes it has ever been my lot to witness. The one who was in such deep distress was called “Margaret,” one of the converts sat holding her hand, and, as she was mourning over her vileanness, the young Christian was telling her of the fullness of Jesus. But she (Margaret) could find no peace, and appeared to be lost in despair. Looking up, she saw the young girl weeping bitterly for her. This softened her soul, and she cried out with sobs, “dinna greet for me, dinna greet for me,” and the two clung together, mingling their tears. I had to move away to the other side of the room, to conceal my emotions. But the question was, What were we to do with them. I proposed to them that they should there and then give up their evil habits, and not go back to their lodgings, but come with me to the Police Office, where I would procure them beds, for the night, and on the morrow I would try and get them into the Refuge. One Margaret, consented, the other refused, but promised to meet me next day, which she did not however do. Margaret got a bed for the night in the Police Office, and next day I placed her in the Refuge. About a fortnight afterwards I called at the Refuge, which is at some distance from town. In walking through it I saw Margaret, but did not know her, she was so much changed for the better. The matron gave her a most excellent character, and told me she had more than once found her weeping alone. In a quiet unostentatious manner she is evidently striving to keep near the Lord. The women in the Refuge have of late had several prayer-meetings among themselves, and from these she is never absent, though she takes no part in them.

When I was leaving, she came and asked me to remember her to the young converts, and hoped they would not forget her in their prayers. Margaret’s companion that was still on the streets. I met her the other day, but in vain pleaded with her to forsake her evil ways. Perhaps it may not be in vain God may bring some of the words back to her mind, and they may yet produce fruit. One of the young converts that was engaged in bringing Margaret to me, you spoke to in my vestry. She was with Grace, whom you will recollect. Grace and she are now rejoicing in the Lord, and labouring earnestly in His cause.

I find I have to close sooner than I intended, but will write speedily again. I am so occupied that I am unable to write with anything like care. Oh! may the Lord bless you in Montreal, and may the Presbyterian Kirk be a blessing to Canada.

Yours most cordially,

OAK LEAF.

Glen Cottage, Nov. 22nd, 1859.

NEW YEAR’S MUSINGS.

(For the Presbyterian.)

It was a beautiful farewell that was spoken once by a departing Missionary;—“Good night! I shall see you again in the morning!” The thought that earthly separations are to last only for the comparatively short “night” of our earthly life, which is the precursor of the dawning

of an eternal day—that day when there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying—may well comfort our hearts when death has taken our beloved ones from our side, or when separated from them by the lifelong partings which resemble death in placing our only hopes of reunion among our most precious anticipations of the morning of eternity.

But, although the comparison of life to a night is sanctioned by sacred authority, yet, like all analogies, it does not hold good in every point. It is not a night that is to be spent in slumber nor in dreams,—even in dreams of the coming day. Though there are times when our hearts throb weary, and we would gladly close our heavy tear-dimmed eyes, not to re-open them till the fresh rays of the morning sun call us to a glad awaking, yet this feeling, like every other temptation, must be striven against and conquered. The sentinel who sleeps at his post is an unworthy soldier of his King, and the Christian, who would willingly fall asleep while on his Master’s service, might well look to hear that Master’s voice in the touching rebuke, “Could ye not watch one hour?”

Though as yet the full light does not shine upon our path, yet we must hold on our course steadily through the moonlight and starlight, and even, when clouds and track darkness obscure these, we have still a “lamp to the feet,” whose guiding ray will never fail us, shining often brightest when all around us is at the darkest.

But the “night” is fast passing on, and this New Year’s Day of 1860, at once the commencement of a new year and a new decade, comes, like the striking of the clock, to warn us that another portion of it is gone forever, gone with its good and evil acts, its influences for right and for wrong, its opportunities improved or lost, progress made to life or death! The inward retrospect of a past year, faithfully taken, cannot to any be unalloyed; to some it must be exquisitely painful. To those who have to look back on seasons of sore bereavement it must no doubt bring sad memories, yet, if the chastening from a Father’s hand has been the means of leading the sorrow-stricken heart to lean more confidently on a Father’s love, the pain will be mingled with a blessedness which they knew not when their cup of earthly joy was full. But to those who have to look back on a mournful record of sin and unfaithfulness, upon the seeds of irreparable evil sown by their own deliberate wrong doings, whose bitter waters may overspread their own lives and the lives of others, who seem to hear their grieved and deserted Master saying “Sleep on now and take your rest,” for such the pain of the retrospect must be keen indeed. Yet even for these light may arise in the darkness. The past is indeed irreparable, but the future is a day before them, and an arm stronger than all the powers of evil is ready