

this principle he went on from sin to sin, till his hardened conscience would trouble him no longer. He spent the Sabbaths in the coffee house and in every sort of amusement, never thoughtful of the dreadful end. But he was not permitted to continue in this state for a long time. God arrested him in his sinful career, and in a moment brought him very low, to the very gates of hell! One day, as he was working in the field, he felt all at once a chilly sweat creeping over him, his temples began to throb, his head to ache, he had hardly time to reach his house; he felt ill, very ill; his face, his head, were swollen to about double their natural size; his eyes were inclosed and left him in utter darkness; his features disappeared, and he presented a fearful object, bemoaning in an awful state of agony and despair his eternal woe.—

"Send for Mr Constantinides," were his first words as he laid himself down to die, as he thought. "He is not here, he is away to Constantinople," was the comfortless reply. He sunk in despair. When I went to see him he was senseless. I spoke to him, but he seemed like one dead. He lay still on his bed, and now and then heaved a deep sigh. I sat late with him; and his mourning wife, my sister and the doctor, tried all in their power to revive him, but he seemed apparently dying. After many long and dreary hours of suspense he came a little to himself, and I began to speak to him of the loving love of the Saviour. Sobs and tearings were the only answers. I visited him again and again, and am happy to say that now he is almost apparently a penitent, converted man, longing to be well enough "to go to Church," as he oft and most earnestly repeats.

Our congregation is increasing fast. Several families have joined us since our return. The place wherein we now are is small for us, a church is the thing we want now. A neat little church would be a great help to the promotion of the great cause. It would stand amid these Mohamedan hills in a strong and beautiful contrast to the many image-covered chapels of the East. It would give a firm standing to the newly planted Evangelical Church. It would put an end to the attacks of the adversary, that we have no place of worship. It would

encourage the hearts of many. It would make our mission known throughout the whole of the Greek Church. It would do a world of good. I purpose (D. V.) to visit England and Nova Scotia to get funds for this great undertaking. The sooner we get about it the better. I may leave for Nova Scotia about the beginning of May. Do write me soon. I am very anxious to hear from you.

I am, dear Mr Stewart,

Yours in Christ,  
PETROS CONSTANTINIDES.

#### (CIRCULAR.)

##### FOREIGN MISSION.

In consequence of the success which has resulted from the labors of our missionary, Mr Constantinides, in Turkey, a call of urgent importance is addressed to us who have undertaken a mission to that dark and benighted land. Hundreds have already, through the influence of a preached gospel, thrown off the yoke imposed by Satan on so many generations of their forefathers, a yoke under which millions still groan and writhe to be free. The time is come when the Lord is giving indications of his will that they shall enjoy that freedom wherewith Christ makes his people free; and the Greeks, next to the Armenians, appear to be the people most likely to enjoy that freedom.

The followers of the False Prophet seem to be least accessible to the spiritual influence of the gospel. The manacles wherewith they are bound appear to be only rivetted by every attempt made to deliver them from their strong delusion, although they may now embrace Christianity without incurring the penalty of death. They hug their chains, and are contented to resist the light of truth, though they are in hundreds every day thronging the gates of hell. Still they are to be turned to the Lord. Units have already come, and these may soon be increased by hundreds and thousands. Among the Greeks there is evidently a mighty commotion—an upheaving such as has not been seen or felt for centuries past. It would seem that the fields are whitening, if not already white for the harvest. But who are they that are to thrust in the sickle? This is the question that comes before us and our people, a question of awful responsibility