

tions with which she had intercourse. This truth he has felt so strongly himself that he believed that no nation could be brought into a state of civilization except by introducing Christianity among its people, and that every other attempt to keep a nation under subjection or to maintain and rule over it must eventually fail. He believed and thought all experience would show that the enormous spread of our commerce over the Globe was owing to the efforts which the people of Great Britain had made to extend the knowledge of Gospel truth. It was a remarkable fact that, while we had extended our colonies and spread our commerce over all the World, the people of Great Britain, unaided by Government and without assistance had, by their own spontaneous efforts, always kept missions in advance of our commerce and colonial empire. That had been almost entirely effected by the exertions of private individuals, who had founded missions in all parts of the World, so that, when our countrymen went to what they thought uncivilized regions, they found a people Christianised and prepared to receive our merchants and to enter into commercial relations with them.

THE EARL OF RODEN ON THE REVIVALS—The following letter, written by the Earl of Roden, has just transpired:—"Lyde Hall, Oct. 15.—My dear Mr.—It affords me extreme satisfaction to hear testimony to the effects which have been produced in my neighbourhood (at Tollymore Park) since God has been pleased to send this wonderful revival into Ulster. A solemnity pervades the population which is most remarkable. The general subject of conversation in the cottages is the great blessing which has come upon so many, and an ardent desire for the extension of these effects to the whole of their neighbourhood. In many parts the public houses are nearly deserted. I am told that some are shut up. I visited one where the occupant had washed out over his door the words 'Licensed to sell spirits' from the board, and declared that 'another drop of spirits should never be sold in his house.' Many quarrelsome characters are anxious to be reconciled to those with whom they have long differed. Prayer-meetings are established in many of the houses of the most respectable farmers on the mountain side, attended in great numbers by their neighbours, who in their turn have similar meetings. Even those who are not subjects of the movement are astonished at the change they witness, and are silent. But those who have been awakened give the praise and glory of these things to Him to whom it is due, and who alone could have effected them. No doubt the enemy is very busy and uses all his stratagems to stop the work of conviction and conversion; but the ministers in our neighbourhood of all sects are using their best endeavours to suppress undue excitement, and are anxiously leading their flocks to the Word of God as the only infallible guide to real conversion. I hear that the bodily affections have almost entirely ceased amongst us without any diminution of interest in the important work. We ought indeed to be most thankful for having been permitted to witness what we have done, and more especially those fruits which have sprung from this revival, and which have appeared in the moral effect produced upon all who have been brought under its influence. I trust you will long have cause to rejoice over those interesting people whom you allowed me to visit with you last July; and, wishing you every blessing, I am, &c., **RODEN.**"

DEATH.

How sad is the parting of friends! When far from home among strangers, the unexpected

appearance of a friend, a brother, or sister, or father, or mother, fills the soul with emotions which words cannot express; cares and troubles flee apace. The mind surrenders itself to the luxury of seeing a familiar face—the face of one we love, and revels in the retrospection of events and scenes of by-gone days, when in early childhood we rambled together through the fields, or sported together upon the lawn, each vying with the other to be the happiest. Such recognitions and re-unions of friendship are joyous, exhilarating, soul-inspiring. They are the bright spots in our history—the oases in the desert of life. At such times the joy of an hour almost compensates us for the homesickness and joylessness of the previous years or months of separation. But, when the hour of parting comes, then come heart-throbbing sighs and tears. Where now is the transport of the first hour's meeting? Was it all imaginary? But the sadness of parting is a reality. We feel it through our whole soul. Our tenderest feelings are torn and rent without mercy. And, when with faltering voice we pronounce the parting word "Farewell," and turn again to our avocations, how sensibly do we feel the joylessness and tastelessness of life. We seek in vain for consolation. The springs, from which before flowed streams of joy to gladden our hearts, now gush forth bitter waters which pull upon the taste. Nothing is beautiful, nature itself is cheerless and gloomy. We turn our thoughts within and find no joy. The flow of our life is like the ooze and mud of the spent pond, cold, stagnant and sickening. Our mind reverts to the scenes of our childhood, so vividly impressed upon our recollection by our friend's visit, and we long to follow him. The temptation is almost irresistible. What should longer keep us from those we love—from the scenes hallowed by early associations? We feel willing to give up our present object of pursuit, that we may go home and give ourselves up to the enjoyment of happiness, which in childhood's days flowed unalloyed in such copious streams. We long to go. We count the weeks yet to intervene ere we shall be released and permitted to see face to face those we love, and mingle our voices with theirs and be once more children among children.

Such feeling the Christian sometimes experiences as he stands by the bedside of one with whom he has journeyed together along the pathway of life, and is now called to witness his departure from this world of sin and sorrow to that bright world where all tears shall be dried, and sorrows turned to joys. And, as his ear catches the faint "farewell," and her spirit takes its upward flight, then the cords of affection which bound his heart to hers are lacerated, torn and mangled, and his attachments to earth are sundered. Like the forest oak, lightning-stricken, leafless, branchless, and riven from top to bottom, so that which was one flesh and one spirit is now rent in twain—the one part lies prostrate, cold and lifeless, and the other stands bleeding and quivering, stung by the fierceness of the blow. Where now will he look for relief? Words of condolence are like oil thrown upon a raging fire. Earthly joys and hopes—name them not in his hearing—they are nothing. His remaining friends—he has no friends. She, in whose heart his soul was bound up in the indissoluble bonds of love, is no more. Life is no longer life to him, but living death. His aching spirit sighs for relief. There is but one thought that allays his grief. It is not that she will return to him, but that he will go to her, and he cares not how soon; yes, he is willing to lie down in the same grave with her, that he may awake with her in the resurrection. Why should he desire to remain longer

in a world which to him is as cheerless and forbidding, and as devoid of joy and consolation, as the snow-clad fields of summer flowers.

Death has no terrors to the Christian whose wounded spirit is suffering from the stroke of severe affliction. He fears it not. As a messenger bringing glad tidings, he hails his approach. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" but death has no sting to the Christian, who by affliction has been made to feel how vain and unsatisfying are all earthly things, and how fleeting and transitory all their joys. It is pleasant for such a one to think of death, for he regards it as the termination of his sorrows, and the sunset of life's stormy day which precedes the glorious sunrise of the resurrection morn.

The Christian, who is burdened and oppressed with a heavy load of cares and troubles, occasionally, like the Perlmist, delights to dwell upon his mortality—it reminds him of a release from cares, and of peaceful rest. The Christian, suffering from affliction's stroke, loves to think of death, for it is the hour of reunion of severed affections. The lone traveler along life's dreary road, untaught to relish the joys of social life, seeking to dispel the bitterness of his soul by his solitary communing with nature and with her Creator, loves to think of death, as it speaks to him of a release from a world for which his too sensitive nature is unfitted, and the longed-for realization of his brightest hopes, transcending in beauty and splendor, and glory and felicity, the most rapturous, transporting visions his imagination and faith could ever create. These, and such others as, through an assurance of acceptance with God, have no reason to fear death, often derive pleasure from meditating upon the event which awaits all living. Why should the Christian fear death? If we have an unwavering faith in the realities of the unseen world, and a confident trust in Him who hath conquered death, and triumphed over the grave, then we can approach the grave undismayed, without a wishful, lingering look upon departing scenes, and death will be the beginning of a new life—a new birth, not into a world of pain but of endless felicity, a reunion, not with carnal but with sanctified spirits, to dwell in the embrace of Infinite Love forever.

DECORUM IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

At a recent soiree in Elgin the Rev. Mr. Lind read the audience a practical lecture on the sad lack of decorum shown by many congregations in the worship of God. Some of the rev. gentleman's remarks are applicable elsewhere than in Elgin. Coming late into church is, it appears, in Elgin a notorious habit:—"These late worshippers are guilty of a great injustice to the minister, and it would take the patience of an angel to be devout in the circumstances. They are unjust to the people who have come in time. They have to be shown the Psalm, they require their Bibles to be handed to them, and they disturb the devout worshiper. There was a very excellent and proper woman, who, when asked why she was always in church in time, answered 'Part of my religion is not to disturb the religion of others.' Besides these late worshippers defraud themselves of all solemnity at the beginning when the minister rises to say, 'Let us worship God.' Again they are unjust to God, they defraud Him of part of His worship, and they disturb others who desire to worship Him. Well what is to be done with them? What cure are we to employ? The people of Broughton Place Church in Edinburgh have adopted a physical force remedy—but there is some difficulty in the matter. As soon as the