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THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. VI.

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No. 9.

"GOD'S SEED WILL ALWAYS BRING GOD'S HARVEST."

This is a saying of one of whom it was observed, "he was always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, and always studying." To his own beloved people, Samuel Rutherford said, "My witness is above, that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me." His use therefore of the thought that, "God's seed will always bring God's harvest," could not be to cast aside all diligence in labouring for souls; but rather to his fervent spirit, was the lucid finger of hope pointing to ultimate and certain success in the toil of God's husbandry. Undoubtedly our fainting courage is revived, by the use of cordials bottled in the vintage of prayer and meditation. When toil seems lost, by the destroying influences of frost and blight, the drooping heart is cheered by the Divine assurance, that in the work of the Lord our labour is not in vain.

The sower ought to regard the nature and quality of the seed. The good seed of the Kingdom, and not tares, will produce God's harvest. Application must be made at God's storehouse for the genuine article. The Bible is a full granary. Truth is there waiting the selection and appropriation of the man of God. Before he binds in his bosom the sheaves, he must carry in his hand the seed, with which he stalks manfully forth to scatter broadcast on the field of the world the precious deposit, in hope of a large return. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." A yield of gospel fruit, must come from a liberal sowing of gospel truth. If preaching or instruction is lacking of the grand characteristics of the gospel—if the cross occupies not the foreground, but is pushed aside to make room for self, standing before it to receive the frankincense of popular applause; or is covered with the flowers of rhetoric; or hid by the drapery of ceremonial rites—then we have another gospel than the gospel of Christ. Dry essays on secondary and subordinate topics, making up the bulk of pulpit ministrations, must for ever fail to bring a harvest of souls redeemed to God by the blood of the Lamb. Truth may be preached, but not that kind of truth adapted to awaken the earnest cry, the penitential tear, to break the flinty heart.

"How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preached!"

Commanding position must be given to God and his plan of redemption; to Christ and his offices and works as Prophet, Priest, and King; to the Holy Ghost and his influence on the human heart; to man, his transgression, immortality,

responsibility, danger, justification, adoption, sanctification ; to sin and holiness ; to repentance, faith, hope, love, humility, obedience ; to heaven and to hell, in the unimagined heights of glory in the one, and the unfathomed depths of misery in the other ; such themes have always proved a fruitful source of glory to God and salvation to men. To hold in abeyance the primary articles of the Christian faith, is to prepare for a falling away into error and sin. Churches have sunk into the coldness of Unitarianism, rather from the absence of the glowing exhibition of the attracting cross, than from the formal enunciation and defence of heretical dogmas. Most heartily do we rejoice, that the precious seed of the Kingdom is largely sown among the Churches in Canada. We have not even the suspicion, that any deal with a slack hand in sowing the seed. The ambition is, to have a large breadth under crop. In the morning the seed is sown, and in the evening the hand is not withheld. It may be done under discouragements, but he that observeth the wind shall not sow ; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. Instant in season and out of season, it is needful that the word be preached ; and in due season the songs of harvest home will be sung. Rapid growth and speedy returns are not always granted. Patience to labour, and faith to wait, are generally required. Sixteen years of toil were spent by the Missionaries in Tahiti, ere the first fruits of Polonesia were gathered. Seven barren years were spent, before Moravian zeal planted successfully, sweet Sharon's rose, on the sterile shores of Greenland. The experience of faithful labourers in some of our mission stations, may have been "hope deferred." Nevertheless, we are not justified in concluding that this labour has been in vain. God's harvest-day is coming. "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater : so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth : it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it." The remark of a good man, to an Infidel while boasting that his Sunday corn had been most prolific,—"God does not settle his accounts in September"—involves a principle worthy of remembrance in connection with work for God, *the day* will declare it. Let us not antedate the day of reward—many a corn of wheat that has fallen into the ground and seemed to die will on *that day* be found to have yielded an increase to be gathered into the garner of God. Faithful workers shall receive good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over into their bosom.

COLONIAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Churches of the Congregational order in this Province, owe much, under God, of their present position to the fostering care of the Colonial Missionary Society. The connection of our own Missionary Society with it, is close and confiding ; in fact there exists a sort of Siamese-twin relationship. The operations, therefore, of the Society, whether in plans emanating from the committee-rooms in the great heart of the empire, or in details of successes, trials, and future expectations from the stations in the far-spread and widely-sundered fields of effort, are full of interest, suggestion, and encouragement to us. The prosperity of one spot awakens no envious jealousy ; the sterility of another meets with no

contemptuous glance or prayerless slight. God's work is one; in it there are no separate interests. It gives us, therefore, pleasure, to bring before our readers an appeal, on behalf of the Colonial Missionary Society, by the esteemed Secretary, the Rev. Thomas James :

"The Committee cannot take a review of the operations of the important Society it is their duty to conduct, without feeling grateful to the many friends who, in the metropolis and in the provinces, have so generously and so constantly sustained them by their sympathy, their prayers, and their contributions. The success which has hitherto crowned the efforts put forth, may be regarded as the answer to such prayers, and the reward of such liberality. But, whilst thankful for the increasing support which they have received, the Committee cannot shut their eyes to the fact, that still, comparatively, a very small number of the British churches have yet manifested any interest in the objects the Society exists to promote, or responded to the frequent appeals which have been addressed to them. From not a fourth part of the churches has any help been derived. Even from some whole counties not a single sovereign has been received. In most congregations, some missionary organization exists in aid of measures for sending the Gospel to the heathen. This is well, and the larger the amount contributed the better. 'The world is the field,' and a noble, a God-like thing it is to endeavour to scatter the seed of the kingdom to its utmost limits. But it cannot be right nor is it necessary, in doing this, to neglect those regions of the earth occupied by our own 'kindred after the flesh,' multitudes of whom were once our neighbours and acquaintances—yea, our fellow-worshippers in this the land of their nativity.

"In endeavouring to account for this neglect, it has been found that many entertain the idea that the colonies do not need our help; that their material prosperity is such, that they are better able to meet the cost which missions involve, than the churches at home are to help them. But very little thought is necessary to show the fallacy of this notion. Were all the colonists Christian men—men who cared for the salvation of their own souls, or the souls of others—we might safely leave them to themselves. Their own appreciation of the value of the ordinances of religion, would prompt them to make it their first and chief concern to provide for themselves and their families the means of grace and salvation. Just as in this country, were all the inhabitants of a given locality sincerely converted to God, there would be no necessity for home missions. It is evident, both in the one case and in the other, that there is wealth enough to render pecuniary aid, *ab extra*, altogether superfluous. But a moment's consideration will show that, although there is gold in Australia and corn in Canada, it is not found in any great abundance in the possession of those who are concerned for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. Unless, therefore, faithful ministers are sent from Britain, and a little pecuniary aid is rendered for a short time, the few Christian people that are found in different localities will be discouraged, and the multitudes by whom they are surrounded be left to perish in their ignorance and sin.

"The Committee are now earnestly entreated to send during the present year no fewer than ten additional ministers to Victoria. For these, stations of interest and importance are open, where congregations, it is believed, might at once be gathered, and where they will be immediately and amply provided for. In addition to which, the friends in Melbourne will contribute half the cost of their voyage and outfit. Can it be that the British churches will decline or neglect to render the aid which is necessary to fulfil so manifest a duty? The Committee cherish the hope that all who may read these lines will so promptly and liberally respond to this appeal as to enable them to pursue the work devolved on them, free from the anxiety which insufficient resources cannot fail to occasion. Besides the ministers required for Victoria, the Committee are requested to send, with the least possible delay, two to New South Wales, one to New Zealand, and one to Western Australia. Fourteen ministers to be sent within the year! Let British Christians, by their timely liberality, enable the Committee to accomplish this work, and they would feel that their year's labour would be abundantly rewarded

even if they did nothing more. But they have other colonies, which appeal to them for help. British America and South Africa look imploringly to their mother country. Must they look in vain? Will not those, especially, to whom God has entrusted a large portion of the riches of this world, generously of their abundance cast into this treasury of the Lord?

“One word respecting the ministers required. It may be affirmed that there are to be found many devoted men of God labouring in contracted spheres in this country, whose spirits yearn for greater usefulness than it is possible for them to realise where they are; men thoroughly evangelical in their spirit, full of compassion for immortal souls, burning with zeal for the glory of God and the extension of the kingdom of Christ. Such men would find in the Australian colonies full scope for their energies, and ground for confidently anticipating a speedy and abundant reward. The harvest truly is great, and the prayer of the Committee is, that the Lord would send forth labourers to gather it.”

This call for ministers for Australia will be met by the prompt declaration of men of God, “Here am I; send me!” We bid them God speed. Here, however, we have a word to plead for Canada. We have an impression that we are not enough known in Britain. We find a hint confirmatory of this feeling in the fifth Report of the Canadian Congregational Missionary Society:—“It would be gratifying to this Society, and could hardly fail to draw forth large sympathy and aid from friends in Great Britain, were a prominence given in the published documents of the Society, to the Canadian part of its operations, somewhat proportionate to that given to the interesting work in Australia.” While this expression of what we want has no doubt been regarded in the fraternal spirit in which it is given, we have of late felt that the desire to see each other in the flesh ought to be strengthened, if not by a reciprocity treaty, yet by a reciprocal exchange of visits by ministerial and influential Christian brethren. It strikes us that the advantages to Canada, and evangelical truth throughout the Province, would be immense, if three or four able ministers of the New Testament would consent to come out on a missionary tour, especially to preach the Gospel.

With evangelizing labor as the grand object, three or four months spent in or near the centres of population, would, by God’s blessing, greatly further our work and advance our position in the country, while the correct impressions and knowledge of the work to be done as it ought to be in Canada, would place these Brethren on their return to Britain, in circumstances of ability plentifully to declare the thing as it is.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

It is deeply gratifying to find, as accounts continue to reach us of the Special Prayer Meetings held in England during January, commencing with the response to the Lodianna invitation, that a very large degree of harmony and unity prevailed amongst the members of the various denominations. Churchmen and Dissenters, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and Baptists, met on the same platform, and joined in earnest prayer for the outpouring of God’s Holy Spirit. Truly, if nothing else has been accomplished, this would be cause for gratitude and encouragement. Everything that tends to bring the members and ministers of different churches together, to show them how much

they have in common, how vast and important are the points upon which they are agreed, and how comparatively insignificant their differences, must help to a better state of feeling, to a more cordial and united action, and the more effectual spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. Truly, the idea was of God. From the far East, and from us, here, in the far West, the voice of prayer has unitedly arisen; thousands and tens of thousands at the same moment have been crying unto the Lord, and we believe that the answer will come—that God will indeed open the windows of heaven, and pour out such a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to contain it. Let us expect it—look for it—prepare for it.

There has been an agitation—not very great, nor widely extended, but still an agitation—going on in London for some years past, to open places of amusement and public resort on the Lord's Day. The religious world has taken the initiative, and opened the various theatres in the lowest parts of the great metropolis—has opened them, but for a different and nobler purpose than worldly amusements. Sabbath evening after Sabbath evening, for some weeks past, the various theatres (whose numbers have been increased since we last noticed the subject) have been filled to overflowing with quiet and attentive audiences, apparently composed for the most part of those who rarely if ever set foot inside a church, and they have heard, many of them perhaps for the first time, the words of everlasting life. Who can estimate the result?

We look upon these special services as one of the most significant signs of the times; they mark an era in the aggressive policy of the Church of Christ. Hitherto she has been too much content to hold her own if she could, and rest quiet within her borders; now she marches boldly into the strongholds of sin, seizes the house of the devil, and converts it into a house of prayer, a house of God, and a gate of heaven. We believe that when the importance of the movement is shown by its results, it will mark an epoch in the church as great as that which inaugurated foreign missions. Another good thing which we think will come incidentally out of these services is, the lessening the spirit of sacerdotalism, that superstitious regard to place and order, which has prevailed to a large extent among ministers, not of the Established Church alone. To preach in a theatre, to a theatre-going audience; to find them orderly and interested, and to feel the blessing of God resting upon the service,—who could remain built up within the narrow walls of an antiquated prejudice? Other good things will certainly come out of the movement. Meanwhile, the problem of how to get at the lowest part of the population of London, is nearer being solved than at any previous time.

In contrast to the orderly behaviour of the attendants at the theatres, come week by week accounts of most disgraceful and riotous proceedings at the Puseyite church of St. George's in the East. We are far from defending the gross outrages; we think the perpetrators should be punished. At the same time, it is evident that so long as pro-Popish practises are allowed, so long the feelings of opposition will find vent in overt acts. We extract an account of what took place a few Sunday evenings ago, that our readers may see to what lengths the thing may grow:—

On Sunday evening last there was a frightful riot, resulting in the destruction of much of the church furniture, in the parish church of St. George's-in-the-East. No theatre ever contained such an audience as that which there and then as-

sembled. There was cat-calling, cock-crowing, yelling, howling, hissing, shouting of the most violent kind; snatches of popular songs were sung, loud cries of "Bravo" and "order" came from every part of the church; caps, hats, and bonnets were thrown from the galleries into the body of the church and back again, while pew-doors were slammed, lucifer matches struck, and attempts were more than once made to put out the gas. At seven o'clock a procession of priests and choristers entered the church, headed by the Rev. Bryan King, the rector. Their appearance in the church caused an intense excitement. People jumped on their seats, pew-doors were violently slammed, and loud shouts of execration proceeded from every part of the church. Mr. King took his place on the seat on the south side of the altar, Mr. Lowder being on the north. The latter gentleman said the first portion of the prayers, Mr. King the last. Scarcely a word was audible. Hitherto the congregation have contented themselves with "saying" the responses in opposition to the choristers, who sing them; but last night they indulged in responses which are not in the Prayer-book, and which were nothing short of blasphemous mockery. At the close of the prayers Mr. Lowder ascended the pulpit, and was hissed and yelled at by the people with tremendous energy. He was unmoved by their assaults, and gave as his text Matt. viii. 26—"And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith," &c. He expressed his belief that when persecution ceased, the Church would triumph, and then exclaimed with great force, "Who is fearful for the everlasting Church of Christ?" This was followed by a general shout of "Who's afraid?" and loud, long-continued laughter. The rev. gentleman bore this indignity with apparently stoical indifference, and when tranquillity had been to some extent restored, addressed the boys present, reminding them that one day they might be laid on a bed of sickness, when the awful sin of sacrilege, which they were then committing, would rise up in judgment against them. The boys responded with a shout of derisive laughter. Inspector Alison, upon his own authority, entered the church with a dozen policemen, and ordered it to be cleared. Turned out of the church, the rioters suggested an attack on Mr. King's house, and many persons who went there were roughly handled. In the course of an hour Inspector Alison had got the whole of the disorderly mob into the street.

The following, from the *Derry Standard*, will be a source of unfeigned thankfulness to all who have been interested in the Irish Revival. "By their fruits ye shall know them," was the divine test, and by that the work proves itself to have been indeed a genuine work of God:

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE IRISH REVIVAL.—TESTIMONY OF THE ASSISTANT BARRISTER FOR COUNTY DERRY.—At an early period of the revival movement, a Roman Catholic Judge of Assize (Judge Ball) felt it due to truth to testify, from the judicial bench, the great moral reformation which, even then, had begun to show itself throughout society; and at the recent opening of the Quarter Sessions at Coleraine, on the 7th instant, W. Armstrong, Esq., Assistant-Barrister for county Derry, volunteered a similar testimony, drawn from his own experience. The importance of this latter declaration is, that at the time when Judge Ball remarked the extraordinary change which had taken place in popular morality, the revival was in a state of comparative infancy. A sufficient interval has now elapsed, so as to allow mere enthusiasm to cool down, and genuine principle to develop itself; and, so far as the diminution of crime is concerned, the result is pre-eminently satisfactory amongst our local community. On the occasion alluded to, the Assistant-Barrister said:—

"When I look into the calendar for the last three months, which is now before me, and in memory look back on calendars that came before me, I am greatly struck with its appearance on this occasion. During the entire of the three months which have passed since I was here before, I find that but one new case has to come before you, and one which is, in some respects, very unimportant. As I said before, I am greatly struck at the appearance of this calendar, so small is the number of cases, where I formerly had calendars filled with charges for differ-

ent nefarious practices, pocket-picking, and larcenies of various sorts. Now I have none of these, I am happy to say. How is such a gratifying state of things to be accounted for? It must be from the improved state of the morality of the people. I believe I am fully warranted now to say that to nothing else than the moral and religious movement which commenced early last summer, can the change be attributed. I can trace the state of your calendar to nothing else. It is a matter of great gratification when we see the people of this country improving, and I trust that no temptations of any sort will arise by which they can be induced to forsake the paths of rectitude."

It is necessary to put this class of testimonies upon special record, particularly at a time when certain orders of ecclesiastics are beginning to creep abroad out of their caves, and to give printed circulation to broad caricature, in lieu of Christian sobriety and historic truth, in relation to the marvellous events of the year 1859, in the province of Ulster.

Our readers have heard something of the "Mortara case." It has lately assumed another aspect. The new government of Bologna has had the courage to arrest Father Feletti, the Inquisitor, on the charge of the abduction of an infant. What the result will be, it is impossible just now to say; meanwhile, we find that

The arrest of the Father Inquisitor Feletti at Bologna, as guilty of the abduction of the boy Mortara, has given rise to the loudest outcries of the clerical party. Farina will be at some pains to prove the strict legality of the measure; but he certainly deserves the highest encomiums for his open and daring way of proceeding. Strange anecdotes are related of the particulars of Feletti's arrest at Bologna. As he was about to enter the carriage awaiting him at his street-door, he begged for permission to kneel on the pavement to give thanks to heaven, who had chosen him to be the first martyr of the holy Roman Catholic cause; he then showered down curses and anathemas on his captors, who received his denunciations with a chorus of profane laughter. Farina has certainly law on his side, because the Roman code forbids, under severe penalty, the abduction of infants. Father Feletti, however, is "in for it," and a sufficient variety of charges will be brought against him, not only to justify his imprisonment, but to prolong it.—*Letter in the Morning Advertiser*. It seems that in the case of Feletti, arrested at Bologna for his share in the Mortara business, there will be some difficulty in obtaining a conviction. Report says, however, that other charges will be brought against him, and that important papers have been seized.—*Daily News*.

Mr. Gurney's chapel at Paris, the closing of which we noticed in our last, has, by permission, been re-opened.

We read in a Paris letter;—"I understand that permission has been granted to the Rev. Mr. Gurney to perform divine service on Sunday next in the chapel which, as I informed you, on Sunday last, was, in so summary a manner, ordered to be closed. Though it is for Sunday next only that permission is accorded for the English service, yet there is reason to suppose that it will be continued, and that the matter of the evening service in French will be reserved for future deliberation. The memorial addressed to the Emperor by the incumbent prays that, if Frenchmen professing the doctrines of the Anglican Church ask for that service to be continued, it shall be accorded. Very few, indeed, doubt that the Emperor will be much more liberal than his Minister."

The Rev. Canon Wodehouse, chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, has, on deliberate and matured consideration, resigned the valuable preferments in the church which he has held all his life, because he can no longer acquiesce in that loose way of interpreting the language of certain parts of the Prayer Book, which enables thousands of clergymen, holding doctrinal opinions like his own, to subscribe to semi-Popish formularies.

Sir J. Trelawney's bill for the total abolition of Church Rates, has been read a second time in the House of Commons. The majority was not so large as was anticipated.

The Scottish Lord Advocate has introduced a bill for the abolition of the Edinburgh annuity tax. Its provisions do not give satisfaction to the opponents of the impost, as it in fact levies the amount under another form. It is regarded as a feeble compromise, and should it pass, will still leave the question in a very unsettled state.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE DR. DICK.—A beautiful monument, of Peterhead polished granite, from a design by Mr. Scott, of Dundee, executed by Wright, of Aberdeen, has just been erected in Broughty Ferry, in memory of the late Dr. Dick. The design consists of an obelisk, fourteen feet high, upon a pedestal of corresponding character. The ground is tastefully laid out with plants, and enclosed with chains, hung upon small obelisk pillars, in harmony with the monument. The inscription is as follows:—"In memory of Thomas Dick, L.L.D., Author of "The Christian Philosopher," &c., born 1774, died 1857." This erection is a simple, chaste and fitting memorial of "the Christian Philosopher" whose ashes rest at its base.

JEWISH DESCRIPTION OF THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.—An address has just been issued by the Jews living in the Papal territory to their brethren in the rest of Europe. This touching document is headed thus:—"The Israelites in slavery in the Papal States to the Israelites in freedom dwelling in other parts of Europe," and in the following terms describes the paternal Government which our fellow-subjects in Ireland are clamouring to uphold:—

It has for its sole object to exercise capriciously and despotically a power which neither knows nor accepts any limit, and stifles—by scaffolds, by tortures, by the pillory, by bastinadoing, by the galleys, by imprisonment, by banishments, by criminal warrants, by the mysterious terrors of the police and Inquisition, and by every species of the most atrocious vexation—every legitimate want, every generous aspiration, and every just demand of the people; it combats alike all progress, opposes railways, telegraphs, the enlargements of harbours, the construction and restorations of the highways, the drainage of unhealthy marshes, the bringing into cultivation of waste land; it crushes intelligence, reviles the results of science and of civilization, idolises ignorance and superstition, despises agriculture, combats industry, and annihilates commerce, and thus reigns over 3,000,000 of men whom it considers and treats as slaves.

Of their own lot the Romish Jews say:—

No one raised ever, in our behalf, an official and powerful word. Yet we, too *are men like all the rest* created after the likeness of the Supreme God. We do not engage in conspiracies, we are patient, we observe these monstrous laws, and notwithstanding, we are persecuted with satanic acts and with a refinement of cruelty.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.—An event has recently occurred in India, which is regarded by some as more important to Christianity in India than the baptism of Maharajah Dhuleep Sing, the establishment of a Christian mission at Kupperthullah, under the protection of the Rajah, who rendered us such valuable aid in Oude, and who bears the whole expense. Since his recent marriage with Miss Hodge, a Christian girl the Rajah has disregarded caste, and has been engaged in the study of the Scriptures with a view to baptism.—*Homeward Mail*.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN POLAND.—A letter from Warsaw of the 28th ult. states that the religious persecution of the Polish Catholics is not less constant, odious, and cruel, under the present Emperor than under his predecessor. Some poor peasants living in the village of Dziernowicze, in the Government of Witepsk, were lately prevented by the Russian poles and gendarmes from assisting at the United Greek Catholic service, and were forced by the sabre to receive the communion in the schismatic Church. The details of this affair caused profound disgust through the province. Thus the Czar claims not only the lands and persons of his Polish subjects but likewise their consciences; and the Catholics are served in the same manner as they act towards those who differ from them in places where they have the power.

Correspondence.

SIMULTANEOUS COLLECTION FOR REV. W. F. CLARKE'S CHURCH BUILDING FUND.

To the Editor of the "Canadian Independent."

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Although Sabbath, March 11th, may have come ere the magazine for this month reaches your subscribers, I would crave a few lines to remind them of the collection requested on that day, to aid Rev. W. F. Clarke in the erection of his church-building in Victoria, V. I. It is of great moment that every church should take *some* part, however small, in this collection.

Those in charge of the contributions then made will please to *forward them to me immediately*, as I intend to mail a bank order to Mr. Clarke, on Friday the 16th instant, and every one will see how desirable it is that the *whole amount* forthcoming from Canada be therein included. Much of the moral effect, as well as the pecuniary value, of our gifts, would be lost by their reaching him in driblets.

It was with great pleasure that I recently witnessed the appropriation of \$13 to this object, by vote of the Sabbath School of the Second Church here, especially as I had not hinted, or even thought of such a use of their missionary fund. Are there not other schools that will "go and do likewise?"

To-day's mail has brought another letter from our brother. The following extract will be interesting:—

"I hope you have made a strong and successful appeal to the Canadian churches for the £100. You can hardly imagine how many anxieties it will allay, and how many hopes will be gratified when it comes. Our debt is larger than we expected, but we have a very comfortable little sanctuary, and with £100, I think we can struggle through. God bless you for the hearty sympathy expressed in your last. You have no idea how much comfort and strength it gave to an almost broken heart. It is one thing for a tree to stand erect and storm-defiant among other trees, and quite another to do so alone on the plain."

It will doubtless answer an enquiry arising in many minds, to add that Mr. Clarke had received (January 29th) no decision from the Colonial Missionary Society in relation to the difficulties between him and Mr. Macfie.

Should any feel any hesitation in this matter, for the reason that Mr. Macfie is a stranger to us, and that we have not heard his statement of the case, considerations that will have weight with just and honourable men, I would remind them

that the demand for a "negro corner" was made and resisted before that gentleman's arrival, and that Mr. Clarke was already suffering in consequence. Was not his position righteous—christian? Would not Paul, or James, or the Lord Jesus, have refused to "say to the poor man, Sit down there?" Should we not have aided our brother, if no other missionary had arrived? Why may we not now, without injustice to Mr. Macfie?

Hoping to have a good report to render in your next,

I am, yours, &c.

Toronto, March 1st, 1860.

F. H. MARLING.

MISSIONARY TOUR—MIDDLE DISTRICT, No. 3.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR BROTHER,—In resuming my brief narrative of Missionary Tour, permit me to observe that on the 30th ult. I left home for Toronto. At noon attended the Prayer Meeting held in the Lecture-room of the Congregational Church in Richmond street. This was a refreshing season. Reached NEWMARKET in the evening, where I was joined by the brethren Hooper and Raymond, as a Deputation to the Missionary Meeting. The attendance was not large, but it yielded \$20.70, including a donation from the Sabbath School of \$4.02 for Colpo's Bay Mission; but there is yet more to come.

On the following morning, the 31st, we held a *Union Prayer Meeting in Newmarket*, and proceeded in the evening to BELL EWART. Although the weather was very cold the attendance was good. Mr. Wilson, one of the friends, presided, the same Deputation officiating then and on the two following evenings. The proceeds were \$10.56.

We journeyed to BARRIE on the 1st instant. Your correspondent visited the Grammar School there, and was kindly entertained by the Rev. Mr. Checkley, the able and efficient Principal, from whom he learned much in relation to that valuable seminary. We arrived at Oro in the evening, and were kindly entertained by Mr. Thomas, an active friend of the good cause there. Our Missionary Meeting was held in *Bethesda Church*. It was animated in its character, but the pecuniary proceeds amounted only to \$4.79. In this field our brother Raymond long laboured, although his pastoral relationship has recently terminated. It was gratifying to hear his services well spoken of.

On Thursday, the 2nd, we visited the *Second Congregational Church* in the Township of Oro, about nine miles distant. The chapel here is very neatly finished. Most of the people in the settlement are Scotch. The attendance was not equal to the preceding. Mr. Harvie presided. The receipts were \$6.75. But in both these stations more will shortly be forthcoming. While hearing from many, kindly remarks made of the old laborious Pastor, it was gratifying to hear all speak highly of the student, Mr. Sanderson, who supplied those stations last vacation.

Here I parted with my respected brethren, and the next day proceeded by way of Orillia to Beaverton, and from thence to the residence of Mr. A. McMillan, some six miles further. On the *Sabbath* I was once more among the warm-hearted

brethren, to whom our excellent brother, the Rev. D. McGregor, ministers. The old log building in Brock was crowded, about 200 persons being present. In the morning our brother conducted a service in *Gaelic*, which was followed by one equally long in *English* by myself, and then followed sacramental services, at which your correspondent presided by request. Though the exercises were long, they were deeply interesting. The presence of God was with us. I never witnessed greater attention to the preaching of the gospel than on this occasion. An English service was conducted in the evening, and the same earnest attention was obvious. This hallowed day will long be remembered. On the *Monday* evening following, the Annual Missionary Meeting was held in the same place. The attendance was large, and the interest marked. The Rev. Mr. Reikie here joined the Secretary, and their addresses evidently told upon the people. It was truly a blessed meeting. The collection amounted to \$6.08, the subscriptions paid \$29.00, total \$35.08. Our brother has here an interesting field to cultivate, and on the whole a *willing* people to work with him. Whilst on the ground I visited the Chapel in *Argyle*, recently opened for public worship, and was gratified to observe so neat a building, capable of holding 200 or more, with a pulpit and desk, and all complete with the exception of painting the pews. A handsome pulpit Bible arrived whilst I was there, and pulpit trimmings were shortly to come. The Chapel is well located, the prospects of the country around charming, and the field of labour hopeful. *Manilla* is about 9 miles from this station, and there too a chapel has been erected, with a neat vestry in the rear. It is incomplete, however, owing to disappointments, and will not probably be opened for public worship until the spring or early summer. This building will probably hold between three and four hundred persons. The friends here richly deserve Missionary aid, for they are a *working* people; they give liberally, and they will ultimately *repay* more than they thus receive.

Our *concluding* Missionary Meeting was held in brother Marling's Church in Toronto on the 8th instant. The attendance was not as large as we could wish owing to other interesting meetings that were then held in the city, but it was "a time of refreshing." In addition to remarks from the Pastor, addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Porter, Lancashire, Unsworth, Reikie and Byrne, all bearing upon the interests of the soul and the glory of Immanuel. The *collections* not being complete, we have no report to give in relation to the liberal and active people over whom our valuable brother is placed as overseer.

Before closing this account of our Missionary Meetings for the Middle District I may add, that *Owen Sound*, *Derby* and *Meaford* have not appeared in this narrative, a brother having visited those places before we commenced this tour. His report, however, is encouraging; the meetings were well attended, and the pecuniary prospects equal to last year.

All our brethren appear refreshed and stimulated from the services in which they have engaged, and we fervently pray that God will pour down richly of his Spirit upon their own souls, and upon the people of their charge, so that if spared to meet in the summer, good tidings may be announced of the doings of Zicn's King.

Yours in Christian love,

JAMES T. BYRNE.

Whitby, Feb. 20, 1860.

Literary Review.

THE STILL HOUR, by AUSTIN PHELPS.—Boston: GOULD & LINCOLN. Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

A short, suggestive, and practical treatise on private communion with God, somewhat mystical here and there, but on the whole, searching and discriminative. The headings of a few chapters will give an idea of its general scope:—Thus we have—(1.) Absence of God in Prayer; (2.) Unhallowed prayer, “regarding iniquity in the heart;” (3.) Romance in Prayer—praying without corresponding efforts; (6.) Specific and intense prayer,—shown to be eminently Scriptural; (8.) Idolatry in Prayer—Fragmentary Prayer; (12.) Aid of the Holy Spirit in Prayer; (13.) Reality of Christ in Prayer, strongly bringing out the Scriptural importance of Christ’s mediation; (14.) Modern Habits of Prayer. The work is an expansion of lectures which are said to have been very useful, and the topic is one of such vital importance that anything bearing in that direction deserves to be commended. Its style, however, is disfigured by a straining after effect, and by colloquialisms unsuitable to the gravity of the theme.

THE DIARY OF A SAMARITAN, by a Member of the Howard Association, of New Orleans.—New York: HARPER. Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

The “Howard Association” of New Orleans is a remarkable institution. It consists of a small number of young men, acclimated, who have organized themselves for the purpose of waiting upon the sick during the epidemics which rage so fearfully in that Paris of the South. It has been in existence more than twenty years, and its deeds of charity have won for it a fame more to be envied than that of statesman or warrior. When yellow fever and cholera have stalked through the city, the devoted band have collected funds, hired nurses and physicians, searched out abodes of filth and destitution, organized extempore infirmaries and hospitals: and for weeks together, scarcely knowing rest, have watched at the bed of the sick and dying, and kept all the machinery of recovery in motion. Very large sums were intrusted to them during the periods of epidemic, with which they not only procured medicine and physicians, but relieved the necessities of the destitute, buried indigent dead, and performed the functions of a Board of Health. On one occasion, the plague being stayed in New Orleans, but raging fearfully in Mobile, a number volunteered to visit that city, and were received almost as ministering angels. They had acquired such experience in the treatment of yellow fever as to be almost equal to physicians, and speedily organizing a band of helpers for the work, they succeeded in dissipating the panic which prevailed in the city, and in saving many lives.

The book before us is somewhat miscalled. It is not a Diary: but a selection of incidents strung together without any connection. They are mostly of deep interest, and so well told that we can hardly help a suspicion that they have been “dressed.” In the main, however, they are doubtless true. After this, our

readers will be surprised to learn that there is a tinge of scoffing and scepticism pervading the work, which makes it unpleasant to read, and to some might be hurtful. More than once missions to the heathen are sneered at as visionary; while the Sisters of Charity are lauded to the skies. Every chapter abounds with reflections as well as incidents, and the reflections are those of a Universalist or Unitarian, not of a Christian whose faith is in the Word of God.

SERMONS ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS, by the late REV. F. W. ROBERTSON, M.A., Brighton.—Boston: TICKNOR. Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

One cannot but feel a touch of sadness at writing the word "late" before the name of a man so highly gifted as the author of these Sermons. They display such rare qualities that it may be said without exaggeration, that the Christian world, in general, has sustained a loss by his departure.

It used to be said, somewhat sneeringly, that the Pulpit and the Ministry had lost their power in these days—that the modern priesthood was the priesthood of letters. The time for such a sneer has past away already. The pulpit and the Christian ministry—their ministrations aided manifold by the Press,—are a moulding and guiding power in Protestant Christendom. They have taken their true rank by force of an ability which no man can gainsay or deny. The Sermon literature of our time is no longer that of solemn dulness, whose prosy volumes are to be taken up and slept over for lack of something else to do; it is a thing of vivacity and force—it speaks stirring truths in language that men can understand; it comes home to the business and bosom of men in this our rapid modern life: it ignores nothing that is human, but brings to bear upon it all that is Divine. There are many eminent preachers in our day, and, so far as regards matter, we place the author of these sermons in a high place amongst them. Not that we can endorse all his sentiments, for a Minister of the Church of England expounding the Epistles to the Corinthians, may be expected to advance views about Church order in which we cannot concur; but we do find here, in a very marked degree, those qualities which must command attention and respect. The author enters so thoroughly into all the circumstances of the Corinthian Christians, that he takes the reader there with him; he displays also so thorough an acquaintance with modern life that he finds lessons for our own warning, or improvement, in every phase of the Apostle's argument. We feel that we are spoken to by a man who knows books well, but is no book-worm; by a man who knows the world well, yet is not a man of the world. The style is homely and familiar to such a degree that we fancy at first there can be nothing in it; speedily, however, by a suggestive hint, or a profound reflection, by a train of thought which is both original and true, or an exposition which throws light upon some passage which we have never seen well cleared up before, the preacher makes us feel that we are in the hands of a master. The sermons are a remarkable example of the union of rare scholarship, historical knowledge, keen insight into character, sympathy with the Word of God, and common sense. We again repeat, that we do not agree with all the views put forth in them, either with regard to church government or to theology; but we can commend them to the regard of all who value a thoughtful opening out of the word of God.

THE BIBLE IN THE LEVANT; or, the Life and Letters of the Rev. C. N. Righter.
By SAMUEL I. PRIME.—New York: SHELDON & Co. Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

This volume gives us a glance at some of the wide and effectual doors which God has opened in the East, for the introduction of the Word of Life. The devoted labourer in the Bible cause, whose career is described, enlists our sympathy and affection. For the work he seems to have possessed peculiar adaptation, yet brief was the space allotted him; a mysterious Providence removed him from the scene of toil to the reward of faithful service, while apparently only in the commencement of his work. The Board of the American Bible Society, in recording their sense of sorrow at his loss, characterizes his communications from the Turkish capital, from Greece, from the Crimea, from Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and lastly, from Mesopotamia, as exhibiting a union of good judgment, prudence, and industry, united with a modest, Catholic piety, which greatly endeared him to the Board, and rendered his loss a trial.

We read with much interest many parts of the book, and marked the following for the information of our readers:—

“We afterwards enjoyed a very interesting visit with a Sheik, or Chief of a sect of Dervishes, (Mohammedan monks,) who have a convent near Marsovan, to which many pilgrims resort. He received us very politely in his library room, and first presented his little boy to us, in token of mutual friendship. He says he has the Bible and Testament, and has carefully read and studied both. He himself copied the Gospel of Matthew in manuscript several years since. He borrowed it by night from a friendly Turk in the Seraglio, wrote it as he could, and returned it in the daytime, for fear of discovery. I asked him, ‘What is your opinion of the Bible?’ Said he, ‘It would take me two days to tell you. The Word of God is everlasting. You cannot cut it, you cannot burn it, cannot destroy it. It is in the world for ever. It teaches Christ, the Gospel of Love—love to God and love to man. In Jesus we love one another as brothers. There are three kinds of love—first, common friendship; second, to lay down one’s life for his friends; third, to love your enemies. All these are taught in the Bible. There is a hidden treasure in the gospel that will be brought to light more and more in coming time, till it is known and prized by all the world.’ I told him that many Mussulmen in Constantinople are at present seeking for the Bible, and valuing it much, and we hope soon all will have it.. He replied, ‘I must not speak publicly my sentiments now, or my head will be taken off at once.’ It was most gratifying to find him so enlightened, and imbued with the spirit and love of the gospel. He says, ‘I love the Gospel of John, the beloved disciple, who fully unfolds the tender love of Jesus. That iron yonder is cold, but when you put it in the fire it becomes warm and heated. So when we come together we may be strangers at first, but our hearts soon grow warm with the love of Christ.’ And as we came to separate, he embraced and kissed us affectionately, and with tears in his eyes expressed the hope that we might meet in heaven. He is one of a large class of Mussulmen in the East, who are becoming enlightened by studying the Scriptures, but are kept from embracing Christianity through fear of persecution and death.”

SUMMER PICTURES: from Copenhagen to Venice, by HENRY M. FIELD.—New York: SHELDON & Co. Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

“The writer calls them ‘Pictures,’ to indicate their fragmentary and unpretending character; and ‘Summer Pictures,’ partly because they were taken at that season of the year when the earth puts on her beauty; but still more as a token of that cheerful light in which he has looked upon countries and men.”

A genial and readable book.

News of the Churches.

FATHER CHINIQUEY VINDICATED.

The *Kanakee Democrat* furnishes the following:—

The great slander suit—Father Chiniquy v. Brunette—terminated last Saturday, the jury bringing in a verdict of damages in favor of plaintiff for *two thousand five hundred dollars*. This just verdict meets with almost universal approval by the intelligent public. Great and arduous were the efforts made by the counsel for the defendant, but their cause was a bad one, and they have learned *now*, if they never learned it before, that “truth is mighty and must prevail.” It was not the mere matter of dollars and cents involved; but it was as to whether the good name and Christian character, the moral uprightness and manly integrity of the plaintiff were to be defamed and slided over by the vile and ungodly tongue of slander; whether his personal influence and future usefulness were to be destroyed, and an American citizen to be dragged down from his high and envied position by the corrupt and slavish emissaries of the Roman Church. He stands both vindicated and justified. His integrity as a man, his Christian character and personal honor shine forth with renewed lustre, and are the admiration of all moral and intelligent men. * * * On Monday morning last he left his place on a missionary tour through Canada, having been urged to go there by hosts of his earnest countrymen, who have for the first time opened their eyes to the true light of the gospel. God bless and prosper him!”

Rev. Charles Chiniquy and the Churches under his pastoral care were formally received into connexion with the Presbytery of Chicago (Old School) on the 31st January.

RANSOM OF A SLAVE.

Another case of the ransom of a slave occurred in Plymouth Church (Mr. Beecher's) in Brooklyn, on Sunday, Feb. 5. The circumstances were of touching interest: a good-looking and intelligent little girl named Pink, about nine years of age, having in her veins only one-sixteenth part African blood, (although that was more than enough to make her a slave,) was brought from Washington City to Brooklyn on Saturday week with a view to the purchase of her freedom. Her father is at present one of the leading physicians in Washington. The mother was sold a few years ago to a southern trader. At different times, five of her six children were sold to various parts of the south, until only little Pink remained. The child was taken care of by her grandmother, who had received oft-repeated assurances that Pink should never be parted from her. But during the last holidays, arrangements were made to sell the child for \$800. It was thought that when she grew up to womanhood she would be worth \$3,000. Mr. Blake, a young clergyman recently from Alexandria Episcopal Seminary, hearing of this circumstance, interested himself to save the child. For this purpose, he procured permission to bring her to the North, leaving behind him satisfactory security for the return, either of the child or of the price of her ransom. The girl was, Sunday morning, introduced to the Sunday School by the Superintendent, Mr. Theodore Tilton. Some interesting incidents of the child's history were related by Mr. Blake, and the children determined to undertake, with the assistance of the Church, the purchase of the child—the classes contributing \$5 each. At the close of the morning sermon, the pastor Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, took the child into the pulpit, stated the case to the congregation, and made an eloquent plea for her liberty, which drew tears from many eyes. The collection plates were then passed, and returned well laden with bank notes. In the evening, Mr. Beecher, stated to the congregation, that the collection amounted to *one thousand and seven dollars*, which was more than sufficient to pay the full price, without touching two hundred dollars, which the grandmother, an old free coloured woman, had saved for her old age, but which she gave, as she would have given her life, toward saving this child from bondage. There was thrown into the contribution-plate, a ring a new one apparently,—with a little opal set in its broad shield, which he had taken the

liberty to withdraw and put it on the child's finger, to be worn hereafter, and evermore, as her freedom ring. The *New York Independent* says: There was present among the audience a gentleman from Baltimore, decidedly pro-slavery, and with no prejudices in favour of Plymouth church or its pastor; his heart however was not so hard but that he was touched by the simple statement of that little girl's story; and he very heartily gave his contribution towards her freedom. In talking of it afterwards he said that he never before saw slavery shown up in such a light that he could not defend it.

PERSECUTION IN THE SOUTH.

The American Missionary (*Magazine*) for February, contains very full particulars of the expulsion of Rev. Messrs. Fee, Rogers, and other missionaries from Kentucky. Rev. Daniel Worth, a missionary of this Association in North Carolina, is now in prison in that State for circulating anti-slavery books and uttering sentiments against slavery from the pulpit. He requests all persons wishing to write to him to abstain from allusions to slavery, and all else which can excite the south, as his letters undergo a close scrutiny, and all inflammatory matter will greatly prejudice him. He adds: "Lines of Christian condolence and sympathy gladly received, and the prayers of all Christians earnestly solicited."

MR. SPEAKER PENNINGTON.

A Washington letter in the *N. Y. Commercial* says:

Mr. Speaker Pennington has been diligently employed in receiving the opinions of prominent gentlemen on the formation of the committees of the House.

This evening, as I have just learned, a political friend said he would call to-morrow, to give his views on the formation of committees, "Sir," replied Mr. Speaker Pennington, 'you will excuse me, but at home I am in the habit of attending church, and to-morrow I hope to be able to hear Dr. Gurley. At any rate, I shall not transact any business, but on Monday I will be glad to see you.' This is an encouraging sign here, where the afternoon of Sunday is too often devoted to political confabs by those highest in authority."

BIBLE BURNING.

Advices from Bogota state that the Catholic clergy there had collected all Bibles distributed by the London Bible Society and burnt them in the public square. The British Minister strongly protested against the proceeding, but Mr. James, the American Minister, was present, countenancing the outrage! A full account of the affair has been sent to Washington.

LONDON.

The correspondent of the *Presbyterian* speaks of the week of Prayer in London, as follows:—

The union for prayer last week, as I learn, was very general all over England. There are extensive awakenings in London, and great numbers are converted in this city every day, and the interest seems manifestly widening and deepening, and I believe the impression of judicious men here, is, that such indications have not been known in London for the last century. It is my belief, however, that, as a general thing, the people are ahead of the ministry. There is a readiness on the minds of all classes of the people, and you may speak to any one, high or low, kindly about Christ and their souls, and they will receive it kindly and listen gladly. The peculiarity of the time is, let any man get up in church, chapel, theatre, or the street, and preach Christ simply and plainly, and the people will hear. At least three large theatres have been opened for preaching within the last three weeks, and they are crowded. I do believe God is about to work wonders in London. Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and St. James' Hall, are all open, every Sabbath evening, for preaching to the working classes, and are crowded. In the large room of Exeter Hall, last Sabbath evening, after service and sermon by a church of England minister, there was a prayer-meeting, and a Presbyterian was the first person called on to pray. In some of the provincial towns of England, precious revivals are now in progress.

MR. SPURGEON'S CHURCH.

Mr. Spurgeon, in one of his late letters to the *Watchman and Reflector*, gives some items regarding his own well-beloved flock:—In my own church, for more than five years, we have had all the fruits of a revival without its excessive excitement. The number of converts seems to be as constant as if some Divine law regulated and controlled their influx. Each week brings its quota, until we have no room to accommodate the church at the communion table, and are obliged to meet in two bodies, that all may find a place. The daily prayer-meeting, at seven in the morning, has been maintained without cessation for two years. All through the winter mornings of fog, with which this city of God and Magog abounds, the brethren have never failed to be present, although to do so they have had long distances to walk. Our Monday evening meetings for prayer are as well attended as the evening lectures, and the people plead with prevailing earnestness, and expect the blessing with joyous hope. We know what it is to walk in the full light of love and joy; never were a people more happy than we are. At some future time, when there are no other out-door facts to write upon, I mean to tell you of our eldership, of our catechumen classes, our theological seminary for young ministers, and other institutions, which I know will interest you, because of your love to our common Lord and Master.

VISIT OF HAY MACDOWALL GRANT, ESQ., OF ARNDILLY, TO FERRYDEN.

An awakening of great power has been felt at Ferryden, near Montrose, Scotland; we insert from the *British Messenger*, the following interesting particulars: About this time, Mr. Grant, of Arndilly, so well known now for the blessing which has followed his evangelistic labours in many parts of the country, had kindly engaged to make a short stay in Montrose, where, too, some little anxiety about eternal things had been manifest, and Mr. Marshall warmly invited him to address his people in the Free Church at Ferryden.

The deep anxiety which was being manifested presented an inviting field for such an one who could minister the precious word of salvation to weary and heavy-laden souls, and whose self-denying labours had been already so owned of God.

His first visit to the village was auspicious of happy results. On Wednesday, 9th November, early in the afternoon, about the dinner hour, but no hour seems inconvenient for a people panting for the water of life, he was warmly welcomed by the people, and, though undesigned, the thought was expressed, why not have a meeting immediately as well as the notice of one on another day.

The school-room was at first thought of, but ere it could be opened the crowd had far exceeded its accommodation.

The Free Church was resorted to; some 360 or 400 assembled; the minister and a few other Christian friends joined; and Mr. Grant shortly addressed them from John, iii.: "The lifting up of the brazen serpent for the cure of the serpent-bitten Israelite. type of the healing of the soul from the deadly malady of sin, by looking unto Jesus, lifted up to meet the eye of every stricken sinner."

Meetings were then announced to be held in the same place on Saturday and Sabbath evenings. Many anxious souls remained to be spoken with at the close of the service.

On Friday again, Mr. Grant spent some hours visiting the people in their houses; men and women, seemed equally open to be spoken with; old and young, it mattered not; one thought seemed to pervade all, the attainment of peace, peace to the troubled soul. The crust of formalism and indifference seemed thoroughly broken through; no settling down on their lees; rest, rest to the anxious and disquieted mind was the uppermost feeling, and shortly became the one common desire of the village.

The Saturday evening meeting came, and with it the first outburst of pent-up feeling and distress, which has given a character to the work of revival in Ferryden. The church, which is seated for 800, was some two-thirds full, and almost all seemed deeply earnest about the salvation of the soul.

Mr. Grant spoke from the platform at the pulpit. His subject was, Luke, v. 1-11. His manner of address is slow and quiet, rather than warm and exciting;

his language is chaste and simple, but very fervent too; and he speaks as one who feels that life and death hang on the reception or rejection of the truth he proclaims.

In his address he spoke of the love and condescension of the Lord Jesus, his interest in the fishermen on the lake of Galilee. Suddenly he was interrupted by the cry of one in agony of soul, followed by another and another, till the voice of the speaker was drowned amid one general outburst of grief from hundreds of agonising souls. He stopped his address and raised his voice in prayer, but with no effect.

Then, at the suggestion of the minister, he said in a loud voice, "Let us praise God," and read out the 41st Paraphrase: "As when the Hebrew prophet raised," &c. The singing had a soothing influence, and quiet was again restored.

He resumed his address and continued for a quarter of an hour, speaking of the love of Jesus, now at the Father's right hand, unchanged as when He walked by the Sea of Galilee; and at the moment when he was addressing himself to believers, a woman shrieked out, starting to her feet, and then seemed to fall down. She was assisted to the vestry, and one after another was similarly removed in rapid succession, till the vestry was full of stricken souls.

Christian counsel was administered to them, and a few left in peace, and almost all the others have since been led into peace.

It was an interesting sight and deeply solemnising. In some cases, the husband assisting the wife, and in others, the believing wife leading in the stricken husband, one burden common to all, the burden of conscious guilt still unforgiven.

A believing wife led in her trembling husband, and after being directed to the *precious blood* of Christ, he was sent home to give thanks in these words, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities." He went away singing them in his heart, and as he crossed the threshold of the church, the burden was gone, and light, and joy, and gladness, filled his soul, and he sang praises till midnight.

It was not the sympathy of a public meeting, nor the stirring sound of the fervent preacher's voice, which effected all this:—these were but the accessories. The same deep experience of soul soon spread through almost the entire village.

One woman, the same night, was stricken at her own door, who was not at church at all, and was found in overwhelming distress on account of sin. To her the consolation of forgiveness through the blood of Jesus, was ministered; she was left in quiet, and afterwards found peace to her troubled soul.

On Sabbath evening, Mr. Grant returned. The church was crowded in every part; the difficulty was felt how it should be possible for any stricken ones to be removed. All was well ordered, however; a deep solemnity reigned throughout; all was quiet during the service.

Mr. Grant took for his subject (John x. 27): "My sheep hear my voice," &c. Souls thirsting for the word drank it in, and deep and lasting impressions on the heart were made. Many remained after the close, for counsel and comfort; some deeply distressed refusing to be comforted; a few found the resting-place, and laid their burden at the feet of Jesus; most left in the knowledge, but without the personal apprehension, of the way of life, and shortly afterwards were led into the blessed experience of peace, through "the blood of Jesus."

Some houses that night became, for the first time, the scene of peace in believing, and there was heard the melody of joy and health, the happy heart finding its utterance in the psalm of praise and thanksgiving.

Meanwhile the church was turned into a Bochim, many left weeping, and many remained in the church unwilling to go home till their burden was removed, and many did go home lightened.

RELIGIOUS AWAKENING AMONG THE NESTORIANS.

Letters forwarded by the Secretary of the Turkish Missions Aid Society, give an account of an awakening among the Nestorians in the city of Oroomiah. The work of the Lord appears to make great progress in the whole district of the Nestorian Mountains.—*London News of the Churches.*

INDIA.

From different parts of India comes the cheering intelligence that the religion of the Gospel is making progress. In Travancore, in Southern India, where the native Christians have been subjected to shameful outrages from the heathen of the higher castes, the persecutions have led the low-caste people to see that the missionaries were their friends. In a few months 700 have been added to the Mission of the London Missionary Society, nearly 500 of whom were adults. Some of these it is believed are converted, but the majority are only learners, which, however, is a great step for the Hindoo to take. In one village the people of their own accord destroyed the idols and temples, and erected a temporary place of worship. A Brahmin who had long been convinced of the truth of Christianity, has publicly confessed Christ in the face of persecution, and with his wife has been baptised.

THE PERSECUTED CHRISTIANS IN MADAGASCAR.

To meet (says the *Missionary Magazine*, of the London Missionary Society) the anxious inquiries, and stimulate the fervent prayers of many thousands in our churches deeply interested in the suffering Christians of Madagascar, we give an abstract of the leading particulars contained in the latest intelligence from that island:—The laws of Madagascar—that is, the decrees of the Queen—directed against the professors of Christianity, remained unrelaxed in their severity; and multitudes, both of men and women, who have been convicted of believing the truths and practising the duties of the Gospel, are now suffering poverty, imprisonment and slavery. But, while the condition of these sufferers should excite our tenderest sympathy, it is gratifying to learn that for some months past these oppressive and sanguinary laws have not been put in force as regards new victims. A kind and powerful influence has been, through the merciful providence of God, exerted on behalf of his suffering saints, and the effort has happily been successful to the extent now indicated. For the present, however, access to the island on the part of any Christian missionary, or, indeed, of any foreigner, is prohibited, and communication with the suffering Christians is all but impracticable; but notwithstanding the long-continued and accumulated afflictions they have endured, and constant dangers to which they are exposed, believers still continue to increase, and the churches of Madagascar are multiplied; and this applies not only to the capital, but to different parts of the island. In the review of these facts, it is evident that the only means of alleviation and assistance the Christians of Britain can at present employ on behalf of their brethren in Madagascar is earnest, persevering prayer.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

France contains a population of about thirty six millions of souls, of whom upwards of thirty-four millions probably are connected with the Church of Rome. The remainder are chiefly Protestants; but among these are many who live in irreligion and worldly conformity, or who have embraced rationalistic or other errors. The French Protestants are generally either Lutheran or members of the Reformed or Calvinistic Church. The former have about 250 recognised ministers, and the latter 550, or about 800 in all. To these we may add perhaps 200 Evangelists and lay agents, making a total of 1,000 persons engaged in ministerial labours in the two churches. They together have 1,450 places of worship, and 1,750 schools. Many of the pastors are earnest and devoted men, who labour incessantly for the good of souls and the glory of God. In this respect a great change has been wrought within the last thirty years, when apathy and error seemed to claim the great majority of both pastors and people. There is a remarkable geographical distribution of the two communities. Both are strong in Paris, but the rest of the Lutherans are almost confined to the romantic districts in the north-east corner of the country, the ancient Alsatia and its vicinity, on the borders of Germany. Here, where the language of Luther is still that of the people, great numbers of the inhabitants profess the Protestant Faith, and among them not a few adorn the profession which they make. With regard to the Re-

formed Church, as it is termed, and which is Presbyterian in its constitution, its adherents are much more widely disseminated. They abound in the old provinces of Poitou and Saintonge, and in the departments to the right and left of the Rhone from Lyons to Marseilles. The central districts are a dreary blank, and few indeed are to be found in Brittany and some other portions of the country. But still it is a delightful fact, that ages of oppression and insult failed to extirpate them from the broad plains of the West, and from the wild hills and glorious valleys of the sunny South. Besides the two communities already referred to, there are several others which have no support from the State. Such is the Union or Independent, or, as they are called, Evangelical Churches. To this Union about twenty-two churches are attached, and their pastors, although scattered over the country, contrive to meet from time to time to consult about affairs of common interest, and to enjoy holy communion and fellowship. The principle of these churches is scriptural, and they are very influential in promoting the spread of orthodox principles, and in advocating the claims of vital religion. More numerous, but less known, are the Wesleyans, who have a number of stations and faithful ministers, chiefly in the south-east. There are a few Baptist Churches, but they are for the most part small and feeble. The Free Church of Lyons is admirably constituted, and its pastors and members are characterised by extraordinary activity and zeal. Altogether, the Free Churches number about 300 places of worship, and 200 ministers and evangelists.—*Evangelical Magazine.*

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED MS. OF THE BIBLE FROM MOUNT SINAI.

A letter from St. Petersburg says:—

When the German Christmas was approaching, Professor Tischendorf left there for Saxony, but assured the Minister of Popular Enlightenment (of Public Instruction, as he would be called in the West) that he would return in a few months. The greater the sensation he excited here, both at court and in other circles, by his Oriental collection, the greater was the jealousy and cabal he encountered from some other quarters. His Sinaitic MS. of the Bible, for instance, was made the object of a literary attack, particularly when it transpired that the Imperial Government was in treaty for its purchase, and that photography was about to be employed for producing a *fac simile*. One academician, in concert with others, published in the (academical) *Gazette* of this city an article tending to impeach its age and value. The article was destitute of all palæographical acumen, and of all pretensions to textual criticism. It contained merely vague insinuations, but sufficed, on account of the organ in which it appeared, to render many sceptical, as it was desired. Tischendorf has now replied to this academical article, in which he proves that the Sinaitic MS. cannot be younger than the early part of the 4th century, and his arguments are so convincing that the hostile critic himself now writes:—"It was by no means my intention to throw doubts on the statements of M. Tischendorf respecting the antiquity of the Bible MS. of Mount Sinai." Tischendorf himself reasserts that "in what concerns the Bible of Sinai, I place it beyond a doubt in the first half of the 4th century. It must therefore be the oldest now extant in the world. The Vatican MS. can only compete with it as to the century perhaps, but the latter is deficient in textual completeness seeing that it wants five whole books of the New Testament alone, and altogether one-sixth of the entire Bible. After giving his various arguments and reasons, with numerous quotations from the fathers in support of them, the learned professor goes on to say that in his own 7th edition of the New Testament, the text he has used is confirmed in several thousand passages by the Sinai MS., most carefully read through and copied by himself. Finally, having already published for the Christian world ten folio volumes, with Biblical documents 1000 years old, he claims the fullest confidence from the public in the arrangements to be made for the publication of this MS., expressing his conviction not only that the original, many centuries hence, will still be regarded in this capital of the North as a Christian national treasure, but also that the *editio princeps* of it will be received as a worthy monument of Imperial munificence by all among whom Christian knowledge obtains.

Bills from the Fountains of Israel.

THE SCENE OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.—BY REV. R. W. HAMILTON, D.D., LL.D.
REV. XX. 11-13.

In looking around this congregation, beloved hearers, I feel at this moment well-nigh overwhelmed. So many eyes,—so many ears,—all the organs and the representatives of immortal souls!

Suffer me to relieve my emotions by an allusion to a well-known fact. When Massillon pronounced one of those discourses which have placed him in the first class of orators, he found himself surrounded by the trappings and pageants of a royal funeral. The temple was not only hung with sable, but shadowed with darkness, save the few tinkling lights of the altar; the beauty and the chivalry of the land were spread out before him; the censers threw forth their fumes of incense, and they mounted to the gilded dome. There sat majesty clothed in sackcloth and sunk in grief. All felt in common and as one. It was a breathless suspense; not a sound broke upon the awful stillness. The master of mighty eloquence arose. The hands were folded on his bosom; his eyes were lifted to heaven; utterance seemed denied him; he stood abstracted and lost. At length his fixed look unbent; it hurried over the scene where every pomp was mixed and every trophy strewn. It found there no resting place, amidst all that idle parade and all that mocking vanity. Once more it settled; it had fastened upon the bier, glittering with escutcheons and veiled with plumes. A sense of the indescribable nothingness of man "at his best estate," in that hearsed mortal, overcame him. His eye once more closed; his action was suspended; and in a scarcely audible whisper he disturbed the long-drawn pause—"There is nothing great but God."

It would be in vain for me to attempt his power of impression; but it may not be wrong to covet his depth of feeling. And while these words are yet vibrating on your ears, and are harrowing up your souls, I take the abrupt sentence and fit it to the present theme. *There is nothing solemn but Judgment.*

The thunder-storm is solemn; when the lightnings, "as arrows, shoot abroad;" when the peals startle up the nations; when the dread artillery rushes along the sky. But what is that to the far-resounding crash, louder than the roar and bellow of ten thousand thunders, which shall pierce to the deepest charnels, and all the dead shall hear?

The sea-tempest is solemn: when these huge billows lift up their crests; when mighty armaments are wrecked by their fury; broken as the foam, scattered as the spray. But what is that to the commotion of the deep, when "its proud waves" shall no more "be stayed," its ancient barriers no more be observed, the great charnels be emptied, and every abyss be dry?

The earthquake is solemn: when without a warning cities totter and kingdoms rend, and islands flee away. But what is it to that tremor which shall convulse our globe, dissolving every law of attraction, untying every principle of aggregation, heaving all into chaos and heaping all into ruin?

The volcano is solemn: when its cone of fire shoots to the heavens; when its burning entrails the lava rushes, to overspread distant plains and to overtake flying populations. But what is that to the conflagration, in which all the palaces and temples, and the citadels of the earth shall be consumed; of which the universe shall be but the sacrifice and the fuel?

Great God! must our eyes see—our ears hear—these desolations? Must we look forth upon these devouring flames! Must we stand in judgment with thee? Penetrate us now with thy fear; awaken the attention, which thy trump shall not fail to command; surround our imagination with the scenery of that great and terrible day. Let us now come forth from the graves of sin, of unbelief, of worldliness, to meet the overtures of thy mercy, as we must perforce start then from our sepulchres to see the descending Judge. Judge us now that thou mayest not condemn us then. Let thy terror persuade, that it may not crush us. * * *

What a suspense have we felt when we looked at the flying scroll; when we looked upon the seven-sealed Book! But what are they to these registers, on which all our fates depend?

There is a "book of God's remembrance." It is accommodated language that we may better understand that nothing is forgotten by him. "All our members" are in that book; and in that book "are not even our tears?" God "looks upon the heart;" "God requireth that which is past." These are solemn words: "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." "Thou hast set mine iniquities before thee, my secret sins in the light of thy countenance." These are the books.

But that we may more distinctly analyze the figure, let us consider that these books may describe to us the requirements of God's law. When Hilkiah found the law and read it to the people, they rent their clothes, awe-struck that they had committed so many offences against a long forgotten law. When brought home by the Spirit, that rebukes "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," to the conscience of Saul of Tarsus, a zealot and a persecutor, "sin revived," and as to all hope and as to all expectation instantly "he d'ed." Men make very light of God's law, frame their excuses, offer their exceptions; they have little notion that this law is "holy, and just, and good," that it is necessary, that it is inevitable, that it results from infinite perfection, that it is the very goodness as well as the rectitude of the Deity that compels it. They have little notion that it is spiritual in its latitude and comprehensiveness. If they do not outwardly infringe it, they hold themselves freed from every charge, though they lust in their heart,—though they covet in their heart,—though in their heart they comprise every essence and every root of sin. But *then* that book, which is closed to so many, "shall be opened;" shall be opened in all its requirements, all its penalties, all its sanctions. You will not then think that its bands are small; you will not then think that its terrors are slight. If the law, by one drop of its present fury, one flash of its present power, causes the stoutest heart and the most rebel conscience to quail, how will the stoutest heart be as tow in the fire, and the most rebel conscience be as wax before the flame, when this book shall be opened?—shall be opened in all its contents, shall be opened in all its precepts, shall be opened in all its awards.

But are there no witnesses? Let memory speak; let conscience appear.

Let memory speak. Now, very frequently, we know its weakness by the rapidity of its transitions, and by the crowd of its images. Very much that we have known is obliterated; very much of former times and former seasons we cannot recall. Yet have you not felt occasionally that you could live over again? There is a suggestive power, there is an associating principle; and one thing seemed to revive another, and though you had not thought upon it and not dwelt among it for years that had transpired, you saw it all at once, you felt it all again. And *then*, my brethren, memory will indeed be a faithful chronicle. Memory will be a living present. What will be the burst of all its lights, what will be the irruption of all its facts, what will be the harvest of all its long-buried seeds. Nothing effaced; nothing weakened as to impression; nothing confounded, lost in the mass; but every line distinctly drawn, the "jot and tittle" all fulfilled.

Let conscience speak. Life, with many, is but one prevarication with this, and one endeavour to escape from it. And yet they cannot always prevail. Conscience *makes* itself to be heard. There are those who, in spite of themselves, are at this moment "full of the fury of the Lord." Their souls "meditate terror;" they roar for the disquietness of their souls. "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" When all the arrows are barbed deep in that conscience, when all "the fury of the Lord" is poured out on that conscience, when the grievous whirlwind of wrath is pressing upon that conscience, oh! it will distort no tale, it will corrupt no testimony. While memory tells a fact, conscience will only speak a truth.

Brethren, such a law is to be opened; and memory will be an unimpeachable witness then, and conscience will be an unimpeachable witness then. How will you meet their report? How will you counter-work their evidence?

But these "books"—may refer to the discoveries of the gospel. And these might indeed cheer, and these ought indeed to fortify, if you have "won Christ and are found in him." But if you are unbelievers still, if you are enemies in your minds by "wicked works," if you are not reconciled unto God, this book is more portentous in its aspect against you, even than the volume of the law. You will be judged "according to this gospel." Christ himself exclaimed, "I judge him not; the word which I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." All the beseeching of mercy, all the remonstrances of authority, all the pleadings of tenderness; this book shall be opened only the more terribly to convict and to condemn. Mercy will in that day be more terrible than justice. The cross will be a sight that a sinner will be glad to escape, though by escaping it he sink deeper into the devouring flames. Calvary will be a spectacle that he would gladly avoid, for it is more horror-smiting to him than the burning heaven and the dissolving world.

Brethren, the law brings its condemnation; it is of its nature to condemn the sinner; but the gospel brings its pardon, its reconciliation, its peace. Oppose not—presume not on it. Trifle not with it, lest you die in your sins.

And there is "another book." It is like the bow in the cloud; it is like the halcyon on the storm. It is "the book of life." Then, if we be enrolled in it, it is an act of grace. If we be enrolled in it, we now present a correspondence of character; we have life in us, it dwelleth in us; for the Apostle could say of his companions, "Their names are in the book of life." And, if we be enrolled in it, there is here certainty and guarantee for it is "in hope of eternal life, which God that cannot lie promised before the world began." And "the Lamb's book of life;" our names written in his precious blood!

They shall be judged "according to their works." Not as the foundation of their faith, but as its proofs; not as any thing beyond the symptoms, the test, the trial. But "show me," says Christianity now, "show me thy faith by thy works." Christianity, through the lips of its "Author and Finisher," will say the same in judgment to every formalist and every professor: "Show me thy faith by thy works." We shall, therefore, be judged every one according to our works,—the form our character has assumed, the caste our life has taken, "what manner of spirit we have been of," what has been the whole state, spirit, practise of our conduct.

"I saw," said the prophet. He never forgot it. Had we caught a glimpse surely we could not forget it too. But men say, it is so distant. Distant! "It is appointed unto you once to die;" when will that appointment come? "This night your soul may be required of you." "And after death the judgment." Immediately; not as to its public ratification, but as to its immediate impression and absolute effect. Judgment distant! an hour may place you there!

You say, it is so vast; so many are included,—the swarming multitudes of angels. But your sin is distinct; your spirit stands out from every other spirit the Divine inspiration ever breathed. And that self, which you understand, however sophists may attempt to puzzle it,—that self of yours inheres in you, and lives in you. And it shall be *the same*; so that if you should awaken up in your thought after thousands and thousands of years, long after eternity has unfolded itself, you will be compelled to say,—I am the very same I was; this is the same instrument of thinking that I possessed before; this is the same faculty of feeling that I possessed before; I remember that world in which I first received my life; I remember my passage through that world; I am not a transformed being; there is nothing forgotten, nothing evaded, nothing shuffled; I am *the same*. What a thought will that be in eternity, to each one who dies in unbelief, and perishes in rejection of the Saviour! "I am that unbeliever, and I am bearing the eternal consequences of that my vile, infatuated unbelief."

But you think it inconceivable. "Is it not painted too strongly?" The sun rose upon Sodom, but the horrible tempest blasted it ere that noon. There were those doubtless in the days of righteous Noah, who, as he adjusted plank after plank for a hundred and twenty years, taunted and scoffed at him! But the world of the ungodly notwithstanding was destroyed. Put not your power to conceive against the sayings which are "faithful and true." Say not, "where is

the promise of his coming?" "He is not slack concerning his promise as some men count slackness," as you are counting it likewise.

And now, go to that Saviour, who shall then be the Arbiter and Judge; and bear with you all that you can bear,—your poor, your guilty, your miserable self. Urge, plead the cause of your immortal soul. Say to him, "It is unworthy of thy notice, it is encrusted with a leprosy of crime, but it is my all; Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me." Ah! thou needest not tell him what is thine all; thou needest not tell him how precious and invaluable it is to thee as thine all. Has he not died the death? Knoweth he not that the redemption of the soul is precious?" Thou hast found thy way then to him "who receiveth sinners, who will in no wise cast out." Thine appeal is to a heart of infinite compassion and thou must prevail.

But what if there be those who determinately resist the overture of mercy and set themselves against Jesus as a Saviour, and his Spirit as a Sanctifier? My beloved hearers, for a moment pause; for a moment bear with me. Did you ever think upon these words, "The wrath of the Lamb?" The wrath not of "The Lion of the tribe of Judah," but of the Lamb. Not the wrath of him who goeth forth in his indignation; but the wrath of the Lamb—the Lamb meek and gentle,—"the Lamb who was led to the slaughter,"—"the Lamb that was slain." "The wrath of the Lamb!" What! that emblem of compassion, that incarnation of pity,—can there be wrath in him? Wrath in that eye which wept over perishing sinners? Wrath on those lips that only spoke of kindness and of love? What meaneth this combination? "The wrath of the Lamb." Exhausted patience *then*; inflamed mercy *then*; incensed love *then*. No more compassion in infinite compassion; no more love in inexhaustible love. The cross no more propitious; the blood of expiation no more speaks; "the door is shut;" the very office of Mediator is abdicated, and now there is left but "the wrath of the Lamb!"

Go to Him, flee to Him, ere that wrath shall be "kindled but a little." One flake of it would consume you; one manifestation of it would destroy you. It will be too late when all this is realized,—"the wrath of the Lamb,"—to say "Rocks! fall on us; hills! cover us." The wrath of the Lamb pierces all. And though my brethren you might conceive of the sternness of the Judge, though you might bear up under the conception of the severity and the vengeance of the Almighty; what a hell is reserved for you,—a hell that shuts you up for ever, under "the wrath of the Lamb!"

The Fragment Basket.

THE BEST CHAMBER.—During an examination of a newly-built house, Gotthold inquired of some friends who accompanied him, which of all the apartments they esteemed the best. One answered that he preferred the parlor, as being lofty in the ceiling, well lighted, and capable of being easily warmed. The others severally fixed upon the kitchen, the cellar, the business office, and the bed-rooms. Gotthold replied: No doubt these chambers will be the favourites of man. But what I meant to ask was, which of them the pious and godly Christian will prefer; and there can be no doubt that that is the chamber set apart as the place of prayer, and of which our Saviour says, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." That chamber is the sanctuary of the house. From it, as from a fountain, the stream of blessing flows, and is conducted into every corner. On it the heavens are open. There stands the celestial ladder, upon which the angels of God ascend and descend. There man speaks with the Most High, as with a friend, pours out his heart before him, confides to him all his concerns, and obtains from him comfort in tribulation and joy in the midst of sorrow. There stands the ark, for whose sake the

whole family, like that of Obadedom, is blessed. Happy he whose house has such a closet, well furnished and well employed! The meanest hut, whose inmates abound in prayer, is preferable to the costliest palaces of those who despise God.

My God, my place of prayer shall be wherever I can lift up a devout heart in faith to thee. I, too, have a chamber appropriated to this holy duty. But I know that thy goodness is confined to no particular spot, and therefore, I can build myself an oratory anywhere.—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

RIGHT VIEW OF THE ATONEMENT.—It is easy to see the necessity of having correct views of the nature of the Atonement itself. This is the life of the Christian system: it is the spirit which animates it; and if our apprehensions and impressions about this are wrong, our religion will be wrong. In proportion to our error in this point will be our happiness in Christian experience. If we do not catch the true spirit of the doctrine of the Atonement, we shall not catch the true spirit of Christian life; and if we live at all to Christ then, it will be a diseased and sickly life; and, instead of resembling those who breathe the pure atmosphere that quickens a heavenly existence, we shall resemble those who breathe the poisoned and pestilent vapors that sometimes float even over the green fields of the Zion of God.

The Atonement is the believer's breath of life. He cannot take a step, he cannot speak a word, he cannot feel an emotion in religion, without it. It tempers all his hopes, his fears, his faith; it governs his humility, his peace, his love; it guides his gentleness, his goodness; it opens the fountain of his tears; it is the key-note of the song he sings. And when he goes forth to do good, it turns him from the track of the Levite and the Priest, to the better path of the good Samaritan who bears his oil and his wine. If this pervading principle, therefore, becomes corrupted, all else will partake of the taint. If the truth of the principle be all lost, grace will not exist in the soul, and the soul will not be saved.—*I. S. Spencer, D.D.*

THE DAILY LIFE.—For my part, I am not so much troubled about my future state, as about my present character in the sight of a holy and heart-searching God. To live a holy, self-denying life, I conceive to be of the first importance. It is by the daily lives of Christians that Christ is either honored or dishonored.—*Martha Whiting.*

DEMOCRACY OF CHRISTIANITY.—Christianity, avoiding anarchy on the one hand and despotism on the other, sets the race on a path of unlimited advancement. It pronounces all men equal. In express terms, the Christian revelation declares all nations of the earth to be of one blood; it pronounces all men equally the subject of one King; it makes the value of the soul infinite, and shows no difference between the worth of that of a beggar and that of a prince. Look into the stable of Bethlehem, on that night when crowned sage and humble shepherd knelt by the cradle of that babe who was their common king; do you not see, in that spectacle, the bond of an essential equality uniting all ranks and making the regal purple and the peasant's russet faint and temporary distinctions? Well might Coleridge say that the fairest flower he ever saw climbing round a poor man's window was not so beautiful in his eyes as the Bible which he saw lying within. If all other classes forsook the gospel, one might expect the poor, the hard-toiling, the despised, to cling to it. Whatever Christianity may have become in our churches and in our times, the great class of the workers can find in its aspects no excuse for abandoning itself, unless they can show that the churches have rewritten the Bible; unless they can allege that it no longer exhibits the Divine Founder of Christianity preaching to the poor, accompanying with publicans and sinners; unless they can show that it was the sanctioned usage of apostolic times to honour the rich in the Christian assemblage; unless, in one word, they can deny that the gospel holds forth to every man the prospect of being a king and priest to God.—*Bayne.*

Poetry.

A MORE CONVENIENT SEASON.

Alone he wept. That very night
 The ambassador of God with earnest zeal
 Of eloquence had warned him to repent ;
 And like the Roman at Drusilla's side,
 Hearing the truth, he trembled. Conscience wrought
 Yet sin allured. The struggle shook him sore ;
 The dim lamp waned ; the hour of midnight tolled ;
 Prayer sought for entrance, but the heart had closed
 Its diamond valve. He threw him on his couch
 And bade the spirit of his God depart.
 But there was war within him, and he sighed,
 " Depart not utterly, thou Blessed !
 Return when youth is passed, and make my soul forever thine."

With kindling brow he trod
 The haunts of pleasure, while the viol's voice,
 And beauty's smile, his joyous pulses woke.
 To love he knelt, and on his brow she hung
 Her freshest myrtle wreath. For gold he sought,
 And winged wealth indulged him, till the world
 Pronounced him happy. Manhood's vigorous prime
 Swelled to its climax, and his busy days
 And restless nights swept like a tide away.
 Care struck deep root around him, and each shoot
 Still striking earthwards like the Indian tree,
 Shut out with woven shades the eye of heaven,
 When lo ! a message from the Crucified—
 " Look unto me and live." Pausing, he spake
 Of weariness and haste, and want of time,
 And duty to his children, and besought
 A longer space to do the work of heaven.
 God spake again when age had shed its snow
 On his wane temples, and the palsied hand
 Shrank from gold gathering. But the rigid chain
 Of habit bound him, and he still implored
 " A more convenient season."

" See my step
 Is firm and free ; my unquenched eye delights
 To view this pleasant world ; and life with me
 May last for many years. In the calm hour
 Of lingering sickness I can better fit
 For vast eternity."

Disease approached,
 And reason fled. The maniac strove with death,
 And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and cries,
 Till darkness smote the eyeballs, and thick ice
 Closed in around his heart strings. The poor clay
 Lay vanquished and distorted. But the soul—
 The soul whose promised season never came
 To harken to his Maker's call, had gone
 To weigh his sufferance with his own abuse
 And bide the audit.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Family Reading.

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

ADONIRAM JUDSON is described as possessed of an acute intellect, with great powers of acquisition and unflagging perseverance. His temper was amiable, but his natural love of pre-eminence was unduly encouraged and fostered by his father, who fondly but unwisely told him he expected him to become a great man. When about fourteen years of age, his studies were interrupted by a serious attack of illness, and for a year after he was unable to resume his wonted occupations. When the violence of the disease subsided, he spent many long days and nights in reflecting upon his future course. His plans were of the most extravagantly ambitious character. Now he was an orator, now a poet, now a statesman; but, whatever his character or profession, he was sure in his castle-building to attain to the highest eminence. After a time, one thought crept into his mind and embittered all his musings. Suppose he should attain to the highest pinnacle of which human nature is capable: what then? What would it be to him, when a hundred years had gone by, that America had never known his equal? He did not wonder that Alexander wept when at the summit of his ambition; he felt very sure that he should have wept too. Then he would become alarmed at the extent of his own wicked soarings, and try to comfort himself with the idea that it was all the result of the fever in his brain.

One day, his mind reverted to religious pursuits. Yes, an eminent divine was very well: though he should of course prefer something more brilliant. Gradually, and without his being aware of his own train of thought, his mind instituted a comparison between the great worldly divine, toiling for the same perishable objects as his other favourites, and the humble minister of the gospel, labouring only to please God and benefit his fellow-men. There was (so he thought) a sort of sublimity about that, after all. Surely the world was all wrong, or such a self-abjuring man would be its hero? Ah! but the good man had a reputation more enduring. Yes, yes, his fame was sounded before him as he entered the other world; and that was the only fame worthy of the possession, because the only one that triumphed over his grave. Suddenly, in the midst of his self-gratulation, the words flashed across his mind. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory." He was confounded. Not that he had actually made himself the representative of this last kind of greatness; it was not sufficiently to his taste for that; but he had ventured on dangerous ground, and he was startled by a flood of feelings that had till now remained dormant. He had always said and thought, so far as he had thought anything about it, that he wished to become truly religious; but now religion seemed so entirely opposed to all his ambitious plans, that he was afraid to look into his heart, lest he should discover, what he did not like to confess, even to himself, that he did not want to become a Christian. He was fully aware of the vanity of worldly pursuits, and was, on the whole, prepared to yield the palm of excellence to religious ones; but his father had often said he would one day be a great man, and a great man he had resolved to be.

The transition from this state of mind to infidelity was very easy. French infidelity was, at the period, sweeping over the land like a flood. At Providence College there was a young man, who was amiable, talented, witty, exceedingly agreeable in person and manners, but a confirmed deist. A very strong friendship sprang up between the two young men, founded on similar tastes and sympathies, and Judson soon became, at least professedly, as great an unbeliever as his friend.

During a part of his collegiate course, Judson was engaged in the instruction of a school, at Plymouth, and, on closing school, set out on a tour through the Northern States, and thence to New York.

After seeing what he wished of New York, he pursued his journey westward, and visited the home of an uncle, a Christian minister. The uncle was absent, and the conversation of the young man who occupied his place was characterised by a godly sincerity, a solemn but gentle earnestness, which addressed itself to the heart; and Judson went away deeply impressed. The next night he stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, probably in a dying state; but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that, beyond pity for the sick man, he should have no feeling whatever. But it was nevertheless a very restless night. Sounds came from the sick-chamber—sometimes the move-

ments of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer; but it was not these which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said; the stranger was probably in a dying state; and was he prepared? Alone, and in the dead of night, he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would his late companions say to his weakness? The clear minded, intellectual, witty E——, what would he say to such consummate boyishness? But still his thoughts *would* revert to the sick man. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality? or was he shuddering upon the brink of a dark, unknown future? Perhaps he was a "freethinker," educated by Christian parents and prayed over by a Christian mother. The landlord had described him as a *young* man; and, in imagination, he was forced to place himself upon the dying bed, though he strove with all his might against it. At last, morning came, and its light dispelled all his "superstitious illusions." As soon as he had risen, he went in search of the landlord and inquired for his fellow-lodger. "He is dead," was the reply. "Dead!" "Yes; he is gone, poor fellow. The doctor said he would probably not survive the night." "Do you know who he was?" "Oh, yes; it was a young man from Providence College—a very fine fellow; his name was E——." Judson was completely stunned. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, Dead! lost! lost! were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true, he felt its truth, and he was in despair. In this state of mind he resolved to abandon his scheme of travelling, and at once turned his horse's head towards Plymouth.

Mr. Judson's moral nature was now thoroughly aroused, and he was deeply in earnest on the subject of religion. Light gradually dawned upon his mind, and he was enabled, a few months later, to surrender his whole soul to Christ as his atoning Saviour. The change in Mr. Judson's religious character was not attended by those external indications of moral excitement which are frequently observed. The reformation wrought in him was, however, deep and radical. With unusual simplicity of purpose he yielded himself up at once and for ever to the will of God, and, without a shadow of misgiving, relied upon Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour. From the moment of his conversion, he seemed never, through life, to have been harassed by a doubt of his acceptance with God. The new creation was so manifest to his consciousness, that, in the most decided form, he had the witness in himself. His plans of life were, of course, entirely reversed. He banished for ever those dreams of literary and political ambition in which he had formerly indulged, and simply asked himself, how shall I so order my future being as best to please God? That he was moved by no transient impulse nor fit of enthusiasm, but was made partaker of a new *life*—the divine life—is sufficiently attested by the devotion of six-and-thirty years of unwearyed toil to the salvation of idolatrous Burmah.

WHY DO I PRAY SO LITTLE?

I have been solemnly reviewing my life. Much of it gives me great pain. I cannot say that I wish to live it over again. It is all stained with sin. I see abundant cause for crying, "Remember not against me the sins of my youth; pardon my iniquity, for it is great; have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness."

In all my folly there is nothing more unaccountable than my reluctance to abound in prayer. There is no reason in restraining prayer. O that I had prayed more. I cannot justify past neglect. Why have I prayed so little?

I have always been needy, and so my case called for much prayer. My wants have been great. Even when my temporal necessities have been well supplied, my soul has often been in the greatest straits. Not a blessing is there promised in the covenant of peace, but my poor soul stood in need of it. Yet I have been slow to ask for it. I have been strangely self-sufficient. I have been both poor and proud, and never more proud than when most poor. I have acted as if I had all things, when I had little or nothing. God forgive my delusion, my perverseness, my aversion to prayer.

Nor have I been without special calls to this duty. No less than *five hundred* times do the holy Scriptures mention prayer. The whole framework of religion supposes prayer to be offered. Even the systems of false religion have all enjoined it. My necessities have often been so great and urgent that I felt there was no created arm to help me. Yet I have prayed but little.

I have read and heard of others who abounded in prayer, and found it to their account. Yea, I have seen their wisdom in so doing. I could easily give a long list of such men as Paul and Rutherford and Ushermaud, Livingston, and Brainerd and Mar-

tyn, whom nothing could hinder from abounding in this duty. Why do I not follow so good examples?

Moreover, I have not been without experience of the pleasure and profit of calling on the Lord. I must say that when I have had most of the spirit of prayer, I have seen my happiest hours. Some answers to my prayers have been speedy, merciful, and well suited to lead me on to further cries for supplies. Yet I have not been aroused to such earnestness or to the formation of such habits of devotion as might have been expected. Why do I pray so little?

I read many great promises made to prayer; not one of them can fail. They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus. "Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," are but specimens of the sure engagements of the Lord. Why do I not more heartily believe His word, and trust His grace?

Nor do I regret any time that I ever spent in hearty prayer. I have often been refreshed in the duty. It has been a relief to tell all my sorrows to my sympathising Saviour. Indeed, but for prayer I should long since have perished by the hand of mine enemies. I should have been drowned in sorrow, or swept away by temptation, if I had had no access to the mercy-seat. Why then am I so little inclined to prayer?

I shall need much more than I have yet received. I shall need a good foundation against the time to come. I shall need grace to die the death of the righteous. My sanctification must be carried much further, or I shall still have spots and blemishes that will exclude me from heaven. I must grow more in the divine image and in confidence in Christ, or I cannot have boldness in the day of judgment. Lord, increase my faith and every grace. I am surprised that I pray so little, when I have so great, so solemn events before me, while my preparation for them is at best but scant and partial.

Why then do I pray so little? I see no good cause for such strange neglect. My reluctance to abounding in supplication must be based in unbelief, in that mystery of iniquity which I never can solve. O Lord, melt, subdue, purify my heart. Help me to call on thee. Teach me to pray, as John could not teach his disciples. Give me "the Spirit of grace and supplication."

GOD DOES NOT FORGET.

Many years ago, an old man, a devoted Christian, commenced a prayer-meeting, which is still continued, having resulted in many and glorious fruits. As a pastor, it was my privilege to be with him, particularly during his last illness. In several visits made to his house, I found him on the Mount, looking over the land of promise. Finding nothing seeming to mar his comfort or interrupt his joy, I determined to satisfy myself whether there was nothing that gave him any trouble of heart. On entering his chamber, I asked him, in simple terms,

"How are you this morning?"

"O, sir," he said, "I am well; why should not I be well? I am near home. Yes, I am near home—near heaven."

I took the opportunity to ask him.

"My dear sir, has there been nothing of late resting upon your heart as an occasion of trouble?"

He spoke not a word, but turned his face towards the wall, and lay so between five and ten minutes; then he rolled his head back upon his pillow, with his face towards me, and I saw the tears streaming down his cheeks.

"O yes, sir," said he, "there is one great trouble."

"What is it?" I enquired. "Speak your whole mind to me freely."

"Well," said he, "I have ten children, and I have prayed to God for more than thirty years, that I might see some of them converted before I died; but he has denied me. They have grown up, as you know, but are not yet Christians."

"How do you get over that trouble?" I asked.

"Ah!" he replied, "I get over it as I get over all other troubles—by rolling it over upon Christ. I know that God means to answer my prayers, but he means to wait till I am gone. But he will do it; I know he will; my children will be converted."

This man has been in his grave for fifteen years, and I have watched his children ever since his death; and now to-day I am able to say, that seven out of ten have been born into the kingdom of God, and that the eighth has also just experienced conversion. This is the answer to his prayer! God did not forget: he only waited. And, in like manner, he will answer the prayers of all parents who pray in faith for the conversion of their children. Let us take courage, and lay hold upon the precious promises of God.—*Dr. Taylor.*

LIFE'S TRIALS.

"Submission," said my father, "is a very different thing from insensibility. It never was intended, Grace, that trials should be unfelt, for then their end would be unattained. 'No trial for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous;' and pain, sickness, poverty, are in themselves evils. Yet if we are 'walking in the way of God's commandments,' we need fear nothing that shall meet us, not even the passing pain, for with it God may give such views of the 'rest that remaineth,' that all intervening labour and weariness, shall seem but as a sweet preparation."

"One must have strong faith for that," said Mrs. Howard, with a half sigh.

"Yes, and strong love. Do you remember the account given of a lady, who, when she was about to submit to a dreadful operation, gave to one of the physicians the last letter which had come from her husband, asking him to hold it before her? And with her eyes fixed upon the open page and love-traced characters, she sat unmurmuring, unfainting, through the whole."

"So let a man keep eye and heart fixed upon the words of Christ, 'As my Father hath loved me, so have I loved you,' and, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;' and they will gild even the deepest sorrow—how much more such trifles as beset us.—*Miss Wetherell.*

THE DOVE WITH CLIPPED WINGS.

"O mother! Mrs. C—— has lost her beautiful dove," said little H—— to his mother. "She was afraid it would fly away, and so had its wings clipped; a dog ran after it—it could not fly, so it was caught and killed."

Poor little dove! what a pity! Its gentle cooing has ceased, its soft plumage is spoiled in a moment, the beating of its heart is stilled, because it could not use its wings.

How very like this dove are children, in this world of sin and sorrow! wicked people trying to lead them into sin; Satan, like a roaring lion about their path, seeking to destroy. But have you no wings, little one, with which you may fly away and be safe? Yes, you may have; for faith and prayer are to the soul what wings are to the dove. Do tempters come around you, and say, Disobey your parents, or forget God's holy Sabbath? Are you just ready to yield? Oh! take the wings of faith and prayer, and go up to the throne of grace; ask help of your heavenly Father, and he will give it. Let not sin clip your wings, for then you will fall an easy prey; your garments will be soiled, and the song of joy in your heart be stilled. Or do you feel your heart begin to beat with anger, because some one has injured you? Wing your way to the cross of the meek and lowly Jesus, and learn of him to forgive and love. Are you sick, or poor, or sad, or weary? Is the brother or sister you loved taken from you? Has the father or mother, who folded you gently to the loving bosom, left you, and lain down in the grave? Use your wings, little lonely one; by prayer and faith fly up and nestle in the bosom of the Good Shepherd. When the hour of death comes—it comes to children as well as to others—clipped wings will not do *then*. Only *strong* faith in an unseen Saviour, and *servent* prayer, will bear the soul up, singing, to a heavenly home.

I remember looking, with much interest, when a little child, at a picture in the old "Primer" of John Rogers, the martyr, who, you all know, was burned at the stake, more than three hundred years ago. The "Primer," says he was not at all daunted. His own words, addressed to children, were:

Come, welcome death—the end of fears—
I am prepared to die;
These earthly flames will send my soul
Up to the Lord on high.

He had wings which the fire could not singe.

I used to wish I could know more about those children, whose little pale faces gazed so sad on this cruel scene, and whether they minded his good advice, to

"Lay up God's law within your hearts,
And print them in your thoughts."

I did not think I should ever see any of his descendants, but have since known many of them, full of faith and good works. But the one most interesting to me, R. W——, a sweet little girl, with a quiet look, and a calm, black eye. It was my delight to meet her, Sabbath after Sabbath, in the school. Always was she there. How intensely she listened to every word of Divine truth! How carefully she laid them up in her heart! How they shone out in her short life! for she died young. The same faith that sustained the martyr in the flames, sustained her in the dying-hour. And, when we took

our last look at the face where lingered the smile of peace, we did it in the hope that the spirit had gone to the same rest.

Dear children, when your last hour comes, may it be peaceful as hers. May you never fold your wings of prayer and faith, till you can say to the *waiting angels* :

“Lend, lend your wings—I mount, I fly!
Oh! Grave, where is thy victory?
Oh! Death, where is thy sting?”

Family Treasury.

SIN MAKES US AFRAID.

Why was Adam afraid of the voice of God in the garden? It was not a strange voice, it was a voice he had always before loved; but he now fled away at the sound, and hid himself among the garden trees. You can tell me why, I am sure. It was because he disobeyed God. Sin makes us afraid of God, who is holy; nothing but sin could make us fear one so good and so kind. Have you felt this kind of fear when Satan has tempted you to do wrong?

A child was one day playing alone in a drawing-room full of beautiful ornaments; he had often been told not to touch anything there, as they were of great value, and many of them were made of rare glass or china, and cost much money. He was usually an obedient boy, but on this particular day he was seized with a great desire to lift up the lid of a beautiful China jar, as he knew it was filled with sweetly scented rose-leaves. He left his toys, and went to the stand where the jar was placed. As he was too short to reach the lid, he climbed on a stool for that purpose; but just as his hand was on the lid of the jar, he heard a sound, and starting, he let it fall from his hand. It was not broken, but cracked, and he thought, most likely, no one would remark it; so, replacing it on the vase, he left the room. Day after day passed, but although no notice was taken of the injury, he lived in constant fear of a discovery. Every time his aunt called him he started, and when he was in bed at night, if he heard but the rustle of her dress in the passage or on the stairs, he was frightened. Yet it was not his loving aunt, but his sin that made him tremble. She was always kind and gentle, and had never spoken a harsh word to her little nephew, during his long visit at her house. At last the misery of concealment became so great that he told his aunt all, and the words she spoke to him then will never be forgotten. He learned from that week's remorse more of the nature of sin, than in his whole life before. And as they knelt down and prayed to God for forgiveness, the child felt humbled and penitent, and lifted up his soul very earnestly, that God would cleanse him from secret faults, and take away the love of sin from his heart.—*Mrs. Galdart.*

NO JESUS CHRIST.

But what concern to us, though the Chinese may find, among the forty thousand characters in their language, a term for every shade of thought in the affairs of life and the passions of men? Still we search in vain throughout their copious language, to convey the idea of the Christian's God, the Christian's heaven, or the Christian's hope, or peace, or penitence, or faith. The language has in it no Jesus Christ, no justification for the sinner, no word of pardon for the penitent. These things are all unknown to the people, and, of course, they have no language to express them. The Christian teacher has to take such words as he finds among them in common use, and consecrate them to a sacred use. For deity, he takes the term applied to every object of worship, and calls it God—so for faith, and repentance, and love, and humility, he must select terms that will bear such an explanation as will convey the Christian idea, but which idea the pagan, uninstructed, would never attach to his own language. But in relation to the depraved passions and gross thoughts of the human heart, their language abounds with truthful translations of all the Scripture formula. If you wish to say to the people that they are filled with unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, despites, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, &c., you would find expressions in the language, and illustrations in their lives, to convey the precise idea.

As to their literature, they have books on poetry and painting, history and horticulture, geography and government, economy and ethics, romance and religion. With them, of making many books there is no end; as, for instance, a library may be so extensive, that its catalogue shall consist of more than a hundred volumes, and each volume con-

tain more than a hundred pages. But what concern to us, though China should make so many books that the world could not contain them, since not one sentence is there found about man's salvation, and the only Redeemer of the world? They recognize the fact that man is diseased, but present no means of cure; they present the race as impure, but offer no hope of pardon; they speak of sin, but say nothing of a Saviour. Their sages repress the enquiry of their disciples about a coming life and the Supreme Ruler, by saying, why inquire about the future while you have so much to learn about the present; and why ask about the gods while you know so little of men? Among all their volumes, though multiplied by thousands and millions, they have not the book—the Bible.

"Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!
O, let the heathen nations read
This book in mercy given,
And look to Him who once did bleed
To fit their souls for heaven."

Dean's China Mission.

A PARABLE.

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects, and said to him:

"What is your employment?"

He said, "I am a blacksmith."

"Go home," said he, "and make me a chain of such a length."

He went home; it occupied him for several months, and he had no wages all the while he was making the chain, only the trouble and pain of making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said:

"Go and make it twice as long."

He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away.

Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again, and the monarch said:

"Go and make it longer still."

Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And, when he brought it up at last, the monarch said:

"Take it and bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into the furnace of fire."

These were his wages for making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servants of the devil! Your master, the devil, is telling you to make a chain.

Some of you have been fifty years welding the links of the chain; and he says, "Go and make it longer still."

Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on it; next Sunday you will be drunk, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action, and so will keep on making fresh links to this chain; and so, when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, "More links on still!" And then, at last, it will be, "Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the furnace of fire;" "for the wages of sin is death." There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet, but, if God makes it profitable, it will do you good. You must have strong medicines sometimes, when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts.—*Spurgeon.*

THE UNBLESSSED MEAL.

Thirty years ago a little boy, the son of pious parents, was invited to spend a few days at the house of a friendly family. When dinner came on the table, Philip, though very hungry after his journey, could not be persuaded to touch a morsel of food. Again and again did they urge him to eat, and as often did he look wistfully at the contents of the table, but resolutely declined. At length the lady kindly enquired if there was any reason why he did not eat his dinner. Bursting into tears, and sobbing so that he could scarcely speak, he exclaimed, "You haven't blessed it!" That family ever afterwards asked the blessing of God on their food, and that little boy is now a missionary in Jamaica.