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THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1860.

No. 8.

"WE NEED TO BE REVIVED, WE CAN BE REVIVED, AND WE WILL BE REVIVED."—*J. A. James.*

The oft recurring theme of a revival of God's work among us, has in its interests of such overwhelming importance, that to a heart alive to the salvation of men, it comes not as a stale subject, but fresh, weighty and absorbing. Mere talk can accomplish nothing. We feel therefore sure, that if we could see into the hearts of many of God's people in Canada at the present time, there we would find the subject of revival had made itself a home. Highly honoured is that instrumentality that succeeds in drawing forth the latent energy of the Churches. The fire that burns, while we muse over the wonders of grace wrought in many lands in our day, is not to be pent up in our own hearts. It should blaze forth in faith, in zeal, in prayer, in love.

The discovery that we **NEED** to be revived is a great step in the way to its attainment. Are we rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing? Is this a time to dream of ambitious projects and worldly interests? The spiritual condition of hundreds and thousands around us, may well fill our minds. They are on the way to the chambers of death. Day after day dawns on our neighbours and friends, without their perception of the beauties of the Sun of righteousness. Night after night they retire, to lie down under the frown of a forgotten God.—The eternal state of the lost bears to be pondered over, to arouse the dormant energies of slumbering churches. How soon these whom we may now influence, shall pass from the scene! The time is short. "Our hearts like muffled drums are beating funeral marches to the tomb." Salvation is to be sought and found before the night cometh, when no man can work. This then is a matter that may well possess our affections. There is room for the deepest feeling. The fountain of tears may well break up, in view of dying men. Break, hearts of stone. Unfeeling professor, what is thy profession but an empty form? Can you stand in sight of thy perishing brother, and say, it is nothing to me? There are points of divine truth which ought to sway our judgment—heaven and hell—Christ and salvation—the soul and eternity—these in their practical bearing on the state of our fellow-countrymen, so awaken our consciences, that the need of an outpouring of the Spirit of God, to bring these realities with power to the hearts of thousands, becomes felt. A deep, burning, all-consuming love of souls will recognise the need of revival. "Give me souls or I die." Is this feeling merely to be cherished by ministers? Does it not fairly claim the hearts of all the followers of Jesus? See what might be done, if every member of all the churches would so.

lemnly resolve to govern his or her conduct, so as to aim at saving one soul during this year. The membership would be doubled; that would not be all—fresh energy, faith, hope, joy, love, would grow amid these gardens of the Lord. If then we have a settled conviction of our need of being revived, let it not vent itself in complaints, or dissatisfaction with the actions of others, but gird up your garments, go forth to labour, and to suffer in spreading this feeling. In view of the mighty interests at stake, let us be strong. Yet what is our strength but weakness in the things of God? Far out, even at low water mark, many find their spiritual affections. The bony fingers of a dead formalism may clasp the standard of an orthodox creed. Many, alas, if now startled by the cry, the Bridegroom cometh, would turn round to say, our lamps are gone out. We want then the power of a holy, self-denying, active, and prayerful Christianity. This, the baptism of the Spirit alone can impart.

It is also of the first moment, that the mind be firmly persuaded that it is no hopeless case. Great though the need is, the remedy is at hand. To have passed the boundary line of hope unsettles the purpose. When the anchors drag in the storm, the vessel is in danger of total wreck. Though there is no break in the clouds, faith knows that the morning cometh. The evil to be dreaded is when despair cries,—no morning cometh, no morning cometh. God CAN revive his people. He has done it before. Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance when it was weary. We live in the dispensation of the Spirit. Power from on high accompanies the word. The fulness of the blessing has been richly enjoyed; and can it not be so again? These great mountains of our difficulties, and peculiar circumstances, seem to say, there is no hope. Our position in Canada may be different from the state of the churches in America, in Ireland, and in Sweden. Yet the worst and most hopeless aspects of these fields have been met and overcome. Each soil may have its peculiarity, but the same means and power that conquered there, can succeed here. Showers as they fall from heaven, are alike genial in their influence wherever they descend. It is not glorying in ourselves to believe that we can be revived, for the door is not finally and for ever shut.

In order to the enjoyment of a time of favor from God's presence, we must go further than the admission of the probability that such a day of grace will dawn, faith is required to rise higher. The *expectation* of the blessing has much to do with its realization. This expectation ought not to be fanatical, unreasoning, unscriptural. The basis on which a blessed expectation rests, is the promise of God; and this is about to be fulfilled, when the indications of Providence are all pointed in that direction. The promise of God shines down on every faithful labourer, as a star of hope, singing as it shines,—the night weareth away. There are words of God, as to the ultimate success of the good work, more precious in the light they give than the sparkling beauty of purest gems. The river of life, as it flows on through the ages of the world is not inverted in the order of its course—deep at the beginning, shallow at the end—wide at the fountain head, narrow at the ocean; the fathom line goes down further as you proceed. The enriching and fertilizing blessings of the streams of salvation, are increased as they near the ocean of eternity. God shall pour out the Spirit upon all flesh. The indications, encouraging us to toil on expecting a blessing, may not be so numerous or decided as is desirable, there they are nevertheless. We fancy we can almost hear the beating

heart of the sacramental host of God's elect, struggling and yearning over dying sinners. Whence, this revival of the spirit of prayer—this faith in the power of prayer—these meetings so well attended, and so blessed? We are verily persuaded that many a lone watcher on the watch-towers of Israel, is expecting now that the time to favour Zion, yea, the set time is come. What is wanted for a revival is a powerful sense of the need of it—the faith that knows it can be—and the expectation that occupies itself with preparation for the coming of the gracious time. This will lead to much prayer—prayer somewhat like that of Dr. Backus, former President of Hamilton College. The doctor was upon his death-bed; the physician called upon him, and after approaching his bed-side and examining his symptoms with interest and solemnity, he left the room without speaking, but as he opened the door to go out, was observed to whisper something to the servant in attendance. "What did the physician say to you," said Dr. B. "He said, sir, that you cannot live to exceed half an hour." "Is it so," said the great and good man, "then take me out of my bed and place me upon my knees, let me spend the time in calling on God for the salvation of the world." This request was complied with, and his last breath was spent in praying for the salvation of his fellow-men: he died upon his knees. When an all-absorbing interest in the welfare of souls takes a strong hold on the Churches of Christ, earnest and persevering prayer will move the arm that upholds the universe. Is there not a beginning of this spirit? The Lord increase it an hundred fold!

The seed of the kingdom too is not scattered on soil trodden down by the excitement of strife and party spirit. The Union prayer meeting is an institution of our day. The war-steed does not prance furiously amid the enclosures of gospel churches. The sower goeth forth to sow in the calm serenity of peaceful times; and we expect that the seed shall spring up and bear fruit. A wide-spread feeling of brotherly sympathy is cherished, which is as the dew on Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountain of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore. These signs of the times lead us assuredly to gather, that the Lord calls his people to preach the gospel in these regions, in the expectation of a glorious and abundant harvest of souls. "Say not ye, there are four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

NOON PRAYER-MEETING IN TORONTO.

During the week of the world's union prayer meeting, a noon meeting was held daily in the Second Congregational Church, Toronto. It evidently met a general want, as Christians of all denominations at once came into it. It has been continued since from week to week, and is now designed to be a permanent appointment. In this city, as elsewhere, there is a call for a service at which all evangelical believers, whether residents or wayfarers, may meet together on common ground. Numerous requests for prayer have been sent in, to some of which, already, answers have been vouchsafed! It has been a hallowed hour, refreshing to many hearts. Don't forget to drop in, reader, and take part, when you pass this way. Strangers are specially welcome.

F. H. M.

TO THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF CANADA, WITH THEIR
BISHOPS AND DEACONS.

DEAR BRETHREN,

As was intimated in the last number of the Magazine, an appeal is now made to you, each and all, for a collection in aid of the Lecture Room now in course of erection, or, more probably, completed, by the Rev. W. F. Clarke, in Victoria, Vancouver's Island. This appeal comes through the undersigned, inasmuch as it was he who suggested, from the Chair of the Union, in June last, that "Canada should bui'd the first Congregational Church in British Columbia." The present Chairman, the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, and the Secretary-Treasurer, Rev. E. Ebbs, cordially endorse and recommend the proposal herein contained.

The present condition and claims of the cause presented, cannot be better set forth than in the following extracts from Mr. Clarke's letter:—

"In addition to the other impediments in my way, a serious obstacle to progress has been the lack of a suitable place of worship. We have been compelled to meet in a barn-like upper room, on an out-of-the-way street, very muddy in rainy weather, and with all the associations most inconvenient and repulsive.—This was the best that could be done.

A few days after the publication of the "circular," containing the correspondence between myself and Mr. Macfie, a gentleman from Massachusetts, who has been one of my regular hearers, suggested to me the idea of building a temporary place of worship. He said he was about to leave Victoria, but having done very well here, he was anxious to contribute to some good object before his departure, and if I would undertake the thing, he would give me one hundred dollars toward it. He remarked that we ministers generally made the mistake of trying to do too much *at first*, in the matter of church-building; and thought temporary places of worship should be built while temporary dwellings were the order of the day, and costlier, more permanent, sanctuaries erected when the people began to inhabit mansions. I thought the suggestions had common-sense in them, and backed up by a liberal subscription, they were irresistible. I therefore drew up a subscription list, and my good friend headed it with his \$100.

No sooner was it known that such an undertaking was meditated, than the "*Congregational Church, South*," as Mr. Macfie's interest has been appropriately styled, circulated a subscription list in hot haste, and swept the town before us, canvassing the business portion before I and my friends at all suspected anything of the sort! This, however, did not daunt me, and I plodded along quietly, but determinately, until I obtained *six hundred dollars*, including the original \$100. I have been very fortunate as to a site, through the liberality of the Hudson Bay Company. They had no unsold lots in any suitable situation, but gave me two lots in the best locality yet unsold, allowing me the privilege of selling them, or exchanging them for a more eligible site. I succeeded in exchanging them for *one lot* in a most commanding and desirable position, by paying in addition \$125. The site is solid rock, on a side-hill, near the summit of the highest point in Victoria, and withal very central. The position admitted of putting our temporary building in the rear without marring its appearance, and the lot is large enough for a good permanent church to be built in front of the temporary one.

It is hardly necessary for me formally to announce to you that I am "in medias res" as it respects this important undertaking. The matter required haste, and I have pushed it with all my might. So much so, that in ten or twelve days the building will be ready for occupancy. It is 26 × 40, and will seat 200 persons. There is a small vestry and minister's room in the rear. The cost of the building will be *eleven hundred dollars*, which with the addition of the balance paid for the lot, will bring the total outlay required to over *twelve hundred dollars*—a very moderate cost for such an achievement, when you consider the exorbitant price of

building material and labor on this coast. The enterprise has been undertaken and carried through at a most favourable juncture, as it respects the items last named; a temporary reduction having taken place just in the nick of time for my purpose, and a rise having already commenced. Now my dear brother, the memory of your address, as retiring Chairman, was very fresh when I decided on embarking in this enterprise, and I am confidently relying on some help from Canada, through a reiteration, in definite shape, of your appeal. I know the Canadian Churches are aching to show their interest in the British Columbian mission, in some practical way, and there is now an opportunity which I know they will gladly embrace. I want them to raise *four hundred dollars* toward this object, and I very much desire to have them do it by taking up *one Sabbath collection* for it. An average of five or six dollars from each church will suffice. I suggest this method because I want to spread the thing over a large surface, and to make the effort a very *gentle one*, for I hope, in the course of two years, perhaps less, for developments are rapid on this coast, to make a personal visit to the Canadian Churches, and ask their help to erect the permanent building of stone with which I hope to see my hill-top ultimately crowned.

Now, my dear brother, I am counting so confidently on the response from Canada to this "*Macedonian cry*," that I have made arrangements to borrow on my own personal responsibility, the sum for which I am now asking. The remainder of the outlay I have no doubt can be provided by my congregation.—Everything is cash down here, so that the whole cost must be paid forthwith, and interest is 2 and 2½ per cent. per month.

You will, I am sure, very cheerfully put this subject before the Canadian Churches without delay, and withal consent to receive and transmit to me through the Bank of British North America, which has an agency here, the liberality of the churches: if possible, *in one remittance*. A small effort of liberality on the part of the Canadian Churches, just at this juncture, will do a vast deal toward laying the foundations of things in connexion with our cause here.

Dr. Evans is receiving substantial and liberal aid from Canada toward the erection of his church—a building to cost \$7000 or \$8000. It will not be completed for some months.

I ought to state that the building we are erecting, though only designed for temporary use as a place of worship, will be of permanent value and utility to the cause here, as it will make an excellent lecture-room or parsonage.

I have not time to write you at any length concerning other matters. The prospects of these young colonies are good and brightening. Recent accounts from the mines are most encouraging, and when spread about will draw population hither without question."

So much in relation to the building project. The following will throw further light on our brother's position, and doubtless increase your sympathy for him:—

"I would ye should understand, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out *rather* unto the furtherance of the gospel." The word "*rather*" in the quotation just made, must not be made strikingly emphatic, but must be taken to express an *evident preponderance* of encouragement amid sore difficulties and trials.

Substantially the results I predicted, have followed the movement initiated by Mr. Macfie. A most virulent life *has* been infused into the prejudice against the coloured people. I and my family have been subject to persecution and annoyance in various forms; my little children taunted by other children in the streets with having "*the nigger preacher*" for a father—laughed at for sitting beside "*niggers*" in Sunday-school, and at meeting, and told we shall not be allowed to have church much longer—echoes of utterances they hear at home. I could easily fill this sheet with details, showing the extraordinary state of feeling induced by *my condjutor's missionary operations!* Every effort has been made to verify the statements in Mr. Macfie's letter, viz.: that mine was "*the black man's church*," and that I was "*the black man's preacher*." Similar representations have become stereotyped items of information for strangers at the various hotels, and low, mean artifices have been resorted to, with the avowed intention, in Yankee-phrase, to "*boost Mr. Macfie along*," and to "*drive Clarke out of Victoria*."

Mr. Macfie is doubtless ignorant and innocent in respect to much that his adherents do for the sake of carrying their ends; indeed, he is to be pitied as the unsuspecting dupe of men who value him only as the rallying point of a feeling which they are resolved to gratify at all hazard, and who will desert him so soon as he fails to serve their purpose.

A part of their warfare is secret, and therefore, at present, defence is impossible. As a specimen of their tactics, a document prepared for transmission to the Society was industriously circulated in *reliable quarters*, and to swell the list of signatures, it was taken the evening before the Mail Steamer left for San Francisco, to the hotel where most of the miners stop. An "ad captandum" speech was made to a crowd of them, the question put, "shall white men or niggers rule in this Colony?" and on the white men being elected by acclamation to rule the country, all who were of that mind were invited to sign the document! But I am being betrayed into details that will crowd out more important matter.

My congregations have, as I expected, been visibly and seriously affected by the movement. Not a few who admit that I am right, suffer themselves to be carried by the current away from me. I have a good deal of the sympathy which says, "be ye warmed, &c.," but gives not the things that are needful. Still, matters might look worse. The smallest congregation I have had, even in unfavorable circumstances, *e. g.*, bad weather, &c., has been *thirty*. The smallest number of white persons I have ever had, has been *eleven*.

I was much cheered a few days ago, by a visit from the Rev. G. H. Atkinson, Congregational Minister from Oregon. He has been settled in Oregon City eleven years, and is therefore one of the oldest, if not the very oldest minister on the Pacific Coast. He came here during a tour directed by the American Home Missionary Society, with a view to finding posts in Washington Territory for Missionaries. The Society expect to send at least two in the Spring, who will probably be located, one thirty and the other sixty miles from me.

Mr. A. exhibited the warmest sympathy for me in view of my great trial, and at his suggestion, we called on Mr. Macfie, to attempt to bring him to a right view of his course and position. In this object, our visit was a failure. But it gave a third party—wholly disinterested—and himself, both a Congregational minister and representative of a Society similar to the Col. Missionary Society, an opportunity to form a judgment as to the merits of this unprecedented case of difference between brethren. I addressed a few lines to him on the eve of his departure, requesting a frank and impartial opinion from him, not only as to the question at issue between myself and Mr. Macfie, but also as to the light in which such a rival movement would be regarded by the American Home Missionary Society, and by New England Congregationalists. His reply is clear and satisfactory."

Is not the case sufficiently presented in these words? Surely nothing need be added to such statements. The necessity of a building is self-evidently most urgent. The brother is one of ourselves, and went forth to his mission laden with our good wishes. His present difficulties increase tenfold his claims on our sympathy and "material aid."

It is therefore respectfully suggested, that on the *Second Sabbath (11th day,) of March next, a simultaneous collection be made in every Congregational Church in the Province* for this object. The proceeds will be mailed to Mr. Clarke on the following Friday, so that *prompt remittance* to the undersigned will be needful. Some Churches will probably anticipate the above-named day, which has been purposely made as late as possible. I have *in hand* the first fruits of this effort, \$16 from the Church in Paris.

Let no Church deprive itself of the privilege of having a plank in this building. Better to send *one dollar* than nothing. As an expression of sympathy it will be cheering. The larger Churches will remember that the *average* of \$5 or \$6, should

be exceeded by them, as the smaller may not attain to it. I will only add, that the result of this movement shall be fully reported in the *Canadian Independent*, and remain, dear brethren,

Yours, in the Gospel,

F. H. MARLING.

Toronto, January 28, 1860.

P. S.—Should any individuals wish to aid this cause, who may not have an opportunity of contributing to the Church collections, I shall be very happy to receive and forward their personal donations.

F. H. M.

THE WORLD'S UNION PRAYER MEETING.

It fell to our lot, last month, to advert to the proposal for united prayer in all lands for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit; and we have now to record the result, so far as known.

To what extent the call was responded to by Christians in Europe, Asia, and Africa, we have as yet no information. In London, we read of "an extraordinary number of prayer meetings" having been appointed. Similar services were arranged for in many of the leading towns of the kingdom. In the United States, we do not know how far the proposal was adopted. The services in Philadelphia, were numerous and overflowing, as also in several other cities.

But in Canada, the observance of the week specified, seems to have been almost universal. We have no materials at command for anything like a complete report, but from every part of the Province whence any tidings have reached us, there is but one story,—and that a most cheering one. We have scarcely heard of any place where "the spirit of grace and supplication" has *not* been bestowed. Compliance with the invitation has been ready and universal, the nightly meetings have been large and earnest, an unusual measure of Christian unity has been manifested, and there has been a general desire for the continuance of the services for another and yet another week. In towns like Galt, and Stratford, no room was found large enough to contain the multitudes assembling. What the Middle District Missionary deputation (west) found on the recent tour, is narrated elsewhere, and there was nothing to show that they had struck an uncommon vein. In Toronto, as we write, the *fourth* week of nightly union services is in progress, and a fifth is contemplated. The numerous meetings, separate and united, held during the first week, were all crowded, and still they are very large. During a seventeen years acquaintance with the city, we have never witnessed such a feeling as prevails.

What does all this betoken?—This felt need of the Holy Spirit, this fervent and importunate prayer, and this blending of Christian hearts? Is not God about to visit our land? Has He said, "seek ye my face in vain"? Is not "the time to favour" Canada, "yea, the set time, come?" *We believe it has, if we "quench not the Spirit."* Tremulous with eager expectancy, but also with conscious short-coming, do we write thus. There is enough of sin within us, one and all, to turn away the blessing. But God is very merciful!

F. H. M.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

We are pleased to find that the interest manifested in the Special Services held in extra-Ecclesiastical buildings in London during the last few winters has induced their promoters and supporters not only to continue but greatly to extend them. Experience has shown that the class which it is most desirable to reach, the non-church going masses of artisans and labourers, do not form a large proportion of the audiences which have filled Exeter Hall and St. James' Hall; probably, for one reason, because the localities are unsuitable; this winter, therefore, the Committee have taken Garrick Theatre, Whitechapel, and Sadler's Wells Theatre, Clerkenwell, both in the midst of a dense population, consisting mainly of the poorest and most irreligious; the result, so far as the first services are concerned, was most satisfactory. At the Garrick Theatre, the Rev. Newman Hall preached on New Year's Day in the afternoon to an overwhelming audience, and the Rev. George Mansfield, a Church of England Minister, in the evening. While at Sadler's Wells there was a densely packed congregation, and an eloquent sermon preached by the Rev. J. B. Owen, also a Church of England Minister. Of this the *Record* says:—

“Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the practical wisdom of this step, there is little doubt that the crowds thus brought within sound of the Gospel differ essentially from the working-class audiences which assemble in Exeter Hall. We are informed that this was strikingly evident to those who passed Sadler's Wells yesterday evening as the audience was entering. The numbers who thronged the streets included very many of the dissipated and wild classes who are found among the week-day *habitués* of such places. The fact that the invitation to ‘come and hear’ is thus responded to is the best argument for giving a patient trial to the experiment.”

We feel sure that, if no other good result were to follow, it will certainly bring about more love and harmony among the different denominations of Christians, or it is impossible that they should be united together in an effort for the spiritual well-being of their fellow men without learning to love and respect each other more, and to overlook the petty differences which have hitherto prevailed to keep them apart. The plan of the committee is worthy of imitation wherever the necessity and opportunity for such services exist. They say:—

“The committee themselves are quite indifferent as to the particular section of the Church of Christ with which any clergyman or minister they may invite to assist in these services may be connected; their only solicitude being to have Christ faithfully and earnestly preached unto the people. Still, to avoid the appearance of any bias on their part, it is the purpose of the committee to arrange a course of services for the ensuing three months, and to assign an equal number of such services to the clergy of the Established Church, and of the Evangelical Nonconforming bodies. The mode of conducting the services it is proposed to leave open to the judgment of the officiating clergyman or minister.”

The Rev. Archer Gurney, Minister of an Episcopal Chapel in Paris, writes to the *Times* that the service he has conducted for two years past has been peremptorily stopped by the orders of the French Minister of Public Instruction. Mr. Gurney, it appears, never got proper official permission to carry on the service,

being told that it was not absolutely necessary; that fact, however, appears to be the ostensible ground of the proceedings; it is supposed that the real reason is, that a service in French has been held on Sunday afternoons for a large number of children born in France of English parents, but who are ignorant of the English language. Lord Cowley was absent from Paris, so for the time nothing could be done, but there is no doubt that if the facts are simply as stated, Mr. Gurney will be permitted to resume, doing things in a legal manner. We cannot help thinking there is more in the circumstances than has yet appeared.

STATUE TO DR. WATTS.—Nearly 400*l.* has been subscribed for the statue to Dr. Isaac Watts, in the public park at Southampton, Dr. Watts' native town. Mr. Lucas, the sculptor, has commenced the statue, which will be above life-size, and with the pedestal will stand nearly twenty feet high. About 200*l.* more is required to be subscribed by the public. Mr. Lucas has completed a model of the statue, and has succeeded in perfecting an admirable likeness of the poet. The statue and pedestal will be of Balsover stone. The inauguration of the erection of the statue by a grand public ceremonial will take place next autumn.

RETURN OF THE IRISH ASSEMBLY'S DEPUTATION FROM AMERICA.—We have the satisfaction of announcing that the Rev. Dr. Edgar, the Rev. S. M. Dill, and the Rev. David Wilson—the Irish General Assembly's Deputation to the United States of America—landed at Queenstown at half-past two o'clock, p.m., on Wednesday last, after a somewhat tempestuous voyage. The reverend gentlemen have suffered little from their severe labors and lengthened tour over the wide boundaries of the American Union which they traversed. As a very convincing proof of the sympathy felt on the other side of the Atlantic for Irish Evangelical Missions, and for those who conduct them—including at least, one member of the deputation—we may mention that the friends in America of our mission schemes have sent the deputation and the mission secretaries home some 6,000*l.* richer than they were upon their departure—*Belfast Banner*.

THE LATEST RELIGIOUS STATISTICS OF THE METROPOLIS are to be found in the new Post-office Directory, which gives the number of clergymen and Dissenting ministers at 930, who respectively preside over 429 churches, and 423 chapels, of which latter buildings the Independents have 121, the Baptists 100, the Wesleyans 77, the Roman Catholics 29, the Calvinists and English Presbyterians 10 each, the Quakers 7, and the Jews 10, the numerous other sects being content with numbers varying from one to five each. These figures would show about one church or chapel to every 3,000 souls.

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Wednesday night at least 1,600 people assembled at a "United prayer-meeting," held in the Exchange, Wolverhampton, and if there had been room at least 2,000 would have congregated to beseech the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon that town. The proceedings were conducted by clergymen and Wesleyan and other Dissenting ministers, all the two last and most of the former taking part. The Rev. A. B. Gould, vicar of St. Mark's, in an opening statement, repudiated the charge that they wished to "manufacture" a revival: the use of prayer, and prayer alone, should be a sufficient answer to such an assertion. The proceedings terminated with the announcing of various united daily or semi-weekly prayer-meetings that were being held in different parts of the town; having lasted upwards of two hours, and the decorum and reverence observable only in a place of worship on the Sunday being maintained throughout.—*Manchester Examiner*.

Official.

RECEIVED FOR THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

Kingston, a Friend, per Pastor.....	\$13 33
Alton, October Collection, per Pastor.....	2 23
Hillsburg and South Caledon, per Pastor; Gaelic Congregations, \$6; } English do., \$3 25.....	} 9 25
Cold Springs, per Pastor.....	14 00
	\$38 81

Toronto,
January 31st, 1860.

F. H. MARLING,
Secretary.

Correspondence.

MISSIONARY TOUR.—MIDDLE DISTRICT, No. 1.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

MR. EDITOR,—As it is usual to give a brief narration of Missionary meetings, permit me to occupy a portion of your next issue, with the following account. We commenced our meetings in this district, on the memorable day on which thousands and tens of thousands of Christians of all evangelical denominations, were engaged in special and united prayer for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, and for the conversion of the world to Christ; and they were continued through that eventful week. This significant and delightful fact, had an obvious influence upon the speakers and hearers. I never witnessed more solemn meetings. The spirit of prayer prevailed. Weighty and practical truths were freely and earnestly enunciated. The attendance was exceedingly encouraging, and the attention equally so. Many found it good to be there, and will long remember the exercises in which so many so harmoniously united. Prayer and praise commenced and concluded each meeting, and between the addresses, sacred pieces were sung by the choir with great acceptance. The Secretary read selections from the printed report of the Society, followed by an address which evidently gave a tone to the meetings, and which succeeding speakers ably and earnestly illustrated and enforced.

We commenced with *Bowmanville*, on the 9th instant: the pastor presiding. Although the weather was unfavourable, the attendance was good. On this occasion we regretted the absence of the Rev. Mr. Fenwick, who was expected to take part throughout our Missionary tour. This limited the deputation. In four instances, however, the friends of the Saviour of *other* sections of the Church, rendered valuable assistance. On this occasion, besides the speeches of the chairman, and Messrs. Durrant and Byrne, very appropriate remarks were made by the Rev. Mr. Chapple (Bible Christian), and Rev. Mr. Smith (Free Church). The tone of the meeting, and the singing, were excellent. The collection amounted to \$10 00, and the subscriptions paid, to \$47 07, making a total of \$57 07—a few

more dollars yet to be collected. One thing I must not omit to notice in closing, viz., the *improved appearance of the chapel*. Being painted throughout, the walls papered, the aisles matted, the pulpit newly-cushioned, and the whole well lighted, rendered it very attractive; and it certainly reflects credit upon the members of church and congregation in this place.

Whitby was the next town visited by the deputation. The weather was unpropitious, but the attendance was better than we have seen it for some time. It was cheering to see so many assembled, and so interested in what was advanced. Owing to previous engagements, we were deprived of the services of Rev. Dr. Thornton (United Presbyterian), and Rev. Messrs. Hunt (Wesleyan Methodist), and Lowry (Free Church). The pastor occupied the chair, whose address was followed by excellent speeches from Messrs. Durrant and Reikie. Singing, accompanied by the melodeon recently introduced in this congregation, added to the interest of the meeting. The public collection was \$4 12; Sabbath School collection, \$6 74; subscriptions in part only, \$12 82; total, \$24 68; but this amount will be *more than doubled*, we hope, in a few days; the collectors being prevented from completing their lists earlier.

We next proceeded to *Markham*, and had a large and interesting audience, in the Congregational Chapel; the Rev. Mr. Flummerfelt, a superannuated Wesleyan minister, presiding. Besides addresses from the deputation,—the Rev. Messrs. Reikie, Durrant, and Byrne—we were favoured with fraternal and effective observations from Edward T. Crowle, Esq., Principal of Markham Grammar School, and Dr. Corson, both members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of that village. The choir here did their part admirably. The collection amounted to \$5 47; Sabbath School prayer-meeting, \$1 31; subscriptions, \$25 75; total, \$32 53.

Stouffville followed next in our course. The attendance was large, and the meeting of a hallowed character. The pastor occupied the chair, and besides the deputation, very friendly and appropriate remarks were made by the Rev. Mr. Taggart, (Wesleyan Methodist,) a brother with whom we met some fourteen or sixteen years back, when settled in the Ottawa district. Several young persons sang sacred pieces between the speeches, led on by their pastor, and they did it well. The collection was \$8 34; Sabbath School Box, \$6 20; and the Missionary Cards, \$22 70; total, \$37 24. Before closing the particulars pertaining to this place, we were gratified on being informed that the *Bible Class* had recently presented their pastor with a Buffalo robe, in order to minister to his comfort during the winter season. How pleasing and encouraging such tokens of regard! Would it not be well for others, elsewhere, to do likewise?

The last place we visited in this tour, was *Pickering*. The Missionary meeting was held in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, and was well attended. It was full of religious interest, equally with those that had preceded. The presence of God seemed to be with us, and not a few expressed the conviction that some good would follow. In addition to the practical and earnest remarks of the deputation, Mr. Compton, a local preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists, gave utterance to highly intelligent and appropriate observations, in which he expressed his gratification with what he had heard and witnessed. The collection amounted to \$4 77; Missionary Card, \$11 50; total, \$16 27.

This was truly a pleasant and profitable week, and will not be readily forgotten—Brother Reikie and the Secretary returned to Whitby on Saturday, the latter pro-

ceeding to Bowmanville, having agreed upon an exchange of pulpit exercises for the Sabbath. On the following morning, your correspondent returned by the cars, when he had the pleasure of meeting with his old friend, the Rev. Luchlin Taylor, and of hearing from him cheering intelligence relative to Palestine, and the Ulster revival, that energetic brother having rambled in the midst of wondrous scenes on these sacred grounds.

I am, yours truly,

Whitby, January 17th, 1860.

JAMES T. BYRNE.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

MIDDLE DISTRICT, No. 2.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have been requested to forward for the magazine a brief account of a missionary tour through a portion of the Middle District. The first station visited was *Pine Grove*. On Monday, January 16th, Brethren Marling, Noble, Denny, McLean, R. Hay, (the pastor) and Hooper, were present. The influence produced by the world's prayer-meetings rested upon speakers and hearers. It was spontaneously and unanimously agreed by the ministers, to say nothing that would tend merely to amuse the audiences, but specially to aim at influencing the hearts of the people, all being convinced that if the heart was filled with the love of Christ, there could be no difficulty in obtaining funds to carry on his work. At this and every other station (without exception) a deep solemnity, personal conviction of short coming, and anxiety for the welfare of the souls of others were plainly manifest, and many in every village visited, declared that *they had never had such missionary meetings before*. Encouraged by the tears, the marked attention and earnestness of the assembly, we appointed a prayer-meeting for the following day. The attendance was good: the prayers were wrestlings with God. Several requested that prayer might be offered up for children or relatives, who were living without God and without hope in the world. All hearts seemed to be melted by a heavenly influence. Ministers and people were alike brought with us, even to the foot of the cross.

At *St. Andrews*, the divine blessing seemed to be still more copiously showered down. While addressing God in prayer, at the meeting held from 10 to 11, answers were vouchsafed. I believe every male in the assembly stood to ask the prayers of God's people, some for themselves, some for children far off, one for a dying man, in a hardened state, since brought to feel his need of the Saviour. Even females rose to seek a share in the blessing God seemed ready to bestow; some longing that their husbands might be converted, others that they may have grace and wisdom to train up their children for heaven; and one, who could not say a word, simply rose from her seat and sat down again, thus testifying to her wish to find Christ as her Saviour.

Were I to dwell upon all the heart-stirring incidents of our Missionary tour, it would fill a number of your Magazine. We were all struck with the similarity of the meetings, and with the similarity of the results. At *Boulton Village*, at *Alton*, at *South Caledon*, and at *Hillsburg*, God was with us of a truth. The addresses delivered were not extraordinary in their character; there was no attempt at display, nothing but simple, earnest, homely truths, yet every address seemed to tell

Many were the illustrations of the passage—"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord." I must refer to one incident that occurred:—Two church members had been cherishing hard feelings towards each other. Efforts had been made to reconcile them, but in vain. At the prayer meeting, however, God melted their hearts; they were weeping side by side during the whole time, and walked home in company. We next proceeded to *Churchhill*, or Swackhammer's; the next day to *Georgetown*,—there was a universal breaking-down. Besides many other cases of interest, four or five persons, out of Christ, rose to ask prayers for themselves. Our tour terminated with the stations of Father Denny, viz.: *Trafalgar* and *Hammonsville*. Besides the missionary and prayer meetings, a recognition service was held at Trafalgar. Though curtailed to make room for the prayer meeting, it was a solemn, and, I trust, useful meeting.

The deputation were greatly assisted by the earnest and appropriate addresses of a lay brother, E. Kimball, Esq., of Toronto. Brother Unsworth joined the deputation at Alton, and the esteemed Secretary of the District, (Rev. J. T. Byrne) arrived at Trafalgar in time to deliver the charge to Mr. Denny. The introductory discourse being delivered by the writer, and the address to the people by the Rev. F. H. Marling; questions and recognition prayer by Rev. J. Unsworth. We have returned through mercy to our homes, convinced that the Churches in Canada have but to ask in faith, and God will pour them out an abundant blessing.

The pecuniary results of this journey cannot be announced at present, as several of the contributions are incomplete. Albion was ready, with its usual commendable promptness, giving over \$80; Georgetown gave \$23; Pine Grove, \$10, 68c.; St. Andrews, \$14. The Secretary received about \$180 in cash at the close of the tour.

J. H.

January 30th, 1860.

Literary Review.

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES. A series of Lectures on 2 Peter i., 5—12; by JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church.—New York: SHELTON & Co.

These lectures were prepared with sole reference to the spiritual improvement of the dear brethren in Christ constituting the Church of which the author is pastor. We rejoice that through the press, they are sure to attain to wider usefulness than resulted from their delivery to a single congregation. We have read them with delight. A christian manhood will be developed where the lessons inculcated in this volume are impressed on the heart. In all there are nine lectures, as follows:—Virtue—Knowledge—Temperance,—Patience—Godliness,—Brotherly Kindness—Charity—The Choir of Graces—From Grace to Glory. The author thoroughly investigates the exact shade of thought indicated by each particular word used by the inspired penman. Having treated with a masterly hand the first link in the golden chain, the beauty, solidity and value of which is set in the clearest light—he passes on to the second, and thus to the last, maintaining a consistency in the treatment of the themes. We earnestly commend the volume as calculated to strengthen and develope Christian character.

TRUTH IS EVERYTHING: a Tale for Young Persons; by Mrs. THOMAS GELDART:
New York: SHELDON & Co.

A story adapted to impress on youthful minds the loveliness of truth; and to show mothers the importance of direct and personal efforts to train their children in habits of truthfulness.

SERMONS PREACHED AND REVISED by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON; FIFTH SERIES.—
New York: SHELDON & Co.

The author in the preface to this volume says,—“I feel that the readers of my sermons are my friends. Many, doubtless, read to cavil, to criticise, and to condemn; but a vast number have charity enough to overlook the faults, grace enough to profit by the truths, and kindness enough to allow me a place in their hearts.” We are in no mood to find fault where we discover such earnest zeal, in setting forth the truth as it is in Jesus. The sermons which we have read in this volume, are characterized by boldness, clearness, and practical purpose. The wide circulation of these and other evangelical sermons, is a sign of the times which indicates to us a bright future. Truth thus eagerly sought will bring forth the fruits of righteousness. The present volume contains a steel-plate view of Mr. Spurgeon preaching in Surrey Music Hall. The fact that this popular preacher has recently refused to continue his services in that commodious structure, while the proprietors used it for purposes of gain and public amusement on the evenings of the Lord’s Day, demands the admiration and thanks of all who contend for the sanctity of the Sabbath.

THE PRECIOUS STONES OF THE HEAVENLY FOUNDATIONS; by AUGUSTA BROWNE GARRETT.—New York: SHELDON & Co.

This volume is designed to illustrate some of the glories of the heavenly state. It contains a series of reflections suggested by the twelve precious stones which, engraven with the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb, are represented in the Apocalypse, as the foundations of the heavenly Jerusalem.

THE CHINA MISSION: by WILLIAM DEAN, D.D.—New York: SHELDON & Co.

An interesting, readable and instructive book. The geography, language, laws, history and religion of the Chinese Empire, are dwelt on in the first part of the book; while the history of the missions of all denominations in China, in their efforts to introduce the Gospel of the Son of God into that land of darkness, occupies the larger portion. The author is eminently fitted to impart this information, having devoted the strength of his life to the Missionary work in China.—The memorials of deceased Missionaries presents to the Church a view of what has been sacrificed and accomplished in “the beginning of the Gospel” among the teeming millions of that empire.

PERILOUS TIMES! when Christians have time to play with idols, have time to feast the world, to nestle themselves as the world, to go rounds of formality, have time to pick faults in their neighbours—their brethren: have time to amuse themselves with religious dissipation.—*Lady Powerscourt.*

News of the Churches.

THE REV. JAMES HAY.

The *Cape Mercantile Advertiser* of the 23rd November says:—The Rev. Mr. Hay, of Canada,—who is on his way to Natal to examine the advantages presented by that colony for a settlement of persons desirous of emigrating from Upper Canada, chiefly on account of the severity of the climate,—leaves to-day in the *Waldensian*, for Port Elizabeth; where, it is understood, he will remain for a few weeks to supply at the request of the congregation, the pulpit of Mr. Harsant, absent in England.

THE UNION PRAYER MEETINGS.

Unusual interest has been felt in the concert for prayer in many places throughout Canada. Of Galt it is reported that—"Day by day, meetings are announced, and as none of the churches are sufficiently capacious to hold the crowds, the large room of the Town Hall has been used as the place of meeting, where it is no uncommon thing to see 1,500 people assembled to join in public worship, and hear comments on the Scriptures. On Saturday last, at mid-day, although the town was crowded with teams and strangers, yet every place of business was shut up, that tradesmen might attend in the Town Hall to hear the glad tidings; and even the alarming cry of "Fire!" which disturbed the devotions, did not terminate them. On Sabbath day, after morning service, the devotions were renewed, but so great was the crowd that the clergy had to divide into two bodies, one leading the devotions in the Town Hall and the other in the Free Church. All the Clergy in this town, of every Protestant denomination, take part in these meetings—the clergyman of the Scotch Church delivering his address from the Free Church pulpit, and the English clergyman taking his turn with his Presbyterian friends in conducting the devotions. These meetings have been continued at intervals ever since, and are followed by numerous parties assembling at private residences for social prayer. No enthusiasm or excited conduct is manifested on these occasions—everything is conducted with calm earnestness and devotion, but with no outward manifestations of aroused consciences or alarmed minds. The aim of the Clergy seems rather to convince the understanding than to excite the passions. The meetings are still continued."

MONTREAL AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY.

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Society has been held. During the past year the issues of the Society had been 5,056 Bibles and 6,460 Testaments—total 11,516, being nearly one thousand less than last year, and bringing up the entire issues of the Society to 235,168 copies. The gratuitous distribution numbered 674 Bibles, 903 Testaments—total, 1,577 copies of the value of \$617. This included 300 copies to the French Canadian settlement of St. Anne, and 450 copies to the Grand Ligne Mission, for use in the section of country most influenced by Father Chiniquy's visit. The receipts of the Parent Society for the year had exceeded any limits hitherto attained, amounting to £166,062 19s 4d; the expenditure was £158,642 15s. During the past year the number of copies of Scripture issued by this Society amounted to 1,625,985, being an increase over the circulation of the previous year of 23,798 copies.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Anniversary of this most important Society was held on Thursday the 26th January. From the report it appeared that there have been admitted to the Pointe aux Trembles Institution ninety-seven French Canadian youths, of whom seventy-one were at present in attendance there. Thirty-six were new comers, the average age was over fifteen years. Two-thirds were the children of Roman Catholic parents, the rest the children of converts. They represented no less than forty-one different parishes. Only eight of them could read or write when

they were admitted. During the year only two had been dismissed for ill-conduct; three had been converted and admitted to the Lord's table; and eleven were under serious impressions. The report related the instance of a boy who, after a short course of instruction, felt compelled to call upon the Curé, and ask, whether the New Testament either in the Catholic or Protestant worship was the Word of God; but who merely received for answer the exhortation to leave the institution, go home to his parish and receive the instruction of his own priest—an exhortation he did not comply with. The congregation at the church numbered 175, of whom 30 were communicants, being three more than last year.

At Quebec Mr. Solandt has disposed of 69 copies of the Scriptures.

As to the future ministrations, it was stated that Mr. Duclos had returned from Geneva, ordained; and that eight other young men were studying there for the work.

The Evangelical French Canadian Church was on the increase—congregation twenty to sixty, with new faces frequently to be met with—church organized by the choice of deacons and a constitution.

At Belle Riviere the first Protestant French Canadian Church was about to be opened. It was a handsome building 30 feet by 40 feet, with a nice spire.

As to the finances, the amount received during the year was \$11,816; \$4,395 from Great Britain; \$869 from the United States; \$2,499 from Montreal; \$4,053 from other parts of Canada. The expenditure, exclusive of that for the debt, was \$11,418, less by \$319 than the receipts. But there was still a debt of \$1,178 against the Society, which he hoped there would be many *bons* sent up to pay off. He had a letter suggesting this course, enclosing a *bon* for \$100 from a mercantile firm.

There were connected with the Society twenty-nine male and twenty-four female teachers—of the male teachers ten were native born French Canadians. The number of communicants at all the stations had risen from 95 to 117.

MISSION TO THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

Captain Kennedy, under the auspices of the Canada Foreign Missionary Society intends establishing a Mission among the Indians in this region. At a Union prayer meeting held in Zion Chapel, Toronto, Capt. Kennedy said it was his intention to send messengers to the surrounding Indians from self-supporting missions. He believed that if natives were taught to sustain their own schools, by engaging in agricultural and industrial pursuits, they would accomplish much more than if they were led to depend upon sustenance from abroad. He intended when he got to the Lake of the Woods, to sow seed enough to carry him through the next winter. The great difficulty was to procure sustenance for the first year, unless the missionary chose to live like the Indians, by the bow, the snare, the net, and the chase. He had no doubt—as at the point which he had chosen the overland traffic ceased and navigable water was reached—that in a few years a large population would be gathered together. Another effect of the mission would be the raising up of a valuable class of *voyageurs*, and the Indians of this district were the best *voyageurs* he had ever met with. And as in the prosecution of the Pacific Railroad a great demand for *voyageurs* would spring up, this community would be the means of supplying the demand. If the mission could be made self-sustaining, as he thought it could be by engaging in agriculture, a wide field would be opened up to the spread of the Gospel.

THE REVIVAL IN WALES.

The Rev. Thomas Rees writes that the revival continues to gain ground in almost every part of the principality. The Welsh newspapers are filled every week with cheering reports of the progress and the blessed effects of the mighty movement throughout South and North Wales. The revival is the principal subject of conversation in the markets and fairs, and scarcely a letter passes through the post, which does not contain something concerning it. In most localities this is the all-absorbing subject.

It is a fact worthy to be recorded, that the students in the Congregational Colleges at Bala and Brecon are in a most remarkable measure baptised with a

revival spirit. When the Bala students returned to College after their summer vacation, several of them arrived warm from the scenes of the most powerful awakenings, and these communicated their earnest spirit to their less revived fellow-students. By degrees the Church was affected; professors were aroused from their slumbers; prayer-meetings were multiplied, and the whole town is now moved. One of the students says that above forty were then added to the Congregational Church at Bala; that they hold prayer-meetings twice every day, and that the ardency of their feelings is such that they seldom sleep till three or four o'clock in the morning. These young men are going out every Sabbath to supply the congregations in the surrounding country, and the hand of the Lord is with them wherever they go.

The Calvinistic Methodists have also a College at Bala, and their students are "full of the Holy Spirit and of faith." The young men of the two institutions often meet for social prayer and religious conversation; and they even go to many prayerless families in the town to conduct family worship.

Ever since the memorable meeting which we had at Holyhead, on our return from Ireland, the work of the Lord is progressing in that town, and several hundreds have been added to the churches. It also spread throughout Anglesea. The Town of Denbigh has for the last four or five weeks been the scene of a most wonderful work of grace. Union prayer-meetings are held once or twice every week, in which all the Dissenting denominations unite. From November 27 to December 5 nearly two hundred were added to the different churches, in the following proportions:—To the Calvinistic Methodists, 78; to the Independents, 60; to the Wesleyans, 40; and to the Baptists, 10. A most heavenly feeling pervades the Welsh churches at Liverpool and Birkenhead, and many are constantly added to them. The county of Caernarvon is as lively as ever. In a word, almost every church throughout North Wales is more or less moved.

In South Wales, where the work originated about twelve months ago, it progresses most favourably, though perhaps not so universally as in the North. Many churches in Breconshire are now experiencing the power of the world to come to a greater degree than they ever did, at least in the present age.

REV. H. G. GUINNESS.

The Philadelphia correspondent to the New York *Tribune* writes:—A perfect furor is prevailing among the churches, under the preaching and lecturing of a young Irish clergyman—the Rev. Grattan Guinness. He comes among us to enlighten us as to the extent and power of the great religious awakening now in progress in Ireland, and to gather such contributions in aid of schools and churches for the poor Irish, as may be offered to him. He speaks with wonderful fluency, earnestness and power. His descriptions of the Irish revival are so full, minute and satisfactory, as to astonish our people at the marvellousness of the work. He has been here five weeks, during which he has preached some sixty times, yet the masses crowd in to hear him even more anxiously than when he began. Every Sunday he preaches three times, and every evening during the week. Scarcely an advertisement of his appearance is published, yet his audiences are tremendous. When the Sunday service begins at 3½ o'clock the church is packed full of people by one, and when the service is over, hundreds keep their seats to be sure of them for the coming sermon, which concludes at ten o'clock, so that they are in church some nine hours. No such enthusiasm has been witnessed since the days of Summerfield. Mr. Guinness has been the means of again reviving the revival of two years ago, and numbers have been reached to conviction under his ministry.

PROTESTANTISM IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—Protestant service has been opened for the Nestorians of Constantinople. The number of evangelical services held in that city every Sunday, amounts now to thirty-two, which, on an average, are attended by about 3,000 persons.

Rills from the Fountains of Israel.

HOW TO SECURE THE HAPPINESS OF FAMILIES.

There are some things which have an indispensable influence in producing and maintaining the welfare of families, which fall more properly under our cultivation. Order, good temper, good sense, religious principles—these will bless thy dwelling, and fill thy “tabernacle with the voice of rejoicing.”

I. Without *order* you can never rule well your own house. “God is not the God of confusion.” He loves order—order pervades all his works. He overlooks nothing. “He calleth the stars by their names”—He numbereth the hairs of our head—“He appointeth the moon for seasons; and the sun knoweth his going down.” There is no discord, no clashing, in all the immense, the amazing whole! He has interposed his authority, and enjoined us “to do everything decently and in order.” And this command is founded in a regard to our advantage. It calls upon you to lay down rules, and to walk by them; to assign everything its proper place—its allowance of time—its degree of importance; to observe regularity in your meals—in your devotions—in your expenses. From order spring frugality, economy, charity. From order result beauty, harmony, concurrence. Without order there can be no government, no happiness. Peace flies from confusion. Disorder entangles all our affairs, hides from us the end, and keeps from us the clue; we lose self-possession, and become miserable, because perplexed, hurried, oppressed, easily provoked.

II. Many things will arise to try your *temper*; and he is unqualified for social life who has no rule over his own spirit—“who cannot bear,” to use the words of a good writer, “the frailties of his fellow-creatures with common patience.” Peter, addressing wives, reminds them that “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price.” And Solomon often mentions the opposite blemish in illustrating the female character: “It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.”—“The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping”—and so on. We should deem it invidious to exemplify this imperfection of one sex only—we would address you equally; and call upon you, as you value a peaceful abode, to maintain a control over your tempers. Beware of passion; say little when under irritation; turn aside—take time to reflect and to cool—a word spoken unadvisedly with your lips may produce a wound which weeks cannot heal. “I would reprove thee,” said the philosopher, “were I not angry.” It is a noble suggestion. Apply it in your reprehension of servants and correction of children. But there is something against which you should be more upon your guard than occasional sallies of passion—I mean habitual pettishness. The former may be compared to a brisk shower, which is soon over; the latter, to a select or drizzling rain, driving all the day long. The mischief which is such a disturber of social enjoyment is not the anger which is lengthened into malice or vented in revenge, but that which oozes out in constant fretfulness, murmuring, and complaint; it is that which renders a man not formidable, but troublesome; it is that which converts him, not into a tiger, but into a goat. Good humour is the cordial, the balm of life. The possessor of it spreads satisfaction wherever he comes, and he partakes of the pleasure he gives. Easy in himself, he is seldom offended with those around him. Calm and placid within, everything without wears the most favorable appearance; while the mind, agitated by peevishness or passion, like a ruffled pool, reflects every agreeable and lovely image false and distorted.

III. The influence and advantage of *good sense* are incalculable. What streams, what vessels, are the noisy?—The shallow, the empty. Who are the unyielding?—The ignorant, who mistake obstinacy for firmness. Who are the infallible?—They who have not reflection enough to see how liable and how likely we are to err—they who cannot comprehend how much it adds to a man’s wisdom to discover, and to his humility to acknowledge, a fault. Good sense will preserve us from censoriousness—will lead us to distinguish circumstances—to draw things from the dark situation of prejudice which rendered them frightful, that

we may candidly survey them in open day. Good sense will keep us from looking after visionary perfection: "The infirmities I behold are not peculiar to my connections; others, if equally near, would betray the same; universal excellence is unattainable—no one can please in everything. And who am I, to demand a freedom from imperfections in others, while I am encompassed with infirmities myself?" Good sense will lead us to study dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations—to weigh consequences—to determine what to observe and what to pass by—when to be immovable and when to yield. Good sense will produce good manners—will keep us from taking freedoms and handling things roughly; for love is delicate, and confidence is tender. Good sense will never agitate claims of superiority; it will teach us to "submit ourselves one to another, in the fear of God." Good sense will lead persons to regard their own duties, rather than to recommend those of others.

IV. We must go beyond all this, and remind you of those *religious principles* by which you are to be governed. These are to be found in the Word of God; and as many as walk according to this rule, mercy and peace shall be upon them. God has engaged that, if you will walk in his way, you shall find rest unto your souls. If it be said there are happy families without religion, I would answer, *First*, There is a difference between appearances and reality. *Secondly*, if we believe the Scripture, this is impossible: "The way of transgressors is hard"—"There is no peace, saith my God, unto the wicked." *Thirdly*, Religion secures those duties upon the performance of which the happiness of households depends. Would any man have reason to complain of servants, of children, or of any other relation, if they were all influenced by the spirit, and regulated by the dictates, of the Gospel? Much of religion lies in the discharge of these relative duties; and to enforce these, religion brings forward motives the most powerful, and always binding, and calls in conscience and God, and heaven and hell. *Fourthly*, Religion attracts the divine blessing, and all we possess or enjoy depends upon its smiles. God can elevate or sink us in the esteem of others—he can send us business or withhold it—he can command or forbid thieves to rob and flames to devour us—he can render all we have satisfying or distasteful; and they that honour him he will honour. "The house of the wicked shall be overthrown, but the tabernacle of the upright shall flourish. The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked, but he blesseth the habitation of the just." *Finally*, Religion prepares us for all events. If we succeed, it keeps our prosperity from destroying us. If we suffer, it preserves us from fainting in the day of adversity. It turns our losses into gains; it exalts our joys into praises; it makes prayers of our sighs; and, in all the uncertainties of time and changes of the world, it sheds on the mind a "peace which passeth all understanding." It unites us to each other, not only as creatures, but as christians—not only as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, but as heirs of glory, honour, and immortality. For you must separate—it is useless to keep back the mortifying truth. It was the condition upon which your union was formed. O man! it was a mortal finger upon which you placed the ring—vain emblem of perpetuity. O woman! it was a dying hand that imposed it. After so many mutual and growing attachments, to separate!—What is to be done here? O Religion, Religion! come, and relieve us in a case where every other assistance fails. Come, and teach us not to wrap up our chief happiness in the creature. Come, and bend our wills to the pleasure of the Almighty, and enable us to say: "It is the Lord! let him do what seemeth him good; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Come, and tell us that they are disposed of infinitely to their advantage: that the separation is temporary; that a time of re-union will come; that we shall see their faces, and hear their voices again.

Take two Christians, who have been walking together, like "Zacharias and Elizabeth, in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Is the connection dissolved by death? No. We take the Bible along with us, and inscribe on their tomb: "Pleasant in life, and in death not divided." Is the one removed before the other? He becomes an attraction to the other; he draws him forward, and is waiting to "receive him into everlasting habitations." Let us suppose a pious family re-uniting together, after following each other successively

down to the grave. How unlike every present meeting! Here our intercourse is chilled with the certainty of separation; there we shall meet to part no more—we shall be for ever with each other, and for ever with the Lord. Now affliction often enters our circle, and the distress of one is the concern of all; then we shall rejoice with them that rejoice," but not "weep with them that weep;" for all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and the days of our mourning shall be ended."—*Jay*.

The Fragment Basket.

TRUE DIGNITY AND REAL GREATNESS.—You see now what I have attempted to prove. First, that man's true dignity consists in right-doing; then, that man's baseness consists in wrong-doing;—in the next place, that wrong-doing is a moral slavery; and, lastly, that right-doing confers moral freedom. All these propositions, taken by themselves, are absolutely true: true in the light of reason, history, and the Bible. But now comes an important question. Can men be freed from the slavery of sin, and can they attain to the true dignity of holiness, without the aid of the Christian religion? I unhesitatingly say, No! The whole of this world's history will support the teaching of the Bible on this great matter. All men have sinned, and have felt what the tyranny of sin was. Their tendencies and dispositions are bent on wrong-doing; and the fatal servitude into which Cain, and before him our first parents, yielded, has only been more and more clearly developed during nearly six thousand sad and toilsome years. You, my friends, are subject to it too. Men may call you honest, and moral, and principled, and whatever else they please; but you know respecting yourselves more than they do. They see not the invisible chains that bind you, and by which you are made to feel your worthlessness and powerlessness; nor do they mark your sad and fearful forebodings of a worse slavery than even the present—the slavery of woe and sin in eternity. To strengthen you and rescue you, all human means have failed. Education and mental culture have not availed,—they have only helped you to a clearer and more desponding view of your condition and prospects. Science has not availed,—it has only taught you how man can triumph over the forces of nature, and subdue everything in the world, except the sin that reigns in the little world of his heart, and the doom that awaits him by-and-by. Philosophy has not availed,—it has speculated, sometimes beautifully and sometimes wildly, but louder than all its utterances has risen God's voice in your conscience, and it has opposed its unmistakable facts to all dreams and theories. Christianity will avail. Its power has been tested by millions in the past, and is still tested by millions now. Listen to it. Examine it. It will not harm you. And surely in a struggle for life and death, like that in which men are engaged, you will not scorn to use its available advice. Its teaching, and the process by which it accomplishes its end are divinely simple. It tells us in tones of mercy and love that the great good God has so loved us, that he gave his Son to die for us, so that by this great sacrifice of Christ, we can hope for and obtain pardon, and be rescued from the curse which accompanies all transgression. It tells us how this pardon becomes ours, not in virtue of great sacrifices we are called upon to make, but simply on our willing acceptance of it as a free gift. It tells us how that by faith in Christ, the weakest, the poorest, most ignorant and most sinful of all men are introduced into the closest favour with the Most High, so that he calls us his children, and we call him our Father. It offers us, even here, a life of peace,—the peace of the heart and conscience,—a peace that passeth all understanding,—a life of joy, joy unspeakable and full of glory, to be realised even in the midst of daily toil and sorrow,—and then it points to a place beyond the grave, a place prepared for us, where there will be, for ever and ever, pleasures which eye has not seen, which ear has not heard, and which have not entered into the heart of man. And by these gifts,

Christianity places men towards God under the highest obligations, and inspires them with the loftiest gratitude. From henceforth, the great question of their souls is,—How shall we best please him? The Scripture answers by saying,—If ye love Him, keep his commandments, enforcing thus the simplest and truest test of love. And it presents to our view a model life,—the life of Christ our Saviour, yet still our brother; a life of the loftiest disinterestedness and most spotless purity; a life which was a long and never interrupted triumph over temptation; and it bids us learn our lessons and gather our principles from that. Further still, when we feel our weakness and acknowledge the utter impossibility of any great and good purpose being kept by us, as this must needs be, that faithful Bible leads us to a good and gracious Spirit, whose divine mission it is to help our infirmities, to enlighten man when he is dark, and to strengthen him when he faints, with the promise that he will help us to realise our holiest desires and to live a life of purity and peace. This, this is God's royal road to that liberty with which Christ sets us free. Brothers, believe me; I speak as an honest man to honest men when I tell you that I know these things are true, for in some measure at least I have tried them; and I pray earnestly to a good and faithful God that you may prove them true for yourselves.—*From a "Sunday Afternoon Lecture to Working Men," by the Rev. C. Bailhache, of Leeds.*

FAULT FINDING.—“*Bear ye one anothers burdens.*”—The spirit of this passage forbids that we should make the failings of other men a source of amusement to ourselves—and now I am coming to it. I will admit that there is a playful good-humoured kind of *badinage* that is harmless. The reprehension or exposition of a man's faults in a light, genial spirit, is often the best way of telling him of them. I do not, therefore, say that all innocent raillery and good-natured reprehension is to be disallowed. On the contrary, it may be allowed. It must be genuine, however, producing good and not pain. But he that makes the mistakes, the foibles, the faults, the misconceptions of men—the ten thousand infelicities of human life—the subject matter of comment, of jest and social enjoyment, and personal amusement, is simply a barbarian. He is not a Christian; he does not belong to that category.

It is one of those things that are monstrous in the sight of God. Could you do it to your child? A mother may tantalize her child; she may frolic with it, she may do a thousand things with it, causing it to hover vibrating between a tear and a smile, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, just for a moment; but she instantly presses it to her bosom, and covers its face with kisses, so that there are no shades left upon its spirits. And there is such a thing as innocent raillery. But to watch to see what is awkward in others; to search out the infirmities in men; to go out like a street sweeper or a universal scavenger, to collect the faults and failings of people, to carry these things about as if they were cherries or flowers; throw them out of your bag or pouch, and make them an evening repast or a noontide meal, or the amusement of a social hour, enlivened by unfeeling criticisms, heartless jests, and cutting sarcasms; to take a man up as you would a chicken, and know his flesh from his very bones, and then lay him down, saying, with fiendish exultation, “There is his skeleton”—this is devilish! You may call it by as many pretty names as you please, but it is devilish! and you will do nothing worse than this when you go to hell—for you may expect to go there if you have such a disposition and do not change it. Talk about cannibalism! Cannibals never eat a man till he is dead. They are nearer Christ than you are, a great deal.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

EARLY CHRISTIANITY.—In the first age, that of early struggling Christianity, the new principles in the gospel did not fail to exhibit their power and benignity. The scheme of Christian doctrine, in its whole theologic breadth, in its connection with all the provinces of human knowledge and philosophy, was not, indeed, so fully conceived by the primitive Christians as it has since been. The intellectual worth and meaning of Christianity were not systematically unfolded before the Reformation. But in pure spirituality of devotion, in fervency of personal piety,

the early age stands alone. The light was dewy and beautiful in that new dawn of humanity. Those were the days when Christians walked so closely with God, that light from heaven beamed visibly around them. Those were the days when men said of Christians, "See how they love one another!" Those were the days when—Gibbon himself being witness—the form of Christian morality rose amid heathen grossness, so pure, so saintly, that the pagans themselves were astonished and abashed, driven into fiendish hatred, or won to penitence and adoration. The voice of Christianity was heard against the licentiousness that reigned in the temple of Venus; and its eye fell in heavenly pity on the agony of the gladiator. A softer gentleness threw its smile over the faces of men; and, strange as it might seem, yet in beautiful natural consistency, a new manliness, a robust valour, recalling better times, also appeared. "In an age of enervated refinement," says Neander, "and of servile cowardice, the Christians manifested an enthusiasm which gave fresh energy to life, and a heroic faith which despised tortures and death rather than do what was contrary to conscience. This heroism of the Christians did, indeed, strike many as a phenomenon foreign to the age; they made it a matter of reproach to them that they possessed a character well enough befitting the ruder days of antiquity, but little suited to their own refined and gentle times." It was then that the hardihood of the Christian faith was proved by its ability to root itself in blood. The sword which had smitten all the nations into submission to Rome, was unsheathed against the Galileans, and unsheathed in vain. So intensely and perpetually did those early Christians realize the belief that the seen and temporal is but a wavering film over the unseen and eternal, that they have hastened even too willingly and joyously to martyrdom. The mysterious spectacle was presented of a humility and self-negation unexampled in the world, and a fortitude which, from female eyes, could smile defiance into the face of death.—*Essays by Peter Bayne.*

THE UNAPPRECIATED SKY.—It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man—more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.—There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of the man is not answered by every part of their organization; but a very essential purpose of these might, so far as we know, be answered, if, once in three days or thereabouts a great ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue sky, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not too bright or too good for human nature's daily food. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions—spiritual in its tenderness—almost divine in its affinity—its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential.

And yet we never attend to it—we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensation; we look upon all by which it speaks more clearly to us than to brutes—upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm—only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too painful to be worthy of a moment's watchfulness or a glance of admiration.—*John Ruskin.*

A DAY OF HEAVEN UPON EARTH.—O Sabbath!—needed for a world of innocence—without thee what would be a world of sin? There would be no pause for consideration, no check to passion, no remission of toil, no balm for care! He who had withheld thee, would have forsaken the earth! Without thee, he had never given to us the Eil le, the Gospel, the Spirit! We salute thee as thou comest to us in the name of the Lord—radiant in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over a nation's achieved work—marching downward in the track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and guiding flame interweaving with all thy light new beams of discovery and promise, until thou standest forth more fair than when reflected in the dews and imbibed by the flowers of Eden—more awful than when the trumpet rang of thee in Sinai! The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it but rises in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day. And never since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by him who revived and rose, has this day awakened but as the light of seven days, and with healing in its wings! Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation! It has been the coronation day of martyrs, the feast day of saints! It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the Church of God! Still the outgoings of its morning and its evening rejoice! It is a day of heaven upon earth! Life's sweetest calm, poverty's birthright, labor's only rest! Nothing has such a hoard of antiquity on it! Nothing contains in it such a history! Nothing draws along with it such a glory! Nurse of virtue, seal of truth! The household's richest patrimony, the nation's noblest safeguard! The pledge of peace, the fountain of intelligence, the strength of law! The oracle of instruction, the ark of mercy! The patent of our manhood's spiritual greatness. The harbinger of our soul's sanctified perfection. The glory of religion, the watch-tower of immortality. The ladder set upon the earth; and the top of it reacheth to heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending upon it.—*Hamilton.*

POWER OF LOVE.—Power does not lie in noisy demonstration or in visible force. The puffing of the steam-engine, the screech of the locomotive, are not the motive power; the steam that moves the engine steals quietly into the cylinder through a yielding valve, and works by pressure, not by noise. The power that locks up the streams and converts the rolling waves into a pavement of solid crystal—you cannot hear it any more than you can hear the motion of the planets. The power that again melts down these barriers and unlocks the frozen earth, can you hear that, though it makes the trees clap their hands, and wakes all the birds to song? And can you hear *Love*; or weigh it, or measure it? But in that little word lies a power greater than philosophy, diplomacy, or arms, to rule and to mould the world. When Napoleon, on St. Helena, contemplated the wreck of his own empire, he was filled with awe of this mysterious power of Christ. "With all my power," said he, "I have only made men fear me; but this carpenter, without an army, has made men love him for eighteen hundred years. I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause. But after all, my presence was necessary; the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me, then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do, indeed, possess the secret of this magical power, which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one. None of my generals ever learned it from me; nor have I the means of perpetuating my name, and love for me in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means. Now that I am at St. Helena, now that I am alone, chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? Who are the courtiers of my misfortune? Who thinks of me? Who makes efforts for me in Europe? Where are my friends?" Christ speaks, and at once generations become his by stricter, closer ties than those of blood—by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flame of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called Charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely to *make himself beloved*, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of Charity.—*Joseph P. Thompson, D.D.*

PROGRESS OF QUARRELS.—The first germs of the majority of the disunions of mankind are generally sown by misconception, wrong interpretations of conduct—hazarded, very possibly, at moments of ill humor—and the whisperings and suggestions of suspicion, aroused, perhaps, without any cause. The mutual coldness often turns, at first, upon paltry trifles; this feeling is then strengthened by absurd reports and statements; the effects of accident augment the evil. At last the false pride of neither party will give away; each must first see the other humbled; and thus, those perhaps who are completely adapted to mutually esteem and treasure each other, and possess the means of rendering to one another essential services, part from each others company in aversion. And does a mere trifle—for everything temporal and earthly is such—merit being the cause for rendering mutually our lives so bitter in every way?—From "*Hours of Meditation*" by Zschokke, a German writer.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.—"I envy no quality of the mind and intellect in others—be it genius, power, wit, or fancy—but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; breathes new hopes; varnishes and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of light; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes fortune and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."—*Sir Humphrey Davy*.

FEAR NOT.—Should I be asked, What is the grand remedy against undue fear of every possible kind? I answer, in one word, Communion with God. "He," says good Dr. Owen, "who would be little in temptation, must be much in prayer." Ply the mercy seat. Eye the blood of Christ. Cry mightily to the Spirit of God. To which I add, wait at the footstool in holy stillness of soul; sink into nothing before the uncreated Majesty. If *He* shine within, you will fear nothing from without. What made the martyrs fearless? Their souls were with Christ,—Jesus lifted up the beams of his love upon them, and they smiled at all the fires which man could kindle.—*Toplady*.

Poetry.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

2 KINGS, iv. 3.

Pour forth the oil—pour boldly forth;
It will not fail, until
Thou fallest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.

Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very fountains of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;
Such is the law of love.

R. C. TRENCH.

MYSTERY OF CHASTISEMENT.

“ *We glory also in tribulation.* ”—ROM. v., 3.

Within this leaf, to every eye
A little worth doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragraney.
Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find,
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor and bare
Of shape or lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skillful hands essay,
And file and flint, to clear away
The film, which hides its fire from day.

This leaf! this stone! It is thy heart;
It must be crushed by pain and smart—
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

S. WILBERFORCE.

PRAYER.

There is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night:
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That ear is filled with angels' songs;
That arm upholds the world on high;
That love is thrown beyond the sky.

But there's a power that man can wield
When mortal aid is vain;—
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky!

Family Reading.

“CHARLIE GRANT.”—THE YOUNG PEDLER.

“If you please, ma'am, there's a boy at the door with a pedler's box; and as he has lost an arm and looks but poorly, I thought you would like to see him; so I've told him to come in and sit down, for he seems wearied.”

“You have done quite right,” I said to the old servant who made this announcement; “and if he will rest there for a few minutes, I shall go to him whenever I have finished writing this note.” In a few minutes, accordingly, I proceeded to the hall, and seated

there, and leaning wearily on a box that seemed too great a weight for the slight frame that bore it, I found the poor boy she spoke of. He seemed about eighteen years of age, of respectable appearance, and with a countenance whose gentle expression indicated, perhaps, more amiability of disposition than any great intellectual power. He arose as I approached him, and respectfully removing his cap, displayed the thick auburn curls that clustered round his open brow, while the delicacy of his complexion and the empty coat-sleeve pinned across his breast, added to the interest that his appearance altogether excited. A few words soon drew from him his simple story:—He was the last surviving one of nine children, and “his mother was a widow.” To aid in her support and his own, he had been employed in some public work; but one day having become accidentally tangled in the machinery, his arm was so injured that amputation was found necessary. A long and severe illness followed; and on his recovery some kind friends having provided him with the box which he now carried, he in this way still sought to assist in the maintenance of his widowed parent.

On entering into conversation with him, I found in him a degree of artlessness and simplicity that greatly interested me, and induced me to invite him to return, and from that time “Charlie Grant, the young pedler,” became a regular and ever welcome visitor.

During these visits, which continued for a greater part of the following summer, I had many opportunities of conversing with Charlie, and seeking to bring before his mind “the things which belong to our eternal peace.” He always listened with attention when I spoke, and read willingly whatever I gave to him, but beyond this I could trace no indication of life within. Amiability of disposition indeed there was, and much moral rectitude of character; but the heart, so kind and grateful to man, was dead to God.

No consciousness could I trace of sin, in the alienation of heart from a Being so glorious and so good—No sorrow that the law of a God so holy was broken—no heartfelt love to Him who so loved us—and no grief that by “our transgressions He had been wounded, by our sins bruised.” Outward assent there might indeed be to all these truths, but in the heart-feeling of them the fountain seemed “sealed.” Towards the close of that summer, I with my family left the neighbourhood of E—, and did not return for some months, so that my intercourse with Charlie was for a length of time discontinued, nor even after our return did he come as usual to visit us. Supposing, however, that some incidental cause might have prevented him, I did not feel uneasy at his absence; nevertheless, it was with no small pleasure I one day heard the announcement, that “Charlie Grant was in the hall,” and I hastened at once to join him there. His face was turned from me, so that he was not immediately conscious of approach: his eyes were raised toward the window which lighted the hall, and the rays of a wintry sun fell full upon him; but oh! the change in that countenance since I had last looked upon it! It was not alone that the delicate hue of his complexion had faded to a death-like paleness, and the gentle eye glittered with an unnatural lustre, but in the expression of that eye there was a something that told of life awakened within, and the usual passive quiet of the countenance was exchanged for a depth of repose that spoke of peace such as Jesus only can give—“a peace that passeth understanding.”

“Charlie,” I hastily exclaimed, “what is the matter with you? have you been ill?” He started at the sound of my voice, and the deadly paleness of his cheek was succeeded by a deep glow more painful still to see. While hesitating to meet me, he grasped my extended hand, and expressed with earnest warmth his delight at seeing me again. In reply to my eager questioning, he told me that he had been ill—the box he carried had been too much for his feeble strength, and the breaking of a blood-vessel had been the consequence, followed by such weakness that for many weeks he had been unable to leave his bed, and even now, with difficulty, had resumed in some degree his usual labors. All this he told me rapidly, as if anxious to hurry over what was now to him of minor importance, and then, with all the fervour of a heart that was full of overflowing, he poured forth the glad history of all that God had done for his soul. But who may describe the wondrous process by which a soul passes from death unto life? The Spirit of God had entered his heart and said, “Let there be light,” and “there was light,” and in that light he saw “things clearly”—saw himself to be a lost and helpless sinner, guilty of rebellion against a God of infinite holiness and love, the transgressor of a law to break whose least requirement was death, and unable, wholly unable, to deliver himself from this fearful pit, or give unto God a ransom for his own soul. But the same light of the Spirit revealed to him Jesus as a Saviour, who had

offered unto God double for all his sins, who had finished transgression and made an end of sin, and brought in an everlasting righteousness—Jehovah Jesus, mighty to save even unto the uttermost—who could say to the prisoner “Go forth,” and give life even unto the dead. In the midst of the tempest that discovered sin awakened in his heart, he heard the still small voice that said, “I am thy salvation;” “Look unto me and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else;” and as the captive bird, dipped in the blood of its slain companion, and then set free, soared joyfully into the boundless expanse of the blue heavens, so did his glad soul wash in the blood of Jesus, and rise to the “glorious liberty of the children of God.”

My heart, too, was full, and I listened in silent wonder. Scarcely could I believe that it was indeed the silent Charlie Grant who now with lips that seemed “touched as with a live-coal from off the altar,” poured forth his adoring gratitude for a Saviour’s love; but with him old things had indeed passed away, and all things had become new.

The declining light at length reminded me of the rapid closing in of the short wintry day, and fearful of the effects of exposure to cold on Charlie’s delicate frame, I hastened his departure. My youngest sister, who had also come into the hall to welcome him, wrapped a thin veil around his mouth, so as to prevent him from inhaling the damp atmosphere, and covered his white and *solitary* hand with a warm glove. With touching gratitude he received these expressions of kindly interest, and he left us—never to return again.

A few days only had elapsed when I received a message to tell me that Charlie was again laid low. The exertions he had been making had proved too much for him; the blood-vessel had again given away, and his recovery was now considered hopeless. The message was accompanied by an earnest request that I would go and see him, and I delayed not to comply with his wishes.

His home was situated in the outskirts of the neighbouring town, and many a sight and sound of sin and woe I encountered ere I reached it; but when I had ascended the broken stair that led to his dwelling, and entered the little room in which he lay, it seemed as if I had reached a quiet haven in the midst of a storm. The room was scrupulously clean and tidy, and its scanty furniture bore traces of better days; a small carpet covered part of the floor, and an old sofa, with its faded chintz-cover, was drawn close to the bed on which Charlie lay; and this formed the nightly resting place of the widowed mother, that she might be near to feel the slightest touch of her child, and hear the faintest sound of the beloved voice that was so soon to be silent in death.

Dear Charlie welcomed me with a delight that his feeble strength was scarcely able to express; but it was very evident to me that his days on earth were drawing to a close,—evident not only to the sinking and exhausted frame, but from the bright burning within—a brightness that the taper seldom emits, save when it flashes its last.

But tranquilly, peacefully did the few remaining sands of his life ebb away—*how* peacefully may perhaps be best expressed in his own simple words, as he told me how one day had passed over him:—“I slept, and my sleep was sweet to me, and I awakened and I praised the Lord; and then I slept again, and again I awakened and I praised the Lord.”

Yes, his peace was indeed “deep as a river,” and no wonder; for it was drawn from the “open fountain” of Jesus’ love—the unchanging fountain that knows neither ebb nor flow; and yet, deep as it was, it fell short of the joy “unspeakable and full of glory” that at times filled his heart, and, triumphing over the decay of nature, banished all feelings of weakness, and poured itself forth in words that almost seemed as if “the new song” had already been put into his mouth.

“Oh! the love of God,” he one day exclaimed, “It is an ocean whose depth has no bottom, and whose bounds has no shore.” “It was all sin, all corruption, nothing but corruption; but He looked upon me and said unto me, ‘Live.’ He washed me in His own blood; He brought me to God. Oh! my heart is bursting—’tis bursting, and I’ll never get it out till I cast my crown at His feet, and sing, ‘Worthy is the Lamb.’”

But memory fails me in recalling the glowing language in which he was wont to pour out the deep adoring love of his soul to Him who had redeemed him, and I wish not to utter it in other words than his own. His whole nature seemed changed, and the tide of love and joy that was poured into his heart seemed to have raised the timid, feeble boy almost to a seraph’s high burning ardour. The last time I saw him was one wintry evening, when loth to leave him, I had lingered until almost too late to return home alone; he too had seemed on that evening to cling with even more than his usual grateful affection to me; and when at last I rose to go, he raised himself in bed, and retaining

my hand in his with a grasp that seemed unwilling to let it go, he poured forth a solemn blessing—"The blessing of the Lord be upon you, and upon your mother, and your sisters; and to be blessed of the Lord is no light thing."

My homeward path, after I had quitted the crowded suburb where Charlie's dwelling was situated, lay through a quiet wooded field. The hum and noise of the city was hushed in the distance, and all was still around me. The moon had risen above the trees: shining in its calm radiance, it shed a silvery light upon my path; while the innumerable stars that glittered in the blue expanse, spoke in their steadfast glory of the power and faithfulness of Him who "calleth them all by their names," and who, as on each returning night they come forth in unchanging splendor, makes them to us, as truly as He did to Abraham, a sign and seal to that covenant in which he was praised, in whom all the nations of the earth are to be blessed.

As I gazed upwards, the last words of Charlie filled my heart—"To be blessed of the Lord is no light thing"—no light thing, indeed, when on that blessing hangs the eternal well-being of the never-dying soul—a soul that, when these heavens shall have passed away like a scroll, shall continue to exist in all the full consciousness of endless happiness or woe. Oh! who can estimate all the value of a soul or what can be given in exchange for it? And yet, alas! for what passing vanities do multitudes sell this priceless treasure, for hollow delusions that perish in the using, and satisfy not when possessed; for sins that degrade it lower than the brutes that perish, and leave behind them the sting of the worm that dieth not. How glorious, then, the salvation that breaks the chains of sin!—How precious the Saviour who came to bless us, in "turning us away from our iniquities," and in laying hold of whom, even "as a golden chain let down from heaven," we secure as our own that heaven, with all its "exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Ere I again visited Charlie's dwelling, a messenger brought me the tidings that he was gone. The longings of his soul were satisfied; he had cast his crown at the feet of Jesus, and in his full heart had at last found vent in singing the song he so loved on earth—"Salvation unto Him who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb!"

When I again entered the little room which Charlie's glad spirit had seemed to fill with sunshine, what a change had passed over it! The voice of joy and melody was no longer heard in that dwelling; but, instead of it, "lamentation and woe—a mother weeping for her children, and could not be comforted, because they were not." He was her most beloved and her *last*; and now that he was taken from her, "what had she left?" Nothing; for, alas! her heart was not gladdened with the heavenly love that had filled her child's; and now that her one bright star was gone, all seemed to her but as the "blackness of darkness."

With bitter weeping she told me of how he used to speak to her of Jesus, and ask her to "come and sit beside him," that he might talk to her of the things of eternity; and leading me to a small adjoining room, she showed me the well-known box, which now she seemed to look upon with a kind of horror, as having hastened the death of her child; and taking from it the veil and glove I so well remembered, she again and again pressed them to her lips with frantic grief, and told me of the grateful affection with which he, "her blessed lamb," had prized them.

Repeatedly I visited the poor woman, but no human sympathy could stem the tides of her sorrow; the one loved object was gone, and she had nothing to fill his place.

One day she found her way to my home. The necessity of making some effort towards her own support had led her forth, and taking a few articles to dispose of from Charlie's box, spiritless and dejected she came to me; but it was the last time. Very shortly afterwards—I think only a few days—her neighbours observed a greater stillness even than was usual in her little room. They knocked at her door, but no answer was returned; and entering they found her kneeling by Charlie's bed, her dress of the preceding day apparently unchanged, her head bowed upon her clasped hands—*dead*.

What had passed between her soul and God shall be known only when the secrets of eternity are revealed; but the prayer of her child had often, often arisen for her to a prayer-hearing God. She was found in the attitude of supplication to Him who had said, "None shall seek my face in vain; and in His hands we may safely leave her. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

But who would willingly trust the safety of their never-dying soul to such tremendous risk? Who would not rather, like Charlie, have an "abundant entrance" into the kingdom of their Lord and Saviour? And wherein lay the difference? He too was a sinner, lost and helpless; it was alone the grace he *received* that made him to differ; but he *did* receive. Let us do likewise, for free as the air we breathe, it is offered to us

also. "This is the record that God hath given to us, eternal life; and this life is in His Son. He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

E. H. H.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Two little girls, of the ages of eight and six, ran merrily about a lovely garden picking flowers; here a rose, there a lily, and again a violet, till their aprons were full of beauty and fragrance, and they sat down on a mossy bank with their precious load.

"What a splendid heap!" laughed little Ellie, as they emptied them between them.

But Marion did not stop to admire. Her head was two full of business ideas, and Ellie soon followed her example, and the two were making wreaths of flowers as diligently as if their lives depended on their exertions.

The birds sang, the bees hummed, the butterflies flitted gaily from flower to flower, but merrier than all were the little girls in the bright sunlight of that warm June day. Suddenly little Ellie plunged her fat fingers into the heap and drew out a lovely crimson rose sparkling with dew drops. "Oh you beauty!" cried she, and was proceeding to weave it into her wreath. It was indeed the gem of the whole.

Marion looked up. "That's mine, Ellie!" she said quickly, with a flushed cheek, "I picked it," and she held out her hand, but Ellie drew back. The heap was for both, Marion; I shall keep the rose."

"Ellie, give it me, I say" Marion seized her arm violently, half throwing her down; but Ellie wrenched herself from her grasp and ran, treading upon her own fallen wreath in her haste, while Marion followed with hers dangling from her hand, with the flowers dropping one by one on the new mown grass, and shouting aloud in her anger.

What a sad change! Did you ever, dear children, hear the report of a gun on a beautiful spring day, and see a sweet singing bird fall? I do not think it could be more sad than the sight of these little girls as the sweet bird of peace fell wounded from their hearts. Ellie escaped round the corner of the house, and Marion walked quickly within with her complaint. Ellie was called, and the mother listened to their story by turns.

"Give me the rose, Ellie," she said. Ellie put it in her hand. "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," said the mother in a tremulous voice. "Who is speaking, my children?"

"Jesus Christ," said Ellie, instantly sobered.

Mother is very sorry to see her little girls quarrelling thus about a poor perishing rose, and forgetting *him* so soon. Do you remember last night, when we talked of this rose of immortal bloom, how you each hoped it might be planted in your hearts and shed its fragrance there? And do you remember how you knelt and prayed to God for his spirit to make it grow? And now look at this rose," she continued, holding it up before them, "see how its beautiful leaves have fallen through your anger. You have wounded this poor rose, but oh! dear children, how have you treated the Saviour.

Ellie burst into tears. "Oh, mamma, I have been very naughty," she sobbed; "you may have the rose, Marion. Kiss me and let us play."

"I have done playing, and the rose is spoiled," said Marion, coldly. Her mother looked earnestly at her, but said nothing.

That night the children knelt to pray. Ellie again asked earnestly for forgiveness and a new heart. Marion said her prayers and went to bed; but the mother did not neglect to pray that night for her sinful, erring child. That night Marion dreamed she and Ellie were in a beautiful garden filled with more lovely flowers than she had ever seen. Glorious angels were winging their way among groups of little children dressed in white and singing sweetest hymns. Ellie joined; but Marion's heart was heavy and she could not sing. Suddenly the voice swelled into exulting harmony, and died away, while an angel chanted the words, Behold he cometh! and a form of surpassing majesty appeared, attended by blessed spirits. The children flew to meet *him*, and caught the light of his smile on their joyous faces. Marion advanced to, but the smile vanished as he pointed to a lovely rose which she was treading under foot. Then a cloud came over all, and a voice came over all as Marion sank weeping on her knees, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me. To this man will I look even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word." Then Marion awoke, and throwing her arms around Ellie, prayed earnestly for forgiveness. And the Rose of Sharon was remembered by each young heart.—*Independent*.

KINDNESS.

Did you ever read the fable of the "Sun and the Wind," both of which undertook to make the traveller part with his cloak; how the wind mustered all its forces of hail and rain, howling, screeching, and tearing up trees by the roots, until it came down upon the traveller in a hurricane, demanding his cloak? But the cloak was not thus to be obtained. The poor man wrapped it more closely around him, and bravely withstood the blast.—Next came the sun, shining softly at first upon field and woodland, and glancing at the traveller who held his cloak more loosely, and smilingly looked up. Warmer and warmer waxed the sun, and the traveller unfastened his cloak, and laid it back upon his shoulders. Higher rose the sun, and sent forth its most fervid rays; than the traveller threw off his cloak and sat down, completely conquered.

The sun here is a beautiful illustration of kindness. Did you ever notice with what facility some gentle, good-natured people lead everybody captive? They neither rave, nor scold, nor say what they will *make* people do. There is no need of that; for it is easily shown what they *can* make people do.

A pale faced small young man once went into a wild-looking settlement, and offered to teach the winter school. The agent surveyed him from head to foot, and shook his head. "It will never do," said he; "the boys here would be too much for you. Why, sir, last winter we had a giant who carried a long, stout birch into the school, with a ruler, two feet long, both of which he broke over the boys the first day. On the next they carried him from the school-house, and put him into a snow drift. Thus ended our winter school."

In nowise discouraged by this account, the young man insisted upon trying it: promising to give up peaceably if order could not be maintained. Inasmuch as he produced the most unqualified recommendations, the agent at last consented. It was known throughout the settlement that he entered school on the first day *unarmed*. This was by some considered presumptuous, for they did not understand the potency of a secret weapon which he always carried about him. Was it a sword in a sheath? a pistol in his vest pocket; a bowie-knife or stiletto in his bosom? No, guess again. Some little reader, who remembers the fable of the Sun and the Wind, answers, "It was *kindness*." That is right. I have heard of "killing people with kindness," and have always thought it would be an easy way to die. You must understand me now. You know I cannot joke with my little friends about death—that is too serious a subject. When we talk of killing people with kindness, we do not mean laying there bodies in the cold grave, and sending there souls into eternity. Oh, no! that would be dreadful. We only mean that it is possible to destroy the manifestations of enmity, ill-will, anger, and other bad passions which may be against us, by simply feeling and acting kindly.

Some of my little readers may say, "Oh, but I *cannot* feel kindly towards those who are unkind and unjust towards me." Then, my dear, your heart is not right. Of course, you cannot use the powerful weapon of kindness, if it is not in your possession. Try to get it my little friends. Think of him who has been so very kind to an unjust, unthankful child like you. Ask him to help you.—Turn up Luke xxiii. 34; Acts vii. 60; Luke vi. 28; Ephes. iv. 32; 1 Peter iii. 9.

THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

I saw a little cloud rising in the western horizon. In a few moments it spread over the expanse of heaven, and watered the earth with a genial shower. I saw a little rivulet start from a mountain, winding its way through the valley and the meadow, receiving each tributary rill which it met in its course, till it became a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom the merchandise of many nations, and the various productions of the adjacent country. I saw a little seed dropped into the earth. The dews descended, and the sun rose upon it; it started into life. In a little time it spread its branches and became a shelter from the heat, "and the fowls of heaven lodged in its branches."

I saw a little smiling boy stand by the side of his mother, and heard him repeat from her lips one of the sweet songs of Zion. I saw him kneel at her feet, and pray that Jesus would bless his dear parents—the world of mankind, and keep him from temptation. In a little time I saw him with the books of the classics under his arm, walking alone, busied in deep thought. I went into a Sabbath school, and heard him saying to a little group that surrounded him, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Long after, I went into the sanctuary, and heard him reasoning of "righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come." I looked, and saw that same mother, at whose feet he had knelt, and from whose lips he had learned to lip the name Immanuel. Her

hair was whitened with the frosts of winter, and on her cheek was many a furrow; but meekness sat on her brow, and heaven beamed in her dim eye glistening with a tear and I thought I saw in that tear the moving of a mother's heart, while she reverted to days gone by, when this Boanerges was first dawning into life, hanging on her lips, listening to the voice of instruction and inquiring in child-like simplicity, the way to be good; and I said—This is the rich harvest of a mother's toil; these are the goodly sheaves of that precious seed which probably was sown in weeping; and your grey hairs shall not be "brought down with sorrow to the grave," but in the bower of rest you shall look down on him who "will rise and call you blessed," and finally greet you where hope is swallowed up in fruition, and prayer in praise.

LOSSES BY RELIGION.

Near London there dwelt an old couple. In early life they had been poor; but the husband became a christian, and God blessed their industry, and they were living in a comfortable retirement, when one day a stranger called on them to ask their subscription to a charity. The old lady had less religion than her husband, and still bankered after some of the sabbath earnings and easy shillings which Thomas had forfeited from regard to the law of God. So, when the visitor asked their contributions, she interposed and said, "Why sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we first began, my husband knows that very well, have we not Thomas? After a solemn pause, Thomas answered "Yes Mary we have; before I got religion Mary, I had an old slouched hat, a tattered coat, and mended shoes and stockings, but I have *lost* them long ago. And, Mary, you know that poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk and quarrelling with you; and that you know I have lost. And then I had a burdened conscience and a wicked heart, and ten thousand guilty fears; but all are lost, completely lost, and like a mill-stone cast into the deepest sea. And, Mary, you have been a loser too, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had a washing tray, in which you washed for hire, but since then you have lost your washing tray, and you had a gown and bonnet much the worse for wear, but you have lost them long ago. And you have had many an aching heart concerning me at times, but these you have happily lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost; for what we lose for religion will be an everlasting gain." The inventory of losses by religion run thus:—A bad character, a guilty conscience, a troublesome temper, sundry evil habits, and a set of wicked companions. The inventory of blessings gained by religion, includes all that is worth having in time and eternity.—*Hamilton.*

A BARGAIN MAKER.

"There go two words to make a bargain." How many falsehoods do there go to make one? and how many oaths? To conceal, to equivocate, to make a bad pass for a good, and to utter asseverations or 'great swelling words of vanity,' constitute among a portion of the community the grand art of making a bargain. Many an expert bargain-maker, when he wishes to achieve the purpose of getting a penny more for an article than its value, coolly offers a solemn imprecation. Any person, even such a man, can hardly read of Esau having "sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage," without feeling contempt for his character. "What a miserable bargain-maker," he exclaims, "was Esau!" But what would he think to read of a man who should sell his moral character, his self-respect, and all pretensions to decency of speech—for a penny? Yet his style of bargain-making whispers to him, "Thou art the man."

Sheffield, N. B.

R. W.

DEATH AND THE CHRISTIAN.—AN ALLEGORY.

It happened one day that Death met a good man, "Welcome thou messenger of immortality!" said the good man. "What!" said Death, "dost thou not fear me?" "No," said the Christian; "he that is not afraid of himself, needs not be afraid of thee!" "Dost thou not fear the diseases that go before me, and the cold sweats that drop from my finger ends?" "No," said the good man, "for diseases and cold sweats announce nothing but thee." In an instant Death breathed upon him, and Death and he disappeared together; a grave had opened beneath their feet, and in it lay *something*.

I wept, but suddenly heavenly voices drew my eyes on high. I saw the Christian in the clouds. He was still smiling, and when Death left him, Angels had welcomed his approach, he shone as one of them.

I looked in the grave, and saw what it was that lay there; nothing was there but *the garment the Christian had laid aside.*—*Lavater.*

MERCY AND JUSTICE

Dr Duff, in referring to the baptism of a Mohammedan, says, "A few days before his baptism, I asked him what was the vital point in which he found Mohammedanism most deficient, and which he felt christianity supplied. His prompt reply was, 'Mohammedanism is full of the *mercy* of God. While I had no real consciousness of inward guilt as a breaker of God's law, this satisfied me; but when I felt myself to be guilty before God, and a transgressor of his law, I felt it was not with God's mercy, but with God's *justice* I had to do. How to meet the claims of God's justice, Mohammedanism has made no provision, but this is the very thing which I have found fully accomplished by the atoning sacrifice of Christ on the cross; and therefore Christianity is the only religion for me, a guilty sinner.'"

How clearly did this converted Mohammedan perceive the true peculiarity of the gospel—Christ, by his death, making the provision for the satisfying of divine justice, and for its union with mercy in the sinner's salvation. It is a gospel only for those who realize the enormity of their guilt, and their own inability to remove the load. To the ignorant and insensible sinner it is but "a sounding brass and a tinkling symbol."

PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered:

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity is proportionably greater in warm than in cold air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate. Now when from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents, descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! What but Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?—*Scientific Journal*.

THE FIRE AND THE WORM.

A CONVERTED Indian was asked how he knew that he had experienced a change of heart. He gave no answer. He was asked if he saw the power. "No."

"Did you hear it?" "No."

"Did you feel it?" "Yes."

"Well, then, cannot you describe your feelings?"

He paused a moment, and then, kneeling upon the sand, made a small circle of chips and dried leaves. He then got a little worm, and placed it inside the ring, and with a spark from his pipe lighted his pile. The poor worm, when it began to feel the heat, crept first to one point, then to another, and at last, after many ineffectual attempts to get out, finding that the flames completely surrounded it, crawled to the centre, as if in despair, and coiled itself up, awaiting the result. When it began to feel the heat too sensibly, the Indian took it in his fingers and placed it without the ring in safety.

"Now," said he, "I will explain my meaning. I was like that poor worm; the fires of hell were burning around me—they began to scorch me—I ran every way—I drank fire-water—I tried hunting, everything; but could not get out. At last I threw myself down and tried to pray, and then God stretched forth his hand, and lifting me forth, gave me rest. Now," said he, "I cannot explain it any better. I cannot tell you how it was done, but I felt a change, and I know it was so."