

## "Looking Unto Jesus."

By LUCY MOORE.

Look unto Jesus, when before the throne  
Of mercy thou dost pour thy soul in prayer:  
He is the great High Priest, through whom alone  
Thou may'st have hope to find acceptance there.  
No other name or merit will avail;  
But for the sake of Christ thou shalt prevail.  
Look unto Jesus, when thine aching heart  
Is with remembrance of his sin oppress'd;  
He careth for thee; weary as thou art,  
And heavy-laden, he will give thee rest.  
Look to thy Saviour; he has ransom'd thee,  
And paid thy debt of sin of Calvary.  
Art thou alone, without a friend to cheer  
Thy path with the sweet voice of sympathy?  
Look unto Jesus. He is ever near;  
He will support, and guide, and comfort thee.  
Angels unseen are witnessing the strife,  
The painful conflict of thy daily life.  
O murmur not, however rough the road;  
Be not dishearten'd at its weary length;  
Thy path of suffering Christ himself hath trod;  
Look unto him; and he will give thee strength.  
Remember, in this hour of agony,  
All this, and more, thy Saviour bore for thee.  
Look unto Jesus: with the loving eye  
Of fond devotion gaze upon thy Lord,  
Until thy kindling spirit mount on high,  
Eager to do his will, to hear his word,  
To imitate the greatness of his love,  
And rise with him to endless joys above.

## The Need of Jesus.

"Unto you who believe He is precious."—1 Pet. ii. 7.  
I need Thee, precious Jesus! for I am full of sin;  
My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead within;  
I need the cleansing fountain, where I can always flee—  
The blood of Christ most precious, the sinner's perfect plea.  
I need Thee, precious Jesus! for I am very poor;  
A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store;  
I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my way;  
To guide my doubting footsteps, to be my strength and stay.  
I need Thee, precious Jesus! I need a friend like Thee,  
A friend to sympathize, a friend to care for me;  
I need the heart of Jesus to feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every want, and all my sorrows share.  
I need Thee, precious Jesus! for I am very blind;  
A weak and foolish wanderer, with a dark and evil mind;  
I need the light of Jesus to thread the thorny road,  
To guide me safe to glory, where I shall see my God.  
I need Thee, precious Jesus! I need Thee day by day,  
Enrich'd with the rainbow, and seated on Thy throne;  
There with Thy blood-bought children my joy shall ever be  
To sing Thy praises, Jesus!—to gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

## A Christmas Holiday.

Slowly ascending a mountain path, the ruggedness of which bears witness to the drizzling rains of the tropics, a solitary equestrian pursues his way beneath a lofty archway of living green, extending for several miles, and formed by branches of the plume-like, magnificent bamboo, which shoot up to the height of thirty or forty feet from either side of the road. The morning is not far advanced, and it is a time of year with which, in more northern latitudes, we are accustomed to associate the ideas of frost and snow; and the comfort of the warm fire-side; for it is the day succeeding Christmas-day. But most grateful to that Missionary traveller is the protection afforded by the unobscured foliage from the scorching sun, which there, through all the months of the year, pours down a full tide of heat and splendour, with little perceptible variation; making those beautiful islands of the Caribbean sea a region of perpetual summer. Having been three engaged in the service of the sanctuary on the preceding day, at a town on the southern coast of the island, he is proceeding to the interior, where other duties await him; and he was crossing the mountain in the direction of the mountains, long before the faintest streak of light in the eastern sky announced the coming dawn, that he might avoid as much as possible the fatigue and exhaustion of horseback-exercise during the heat of the day. A journey somewhat exceeding four hours in duration (for the Missionary was somewhat indifferently mounted) has brought him to the scene of his immediate labours. The house at which he dismounts lies a few yards from the public road; no stranger, as he looked upon it in passing, would suppose that the humble, mean-looking building was a place consecrated to the worship of Jehovah. It is an old and dilapidated house, of two stories; and during the ordinary days of the week, the sounds that issue from the lower floor tell of the anvil, the hammer, and the forge; while in the piazza, and three small rooms into which the upper story is divided, there is nothing to show that the building is ever used for any other purpose than the residence of the blacksmith and his family. But if the passing traveller should happen to inquire what purpose the rude awning of cocoa-nut branches, thrown out from the building to the distance of some yards in front, is to serve; or, perchance, he should cast his eye upon the rough benches and temporary pulpit

stowed away in a small outbuilding; then he may ascertain that this is a Missionary station, where Christian Negroes assemble to worship God, and hear words-whereby they may be saved.

Another Missionary, whose Sabbath duties lay in a town on the south side of the island, had just arrived and sent away his horse, as the traveller rode into the yard; and it might be gathered from their mutual salutation that they have met at this place in accordance with a previous arrangement—Cordial greetings, and "the news from home"—for the monthly packet from England had just arrived—become the interesting topic for conversation as the two friends stroll leisurely down the road. After a brief delay, breakfast is announced; and, returning to the house, they sit down, nothing loath, after a ride of nearly twenty miles; to partake of it. Liberal, indeed, is the provision; for here it is the custom for the classes of Christian Negroes, forming the Society, to provide in turn for the refreshment of those who come to minister to them in holy things; and they vie with each other in showing kindness and honor to those who dispense to them the bread of life. The meal despatched, and family prayer and thanksgiving offered to God, the people are beginning to assemble for public worship. Look out in whatever direction you will, you may see men, women, and children, in their clean light dresses, gathering towards a common centre; and that centre is the house of prayer. Some carry chairs, and others stools and short benches, on their heads—for Negroes carry almost everything on their head; and, as they draw sufficiently near to render the countenance quite visible, many a dark face seems full to express the feeling, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let me go into the house of the Lord." The hour for commencing the service has arrived; and when the Ministers have succeeded in threading their way through the crowd to the pulpit, raised only a few inches above the floor, most interesting and impressive is the scene that meets the eye. The iron, new and old, the blacksmith's implements of toil, the ashed and coals, have all been carefully removed,—everything, except the anvil and the forge,—and the place made as clean as care and labor could make it; for this duty, also, the several classes cheerfully take upon them in succession. Standing on the fire-place, with their heads touching the ceiling, are two men, one brown, the other black,—the latter being an intelligent young slave belonging to the adjoining estate. These are the leaders of the choir; and their helpers, chiefly black boys and girls, are around them, some half concealed up the chimney, to the great detriment of the clean white holiday-clothes in which they are attired. At the back of the forge, and on the large bellows, or on the slope of the chimney, one row above the other, sit the rafter; you have a number of Negro children; and in the smithy, and under the awning of cocoa-nut leaves in front, and at every open door and window-place, there is a dense crowd consisting of seven or eight hundred persons, nearly all black, but here and there exhibiting a skin of lighter hue. The hymns of praise are sung, and devout and hearty are the responses of the congregation, while one of the Missionaries reads the abridgment of the admirable service of the Church of England. The "Morning Service" concluded, the other Missionary enters the pulpit, and after singing and prayer announces the text, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." (1 John 3:8). The sermon, plain, simple and earnest, is heard with profound attention; and many a moistened cheek, and many an audible response, tells how deep an interest is felt by that assembly of slaves in the story of redemption. The discourse is soon finished, other duties requiring that it should be brief. But after a short pause the Minister's voice is again heard, and the theme which he is contending for, is the theme; and yet every eye is riveted on the speaker. "What is that subject to which he is now referring, and in which that audience feels such an absorbing concern? Freedom is the word that is now on the Preacher's lips. It is a subject to which, even in a spiritual sense, allusion is not often made in the pulpit in that land of slaves; and powerful and pressing, indeed, must be the motive which induces him to touch upon this topic, the discussion of which is pregnant with danger both to himself and to his audience. He refers to the apprehensions which prevail very generally, among the white people, of an insurrection on the part of the slaves during the holidays; and intimates that he and his brother Minister have received intelligence, since they met there that morning, which induces them to fear that something wrong is in contemplation; for some of the people have been heard to declare that they will not return to work for their owners after the holidays, because the King has made them free. The Minister assures the congregation that, however those people may have obtained it, the notion is altogether a mistake;—that no "free paper" has arrived, or is likely to arrive, at present; and admonishes them, with all earnestness and affection, to give no credence to a statement, which, if it had been true, their own Ministers would not have failed to communicate to those to whom it is so nearly concerned. He warns them that any attempt to take their freedom by force, or any resistance offered to their masters, or to existing laws, would have no other effect than to call forth against them the force which the Government has at its command, and to bring certain ruin on all implicated. He entreats them, as they value their lives, and regard their families, and the honor of Christ's cause, to be no parties to any violent or illegal proceeding; but patiently and prayerfully to await the issue of events, until the Lord in His providence should give the boon they so ardently desire. The other Missionary in a brief address confirms what has been said, and adds his counsel of the like pacific tendency.

The public service ended, some of the congregation, and nearly all the children, are seen wending their way in various directions towards their homes. But the eye is speedily arrested by a scene of lively interest. All around that forge the land is devoted to pasturage; divided into large fields by stone walls. Studied with clumps of trees, the growth of centuries, and always verdant, the landscape bears a pleasing resemblance to the park scenery of England

when spring adorns it with its richest beauties. Throughout those pastures, and scattered innumerable orange-trees, left standing there to shelter the cattle from the burning heat during the day; and now, although it is the month of December, those are laden with delicious fruit, whose golden presents a brilliant contrast to the deep-green foliage which surrounds it, and imparts to the extended landscape an indescribable glory. Beneath the shade of the orange-trees the people assemble for worship are gathered small groups of people, each consisting of from twelve to twenty persons, the men and women in separate groups. These are the class-meetings. All are seated on the ground, except two individuals in each party: one of these is the Class-Leader, and the other is the member to whom the Leader is giving advice, reproof, comfort, or exhortation. But to-day the efforts of the Leaders are chiefly directed to guarding the people against the dangers to which allusion has been made. In these several interesting groups are persons already saved, by God's blessing on Missionary labors; and others just emerging from a spiritual bondage infinitely worse than that slavery which makes them goods and chattels. Some of these have suffered much on account of their religion at the hands of brutal overseers, and who, like the Apostle Paul, bear in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus; and they have suffered with unflinching patience and meekness, "committing the keeping of their souls unto God in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator." And there is one whose coal-black face is radiant with happiness, though bedewed with tears, while he speaks to those about him concerning the things of God; who, having already resisted unto blood, is destined ere long to endure a martyr's sufferings, and fill a martyr's grave. The whole scene is one for the heart of a Christian philanthropist to rejoice over.

One after another, the classes are summoned into the place of worship; for there the Missionaries are engaged in renewing the quarterly tickets of the members; and each member receives, with the token of Christian fellowship, suitable advice and admonition. Several hours have been occupied in this, for the afternoon devoted to the study of the Scriptures, and the care and labor could make it; for this duty, also, the several classes cheerfully take upon them in succession. Standing on the fire-place, with their heads touching the ceiling, are two men, one brown, the other black,—the latter being an intelligent young slave belonging to the adjoining estate. These are the leaders of the choir; and their helpers, chiefly black boys and girls, are around them, some half concealed up the chimney, to the great detriment of the clean white holiday-clothes in which they are attired. At the back of the forge, and on the large bellows, or on the slope of the chimney, one row above the other, sit the rafter; you have a number of Negro children; and in the smithy, and under the awning of cocoa-nut leaves in front, and at every open door and window-place, there is a dense crowd consisting of seven or eight hundred persons, nearly all black, but here and there exhibiting a skin of lighter hue. The hymns of praise are sung, and devout and hearty are the responses of the congregation, while one of the Missionaries reads the abridgment of the admirable service of the Church of England. The "Morning Service" concluded, the other Missionary enters the pulpit, and after singing and prayer announces the text, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." (1 John 3:8). The sermon, plain, simple and earnest, is heard with profound attention; and many a moistened cheek, and many an audible response, tells how deep an interest is felt by that assembly of slaves in the story of redemption. The discourse is soon finished, other duties requiring that it should be brief. But after a short pause the Minister's voice is again heard, and the theme which he is contending for, is the theme; and yet every eye is riveted on the speaker. "What is that subject to which he is now referring, and in which that audience feels such an absorbing concern? Freedom is the word that is now on the Preacher's lips. It is a subject to which, even in a spiritual sense, allusion is not often made in the pulpit in that land of slaves; and powerful and pressing, indeed, must be the motive which induces him to touch upon this topic, the discussion of which is pregnant with danger both to himself and to his audience. He refers to the apprehensions which prevail very generally, among the white people, of an insurrection on the part of the slaves during the holidays; and intimates that he and his brother Minister have received intelligence, since they met there that morning, which induces them to fear that something wrong is in contemplation; for some of the people have been heard to declare that they will not return to work for their owners after the holidays, because the King has made them free. The Minister assures the congregation that, however those people may have obtained it, the notion is altogether a mistake;—that no "free paper" has arrived, or is likely to arrive, at present; and admonishes them, with all earnestness and affection, to give no credence to a statement, which, if it had been true, their own Ministers would not have failed to communicate to those to whom it is so nearly concerned. He warns them that any attempt to take their freedom by force, or any resistance offered to their masters, or to existing laws, would have no other effect than to call forth against them the force which the Government has at its command, and to bring certain ruin on all implicated. He entreats them, as they value their lives, and regard their families, and the honor of Christ's cause, to be no parties to any violent or illegal proceeding; but patiently and prayerfully to await the issue of events, until the Lord in His providence should give the boon they so ardently desire. The other Missionary in a brief address confirms what has been said, and adds his counsel of the like pacific tendency.

working at his trade as a carpenter, and he had been to the estate; and he believes that the Lord brought him into this "predicament" that he might be turned from his sinful ways. But the salary previous made upon his mind by this grievous calamity soon passed away, and he continued to be as wicked in his heart as ever, although he had been favoured for some time with the opportunity of hearing the Gospel every Sunday. But one day, as he was groping his way about the estate alone, he fell into a tank of water. No person was at hand to render help, and his cries, therefore, brought no assistance. The water was deep, and he had no prospect but that of drowning. He struggled hard to keep his head above water, and for a little while succeeded. Then it was that with amazing rapidity the sins of his life passed in review before his mind; an overwhelming conviction of his guilt and danger seized upon his spirit; and he felt that, sinking beneath that water, he would perish for ever! He began to pray earnestly, and the loud cry went up to heaven, "Lord, help me!" "Save, or I perish!" "God be merciful to me a sinner!" His prayer was heard; for, while struggling hard for dear life, and his strength nearly exhausted by the effort, he was enabled, almost miraculously, to seize hold on a very small projecting substance, and for some moments remained in that precarious position, before his cries brought persons to his help. The first thing he did, after he was rescued, was, to go to one of the Leaders, and request that he might be allowed to meet in his class. He has obtained mercy through the blood of the Cross:—"being justified by faith," he has "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is his earnest desire to devote the life which God has thus mercifully spared to His service; and he prays that the union which he has this day formed with the church on earth may be continued until he is taken to join the church in heaven, where his blindness will be done away, and he shall "see the King in His beauty."

The lovefest is closed by a most solemn and impressive service, the Renewing of the Covenant. And now the shades of evening have darkened around the lovely place of worship. The rapidly-increasing darkness renders it necessary to dismiss the congregation; and the people retire to their cabins, not only gratified, but instructed and edified also, by the hallowed engagements of the day,—so different from the heathenish drumming, and dancing, and revelry, and debauchery which characterized the Christmas holidays of former years, and which the Missionary came to reside among them. A few, however, still remain behind. They are the Class-Leaders. Although mostly slaves, belonging to the adjacent plantations, they have been selected, because of their superior piety and intelligence, to watch over and advise their fellow-bondsmen. The Ministers have detained these for a few minutes only, that they may charge them to use all possible effort to keep the members, and all over whom they can exert any influence, from being betrayed into wrongdoing during those trying times which, it is too evident, are close at hand.

A meal no less beautiful than that of the morning has been prepared by a willing and grateful people, and is thankfully enjoyed; after which the holy Scriptures are read, and a benediction pronounced over the God, of the blacksmith's family-altar. Then a rude and humble coat, notwithstanding fresh rumours of insurrection and impending trouble, the Missionaries feel welcome and undisturbed repose after the toils of the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

P.S. Within a week of the time to which the above sketch refers the whole neighbourhood for miles was ravaged by insurrectionary war, which caused the destruction of much property, and the sacrifice of many lives. But so well was the counsel of the Pastors followed, that not one of the members of that communion could be prevailed on to take part with the insurgent slaves, although their refusal nearly cost several of their lives. One of the Class-Leaders, named John Spence, who boldly ventured to retrace with the misguided people during the Saturday night, and was shot at his master's dwelling, was put out to be shot; but three times the bullets presented at him missed fire, when his assailants abandoned their sanguinary purpose, concluding that John Spence was "one very good man," and that it was not the will of the Lord that he should be put to death.—Wesleyan Meth. Magazine, March 1853.

## The Lasting Sunshine.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God."—Ps. xli.  
King David had been sorely tempest-tossed. Deep called unto deep; all the waves and billows of affliction had passed over him; and now he casts out his anchor—cries, "I have hope, O God, in that I have put my trust in Thee." And see how gallantly the shattered vessel rises itself, and bears up against the storm. But on what rock does his hope fasten? Even on God himself: "Hope thou in God." He ceases to muse on sunny days gone by,—he no longer fixes his eyes on the raging of the tempestuous ocean, his fears, and rests on the unchanging certainty of the power and love of God. Herein may we spell out a most momentous lesson. Our safety depends not on our consciousness of safety, neither does our danger consist in our sense of peril. But we rest on certain great unshifting, unchanging facts. "God is love." "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish." These are truths rise above our frames and feelings, and are not subject to our ground of confidence, and are relying only on Jesus, as "the propitiation for our sins," and we may, with David, rebuke our disquietude and ask—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" For, all our alarms never exceed one beam of all that blessed sun-light. Earth—no, rather, the speck upon it—may be in shadow, but the sun of firmament is flooded with a sea of light; and, remember, clouds are in their very nature movable and evanescent.

Lines,  
SUGGESTED BY THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW WESLEYAN CHURCH AT ST. JOHN'S, N. F.  
Lord, hallow Thy temple! We've raised it to Thee,  
And humbly present it on low-banded knee;  
Most gratefully, Lord, do we give Thee thine own,  
And pray Thee to make it thine Altar and Throne.  
O make it Thine Altar, where prayer shall arise  
At morning and evening, a sweet sacrifice,  
Borne upward thro' faith in the Lamb that was slain,  
While they plead his atonement again and again.  
O make it Thy Throne! May Thy kingdom increase,  
Till hundreds shall bow to Thy sway, Prince of Peace;  
May they come to Thy footstool in peace and in love,  
Till translated from earth to Thy kingdom above.  
May Thy Spirit overshadow benignly the place,  
And fill with the sweet consolation of grace;  
May its influence, softening, like sunshine and show'r,  
Make Thy people still willing in the day of Thy pow'r.  
O, give to Thy servants, who minister here,  
Thy meekness and holiness, blessing and fear;  
Touch their hearts and their lips with the light of Thy love,  
And endue with the wisdom that comes from above.  
Make them eloquent, Lord, of Thy power and Thy glory,  
May they linger in love on Redemption's glad story;  
May they wrestle in faith till the blessing comes down  
On the penitent ones who are sad 'neath Thy frown.  
Inspire every heart with the praises they sing,  
Make holier the holiest wishes they bring;  
May Israel's Shakinah for ever be there,  
To charm from God's servants earth's shadow and care.  
No matter how weary, no matter how worn  
They come to Thy house, let them joyful return,  
And praise Thee in songs that overflow from the heart  
For the goodness Thy spirit alone can impart.  
Take thy house and possess it, our own Trine God,  
Make glorious the place of Thy Spirit's abode,  
Till with grateful emotion and hallowing fear  
Thy saints shall declare, "It is good to be here."

May they feel that forever the light of Thy face  
Makes radiant with glory, as Tabor, the place,  
And rejoicing in hope, ever-blessing and blest,  
May it be, as of old, still the place of Thy rest.  
St. John's, Dec. 7. ISABELLA.

## The Refiner.

And he shall be as a refiner and purifier of silver."—Mal. iii. 2.  
Some time ago a few ladies, who met together for Christian fellowship and mutual edification, read the third chapter of Malachi. On coming to the second verse, one of them gave it as her opinion, that the "fuller's soap" and the "refiner's fire" were only the same image, and intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ. From this opinion another of the ladies differed, observing that there was something remarkable in the expression in the third verse, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." To this they all assented, and as the lady was going into the town, she promised to see a silversmith and report to them what she should learn on the subject.  
She went, and, without telling him the object of her visit, begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. "But do you not sit, sir?" "O yes, madam. I must sit, with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace; since, if the silver remain too long, it is sure to be injured."  
She at once saw the beauty, and the comfort, too, of the expression, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Christ sees it useful to put his children into the furnace; but he is seated at the side of it. His eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying; and his wisdom and his love are both engaged to do all in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random, but are the wise and gracious appointments of their heavenly Father; and the very "hairs of their heads are all numbered." As the lady was about to leave, she returned to her friends with the result of her interview, the silversmith called her back, and said that he had forgotten to mention one thing that he knew the process of purifying was complete, only by seeing his own image in the silver.  
When Christ sees his own image in his people, his work of purifying is complete.

## Sinners Welcomed.

This man receiveth sinners.—Lk. x. 6.  
Yes, this intercourse with the Lord Jesus requires us continually to recur to the gospel terms, on which alone we can acquiesce ourselves with God, and be at peace; or our spirit, especially when tried and harassed, will faint and shrink back from the divine glory of this society. "This man receiveth sinners." Sinners; no other recommendation needed. He came into the world to call and to save sinners—woful, weeping sinners; these are the invited ones. Rejoice—everything is contained in that; if received, then chosen, called, pardoned, reborn, renewed, smiled upon, welcomed, embraced, admitted to fellowship. By a Man, "the man Christ Jesus," that secures fellowship-feeling, power of sympathy, acquaintance with human wants and woes.—By this Man; "the Word was made flesh." Here is the sum of consolation, received by Emanuel, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, the Good Physician, the Saviour of the lost. Search and look if in the whole compass of human distress you can find one grief this fellowship will not assuage. "This man receiveth sinners." O, muse on this—ruminate on this for hours, for you will find exhaustless nourishment herein.

The Great End of the Christian Ministry.  
The end of the Christian Ministry must of necessity, be identical with that of the mediation of Christ. The cross and the pulpit, as to their design, must be in harmony. What an ineffable honour does this confer upon the minister of the gospel, by bringing him into direct fellowship with the Son of God in his great redeeming work! But this dignity is secured only by keeping the end perpetually in view. For what, then, did the Son of God offer himself up in sacrifice on Calvary? The glory of God in the eternal salvation of immortal souls. In that sublime purpose is the end of the Christian Ministry. Where this is not accomplished—where souls are not converted and saved—the chief end of the ministry is not gained. There may be much sound preaching, and clear exposition of the Word of God, and much eloquent discourse upon religious truth; a large congregation may be gathered, full of admiration for the talents and affection for the person of the preacher; the church may be in harmony; there may be much liberality in the support of the public institutions; the shepherd and the flock may be satisfied with each other—but if this be all—if conversion be not effected, and souls be not saved—the end of the ministry is not gained. The great object of preaching is lost in every soul that is not regenerated and redeemed.  
Again he says:  
"Let it be written in letters of light, that the conversion of the soul of apostate man to God, is the ultimate design of the ministry."  
On the manner of preaching, he makes the following remarks:  
"A deplorable want of directness characterizes much of the preaching of the present day. The earnest appeal; the startling remark; the pointed and pithy observation; the pathetic expostulation; the awakening interrogation; the careful discrimination; which, as Mr. Hall says, 'shall enable every individual to know where to class himself, and to make his conscience feel the hand of the preacher searching it'; these things, which characterized so strongly the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley, and the early Methodists, and which must characterize all useful preaching, are, to a considerable extent, wanting in the modern pulpit, and have been succeeded, it is admitted, by a more elaborate and ornate style of composition; but it is a cold and heartless exhibition of the great truths of salvation, that plays like fire-works round the imagination, but enters not the heart and conscience, to purify them with the fire that comes down from heaven. We wonder not that some of the preachers of the gospel are useful in the conversion of souls. It would be a wonder if they were."  
"It is surprising how some preachers can be contented to go on, year after year, without any evidence of conversion, and without any enquiry into the cause of their want of usefulness. Ought they not to institute a most rigid inquiry into their ministerial and pastoral habits, in order to ascertain whether there is anything or other mode of preaching or in their official conduct, which hinders their success? Can they really understand the design of their office, and at the same time be aware of the awful and eternal consequences which must in every case result from its failure, and be satisfied though none are converted by their ministrations from the error of their ways?—What I go carelessly and constantly forward while the souls of their hearers are perishing in their sins, and while their own ministry is a savor of death unto death to them? Can that man, who is not so anxious about the salvation of the souls of his hearers, and who mourns not with bitter grief and disappointment over his want of success, and does not sorrowfully and honestly inquire into the causes of his failure, pretend to have the mind of Christ, or to be filled with him in his tears and agonies, and death for souls? A minister is either the greatest of fools and the most baseless of braggarts, or he holds a commission, which to hold and be careless while holding it, furnishes one of the darkest proofs and the most guilty manifestations of human depravity. His office itself is either the widest extravagance, or it is the most solemn and weighty of human endowments." And are there not many of us who should seriously consider this? Are any of us sufficiently earnest about conversion? Does not this subject press far too lightly upon our minds, hearts, and consciences? Do we really believe the principles we profess concerning the soul, and the soul's salvation and damnation? If so, let us act up to our principles, and be anxious, restless, and laborious for direct and palpable conversions. Then, and then only, do we obtain the chief end of our ministry, when these are effected. The grand design of the gospel in regard to man, being their conversion to God and what follows it, the primary element in the usefulness of its ministers, must consist in the accomplishment of this purpose.

All my experience as a preacher and a pastor for fifty years, connected with some extensive observation and special opportunities, deepen in my soul every way the conviction of the cardinal importance of the ministry, richly, ably, and abundantly scriptural in its character. It is on this we expect the dew of heaven to fall in its richness. It is here that we expect the blessing, even life for evermore.—Dr. Spencer's Pastoral Sketches.

## The Great Mediator.

We have learned from the Bible—which is the inspired word of God, and whose testimony is as superior to all human reasonings as Divine authority is superior to human authority—that God, seeing that all men were under condemnation on account of their works, and that none of them "so, not one," could appear before him without being inevitably destroyed by his holy law, conceived, in order to justify man before his own tribunal, a plan, wherein we know not which is the most to be admired, the ineffable mercy or the profound wisdom that therein was displayed. He has appointed a Mediator between himself and man, and man and God, made of a woman, made under the law. It is he, it is this Son of God, who by an incomparable mystery, is also Son of Man, whom God has ordained to reconcile unto himself guilty and condemned man. Unitary in himself the divine and human natures; possessing at once the perfections of the former and the innocent infirmities of the latter; eternal as God, born and dying as man; powerful as God, subject to fatigue and suffering as man; holy as God, tempted as man. In him "Emmanuel," that is, "God with us," his place of abode; and thus, to merit our denunciation in our stead, and us, to merit our law, as we must have fulfilled it to merit eternal life by our works. Then he placed himself between God and us on the cross.—There he took upon himself our sins. It was on him that the law indicated those stripes which our sins had rendered inevitable. And thus at the same time that our conduct is condemned, the law is satisfied; and yet, oh miracle! we are acquitted.—For the Mediator does not remain in the tomb; he rises from it the third day; and God thus declares that he acknowledges him for his Son, and that he accepts his sacrifices as an expiation of our sins. Then he ascends into heaven; he is seated at the right hand of God; and keeps, by his intercession, those whom he has redeemed by his death. Such is the work that Jesus Christ has accomplished as Mediator between God and men, as it is written: God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; and thus we might be made the righteousness of God in him.—Adolphus Monod.

## The Image of Christ.

The image of Christ, drawn by the pencil of the Spirit, to which Scripture directs our aims, is painted in such colors, that it is impossible often to contemplate it without its irresistibly affecting the heart. As the bodily eye that has looked long at the sun, retains a bright image of it, so the spiritual eye, that gazes steadily on the fields of glory, is filled with its image. We carry this image with us wherever we go, and it blends with all our thoughts and actions. It never ceases to be a study to us, ever growing more bright and beautiful as we gaze upon it, revealing in contrast, more and more, the darkness of our own hearts. I have said it is with us at conversion, as it is in spring, when the sun melts the snow in the fields, and as the mountain-side, and upon the highest peaks and in the deepest valleys, patches of it still remain. So the rays of the spiritual sun may penetrate our souls, and still there remain in each heart heights and depths, where yet all is cold and hard. How much must still be melted away, he is first aware, who conscientiously yields himself to the discipline of Scripture. The more we contemplate Christ, the more do we discover, how unlike him we are, how selfishness has penetrated our inmost nature, how poor we are in humility, in love.—When we enter this school of discipline, it does not seem so. This beholding "ourselves in the image of Christ, has the peculiarity, that while we are more and more discovering the darkness in us, upon us, as the which we contemplate Christ, the more do we discover, how unlike him we are, how selfishness has penetrated our inmost nature, how poor we are in humility, in love.—When we enter this school of discipline, it does not seem so. 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Poetry.

The Best Estate.

THE HEART BY CHARLES SWAIN. The heart is his own estate...

NO MATTER what fortune leans, Wealth makes not happiness secure...

THE PRINCELY rove and beggar's coat, The scythe and sword, the plume and plough...

STILL disappointment tracks the road, The bravest 'neath defeat may find...

'TIS NOT the bones that honor makes— True honor is a thing divine...

SO KEEP that yet a generous heart, A steadfast and contented mind...

WHICH uttered from the life within Is heard not by the life without...

BUT GRASP that truth—though black appears The rugged path their steps have trod...

Miscellaneous.

The Angel of Humanity.

"I was standing in the street of a large city. It was a cold, bleak, winter's day...

The Boomerang.

WE DO NOT know that any of our readers in this latitude have ever met with the missile bearing this barbarous name...

The Title of LL D.

EVERYBODY knows that two L's and a D. at the end of a name stand for a title...

Sydney, Cape Breton.

THE LADIES of the SYDNEY WESLEYAN PARISH BAZAAR SOCIETY, intending to hold a BAZAAR...

The Subscribers.

HAVE received a large assortment of BROAD LEAF CLOTHES, Dressing, Buttons, Ribbons...

The Two Misers.

A miser living in Kufs had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser, more miserly than himself...

Mythology of Northern Europe.

The mythology of Scandinavia resembles that of Greece before it was civilized and humanized...

A Newspaper in the Family.

EVERY family ought to have its own newspaper—if it has none; and, if but one, it should be a religious newspaper...

Secrets of Happiness.

A susceptibility to delicate attention, a fine sensibility of the nerves, and an exquisite tenderness of manner and thought...

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The Subscribers.

HAVE received a large assortment of BROAD LEAF CLOTHES, Dressing, Buttons, Ribbons...

Ayer's Pills.

Particularly adapted to the female system, and for the relief of all the complaints to which it is subject...

As a Family Medication.

Not only are your most admirably adapted for the relief of all the complaints to which it is subject...

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SOPAS, CLOCKS, CHAIRS, CARPETINGS, &c.

Acacia Furniture Warehouse, North of the Market Square. At this Establishment can be had a cheap and superior stock of...

Household Furniture.

Manufactured in the best possible style. Particular attention is now directed to a new selection of the following articles: COUCHES, RUGS, BEDS, CHAIRS, TABLES, &c.

Fall Importations.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received per White Star, six cases DRESS GOODS, comprising: FRENCH MILLINERY, FRENCH MILLINERY, FRENCH MILLINERY, &c.

Shawls, Silks, Mantles.

A large assortment in Black, Cloth, and Gold Thread. FRENCH MILLINERY, FRENCH MILLINERY, FRENCH MILLINERY, &c.

Profitable and Pleasant Employment for the Fall and Winter.

An elegant Gift for a Father to present to his Family. Send for one Copy and try it among your Friends.

The Peoples' Pictorial Domestic Bible.

With about one thousand engravings! This useful book contains an opinion from the Notices of the Press, to have unprecedented circulation in every section of our wide spread country...

Pain Banished.

Life Prolonged. The certain pain and penalty of sickness and the certain cure, is the certain result of this medicine...

Holloway's Pills.

To relieve the pain and penalty of sickness and the certain cure, is the certain result of this medicine...

"STAR" LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

43, Moorgate Street, London. The Society is chiefly, but not exclusively devoted to the Assurance of the lives of members of the Wesleyan Methodist Society...

A Rare Chance.

WE have been requested to give insertion to the following list, which presents an opportunity which may not soon occur again...

Wesleyan Book Room.

THE BOOK STEWARD here to call attention to a small list of BOOKS just received—some of which are having a very large circulation...

Notice of Co-Partnership.

September 22d, 1857. THE SUBSCRIBER has taken into partnership Mr. HENRY W. WUTLIFFE...

THAS!! THAS!!

FAMILIES (both rich and poor) study Economy in house keeping, they would certainly study Economy in their pocket...

WOODILL'S CHOICE SYRUP.

MADE expressly for family use, to form a pleasant and refreshing beverage for the invalid...

House and Estate Agency.

60 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S. The Subscriber negotiates for the sale or purchase of real estate, or the management of the same...

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT.

There is no preparation in the market more popular, or that is doing more good, than the BALSAM OF LIVERWORT & HORNWOOD...

Gramp and Pain Killer.

THE world is astonished at the wonderful cures performed by the Gramp and Pain Killer...

Pro. Mohr's GERMAN RAT AND ROACH EXTERMINATOR.

For the sure destruction of Rats, Mice, Cockroaches, Ants, &c. This preparation kills, in a few days, all the vermin...

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