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# THE GOSPEL TRIBUNE,

FOR ALLIANCE AND INTERCOMMUNION

THROUGHOUT

## Evangelical Christendom.

VOLUME II.]

OCTOBER, 1855.

[NUMBER 6.

"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, even CHRIST: AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

### Moral and Religious Miscellany.

EXTRACTS FROM HOWE ON CHRISTIAN UNION, 1678:—No. 1.

COMMUNICATED BY Q. Q. PICKERING.

That it is the work of God's own Spirit to effect such an union, and consequently that when it shall be generally poured forth such an union must be realized; this is typically represented by the precious ointment shed upon Aaron, diffused upon his garments; referring doubtless to the anointing of the Holy Ghost eminently, and in the first place upon our Lord Jesus Christ, and thence diffused to all the members of his Body—the Church. Hence also the unity in what degree soever it doth obtain is called the unity of the Spirit; and Christians also because of its unspeakable importance, and the dangers attending the breach of it are admonished to endeavor to maintain it in the bond of peace. That also which is the subject of such an union is the habitation of the indwelling Spirit, which implies that it hath great influence on this union, that where it dwells among all living Christians there cannot but be some union in the main and principal things, they having all come as lively stones unto the living and chief corner stone, and compacted into an habitation of God through the Spirit, all such are of the Church of God, and therefore should be recognised as such, for we are all one in Christ Jesus: and further, the very cause of this union amongst Christians, so far as it does prevail, is the oneness of the Spirit who dwells everywhere in them all for this very end and purpose, for there is one Body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling. The reason why the members of the Body though many are yet but one Body is, because by the one Spirit they are all Baptised into one Body, and have been made to drink into one Spirit: as if it had been said you are so little one upon any other account, that only as one

Spirit hath diffused itself among you and cemented you together will this desirable object be obtained—without this the Body of Christ would be no more one than a rope of sand; there would be no cohesion of parts; for the parts of a man's body, as the parts of the Church, are in a continual flux, there is a continual wear and waste, a constant succession of new parts to make up for those which have passed away, and yet there is but one man still, because he hath still but one soul. So also is the Church one and the same thing because it hath one Spirit; and as it is the office and business of the soul to animate and enliven the body in its several parts, which it can only do by retaining them in union with itself and one another; the case is manifestly so here as the members of the body share its privileges in community, as for instance that of peace and the Communion which it includes. So saith the Apostle, ye are called into one Body; or speaking of the peace of God he says—to which also ye are called in one Body, the Spirit doth not animate, but as it unites this plainly argues it to be the work of the Spirit to effect and maintain this union; you know the rest of the world are divided about blessedness, or wherein the chief good consists; there are no less than two hundred and eighty-eight opinions among the Heathens about it now, how come all sincere Christians to agree in this—to hope for blessedness all in one thing in that state of life and glory that is hereafter to be enjoyed, and that they all, in all times of the world, should have met in the same one hope of their calling; all this must be owing to one cause—must proceed from one principle; they have all one faith are all of one religion; as to its essentials all come under one title, all give up and devote themselves under the bond of God's covenant—are the children of God by faith, and the one God and Father of all; in this all sincere Christians meet, and how come they so to meet? By chance? No, certainly not. But by one designing cause that worked them all one

way. How else should such numbers agree in one thing, and design to be all for God in a world that is revolted and apostatised from him, it must be the result of one common unitive principle; the effect of his gracious influences, who is the Spirit of holiness, peace and love: our divisions are indeed a sad indication that the Spirit is in great measure withdrawn, and that but little of his work is to be seen among Christians in our day in comparison to what has been, and what may be hoped for in time to come, to which we may avert more particularly hereafter.

### SOUTH AFRICA.

#### MR. MOFEAT'S VISIT TO MOSELEKATSE.

The country before us, though woody and intricate was tolerably well watered; and though we were seldom able to see two yards before us, by the assistance of my compass and occasionally a game path, we proceeded through what appeared an extended plain, covered with wood, and now and then a small granitic hill rising above the trees. The foundation of the whole country is granite, and the rivers we crossed were wide, with the entire bed covered with deep granite sand. We once stumbled upon a village of poor people, three of whom were tempted, for the sake of game, to go with us three days; but such was their terror of the Matabele beyond, that no reward could tempt them to proceed. After crossing the Shashe and other rivers, we entered a perfect labyrinth of hills and mountains, without seeing the footsteps of a human being. We at last found traces of cultivation, and soon after some individuals of the Bamanguato tribe, but who were subjects of Moselekatse. These, after getting over their terror (for they had first to be caught,) conducted us a little farther, when an officer of Moselekatse was sent for. He received us most graciously, professing the utmost joy at the prospect of his master seeing me again; but still, he doubted whether I was the veritable Mofat, or, as they pronounce it, Moshete.

I pass over a variety of incidents, and some hindrances, during which I underwent something like a continental scrutiny. It was at the peril of their lives that they permitted a stranger to pass, which made them terribly afraid lest they should allow a counterfeit Mofat to approach the person of their sovereign. When we at last reached Matlokotloko, we found him sick, and with difficulty brought to the porch leading to his residence. I saw his condition, and, while with one hand he eagerly grasped mine, he appeared deeply affected, and drew his mantle over his face with the other, I suppose, unwilling that his vassals, who sat in silence at a distance, should see the hero of a hundred battles weep, even though it were for joy. After becoming composed, he gave full expression to the joy he felt on seeing me once more. Pointing to his feet, he said, 'I am very sick, but your God has sent you to heal me.' Though we had passed several of his towns, and had been two weeks conversant with his people, no one dared to whisper 'Moselekatse is sick.' The fact was too sacred to be pronounced by vulgar lips. Though he had not been out of his house for some time before, he sat the live-long day (for it was yet early when we arrived) looking at us getting every thing ready for the Sabbath. And a sojourn was indeed most acceptable, after a most harrassing month's journey from the Bamanguato during which we were very often obliged to use our axes from the time of inyoking till halting for the night, cutting our way through the

thickets. As Moselekatse very naturally felt anxious to be restored to health, I engaged to prepare for him suitable medicine, provided he would, like myself, drink no beer, and eat only the kind of food I prescribed. To this he most willingly assented. The means used were, by God's blessing, successful, and in a couple of weeks he was on his feet again, to his great joy and that of his people. There I remained for more than four weeks, having daily intercourse with the great chief, whose kindness was unbounded.

During the time already elapsed, although I was not idle, I could not prevail on Moselekatse to allow me to proclaim to him and his people the truths of the gospel. As he could refuse me nothing that I thought proper to ask, he would give evasive answers, and endeavour to assure me that he believed the Word of God was good for him; but, at the same time, hinting that his nobles and warriors might not like it, from the principles of peace inculcated. But I was aware that they were really desirous of hearing those doctrines, which they knew had a salutary influence on the mind of their master ever since my last visit, more than twenty years ago. Though at that time I was only able to reach his understanding, my strong remonstrances with him to modify the severity of his government had produced so thorough a change in his views, that the cruel and revolting forms of execution were nearly obsolete, while a sense of the value of human life, and the guilt of shedding human blood, characterised his measures to such an extent his subjects had never before witnessed. They knew nothing of the nature or requirements of the Divine Word; for to harbour the idea that there was a God greater than the Moselekatse would be viewed as the veriest madness, and exposed any one to the danger of being hung. His people, though nearly all youths and children when I last visited him, knew that their yoke had been made lighter in consequence of some influence or charm which I had infused into the heart of their monarch, and hence the general joy my visit imparted to all ranks.

It was difficult to account for his reluctance to allow me to preach to his people, except it was from the impression that the exhibition of the character of the Divine Being, life, death, and immortality, would repress the martial spirit of his warriors, whose highest happiness is to fight for, or die for, Moselekatse, the son of Machelobane. His hand, like that of Ishmael, is against every man, and every man's hand against him; and to his soldiers (and every man of the Matabele is a soldier, ready to grasp his weapon at a moment's notice) he looks for the defence and security of his kingdom.

It was natural for me to feel melancholy, situated as I was, surrounded with multitudes of savages who loved me, and yet I could not instruct them. I tried at times to look morose, while he would try in vain to make me smile. I used to say pleasantly that if he would not hear of my Lord and Master he should not have me, neither should I receive the shadow of a present from him, but that I should, one of these mornings, shoulder my gun and march off to Sekeletue's country. I cannot now describe the process by which I at last overcame his objections; the incident was unexpected and interesting. He gave full permission for me to preach to him and his warriors the gospel of salvation. Daily, at a minute's warning they were assembled before me, much nearer him who sat at my left hand, than they dared to approach on any other occasion. Never in my life did I witness such rivetted attention and astonished countenances whilst I, amidst the stillness of the grave, published to them the great doctrines of the Word of God. These were things which never before had en-

tered their ears; but the character of God, his works and providence, redemption through his Son, death, judgment, and eternity, were listened to with unflinching attention during the remainder of my sojourn. Though the people of Moselekatse are composed of Matabele or Zulus, (the original stock) and of every tribe from the Bakone tribes to the south, the Mashona to the north, and Batonga, they are transformed by the nature of the government under which they live, and exhibit characteristics of intelligence and prompt attention, compared to which the tribes from which they have been taken possess but a shadow.

Numbers were arriving daily at head quarters, and returning to the different towns of his vast dominions, to bring news, and convey orders and instructions, so that what was preached in the presence of Moselekatse was conveyed to the extreme ends of his territories. Some who heard it at second hand published to others at a distance the strange news that Moshete had brought to the ears of the Matabele. The above services were to me, beyond all description, interesting. I felt that my prayers had been answered, and that I had obtained my heart's desire. After concluding the first day's service, I turned to Moselekatse, and laying my hand on his shoulder said, 'You have now made me happy. I want nothing else that you can give; I shall sigh no more.' 'How,' he asked, 'can you sigh, when I and my kingdom are at your disposal? You must preach daily, and receive my present also.' But I have omitted to state that the permission to preach was only granted on my return journey from the north-west."

Mr. Moffat than paid a visit to the dominions of Sekaletue, calling on Moselekatse again on his way home. The latter could scarcely part from him. "It was with a desperate effort," continues Mr. Moffat, "that I could get away from Moselekatse. He sent an escort to take me beyond the utmost bounds of his country, and to see my wants sufficiently supplied along the road, and also home to the Kuruman, where I arrived among my own people with feelings of lively gratitude to Him who has guided and guarded my seven months' wandering among savage beasts and savage men. During that period I preached the truths of the gospel to thousands who never heard the name of a Saviour before. I accomplished all that was within my power for Livingston. I gave Moselekatse and his people full proof of the deep interest I felt in their temporal as well as spiritual concerns; and I returned with my health greatly improved notwithstanding the toil and anxiety connected with such a journey.

I could not have done any of these things if I had gone either to the coast or to England, so kindly recommended by the directors. In addition to these considerations, Moselekatse generously presented me with more than what defrayed my journeying expenses, which were not small, as well as those of Mrs. Moffat, to Alogota Bay."

From the New York Recorder.

#### ANDREW MARSHALL, THE NEGRO PREACHER.

On Sabbath morning I attended divine service at the Presbyterian church, of which the Rev. Mr. Preston is pastor; he was absent, and his place was supplied by a New England minister. The building is very fine, of granite brought from Maine, and the interior is a noble temple. In the afternoon I determined to hear the renowned Andrew Marshall, the veteran pastor of the African Baptist church. This soldier of the cross has a world-wide fame, and a very interesting notice of his pulpit services may be

found in Sir Charles Lyell's travels. Mr. Marshall's church is a fair old building, and its interior much resembles a New England old country meeting-house.

I looked round upon the congregation, and noticed that the audience, without exception, was well dressed; the women chiefly wore head-dresses of Madras handkerchiefs, though many had bonnets, and most of the men wore gloves. Mr. Marshall, I should observe, is in his 100th year, his hair as white as snow, his countenance mild, without any wrinkles to mark decrepitude or decay. His voice is one of great sweetness and power; he read his hymn without spectacles, and such reading! In sober truth, I know no northern doctor who can read so well. It was read as Staughton used to read, and those who remember that style of giving out psalmody will long to hear Andrew Marshall. I came to church expecting to hear a wreck of a preacher—a negro preacher—I found in the pulpit a master in Israel. Age has not touched his faculties, his mind is as vivacious, and its workings are as true and faithful as are the intellects of men of 30 or 40 years of age. He preached for an hour an expository sermon on the man out of whom Christ expelled the devils who were permitted to go into the herd of swine. Mr. Marshall's sermon will remain in my memory associated with the discourses of great men. The exposition was scriptural, argumentative, full of imagination, and abounding in wit, yet all in keeping with the place. I was reminded all the way through the sermon of three great preachers in the old country, each eminent in his peculiar way. I refer to Rowland Hill, Christmas Evans, and William Jay. Marshall has much of the wit which corruscated from the desk of Surrey Chapel, while the graphic sketching of the Welsh Demosthenes, and the admiral colloquial style of Jay, are found all through his sermons. The noble preacher made more points of power in that hour than I have heard in a sermon for five years. I regard him as the most astonishing preacher I have ever listened to, when his age, his social position, and his illiteracy are all considered. No pulpit in New York or Boston but would have been honored by such a sermon. The limits of a letter will not permit me to give an outline of the sermon, but it will live in my memory, and its illustration would have been a stock in trade for a tyro in theology and many a sprig of divinity. Mr. Marshall's voice is euphonious, his manner dignified. Nothing but his white hair indicates his age, and I should never have supposed him more than sixty-five, had I not been informed. I must not forget his prayer, it was man talking with God, reverently wrestling with God. He saw the portals of the city—he had been often at its gates, and it seemed as if he *knew* the holy ones. Among the hearers were several white ladies and gentlemen, and I was glad to meet there with the Hon. Francis Granger and his daughter. They both unite with me in my high appreciation of the preacher, and Mr. Granger told me that he thought the reading of the hymn was one of the most impressive exhibitions of sacred oratory he had ever witnessed.

Mr. Marshall drove General Washington from Virginia to Savannah, and he observed that during the entire journey he never saw him smile.

From the Christian Times.

#### CASE OF JOHN EVANGELIST BORZINSKY.

BASEL, SWITZERLAND, June 18, 1855.

SIR,—In your paper of June 1, you have published, under the title "An Austrian Madia," the translation of a letter of the Rev. Dr. Nowotny, pastor of Peter-

shain, near Niesky, in Prussia, giving an account of the abjuration from the errors of Rome of John Evangelist Borzinsky, who had come for that purpose from Bohemia, and of his seizure, contrary to the existing laws, on his return there, and incarceration in the convent of his order in Prague, where he is at present confined under the pretence of being "mad."

It would take up too much space in your valuable paper to give you the history of the conversion of this prisoner for Christ's sake, and I will therefore only remark that it affords a new proof of the power of the Word of God, as the foundation of the same was laid in the Psalms and in detached passages of Scripture in his breviary.

I must remark that the case of John Evangelist Borzinsky is, in my opinion, worse than that of the Maddai, as this sufferer for Christ's sake has been seized and incarcerated in direct contradiction to the existing laws in Austria, as shown in the two articles that have already appeared in your paper. His position calls for immediate help, and this the more as a Protestant minister in Prague, as well as Protestants residing there (it would take up too much space to give the particulars, and might not be well at this moment) have acted in this matter, to quote the words of his brother Ubaldu, now also a prisoner, "as if they were under the influence of the superiors of our convent," and which, I doubt not, is quite correct, from my knowledge of what Protestantism is in that city.

Within the last few years, at least the Bohemian priests, with several of whom I am personally acquainted have fled to Prussia, and renounced the errors of Rome. Many others would follow their example if they could find means to escape. Three weeks ago one found means to get to Switzerland, having been two years ago seized as he was near the frontiers of Prussia. He has just sailed from Havre to America. Such a state of things calls for earnest prayer and active assistance, as Rome will do all it can to stop this movement, which is especially increasing among its Bohemian clergy.

I am, &c.,

DR. MARRIOTT.

#### CASE OF JOACHIM ZEZULE.

BASLE, June 26, 1855.

SIR,—In my letter of the 18th instant I gave you some particulars of John Borzinsky, and of his brother Ubaldu, confined in convents in Austria on account of their Protestant faith, and of Joachim Zezule, priest of the order of St. Augustine, for twenty years confined and treated as a madman, but nevertheless in his proper senses, and in the profession of the light of the gospel. In the short account I gave of the latter, from communications made to me by Dr. Nowotny, it will have been seen that he professes himself to be a Protestant, and has, many years ago, declared himself to be such. I have just received from Dr. Nowotny a copy of a letter of this "madman," dated so lately as June 4, and consider it my duty to transmit you a translation of the principal passages, which will give further insight into his religious opinions. In judging of the same we must recollect his position during the last twenty years,—shut out from the world, incarcerated among real madmen, and debarred from all communication with Protestant Christians. This Augustine Monk writes:

"It is undeniably true that we can, through reading the Holy Scriptures, arrive at a knowledge of those truths which are essential to our salvation, and in this way can learn which is the true saving church, who are her members, and who can be called a true Christian. Through reading the Holy Scriptures,

one comes to the conviction that there is only one true church, and that this is not the Roman, but the universal Christian community, scattered over the whole earth, which acknowledges Christ alone for the only true head, and places herself under his Word. The members of this church are all those who agree in the essential doctrines of Christianity, showing in this agreement the spirit of love and of the followers of Christ. He is a true Christian whose confession is conformable to the Holy Scriptures, and whoever takes not them as his rule of faith turns away from the true church. Therefore every Roman Catholic becomes a true Christian, who, rejecting the traditions of Rome that are contrary to Scripture, acknowledges as true the Protestant confessions of faith. For the Holy Scriptures are the rule through which divine things must be learned, errors judged, measured and weighed. The Bible is the best and infallible testimony for him who will find the true church, for this must be sought in the Holy Scriptures, and not in human fabrications. I read the Holy Scriptures, and endeavour at the same time to comprehend and understand them; for God will not that we should be satisfied with mere words, but he requires that we use our understanding, and, as far as it is possible, dive into the secret things of the Bible. To be able to do this help is necessary, and this help will not be refused in answer to prayer. The best student of the Holy Scriptures is he who reads them without any preconceived opinions, and draws from them his instruction, and not he who puts his own meaning upon them. What the reader after, thorough investigation, does not understand and cannot comprehend must not be considered as absolutely necessary to salvation. To speak otherwise than the Holy Scriptures, to think and to act otherwise, is to follow false and erroneous doctrines.

"Where the most outward pomp is to be found, there is the less inward, true Christianity, and there we shall find, least of all, the true church. This is seen in the way those are treated who profess themselves Protestants. They—the Romish hierarchy—call such heretics, and pronounce a curse on them. The judge, with his laws, who declares a man renouncing Romanism deprived of his civil rights,—which is warranted to every one, independent of his creed—who takes away from such a one every means of obtaining a livelihood, or confines such a one in a den of murderers, and declares him mad or deprived of reason, does he act with justice?—From the foregoing it is clear what are the motives of my wish to become a member of the Protestant church; and what is my offence? I appeal to Protestant Christendom against these unfeeling men, who have not God before their eyes, and recommend myself to their protection against my inhuman persecutors. I have laboured with honesty and morality in the vineyard of the Lord. I hope my appeal to Protestant Christendom will not be in vain. I speak also in the name of Ubaldu Borzinsky, as his exile will scarcely permit him to beseech on his own behalf the assistance of his sympathising fellow-Christians.

(Signed)

"Pater JOACHIM ZEZULE,  
Augustine Monk."

I trust that this appeal, in connection with the accounts of this Augustine monk sent you in my last, as well as what has appeared in your paper from other quarters, will not merely interest your readers but lead the Protestant Alliance and other Protestant bodies not to lose any time in seeking his liberation, as well as that of John E. Borzinsky, already received

into the Protestant church of Prussia, and of his brother Ubaldus, who has declared his earnest wish to take the same step, and has been forcibly removed from Prague to Gortz, in Illyria.

I am, &c.,

Dr. MARRIOTT.

#### AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER DIRECTED.

How shall I come to God, for I am a sinful creature?

"Jesus said, I am the way: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." John xiv., 6.

But how can I feel sure that Jesus will receive me?

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John vi, 37.

I have nothing that I can bring to him.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Rev. xxi, 6.

But should I not first endeavor to purify my soul from sin?

"Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one," Job xiv, 4. "Without me ye can do nothing," John xv. 5.

How, then, shall I come?

"By a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us though the veil, that is to say his flesh." Heb. x. 20.

Is God sure to receive me; can he love me?

"I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. vi, 18.

What should be the object of my life?

"Ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God, in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's," 1 Cor. vi, 20.

Can my unimportant actions in any way glorify the everlasting God?

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit," John xv, 8.

What do you mean by fruit?

"The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," Gal. v, 22, 23.

Does God, then, take notice of my daily conduct?

"I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them," Ezek. xi, 5. "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see?—he that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he know?" Psa. xciv, 9, 10.

I am very ignorant, who shall instruct me?

"Search the Scriptures," John v. 39. "The Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus," 2 Tim. iii, 15.

But I have so many evil habits to combat; what shall I do?

"Gird up the loins of your mind," 1 Pet. 1, 13.

"Fight the good fight of faith," 1 Tim. vi. 12. "For he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," Heb. xiii, 5.

But there are trials and temptations in my way which others have not.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it," 1 Cor. x, 13.

I wish I had some friends who could understand all the trials of my spirit.

"We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," Heb. iv, 15.

It is my desire to walk uprightly, but I feel I have no strength.

"He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength," Isa. xl, 29.

May I go and ask him, then?

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him," James i, 5.

How will God give me wisdom?

"I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them," Ezek. xxxvi, 27.

When trouble comes, what shall I do?

"Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me," Psa. i, 15.

In the hour of death?

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," Isa. xliii, 2.

And in the day of judgment?

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died," Rom. viii. 33, 34.

Oh! I will cast in my lot with God's people, for they only are happy.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good," Numb. x. 29.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace," Numb. vi. 24-26.—*Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours.*

#### "I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR."

These words were uttered by a widow, who had buried her husband some years before. Subsequently she followed a beloved son to the grave, who had died in the midst of life and usefulness; and now she had been called to part with an only daughter, the mother of two children. As she returned from the grave of this loved daughter, she went up into her bed and lay down to die. Why should I desire to live? she said to herself; I am left alone, my family are taken from me: what have I to live for?

While in this despairing frame, she was aroused from her repinings by the voice of a little granddaughter, who could not realize the greatness of her loss in the death of her excellent mother, but was affected to find her grandmother in tears. "Don't cry, grandmother; I will take care of you." This tender voice scattered the clouds of grief, and brought her to her right mind. She felt the reproof. She realized in a moment that she had sinned against God; she felt that she had something to live for. She arose from her bed, and on her knees humbled herself before God, and like David took food and addressed herself to the work of life.

Those two motherless children were to be trained for God. In a few days they were sent to school, and when some of the children in the school desired the eldest to remain and play with them, she refused, and said, "I must go home and take care of my poor sick grandmother." When this expression of love and gratitude was mentioned to her, she could not refrain from weeping; surely, she thought, I have enough to live for. If I can bring these dear lambs to Christ and place them in his arms, I shall not have lived in vain.

She was permitted to see them grow up in the fear of God. This good woman might have adopted the words of David, "Thou which hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and bring



me up again from the depths of the earth." *Psa. lxxi: 20.*

Many, in the midst of bereavement, stripped of friends, are ready to exclaim, "We have nothing to live for," but such language is unbecoming a Christian. Nothing to live for! Is the glory of God nothing? Is the church of Christ nothing? Is the salvation of souls nothing? Is prayer nothing? Nothing to live for! If we were on a barren rock, or shut up for years in a sick-room, we should have enough to live for. "*I have chosen thee, saith God, in the furnace of affliction.*" True Christian submission, submission, springing from confidence in God, and love to his character, promotes the divine glory as much as active service. Let us feel, whatever be our circumstances, that it is a blessing to live; it is a privilege to suffer, as well as do, the will of our heavenly Father.—*Amer. Mess.*

### TURKEY.

#### DEMAND FOR THE BIBLE.

Yours of the 4th of April informs me that a further supply of the Scriptures for this depot was about to be forwarded to me. This is gratifying, as we shall require them soon, especially if we find the Indian troops not fully supplied with them. A regiment of these forces passed through the Bosphorous, on its way to Balaklava; and, as it did not stop, Mr. Selar is gone there after it. He will either return in a few days, or write to me for further supplies of Scriptures, and prolong his stay there. \* \* \*

The demand for the Scriptures in the different distant missionary stations augments daily: besides the many already sent there, we forwarded the other day no fewer than 1142 copies, at the request of missionaries residing at Tocat, Harpoot, Marsovan, Erzurum, and Salonica. Independently of these Scriptures, Mr. Everett had to send to these stations about 4000 Armenian religious publications, Harpoot is one of the new stations; and a missionary who visited it says that the demand there for Scriptures is truly gratifying. It is to be regretted that we have no Armeno-Turkish New Testaments to send to those parts, for they are in great request. \* \* \*

Mr. Righter having letters of introduction from high quarters to our ambassador, called on his lordship, and was received by him in a very affable manner. He listened with interest to what Mr. Righter had to say of the progress of the Bible cause in this country, especially that regarding the Turks. His lordship said that he heard with pleasure that the Turks were receiving with more readiness the Word of God, and seemed to countenance all efforts made in a quiet way for the promulgation of the Scriptures amongst them.

Besides the increasing demand for the Scriptures amongst the Turks, the following few facts may not be thought uninteresting. On one occasion, some Turks calling at our depot for *Inglis* (Testaments,) not only paid readily the price asked for them, but observed that those books were invaluable, and deserved a *Bakshis* besides their cost. Another time, on the Rev. Mr. Spencer's (one of the Scripture readers) presenting Testaments to two Turks, when they saw what books they were, kissed them, and placed them in their bosom, thanking Mr. Spencer over and over again for them. One day, when a Turk bought a Bible from our depot, he observed, "This book belongs to us, for we took possession of it when we took Constantinople; we then cared nothing for it, and the English have since printed it." This, I suppose, he intended as an excuse for purchasing a Bible in the presence of Christians. A Turk who is persuaded

of the truth of the Gospel, but dares not avow it publicly, expressed a wish to open a shop to sell the Scriptures, and other Turkish religious publications, in a quarter of Constantinople entirely inhabited by Turks, and applied to the American missionaries to furnish him with books for that purpose. The American brethren have taken into consideration the courageous proposal of this Turk, and will, no doubt, give him a helping hand to put his project into execution, provided they can feel confident that no serious harm will befall him. It is a remarkable fact, that years ago our society possessed only a small obscure spot in Galata, which was opened only twice a week, and where the Turks never put their foot in, and the Christians entered it rarely, and by stealth. Now, besides the great depot, which is kept open all day long in a most frequented street at Constantinople, leading to the principal bazaars, the society's books are exposed for sale in the grand street of Pera, at the Scripture-Readers' Depository and Reading Room at Galata, at the London Jews' Society's stores at Constantinople, and last, not least, they are hawked about the streets of this vast capital by colporteurs, and may be met with on the great floating bridge, and other parts of the city, taken there by vendors of books.

This, indeed, is a sign of the times, and all praise is due to God, who has brought about such wonderful changes.

Italy, Spain, Portugal, &c., may truly blush to see the inveterate enemies of the cross countenancing the circulation of the Scriptures, whilst they, who avow to be the champions of that cross, studiously and energetically shut up all avenues against the promulgation of the words of our blessed Saviour, the precious founder of our redeeming faith. But theirs, alas! is a wooden cross, without life or spirit to kindle in their bosoms a sacred flame of pure vital Christianity.—*Letter of Mr. B. Barker in Correspondence of British and Foreign Bible Society.*

From the Patriot.

### SHANGHAI, (CHINA.)

STATE OF THE MISSION AT THE CLOSE OF THE SIEGE.—The Rev. Mr. Muirhead, writing from Shanghai, under date of April 5, relates the close of the long struggle between the Tirads and Imperialists. During the siege the two chapels sustained little injury, though one was twice in danger. On getting into the city, from which they had been excluded in common with all other foreigners during the latter part of the siege, Mr. Muirhead and his fellow-labourers immediately resumed their mission labours. While the rebellion was going on, they were in the habit of visiting the city, preaching and distributing rice. The latter was the means of saving the lives of not a few. For some time a number of the rebels attended the Fokien service, and professed a readiness to hear the word and to renounce idolatry; but as they met with no encouragement in their pernicious practices, gradually fell back. Many of the natives of the place expressed a wish to be baptized. Three women were selected, who were persuaded of the folly and sin of idolatry, admitted their condition as sinners, and spoke of confidence and peace in Christ. When peace was restored, five women and one man, on giving a credible testimony of their faith in Christ, were also baptized. The man is occupied as a *colporteur*. In addition to these, four persons were received into Christian communion, three belonging to Fokien, and one a native of the place. One of the former, *Lim Kwei*, had two wives. Being told his duty in the matter, he sent his second wife home to her parents. He is

now engaged in a mercantile employment. This convert has nine marks of Buddha on his head, burnt in by his mother with an incense stick while he was yet a child. Another, named Pok-seen, was in attendance at a class for catechumens, under Dr. Medhurst, for about a year, and, from his intelligent and fluent expression, was frequently called on to explain the New Testament to the other members. With regard to the fourth individual, Mr. Edkins relates, that, when on a visit to Sung-Keang last spring, he went to the house of a literary graduate, employed by the missionaries as a teacher of the language. He introduced his two sons, saying, that for himself he was not fit to become a disciple of Jesus (alluding to certain faults in his character, which had often brought him into trouble,) but his sons were of a pliable disposition, and would be glad of employment within reach of Christian instruction. One of them, named Senyue-chow, obtained a situation in the mission printing Office as a compositor. After two or three months, he desired to become a believer in Jesus, and was baptized in February by Dr. Medhurst.

The account shows an accession of thirteen persons to the native church during the half-year. Nine of the Pokien converts had been obliged to remove to other parts of the country, leaving twenty-seven in full communion.

The physical relief afforded at Dr. Lochart's hospital to the sick and wounded imperialists may have a good effect. The missionaries had frequently gone into the neighbourhood of their camps, where they were always well received in the missionary capacity, alike by officers and men, who came from widely different provinces of the empire.

Extensive journeys had been undertaken into the interior during the half year, 100, 150, and 200 miles distant from Shanghai. Christian books and tracts, and especially the New Testament were largely distributed. Go where they might, they met with numbers able and willing to read, and were persuaded that increased facilities for mission work are to be secured mainly by personal enterprise. At one place several volumes taken to the magistrate's office were politely received. At Ta-tsong there were upwards of one hundred literary students going thro' their examination with closed doors. A number of Christian and scientific books were sent in to the chief mandarian in charge, which were duly acknowledged, and cards of several others in authority sent with a request for copies of the same works. An officer of some distinction visited them, asking for a book. He was remarkably conversant with western affairs, and had read a good deal on general subjects. It was stated to him, that if a Chinaman went to England he would be at liberty to go wherever he pleased. He said that it was necessary to place restrictions upon foreigners coming to China at the outset, from the fact that the native authorities were ignorant of our character and objects; but now it was different, as they were better acquainted with us, and so we might go about as we liked. He went away highly pleased with the different publications given to him. At Kwan-san a great number of grain junks were on their way to Teentsin, the sailors on board of which came earnestly seeking for books to take to their friends and acquaintances in the north. At Tsangzoh, an immense city, containing a population of more than 200,000, the boatmen were ordered by a mandarin on shore to lower the sail, and permit him to go on board. On doing so the missionaries went to his office, gave him a few books, mentioned to him their design, and requested him to examine the boat. He at once declined, spoke in a very civil manner, and sent two of his followers with them to

the city, where they distributed a number of tracts. From that place they returned home, after an absence of nine days.

In regard to Tac-ping-wang's movements, the missionaries can say little. The *Peking Gazette* continued to be their chief source of intelligence, and it contained accounts of victories and defeats on both sides. Still, reports have been circulated that the spring campaign of the insurgents had been able to reach Nankin. Dr. Medhurst volunteered, but our own authorities objected to it, although missionaries from France and America were allowed, and even requested to accompany their respective ambassadors. The hazard and peril of passing the imperial lines, on their own responsibilities, the missionaries did not conceive themselves justified in incurring.

There are seventeen boys in Mr. Muirhead's boarding-school, including the five that were lately baptized, who are doing very well, and, with several others, are training for useful situations in life.

From the Puritan Record.

#### JAPAN.

MISSION-FIELD IN JAPAN.—A meeting was held at Park Street Church, Boston, not long since, to hear a statement from Rev. Dr. Bettelheim, respecting his mission to Japan.

In 1845, a meeting was held in London by persons who were desirous of sending out a missionary to the Jews in China, and by another class of persons who wished especially to ascertain whether the North American Indians were the lost ten tribes. Dr. Bettelheim, being himself of Jewish descent, and a minister in London, was sent to China for these objects. But no door being open there to accomplish anything for the purpose of his mission, his attention was turned towards Japan. How to get there he did not know. He finally became acquainted with an American sea-captain from Boston, who, for a small consideration, took him to the Loo Choo Islands. These are a group of thirty-six islands, about 500 miles from China. They form a part of the Japanese empire. Dr. Bettelheim was set on shore by the captain, and left among those heathens. They inquired why he had come among them. He told them his God had sent him to preach the gospel to them. For a long time they kept aloof from him, and made no suitable provision for his wants. He at first took up his abode in one of their idol temples. They afterwards procured for him a respectable private dwelling, but placed a guard of eight policemen around his house, who were not permitted to speak to him, or have any intercourse with him, thus effectually to prevent all communication between him and the people. By a careful and conciliating demeanour, however, he gradually gained the confidence of the guards, and finally of the people. He instructed their physicians in the science of medicine, until they understood and admitted the superiority of his skill. From this he gained their attention to the great truths of Christianity, and has been blessed with what, in the circumstances, must seem to be remarkable success in his mission. He has done something to elevate the condition of woman. No Japanese woman is permitted to come into the presence of her husband without kneeling. He taught them that Jesus Christ after his resurrection appeared first unto a woman; and he showed by his own example what respect and kindness were due from the husband to the wife.

During the nine years that Dr. Bettelheim has been in Loo-Choo, his labours, and those of his wife, have been most incessant and untiring, and the results in



accomplishment have been wonderful. He has made a grammar and dictionary of the Japanese language. He has translated the Gospels of Luke and John into the Loo Choo dialect, and the four Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistle to the Romans, into Japanese. He has gathered a congregation of between forty and fifty individuals, and baptized four persons in the name of the Trinity.

We had supposed that Japan was the only nation that remained closed against the gospel. But it appears that even this has not been so. God moves in a mysterious way to perform his wonders. He has been opening a door that we knew not of, and he has done this by the agency of a son of Abraham.

Dr. Bettelheim has left a successor in charge of his mission, so that the work will not be unattended to during his absence. Our Government is the first which has succeeded in forming a commercial treaty with the secluded nation, and now it seems very providential to devolve on us to send them the gospel. God, without our agency, has prepared an instrumentality to our hands, by which we can do this; and we need not to be told that Japan, though so long, and so hopelessly hitherto, enveloped in the shroud of Satan's darkness is one of the kingdoms of this world which are to be given to the Lord and to his Christ.

#### COLONEL ROWLINSON.

ON ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.—At a lecture in the Royal Institution on Friday week, Prince Albert honored the meeting with his presence, to hear Colonel Rowlinson describe some of the results of his recent excavation in Assyria. Colonel Rowlinson stated that he had been pursuing his investigations according to instructions from the British Museum, for three years, extending the field of operations opened by Mr. Layard over a tract of nearly two thousand miles of a country, along the Euphrates and Tigris to the Persian Gulf. The excavations made at different points of this extended area have brought to light relics of the most interesting kind, far surpassing in antiquity the Nineveh marbles of Mr. Layard, and comprising a number of tablets and cylinders with written inscriptions which tend to throw much light on several doubtful portions of ancient history. The oldest relic was an earthenware slab, or brick, from a temple built 2000 years before the Christian era, impressed with the name of the king who reigned in Chaldea at that time. Colonel Rowlinson explained that the kings of Chaldea and Assyria exercised the exclusive right of having their names impressed on the bricks used in building, and by this means, aided by the inscriptions found in the temples, he was enabled to ascertain with considerable accuracy the periods at which the temple had been built. Some stone carvings, excavated from buildings, the dates of which were thus ascertained to belong to a period at least 800 years before the birth of Christ, are of a character far superior to any of those of more recent date excavated by Mr. Layard, especially the figures of animals in hunting scenes. In addition to the carvings on flat slabs, there were found several small models of animals, some of which were exhibited on the lecture table, which were executed with great skill, and they are in as perfect a state of preservation as if they had been recently done. Among the most interesting records of those ancient times are the tables and cylinders, with written inscriptions on their surfaces, most of which Colonel Rowlinson has been enabled to decipher. A tablet extracted from one of the temples built by Nebuchadnezzar was shown, the inscrip-

tion on which was in very small characters, and was translated. After stating the circumstances under which the temple was built, and lauding the works and greatness of the king, the tablet contained some passages which Colonel Rowlinson thinks allude to the insanity of Nebuchadnezzar, and his recovery; but that part has not yet been deciphered. Among other curious relics shown to the company were two earthenware cylinders, taken from a temple a few miles from the site of ancient Babylon, which had been supposed to be the remains of the Tower of Babel, and a view of which is given in pictorial Bibles. A French commission had been sent to examine the lofty mound, and excavations were made in it without any result; but after the French commissioners had abandoned the enterprise, it was resumed by Col. Rowlinson, who succeeded in extracting the cylinders, from the inscriptions on which it appeared that it was a temple to the seven spheres, which had been built about 400 years before Nebuchadnezzar's reign, and restored by that King. Colonel Rowlinson said that the inscriptions contained on the tablet he had excavated, tended to reconcile the discrepancy between the Greek historians and the Bible history respecting Belshazzar. The name of Belshazzar is not mentioned by the Greek historians, the Babylonian king conquered by Cyrus being called by them Nabonadius; but it appears from some of the excavated inscriptions that Belshazzar was the eldest son of Nabonadius, and that he most probably shared the throne with his father. One of the remarkable relics shown by Col. Rowlinson was a large piece of polished ivory, engraved with mathematical symbols, so small as to require a powerful lens to distinguish them, and it is conjectured that the engraver must have been assisted by a lens in working on so microscopic a scale. The experience gained by Col. Rowlinson during the researches enabled him to ascertain the exact positions in which the cylinders having the inscriptions were deposited in the temples, and the Arabs who worked under him attributed this power to necromancy, and the needle compass he consulted was viewed by them as a talisman, so that when the Colonel arrived at Bagdad he was besieged by applicants for information where lost property was to be found.—*Nonconformist.*

#### AN INTERESTING LETTER.

*"To the Editor of the Warder—(Du'lin.)"*

SIR,—As many conflicting and contradictory reports have been lately circulated regarding the progress of the reformation in Connemara,—originating, no doubt, as such reports invariably do, in the interested motives, prejudice, or party feelings of the individuals who gave them currency,—may I request the insertion in your valuable paper of the few facts I am about to relate, of which I have been an eye witness? This I do with the sole object of enabling those interested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of Ireland to form a correct opinion of many of the above reports.

"Mr. Dallas arrived in Clifden on Saturday evening, the 28th ult. He preached a most impressive sermon to a large congregation in the new and beautiful parish church in the morning. A report having been circulated that he would preach in the Derrygimla school-house on that morning, a congregation of more than 200 converts from Rome had assembled to see and to hear him at the morning service. He arrived only in the evening, when he delivered a most appropriate and affecting sermon to a congregation of 140 persons, principally converts from Romanism.

"The Lord Bishop of Tuam arrived in Clifden on Monday evening. On the following morning he and Mr. Dallas, the rector, Rev. H. D'Arcy, and the clergy of the surrounding parishes and missionary districts, started at an early hour for Moyrus, to consecrate the new and beautiful church there, erected through the exertions of Miss Moore, of Warran Cottage, Lisburn; and also to hold a confirmation of the advanced children of the mission-schools. The day was most lovely. The beautiful bay was as smooth as glass. The surrounding mountains were reflected as in a mirror. The Benbola Mountains—those majestic Irish Alps—appeared more sublime than ever I recollect. The sea was dotted with boats of all sizes and all shapes—hooker, yachts, and rowing-boats—all full, moving in procession across the bay, while elegantly dressed ladies might be seen in animated conversation with the intelligent and cheerful children who were candidates for the rite of confirmation.

"The priest had hurled his anathemas on the previous Sunday against any of his flock who should have the impiety to give the use of a boat to the heretics. He came to the sea-shore to see his anathema respected, but to his horror he beheld that no regard whatever was paid to his altar denunciations; and his people told him publicly, and to his face, that they did not care a fig for his curses; he repeated the curses, but the boatmen treated them with the most sovereign contempt.

"I had the good fortune to be one of the party. When we landed, we were agreeably surprised at seeing his lordship and Mr. Dallas before us. They had left Roundstone after us, yet were in Moyrus before us, having crossed the bay in the coast-guard's gig. The service was partly in English and partly in Irish. The Church was crowded to inconvenience. The Rev. A. Dallas preached a most eloquent sermon from Zech. iv. 6, 7. The rite of confirmation was administered to fifty-one persons, nearly all converts from Rome. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered to sixty-eight communicants. The burial ground was afterwards consecrated, and an address from the missionary and parishioners to Lord Plunket, Mr. Dallas, and Miss Moore, and the subscribers, was read by the missionary, full of gratitude and heartfelt thankfulness for the signal blessings of a new church, new parsonage, and a new female school-house.

"There was only one incident which cast a gloom on the proceedings. The parties present were made conscious of their proximity to Popery by lifting their eyes to the church windows, parts of all of which had been broken on the previous night by some faithful sons of 'Holy Mother' of Rome.

"On Wednesday his lordship consecrated the new church at Errislannon, and the Rev. Dr. Wall, of Hume Street, Dublin, preached a most impressive and appropriate sermon to a large congregation assembled on the occasion.

"But the following day, Thursday, was *the great day*,—a day I shall not easily forget. I have not witnessed for many years a day that afforded me more sincere pleasure. From an early hour groups of intelligent, clean, and well-dressed boys and girls were seen wending their way towards Clifden. Romanists met and conversed with them. There was no shouting, no stone-pelting, no opprobrious epithets, as on the last occasion when his lordship held confirmation in Clifden, thus showing that a wonderful change has already come over the minds and feelings of the Romish population, or rather that the priests have lost the power they once possessed.

"When his lordship stood up to administer the rite of confirmation, I took a *coup d'œil* of the congrega-

tion. It was a most cheering scene: 524 persons, principally converts from Romanism, were assembled within the new and beautiful church; 147 of the advanced boys and girls of the mission-schools all neatly dressed, holding papers in their hands, being certificates from their respective missionaries of their eligibility. They were all over fourteen years of age and under twenty, with few exceptions. They were nearly all converts from Romanism; and when we consider that the adult converts or the children of the other eleven mission stations in Connemara were not there, we shall form a pretty correct estimate of the great work the Lord is now doing in this once most Romish district.

"Any eye-witness of this glorious evidence of the Lord's blessing on the reading of his Word to the Roman Catholics of Connemara, in their native language cannot fail to acknowledge that it is the work of God and not of man which has wrought such results, 'by turning so many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.'—(ACTS xxvi. 18)

"ALPHA.

"Connemara, August 8, 1855."

From News of the Churches.

#### THE HEDGES AND HIGHWAYS.

It was not long ere it was discovered that the Baltic fleet, the finest that had ever sailed from British shores, was not the best adapted for the work. Never had a prouder vessel ploughed the deep than the flag-ship of the commander of the fleet; never had wooden walls been built capable of discharging such terrific broadsides, as those which followed his pennon. But there were two barrier's to success. The enemy would not show himself, and the sea was shallow. He slunk behind his stone batteries, and feared to hazard an engagement with the foe. The question then was, how to get at him. The sea was shallow, and as it approached the shores, ran into narrow creeks and bays, which no heavy ship could venture to penetrate. It was soon discovered that a lighter, more flexible, more easily manageable kind of vessels required to be added to the heavier equipment of the fleet. Gunboats and vessels of very light draught, that could run into the creeks or skim the shallows without risk, that could easily penetrate to every corner, and rapidly discharge their artillery at every fortress,—that could turn and manœuvre in every way, close to the shore and close to the ground, were immediately in demand. Without these, the expedition could have no success.

The Christian church in these islands has been making a similar discovery. Taught, in the spirit of her blessed Lord, to look on the multitudes and have compassion on them, because they are as sheep having no shepherd, the desire to reach the hedges and the highways has been awakened into activity and earnestness in her bosom. But, like our naval authorities, she has found the old machinery inadequate. The enemy, if we may so speak of those whom Christian compassion now teaches her to care for, will not come within range of her guns. And the vessels themselves are too heavy to penetrate all the narrow creeks and shallow bays over which it would be necessary to distribute them. It is felt that a lighter, more elastic, more flexible kind of artillery must be brought into play, not to supersede, but to subserve the old. Not a single heavy-armed vessel should be dismantled; no disrespect for study, learning, cultivation of the highest kind, on the part of the messengers of heaven, is insinuated; no desire to abridge the number, or to encroach on the comely order of the regular services of Christian congrega-

tions is entertained. But it is most deeply felt that readier and simpler means than those hitherto in ordinary operation, for placing ourselves in contact with the masses, especially in large towns and populous rural districts, must be resorted to. Form and ceremony must be laid aside; all notions of worldly dignity must be buried; Wisdom must lift up her voice in the streets, and openings of the gates, and chief places of concourse; wherever men congregate, the cry must be made to reach them, "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you."

One of the methods to be employed for this end is open-air preaching. Keep it in its proper place; do not represent it as fitted to supersede ordinary church services, or to bring them into disrepute; rather regard it as their handmaiden and helper, and open-air preaching may become an instrument of great power and blessed results. It is quite remarkable how the tide of feeling has been rising in favor of street-preaching. Fifty years ago, a gentleman who preached in the streets would have been considered fit for bedlam. There could hardly have been a higher test of moral courage than readiness for such a work. A scoffing spirit prevailed largely among all classes.—The rude interruptions to which one would have been exposed from the low, and the polished sarcasms that would have greeted him from the high, would have daunted the spirit of any ordinary man. It was only heroes of moral courage that dared to face the multitude in those days. But the spirit of the times has greatly changed. Among the higher ranks there is far more of a serious, evangelical spirit than prevailed fifty years ago. No clergyman or Christian minister would now lose caste among the upper classes for preaching in the street. On the contrary, even among politicians, there has sprung up a salutary dread of the wild, godless passions of the masses, and a conviction that it is only by the ministrations of religion that these passions can be effectually mollified. The late Sunday riots in Hyde Park are very likely to increase this feeling. And we believe that among the upper classes, there will be a growing feeling of gratitude towards those who, by street-preaching and similar labours, endeavour to leaven the reckless masses with Christian principle. Among the masses themselves, there is not the same tendency to scoff at such things as there was fifty years ago. Sometimes street-preaching has been left to eccentric or vulgar men, not regularly bred to the ministry, whose public appearances have not always been fitted to create a very respectful feeling. But when educated men, holding a position in society, come to the streets, and in an affectionate and earnest spirit try to press on the masses those truths which they believe to be for their eternal good, the masses now will hear with respectful attention. Any interruption or scoffing will be but the exception, and will not be generally sympathized in. In Popish districts it may be otherwise,—opposition there is systematically stirred up. But the prevailing feeling of the people will be, that those who come forward in such ways are really desirous of promoting their good, and instead of having to overcome a prejudice, the preacher will commonly have the benefit of a prepossession in his favor.

We have been bestowing a considerable share of attention on the subject of street-preaching of late, and we believe our readers will be interested in a brief statement of the results to which our study has led us.

1. Street preaching is loudly called for. Nothing can be more certain than that it is indispensable to the fulfillment of the command, "Preach the gospel to every creature." The glad tidings may be carried in this way to multitudes whom no other existing machinery is likely to reach. And it must be remembered that the closing of the public-houses, partially in England and wholly in Scotland, on the Lord's day, has thrown a mass of people into the streets, especially on summer nights, that were not found there previously. We may depend on it, the enemy of souls will not be long of finding some new occupation for the rejected inmates of the tavern and dram-shop. He is already finding it. The following remarks from a very earnest and spirit-stirring tract, "Go Out Quickly," that has lately been issued under the quaint signature of "Rob Roy," illustrate this remark:—

"Here is what I found on the streets, all on one Sunday afternoon, and that without seeking them: first, there was a Mormonite exhorting, and accompanied by others giving tracts; then a Formalist, preaching ordinance and not gospel; next a Tectotaller, exalting abstinence above grace, and lastly, a Romanist, with vehemence upholding idolatry.

"These false preachers are not called forth by the preaching of truth, but are fewer in proportion to the increase of gospel missionaries.

"And here, too, is a remarkable fact,—though nearly every cardinal doctrine may occasionally be opposed, and that of the fall and sinfulness of man, when plainly stated, excites more than any other doctrine the rancour of the wicked, yet no instance has been observed where the doctrine of the atonement by Christ has been openly questioned. Its mercy and justice seem to satisfy the longings of mankind.

"The people are ready to hear, this has not been overlooked by Rome.

"I have seen the Romish priest walk round and round the listening crowd, and heard his servants order the poor slaves of his tyranny to begone from where the gospel was read, while twenty of his infatuated followers, standing on each side of the missionary, shouted a derisive cheer, waving their caps, gnashing their teeth, and throwing mud on the pages of the open Bible. I have seen a Papist, a girl, spitefully kick the foot of a preacher, and an old woman run a handbarrow purposely against him.—Yes, and another came down from her garret to throw on him a can of hot water, shouting, "Soup for the Protestants."

"So Rome treats the good seed, and now see how she sows the tares. Her agents mingle in the crowd, and quietly gather little groups around them. One of these admitted lately that he was paid for his work. Another, a moustached Italian, far too wily for the Irish Scripture-reader who argued with him in Whitechapel Road, I was told by two persons in the neighborhood, had preached every Sunday there for at least four years. In a third case, farther west, one of these men, who had attached himself to a knot of lazy idlers waiting for the ale-house to be re-opened, was boldly opposed when asserting his falsehoods. In a moment he beckoned to another man, who stepped forward, prepared for "that department" of the argument, and then signalled to a third, who produced at once a large canvass bag, full of Fathers, Greek, Latin, and Douay Testaments, Catechisms, and various books of controversy. I ask any Protestant, whose spirit is brave, and whose heart is true, "Can you suffer an emissary of this sort to go on unopposed?"

2. Street-preaching is attended with most encouraging success; and that in various ways. An

audience is almost invariably obtained. It is composed to a considerable extent of persons not otherwise accessible. The people commonly listen with attention. Interruptions rarely occur; and instances are found from time to time, of persons arrested, induced to attend regularly the ministrations of God's house, and even savingly converted to God.

Take for example the following testimony to the encouraging results of open-air preaching by the Rev. Canon Miller, of Birmingham, at one of the recent Exeter Hall meetings:—

"He had no hesitation in saying that there was not a single clergyman who had tried open-air preaching in Birmingham, who had not perceived that he had got hold of an agency which God was manifestly blessing. In many of the open-air services he had held, congregations of 100 or 200 persons collected round him,—all peaceable and attentive.—He never saw any thing like disturbance, or experienced interruption at these services, and, as in the case of the missionaries, his only fear was as to what would be the consequences to any person who might have attempted to interrupt or molest him. He had received, too, the strongest testimony from his Scripture-readers since, as to the good effect which those services produced in the parish. He must, however, be allowed to say, that he thought there was a very great deal in the fact that these open-air services were performed by a clergyman of the Church of England, and for this reason,—the poor people to whom these services were more especially addressed, those who never attended public worship at church, had no idea that so important a personage as a rector of the Church of England could so lay aside his dignity, and be so far divested of buckram, as to stand up in the open street and preach to the people. For his own part he was not disposed to say that an Oxford or a Cambridge education was absolutely necessary to enable a man to preach the gospel; but, on the other hand, he believed if you put up a man at the corner of a street to preach who had not the gift for it, and who did not exhibit to the people who came to listen to him, some degree of education, and some intellectual and literary superiority, you would commit a great mistake. He believed the moral effect produced by the clergy preaching in this way was of incalculable value, and that no step which had yet been taken had gone so far to prove to them that the clergy were in earnest in their preaching, as when they stood up in the highways and cried out to the people, and carried the gospel to them to their very doors. When he was listening to the report, an incident was brought to his mind that had occurred when he came up to London to attend the anniversaries last year. Happening to have a Sunday evening to spare, and having heard a great deal about St. Barnabas' Church, he thought he would go there. Not that he had a taste for intoning and engroaning, but having heard so much about it,—of the bowings and genuflexions of the ladies and the gentlemen, he determined to go and see for himself. He had no intention now of entering into any detail of what he saw at St. Barnabas. But as he returned along Cheyne Walk by the side of the river, he saw a crowd gathered, and, on going over, he found a gentleman with a strong Scotch accent preaching the gospel to the people in the street. He had a lesson in preaching that evening such as he never had before. He never before heard a preacher in cathedral, in church, or in chapel, whose preaching was so thoroughly baptized with the spirit of love. The one whole pervading idea that seemed to prevail in the preacher's mind was, "Oh, what a blessed thing it is to serve God! I come out, not to denounce, not to tell you

that you are all sinners, and all utterly lost, but to tell you how happy I am in the love of the Saviour. Come, and be as happy as I am." And speaking of Christ and his great mercy, he used a phrase which he (Mr. Miller) would never forget. It was, "Oh, it is like wine of life in a cup of gold." Well, the answer to the question, what he intended to do in reference to open-air preaching in the present summer, was (and he believed he might speak for his rev. brethren near him also), that, God helping, when the evenings were sufficiently light, the open-air services would be resumed in the great town of Birmingham. At the present day one of the most hopeful signs, in his mind, was this (and he was speaking from his own experience in Birmingham,) that God seemed to have given to his true-hearted people, of all denominations, wisdom to combine together in furtherance of his will, and to unite those subordinate agencies which were essential for the social elevation of the people with that which was the great weapon, the preaching of the gospel."

The most systematic plan of open-air services with which we are acquainted, is that which has been pursued for a few years past by ministers in the north of Ireland. We have before us the fourth annual report of that scheme,\* and a most interesting document it is. The following are the general results. In 1851, 8 ministers engaged in the work, held 50 services, which were attended by 13,000 hearers. In 1852, 10 ministers held 108 services, attended by 30,000 hearers. In 1853, 30 ministers held 167 services, attended by 42,000 hearers. In 1854, 46 ministers held 250 services, attended by no fewer than 70,250 hearers. The pamphlet contains reports, more or less detailed, from the ministers engaged in 1854, from which we find that a considerable number of Roman Catholics hear the gospel by this means who never would have entered a Protestant Church. Persevering efforts are made by the priests to prevent their attendance, and to draw them off when present,—a pretty convincing evidence that such services are effective and telling. Sometimes it happens that the Roman Catholics are by far the most attentive and deeply impressed of the audience.†

\*Newry Henderson, 1855.

It is remarkable what effects have sometimes flowed from a bow either drawn at a venture, or aimed at a mark in the open air. The following anecdote of Rowland Hill appeared the other day in an American paper, where it is stated that it had never been published before. We do not remember having seen it, and we believe it will be new to most of our readers:—

The celebrated Rowland Hill was preaching in the open-air in that suburban portion of the city of London denominated Moorfields. An immense assemblage was present. His text was taken from the Song of Solomon, i. 5: "I am black, but comely." The text he regarded as having application to the church, which, in the estimation of the world, was black—"black as the tents of Kedar," but in the estimation of her glorified Head, comely—comely "as the curtains of Solomon." While discussing these themes with his accustomed earnestness, it so happened, in the providence of God, that Lady Anne Erskine, in an equipage corresponding with her high position in society, passed that way.—Seeing the immense multitude, she asked one of her attendants the cause of that assemblage. She was informed that the renowned Rowland Hill was preaching to the people. Lady Anne replied she had often wished to hear that eccentric preacher, and she would avail herself of the present opportunity to gratify that cherished desire, and requested her chriooteer to place her carriage as near to the preacher's stand as possible, so that she might hear every word that he uttered. Accordingly in a few moments she found herself accommodated immediately in the rear of the temporary pulpit from which the speaker addressed the listening throng, that being

3. Open-air preaching is greatly enjoyed by those who take part in it, and is found to have a most beneficial effect on their own minds. On this subject we may hear the testimony of some of the Irish brethren. One says, "While a little nervous at first, I found much strength and courage in the work. Though a little fatigued at the close of the week, I thank God I have felt no bad effects from exposure to the open air, while in looking back upon my work, I can truly say that I have felt more liberty and freedom in preaching than I have felt while addressing regular congregations in the sanctuary, and I trust that, while my own soul is refreshed by the work, God may abundantly bless the words spoken, and make them effectual to the conversion of souls.—Should I be spared another year, I shall feel happy to go forth again to the same good work."

Another says, "This being my first effort at outdoor preaching, an unusual solemnity gained upon my feelings, which I sought to convey to the motley group that composed my audience."

the only unoccupied position within reach of his voice. The splendour of the equipage, and the sparkling appearance of the illustrious personage that occupied it, soon attracted the attention of many of the people from the sermon to the gorgeous accession which had just been made to the audience by the advent of Lady Anne. The observant eye of Rowland Hill soon detected this diversion, and his inventive mind at once suggested a hazardous but an effective remedy. Pausing in the discussion of his subject, and elevating his voice beyond its usual pitch, he exclaimed, "My brethren, I am now going to hold an auction or vendue, and I bespeak your attention for a few moments. I have here a lady and her equipage to expose to public sale; but the lady is the principal, and the only object indeed, that I wish to dispose of at present; and were there already three earnest bidders in the field. The first is THE WORLD.—Well, and what will you give for her? "I will give riches, honours, pleasure." THAT WILL NOT DO. She is worth more than that; for she will live when the riches, honours, and pleasures of the world have passed away like a snow-wreath beneath a vernal shower.—YOU CANNOT HAVE HER. The next bidder IS THE DEVIL.—Well, and what will you give for her? "I will give all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them."—THAT WILL NOT DO, for she will continue to exist when the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them have vanished like the shadows of the night before the orient beams! YOU CANNOT HAVE HER.

But list! I hear the voice of another bidder,—and who is that? Why, the LORD JESUS CHRIST. Well, what will you give for her. "I will give grace here and glory hereafter; an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Well, well, said the preacher, "blessed Jesus! it is just as I expected. Just the noble generosity which thou art wont to display. I will place her at your disposal. "She is black, but comely," and you shall be the purchaser. Let heaven and earth authenticate this transaction." And then turning to Lady Anne, who had listened to this bold and adventurous digression with the commingled emotions of wonder and alarm, the speaker with inimitable address exclaimed, "Madam! Madam! do you object to this bargain? Remember you are Jesus Christ's property, from this time henceforth and for evermore. Heaven and earth have attested the solemn and irreversible contract! Remember, you are the property of the Son of God. He died for your rescue and your purchase. CAN YOU, WILL YOU, DARE YOU OBJECT?"

The arrow thus sped at a venture, under the guidance of the divine Spirit, found its way to the heart of Lady Anne, and she was submissively led to the cross of the Messiah, that the hand which was pierced for our salvation might extract the barbed shaft, and heal the wound which had been so unexpectedly inflicted. She became subsequently identified, to a considerable extent, with Lady Huntington in her deeds of noble charity, and, having served her day and generation, she, like her illustrious associate, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Another "I am not at all wearied in this open-air well-doing; and I am happy to add that the poor people evinced no symptoms of lassitude either.—How much more healthful and pleasant to preach in a sweet calm, summer eve, attended by hundreds of anxious, hungering souls, in the pure, fresh, open air of heaven, than to be paralysed as to both body and mind in a close, ill-ventilated house, half filled with a people whose chief energies are exhausted in their faithful, but frequently fruitless struggle with "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!" Are the people of the church wrestling in prayer with God for the outlying population to whom their ministers so readily preach the glad tidings of pardon and peace? This consummation, how devoutly to be wished! and, until attained, the fruits must be few and far between. May the spirit of prayer be poured out on the church, and soon will the world "suffer violence!"

The general testimony is to the same effect; and we believe there are few who have tried the plan without having their spirit stirred to greater earnestness and affection for the souls of the perishing, and without carrying back this increased fervour to their pulpits and their ordinary ministrations.

4. Open-air preaching has a favorable influence on the ordinary members of the Christian church, and tends to the development of a liberal missionary spirit. In the Irish report several facts are mentioned illustrative of this position. In the very first instance mentioned in the report, a gentleman came forward and offered £10, with stones and sand, for the erection of a church in the neighborhood. In another case, an aged lady gave the steps of her hall door as a pulpit. In a third, a lady came forward after the sermon, and stated that she had never seen such a service before, but that she felt so delighted that she begged of the preacher to accept a subscription to sustain and extend the work. In a fourth, it is stated that "open-air preaching is not so strange in this locality as in some others, Messrs. Gault and Breechey having both tried it years ago. To this fact I attribute the larger attendance of church-going people than in any of the other places I visited."

It is plain that the home missionary spirit may be expected to be much more powerfully developed in congregations by the example of the minister thus going to the streets and lanes, the hedges and highways, than by any number of mere addresses he might give them on the subject.

Much might be said on the way of conducting these services, they should be short, simple, warm-hearted, full of the gospel, and interspersed copiously with anecdote and illustration, to gain the attention and interest of the hearers. They should be regarded as preparatory to the ordinary services of the sanctuary, and the devotional exercise accompanying them should be very short.

We trust to see, ere long, a great expansion of this kind of work. We know of nothing more fitted to put the church in a proper missionary attitude, or to aid and encourage her in all her other undertakings for the conversion of souls.

From the Female Missionary Intelligencer.

CALCUTTA, (INDIA).

LETTER OF MRS. MULLENS.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF A CONVERT.—The interesting convert respecting whom I have been asked to furnish a short account was first introduced to me in July last. She was a Hindu woman, about forty years of age, and had been in the service of some

truly Christian ladies for nearly ten years. During this time they had occasionally spoken to her on the subject of Christianity; at first their words fell on a listless ear, but of late the case was altered, the woman became deeply interested, and sought for religious instruction as she had never done before.

It was at this juncture that I first saw her. The ladies in whose employ she was had taught her much,—had taught her as far as their knowledge of the native language had permitted them,—but they now became anxious that she should be still further instructed, and as ours was the missionary station nearest their dwelling, they called to inquire whether the ayah might come to us for teaching in Christianity. Of course I most gladly acceded to this request, and from that time she came to me nearly every day, for an hour, or an hour and a-half.

One difficulty presented itself,—she could not read, and although I tried to teach her, she made but a slow learner *at that*; but in gaining a knowledge of divine truth the case was far different. She never forgot what was once read and explained to her, thus, in an incredibly short time, she became perfectly conversant with the life of Christ, and would often remark upon the various accounts given of the same occurrence by different sacred writers. They never perplexed her, for she had strong faith, and she appreciated in our holy gospel that which we should all be able to trace,—a peculiar vocation in each of the evangelists for catching some distinct rays of the glory of Christ, which others could not catch, and for reflecting them to the world. I never saw any one take more delight in the Bible; it became her meat and drink, her meditation day and night. After making it our study for some weeks, I began reading another book to her,—a story of a Bengalee Christian village with its inhabitants. This book generally interests our people very much; it interested her too, but only for two or three days; then she said, with some hesitation, "If you please I would rather again hear the words of Christ himself, there are no words like his." I gladly returned to the good book, and that day she asked me to read the fourteenth chapter of St. John. I did not then know that the Spirit of God was rapidly making her meet for one of those "many mansions." It was her great delight to rehearse my lesson to her ladies at night, and the following day she would usually tell me of any additional remarks they might have made.

Gratitude is thought to be a quality in which the native of India is utterly deficient, indeed the Bengalee language contains no word to express it, but this woman was exceedingly grateful. She was never tired of speaking to me of the love and kindness showed her by her mistresses, particularly the lady who had taught her most of Christ. I then felt more than ever what a powerful influence may be exerted by a silent, holy, consistent walk, for the ayah often used to say if this lady had any faults she had never discovered them, and her own expression on another occasion was, "she was sure when her lady came to die, that Jesus would not let only the angels bring her into heaven, but that he himself would stand at heaven's gate, and give her his hand and bring her in." I said to her, "Yes, ayah, and do you ever think what a glorious thing it will be for you to spend eternity in that heaven with one you love and respect so much, worshiping the same Saviour, having the same God?" "Oh! yes," she said, "indeed I do, my only fear is, that sometimes I think too much of the happiness of always living with her, and too little of the happiness of living with Christ." Perhaps the following is a little thing to mention, and yet the remembrance of it is very pleasant to me, as showing

the feeling of grateful affection existing in the heart of this poor woman: one afternoon, whilst I was reading with her, some one came with a quantity of wild honey for sale; I said I did not want any, not liking it of that description; but I happened to turn to the ayah and remark, "I like the honey that comes from your country." She was a native of Sythet, the district whence all our oranges are procured, and the circumstance of the bees extracting their honey from the orange blossom gives it a peculiar flavor.—A week after, the ayah brought me a jar of this honey, saying, "I did not rest until I found a woman from my country who could sell me some of the honey you said you liked."

There was one feature in the religious history of this interesting convert which was peculiarly striking, and this was her perceptible growth in grace; as she came within the atmosphere of Christ's Spirit, it was as if a gale of heaven had fanned her fevered brow, and made her feel her soul's health was not perfect. The radiance of so great a sanctity deepened the shades of conscious sin. She was convinced of one fault after another; she struggled against them, and through divine grace, she conquered. One day she was deeply grieved because she had allowed herself, as she told me, to be "very angry" with one of her fellow-servants, and ever after, this sin of anger was carefully avoided.

She could never hear the story of Christ's sufferings without weeping, because, as she said, all that agony had been laid upon him for her iniquity. On one occasion she asked me whether it would be necessary for her to learn a form of prayer. Had I found her ignorant of the nature of prayer, I should have recommended this, but on questioning her I learnt that she was accustomed to lay all her wants, both spiritual and temporal, at the feet of her "Father which is in heaven," and that in a manner so simple, so child-like, so unconventional, that I felt at once all human teaching here was utterly uncalled for.

About eight weeks of my acquaintance with the ayah had elapsed, when she became deeply solicitous for Christian baptism. In preparing her for it specially, I was led to speak much of the Holy Spirit's work. This had purposely been omitted hitherto; I had judged it best to let her mind at first dwell solely on the atonement—that atonement which yielded her so much delight, rather than perplex her, as I thought with the abstruse doctrine of the Trinity. The event showed me my own faith had been most weak,—my judgment quite wrong. The woman listened with deep attention whilst I read to her of the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, and whilst I still further explained to her the nature and need of the Spirit's influences, she then suddenly started up, exclaiming, with an enthusiasm I have seldom seen in a native of India, "I thought so; it is all explained now, all explained!" and then burst into tears. "What is explained, ayah?" I asked. "Oh!" she said, "I thought there must have been a higher power than I knew of, who wrought this wondrous change in my heart; it is all explained; I see now why, when I tell my fellow-servants of Jesus' love, they call me credulous, and laugh at me, while all the time to me it is as if I saw Jesus nailed to the cross, and heard him say, "All this I bore for you; look unto me and live."

From that time the Third Person in the blessed Trinity became as precious to her soul as the Saviour whom she loved so much; and she used to be particularly interested in all passages in the Bible where the Spirit was mentioned, thus the first ten chapters of the Acts, which I afterwards read with her, yielded her great delight, and I have never since perused



the story of the conversion and baptism of Cornelius, without thinking with gratitude and profit of her sweet, simple remarks on that record of divine grace. It was the last chapter we read together.

She was baptized on the last Sunday of August, a day of great joy to us all,—to the ladies who had first been the means of leading her to Jesus, and who were present at our little mission chapel to witness the ceremony, to my husband, to myself, to the members of our congregation,—and it was a day of great joy to the convert herself, her only sorrow being, as she herself expressed it, that this baptism into newness of life should have been purchased by the death of Christ. . . . .

Three short weeks passed, and almost the same little group again stood waiting round, but it was at another place, to witness a different scene. It was to commit to the ground, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, the mortal remains of her who had so lately been brought out of heathen darkness into the bright light of the gospel of Christ. A rapid, painless, peaceful illness had closed her earthly career. Tears were shed, indeed, but we dried them up, for we felt sorrow had no right to mar the holy scene; Jesus had prepared her for himself, and while yet her faith was unsullied, her "first love" warm and ardent, had given her to dwell where "there shall be neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." As we stood around that humble grave, we, one and all, felt the only tribute that could worthily be rendered *there* was the silent hymn of gratitude and heartfelt praise.

From the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

#### INFIDELITY REFUTED.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN PASTOR REICHENBACH AND AN INFIDEL PEASANT.

In the *Christian Messenger*, a religious paper published at Stuttgart, in Germany, is an interesting fragment of the biography of *Henry Reichenbach*, a faithful and zealous pastor of the last century. It treats of a conversation which took place between this minister of the gospel and a peasant who had adopted the most shocking infidel sentiments. The date of this interview is now old, for it goes back to the year 1769; but the account is worthy of attention, because it presents a very characteristic picture of the spirit of skepticism in the lower classes of people. Ordinarily, when books and journals sketch the portrait of an infidel, they choose him from the elevated ranks of society. Here, on the contrary, is a coachman, a peasant, who speaks in a coarse dialect, and who yet seems to have read the worst writings of the French philosophers. What inference is to be drawn but that the corrupt heart of man is the source of infidelity, and that it suggests to the most ignorant the same objections as to the most enlightened against the truth of the gospel.

During one of the long days of the year 1769, the pastor, Mr. Reichenbach, was called to Kellinghusen, to administer the holy supper to a dying woman. Being already fatigued with the long distance he had traveled in the morning, and by the great heat, he thought he would sleep in the carriage which conveyed him to his destination. But the coachmen, who early arrested his attention by an arrogant and scoffing air, would not allow him a moment's rest. He put question after question to him, so that the pastor was forced to forget his fatigue, and to enter into conversation with this man.

"Sir," said this coachman to him, after many trifling remarks, "see how beautiful the grain looks in this field!"

"Yes, I see it," replied Reichenbach; "the harvest will be abundant, and the inhabitants of the village can rejoice."

"But do you know what those stupid people say when the grain grows so well?"

"What do they say?"

"Ha! they say it is a blessing of God."

"Is it not a blessing of God?"

"Pshaw! pshaw! if I had not put into my fields the labor of my hands and the sweat of my brow, do you believe it would have produced any thing good to eat?"

"But you forgot two things, Peter, the sun and the rain. Did you order the sun to shed its vivifying warmth, and the rain to fall in your furrows? And yet without the sun, and without the rain, what would become of your seed?"

"I understand where you would lead me; but really I cannot fancy that God is occupied with such small things. The sun shines of itself, the rain falls of itself, and that is all. There is no need of prying into such high mysteries."

"Peter! fear to offend God by such language, and to bring upon yourself the just effects of his anger."

"I fear what have I to fear? I never saw in my life that those who trust in God, as they say, made their fortune by it!"

"But have you, by not troubling yourself to please God, made a handsome fortune?"

"I don't say that; but at least, I am better off by the means; for it is certain that we must lie, and cheat, and use tricks, in order to make our way in the world. No one will persuade me to the contrary."

"Bitter experience may teach you, perhaps," replied the pastor, sternly, "that he who practices fraud and lies, digs a pit under his own feet."

"You are going now," continued the coachman, changing the subject of conversation, "to a sick woman who wishes to receive the communion. This woman is also one of the poor *Pietists*.<sup>\*</sup> Well, what does she gain? Nothing at all to feed her, or clothe her, or cure her."

"Pietist, you say; but who are these people?"

"Ah! sir, you know better than I. I repeat that this woman is a Pietist; her character is quite original and odd. When we are amusing ourselves she is sad, and when we swear she utters sighs."

"But does she do wrong in this?"

"Sir, this woman has not a moment's pleasure: and to say all in one word, she reads so much that she has become a fool."

"Fool! how? I do not understand you."

"Yes, she has two books; one she calls the Bible, the other she calls *Apostilles*; (the title of a small commentary of Luther's,) she is always reading them."

"Well what harm does it do her?"

"Sir, I tell you that these books have turned her head, and the same thing happens to all who listen to her instruction.—This woman wishes to convert every body. One of my neighbors could not for a long time get rid of her. He said to me, one day, 'What must I do to get rid of her?'—'Harkee,' I replied to him 'this is the way to drive her off;—the first time she comes again do you utter oaths that will make the house shake; it will not be long before she will quit.' My neighbor followed this advice, and he succeeded. Once this woman came to me, and said to me, 'Peter,

<sup>\*</sup>A name given in derision to the disciples of Spencer in Germany, and which is applied to all pious persons, like the name Methodists in France.

Peter! what will become of you, with the bad manner of life you lead? But she made out poorly with her visit, for I shut the door in her face."

"And yet, if I may judge from your own words, this woman had no other aim than to render you a service, as far as she could. Was not this a good work?"

"I don't dispute that. She said also, it is written in the Bible that we ought to love one another, and that God blesses those who exercise charity."

"Did you never read the Bible?"

"No."

"Did you never go to school in your childhood?"

"Yes, a little while. There I was forced to learn some passage of the Bible by heart, which was very irksome to me; but I did not half study them, and then threw my book under the bench."

"But did you never hear explained in the church what is written in the Bible?"

"I! I never go to church; what should I do there? Our present pastor don't suit us; he preaches too seriously, and we shall contrive means to send him away."

"But, to return to the sick woman; are you sure that she gains nothing by being of the number of Pietists?"

"What can she gain but hunger and sickness."

"But suppose she obtains the advantage she expects hereafter?"

"Sir, don't speak to me of heaven! This woman consoles herself by saying she shall go to heaven; but does heaven give her anything to sustain her wretched existence?"

"Do you not, then, believe in heaven? for if there is a heaven for the soul—"

"Ah! this would not be so bad! If there is a heaven, I shall enter it like others; and the Pietists will not find a place there sooner than me and those like me."

"Do you wish, then, to go to heaven? Let me ask you, what would you do there?"

"What I should do there I don't know. I am content to think that, if there is a heaven, I shall go there like others, and I don't trouble myself about the rest. I know that the pastors tell us much of hell; but I will bet my head there is no hell."

"Are you then so certain? Who assured you there is no hell?"

"One of my neighbors proved it to me better than all the priests in the world; and even if they should all come around me to frighten me, I would laugh at them."

"How did your neighbor prove to you so clearly that there is no hell?"

"I will tell you. One day as our pastor painted a frightful picture of the torments of the damned, my neighbor said to me, 'Harkee, Peter, don't let such follies be put into your head. The priests must say such things, because it is their trade; but I will teach you better. Hear me. Thou art a father?' 'Yes.' 'Thou hast children?' 'Yes.' 'Well, if thy children commit a fault wilt thou throw them into the fire?' 'No, surely; I should be a fool and a madman to do so.' 'Well, neighbor, God is our father; we are his children, and he loves us. Dost thou believe, then, to punish us for slight faults, he will cast us into the flames of hell?' Saying these words, Peter turned toward the pastor Mr. Reichenbach, looked him in the face, and said, with a taunting smile, 'What do you answer to that, sir? I made the same objection to our old pastor, and he was dumb, completely dumb. I desire to know what answer you would have given to me?'"

During this conversation the carriage reached the

village where Mr. Reichenbach was called, and the pastor hastily made this reply: "Peter," said he, "your pride leads you to think that your old pastor had nothing to reply to you. But that you may not boast that you have shut my mouth also, I will tell you something on which I invite you to reflect while I shall be with the sick woman. Then we will resume our conversation, if agreeable to you."

"O, it will be very agreeable to me."

"Mark, Peter; your neighbor's reasoning does not appear to me at all conclusive; and if it is false you will be lost. Hear, then, what I would have replied to your neighbor if I had been there."

"What would you have replied?"

"The Lord our God is in Heaven what our king is in this country, and much more. Is it not true?"

"I grant it."

"Our king is the father of his people. Is he not?"

"Yes."

"And he calls us his children?"

"Yes."

"And as he is a good king he loves us. Is it not so?"

"Doubtless."

"But when one of us commits a fault or a crime what ought the king to do? If he allow us to give up ourselves to every excess and wickedness without punishing any body, would you say that he is a just and a wise king?"

"No; the king must punish criminals; for this he is made king."

"Well, God must certainly do so too. Do you think that our king takes pleasure in punishing criminals?"

"I do not believe it."

"God takes no more pleasure in punishing sinners. He does not punish them instantly; he waits, he is patient toward us, in order that we may return to him, and obtain the pardon of our sins in Jesus Christ. But if we refuse to implore his pardon, punishment must necessarily fall upon us. In this manner God is king in heaven. What do you say to this?"

"I have not considered the matter on this side," replied the coachman, with evident embarrassment.

"I now leave the carriage," continued the pastor M. Reichenbach. "I have allowed you to speak hitherto, and I have only interrupted you with a few brief remarks. But when you carry me back to my home, it will be my turn to speak. Only a word more;—if you should conduct the king in your carriage, and should speak reproachfully to him, do you think it would be well for you?"

"O, I would not do such a foolish thing! for I should expose myself to a severe punishment."

"Listen! I believe that God knows all, hears all; and, believing this, I feel a deep anxiety for you; for you have blasphemed God and his word, and you have injured those who fear God. With what cruelty you spoke of the poor woman to whom I am going! And yet this woman sought only to do you good. Think on all these things, and let your conscience speak."

When Reichenbach again entered the carriage the scoffer kept silence, and seemed quite thoughtful. Reichenbach then spoke, and said, "I cannot conceal from you, Peter, that I have reason to distrust you, and that it is dangerous for me to sit in your carriage."

"How so, sir?"

"I have money with me, a watch, and good clothing. But, I think with myself, he who conveys me is a man who fears not God nor his conscience. I have nothing about me to defend myself. What shall

I do, then, if he should lead me into a by-path, and murder me? Indeed, Peter, you are a stout man, and you could easily overpower me. Can I then be sure that you will not take my life?

"God preserve me, sir! how can you speak so? I should then be an assassin!"

"Yes, doubtless you would be; but what hinders you from being so?"

"My head would fall on the scaffold."

"It is then happy for me that there are laws and tribunals; otherwise——"

"But you do not speak seriously, sir? I am not capable of committing such a crime."

"But, if the king, instead of cutting off assassins' heads, bestowed on them riches and honors, what would be the consequence?"

"I see where you would come. You tell me all this because of what I said of my neighbor's reasoning and about hell. I have reflected on your words, and I confess that I am again tormented with doubts."

I take no pleasure in exciting your fears and alarm on the subject of future punishment; and even should you abstain from committing crimes to avoid hell, you would not be much better. But if it is true that there is a place of torment, where the wicked undergo, after death, the punishment they deserve, it is not wholly certain, as you thought, that you will go to heaven."

"Sir, I am not so bad as you suppose."

"I suppose nothing. I referred to your own words. You said yourself that we must lie and cheat to make our way in the world, and you advised one of your friends to utter oaths which would make the house shake. Is not this very wicked?"

"But this does no harm to anybody."

"How? If you lie, if you cheat, do you no harm to your fellow-men?"

"But this does no injury to God?"

"Sir, do you pretend that God ought not to punish you for such faults?"

"Yes."

"But then the king ought no more to punish you, if you should do any violence to me, supposing that you are bad enough to kill me. For what injury would this cause to the king?"

"None."

"But do you believe that God knows all things, and that he takes care of all?"

"Certainly; he sees all our faults better than we see them ourselves; and as he is perfectly holy, he must hate them with infinite hatred. In vain will you seek the darkness or the most hidden retreats to evil; God is always near you. Do not flatter yourself with a vain and false hope. Heaven is for the children of God, for the disciples of Christ, for converted and sanctified souls; but it will not be open to the impious and the perverse. The Lord can no more admit the wicked into heaven than he can thrust the good into hell."

The scoffer's objections were all exhausted, and he listened with a serious air to all that the pastor said. The pastor employed the little time that was left him to teach Peter the principal truths of Christianity. He showed him that all men are sinners, that they have deserved condemnation before God, that they should all repent, and that they can all obtain grace and mercy by the expiation of Jesus Christ. The exhortations of the pious pastor were not lost. When he alighted from the carriage, Peter took him respectfully by the hand, and said to him, with tears in his eyes, "Sir, forgive me the wicked words I have said. Since I was born I never heard anything like what you have told me to-day. I will think all my

life of your good advice, and I promise you before God that I will try to be, with the blessing of the Lord, a faithful disciple of Jesus Christ."

## P A L E S T I N E .

(From Correspondent of the N. Y. Presbyterian.)

*General state of affairs—Jews expecting the Messiah—Mahometans apprehending a change—Moslem customs and superstitions—Rumors of the war—Marriage of an English lady to a Bedouin—Harvesting.*

PLAINS OF SHARON, MAY 22, 1855.

The daily routine of our secluded rural life presents so little of interesting incident that I have delayed writing. But supposing that our Christian friends at home may desire something of a regular report of our humble doings, I would state that our work continues to progress in a quiet and unpretending way. Our acquaintance is gradually extending among the adjacent Arabs; while in their frequent calls and small matters of business, they behave themselves in a friendly and respectful manner. We have also abundant testimony of the goodwill and friendship of the middling and poorer classes among the Jews, and we hear of no opposition to our object among the rabbins. We have occasional applications from Alexandria, Damascus and Safet; but the greatest number of destitute cases are from Jerusalem. We seem to be like a little spot of refuge, or neutral ground, to which outcasts and persecuted individuals flee when oppressed by their own religious overseers, or foreign proselyting interference. We are natives of a country whose pilgrim fathers sought and claimed for their children "freedom to worship God" according to the dictates of conscience, and so far as our feeble service may reach, we would seek the same for others. We sometimes meet most painful and affecting developments of wrong and suffering. One intelligent young Jew, who is now a happy, robust laborer with us, confesses that before his coming here he was a number of times reduced to such desperate extremities, through oppression and want, that at times he had resolved to poison himself, as others within his knowledge had done. When inquiring recently of one of their chief men from Jerusalem, if cases of starvation actually occurred, he replied, "Frequently, but we cannot help it; if they die, let them die: every one must die some time, and the number of sufferers are thus diminished!" The Jews are now generally expectant of a favourable change in their affairs. One part look to the expected visit of Sir M. Montefiore, whose recent letters have announced to them his determination to undertake something practical for their general relief. Others openly declare that they have no hope in him, but only in the immediate coming of their Messiah, as their king and deliverer.

Our Jews inform us that there are seventy devoted men in Safet, who have agreed together to fast twice in a week, and pray continually for his coming. The Jews in Jerusalem have been recently revived in this hope. They state that one of their traditions foretells, that when the ruins of a certain synagogue in a secret cave under Jerusalem shall be uncovered, the Messiah shall appear. Since the discovery of an immense cave under the city, numbers were so much encouraged that a large party, with lanterns and picks, undertook to search for the ruins, and were only deterred by the Turks from prosecuting their attempt too near the foundations of the mosque, in which vicinity the cave is reported to penetrate. Mahometans are also expecting a change. Individuals of the Arab peasantry, who are generally sin-

cere and faithful to their religious creed, express great despondency at the prospect of political affairs, although their knowledge of the state of the government is very limited. They lament that the faithful are failing from among their people, and that few remain to respect the religion of their fathers. The recent admission of the Prince of Belgium and others into the mosque of Omar, by the liberal courtesy of the present pasha, is considered a fatal omen to their cause. We have been informed that before their admission, the pasha assembled the attendant dervishes and resident devotees, and asked them to whom the mosque belonged? They answered, "It belongs to God." He replied, "True, and to whom has he given the care of it?" They replied, "To the sultan." He answered, "I am the servant of the sultan, and he has entrusted its care to me, and I think fit to admit these illustrious strangers!" They were required to vacate the premises; but a few lingered, and secreting themselves among the buildings, poured out the most bitter imprecations upon the pasha and the Frank intruders. The fast of Ramaadan has commenced with the present new moon, and yesterday I heard a poor labourer bewailing the impiety of many nominal Moslems, who now dare to drink water during the fast in the presence of other Moslems; which trespass, a short time since, would have been punished with death. It is painful to see these conscientious peasants during harvest toiling all day in the sun, and not daring to taste of food or drink, from before sunrise till dark, for thirty days! The rich suffer less, as they generally sleep most of the day and feast at night. The traditions revered by those with whom we are acquainted are a strange mixture of truth and fiction. They esteem Jerusalem and the temple site most sacred, and denominate the city "El-Koodis," or *the holy*. They declare, that under the mosque of Omar there is a bottomless well, to which "the souls," of all men and animals, without distinction of name or country, are gathered by angels at the time of their death. Here they remain in a quiet state until the judgment, when the Creator summons them to appear before him. They admit that the soul of Mahomet himself is there, and that none but Jesus Christ, whom they acknowledge to be the Son of the Spirit of God, is exempt, and is seated on the right hand of God. It is interesting to hear their solemn descriptions of the judgment. They confess that although a Moslem may be very strict in his professions, faith and prayers, yet if he is selfish and turns away from the poor, and refuses to divide his bread daily with the hungry, he loses his place in paradise, and it is filled by any Christian or Jew who, although denying the faith of Mahomet, has fulfilled the greater requisitions—to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. "At the judgment," says one, "a camel will walk forth with deep marks upon his sides, and say to his Maker, 'Behold how the sons of Adam have used me; I was faithful to their commands, and bore them and their heavy burdens upon my shoulders, hungry and thirsty, without complaint, and when I fainted and could no longer endure, they repaid me with strokes, even unto death.'" Also the testimony of the horse and donkey, and other animals, condemns the cruelty of man. Slaves and orphans, the poor and the murdered, will be permitted to witness against those who have injured them, and the righteous Creator will requite every one without partiality, as his works have been. They believe that paradise remains unchanged, the same as when our first parents were expelled, and is reserved for the abode of the blessed; that at the judgment, after the examination of all creatures, a very narrow path is presented, in appear-

ance like the brightness of the rainbow, leading directly across the lake of fire to the entrance of bliss. Those who are acquitted receive divine assistance to walk upon it and enter paradise; while the condemned, being left to themselves, fall into the fire. Several individuals, from different places, at different times, have related to us in substance the same things as the common belief. We have no other authority.

The country in this vicinity is entirely quiet. We hear occasional rumours respecting the war, but we consider them so uncertain that we hesitate to repeat them. A converted Jew, yesterday arrived from Alexandria, informs us that four thousand British soldiers, mostly horsemen, had arrived there from India, on their way to Constantinople. From another source we hear that the Russians are approaching Bagdad. Quite a sensation has been made among foreign residents by a recent novel occurrence in Damascus. The widow of an English officer from India, possessing beauty and wealth, while travelling in this land near Damascus, became so strangely attached to a common Bedouin, that, despite the remonstrance of her friends and the interference of the English Consul and Pasha of Damascus, she married him in the presence of a sheik according to Arab custom, and proceeded to the desert, where she resides in a tent with him! English travellers recently from Damascus confirm this report.

The barley harvest is past (it commenced about the middle of April), and the plans are dotted with natives harvesting their wheat. The appearance from our terrace is very picturesque, and unlike the manner of harvest in the United States. Generally, a number of families are associated in interest in sowing and reaping. Men, women and children, camels, donkeys and cattle, proceed to the work. The men go before, with knife-like sickles, and cut by handfuls, and heap it together without rakes. The women and children glean, and the animals eat the remainder, and are used at night to bear the grain to their threshing-floors, near their village. They are greatly surprised at the rapid execution of our grain cradle, and as our grain is surrounded by theirs, numbers often come and look on with admiration. Our workmen consider our wheat a good yield, and the wife of one, having gleaned, has beat out a first specimen, which is very fine, the kernels being large and full. Being destitute of a barn or floor, threshing-machine or fanning-mill, we are obliged to tread it out with mules on the pebbly soil of an elevation (there being no stones on the level), and with difficult labour sift and clean it by hand—so different is this primitive manner from the labour-saving improvements of the United States. Our silk-making experiment is not yet finished, as our worms are only commencing to spin. They are healthy, and constantly employ two or three hands. The interest in silk culture is increasing in this vicinity, and we trust may yet extend employment to many poor.

We would acknowledge, with devout gratitude to God, and heartfelt thanks to the benevolent readers of *The Presbyterian*, the essential and very timely aid which we have received through their Christian liberality. May the prayers and thanksgiving of the relieved, who were ready to perish, be accepted with God in their behalf!

**OUT-OF-DOOR PREACHING AT BRISTOL.**—An Evangelical Alliance prayer meeting of a most interesting character was recently held in Bristol. About a dozen gentlemen had assembled in the dwelling-house of one of the fraternity, to hold their weekly

meeting for prayer and plan. There were present Episcopalians, Plymouth Brethren, Independents, Methodists, and an ex-quaker. Most earnestly did they present their petitions for the outpouring of the Spirit of God. After an hour spent in devotion, they went to business, making arrangements for the next day. Every Sunday no less than seven or eight open-air services are conducted in different parts of Bristol, by these gentlemen, who proceed to their several stations with a few friends, preaching the Gospel to the poor, and distributing religious tracts. Several are men of fortune; one is a magistrate, another a physician. The moral effect of such a combination and such efforts cannot fail to be very great, independently of the direct good done to the crowds addressed. How must every true minister of the Gospel rejoice, that private Christians are thus endeavouring to carry out a scheme of Gospel philanthropy, additional to the labours of the clergy, and without taxing the time of those who are supposed to be fully occupied in labours of their own origination! Would that all the Lord's servants were prophets!—*Bristol paper.*

### THE SOLEMNIZING INFLUENCE OF TRIBULATION.

BY REV. HORATIUS DONAR, D. D.

It is a gay world in which we live, and we are prone to fall into its levity. Around us are the sights and sounds of mirth, by which a vain world is seeking to cheat away its ever-freting uneasiness, or drown its deeper sorrows. Oftentimes the saints seem to catch the tone of levity and frivolity, making mirth with the most mirthful, jesting with the most foolish, singing the world's songs of vanity, and joining in its idle words, as if its friendships and its pleasures were not forbidden things. Apart, however, from the contagion of the world's influence, our tone is apt to fall low, and our deportment to lose that solidity and seriousness which becometh saints. We get light and airy; we give way to the current of vain thoughts: we do not set a guard upon our lips, foolish talking and jesting is too much indulged in even among the children of God. Our words are not "with grace seasoned with salt. We forget the admonition, "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace to the hearers." And this levity, this frivolous habit, grows upon us. Seriousness becomes a thing reserved entirely for the closet or the sanctuary. We grieve the Holy Spirit, who cannot dwell amid levity and mirth any more than amid profanity and crime. He retires from us, driven from his abode by the laughter and jesting with which we were making it resound. He can no longer dwell in a temple which, from being the house of God, we have turned into a hall of revelry, a haunt of mirth and song.

I do not mean that the saint is ever, even for a moment, to be gloomy. Gloom and melancholy are not the inmates of a soul that has tasted the joy of pardon, and is walking with a reconciled God in blessed light and love. No. He rejoices "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." But still, as has been well said, "true joy is a serious thing." True joy is deep. It is the waking up of the heart's deep springs. Mirth and levity are not joy. They are too shallow and empty to deserve the name. All is hollow. In coming to him who is the fountain of all gladness, the saint of God bids farewell to gloom. Tribulation he may have, but not gloom. That has left him for ever, since first he knew the Saviour, and opened his

ears to the joyful sound. Peace is now his heritage. It is not so much as if joy were abiding in him, as if he were abiding in joy. It is not so much as if joy were poured into him, as if his heart were ever pouring itself out into a vessel of joy; so deep, so calm, and so abiding is the gladness of the redeemed of the Lord.

But still it is not *levity* that is their portion; it is *joy*. And this joy is not only far superior to this vain mirth, but it is utterly inconsistent with it. This levity is as much an enemy to real joy as it is to holiness and spirituality. Hence it must be rooted out of them. God cannot suffer it in his children. His desire is that they should be holy. This element of earthliness must be purged out. They must be made solemn and thoughtful. For this end he sends affliction. In a moment, perhaps, he smites him to the earth; or by some more slow but withering crushing calamity, he purges out the foolishness that had wrought itself into their inmost being. His purpose is to make them *thoughtful*, serious, and solemn. And what he sends to them is fitted to make them *think*, and that in a way in which they have never done before. The blow he inflicts lays them down in the dust. It in a moment puts to flight all levity. It withdraws them from an airy shadowy world, and sends them into the very inmost recesses of their spiritual being, or forward to the infinite eternity whose vastness and reality they had been little heeding. It brings them in contact with solid certainties, and that makes them thoughtful. It brings them acquainted with sorrow, and sorrow drives off all levity. Sorrow and levity keep no companionship. Affliction awakens them to a sense of their selfishness. They look around them and see, as for the first time, the world they live in, with all its sins and sufferings. They had seen these before, but now they seem quite new, and clothed with a reality which had hitherto been unfelt. It is through sorrow that we see the truth best. It is when seen through this sad medium that all objects assume their right proportions. Shadows then evaporate; realities compass it about. And *realities* make us solemn. It is shadows that make us light and vain.

Thus God solemnizes his saints, and brings them, in this respect, into closer sympathy with the mind of Christ. All was solemnity with Him. And the nearer we are brought to resemble Him, the more will this calm, this blessed, this *happy* solemnity possess us. We shall live solemn lives, and do solemn deeds. Our looks and tones will be all solemn. We shall be earnest men; men who have no relish for levity, because it is so incompatible with the deep peace which is their portion, and who have no time for it, because eternity is so near.

A few weeks since the Rev. Dr. Vidal, Bishop of Sierra Leone died, and the government offered the see to the Rev. T. W. Weeks, incumbent of Saint Thomas's Church, Lambeth. The Rev. gentleman intimated his willingness to accept the appointment, upon one condition—namely, that his letters patent should not confer upon him any right or claim to be called, "My Lord," as is the case with all the other Colonial prelates. This somewhat singular request has been complied with by the government, and the new Bishop's designation will be, not "My Lord," or, "My Lord Bishop," but "Right Reverend Sir."

Gentility consists not in birth, wealth, manners or fashion, but in a high sense of honor, and a determination to do what is right, to the best of our ability, under all circumstances—that is, "to do justice, to love mercy, and walk humbly before God."

Movements of Organizations.

From the New York Crusader.

AUTHENTIC CENSUS OF THE JESUITS.

While at Rome I found by accident a small book of sixty-nine pages, which contains the catalogue of the members of the Society of Jesus, in which you see the rank which they occupy in the company, the epoch when they were admitted, the public and private offices they perform. Not one of the many religious communities which are to be found spread through the Catholic world, offers a census meditated with such a perfect order as that of the Jesuits. This great family, which causes so much talk in the world, divides itself into five great provinces, viz.: Italy, France, Spain, Germany, England, which are subdivided in parts of greater or minor importance. These kind of religious colonies have as many individuals who assist the general of the order, and guard, like trustees, the interest of the provinces they represent.

The Society of Jesus has two houses of profession, one at Rome, and the other in Sicily: it keeps open twenty-seven houses for trials, where are received the young novices, who are kept there on trial for a longer term than is practised in the other religious orders. Without fear of exaggeration it can be said that public education in Italy, if we except Sardinia, is chiefly trusted to the Jesuits; in Italy alone they have twenty-five colleges! The number of the fathers who fight under the banner of St. Ignatius is quite limited. The *Jesuits' Almanac* numbers 5510, of whom only 1515, with their general, reside in the various Italian provinces; 364 are in Spain, 1697 in France, 463 in Belgium, in the great Ausrian Empire there are only 177; the remaining 1294 are scattered over England and America. Finally, it is shown by the pamphlet that since the last struggle for freedom in Italy, the Society of Jesus has added to its ranks more than a thousand regular warriors.

Here it becomes very proper for me to show the reader what were the Jesuits one hundred and forty years back, when the Society of Loyola was at the height of its power. From an official report, printed at Rome in 1717, I reckon that the Jesuits had divided between themselves the whole world into 38 provinces, where they had 25 houses of profession, 650 colleges, 59 houses of probation or novitiate, 350 residences, more than 200 establishments called mission-houses, and 161 boarding schools for boys and clerical seminaries. The whole army of the Jesuits, properly called Fathers, numbered 10,036, besides 9848 who had not yet taken the orders of priest; altogether 19,876 individuals! I give the catalogue of their provinces, with the number of houses, colleges, &c. &c., and of the Jesuits of each province.

ITALY.

Provinces.	Houses, Colleges, &c.	Jesuits
Rome.....	46.....	737
Sicily.....	34.....	776
Naples.....	32.....	864
Milan, in which was connected } Piedmont and Genoa	30.....	637
Venice.....	34.....	682

PORTUGAL.

Lusitania.....	35.....	631
To this were connected the provinces possessed at that time or heretofore by the Portuguese, viz.:		
Goa, in East India.....	43.....	219
Nalabar.....	50.....	67
Japan.....	26.....	52

The prospectus shows that the Society of Jesus had met with great losses in Japan.

China.....	41.....	40
Brazil.....	58.....	324
Maragnone River.....	31.....	46

SPAIN.

Toledo.....	33.....	546
Castile.....	36.....	650
Arragon.....	27.....	461
Belica of Andalusia.....	35.....	550
Island of Sardinia.....	13.....	243

SPANISH COLONIES.

Peru.....	26.....	518
Chili.....	20.....	170
New Granada.....	16.....	149
Mexico.....	36.....	508
Paraguay.....	17.....	269
Quito.....	13.....	199
Philippine Islands.....	21.....	165

FRANCE.

Province of France.....	33.....	764
Aquitania.....	25.....	458
Lyons.....	41.....	757
Toulouse.....	31.....	636
Champagne.....	26.....	504

FRENCH COLONIES.

Martinique.....	4.....	42
Canada.....	23.....	49
Pondicherry, in India.....	1.....	17

UNDER THE FRENCH PROTECTION.

European Turkey.....	7.....	35
One of their houses was in the Crimea, previous to the Russian invasion		

Syria.....	6.....	18
Armenia and Persia.....	4.....	8
Macao and Canton, in China.....	2.....	28

GERMAN EMPIRE.

Upper Germany.....	36.....	928
Circuits of the Upper Rhine.....	23.....	404
Circuits of the Lower Rhine.....	59.....	756
Archduchy of Austria.....	93.....	1356
Bohemia.....	78.....	1253
Flemish Belgium.....	22.....	860
French Belgium.....	24.....	460

POLAND.

Poland.....	51.....	644
Lithuania.....	59.....	707

ENGLAND.

Under which name are connected various provinces, annexed afterwards to France and Belgium.

Belgium.....	24.....	339
By comparing the past with the present, we find the following figures:—		

JESUITS EXISTING IN 1717 AND 1855.

	1717.	1855.
Italy, Sicily and Sardinia.....	3639.....	1515
France.....	3119.....	1697
Belgium.....	1020.....	463
Spain.....	2207.....	364
Austrian Empire.....	2609.....	177
England, Ame-ica, & elsewhere.....	7282.....	1294
Total.....	19,876	5510

From this we reckon:—1st, That of all the Catholic States, Austria is the least favorable to the Jesuits; the most favorable are France, Belgium, and some governments of Italy. 2d, That the Jesuits are in number reduced to a little more than a quarter of what they were, and that with their material and moral resources has also diminished their influence. 3d, That after their resurrection in 1814, they never failed in all possible means, such as money, favour from rich people, protection of governments, popes,



bishops, public press, daring chiefs who attempted to reconquer the primitive power, and with all this they are scarcely existing. They committed a very great blunder. Had they been satisfied with dying away peacefully, after the Bull of Suppression, *Dominus ac Redemptor*, issued by Pope Clement XIV., they would be recorded as martyrs, sacrificed to the hatred of their enemies, and people would speak of them as they do of the Templars; but fallen as a faction of clerical intriguers, they attempted to rise as a political faction, and were guilty of the great error of having placed themselves in too open opposition to the tendencies manifested by the present generations, and which pass with greater impulse to the younger generations which succeed. Hence, it is evident that even the absolute governments entirely mistrust them for the political character they assume; and the free governments hate and persecute them.

Finally, the Jesuits they did raise from their grave, but only to weaken more and more Popish Catholicism, separate it from the living society, from whom it gathered its existence, and to advance its old age and ruin.

A. BIANCHI GIOVINI.

#### MEETING OF THE CANADA BAPTIST UNION.

A general meeting of the Canada Baptist Union was held in the Second Congregational Chapel, Richmond Street, Toronto, on September 26, 1855, according to previous appointment.

Rev. J. Gilmour, President, opened the meeting by reading the 60th chapter of Isaiah; and then called on Rev. T. Gostick to engage in prayer. A committee, consisting of Revs. W. H. Landon, R. Dick and A. Lorimer, was appointed to arrange the business to be transacted in the afternoon. The morning session was then closed by prayer by Mr. Landon.

#### AFTERNOON SESSION.

The President read a portion of Scripture, after which Mr. Lorimer offered prayer. The committee appointed in the morning, recommended:—

1. The reading of letters addressed to the Union.
2. The reading of the reports of the Secretary and Superintendents, &c.
3. The transaction of business arising from these communications.

Letters expressive of sympathy with the Union, and of a desire to be numbered among its members, were then read from Rev. J. Edwards and Charles Hallam. The churches in Smith and Dummer, both by letter and delegation, sought to be identified with the Union, expressing their cordial approval of the articles of its constitution, and the plans of Christian usefulness which it aims to carry out. A communication was read from Rev. D. Marsh, expressing his presence, *in spirit*, at the present meeting, and the desire of the Church in Quebec to be associated with the body. In the report of the Secretary, some statistical information was submitted respecting the present number of Baptist Churches and members in the Province, compared with their number ten years ago. The conviction, too, was expressed, that the first object of the Union—"the increase of brotherly

love and friendly intercourse"—had been promoted among the members by the reorganization.

The reports of the Superintendents were then laid before the meeting. Encouraging statements were made by Mr. Dick, respecting operations in the colportage department. In a quiet way, pages of Christian literature to the value of above a thousand dollars had been disseminated since the reorganization of the Union in the middle of June last. The communication from Dr. Davies, Superintendent of Education, expressed his fraternal sympathy, and his conviction of the wisdom of forming the Union, "as a means of drawing together all evangelical baptists who love their Christian liberty, while upholding their own views of Christian truth." Mr. Landon, in a verbal report, pointed out some interesting fields for missionary operations, suggested the importance of encouraging a brother desirous of studying for the ministry, and of cultivating friendly intercourse with baptist brethren, not co-operating with the denomination in their general operations in times past. It was found after conference with a ministerial brother, that his services could not be secured for the two missionary stations pointed out, and the occupation of these had to be postponed for the present for the want of a suitable missionary. While this conference was held, brother A. Miller offered prayer. A committee having conferred with Mr. Miller, in regard to his devoting himself to a course of study for the ministry, it was resolved that if the church in Woodstock approve that brother Miller give himself to the ministry of the Word, he be aided, to the extent required, by this Union. The Secretary was requested to write to Rev. T. P. Moulton, reciprocating, on behalf of the Union, the fraternal interest expressed by him in a letter to Dr. Davies in its operations, and to welcome him and his brethren in the East, as well as those in Canada West, to a participation in the important objects the Union seeks, by the blessing of God, to accomplish. It was

*Resolved*,—That the thanks of the Union be tendered to the Pastor and Trustees of the Second Congregational Church, for the use of their Chapel, on the present occasion.

Rev. Mr. McVicar closed with prayer.

#### EVENING.

In the evening public service was held. Rev. Mr. Landon assisted in conducting the devotional exercises. Rev. J. Gilmour then preached a discourse from Zech. iv. 7, thus appropriately closing a season of entire harmony and brotherly intercourse, by directing attention to the source of support and ultimate triumph amid the difficulties and trials connected with carrying on the cause of God.

The quantity of water discharged into the sea, by all the rivers in the world, is 36 cubic miles in a day, hence it would take above 35,000 years to create a circuit of the whole sea through clouds and rivers.

## Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune.

### AMBITION.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Ere chaos wakened from unmeasured sleep,  
Or Jove's dread voice had gathered up the deep,  
While all of earth, all but its God were mute,  
E'en ere earth's transit, on her virgin route,  
Long, long, ere this, while time life's date defies,  
When spirits fell from yonder golden skies,  
They once in dreadful conclave all communed,  
With demon songs, to demon harps, attuned;

They throned a goddess, and they learned to crouch,  
To the wild mistress of the warrior's couch,  
Her name AMBI PION, ghastly was her face,  
Her brows were stained with bloodshed's crimson  
Wild was her look, and flashing was her eye, [trace,  
Her voice was winsome tho' it spoke a sigh,  
A gaudy banner by the goddess stood,  
They consecrated in a bath of blood,

Commission'd then by power of demon birth,  
They crown'd her empress of the newborn earth,  
Invested thus with pow'r and sent; she then,  
Claimed place on earth within the hearts of men,  
And still, tho' ages since have roll'd along,  
We hear the cadence of her syren song,  
Exile from heaven accursed thy spirit came  
Thirsting for blood and shivering for fame.

Woe was the gift which thou to earth has brought,  
And misery the lesson thou to man hast taught,  
Lark how the earth with mangled, gory throat,  
Wakes the wild clarion with thy crimsoned note.  
War was thy pastime, carnage was thy pride,  
Thy charter might, and conquest was thy guide,  
Go ask the widow's heart, the orphan's head,  
How they have wept to mark thy fun'ral tread.

Let India's fields, or Flanders' gory plain,  
Compute their victims on thy bloody fame,  
Let Egypt's sands disgorge their vital flood,  
Or Asia's wilds go measure back their blood,  
Go count the shrieks that round thy banner flew  
From Eylau's field, or mangled Waterloo;  
Go plum the depth of Nile's proud swelling waves  
And count thy corpses in her coral caves.

Hark how Aboukir's rocks a death dirge wail,  
The spirits of their sleeping braves to hail!  
Ten thousand lips have pray'rs towards heaven-spel,  
For retribution on thy lofty head;  
By what thy pow'r hadst thou supernal right?  
To close these eyes in death's eternal night,  
No might was thine, no right by heaven conveyed,  
A name—thy object—ever undecayed.

For this thou'st sought war's wild and serried plain,  
For this thou'st sought seclusion's quiet fame,  
For this thou'st robb'd the mother of her pride,  
And torn the lover from his new troth'd bride,  
For this—oh yes, for this one gilded breath!  
Thou'st mock'd at danger and hast scoff'd at death,

For this with *legal murder* trod thy way,  
And *butch'ry licensel*, was thy pastime's play.

Thus has thy soul in riot rose to bliss,  
Call'd honor that, immortal glory this,  
For thee the widow's heart has swelled with woe,  
And thou hast caused the orphan's tears to flow,  
Thro' thee the mild eyed youth with madness reeled,  
Death's ruthless headsman on the charnel field,  
By thee Ambition has the God-like mind,  
By gold's bright chain, in miser hearts been shrined.

Fired by thy breath, the once meek menial leapt,  
A very demon where thy banner swept,  
For thee, the statesman wears his life away,  
For thee, the priest awhile forgot to pray,  
For thee, the virgin, vices fane hath sought,  
For thee, the mother hath her babe forgot  
To be the first to reach thy golden goal,  
The wretch hath sold thee—even sold his soul.

How hast thou trod earth's fair and flow'ry plain,  
How hast thou swept the wide majestic main,  
Thy footsteps mark'd with all thy potent wrath,  
Bade desolation spring, along thy path,  
In jocund mirth thou'st danced life's path along,  
And timed thy steps to misery's mournful song,  
Aloud applause would oft thy coming greet,  
But misery's harp e'er swelled in thy retreat.

What wild accords, towards heaven in concert rise,  
Those groans and shrieks have rent the very skies,  
Oh how have demons in their nether hell,  
Laugh'd at the misery, thou hast wrought so well,  
Laugh'd as the victims fell, that thou hast led  
While still thy baits hung pendant o'er his head,  
Lured by thy voice from life's more quiet path,  
How many a wretch, has dared Jehovah's wrath.

How many a wretch thy syren voice did teach,  
Flew towards the goal he was unfit to reach,  
Deserted soon by heav'n—and then he fell,  
Too low for heav'n almost too high for hell,  
Lost for a name, e'en was a name profaned,  
A heaven lost; a hell not fully gained,  
Lost through eternity's dark vale of years,  
They now would weep, but vain would be their tears.

Lost as his barque down Lethe's stream hath stood,  
Lost as he sweeps c'er dark oblivion's flood,  
Lost as the stygian wave the wretch hath cross'd  
He hears a shriek, AMBITION'S VICTIM'S lost,  
And oh, for what? when truth is all revealed,  
For what hast thou thus bathed the warrior's shield,  
For what hast thou the quiet hamlet sought,  
And lured the swain to leave his humble cot.

The tinsel walls of luxury torn down,  
And woo'd the worm within to wear a crown,  
Hast charmed the politician by thy gaze,  
To speech by night and study thoughts by days,  
Fast even lured the orphan in his teen,  
To gild the blooddrops fall'n from vic'try's arm,  
For what? a name a few short years to stay,  
Then earth to earth again has pass'd away.

A pompous crest to gild the silent tomb,  
To tell what's known, and hide what's not—the doom

Deeply ambition thou hast cursed our earth,  
 Deeply, nye deeply in thy riot mirth—  
 Thy deeds are dark and chronicled in blood,  
 The impious pastime of thy happy brood,  
 In heaven recorded—no—for heav'n too vile,  
 If hell keeps record, there they are the while.

Till heav'n in judgment brings them all to light,  
 And justice triumphs over thee and might,  
 Then may the soul rejoice when freed from thee,  
 And laugh at humbled aristocracy,  
 As she sits mourning in some mountain cave,  
 And pride is weeping o'er thy peccant grave,  
 And truth with pure white banner then unfurled,  
 Shall smile to bless an exculpated world.

Return—oh, go—return from whence you came,  
 Nor haunt us longer with thy dang'rous name,  
 Back to that demon breast so long outlawed,  
 Aspiring once as God, to be a God,  
 Back to that demon breast, go sleep within,  
 The gloomy bosom of thy parent sin,  
 While we shall write o'er all our tombs with sighs,  
 Mortals behold! AMBITION'S BOUGHT FOR PRIZE.

AURORA, Oct. 1855.

#### SLAVERY, THE S. S. UNION AND TRACT SOCIETY.

The unholy alliance of these three American institutions is now attracting a large share of public attention in the United States, and J. J. E. Linton, Esq., of Stratford, C. W., is spending both time and money, *unsparingly*, to rouse the indignation of Canada, and bring it to bear against the two Religious Societies named, which have dishonored themselves before the world, by striking hands with slavery, in an alliance which binds them hand and foot against making any direct attack upon this—the monster sin of American iniquity! Strange attitude, this, for religious societies! The sooner they make the discovery of their shame and humiliation the better. And if tardy in doing so, let all the right-minded leave them to eat the bread of slavery until they repent. The following temperate article from the Oberlin *Evangelist*, presents a candid view of the subject:—

##### AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY AND SLAVERY.

This question finds no rest. We have at this moment lying on our table, two able documents—one emanating from the North Western Association of Vermont, and the other from the General Association of New York—each candid and thorough, and each resulting in the same general conclusions in regard to the policy in question.

The Vermont brethren have had the subject under investigation some two years; have corresponded with the Secretaries of the Society, and received their replies, and now give us their mature views in the light of all the facts attainable in the case. In the outset, they express their "deep concern at the course of the American Tract Society, in suiting its publications, on the demand of slaveholders, to that public sentiment at the South which upholds slavery." After correspondence with the officers of the Society to ascertain whether this implied charge were warranted, they report as gathered from those Officers, and from other legitimate sources—thus: 1. That,

in all the Society's publications, nothing is said positively in favor of that sentiment which upholds slavery; 2. There are sentiments in some of these books, adverse to slavery; 3. No demand has been made on the Society by slaveholders, in respect to the nature of their publications; 4. Through these publications some slaveholders have been converted, have emancipated their slaves and settled them in Liberia; 5. The Society's agents defend their course on the slavery question by reference to the general object of the Society as stated in article 1 of its Constitution.

The Vermont Committee reply to the first point—we did not charge that; to the second—those sentiments against slavery are, so far as we can find, always in the form of slight and brief allusions; would not in all cover a half page of *duodecimo*; that some of even these do not condemn the system; and that they are more frequent in the earlier than in the later issues of the Society; to the third—that the demand is not formal but real, as appears from the Address of Rev. T. Smythe, at the Anniversary in 1852; but mainly they reply to the reasons alleged in justification—that they assume that the anti-slavery sentiment is *sectional* and *sectarian*—thus virtually denying that it is based on the law of love, and virtually charging that it does not pertain by nature to humanity and religion, but is merely a side issue, gotten up selfishly against a body of good Christian brethren. They put the Anti-Slavery question on the same footing with those questions which divide evangelical Christians; e. g., the sole validity of Episcopalian ordination, the mode of baptism, etc., etc. Of course, they insist that it falls not within the domain of "vital godliness" and "sound morality."

The Committee recommend that the Vermont General Association rescind the action taken years since, recommending the Tract Society to the confidence and patronage of the churches.

The Report of the New York General Association is yet more full—embraces some new points, and specially urges, as a remedy, that the controlling influences of the Society be reached through its members and life directors. They insist strongly that the Society should not be crushed or supplanted, but brought over to the just and predominant sentiment of the masses of its patrons—to speak against slavery as against other sins.

The subject is undergoing a most thorough discussion, and large bodies of ministers and churches are speaking out, in love and kindness, yet with great decision and so much manifest truth on their side that their words must have weight.

Our readers know that we feel a very deep interest in this subject, both for its immediate bearing on the existence of slavery, and scarcely less for its bearing upon the character of American Christianity. The latter point scarcely receives from any quarter the attention it deserves. What can be more vital to the progress of the real gospel than to have it stand before the world in its true relation to the woe and woe of man in this life—to the great interests of humanity, and of human rights? A religion which embodies the ancient priest and Levite, but ignores the good Samaritan can never command the esteem of the leading minds of our age and country, and never ought to. So long as our Christianity is understood to discard the slave question as a sectarian issue, and not a vital point of gospel morals, it will continue to sink in the esteem of intelligent men, not professing godliness, and no display of talent, no accompaniments of fine architecture and grand music for our worshipping assemblies, no drill of social appliances, can save it from rapid declension.

And such a system had better go down than to stand up. It is not the true gospel. It does not befriend God or man either.

*For the Gospel Tribune.*

#### LETTER ON UNION NO. II.

DEAR SIR,—I have read your remarks on my letter of 20th August, with some degree of surprise. Either you have misunderstood my arguments, in favour of Christian union, or our opinions are completely at variance as to the best means of bringing about this very desirable object. You seem to think that I propose to organize a new *sect* of Christians. No, Sir, I propose no such thing. I am opposed to sectarianism, as connected with religion, in every form and shape. What I wish is, to get all professing Christians to imbibe the spirit, and act in accordance with our Saviour's fervent prayer, that all his people may be *one*. I view the religious world, to a great extent, as in a state of rebellion against the authority of Him whom they profess to honour. In vain do we call him Lord, while we do not the thing which he says. Were his solemn charge to his disciples obeyed, that they should love one another, sectarianism would soon be at an end. John Wesley once observed, that whatever people may pretend, to justify disunion, the want of love is the true cause. The account we have of this excellent grace in 1 Cor. 13 chapter, shows what happy effects might flow from its exercise.

The remarks you make about a name, I do not well understand. Everything, even religion itself must have a name, and I know of none better than that given to Christ's followers by the Evangelist Luke. He tells us Acts ii. 26, that the disciples were first called *Christians* at Antioch. This name I consider quite unobjectionable, and it might have been better for religionists if they had never adopted any other. Sectarian names afford our grand adversary an excellent opportunity of promoting division, even among true Christians. I think it best to view the world as God himself views it, as consisting of two classes; believers and unbelievers; those who fear God, and those who fear him not. The former of these I consider my brethren—fellow-travellers in the same journey, fellow-soldiers in the same army, and fellow-heirs of the same glorious inheritance. The name they have assumed is of little importance to me, if I find that the root of the matter is in them. I would say as Abraham said to Lot, "Let there be no strife between you and me, for we are brethren."

In mere professions of a desire of unity among Christians, I place little confidence. A tree is best known by its fruits. The greatest bigots and sectarians in the world are loud in their calls for unity. But the unity they seek is nothing more than an increase of numbers and power to their own party. The union I seek is that of all true believers throughout the world. For this I believe our Saviour prayed, and for this I am determined to plead. The

Word of God is the rule by which we should at all times walk, and endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is but one Lord, one faith, one baptism, though we may differ as to the proper mode of administering the last-mentioned.

You do me wrong, though I have no doubt unintentionally, in supposing that I use the word *church* in reference to a civil or political organization of churches. I had no such intention. I use the word in the same sense as I believe you do yourself, in reference to the body of Christ, the church of the living God. In this sense I may remind you that the term is always used in Scripture in the singular number. Your rebuke, therefore, will not apply to my case, however it may to those whose practice you condemn.

I have neither time nor inclination, at present, to avail myself of your kind permission to extend my remarks "to four times the length of the last." But I thank you for the attention you have given to the subject thus far; and I trust my meaning will now be better understood. In the meantime, that the wisdom that cometh from above, which is first pure and then peaceable, may guide both you and me in seeking the unity of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, is the fervent prayer of,

Yours respectfully,

W. B.

17th September, 1855.

#### REMARKS.

The strictures offered on the first letter, with this second epistle in reply thereto, furnish further proof (were it needed) of the necessity of viewing every statement submitted for consideration, from its author's personal *stand point*, before it is imagined that his meaning is truly apprehended. From this second letter, it seems quite evident that the author had no intention of suggesting in his first, the propriety, as was surmised, of all true and liberal-minded Christians abandoning their present church connections, for the purpose of organizing themselves anew into churches to be known collectively as "*The True Catholic Christian Church*;" it having been simply intended to teach, that all such Christians should perseveringly pursue the course which the *Tribune* exists to advocate, viz.: that everything practicable should be done to lessen partizan and sectarian influences, not by getting up a union party or church, or by each vainly attempting to proselyte all into his own society, but by all labouring to promote that general harmony and Christian love among all classes of the truly pious, as shall bring them into unity of fellowship and communion, rendering visible on earth a fair representation of the *True Catholic Christian Church*.

Having thus as fully as possible corrected the wrong done, there remains to be noticed a wrong, which was not a wrong, although the only thing

named as such in the letter before us. For when urging the want of Scripture authority for calling an incorporation of churches *a church*; civil and political church organizations did not happen to be the evil then contemplated, but one much nearer home; see Art. III. of the constitution of the "*Regular Baptist Denomination in Canada*," in which the churches viewed collectively, are called the "*Regular Baptist Church*." This was the type of evil intended to be "*rebuked*," and not the friend who thinks he was intended. Indeed, to rebuke him would, in the judgment of the writer, be a palpable violation of Scripture; for, if he is not an "*Elder*" who must not be rebuked, but simply "*admonished as a brother*," it will certainly be exceedingly difficult to find any such Elder in our day.

#### COLPORTAGE IN CANADA.

This important department of Christian labour is happily beginning to attract a large share of public attention. Religious Bodies generally seem inclined to look favorably upon the work, while a few of them have entered into it with spirit. In the minutes of a recent meeting of the Presbytery of London, as published in the *Missionary Record* for October, we find the following paragraph:—

"The quarterly report on the work of Colportage was given in, from which it appeared, that there had been obtained from the American Presbyterian Board and other publishing establishments, books to the value of £694 15s. 11d.; that there had been sold of these, books to the value of £247 11s.; that there had been engaged in the sale of these—some for a longer and others for a shorter period—five Colporteurs, whose salaries, at the rate of £52 a-year, each, and necessary travelling expenses, amounted, altogether, to £72 4s. 9d.; and that discount allowed by publishers on the quantity of books sold, with freight and charges deducted, amounted to £49 10s. 2d., which, being subtracted from the sum of expenses, leaves deficit to be paid from the Presbytery's fund, of £22 14s 7d."

It is thus seen that the members of the Presbytery of London have done well, still the deficit of £22 14s. 7d. must be a drag upon their movements, as upon their present plan of procedure, they will be obliged to take into the account a constant drawback of some 9 per cent on the whole value of all their sales; and as the more they sell the greater will be the charge upon the Presbytery's fund, they will be under the necessity of keeping their transactions within the limits of the ability of that fund to meet the constant deficit.

As the Presbytery of London, and other Bodies similarly engaged, must be pleased to know that Colportage can be rendered self-supporting; their attention is called to the following Report, presented by the Superintendent of Colportage of the Canada Baptist Union, at its recent meeting in Toronto.

*To the Canada Baptist Union, as represented in Toronto, September 26th, 1855:*

BRETHREN,—

Your Superintendent of Colportage, anxious to pre-

sent in this, his first Report, a full and correct view of the capabilities of the simple machinery of our Colportage scheme, as embraced in the constitution of the Union, craves the privilege of being allowed here to sketch an outline of the conception and gradual development of the plan of present operations.

Having, more than twenty years ago, been deeply impressed with the overwhelming evils growing out of the divisions which distract the Christian church; the purpose was then formed of some day publishing in Canada, a journal, the conceptions of which now find an embodiment in the "*Gospel Tribune*." The work so early planned could not be entered upon with propriety, till a personal acquaintance had been formed with the various aspects of denominational religion—the manner in which the different sects were connected together—the extent to which they were prepared for mutual co-operation, and the points where their divergences appeared.

The knowledge thus conceived to be necessary to the successful management of an alliance journal was neither to be acquired in a day, nor in any one locality. Travel became necessary, which was met in part by an occasional change of residence—more fully by traversing Canada preaching and lecturing, publicly and privately, from city to hamlet, in behalf of temperance and religion. Still, however, the end sought was not fully attained; details much more minute were felt to be necessary, and which, it was considered, could be most efficiently reached by devoting a few years to colportage labour; and inasmuch as an opinion had long been cherished, that this important branch of Christian enterprise could be rendered self-supporting; it was determined to test the soundness of the conception practically, while gathering the desired knowledge of denominationalisms. Accordingly all the requisite arrangements having been made, the work was entered upon in May, 1851; and while the work was found to be all that was anticipated, in relation to its facilities for affording the careful observer an accurate knowledge of the minute details of the workings of denominational peculiarities; it was also found to afford the most satisfactory proof that the work itself is susceptible of being so conducted as to render it in the fullest sense perfectly *self-supporting*. Since entering upon the work in May 1851, the cash sales, in the four years and four months which have transpired, have amounted to the sum of \$18,424, which gives a rate of \$4,174 per annum, equal to £1046 currency. The volumes thus sold, make in the aggregate a mass of moral, religious and Scripture reading equal to 12,725,190 pages of the average tract size, in addition to this quantity sold, 120,000 pages have been distributed gratuitously, the cash value of which is \$300, making the entire value of the works distributed \$18,724, (£4,681) and the whole number of pages 12,845,190. Enough to furnish about 12 pages of profitable reading to every man woman and child in Canada West; or 60 pages to every family. This

large amount of work has been accomplished without noise, and without drawing on the benevolence of the public, or of any society, to the value of a single shilling, while the financial resources of the active and responsible agents, have not been injured but rather improved, and hence it may be claimed as fully established, that colportage labour is susceptible of being made perfectly self-supporting. All the appliances and agencies through which these cheering results have been reached are now identified with the movements of this union, and under its auspices the work is gradually growing in importance; the aim being to cover with its agencies the whole field of Canada from west to east.—Thus far this report has directed attention *exclusively* to what has been done in the matter of book and tract distribution, including a glance at what is further contemplated in the same direction. There are other aspects of the work, however, which must not be overlooked, and which, those actively engaged in the field can scarcely view as secondary. With them scenes of deep and thrilling interest frequently follow each other in rapid succession. Leaving the house of joy and bridal festivities, the colporteur may next be ushered into the chamber of death; and often, in passing from the delightful and soothing fellowship of the devoutly pious, he falls suddenly among the wreckless and profane, who scoff at all sacred associations; and with this class his interviews are, not unfrequently, of the most interesting and promising character—none can discover more clearly than he the profound depths of wisdom and benevolence embraced in the command—"Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city," and, "into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." From *his* standpoint, it is not difficult to perceive why the rich and the influential were simply invited, and then informed that all things were ready, and abandoned at once—at their first intimation of a wish not to appear as guests, while the servants are enjoined to concentrate all their influence—their whole power of argument, persuasion and intreaty, upon the inhabitants of the streets. Upon such he perceives that these influences really produce a favourable effect, when urged in the true spirit of the colporteur's mission, while upon the others such efforts generally prove time and labour lost. In the one case the conviction is awakened, *I*, am not sought with all this warmth and earnestness, but *mine*. In the other, not *mine*, for this is impossible, but my personal well-being, for my soul's sake. So that the colporteur is constantly labouring in a field of the highest promise, and amid scenes of deep and absorbing interest. And here it need not be told the discerning that the higher the social position of the servant of the Lord who approaches the outcast, the more readily will he reach the heart he would turn to the Lord, provided no airs of conscious superiority are assumed. In worldly transactions man may, from necessity, admit the assumptions and

the arrogance of a fellow-worm; but the shadow of the image of God within him, turns with native loathing and disgust to the dreamy besottedness of priest or layman, who presumes to treat with him on spiritual and eternal realities, as though the social distinctions of earth demanded deference in such negotiations. Here, as in the shadow of death, the man proves himself mad or insane who contemplates such trifles. Yet, alas! the dread of damaging something which is termed dignity, keeps hundreds away from the important field of colportage labour, who might, therein, be the means of turning thousands from folly, sin and death. Surely it is safe to aver that such dignity is not "*from above*," but wholly "*earthly, sensual and devilish*." Would that the church, ministers and people, were redeemed from its power; then would all clearly discern that whatever tends to improve the moral and religious condition of man, is work that gracefully accords with the dignity of Deity.

These observations will not, it is hoped, be deemed irrelevant. the work of the colporteur needs to be better understood. The workman in this department, who needeth not to be ashamed, must be a man of high and noble attainments, qualified to meet the proud sceptic where he reigns as king over his dupes, and so handle his assumptions as to dethrone him in their midst; able also to stand unmoved before all the fire-darts of the bold in wickedness, and then, though encompassed by a troop, so let loose upon them the marshalled thunderbolts of truth, as to tear and break in pieces the whole of their defensive armour, and crush all their pride and glory in the dust; able furthermore, to nurse the lambs of the flock, and with the meekness and gentleness of John, guide them to the bosom of a Saviour's love. Here, then, we may well pause and ask, does any field of Christian labor demand higher or more diversified attainments for its efficient culture than the one in which the colporteur is called to toil? His mission, let it be observed, brings him into contact necessarily with all classes of society, thus affording the best possible facilities for turning all his talents for social and religious intercourse into the most fruitful channels, and should he be an efficient preacher of the Gospel, all the better, as he will have no lack of opportunity. During the whole time in which the writer has been actively engaged, personally, in the labour of colportage, he has been called upon to preach or lecture publicly at least twice each week upon an average, and the results are such as to have produced in his mind the conviction, that in few other fields could he, as a preacher, have accomplished more for the general good, even had he given his undivided attention to that work exclusively.

Hoping that these facts and observations may incline a few more, efficient and competent men to join our staff of Colporteurs, and congratulating the Union on the rich prospects of usefulness which lie before it, this report is now most respectfully submitted. (Signed)

ROBERT DICK,

Sup. of Col. of the C. B. Union.

Toronto, Sep. 15th, 1855.



## Political and General Miscellany.

From the Jewish Intelligencer.

### VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.

The Duke and Duchess of Brabant (son and daughter-in-law of the King of Belgium) arrived at Jerusalem on the 30th of March. Their chief object seems to have been to visit the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Every preparation was made for their reception. The tops of the houses bordering the line of their route were crowded with a mass of spectators, in all the picturesque variety of Eastern costume. Processions of Mahometans moved to and fro, preceded by red and green banners, amidst the din of kettle-drums and tambourines, and the loud and continued shouts of "Allah." Fanatical dervishes rushed frantically through the assembled crowd, lacerating themselves with their usual instruments of cruelty. Then came a long and imposing procession of Roman Catholic priests and monks, preceded by a huge veiled crucifix, and chanted as they walked before the royal party. It was in this way that they visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre; but we are more concerned in giving the following account concerning their visit to the mosque of Omar.

Saturday, the last and the most exciting day of the Passion Week, when the multiplicity of the puerilities of the Eastern churches terminate with the scene of the holy fire, will be remembered for an event of a nature and character by no means of mean importance; this being no less than the throwing open of the mosque of Omar publicly, for the first time, to a body of some three hundred Christians, who made their entry into the sacred enclosure, not in disguise, but with their colors flying as Christians.

It is a long time since a crown prince and princess have visited the Holy City, and those who have lately done so were entitled, from their connections with the most respectable monarchies of Europe, to some particular favor. This has been shown them by the Porte, by causing a firman to await the royal party on their arrival, to allow them with their suite to visit the sacred mosque; a favor which has been extended, by the liberality of our new governor, to as many of the European residents and travellers, even to native Christians, as could lay a claim to some respectability.

Four o'clock in the afternoon of the said Saturday was the time that had been fixed for all such whose names had previously been recommended and registered, to be assembled at the Governor's house, which commands one of the private entrances into the area of the said mosque. The place of rendezvous, as one might have expected, was filled quickly, almost to inconvenience, with a crowd of fashionable European ladies and gentlemen. When the general impatience had been relieved, the necessary arrangements and precautions were completed by stationing military outposts, at short intervals, within the area of the mosque, to overcome the fanatical spirits that might hover about the place. To prevent confusion, as well as to circumscribe the crowd which was continually swelling by new-comers, tickets of admission were issued, which had to be delivered into the hands of an officer at the entrance of the area.

It is not altogether unusual to find, that both the interest as well as the curiosity about objects that have been lying under the *ban of restriction* suffer considerable diminution when the restriction is removed. But this has been in no wise the case in the present instance. One and the other feeling of interest continued to deepen every step you took, and this was

strengthened still further by the sense of the past history, and the future prospects of the place, which, notwithstanding its present degraded position, shall one day be established in the top of the mountain, and exalted above the hills.

Our way on entering the arena lay across a belt of turfy ground, between three and four hundred yards in width, with a tree here and there, environing all round the elevated platform on which the famous mosque of Omar, or, as it is more properly called, the mosque of the El Sakhavah, which is believed to occupy the site of the temple, is situated. On our reaching the stair by which we had to ascend the said platform, we were ordered to put off our shoes, as the ground on which we were about to enter, we were reminded, was esteemed holy ground; this was the sole and only mark of reverence which the place extorted, or which the crowd of Christian visitors were willing to bestow.

The preliminary measure relating to putting off our shoes thus being taken, we ascended the said platform by the stair, consisting of twenty-four steps; the upper step of which was spanned over by four lofty triumphal kind of arches, joining one to another, from whence you obtained a most lively picture of the whole. The platform itself is a square of some three or four thousand feet in dimensions, and perfectly even, and is paved with large slabs of compact native limestone, all worn smooth and polished by time; aided, most likely, by the feet of those thousands of the house of Israel who used aforesaid to come up hither to the solemn feasts.

On the centre of the platform, which is slightly elevated above the rest, stood the pride of the Mahometan world, the magnificent mosque of the Sakhavah, whose polished marble walls, set in variegated frameworks, and beautifully stained glass windows of varied colors, reflected innumerable rays of light on the polished marble pavement, by which the foremost ground of the mosque was covered. Even the melancholy sight of the celebrated inscription in the Arabic characters, which encircles the base of the dome, evincing that "*the place of our sanctuary,*" was in the hands of aliens, did not detract ought from the general effect and interest which the sight awakened in the breast.

With feelings somewhat tinged with melancholy admiration, we entered within the walls of the Sakhavah, where one naturally desired, but in vain for a quiet corner where he could have escaped for a few moments the restless bustle of an inquisitive crowd. The current of example dragged one, in spite of oneself, to matters which at best lie at the surface; and in company with the others, one was obliged to busy oneself with them in inspecting the marble pillars; recounting, admiring, and remarking on the beauty of the stained glass windows; on the taste displayed in the gilding of the panelled ceilings, with the delicacy of the carved work of the lofty pulpits, with the sharpness of the angles of the pentagonal form of the building, which last is as perfect within as it is without; and anon one was called upon to interpret the grave nonsense of a Mahometan guide, about the venerated and marvellous objects which the place embraces within its wide and sacred bosom commencing with the suspended rock under the centre of the dome, and closing with the locked up marble slab, which leaves the united impression of the angel Gabriel's foot and Mahomet's hand.

In the midst of these frivolities, something occurred which tended to arrest the attention of many, if not of all. A dervish, who seemed to have been neglected from being secured under lock and key, at the time when the rest of his order were ordered to be so

for obvious reasons happened to come to the Sakhavah to perform his devotions, when to his great astonishment, instead of finding within the sacred enclosure a turbid assembly of worshippers, lo! it was a crowd of restless European adventurers. The novel sight quite overcame the poor fellow, who gave way to his bitter feelings in a train of the most doleful lamentation. This incidental occurrence was well calculated to put one almost to the blush, in not discerning a greater manifestation of seriousness amongst those who, from their profession and education, could not have been ignorant that the ground which they were treading upon, though not holy ground, was yet once consecrated by the presence of Him who condescended to tabernacle and commune with sinful men; besides the place being, as it were, the very focus whence the most vigorous, as well as the most merciful dispensation of God's providence towards a sinful and perishing world have been successively announced, and which have been in course of fulfilment ever since! And was it not towards this favoured spot, that exiled Israel, as prisoners of hope, have been and are still directing their earnest supplication for their speedy deliverance from the scene of their bondage? Is it not towards the self-same spot that the awakened stranger, who, though not from the people of Israel, has been enjoined and instructed to direct his supplications with the prayerful assurance that God would hear him in heaven, his dwelling place? What a mournful change has taken place! What a sad contrast does the existing history and the present position of the self-same spot present to the mind! Where is the house of prayer for all nations that once stood here? Or where is the way of truth which was once published there, to set free, to enlighten, to instruct and empower sinful men to worship Him who is a Spirit in spirit and in truth?

Leaving the Sakhavah by a double-leaved brass gate, called the Gate of Paradise, we directed our steps to the next sacred place of importance, the mosque of the El Aksah, which lies some four or five hundred yards south of the Sakhavah. We descended the elevated platform into the turfy ground, by a similar stair to the one by which we first came up. We halted on our way at an octagonal marble fountain, neatly put together, with a water-spout in the middle of it. And what attracted our attention most were a number of mutilated old-looking capitals, which were serving as stepping-stones to the water all round; for notwithstanding the meanness of their use, they may have perhaps once formed a part of the carved work that contributed to the beauty and symmetry of the temple.

The marvellous pursued us within the El Aksah, as it had done in the Sahavah, all of the same nature and utility. There was nothing striking about the El Aksah itself; which from its structure and appearance marks it to have been once, without the need of tradition, a Christian church. Although the El Aksah could claim nothing of the architectural beauty of its sister mosque, the El Sakhavah, yet it furnished something of a transcendently interesting nature. There you could see at one glance the elegantly-formed Roman arch, reposing on beautifully finished Corinthian columns; and these again resting on pedestals, which from the solidity of their component parts, with no other embellishment than that of the simple bevel, traced them without any difficulty to that people who are, as it were, the basis and ground-work of matters of infinitely higher importance; and who, like the pedestals we were gazing at, are pressed down and half sunk from the pressure of what they carry.

On leaving the El Aksah, we turned to the east;

re-ascending once more the elevated platform by a stair like the former ones, and passing the Sakhavah on our left, we came to an elegant marble building, resting on marble columns and arches, and open to the four cardinal points, which, we were told, mark the site of the judgment-seat of King Solomon. This was the last of the sacred places worth mentioning which we were taken to; from whence we proceeded, and that not without reluctance, to the stair by which we first came up. After taking a kind of farewell look, from the upper step, on the ground we just came from, we descended into the turfy ground. And being once more on common ground we put on our shoes again; whereupon many set about gathering a few flowers or blades of grass, which the turfy ground afforded, as memorials of a place which few of those who have been in now will ever revisit again; and the fine effect of the setting sun on the splendid dome and on the stained glass windows, at the time when we were finally leaving the enclosed area, will be forgotten by none.

From the New York Evangelist.

#### COLLEGE IN LIBERIA.

For forty years Christians of America have labored to plant in Africa a colony of free blacks. Very feeble at the beginning, and of slow growth, it is yet more populous to day, and more promising of success, than was the Massachusetts colony forty years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Towns have sprung up on the seaboard; the soil is cultivated; and commerce increases from year to year. Churches have been established, and schools opened in every village, thus furnishing the first elements of a civilized and Christian state. This new republic extends along the coast for four hundred miles, from every part of which the terrible slave trade has been banished. Though the emigrants do not exceed ten thousand, they have under their sway 200,000 natives.

Having advanced thus far, the wise men of the colony, and their friends in this country, have felt the great importance of a higher institution of learning than the primary schools which have served for the negro children. Young men are to be educated for important posts in the infant state, for ministers and teachers, and for the control of public affairs. Men of science are needed to explore that continent covered with darkness and mystery; to penetrate the deserts and jungles, and to trace the course of unknown rivers, and to bring back an accurate knowledge of the races of men living far in the interior; and Christian missionaries must be raised up to carry the gospel to those savage tribes. Seeing the need of such a central institution, a few benevolent individuals, such as the late Amos Lawrence and Samuel Appleton of Boston, gave money to endow the first African college. Others left legacies for the same object, so that a fund has already accumulated of about £5000. This is a good beginning, though to found an institution which is to be the mother of colleges and seminaries for a whole continent, a much larger sum might be well applied. The late Anson G. Phelps, of this city,—a man of large heart and far-seeing mind,—who in life and in death was ever devising schemes of benevolence, left in his will a provision, that if the sum of £20,000 should be raised to establish a college in Liberia, his executors should apply the sum of £10,000 from his estate "in such a way as shall in their judgment best effect the object," wishing them "especially to have in view the establishment of a theological department in said college, to be under the supervision of

the Union Theological Seminary of the city of New York."

Funds enough are already collected to make a beginning. The trustees hope to commence a course of collegiate instruction the present year, and may perhaps lay the foundation of a public edifice, though on a scale adapted to present wants, and on a plan that may be enlarged, as circumstances require.

#### THE CRIMEAN STRONGHOLD DESTROYED.

The capture of the Malakoff, it is said, has cost the Allies thirty thousand lives; but to these must be added all that have been sacrificed since they first landed in the Crimea. The disasters of the Russians are terrific, and their losses beyond computation. Their stronghold in the Crimea is destroyed, and not a Russian ship is left afloat on the Euxine—not a Russian flag is seen in the Sea of Azoff or the Dardanelles. The destruction is fearful and complete. We can form no adequate idea of the tremendous operations which have resulted in the fall of this now world-renowned and immortal stronghold. If the victory is to be estimated by the magnitude of its cost, great should be the rejoicings of the Allies over the fall of the Malakoff. One effect of the news will be to relieve the public mind of an incubus which has weighed upon the thoughts of the whole world for the whole year past. In every part of the globe the fate of Sebastopol has been a subject of daily discussion; but the problem has at last been solved,—the mighty fortress is in ruins, and the world can dismiss the subject from its thoughts. Let the future conduct of the war be what it may, the attention of the nations of the earth can never again be centered upon a spot as it has been, with a strange fascination, upon that scene of carnage where the Tri-color of France, the Cross of St. George, and the Crescent of the Turks, now wave together in triumph. The culminating point of the great drama has been reached, and the final scene will be watched with abated interest.—*N. Y. Times.*

#### THE TAKING OF THE MALAKOFF

AND THE REASON WHY THE BRITISH FAILED AT THE REDAN.

The Malakoff Tower is, as is well known, the highest point of the fortifications which defended Sebastopol. It is flanked on either side by the grand Redan, the object of the English attack, and the Redan of Careening Bay. Now, behind these works the Russians had constructed a formidable second line of earth-work, heavily armed, which commanded all the works in front, with the exception of the Malakoff Tower, and this exception was due to the over care of the Russians, who, in their anxiety to strengthen the Malakoff, had built its works in three tiers, the one rising above the other, whereas the Redans were constructed with only one tier of guns. The consequence of this was, that when the French swarmed on to the first tier of the Malakoff, the second tier saved them from being hurt by the fire of the works in the rear of the tower, and, in a like manner when they attained the second tier, the third saved them in its turn. Consequently thousands of men thronged its ramparts, protected from the Russian fire. The combat raged on the flanks, where the enemy could only attack them with his musketry, and their own rifles and brilliant impetuosity were too much for him. Under the protection of a galling fire from the French, their supports slipped round the work threw up an entrenchment, and thus, effectually covered on all points, the whole work was theirs. Here, then, to brave men, success was as natural as their own enthusiastic cour-

age, but alas! upon other points courage availed not. The gallant assailants of the Redan and of the Central Bastion no sooner had carried these works, as they did triumphantly, then they found themselves exposed to a terrific close fire of grape which rendered life impossible. The forts, built in one exposed tier, were open to the full range of the second line of earth-works, and in vain our gallant men, in vain our chivalrous Allies tried to hold their position. They would not retreat, but were swept away by the pitiless storm of grape. The tenacity of our struggle may be easily conceived when it is known that in carrying and in endeavoring to hold that one Redan, our loss amounted to two thousand men. Our Allies, and we ourselves had therefore, to retire from these points; but the Malakoff was in the hands of the French, and that was everything. The proof of that is in the result. The Russians set to work, at once to burn and destroy.

#### THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES.

The glacier thickly studded with enormous loose rocks and earth is about a mile in width, and extends many miles towards an immense mountain covered with perpetual snow down to its base, and its glittering summit piercing the very skies, raising 21,000 feet above the level of the sea. The chasm in the glacier through which the sacred streams rushes forth to the light of day is named the Cow's Mouth, and is held in the deepest reverence by all Hindoos; and the regions of eternal frost in its vicinity are the scenes of many of their most sacred mysteries.—The Ganges enters the world no puny stream but bursts forth from its icy womb a river thirty or forty yards in breadth, of great depth, and very rapid. Extensive as my travels from this day have been these beautiful mountains amidst all the splendid scenery I have looked on, I can recall none so strikingly magnificent as the glacier of the Ganges—*Markham's Shooting in the Himalayas.*

WILL CRANBERRIES CURE ERYSIPELAS?—All we know about it is that the editor of the New Haven Palladium said they would. A lady visited our family a few days since and stated that her daughter had the erysipelas quite bad. We called to mind the remedy recommended by the New Haven editor. On returning home in the evening she found the disease was spreading rapidly, and had assumed a frightful appearance. She immediately applied a poultice made of cranberries, which seemed to arrest it at once, and the second poultice effected a complete cure.—*Niles Repub.*

The following interesting paragraph was received through the Toronto post office:—

#### THE CHURCH OF LAFARGEVILLE.

A Church was constituted in Lafargeville, N. Y., last November, as follows. *Whereas* the Church of Christ in any locality embraces all the Christians in the place, we hereby agree to unite together to enjoy the privileges and perform the duties of a Gospel Church. We heartily fellowship all Christians, and we invite all Christians to unite with us in church-fellowship. We take the Bible as our perfect standard of faith, doctrine, practice, and discipline. No person desiring membership shall be debarred from or deprived of membership, except for failing to give evidence that they are Christians. Our church is composed in part of members from the Baptist, Congregationalist, Methodist, and Lutheran churches, while seventeen have been added by baptism. Our prospects are cheering. L. T. FORD.