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Religious Miscellany.

The Land of Light.

That clime is not like this dull clime of ours;
All, all is brightness there;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
And a fairer mid-air.

No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love;
Earth's softest spring never sheds so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shines so bright.

That sky is not like that sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care;
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers;
No broken sunshine there!

One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendor o'er those sinless shores;
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
There Jesus reigns, dispensing heavenly day.

The dwellers there are not like those of earth,
No mortal stain they bear;
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth—
Whence came they there?

Earth was their native soil; from sin and shame,
Through tribulation they glory came;
Those slaves delivered from the crushing load,
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

Those robes of theirs are not like these below;
No angel's self so bright!
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow?

Whence came that radiant white?
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light those robes of theirs became,
And now, all their robes wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightlands day of that unending sky!

The Palmer Meeting for Holiness.

More than a quarter of a century ago a few earnest souls, aspiring after fuller purity of heart and life through Christ, met in a private parlor of New York to talk and pray unto one another. It was not long before their numbers doubled and tripled, until at last they so multiplied that a second parlor, back of the first, was opened; and finally, the crowd of seekers after holiness grew so great that the pious proprietor of these parlors built another, in an added wing to the rear of his house. But even this was not enough. These purely-loving people pressed still more numerously into this place of primitive prayer, so that the very halls and stairways of this Christian home were occupied.

The Livingston Street meeting thus became a fixed fact, a spiritual force and attraction to all those who, learning of it, could not be satisfied with the barren features and common-place phases of an every-day and popular Christianity. From far and wide, beyond the prairies and over the seas, came the pious pilgrims to this inner shrine, this mercy-seat within the veil. The air was thick with the fervent prayers of those who, with their hearts whirled on without, little recking that within these private walls there gathered weekly between two and three hundred souls to pray for the millennial life to come in all of them. The dominant style of this meeting, with its origin, was Methodist. But Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Episcopals, souls of every sort of profession, flocked hither as to a spiritual caravan, a fresh found and a green oasis amid a wilderness of restless places upon a long journey to Jerusalem. Hither, it was here that the spiritual Canaan was found and the new Jerusalem entered. Many of the pilgrims were way-worn, dust-covered, and footsore; but, through their entering, they soon were rested, garments new, and made jubilant. Their place of gathering is changed to St. Mark's Place—fit name of point for such a kind of assembling—and here to-day we enter. But, though the name and place are changed, the object is still the same, and the same, the same. The presiding prayerful, from the few old and familiar faces, mingled up with the many new ones, the pictures and the mottoes on the walls—all these recall the other memories and scenes of Livingston Street. There is a solemn hush of an atmosphere of holy love, as if the very breath in which the "still small voice" that speaks here were incarnated had spell-bound the flesh it inhaled. We can hear the mellow tones of a many-voiced, sweet-sounding organ, as he needs so touchingly the grand inspiration and utterance of love in the Corinthian; that apostolic sympathy of soul-music, commencing, "Though I speak with the tongues of men," We know who that leader is by his familiar voice, although as yet, because of the crowd crushing in the hall, we cannot see his face. Still, that sanguine spirit, flaming sometimes with seraphic fervor, and flashing again with Sanaic tenderness, needs no sight of form to make its force felt. The prayer which follows those inspired breathings of love begins tenderly, like a child's low whimper in the night, as if first wake with a sense of hunger and loneliness, and "with no language but a cry." Then it breaks into a burst of sorrow, like the Prodigal's pensive wail, when his proud will is prostrate, and he falls, a broken soul, into his father's arms. Then comes the petition, into his father's arms. Then comes the petition for cleansing, "the intercession with strong crying and tears" for those who are here burdened with the body of death, from which they agonize to be delivered; and, at last, goes up the glory strain for such deliverance to many—"Thy will be done, O God, who givest us the victory through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!"

"O! ye poor pharisees, who pray in pictures and printings; who sing in set strains; who never wrinkle your phylacterized garments with the pressure of enthusiasm, from your pious horde of fanaticism; ye philosophic preachers, dogmatical and pragmatical, come hither and know how a soul may both think and with Christ!" Hark! a voice, eloquent and impressive, utters now a thought which gives the true key-note to this and every such meeting—"An empty heart!" This is the golden string, touched by a master's finger, to vibrate in every heart and elicit responsive tones. So many are they, all so tender and truthful, that they seem sounding as from "a harp of a thousand strings." Too many, indeed, are they for full record here; but, as a composer, closing his overture, gathers up all his themes, to be struck up in a few final chords, of climactic power, so will we concen-

trate these spiritual utterances in one full expression. "For twenty long years I prayed for personal blessings. Sometimes I found, and then again I lost them; so that my religious life was a series of changes, innumerable up and down. But I learned to cease asking for those blessings; and to come to God with an empty heart; a heart emptied of self, of the world, of all things that held in me the place of Christ. Even after I thought this was all done, I found that heaped upon heaped of rubbish needed to be removed from my soul. But Jesus has removed it all; he has emptied out my heart for me, and filled it with himself. When the heart is pure, as made so by him, then there can be no wanderings. The burden of my prayer now is not to have personal blessings, but to know and do the will of God. Those blessings come without asking for them. I am willing to suffer for Christ, to yield up my interest, and even my religion for him; but with the suffering comes also the triumph and the glory. I joy in God, and the joy of the Lord is my strength. For some time I had a negative salvation; now mine is a positive one—an actual Saviour within. Saints, white with frost-hair, may need to go home alone. I wish to remain here, to get into the thick of the battle, with 'HOLINESS' inscribed on my banner, and to come off surely at last, victorious through Christ." In all this there is but little vocal demonstration. Silent tears are shed, sighs of sweetness or desire are unheeded, and songs of jubilation are sung.

Sometimes, indeed, an unbalanced soul—such as one finds everywhere—takes too much of his sufferings, of his costly sacrifices, of paying down the price, judging and restricting others in their liberty as to dress, reading, or methods of life. But these are exceptions. Those golden letters on the wall, fringed with green, are emblems of heavenly glory and eternity, telling us of "THE LORD OUR RIGHTeousNESS," and "HOLINESS TO THE LORD;" these pictures of such holy ones as Wesley and Whitefield, Fletcher and Sumnerfield; those saintly faces, yet imbued with life, and shining with spiritual radiance, weave around us such a spell, breathe in us such desire, that we reluctantly depart, as from a sweet symposium of holy love, yearning for the prophet's word to come true speedily, when, on the "way of holiness," the ransom of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—Independent.

The Power of the Word.
Those who knew Downpatrick, in Ireland thirty years ago, must have been familiar with the name of Captain Rowan. He was a man of high family, he had about the noblest head and heart I ever met with, and men of all ranks and denominations looked up to him. He loved Christ, and counted all as loss for Christ; and as a Presbyterian elder, he devoted himself to Christ's work, particularly in visiting the sick and dying.

Happening to be in Downpatrick, I was introduced to him, and he very soon asked me to visit some of his sick people. One day he called and said, "There was a poor woman in the infirmary who I should like you to call and see; she is in a very peculiar state of mind; I can make nothing of her. I am very anxious that a minister should see her." I accompanied him to a spiritual caravan, a fresh found and a green oasis amid a wilderness of restless places upon a long journey to Jerusalem. Hither, it was here that the spiritual Canaan was found and the new Jerusalem entered. Many of the pilgrims were way-worn, dust-covered, and footsore; but, through their entering, they soon were rested, garments new, and made jubilant. Their place of gathering is changed to St. Mark's Place—fit name of point for such a kind of assembling—and here to-day we enter. But, though the name and place are changed, the object is still the same, and the same, the same. The presiding prayerful, from the few old and familiar faces, mingled up with the many new ones, the pictures and the mottoes on the walls—all these recall the other memories and scenes of Livingston Street. There is a solemn hush of an atmosphere of holy love, as if the very breath in which the "still small voice" that speaks here were incarnated had spell-bound the flesh it inhaled. We can hear the mellow tones of a many-voiced, sweet-sounding organ, as he needs so touchingly the grand inspiration and utterance of love in the Corinthian; that apostolic sympathy of soul-music, commencing, "Though I speak with the tongues of men," We know who that leader is by his familiar voice, although as yet, because of the crowd crushing in the hall, we cannot see his face. Still, that sanguine spirit, flaming sometimes with seraphic fervor, and flashing again with Sanaic tenderness, needs no sight of form to make its force felt. The prayer which follows those inspired breathings of love begins tenderly, like a child's low whimper in the night, as if first wake with a sense of hunger and loneliness, and "with no language but a cry." Then it breaks into a burst of sorrow, like the Prodigal's pensive wail, when his proud will is prostrate, and he falls, a broken soul, into his father's arms. Then comes the petition, into his father's arms. Then comes the petition for cleansing, "the intercession with strong crying and tears" for those who are here burdened with the body of death, from which they agonize to be delivered; and, at last, goes up the glory strain for such deliverance to many—"Thy will be done, O God, who givest us the victory through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!"

"I asked, 'How do you know that you have a soul?'"
"Her answer was, 'I never knew I had a soul till that dear man Captain Rowan told me, after I came here.'"

I endeavored to set the gospel before her in every way I could, but I at last felt my utter helplessness. She was positively ingenious in arguing against herself. Her answer always was, "All true, sir, for any other sinner, but you do not know what a sinner I am!"

Looking up to God with the feeling that I could do nothing, the thought occurred to me—Try the word itself, and see what God may do by his own word; and taking out my Bible, I read to her, without a single comment the conversion of the Samaritan woman, as recorded by John. She listened with the deepest attention, her intelligent eyes open and again expressed what her feelings were. When I had done reading, I said quietly, "Would you not like to have been along with that poor woman at the well?"

She replied with eagerness, "O yes, sir, O yes, sir."
"And what would you have done had you been there?"
"O sir," she said, "I would have asked him to save my soul!"

"And do you think he would have refused you?"
"He burst out weeping and said, 'O, no, sir, no, sir, I can't think that!'"
"No, my dear friend, he never refused to save any sinner; He is so merciful that He cannot refuse to save any child of Adam who applies to him. But then remember that, being God as well as man, He is as really present here now as he was with that poor woman at the well, and will you now trust your soul to Him?"

Still weeping, she said with deep feeling, "Yes, sir, yes, sir; I think I am sure he will save me."
"I then asked, 'Now that you have trusted your own soul to him, suppose yourself still at that well, what is the next thing you would ask Him to do?'"

With intense feeling she said, "O sir, I would ask him to save my husband and children, for they do not know that they have souls!"

In the case, I have reason to believe, turned out one of true conversion. On leaving the hospital I met my dear friend, and told him the result of my visit. He made no remark, but the big tears rolled down his manly face. I felt that even as a poor instrument I had no cause for glorying in this case. Captain Rowan was the instrument of that poor woman's conversion. Would that I had as many souls to my ministry as he had to his work as an elder.—Cor. Brit. Messenger.

Participating in Worldly Pleasures

If there are pleasures which the world alienated from God, has stamped and chosen as its own; pleasures which peculiarly express the vanity and darkness of the natural mind; pleasures which bind men as ungodly together in fellowship and sympathy with these pleasures; if there are pleasures which wholly abstain, if they would keep their garments unspotted from the world. Now the dance, the opera, the theatre, the race course, &c. do come generally into this category. They have been appropriated by "the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," as their peculiar portion; they bear the stamp of the spirit in which they have been coined; they are acknowledged badges of a worldly profession, and the most sort, sacraments of allegiance to the Prince of the powers of the air. We just as naturally infer that one who mingles in them is worldly in his tastes and pursuits, as that one who goes to the Lord's Table is a professed follower of Jesus. In this aspect of the case, then, however perplexed we may be in framing a general or positive rule, which shall discriminate all the lawful amusements of the Christian, we have no difficulty in reaching a negative decision upon the dance and the pleasures cognate with it. Brothers, "I would not, that ye should have fellowship with devils; ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's Table and of the table of devils."

Indeed this matter may be brought home to the conscience. In joining ourselves to the visible Church, we do profess to have come out from the world and to be a peculiar people? What separation may more remain to us when we have abided with the world in the enjoyment of its vanities? Do we profess to be "strangers and pilgrims upon earth, seeking a better country, even a heavenly?" How does this comport with our "lusting after the flesh-pots of Egypt?" Do we profess to grow after the remains of indwelling sin, and to sigh after greater holiness of heart? What conversation would be produced if, amid the evolutions of the dance, we should express this in the pregnant utterance of Paul, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And would not the reply come to us from a chorus of voices, "What dost thou here, Elijah?" Do we profess to fear the temptations of the devil? How does this consist with following Satan into his own haunts that we may tempt him? We profess to be in travail of soul for the salvation of impenitent men? Suppose that we speak to a partner in the dance, warning him of the peril of the world to come; is he, or is it his conscience, that rebukes our profaneness? Do we testify to the world the pleasures of a good conscience and the joy of communion with God? What is that testimony worth when contradicted by our testimony for the pleasures of frivolous mirths? But above all, do we profess to be followers of Him, whose style and title on earth was "the Man of Sorrows?" Do we profess to "bear about in our bodies the dying of the Lord Jesus?" and have we been to the communion table expressly to remember Him in His death, and to have fellowship with Him in His sufferings? Oh! tell it not out with earth, lest it read again the very rocks and breaking dice the slumbers of the dead—a dancing disciple OF A CRUCIFIED REDEEMER! A holy profaneness of a kind, must be used in drawing out religious truth to the notice of the ungodly. Yet the Christian has no call to be in any assembly, when his simple presence there effectually closes his lips and seals up the testimony, which, as God's witness, he should never be disabled from uttering.—Dr. B. M. Palmer.

Conquering Faith.
But two instances are recorded in which Jesus passed an approving judgment, and looked with admiring regard upon the faith of those who came to him; and it is remarkable that they are those of the two Gentiles—the Roman Centurion and the Syro-Phoenician woman.—"Verily," said he of the one, "I have not found so great a faith, no, not in Israel!" "Woman," said he to the other, "great is thy faith! For thou hast said, 'I will be healed,' and thou art healed. Many such instances were displayed. Of the two, however, that of the purely Gentile woman was the highest in its character and the noblest in its achievements.

The Roman's faith was in the unlimitedness of Christ's power—he believed so great that even as he said to his soldiers, "Go!" and they went; "Come!" and they came; "Do this!" and they did;—so could Jesus say to a distance, and by the simple word of his power! The faith of the Canaanite was not simply in the unlimitedness of Christ's power. His power she never for a moment doubted. He had no reason to say to her, "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" but his willingness he gave her himself some reason to doubt. Thousand placed upon as she would have doubted,—thousands tried as she would have doubted. On the other hand, appropriate hymns, sung by one whose heart feels quickly all the pulsations of the meeting may help both to conviction and conversion. The following incident is in point: Sometime in the year 1836 a youth of many prayers had been brought by Divine grace to feel his sinfulness, and was led to trust in Christ. The examination of the conversion had been made by the pastor and elders of the church, who were most satisfied. The Sabbath was drawing near when he was to stand before a large congregation and avow his faith in Christ. His soul was much agitated, and Satan was busy with suggestions. He took himself to earnest prayer, that God would strengthen him, that he might manfully bear his testimony for that dear Friend who had bought him with His blood.

Just before the services began, while the pastor was looking for a hymn, an aged servant of Christ arose and gave out the well known hymn by Dr. Watts:

"What shines value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine.
I shall be glad Thy blessing to receive,
And stand complete in righteousness."

This was sung by the whole congregation; the young man's face all left him; he was filled with unutterable joy, and felt that he could bear his testimony before all the world.

The hymn has been precious to him during the past thirty years, during which time he has been constantly bearing his testimony for Jesus; he has been all the time, and is now, a warm-hearted laborer in the Sunday-school. During the late war he consecrated money, time and labor in the work of the Christian Commission.

A text of Scripture, verse of a hymn, or a sweet song of Zion, often proves to the weary and timid Christian like the spring of moss in the desert which animated and inspired Mungo Park. Let Christians often speak in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, on the pilgrimage of life.

Religious Intelligence.
Spurgeon's Church and Sunday School.
Mr. Spurgeon is the most popular preacher in London. His church will seat comfortably 6000. It is always full. All the seats in the vast edifice are rented. The chapel is rented by seats. The party who takes a pew receives as many tickets as there are seats in it. These hold good for six months. Each person to occupy the pew presents a ticket at the gate and is admitted. Without such ticket no one enters till ten minutes before services commence. Then the gates are opened and the throng rush in and take all unoccupied seats. Mr. Spurgeon's church is an old one. It was formed in 1650. It was ministered to by Dr. Gill, Rippon and other distinguished men. It now numbers 3000 members, every one of which has to report himself at the monthly Communion or be subject to discipline. Mr. Spurgeon is an open Communion Baptist, but allows no members but those who have been immersed. The Communion is celebrated in Mr. Spurgeon's church every Sunday night, but only by a part of his church who believe in weekly celebration. The regular Communion is monthly.

Everything about this concern is gigantic. The chapel as they call dissenting churches here, is a huge stone edifice, with a massive stone porch, supported by six columns, and guarded by an iron fence which would be sufficient for a prairie. The interior is cathedral style. Two deep galleries sweep clear round the church. In front of the gallery, opposite the main entrance, is a large platform, filled with chairs, and beneath the tables standing on the platform is the baptistry. Above this platform, is a second one. It is reached by circular stairs on either side from the first platform. On this upper platform is a sofa, with a table by its side. This is the pulpit of the famous London preacher. The platform is surrounded by a railing, and this is all that keeps him from the people. During his preaching he walks the circuit of the rail, grasping it at times with energy, smiling it with the palms of his hands, leaning over it while he holds a familiar colloquy with his people. Sitting on this upper platform the sight is exhilarating. Every seat is full. Every standing place is crowded. The aisle can only be kept by the light of the men standing in them. At precisely the time of worship, Mr. Spurgeon walks on the platform from the rear, attended by his elders and deacons, who have seats prepared for them in stalls. He is a short, chunky man, with a genuine English look, dark hair, expressive eyes and cheerful face. He has a merry spirit, and cheerfulness and humor predominate in his system. He is very reverent in his manner. His first act in the public service is prayer. His voice is ringing and cheery. His first words are full and clear through all his first words. There is a something, something, something, in his manner of speaking here, which Spurgeon is a splendid contrast. The singing is very grand. Each hymn is read twice—once through before singing and then verse by verse as it is sung. A chorister steps out on the upper platform and sets the tune, in no organ or musical instrument is allowed in the chapel. While he prescribes every inch of Mr. Spurgeon is to be seen from his boots to his hair. A small piece of paper held in the table by the side of the sofa, to which he seldom refers, contains his notes. A sermon of about forty-five minutes is a simple presentation of Evangelical truth, earnestly, vividly and sometimes graphically set forth. Mr. Spurgeon has the power of putting himself in sympathy with his audience and sways them at his will.

His Sunday school is very large, and would be larger if there were room for children. One of the Bible classes for young men has 200 members. A Ladies' Bible Class has 700 in attendance and 900 on the roll. Six hundred young men go out every Sunday to preach among the poor and destitute parts of London. The college connected with this chapel has 93 students, every one of whom goes out every Sunday to preach in those neglected and destitute parts of London.—Correspondent Boston Journal.

Men Wanted.
The great want of this age is MEN!—Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, true to the heart's core. Men who fear the Lord and hate covetousness. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as in others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reel. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men who can neither swagger nor flinch. Men who can stand without shivering or fainting. Men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still, and deep, and strong. Men careful of God's honour and careless of man's applause. Men too large for sectarian limits, and too strong for sectarian bands. Men who do not strive, nor cry, nor cause their voices to be heard in the streets, but who will not fall nor be discouraged, till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their own minds, and are not to be led by the nose. Men who know their own hearts, and do it. Men who know their own place and duty do it. Men who mind their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too busy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have paid for. Men who know in whom they have believed. Men whose feet are on the everlasting rock. Men who are not ashamed of their hope. Men who are strong with divine strength, wise with the wisdom that cometh from above, and loving with the love of Christ. Men of God.—Fermanagh Reporter.

Saved by Singing.
A good leader of sacred song in a prayer meeting is almost as important as a good minister. Hymns chosen without appreciation of the spirit of the meeting, or sung without life and union, may disturb religious enjoyment, or even turn aside interest awakened in the other hand, appropriate hymns, sung by one whose heart feels quickly all the pulsations of the meeting may help both to conviction and conversion. The following incident is in point: Sometime in the year 1836 a youth of many prayers had been brought by Divine grace to feel his sinfulness, and was led to trust in Christ. The examination of the conversion had been made by the pastor and elders of the church, who were most satisfied. The Sabbath was drawing near when he was to stand before a large congregation and avow his faith in Christ. His soul was much agitated, and Satan was busy with suggestions. He took himself to earnest prayer, that God would strengthen him, that he might manfully bear his testimony for that dear Friend who had bought him with His blood.

greeted us warmly, and when I said I hoped they would not have any objection to being taught by ladies temporarily, they replied unanimously that they should consider it an honor.

It touched me much to see a row of young ministers, every one with a primer in hand; it centiates I presume these were. Miss B. took them in hand, and afterwards attended to a Third Reader class, while I took charge of a large class in the Freedmen's Second Reader. On the front seat was a venerable old man, evidently more accustomed to the spots or the bow than to a book. He held it up to the gas, borrowed a pair of spectacles of a neighbor, and finally succeeded in reading the first two paragraphs of the opening lesson. I confess I felt some delicacy at correcting the old gentleman for the misplacement of a letter or two, or the disregard of the commas and periods. I pictured him in the pulpit giving full vent to his native eloquence, urging his unconverted brethren to come to Jesus, or going down to the river side to administer the rite of baptism; and I almost felt as if I were offering an insult to his grey hairs. Not so, however; his face brightened up each time I corrected him, and as he evidently enjoyed it I began to enjoy it too.

But now picture if you can a minister's spelling class! Imagine my feelings as I called on the Rev. Mr. — to spell w-o-r-l-d, and the Rev. Mr. — to spell b-e-a-t-i-f-i-c; a difficult word by the way, both to spell and pronounce, and over which every one tripped and fell! I took occasion to enliven the spelling with various little dissertations on the nature and peculiarities of the English language, the derivation of words, &c., with which they seemed highly delighted. When every one had read and spelt, it was proposed by the Rev. Mr. — that they should read the first chapter of Revelation, and I readily consented, advising that one should read in a distinct audible voice, stopping at the end of each verse for the rest to criticize. My advice was followed and proved very acceptable in its results. Critics showed down freely, and I was appealed to as umpire. 'You said sanctified instead of signified,' cried one, alluding to the first verse; 'you said 'the things instead of 'those' things,' cried another, referring to the third. The worthy pastor stood rebuked and submitted himself with a lowliness worthy of imitation. We wound up our exercise by repeating simultaneously, all the hard words in the chapter—Alpha, Omega, Ephesus, Smyrna, Thyatira, &c.

Conversion of Mahomedan Officers.
We have been favored with the following most interesting letter by the Hon. Secretary of the Ladies' Irish Association:—
On Sunday, December 2nd, I was sent for by Mr. Robertson to interpret for him, because some Turkish officers, who had been Mahomedans, and had become Christians, were with him. They had lately come from Constantinople and were going the next day to Damascus. I went and met them at Mahomedan's house. There were two or three women with them. They told me that the cause of their coming to St. Mark's was that they were passing the door, and they heard some people singing; they thought that it was Mr. Jessep's house, and they went in to see him. They found Mr. M. Shaheer and his family sitting together singing. He invited them to sit down with them; and, as Mr. Robertson's house is very near, they sent for me to speak with them.

I asked them how they became Protestants. One of them answered that they had heard the word of God from an American Missionary in a village near Constantinople; then they began to search the scriptures and ask those things, till they became quite satisfied that ours is the true religion, and then they openly declared themselves Christians. When this was heard in the "Porte," the Mufti brought one of them before him, and asked him if he were really a Protestant, and he answered, "Yes, I am." The Mufti said, "You must deny your new faith or your life will be in danger." He replied, "He then added that our Saviour had said, 'Whosoever confesseth my name before the world, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven' and again, 'When they bring you before rulers, be not afraid, &c.' Then the Mufti ordered him to prison, where he remained many days; but when the American and English Ambassadors heard about him they compelled the Government to release him. They then added, 'It is by God's help and mercy that we are spared.'

Mr. Robertson remarked that they were told of some rulers in the Bible who have been converted, and one of chief officers. They told me also that there are 200 Mahomedans in Constantinople who have become Christians; after confessing their faith in the Lord Jesus, they were banished, but they have since been recalled, and are still standing. firm.—Letter from Turkey in Christian World for February.

General Miscellany.
A Life at the Pole.
The bears, wandering continually through the night, must needs have a hard struggle to live. During the summer, the seals, who furnish their only subsistence, crawl up on the ice, and they are easily caught; but in the winter they only resort to the cracks to breathe, and in doing so, barely put their noses above water, so that they are captured with difficulty. Driven to despair by hunger the bears will sometimes invade the haunts of men, in search of the food which their quick senses have discovered.

I had an adventure about this time, which shows that the polar bear is not so ferocious as is generally supposed; indeed they have never been known to attack man, except when holy pursued and driven to close quarters. Strolling one day along the shore, I was observing with much interest the effect of rearing spurs upon the ice-foot when rounding a point of land,

I suddenly found myself confronted in the faint moonlight by an enormous bear. He had just sprung down from the land ice, and was meeting me at full trot. We caught sight of each other at the same instant. Being without a rifle or other means of defense, I whined suddenly towards the ship, with, I fancy, much the same result as the whining of a dog. I was then looking at the Douglass set upon him; but finding after a few lengthy strides that I was not gobbled up, I looked back over my shoulder, when, as much to my surprise as gratification, I saw the bear tearing away toward the open water with a celerity that left no doubt as to the state of his mind. I suppose it would be difficult to determine which was the most frightened—the bear or I.

The troops of foxes about us were at first quite tame; but they had been cured of their familiarity by the lessons learned from the hunters, and had to be approached with a rifle. Of both blue and white varieties I had living specimens in my cabin. These two varieties of the fox, notwithstanding their many points of resemblance, are evidently distinct species. I have not known them to mix, the coat of each preserving its distinctive hue, that of the blue fox varying merely in distinctive shade, while the white changes only from pure white, to a slightly yellowish tinge. Their skins are much sought after by the trappers of South Greenland, where the animals are rare, for the fur commands a fabulous price in the Copenhagen market.

The tough, nearly hairless hides of the great sea lions, which are about an inch thick, had a singularly iron-plated look about them, peculiarly suggestive of defense; while their huge tusks, which they brandished with an appearance of strength that their awkwardness did not diminish, looked like formidable weapons of offense if applied to a bear's plucking or to the human ribs if one should find himself floundering in the sea among the thick-skinned brutes. To complete the hideousness of a facial expression which the tusks rendered formidable enough in appearance, nature had endowed them with broad flat noses which were covered all over with stiff whiskers, looking much like porcupine quills, and extending up to the edge of a pair of gaping nostrils. The use of those whiskers is as obscure as that of the tusks; though it is probable that the latter may be as well weapons of offense and defense as for the more useful purposes of grubbing up from the bottom of the sea the mollusks which constitute their principal food. There were two old bulls in the herd who appeared to be dividing their time between sleeping and jamming their tusks into each other's faces, although they appeared to treat the matter with perfect indifference, as this did not appear to make impression on each other's thick hides. As we approached these old fellows—rather of which could have been less than sixteen feet long, nor smaller in girth than a hoghead—raised up their heads, and after undertaking a leisurely survey of us, seemed to think us unworthy of further notice; and, then punching each other again in the face fell once more asleep.

As we jog on towards spring, each hour of the six months' darkness grows a little longer, and takes a little more from the elasticity of the eye and adds a little more to the lengthening face and cheeks, little by little, the cheerful laugh and the merry jest that came from hold and cabin and, without being willing to confess it openly, yet we are all forced to acknowledge to ourselves that the enemy does now and then get the better of us, and that we have often to renew the resolution. The moonlight comes and goes again, and the night glances clear and cold over the white landscape; and the memory returns, unbidden to other days that are fled and gone; and we miss in the sparkling air and the still hour of the winter night, the jingling bells, and the sleigh which will always hold one more, and the way-side inn, and the smoking supper that "mine host" serves up, and the crackling blaze of the country logs; and then we forget the moon, and the snow and the frost, and we recall the summer and the sunshine, we remember that "the sea in the shade of the hawthorn bush" is far away.—Dr. Hayes' Open Polar Sea.

Off Hand Speaking.
"To speak well you must be in rapport not only with your own mind, but with your subject and your audience. It is really wonderful that this connection is so rarely complete, and that such mistakes come from its absence. Sometimes you are out of joint with yourself, and your mind seems no more to jump with your tongue than the mind of the man in the moon, and you feel that you have no hold of your subject. Again your thought, although quite active in a certain way, does not enter into the subject, and you are very much like an eager horseman who wants to ride, but finds the horse refusing to be mounted, or when mounted, insisting upon standing still or pitching the luckless rider over his head. Sometimes, moreover, when you and your subject get on very well together, you fail to connect with the audience, and without having any positive quarrel with them, you find yourself as far apart as if they were a thousand miles off. You will use every means to establish the true relation, to keep your own mind ready at your call; to make it dwell faithfully upon such leading principles as are fundamental to all important subjects; and to take vital interest in men, not such as belong to your class only, but to all men in all the various tempers and conditions of the common life. It is happy who masters this connection thoroughly, and agrees with his own soul, his subject, and his audience. He is the good rider who is master of himself, his good steed, and the road, and he goes forth conquering and to conquer."

Some very interesting and curious phenomena occur when this rapport is complete, and some of the signs that spiritualists ascribe to supernatural agency are constant attendants of good extemporaneous speaking. A strange, good extemporaneous speaking. A strange, and cheering, and powerful influence rises up within the speaker, and is met and quickened by the subject and the occasion. The calmer he is, and less elevated and blown about by passion, the more profoundly he is inwardly moved.—Thoughts and emotions come to him of themselves without painful seeking, and the subject opens itself to him as if it were a part of his own brain or heart. Words and sentences of unusual fitness and beauty come to him of them-

A Spelling Class for Colored Preachers.
A lady in Augusta, Ga., gives an interesting account of an experiment in teaching theology. She says:—
A theological school is just being opened here for colored Baptist ministers. A building is to be erected by-and-by, and a professor from the North is to take charge; but at present the school is simply a voluntary organization of students as they can get. They have asked Mr. Prince to take charge, and he has proposed to me to assist him.

I made my first visit last night, my good friend Miss Bart accompanying me. I had taught night school before, but never just this kind of school. Here were about forty ministers, of different ages, from the white-headed father in Israel to the young blonde, every one with a book in his hand, and eager to study. They

