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THE GENERAL
BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
REPOSITORY,
AND
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. VI. NEW SERIES.

1859.

L O N D O N :
PUBLISHED BY SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND Co.,
STATIONERS' HALL COURT.
LOUGHBOROUGH: JOHN HENRY GRAY.

LOUGHBOROUGH
JOHN HENRY GRAY, PRINTER
MARKET-PLACE

PREFACE.

MEMENTOES associated with departed excellence possess a mournful interest. The completed volume now placed in the hands of our readers is one of these. The first two numbers were issued under the supervision of one who for twenty-six years had been actively employed in connection with this Magazine. The earlier part of the third number was arranged by him for publication, and an editorial note appended to the opening memoir, in which the news of the death of the Rev. G. Judd was referred to as "unexpectedly coming upon him;" but before the number could be carried through the press, it was our painful duty to announce that, with equal suddenness, he also had been snatched away from our midst.

Called upon, thus unexpectedly, and while still smarting from recent bereavement, to take up the standard which had fallen from his hands, as he sank on the high places of the field, we threw ourselves on the kindness and forbearance of the Connexion, and carried it forward till the last Annual Association.

The willingness with which, during that interval, help had been given by "certain men of our company," and the slightly increased sales of the periodical, induced us to propose to the brethren in Association assembled, to take the conduct of the Magazine on the terms agreed to by the late Editor; and the brethren, after a friendly discussion of other plans, were pleased, by a cordial and unanimous vote, to accept our offer.

Since that time it has been the Editor's aim, by carrying out improvements determined upon by the late Editor, but which he did not live to accomplish, to throw increasing attraction into its pages. If, therefore, any excellencies are recognized by our readers in the later numbers, or indeed in any, during the period the Magazine has been under our management, they will now know from what source they originated.

The Editor frankly acknowledges that the periodical has never fairly reflected the intelligence, culture, and piety of the denomination; nor

yet the general Christian activity of its different sections. But this fault cannot be laid at the Editor's door. Surely it is high time, when every Christian society is bestirring itself, and some that are younger by several years than ourselves, are already in advance of us, for every minister and every educated layman to do what in him lies towards the more thorough representation of our true position in the Christian world; and, through the pages of the only organ among us, to give the whole Connexion the benefit of their larger experience, more various reading, higher culture, and nobler faith. A little personal sacrifice on their part will secure this desirable end. The Editor would, therefore, again earnestly solicit the friendly counsel and cordial co-operation of ministers and brethren in every part of our Connexion.

May he also ask the aid of the secretaries of our churches in the intelligence department? The columns devoted to correspondence, will, as beforetime, be open for the discussion of questions now pressing, or thought to be pressing, on us as Christian men and citizens, for speedy and satisfactory solution; it being always understood that the writers only are responsible for their opinions.

We say nothing here about our plans for the coming year; but would refer our readers to the general prospectus, which will be issued with this number of the Magazine.

The fact that the *MISSIONARY OBSERVER* has been placed, by the vote of the Association, in the hands of the Secretary for the Orissa Mission, is a sufficient guarantee that the most recent, and the most interesting letters and journals from our noble band of missionaries in India, will always be placed before our readers.

November, 1859.

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T H E
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES. JANUARY, 1859.

No. 61.

VICTORIA PROCLAIMED QUEEN OF INDIA.

MONDAY, THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER, 1858, will henceforward be a memorable day throughout the wide realms of India, for on that day at Calcutta, Bombay, Allahabad, Madras, and at every large city and important station from Peshwar to Cape Comorin, from Bombay to Birmah, the constitutional Sovereign of Great Britain, was proclaimed Queen of all the territories heretofore acquired and governed by the East India Company. Whether it be for good or for ill, whether the resources of India are developed, her wealth increased, her prosperity and tranquility are secured or otherwise, by this event, the day itself will henceforth be memorable.

There is something lofty and imposing in the idea of such a proclamation. In every place, where local circumstances would permit, there would be military display, official rejoicing, and some sort of public demonstration. Simultaneously and solemnly the trumpets would sound, and the assembled crowds would hear that Victoria, the Queen of England, was also Queen of India. What a strange change must have come over India since the Company was first chartered by Queen Elizabeth! How has the power of the great Mogul faded away! and how great is the responsibility as well as the dignity attaching to the power that is now proclaimed! Let us hope that the good providence of God will overrule this change for good! "Victoria, Queen of India." How much is really involved in these words! They imply that the rule, often almost irresponsible, of a trading Company is at an end—that the Parliament and people of England, through whom the Crown rules, will have a larger and more direct influence on the destinies of India, and will be much more powerful than formerly to improve the condition, secure the privileges, and promote the well-being of their fellow subjects in India—and that, as the responsibility of the rule of India now rests on the British Government at home, the enlightened people of England will feel *their share* of that responsibility, and will by their influence promote the good of India.

The proclamation now lies before us, and as we have read it with

great care and attention, so, doubtless, has every word been closely scanned by millions both in India and in the world. After reading it over several times, and also a number of comments on it made by natives and Europeans, we feel at a loss to say whether any part of it could be altered for the better. Its language is calm, dignified, and firm. It is void of the pomp of orientalism, and of all superfluous sentiment. The Queen first assumes her power and issues her commands, and afterwards gives such promises as are adapted to promote the tranquility and ensure the good government of her subjects.

We give the whole of this document a space in our pages, in order that what may now be called "The Charter of India," may be in the possession of all our readers—

Proclamation by the Queen in Council to the Princes, Chiefs, and People of India.

"Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Colonies and Dependencies thereof in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, Queen, Defender of the Faith.

"Whereas, for divers weighty reasons, we have resolved, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons in parliament assembled, to take upon ourselves the Government of the Territories in India, heretofore administered in trust for us by the Hon. East India Company.

"Now, therefore, we do by these presents notify and declare that, by the advice and consent aforesaid, we have taken upon ourselves the said government, and we hereby call upon all our subjects within the said territories to be faithful and to bear true allegiance to us, our heirs and successors, and to submit themselves to the authority of those whom we may hereafter from time to time see fit to appoint to administer the government of our said territories, in our name and on our behalf.

"And we, reposing special trust and confidence in the loyalty, ability, and judgment of our right trusty and well beloved cousin and councillor, Charles John Viscount Canning, do hereby constitute and appoint him, the said Viscount Canning, to be our First Viceroy and Governor-General in and over our name, and generally to act in our name and on our behalf, subject to such orders and regulations as he shall, from time to time, receive from us through one of our principal Secretaries of State.

"And we do hereby confirm in their several offices, civil and military, all persons now employed in the service of the Honorable East India Company, subject to our future pleasur, and to such laws and regulations as may hereafter be enacted.

"We hereby announce to the native princes in India, that all treaties and engagements made with them by or under the authority of the Honorable East India Company are by us accepted, and will be scrupulously maintained; and we look for the like observance on their part.

"We desire no extension of our present territorial possessions; and, while we will permit no aggression upon our dominions or our rights to be attempted without impunity, we shall sanction no encroachment on those of others. We shall respect the rights, dignity, and honour of native princes as our own, and we desire that they, as well as our own subjects, should enjoy that prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government.

"We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects; and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil.

"Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure that none be in anywise favoured, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law; and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure.

"And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge.

"We know and respect the feelings of attachment with which the natives of India regard the lands inherited by them from their ancestors, and we desire to protect them in all rights connected therewith, subject to the equitable demands of the State; and we will that, generally, in framing and administering the law, due regard be paid to the ancient rights, usages, and customs of India.

"We deeply lament the evils and misery which have been brought upon India by the acts of ambitious men, who have deceived their countrymen by false reports, and led them into open rebellion. Our power has been shown by the suppression of that rebellion in the field; we desire to show our mercy by pardoning the offences of those who have been thus misled, but who desire to return to the path of duty.

"Already in one province, with a view to stop the further effusion of blood, and to hasten the pacification of our Indian dominions, our Viceroy and Governor-General has held out to those who in the late unhappy disturbances have been guilty of offences against our Government, and has declared the punishment which will be inflicted on those whose crimes place them beyond the reach of forgiveness. We approve and confirm the said act of our Viceroy and Governor-General, and do further announce and pardon as follows:

"Our clemency will be extended to all offenders, save and except those who have been or shall be convicted of having directly taken part in the murder of British subjects.

"With regard to such the demands of justice forbid the exercise of mercy.

"To those who have willingly given asylum to murderers, knowing them to be such, or who may have acted as leaders or instigators in revolt; their lives alone can be guaranteed; but in appointing the penalty due to such persons full consideration will be given to the circumstances under which they have been induced to throw off their allegiance; and large indulgence will be shown to those whose crimes may appear to have originated in a too credulous acceptance of the false reports circulated by designing men.

"To all others in arms against the Government we hereby promise unconditional pardon, amnesty, and oblivion of all offences against ourselves, our crown and dignity, on their return to their homes and peaceful pursuits.

"It is our royal pleasure that these terms of grace and amnesty should be extended to all those who comply with their conditions before the first day of January next.

"When, by the blessing of Providence, internal tranquility shall be restored, it is our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful ministry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer its government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein. In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward. And may the God of all power grant unto us, and to those in authority under us, strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people."

Such is the important proclamation. It will be seen that as to its bearing on *religion*, it includes a becoming profession of the Christian faith on the one hand, and a guarantee of entire religious freedom on the other; so that the inhabitants of India may now be said to possess a charter of such religious liberties as even Englishmen have not enjoyed for more than a single generation! In reference to other matters, it will be seen that the Queen accepts the treaties made by the Company with the native princes, disavows all desire to extend our present territorial possessions; promises a "due regard to the ancient rights, usages and customs of India;" and also earnestly desires its general improvement and prosperity. Clemency will be shown to such mutineers as return to their allegiance, and those only sacrificed who have been the murderers of British subjects.

On the whole, we would fain hope that this proclamation may have the effect of promoting tranquility in India, and that the just and righte-

ous principles of government which it contains, and the promises which it holds out, may be acted on to the letter, so that this may be the beginning of a new and better era for India.

The reading of the proclamation on Monday was the occasion of a grand public rejoicing. It was hailed with tremendous cheering. A loyal address, the first which a British monarch has received from the people of Hindostan, has just reached England from Bombay. It is signed by about 3,000 Hindoos, Mahomedans, and Parsees, who express their firm assurance that "the great principles of moderation, impartiality and justice," which they say characterise Her Majesty's Government generally, will be scrupulously recognized; and they connect with that conviction the hope that "the basis of her rule in India will be more secure than that upon which it has rested for so many years."

We have not, as yet,* received reports as to the acceptance of the proclamation in many places. At Nagpore, in Central India, an English writer says—"the proclamation has fallen flat, it has produced no impression but one of dissatisfaction and distrust; even the scanty band of native well-wishers are disappointed." They had, he states, with intense interest expected the proclamation, and had hoped for some signal act of clemency, or some special promise of restoration or recognition to illustrious or historical families, who have been rejected and despoiled during these last ten years, and who, nevertheless, have preserved a friendly attitude, and even some of them rendered substantial support and assistance during the terrible crisis of 1857, &c. The proclamation disappointed them, and they said, "It is only the Company's government continued." Still the writer himself does not complain of the proclamation, though he sympathizes with the disappointed natives. The natives were pleased that the East India Company was not praised or regretted in the proclamation, and that no reasons were given for its extinction. This, they thought an omen for good. The writer, moreover, warns the British public not to trust in present appearances, but to carry out the good points of the proclamation, by the manifestation of a new policy, that confidence may be restored.

An article extracted from a *native paper* perhaps may be regarded as more worthy of attention than an Englishman's opinion. We give this entire, as shewing the very common sense view which the natives take of the proclamation:—

From the *Rast Gofar*, Nov. 7.—"The royal proclamation, announcing the assumption, by the Queen of England, of the government of India, read to the public on Monday last, has been pronounced a charter of the civil and religious rights and liberties of the people of India; and such a charter it would pre-eminently be, if carried out with that earnestness and that sincerity in which it appears to have been framed. Amongst promises of good government, and a faithful discharge of the obligations of duty incumbent on the State, it guarantees five specific things to the princes and people of India, which in plain language may be enumerated as follows:—

1. The treaties and engagements which were binding on the East India Company will be rigidly and scrupulously observed by the Queen.
2. The Spoliation of native chiefs and princes will be no longer be permitted.

* We write this Dec. 8. Before the end of the month, intelligence from all parts of India will arrive in this country. We shall allude to it in our Notes of the Month.

3. The religious beliefs of the people will not be interfered with.
4. The natives will be admitted to offices of trust and emoluments equally with the Europeans without distinction of caste or colour.
5. The odious process of the resumption of the alienations of the public revenue will be put a stop to.

Now, it will be perceived that these are no new concessions; and if we hail the royal manifesto as the harbinger of good for the people of India, it is not for its making these announcements, but for the expectation we have been led to form of their being earnestly and sincerely carried out under a fresh and vigorous *regime*. The importance of the proclamation lies not in the professions it makes, but in the hope that the time has come when they may be realised. Similar professions, in some shape or other, were from time to time made by the East India Company and its officers, but in most instances they remained on paper, and some were positively set aside. Even for unjust acts, good and weighty reasons were made out and recorded. Dalhousie made no spoliation for which a moral obligation, a political necessity, a philanthropic desire for bettering the condition of the people were not pointed out. We hope such a policy has passed away, and that the new *regime* has brought along with it earnestness of action, sincerity of purpose, and political honesty. And it is with this hope and in this sense that we attach importance to the Queen's proclamation."

We doubt not that the attention of this country, and especially the devout and religious part of it, will be anxiously directed to India; that the conduct of its government will be closely and properly observed, and that every laudable means will be employed by them, that the benefits promised in the proclamation may, on the return of tranquillity, be secured to the millions of her people; and we would suggest, in conclusion, that while this is the duty of every citizen and christian, it is their especial duty and privilege also to implore the blessing and guidance of Him, "by whom kings reign," that his truth may spread, and his kingdom be established in that mighty empire; that the connection of India with England may ultimately prove a lasting blessing.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. G. STAPLES.

THE old year has departed, and the new year has started in its career, "rejoicing like a strong man to run its race." The commencement of the year is no unimportant season in the biography of man. It seems a time for settling other accounts than those of our ledgers—making other presents than those that are usually made. "My son give me thy heart," is the demand addressed, then, to every man, the bill left at every man's door—a responsibility which remains at this moment upon every soul, the ignorance of which is the refusal of our greatest joy, and the heartfelt response to which, is the commencement of a new and blessed career. It is admitted that this season is not real in one sense, because days, and years, and months, and weeks are the mere nomenclature of man, the stepping stones that part and mark, as it were, that strong current that runs ceaselessly along, in which there is no division or distinction in the nomenclature of heaven. Still it is, by a just connective arrangement, a moment in the lapse of years, when it becomes us to take a retrospect, and ask ourselves, What have the last fifty-two Sundays that I have spent done for me? What impressions have they

left upon my heart? What new lessons have I learned? What new accessions have I made to my store of knowledge? What new hopes have been created within me? What new duties have they made more acceptable, more easy, more delightful? What new sacrifices have they prompted me to make? How much have I given to the cause of humanity—to the claims of Christ—to the progress of religion? What passions have I subdued? What evil propensities have I extirpated by the aid of the Spirit of God? What evil connexions have I broken off? What bad company have I renounced? Has the past year hardened, or has it subdued, and softened, and sanctified me? Am I at the beginning of the present year what I was not at the commencement of the past year, having reason to thank God that whereas “I was once blind, now I see?” Am I resting on that blessed Saviour, who will enable me to meet death as a friend, or to despise him as a foe—knowing that he lost his sting when I lost the burden of my transgressions, and that neither life, nor death, shall be able to separate me from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus my Lord? We are, in this world, very much like a man walking just once over a land, strewn with gems and covered with fragments of virgin gold, which become fewer and less precious the farther he advances on his journey, till, when he arrives at the end of it, there is none left at all. How sad must be the reflection of that man, if, when he has reached the limits of the country he has been traversing, he shall find that he has gathered fading flowers—that he has listened to the warbling birds on the trees, but has neglected to pick up one piece of gold, or gather one gem, and that the country is now traversed by him for the last time, and that he cannot return to make up in the future what he has culpably lost. Such is our position; we are travelling through a land where each step brings us nearer to that moment, when its opportunities will be lost for ever, when, if we have mis-spent our time, we shall be constrained to say what we cannot conceal from ourselves,—“The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.” To be saved is the rare thing: to be lost for ever seems, as far as we can judge, to be the frequent thing. And yet, what is it to be saved? To be made unspeakably happy—really, truly to live. What is it to be lost? It is all summed up in one dread utterance, “A fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”

We should, however, improve the opening of the year, not only by taking a careful and faithful retrospect of the past, but by forming and cherishing high and lofty purposes for the future. It becomes us to commence the year by determining to set our affections on things above. Many and weighty reasons may be assigned why we should do so. One, is the fact, that these things grow in importance every year, and the longer we live, the deeper is the interest in them that we have, or ought to have. Rome, and Babylon, and Jerusalem have all passed away; Nineveh, Thebes, Palmyra, Memphis—all that was great and illustrious in ancient story is gone, and scarcely a wreck of them remains. Let the youngest or the oldest man take a review of a few years; the changes that have occurred will startle and sometimes sadden you. Go, after a short time, to the place of your boyhood; the school, if it remains, is brightened by other faces; the old man that you knew there is gone, and

the venerable minister that preached there, has passed to his account; and along the streets are rushing currents of new faces all strange to you; and of the remains of that busy day, in which you played a part, the few that survive are shut up in their closets, infirm, sick, aged, dying: telling us, as if in one piercing voice, "Set not your heart upon things that slip from you the instant that you see them; but oh! set it upon things that are above, that endure for ever and ever."

It appears as if the bright flowers that burst forth in every place, in the season of spring, were teaching us a lesson that the blindest may read—that the fairest and loveliest things must soon fade. It seems that when the earth in summer shoots forth at once all her hidden and mysterious glories, her riches and her beauty, in flower, in grass, in wood, in herb, and afterwards, in autumn, draws them all back again into her bosom; she gives us an idea of what she can produce, and at the same time she forbids us to fasten our affections upon them, since these are but the vision of an hour, and the earnest of the future: we must look beyond them to flowers that never fade, to a spring and summer that never knew an autumn.

Another reason for our determining, as we commence the year, to set our affections on things above, is found in the fact, that many whom we have loved upon earth have preceded us, and pre-occupied the home to which we are now aspiring. Is it not true, that the world becomes to you, aged man, more and more like a foreign land, and heaven, in your best apprehensions, more like a home and a native place? Is it not true at this moment, that friends, and children, and fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and brothers are all in heaven, and that only a few recent strangers are your companions upon earth? Where a man's family is, there a man's home is. Home is not made up of bricks and mortar; wherever the family is, there the home is. How joyful is the fact that our home is gradually evaporating from the earth, like a dissolving view, and daily developing itself in the skies, an everlasting scene! Our home is beyond the stars; the holy and dear group that constitutes its charm and its attraction, is constantly accumulating there. Set your affection, then, on things that are above, and not upon the things that are scattered at your feet below. Seeking things that are above too, casts an ennobling influence upon him that seeks them. We can almost know the man whose heart is in the world by his downward look; and we can equally know, by his bright eye and upward look, the saint whose heart is in heaven. We can thus know, almost by his appearance, the man who sets his affections upon things that are above, as distinguished from the man who sets his affections on things that are below. The ardent and absorbing pursuit of money makes a man's face repulsive, as it hardens his heart, and degenerates his nature. The lofty aspiration toward that which is beyond the world, and, in the presence of God, casts an ennobling aspect on the countenance that thus looks sun-ward, and raises that man from herding with the beasts that perish, to walk as a son of God, and sojourn with the heirs and children of the Most High. Setting your affections on things above, is also the surest way to find successfully the things that are below. If we set out to mind our own things first, we shall probably miss our own and God's too, but if we set out to find God's things first, we shall gain His, and certainly our own too. He that seeks first the wisdom of Christ, will not occupy the lowest

place in the wisdom of Solomon: he who seeks first the riches of glory, obedience to Christ, sympathy with all that is holy, will not least efficiently discharge the dignities, the duties, and the responsibilities of this world. As sure as we direct our earthly course by heavenly lights, so sure we shall reach that heavenly haven which is perfect rest, and reap, at the same time, the highest possible amount of human happiness in our course through this world to immortality and to glory. "Seek ye," then, "first the kingdom of God, and all things shall be added unto you." Set your affections upon things above, and things below will fall into their proper place. The present will be bright in proportion as you bring the future into it; your happiness now will be rich in proportion as you draw on the happiness that is to come: things below will be enjoyed in the ratio in which you set your affections upon things that are above. And fail not to observe that they only are admitted to the things that are above, in whose hearts things above are admitted now. It is not true, that we have only to cast ourselves upon the floods, and we shall be drifted to heaven; only by steering directly and designedly to heaven shall we be sure of successfully reaching it. The heart must rise with Christ, if we hope to reign with Christ. Our career begins in grace, and it culminates in glory. True our life is in the future; but what future? Is it the future of this world which is filled with things below, or is it the future of yon world which is filled and radiant with things that are above? If you have sought things that are below, and sought them sinfully, you must suffer things that are below, and deeper and greater still—"everlasting punishment."

Improve the beginning of the year then, reader, by determining to set your heart upon things above, and should the sentence be recorded against you, "This year thou shalt die," you will have nothing to fear, but everything to hope for. To the natural man, dying, is still death; to the child of God it is not death, but transition. To the unrenewed man death is still the spectre, the *poursuivant* summoning the criminal to the judgment-seat of his Judge; but to the heavenly-minded child of God, it is but the messenger of Jesus, sprinkled with His atoning blood, telling the believer, "Your home is now ready, your warfare is finished, your work is done, enter into the joy of your Lord." Yes, the hour which comes to you, believer, and comes to all, is not extinction, but a glorious and beautiful exchange; the sun of life that sets behind the hills of the west, does so rise in a more beauteous and everlasting east. You do not die, you do not close your life; but you pass from death to life—from a life that ends every day, to a life whose full tide knows no ebbing. Absence from the body is presence with the Lord.

Commence the year, then, with seeking things above. Seek them in the Bible; it is the mirror of them, it is the map that portrays them. Seek them in the preaching of the gospel. Wait upon the preaching of the gospel. No man who honestly and teachably does so will come away disappointed. Seek those things that are above upon the Sabbath-day; it is the day for gathering manna, when heaven is opened. Seek them, above all, in and through Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life; in whom all the promises are yea, and for whose sake God has promised, and when the things that are below have all been consumed by the last flame, you will bless the day when you turned your back upon the one, and set your face to the other.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

WE have been requested by an esteemed friend, to insert Dr. King's opening address, delivered at the last meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, held at Liverpool some months ago. Sympathizing with the idea of a brotherly union and recognition among all them "who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," we thought, at first, to comply with this request. But, on perusing the pamphlet, we perceived that it was much too long for a single article. We give, however, its leading sentiments in the following extracts:—

DEAR FRIENDS AND BRETHREN,

WE are met to promote Christian union. So far we occupy common ground with all Evangelical institutions; they all suppose and require the union of Christians. But the statement of our object also indicates a difference between our alliance and others. In their case union is the means, and one or other of many good works is the end contemplated; whereas with us all other engagements, all other pursuits are collateral or subordinate, and union itself is the grand blessing which we seek to secure.

That there was need of some instrumentality to fix attention, specifically and emphatically, on the value of concord, and happily advance its invigoration and diffusion, sufficiently appears from the past history and present condition of the Church. Its divisions have been its reproach—the scandal of its friends, the taunt of its foes.

After all, what so cementing as religion? Our disputes we confess, their acrimony we deplore; but if any reject religion because of its dissensions, what else do they find productive of so much confederation? If union is to be the determining condition, where so much of it as within our realms? Philosophers have acknowledged the existence of God, and His claims on our homage; but in what country or what age has philosophy possessed enough of harmony to congregate or uphold a single worshipping society? If the appeal is transferred from piety to philanthropy, the issue is still the same. Propose to visit the sick, to lodge the houseless, to reform the dissolute, and where will you find so many as among the disciples of Jesus, ready to join heart and hand in these beneficent enterprises—prompt and eager to do all that can be done to reclaim the vicious and comfort the wretched?

It is surprising, also, to see with all our multiplicity and diversity of ecclesiastical politics, how Churches, when in earnest, approximate in action. The laity come to be enlisted when there is no acknowledgment of congregationalism. The minister is surrounded by a body-guard of good soldiers, and neighbouring ministers consort and consult together where kirk sessions and presbyteries are vehemently repudiated. Realities sometimes differ less than designations, and while the sectary sedulously uprears his partition-wall, seeing only good within, and only evil beyond it, the catholic Christian will rejoice to discover some unity in variety, some approximating tendency in diverging pretensions, and, it may be, some essential sameness under superficial strife.

I solicit attention for some requisites of union, which though known, are not, I think, adequately pondered.

Personal Piety as the fountain of Social Unity.

The kingdom of God is within you. Such as it is in the heart, such it is in the home and in the nation—weak or strong—composed or distracted. We cannot cleave to the vine, and part from the branches; we cannot love God, and dislike his people; we cannot be filled with the One Spirit, and cherish conflicting tempers. Piety is the grand identifying constituent. Those who have it are allied whether they will or not. If one have it and another have it not, they cannot be truly leagued by any covenant whatever.

As piety is uniting in its essence among all who have it, so is it in its influence. It thirsts for sympathy and fellowship. It tends to union objectively as well as subjectively. While it seeks, it wins favour. While we glorify God, the pious cannot but glorify God in us, and wish to have part and lot with us in accredited discipleship. A pure and high devotedness commands the esteem and love of others; and esteem and love are the very soul of friendship. Would we, then, come nearer to each other, let us come nearer to the throne, let us walk closer with God, let us manifest a character in whose companionship the devotion of others finds aliment and succour.

There is no spirituality without supplication. Prayer and piety are almost convertible terms. And what will prayer be—how stunted, how feeble—unless it embrace sympathetically the whole Israel of God? “Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love thee, &c.”

Another requisite to union is long suffering under wrongs, as the scriptural response and antidote to the infliction of them.

We all admit the wickedness of causelessly giving offence; on that subject, therefore, I forbear to speak. But the evil of taking offence is not, I think, equally and adequately appreciated. There is often rather a self-complacency in storming at injuries, as if this showed a noble spirit—the reverse of what we condemned—and we were much to be commended for our righteous indignation.

Oh! what victories, bloodless, blissful victories, loving forbearance achieves! The fire and the hammer break the rock in pieces; but neither the fire nor the hammer will subdue the rigours of winter, and mellow them into summer. The sun must do that. That is the work of the solar ray; so light that it cannot be felt. And yet the castellated snows fall before it, and the icy barriers relax their grasp, and the naked forests, quickened from their torpor, are clothed with leaves, and flowers, and produce. These are the prodigies of light, and there is no light comparable in vivifying energy to the light of love.

We are prone to yoke rage against hostility. But the means are unsuited to the end. Hatred never vanquished hatred. The hero who kills his foes, kills not their enmity; they die with rancour living in their hearts. What then conquers hatred? Love—only love! Would you know who becomes ascendant in the circle of friends; in whose presence opposition itself drops its poisoned weapons; who sways a hallowed and controlling influence in general society; who turns the battle of failing virtue before dominant vice, and bears down the evils of profligate neighbourhoods? It is he who

breathes charity—that charity which thinketh no evil ; which has no eyes, no ears, for the perception of offences ; “ which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things ; ” which takes all in doing good ; loves the more, though the less it be loved ; and, resolute in its aims, suffers, suffers, suffers ; and still forbears, that it may eradicate the curse, and replace it by the blessings of righteousness and peace.

If I may speak more particularly of the reciprocal attitude of distinctive Churches towards each other, they have mutual jealousies and heart-burnings. How are they to be conciliated ? They may attain to conciliation by exchanging each its human inventions for the stand of Scripture. But ere this has been accomplished, and while the watchmen do not as yet see eye to eye on every point of disputed doctrine, there may be a happy establishment of good understanding, and even a harmonious co-operation in almost all good works by engaging the mediation of Christian Charity. “ Now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity ; the greatest of these is Charity.” As we advance together in the paths of philanthropy, the sameness of Faith may fail us, the sameness of Hope may fail us, but Charity never faileth. Its going forth is like that of the sun, from the end of Heaven, and its circuit unto the end of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. Many are the fractures it heals, many the chasms it fills up, many the loose and falling stones it replaces and cements. Its voice is always for peace, for all the peace compatible with right. Earnestly and fearfully it pleads for the good and pleasant spectacle of brethren dwelling together in unity ; and where brotherhood is disturbed and disseverance is entailed, even in parting it loves and blesses, and turns from the calamities of severance to soothe its sorrowing eye on the verdant fields of that glorious Canaan where the dispersed of Israel are gathered into one.

The cultivation of peace within denominations is conducive to peace between them, and a higher estimate of benevolence as a guide to truth, are of importance. And lastly, so is a more steadfast looking to the ultimate and eternal unity of the Church.

If I spoke of the incorporation of Churches, I should be confronting a delicate subject. If I hinted that this and that Church might possibly be blended in twenty years, the suggestion would be shrunk from as premature, startling, and ill-advised. But it is not true ? How few members of those churches will be on earth after twenty years ? and if the great proportion of them shall have gone hence, will they not be effectually incorporated above ? It is not twenty years since we first met in Liverpool, and within the much briefer period that has elapsed, how greatly has the word *we* changed its meaning. How many did it then include having discriminating tenets which required to be prudently approached, if approached at all, between whom all discrimination is now wholly and for ever obliterated ?

One of the most distinguished and beloved ministers of our times, the Rev. J. A. James, once addressed us on the re-appearing of Christ and our gathering together under Him. The subject is grand in itself, and is in consonance with our present line of remark. The apostles, indeed, seem to have had the judgment constantly in view, and to have estimated every attainment and quality by the place it would hold on the great day. Much altercation would be cured if in this particular we followed their example.

We live, we die, in distinctive fellowships. But however Christians may be disjoined in living and dying, they will be united in reviving. They will be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air. O! how truly, how happily, together—one in their assembly, one in their inheritance, one in their song, one in their belief, loves, interests, grateful remembrances, and resplendent prospects!

And how is the bliss of that day to be insured? By cultivating, so far as may be, its experience now, and specially by proving to ourselves and Christian society, and the world at large, that we are, indeed Christ's disciples, because we have love one to another. Beloved, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth; hereby shall we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before Him.

MADAGASCAR.

THE following summary, taken from the columns of a secular contemporary, and perhaps more valuable on that account, will be read with interest. It shows how Missionary labour extorts from thoughtful and observant men, an honourable opinion:—

“None can doubt that to her Missionaries England owes a precious debt for the natural discoveries they have revealed to us, for the new realms they have peacefully explored, for the new markets they have created for our wares, for the new tribes and nations to whom they have made the name of our country dear. One of the districts thus made known to us is Madagascar, an island extending over an area larger than that of Great Britain and Ireland combined, and inhabited by more than three millions of people. Missionaries from the London Missionary Society reached Madagascar in 1818, and received a cordial welcome. The strange and complex language of the people was acquired by the Missionaries, who introduced an alphabet, arranged a grammar, prepared elementary books, and translated the Scriptures into the native tongue. In ten years, between ten and fifteen thousand had learned to read, and some had become Christians. In 1828 Radama, the king, under whom this pleasing state of things had taken place, died, and the supreme power passed into other and unfriendly hands. In 1835, under the present Queen, the profession of the Christian religion by any of the Malagasy was prohibited. The next year the Missionaries left the island. Scarcely had this been done before a number of persons suspected of being Christians were required to prove their innocence by drinking the Tangena, or poison water, which to many of them proved fatal. Each year added to the cruelty of the persecutors—some were executed, some were exiled, some found refuge in the almost impervious forests and dreary mountains. In 1849 no less than 2,000 persons were implicated; but as all intercourse between the Malagasy and foreigners was prohibited, we could do nothing for these confessors and martyrs. In 1852 accounts were received from parties residing in Madagascar that political and other favourable changes were in progress. In 1853 Mr. Ellis, a gentleman well known for his Polynesian researches, was despatched by the London Missionary Society to seek further information by specific inquiries on the spot. For this purpose he paid three visits to the island. On the first occasion Mr. Ellis merely landed at Tamatave; on his second, in 1854,

he was allowed a longer interval on shore, and on his third, 1856, he was admitted to an audience with royalty, though apparently with but slender results. Travelling is unpleasant. The only roads are those made by naked native feet and bullocks' hoofs; and in his journey from Tamatave to Antananarivo, the capital, in his palanquin, Mr. Ellis was escorted by about a hundred natives in various capacities.

Arrived at the capital, Mr. Ellis had a cordial greeting. Many were the conversations he had with the native Christians, but no names are given, as Christianity is still forbidden. Mr. Ellis had two audiences with her Majesty. The Queen's figure, we are told, "is not tall, but rather stout, her face round, the forehead well formed, the eyes small, nose short but not broad, lips well defined and small, the chin slightly rounded. She looked in good health and vigorous, considering her age, which is said to be sixty eight." Of the Prince Royal, heir to the throne, Mr. Ellis speaks in the most hopeful terms. Mr. Ellis asked him on one occasion why he loved the English. The answer was, because "They were such as in his own heart he should like to be—true, just, humane, and watchful over human life." Under the sway of such a prince, if he ascended the throne, we may anticipate a bright future for Madagascar.

The Malagasy in their physical conformation present a striking contrast to the Malayan or Polynesian races. The Houas, or people inhabiting the centre of the island, present "a remarkable resemblance to the European conformation of head and features." The native youths are "eager after instruction, thirsting for information, and glad to avail themselves of every means within reach to increase their knowledge."

Already the renewal of the intercourse between Madagascar and the Mauritius and the Isle of Bourbon has enriched the natives; but little after all has been done to develop the industrial resources of the island, which abounds in medicinal gums, in iron ore, and silkworms. Mr. Ellis has devoted much of his volume to the natural history of the island, and has placed in the gardens at Kew, under the care of Sir William Hooker, some of the results of his travel. On the scientific public, as well as on those interested in Missionary endeavour, he has conferred a boon.

NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS.

I CONFESS to you candidly I like to see that board. I like to read its blunt, honest, out-spoken English. "No admittance except on business." There is a determination about it that smacks of the Anglo-Saxon. It is one of the best things one sees in the streets. I like to think when I read it—"Well, at least in ONE spot on this round world of ours there are men who are in earnest, doing something with a right hearty good will, and declaring openly to all whom it may concern that they want no fellowship with any persons who are not like themselves 'on business.' In short, here are men that have got some work to do, and they mean to do it, and don't want any idle drones to come and bother them." I say I like to see that board and to read that notice. I should like to see boards like it multiplied indefinitely. I should like to see more of them in our streets and thoroughfares. I should like to see one over every Tom-and-Jerry shop—over every spirit-vault in Coventry. There should

be "no admittance" there "except on business." One could wish that instead of the heads of bulls, and admirals, and kings, and the arms of weaver, watchmaker, or dyer and what not, that one sees over the doors of the publican, one could see staring the public in the face, a great board with "no admittance except on business" printed in large letters thereon. It might perchance darken the bright fireside in the bright bar parlour, but it would brighten the dark fireside in many a dark sad home; and the public and the publican would both be the better for it. Tradesmen would not like such boards over their shop doors perhaps—but they would be glad if their customers would not forget that though all is "show" outside it is all a "sell" within; and merely exhibiting their wares is not exactly that employment for which they keep their establishments open. I do not think it would be amiss if we had a notice of this kind on our private houses, it would at least deliver us from beggars and poor relations. If we had walled towns now, I would have a notice of this sort over every gate; if our shores were fortified, and every landing place made as impregnable as a moated castle with a drawbridge before its gates, I should wish this notice to be put up at every port along the coast. We don't want men in England who are not "on business" of some kind or other. Indeed, we don't want such men at large in the world at all. If we could imagine life in society,—public life—separated by a great wall from private home life, over the gateway leading from home to the great world I would have this notice printed. Better there than anywhere. It would be needed nowhere else, if we could put it up there. That is the fountain-head whence streams of living beings come pouring fourth year by year to whirl, and roar, and rush, and foam, and tumble in the channel of life, until they sink silent and noiseless, and find a common home, in Death's awful and mysterious sea. Into this world of social life—this world of toil and ignorance, and sin, and suffering, and woe, there ought to be "No admittance except on business." No young man ought to go out of the sight of the smoke of his mother's chimney into this busy world, unless he is "on business" of one sort or another. Here is no place for the idler and the dissolute. Beneath Heaven's blue dome, only workers should dwell. Here, on this earth, God has given us,—in this world by which we are surrounded, there is much for us all to do. On the sweat of our face must we eat bread all the days of our life. We must till the ground, and sow it, and reap it, and thresh and grind the produce, or we must starve. We must work up the growth of the cotton field—the skin or wool of animals—the thread of the silk worm, into garments, or we must go naked. We must make bricks and cleave rocks, and fell trees, or we can have no shelter from the cold frosts of winter—the hot glare of summer—the damps of night, and the storm of the day. We must work or die.

There is labour for us, too, in the development of the powers within us—the feeding, clothing, and furnishing of the mind. Without saying anything just now of the inherent nobleness of this work, from the superiority of mind over matter, we may suggest that it is a useful and important one from the relation of mind to matter. The inventions of genius lighten labour. Machinery, steam, gunpowder, take a good deal of work off our hands; and but for thoughtful, and to some extent cultured, minds, the labourer could not avail himself of their aid in his toil. Still,

higher work than all this is there for us ;—the training of the soul for that world of endless being upon which, prepared or unprepared, we shall all shortly be launched, and to which with steady steps and sure unswerving march, we are all of us now tending. Holy work is this culture of the soul ; and they who engage in it, rightly engage in it not for themselves alone. Its life is a life of self-sacrifice. In the higher sphere of our religious affairs, we care for ourselves most, and serve ourselves best, when we go out of ourselves in self-forgetting love to care and work for others. Not being good simply, but doing good, is man's best preparation for the future. A vast world of human life lies round about us, wherein a wide field for our activity and toil opens. There are homes dark and wretched, to be made homes of virtue and peace. There are wild jungles of vice and iniquity to clear and cultivate, dark haunts of ignorance and crime to be illumined, barren wastes of sorrow and suffering to be changed into Edens of happiness and love. And it is a characteristic of this highest work of all that, beginning with self, it ends not there, but sends forth, as from a centre, radiations of light that extend to the whole circumference of humanity. Work in the world ! “all things are full of labour, man cannot utter it.” Business in life ! why there is nothing but business, and there is, by right at least, “No admittance except on business.”

There is need for the posting up of this notice, I say, over the gateway by which young men come into the great world. You meet with persons sometimes, I do not say they are common in Coventry, who have no idea of life as a sphere of toil ; who evidently think they have a right to entrance into the world though they are not “on business.” Life is a cheap amusement to them ; though bought with the sacrifice of manliness and virtue, it comes rather dear at last. With one hand half thrust into a side pocket, and the other—jewelled, of course, and made soft and delicate by Rowland's incomparable Kalydor—the other lightly clasping a cigar, or a silver mounted cutty pipe, they survey with lordly air the busy world, and thank their stars they were not destined to the “horrid vulgarity of trade,” or the disgusting employments of the lower orders. So they spend life in self-gratification, self-indulgence, as if that were refinement and politeness. They promenade in the parks and streets in the morning, sip their fine old port after dinner, and flock to the concert or the opera in the evening. They call that “life.” I would rather call it by its newer and truer name, “vegetation.” Such men do not *live* they *vegetate*. While above the turf we may regard them with pity or admiration—when below it, we may write over their graves ;—“Here lies a vegetated aristocrat, who neither toiled nor spun, but wore clothes and died—of having nothing to do.”

But it is not, of course, of the aristocracy, *generally* that we are now speaking. Many work hard all their days. Some busy themselves in politics thinking they have a divine right to rule us ;—others fight our battles, or, at least, marshal our armies and lead them on to fight ;—others become successors of the Apostles and sweep past us to Cathedrals in lawn sleeves and flowing robes “shepherds and bishops of our souls.” Far be it from me to say that they do not govern us well—that they do not fight our country's foes bravely—that they care not for our souls with diligence ; enough if we remark they find in these things a “business” in the world. Nor is it in this class alone that we find men not “on business.” There

are able-bodied paupers in our poor-houses who are not "on business." There are vegetating democrats as well as vegetating aristocrats. Their rank in life differs but their sentiments perfectly accord. Neither of them has any particular relish for hard work, both will shun it if they can. With our facetious friend, Mr. Skimpole, they "don't see why the busy bee should be proposed as a model to them; they suppose the bee likes to make honey or he would not make it—nobody asks him. It is not necessary, they think, for the bee to make such a merit of his tastes. If every confectioner went buzzing about the world, banging against everything that came in his way, and egotistically calling upon everybody to take notice that he was going to his work and must not be interrupted, the world would be quite an unsupportable place. They look upon the drone as the embodiment of a pleasanter and wiser idea. The drone says, unaffectedly, "you really must excuse me, I positively cannot work, I know nothing about business, I have an objection to being in the shop. I would wish to be provided for by some one who is not so constituted as I am, who is made for work and wishes always to be 'on business.'" This is the Drone philosophy, and the whole of the fraternity not "on business" and never "on business," practice it to the letter. Now our notice would shut out altogether these drones from the great social hive. It appears to me that the busy bee, whose acquaintance we all made in very early life, has been too much a model for us. He places sentinels at the door of his hive to keep out strangers, but in admitting drones within he does admit those who are certainly not "on business." Indeed the drone seems an established and recognized institution in the hive of the busy bee no less than in the world of busy man. Everybody objects to the poor drone, because almost everybody is taxed to support him; but why object to the wealthy drone if he be a good easy fellow, a consumer of the fruits of the earth, and wearer of the produce of the loom? I object to him because in return for what society gives him and does for him we get only gold or bank notes, which are not real wealth. I object to him because there is a law higher than human which declares "if a man will not work neither shall he eat." I object to him because there is so much work to be done in the world of one kind or another, if he will not lend a helping hand in the doing of it he is of no use here, and mere ornaments are, I think, expensive things to keep. I object to him because having thought and time and money at his command, he has talents entrusted to him to be put out to usury for the benefit of others and himself, which he has no right to bury in idleness and sensualism and self-indulgence. I object to him because having nothing to do he frequently gets into mischief, enters upon a course of dissipation and sin, and through his example and evil deeds involves others besides himself in moral ruin. Of the drone in the social hive who is not "on business," we must not be surprised if the working bees sometimes rise and say most emphatically, "turn him out."

But we meet with men also who are "on business," though it is not legitimate business—there should be "no admittance" for them. One man comes into the world of commerce and busies himself in fraudulent trading, cheating the public with plaster of Paris, instead of sugar, and occasionally poisoning a whole neighbourhood with arsenic; another makes coffee out of chicory, and chicory out of carrots; another mixes chalk and water with his milk, or puts turpentine in his gin, and otherwise doctors or dilutes the

beverages which a thirsty public imbibes ; another is driving a roaring trade at the expense of his neighbours and the public, and at no very great advantage to himself, perpetually selling off at an alarming sacrifice, when the article really "sold" is the customer, lady or gentleman, as the case may be. Men "on business" of this sort have no proper right of admittance into society. They pick the pockets of a verdant public, and fatten on their folly as much as a Birmingham sharper or a London swell-mobsmen. Of the rogue and vagabond by profession—of the thief and highwayman—of him who makes his fortune by grinding the bones of the poor—of those who live upon the vices and lusts of mankind I need say nothing. Their business is the Devil's business, and they have no right to carry it on here. This is not the Devil's world—but God's world—and men who set up in the Devil's line of things have no legal admittance here. Well would it be for us if we could turn him out and all his agents, and send him and them to their "own place."

But dishonourable and disgraceful as this kind of "business" is, never let us think there is the least taint of dishonour in "business" itself. Those who are "on business" that is legitimate and honest, have no reason to be ashamed of it whatever it is. There is no honest labour that a man may engage in for his daily bread that is mean and unworthy in itself. The great Worker, our common Master, dignified the smallest offices of duty and kindness by washing his disciples' feet, and he also exalted the lowliest occupation by his connection with the working-men of Judea—with carpenters, fishermen, and peasants. There can be no disgrace in honest toil. The blacksmith need not be ashamed of his horny hand and swarthy face. The shoe maker need not blush for his black thumbs, nor the chimney sweep for his sable cloth, nor the miller for his dusty hat. Even the humblest workman, hewer of wood or drawer of water—stone-breaker or matchman, has no reason to be ashamed of his calling. If he toils honestly and well he is as worthy of respect as the worker of silver and gold, or the weaver of silks and satins. We are endowed with various gifts and talents, and the man who has skill and ability for the more artistic and remunerative toil has no reason to despise the humbler workman. Let him thank God for his superior craft, but not look down upon men, stronger in nerve and sinew perhaps than he, but of less dexterity and sleight of hand. "Honour and shame from no condition rise, act well your part"—in the business on which you are admitted into life—"there all the honour lies."

You will see, then, that that sign-board whereon is written "No admittance except on business," reads a lecture to us on life. It is more eloquent than many of the escutcheons of the great—more significant than hundreds of the mottoes of which heraldry can boast. It suggests to us the fact that the manifest destiny of man is honest work. Not for idleness—not for self-indulgence—not for chicanery—not for langour and sloth is man born, but for work. All things preach to him his destiny. That arm of his full of sinew and muscle—that frame of his capable of Herculean labours—proclaim him made for toil. The earth on which he lives, with its jungles and deserts and wildernesses that only labour can cultivate and till—life with its thousand wants and necessities which only toil can supply—the world with its suffering, and desolation, and woe, which only persevering exertion can remove—all alike proclaim what is the manifest destiny

of man. To every son of Adam God says—"Go work in the field of the world." From every true child of God comes forth the utterance—"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Therefore ye toilers in the world's broad field, at forge or loom, in the forest or the factory—in the school or the synagogue—in the hospital or the home, complain not of the sweating brow and the aching arm—the throbbing brain and the weary limb; desire not with effeminate longing a life of sloth and ease; work is your destiny, fulfil it; toil is your duty, go forth and do it like men.—*From Lectures to the People, by Thomas Goadby, B.A*

Selections.

THE GREAT BUSINESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.—In the least as well as in the greatest concerns of our life, our predominant thoughts should always be—God and eternity. Whatever the Christian may say or do, he should always be great before God, who weighs true grandeur. Painters represent the saints with a glory around them; there is nothing of this kind in scripture, except for one saint in the Old Testament—this is the only exception. The saints carry their glory within them, and diffuse it wherever they pass. The Christian wherever he is seen, in the street, in the drawing-room, at table, in prison, or at the height of greatness—should always inspire others with the opinion that he is a man seeking God, intent upon advancing the great interests of humanity, and who thinks it is not worth living for anything but to glorify God, and make all his successes, and all his reverses contribute to that end; who is ready to leave this world as soon as his work in this respect is accomplished, and, like his Master, goes about doing good.—*Adolphe Monod.*

A DYING MAN'S VIEW OF LIFE AND ITS PURPOSE.—If you knew, my friends, how all these views disappear when death approaches—how very little all that is little appears—how that alone which is great before God appears great—how much we wish, if we had to begin life again, to live a more serious life, more full of Jesus Christ, of his word, of his example; if you knew all this you would, at this moment, put your hand to the work—you would supplicate God to make your conduct consistent with your sentiments and your faith.—*Ibid.*

THE FOLLY OF MENTAL PRIDE.—To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance in the world; for our learning is so long in getting, and so imperfect, that the most learned of men knows not the thousandth part of what he is ignorant.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE WORKS OF GOD INIMITABLE.—The life of a gnat, a fly, how admirable a production is it? It becomes no man to despise what no man can imitate. We praise the pencil that well-describes the external figure of such an *animalculum*, such a little creature; but the internal, vital, self-moving power, and the motion itself, what art can express.—*John Howe.*

THE MOST NOBLE OF DEATHS.—He who would die for his conscience, is even greater than he who would die for his country; he who would suffer for truth in prison and on the scaffold, than he who dies amid the shouts of comrades in the battle-field.—*Fred. Myers.*

EVIL SPEAKING.—The following anecdote is related of the late excellent J. J. Gurney, by one who, as a child, was often one of his family circle :— One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it ; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that talkers run off the straight line of truth. S. did not stand very high in my esteem, and I was about to speak further of her failings of temper. In a few moments my eye caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure, that I stopped short, There was no mistaking the meaning of the dark speaking eye. It brought the colour to my face, and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked, very gravely, “ Dost thou know any good thing to tell us of her ? ” I did not answer ; and the question was more seriously asked : “ Think ; is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her ? ” “ O, yes ; I know some good things, but ”—“ Would it not have been better, then, to relate those good things, than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem ? Since there *is* good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil ? ‘ Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity,’ thou knowest.”

WHAT IS LIFE ?

To some life seems a shadow—
A vague and floating dream ;
A fleeting, unreal, graspless span—
A dull, and hazy stream.

To some it seems all beauty—
A joyful, gladsome thing ;
All pleasure, mirth, and happiness,
Of love the well-filled spring.

Others find life a burden—
A heavy, weary load ;
A time of toil, of pain and woe—
A steep and rugged road.

But life may be a conflict—
A struggle fierce and long,
'Gainst error, ignorance, and vice,
Oppression, sin, and wrong.

Let not life be a shadow—
An empty name to *thee* ;
Nor deem it all enjoyment,
Though beautiful it be ;

Nor bend thee down too feebly,
When ills and troubles fall,
Not one stroke more than needful
He gives who giveth all.

But go *thou* forth to battle
With every form of sin ;—
Go in His strength who never fails,
Who helps the *weak* to win !

CLAUDE CLIFTON'S STORY OF HIS LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

I DREAM OF THE FUTURE, AND AM AWAKENED TO THE PRESENT.

"Now doth he oft in secret muse,
And fire burns in his eye;
When brave and busie dayes to come,
In thought he doth espie."

Old Ballad.

"So I awoke, and behold it was a dream" — *John Bunyan.*

My passion for a sea-faring life met with the approbation of neither father nor mother; but they were not decided as to what calling they should like me to follow. What I was not to be they were quite agreed about; what I was to be it was not so easy for them to determine. My father did not have his whim for registering me "Adam" gratified, and he was willing enough to give up the thought of my continuing a gardener, highly as he estimated that profession; but he never went so far as to make up his mind one way or the other. He knew very well that his ideas of the ancient and honourable character of his calling and mine did not exactly square, for I ventured to hint one day that to my thinking digging a kitchen garden, and growing pot-herbs, were not employments that reminded one much of Eden; to which he replied, somewhat irritated at my profanity, "What God hath cleansed and glorified that call not thou common or unclean." There never seemed enough glory about gardening to attract my ambition, though I confess to having always had a taste for horticultural pursuits as a recreation. The pleasure a garden yields is indeed one of the purest and most innocent of human pleasures; but making a business of gardening, getting a livelihood by toiling and tugging at it from one week's end to another, seemed anything but a pleasant thing to me. My mother had hopes and desires of her own about me, of which only now and then she spoke. I remember one long evening in the middle of January, when my father had gone to rest earlier than was his wont, being overcome by some exertion in the morning, that my mother opened the subject to me more fully than she had hitherto done, and told me the secret hopes and thoughts of her heart concerning my future career. It was a cold, stormy night, the snow had fallen incessantly all the day, and a gusty north-east wind had drifted it in fantastic heaps along the hedge-rows and by the cottage

door; the logs that lay on the hearth cracked and hissed and blazed, giving forth a genial heat, while they lit up the room with a cheerful light. We had no candle or lamp, and as the fire burnt bright or dull, the shadows went and came on the wall opposite, bringing out in full relief, or covering in darkness and obscurity, an old odd print of the prodigal son, ragged and forlorn, feeding swine and himself with husks, and looking the very personification of starvation and beggary. All was dreary and comfortless without, and the wind howled and belled down the wide, old-fashioned chimney, entering its furious protest against the ascending smoke, and the warmth and heat that dared to temper the rude rigour of his reign; and anon blew its shrill hollow whistle through the key-hole which seemed—when, a moment after, the door shook and jarred, the window shutters chattered and groaned, the chimney roared louder and louder, and the swinging sign over the way creaked and screamed more passionately than ever—which seemed to be the summons that called the vagrant and wayward forces of the air together to lay siege to our humble dwelling. While all this bluster and noise were going on outside, and the snow became sleet, and the sleet turned into rain, and the rain into sleet and snow again, we sat, mother and I, basking in the fire-light, pensive and thoughtful, thinking of those far away o'er the wide ocean, and those who sleep in silence in the cold and silent tomb. First we talked of Frank and George, and wondered whether they had arrived safely in the New World, what they were doing, where they were, and how they fared; and then of poor dear Jessie in her lone lone grave, and how she would have cheered our home by her sunny smiles and gentle spirit, and light-hearted laughter, and have been a comfort and joy to my mother in her advancing years; and then of my grandfather Claude, how he had lived all his

life at the old farm of Marston Heath, which had belonged to the Claude family for many generations; how he was the last male representative but one of the family, his two brothers having died young, one being wrecked in an East Indiaman off the Cape of Good Hope, and the other swept off with hundreds more in the metropolis by that fearful scourge, the cholera, and his youngest son having fallen in the rebellion of 1745, at the battle of Culloden; how the good man at length died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour, bequeathing the family name untarnished, and the family estate undiminished, to his eldest son, who took to bad ways and bad company, defrauded my mother (his only sister) of her share in the inheritance, became a spendthrift, a drunkard, a rake, a gambler, gradually wasted his substance with riotous living, and one night, in a mad fit of intoxication, staked his all on one throw, and lost it; and, ruined in health, purse, and character, was turned adrift houseless and penniless on the world, finding no sympathy, no help, from the boon companions who had tempted him and fleeced him, but stung by their ingratitude, and made wretched by remorse, meditating suicide, and at length dying in a hovel of fever brought on by cold, exposure, and starvation. Here a log of wood shot up a bright jet of flame, and the ragged prodigal on the wall came forth out of the shadow, stared down upon me, and then when the flame died out, retired again into darkness and obscurity.

"I have wept over and over again," said my mother, "to think what a mercy it was your uncle did not take to evil ways while your grandfather lived. It would have broken his heart, and brought down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, to have seen what I have seen. O my dear lad, take warning by that awful career. Avoid all gambling.

'Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.'

as George Herbert says: and let those lines which I have often repeated to you, never be forgotten:—

'Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not
When once it is within thee; but before [tame
May'st rule it, as thou list: and pour the shame
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.'

'Stay at the third cup, or forego the place,
Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface..

And if ever you should be inclined to sigh because of your poverty, think what

a fearful temptation riches throw in the way of young men.

'Wealth is the conjurer's devil.
Whom when he thinks he hath the devil hath [him.'

"Don't you want me to get wealth mother?" I asked.

"Not if you destroy your character and lose your soul by it. You remember the text last Sunday night, don't you."

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."

"Yes. That is what I mean, my dear boy. I would rather you remained poor all your life, than that you should be like your uncle. What I wish for you is, that you may be as much like your dear grandfather in character and disposition as you are in features. I often think I see him and hear him again, when you are looking at me and speaking to me."

"But wasn't grandfather rich?"

"He was, and God will give you wealth if you are diligent in business, I doubt not, for the hand of the diligent maketh rich. But I would rather you asked Him for wisdom and worth, than for wealth. To serve God and honour His name, let this be your ambition, and you will, I have no fear, wipe away the disgrace that now attaches to our name, and restore the fallen fortunes of the house of the Claudes in the person of Claude Clifton. The Claudes of Marston Heath are extinct for ever, the old farm house is pulled down, the plough has passed over its foundations, the farm is added to the Laurelton Estate, the name and fame of the Claudes will never be revived and restored except in you. I pray God daily that he may bless you, and keep you, and enable you to live and die in his service."

I felt that my mother was preaching to me, as I sat listening to her rather long exhortation to piety, wisdom, and industry; but it was a fireside sermon, with a sweet charm about it that touched my heart, and I could have listened to her soft and gentle voice for an hour longer without weariness. I wish I could remember her exact words, but I cannot, only the impression they made upon me, and the meaning they conveyed remain. We closed our conversation without coming to any definite conclusion as to what calling I should follow, my mother thinking at present I was wanted at home, and when anything offered itself elsewhere, I might consult my own tastes and feelings as to whether I availed myself of the opening. She did not think it mattered so much what trade or calling I entered upon, as how I conducted myself therein.

When I got into my chamber that night I looked out of my window, the snow and rain had ceased to fall, the heavens were clear and spangled with stars, the wind was dying away, and, throwing its mantle of light o'er the earth still white with snow, the moon walked in silent beauty across the sky. That moonlight haunted me in my slumbers. The scenes that had been called up before the mind by the fireside, re-appeared in my dreams, intermingled with the floating fancies of the day, and over every scene a broad bright moon poured its silvery radiance. I dreamed first of all, that I lay cold and shivering, weary, and ready to die, in a wide hovel beside a turnpike road; and as I lay I could discern the moonbeams gleaming through the broken thatch of the roof; then I looked down from a lofty window upon a silent, sleeping city, whose spires, and domes, and roofs, were all bathed in shining sheen; then I stood on the deck of a ship that cleaved the ocean wave, and sped rapidly toward the East, while the moonbeams danced and played on the heaving waters; anon I reclined under a grove of mangoe trees—was bustling to and fro in a crowded street—bought and sold in a public mart—applauded a public orator amid a vast assemblage of my countrymen—walked by the glassy lake in the garden of our old hall, with a maiden of radiant face and azure eyes by my side, or traced by the pale rays of the lamp of Heaven the inscriptions on the tablets of an old church, that spoke of the worth and virtues of an extinct family. What were these shifting and changing scenes? The ghosts of my waking thoughts, which in a wild freak of mind re-appeared to vex my midnight slumbers? A confused panorama of memory in which the fancies of the day dimly and indistinctly shadowed forth, passed again before the mental vision? Or were they veritable pictures of things yet to be, dream-glances of the future seen in the moonlight of prophetic thought?

Weeks rolled on. Winter passed away. Spring came, and with spring the cuckoo and the violet, and the primrose and the daisy; and with spring also came orders for frequent attendance at Laurelton Hall. As my father could only occasionally attend, I went in his place most days; and, acting under his advice, did what I could. In one department of duty, I believe I was quite successful, and that was in attention to the orders of Miss Helen. She was the youngest daughter of Mr. Graceford, and not a little petted. I do not think she was vain, she was certainly fair and lovely. Her features were smooth and regular, her

complexion clear and tinged with a healthy roseate hue, her eyes were of soft and cerulean blue, in whose still depths a living light floated and shone, and her light auburn hair fell in loose flowing locks rippling over her shoulders. She had a graceful fairy-like carriage, and seemed always as cheerful and sunny and innocent as an angel. When I could spare half an hour from the garden, I was always glad enough to employ it in waiting upon her. She was very unassuming, grateful, and affable. No one seemed so much obliged by little favours—no one returned so many thanks for them, nor in so warm-hearted and kind a way as she did. She often came to me in the garden when I was there alone, to ask me to do something for her, or tell her something about flowers and birds. I filled her little flower-pots with soil. I taught her the names of the birds that sang in the woods, and of the trees on which they perched. I gathered wild flowers for her, which she petted exceedingly. I made her some small circular flower-beds, and filled them with daises and violets, and primroses, and anemones, and blue-bells, and forget-me-nots, and pimpernels. They were her dear little children, she used to say. The great staring, gaudy flowers of the garden, she did not care much about, they were like old people in fine dresses in the opera-box, or the ball-room. It was the frail, delicate little sisters of the fields and the woods, she said, that she loved most dearly. So I kept her supplied with wild flowers, and often told her she was a little wild flower herself. I also groomed her pony for her, and made a pet of it, to some good purpose as it happened, for one day when she was riding out upon it the little thing took fright, and ran away towards the edge of a deep slate quarry, and would have precipitated itself and its fair rider into the pit inevitably, had not the pony recognized my voice, and stopped when I called it to stop, as I used to do in the paddock to caress it and play with it. When her father and mother were going to leave for the Isle of Wight, whither their medical man recommended them to go for the benefit of Mrs. Graceford's health, who was in a consumption, Helen came tripping along the garden walk to me one morning, her auburn tresses floating and streaming in the wind, and said, "Claude, I am so sorry we are going to leave the villa for the Isle of Wight, because mamma is not very well; and do you know, I don't like the Isle of Wight half so well as Laurelton, besides I do not like to leave my little pets, but you'll take care of them, Claude, when I am gone, won't you? I shall be so glad

if you will, poor things, I wonder how they will get on without me."

Was it strange, my readers, if after this that radiant face and those azure eyes would keep looking down upon me in the reveries of the day, and the visions of the night, and was it to be wondered at that in all my dreams of the future, that fairy form seemed to glide to and fro in every scene?

The summer came and went. The Villa was deserted by all save a few servants. The Gracefords did not return. I have but little to do, and I spend much time in rambling in the woods, or dreaming on Fern Hill of the great world that I can see afar off, on whose roaring tide I feel sure I shall shortly be launched.

My presentiments are soon verified. Suddenly, without any warning, without any premonitory symptoms, making no sign, nor speaking one farewell word, my father dies—dies in his arm chair by the fireside—dies, and is buried and gathered to his fathers. Mrs. Farlock comes to lay him out, and she tells us of her husband, and his death, and the old clock, and the sure token. My Sunday-school teacher digs the grave (that being now his congenial occupation) and is more than usually grim and solemn to his class on the following Sunday. The minister with hard features, and hair brushed straight over his forehead, and plain black clothes, calls upon my mother, and says a word or two of consolation, repeating several times the words, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me," the text from which he preached "to improve the death," as it was called, of Mr. Clifton. And when all this is over, and mother and I sit again by the fireside alone, the full weight of the calamity comes upon us, and the hidden and hitherto restrained grief of our hearts, finds vent in copious tears. I am awakened to the stern realities of life. I am an orphan, my mother is a widow. My brothers are in the New World, and have taken with them what savings my father could then spare, and have left a debt beside. We have but a few shillings in the house, the money for the repayment of which my father was pledged is demanded, and the expenses of the funeral are to be defrayed. We agree, as Gracefords are out, not to try to borrow money to meet these claims, but to obtain what we can by the sale of the produce of the garden, and of some articles of furniture. As to ourselves, we determine that mother shall remain in the cottage, and let off the garden to the new gardener at the villa who has already applied for it. "It would be too severe a

trial for me," she said, "to leave my old home at present. I can earn my own livelihood here by needlework, and I would rather have the repose and quietness of the village around me, than the noise and confusion of the town. I do not want to banish thought of the past, in meditation upon my trials, the chastening and sanctifying power they are designed to exert upon me will be felt. Even now I sometimes think the Spirit of God broods in silence over the dark chaos and night of my soul, and his voice may be heard, saying, 'Let there be light.' In the stillness and desolation of my home, I shall not be alone. Husband and children will be gone, but I shall, I trust, find fellowship and communion with Him who is the husband of the widow, the friend and comforter of the bereaved." As to myself, my mother thought her hopes and dreams of my future could not be realized if I remained at Guysmore; and I thought so too, and resolved to try my fortune in the great metropolis, of which I had heard so much at the villa. A distant relative of my late father was in business in London, and doing, as we heard, well, though in what line of business he was we could not exactly make out. I was to go with a letter of introduction to him.

We succeeded as well as we could expect in the disposal of part of our furniture, and the sale of the stock in the garden. It cost my mother some little pain to sell an old arm chair and a table, quaintly and curiously carved, relics of the ancient honour of her family, which had been rescued from the wreck of affairs at Marston Heath; but the gentleman who bought them was kind enough to say we should have them again if ever we wanted them. The sum of money owing was thus got together, and all my father's liabilities were discharged.

At length the time drew nigh for my departure. The night before I was to set off, we sat again—mother and I did—where we had sat so many times before by the blazing hearth. We were both very thoughtful and sad. It was the eve of my first going from home, to-morrow I was to launch upon the great world, small craft though I was, to make my first voyage alone in its strange waters, and to endure on untried timbers, the beating of its surging tide, and the buffeting of its blustering winds. My mother thought of the dangers, breakers, quicksands, storms of that great sea, whereon so many had made shipwreck, and she prayed to Him who holds the winds that blow even over that sea in His fists, and the waters even of that ocean in the hollow of his hand,

be my Guardian and Friend. And I thought of leaving my mother alone, and the dear old fireside where I might never sit with her again; and I prayed for her that she might be "alone, yet not alone" for but a short time, and that God would so prosper me, that I might be able to return soon to cheer her by my success. We sat long and talked much, my mother quoting largely, as usual, from her favourite poet, and the fire ever and anon, as before, shooting forth flashes of light, which brought out from shadow and darkness the Prodigal on the wall to stare down upon me a warning against dissipation and sin.

The morning came fresh and joyous as ever. We rose early. After breakfast we knelt down together, and my mother committed me with tears to the care of Him who is the Father of the fatherless. I tried to say, "Good-bye, mother," and I could not; my emotions choked my utterance. I held her hand in mine, I looked into her face through my tears, I felt my strength of resolve failing me, and I tore myself away, saying to myself, "Be brave, Claude, be brave." My mother waved her last adieu from the door as I went along. On reaching the first hill on the road from which I could see the cottage, I turned to look back. She was at the door, still straining her eyes to catch the last glimpse of me. I waved my hand that

she might perceive I saw her, and passed on. It was not until I got to the town that I had visited with my father just a year before, that I could think of home without tears. I did not stay here many minutes. I found the coach fare to London higher than I expected; it would nearly exhaust my funds. I resolved at once to set off and walk, though the distance was nearly a hundred miles. After two hours walking, I took my bundle off my back, and was going to sit down to rest on a green bank beside the dusty turnpike. Just as I was doing this, a carriage rolled past. It was Graceford's. Helen, who sat behind, saw me; our eyes met, and a smile passed over her face. Her father did not see me. The carriage rolled on, a cloud of dust followed it; it wheeled round a turn of the road, again I caught sight of Helen, 'twas but for a moment, for the carriage, as soon as it wheeled round, dipped behind a high hedge, and I saw them no more. What was there in that smile? Scorn for a poor adventurer, footsore and weary, tramping to the great metropolis, or encouragement and hope—a Houris' smile, that Eastern fiction feigns the warrior sees when expiring on the gory battle-field, a smile that beckons across the perilous bridge to a New World, a paradise under the shadow of swords?

Reviews.

CHRISTIAN EXERCISES *for every Lord's-day morning and evening in the year.* By J. Burns, D.D., author of *Pulpit Cyclopædia, &c.*, 8vo., pp. 344.

In the prospectus of this work the author says—"Most Christians endeavour to secure some part of the Lord's-day for spiritual reading and meditation. Many are constrained to do this from their inability to be present in the services of the Sanctuary; from confinement in the sick chamber; or from having to wait on the afflicted; or from inevitable domestic duties. To put in the hands of such persons a book that will convey spiritual instruction, and the direct tendency of which will be to edify the mind, will be the end of this work."

The work consists of the brief and somewhat condensed exposition of some

scripture subject, to which is appended a metrical composition, in which the chief thoughts contained in the theme are reproduced. There is, as the title intimates, one of these for every morning, and another for every evening, for fifty-two Lord's-days. The subjects exhibit a pleasing variety. They are all of a truly Evangelical order, and are discussed with considerable ability. As they constitute the essence of sermons delivered by the author, they are the more practical, useful and edifying. The versification is not always elegant or regular. Its chief merit is, that it embodies in verse what has previously been presented in prose.

WILMSHURST'S Bible Exercises, or Scripture References for Schools and Families. Aylott, & Son, London.

These exercises are thirty-three in number, and were originally prepared by the

authoress for the use of her pupils. They are more comprehensive and varied in

their character than any we have yet seen. For Bible classes they would be of great service, inducing the pupil to a diligent examination of the sacred volume. An example or two may be given at random: No. I. *Parables*. In what part of the New Testament are to be found the following parables? 1. The Sower. 2. Tares. 3. Seed springing up imperceptibly, &c., to 30. Again, No. 14—*of Salvation*. Of the

way of salvation. 1. Salvation only through Christ, John 14. Acts 4. I Cor. 1. II. Salvation is of grace—through faith, and not as the reward of our own obedience; Mark 16. John 3, Ep. 2. Titus 3. III. Salvation for the chief of sinners; John 6. I Tim. 1. Heb. 7. By the side of these chapters the pupil has to place the verse or verses which apply to the subject.

OUR HOME ISLANDS: *their productive Industry*. By Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S., Author of "*A Universal Geography*," "*The History of England*," &c., 12mo. cloth, pp. 328. London: Religious Tract Society.

This is not a manual of mere manufacturing industry. First and foremost Mr. Milner has placed an historical sketch of agriculture. The antiquity of pastoral pursuits is undeniable, as may be learnt from the book of Genesis. The preference shown for them by Jews, Greeks, Romans, and the earlier western peoples is also unquestionable. Among the Romans, indeed, to be a good husbandman was synonymous with being a good citizen; to farm ill was an offence for which the delinquent might be called before the censor; and so ambitious was each Roman farmer of success, that great crops roused the bad passions of an illiterate and superstitious people. An instance of this kind is the following:—One Cresinus, having got from his small farm, much larger crops than others, he was summoned before an assembly of the people on a charge of sorcery. His answer was worthy of the man. He produced his good implements of husbandry, his well-fed oxen, and his vigorous and hale young daughter, and, pointing to them, exclaimed: "These Romans, are my instruments of witchcraft; but I cannot here show you my labours, sweats, and anxious cares."

The feudal system held all farm improvements in check in this country; and it was not until the reign of Elizabeth that any marked attention to them was paid at all. Then Judges of Common Pleas, and scholars of Cambridge did not disdain to seek its general advance. Later down, Oliver Cromwell, among the many other acts of goodness, for which Englishmen honour him, bestowed a pension of £100 a-year upon Samuel Hartlib for a treatise on improved cultivation. Draining lands first commenced in this country during the protectorate; but the use of manures suitable to different soil is of later date. So of hedges, which Mrs. Browning says: "tie up our English landscapes as in a nosegay." It is only in more recent times that these beautiful

divisions of our fields have been trimmed and cropped. Scotland, however, has made the most surprising advances in farming in modern times, and has had the honour of giving birth to the great improver of agriculture, James Smith, of Deanston.

"Tilling and Grazing husbandry" are both chapters abounding in facts, carefully tested and well put. Seven millions of quarters of corn are annually sown in Great Britain and Ireland. Two-thirds of this are rendered unproductive by some agency which has hitherto been uncontrolled. Thus 4,666,666 quarters of corn are annually wasted; a quantity which would support more than one million of human beings. Mr. Milner says, concerning our supposed large class of thieves of sown corn, "It has not been an intelligent procedure to wage unrelenting war against birds, following the advice of Tucker—

"Kill crow, pie, and cadow,
rook, buzzard, and raven,
Or else go desire them to seek
a new haven."

None of the birds here mentioned, with the exception of rooks, can be fairly accused of appropriating to themselves the newly-sown seed, and even they decidedly prefer a grub to a grain. Insects are the prime predators, and were it not for the birds keeping them down, the fruits of the earth would be in danger of being wholly destroyed. The farmer may, therefore, well afford to allow the birds peaceably to take a meal twice a-year, the rook, in seed time, and the sparrow towards harvest, considering the importance of the services they render him. It is especially at these seasons that the voracious caterpillars are eating their way to the condition known among entomologists as "full-fed."

Concerning corn, it is stated, that while more than two hundred varieties have been described, there is no reason to believe that the grain in the present day

is substantially different from that cultivated in Egypt three or four thousand years ago. The increase of its consumption is taken as an evidence of advance among all classes in material comfort. In the year 1750, when England and Wales numbered about six millions, nearly one seventh, or more than eight hundred thousand, fed on rye. Even principal families in the northern counties of England, partook very sparingly of wheat, and then chiefly as a kind of luxury at Christmas. The Potatoe, a native of South America, and still found wild on the mountains of Chili, was not brought into this country till the middle of the sixteenth century, and was first cultivated by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his garden at Youghal; and about the same time, peas were brought from Holland, quaintly described by Thomas Haller, a century later, as "fit dainties for ladies, they come so far, and cost so dear." Hops were unknown till the reign of Bluff Hal, and in the time of the Commonwealth, "the

famous city of London," says Blith, "petitioned the Parliament of England against two nuisances, or offensive commodities, that were likely to come into great use and esteem; and that was Newcastle coal in regard of their stench, and hops in regard that they would spoil the taste of drink, and endanger the people." It was in Queen Bess's time, too, that butter superseded dripping and bread at breakfast.

Of fisheries much valuable information is given in a small space, under the respective heads of salmon, herring, pilchard, cod, mackerel, sprats, and oysters. From thence attention is turned to the mines, the textile fabrics, hardware, leather, furs, earthenware and porcelain, glass, paper, printing, and miscellaneous manufactures. The arrangement of the materials of this manual will thus be seen to be good. All that it lacks to make it a book of constant reference is, a full and complete index of its multifarious facts.

INDIA: *An Historical Sketch.* By the Rev. George Trevor, M.A., Canon of York, late Chaplain of the Madras Establishment. 12mo., cloth, pp. 337. London: Religious Tract Society.

It is not likely that Englishmen generally will soon become indifferent to what is passing in India; and our own noble band of missionaries in the province of Orissa, will keep some part of the doings of that vast empire constantly before our eyes. The book before us is a useful compendium of the History of Hindostan. We have a general description of the country, climate, productions, and political divisions, a sketch of the Hindoos, of the

Affghan dynasties, of the Moguls, of the decline and fall of the Moguls, of Europeans generally, and, lastly, of the British Empire. A short chapter is devoted to "the progress of Christianity in India." There is, in addition, a good coloured map, a glossary of native terms, a chronological table of territorial acquisitions by the British, a list of the native States in the three presidencies, and of Christian churches and missions.

LECTURES TO THE PEOPLE. By Thomas Goadby, B.A. No. I. "No Admittance except on Business." No. II. "Piece-work." Coventry: Goode & Son; Leicester: Winks and Son; Loughborough: J. H. Gray.

THESE lectures, delivered on Sunday afternoons, at Whitefriar-street chapel, are full of strong common-sense, put in the plainest Saxon, and breathing the most Christian spirit. There is more

stuff of the right stamp in them than in any popular lectures we have read. They will bear comparison with any. We give an extract in another part from the first one.

THE SCRIPTURE POCKET BOOK, for 1859. Roan-tuck.—YOUNG PEOPLES POCKET BOOK, for 1859, Roan-tuck.—THE CHRISTIAN ALMANAC, for 1859. Religious Tract Society

THE two first are very convenient and very neat pocket-books. Both have an Almanac, and ruled pages for memoranda,

and a great deal of useful information. The third is a useful Almanac for the library.

THE PROTESTANT DISSENTER'S ALMANAC AND POLITICAL ANNUAL for 1859. Kent and Co., London.

A valuable compendium of information on Religious Societies, magazines, newspapers, and recent acts of Parliament,

bearing upon Dissenters. We wish it may have a wide circulation.

Correspondence.

PREACHING AND PARTICULAR REDEMPTION. TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—The Baptist Magazine, for June contains a letter on "Effective Preaching," in which the point of difference between the Particular and the General Baptist is made the subject of enquiry, in its bearing on the preaching of the Gospel.

If, in the death of Christ, there be no redemption for any but the elect, since no man, whilst unconverted, can know that he is of the elect; how can any man know that there is redemption for him; and what warrant has he to trust in Christ for salvation?

This enquiry, so much like a challenge to the Particular Baptists, published in their own Magazine, could not be expected to pass without notice. Two or three letters appeared professedly in reply, but the writers seemed to prefer writing about anything else to giving a plain answer to a plain question.

The subject is not one of mere theory, but of deep practical importance. Dr. Chalmers says, "I have heard my deceased friend, Robert Hall, say of the great majority of evangelical preachers in England, that they were so encumbered with the dogmata of their creed, as positively not to know in what terms so to lay down the Gospel as that a plain man should know how to take it up." (Notes on Hill's Lectures, 8vo., p. 317.) In the present day there are some who hold it to be no part of a preacher's duty to invite sinners to the Saviour. They act consistently with the creed of particular redemption. There are others who invite the sinner, but they are not able to tell him whether or not there is any provision made for him, or whether he is among those for whom, in the words of Mr. Fuller, "Christ did not die with the intent that they should not die"; and who, by consequence, appear to be left in the same hopeless condition as Satan himself. If the atonement be infinite, it must be sufficient for him;

if, like non-elect sinners, he had not been excluded or excepted by the eternal purpose of God.

I could give you the name of a respected Particular Baptist minister (one, I suppose, of a numerous class), who can preach as earnestly as most from the text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"; but in private conversation he has told me that, if an awakened hearer were to come to him and ask in the agony of his soul, "Did Christ die for me, so that I may be saved"? he should not like to answer the question in that form. If there is any place in world which above all others demands the most transparent sincerity and truth, that place is the Christian pulpit; and if ever a preacher is bound to lift up Christ to draw men to him, it is in circumstances like these. To get any intelligible idea, the man must know what he is called upon to believe. Probably, he would be told he is called to believe that Christ died for the ungodly. But is the belief of this, as an abstract proposition, saving faith in the Gospel? The devils believe as much and are devils still.

It is well known that in Scotland this doctrine is taught almost universally in "The Confession." In the memoirs of Dr. Chalmers, a conversation is recorded, which he held with Rev. Mr. Gemmel, shortly before his death (post, 8vo., ed., p. 772), in which it is admitted that a common objection of the sinner, when awakened, to a sense of his state is, "Perhaps I am not elected; and, therefore, I need not try." I have shown its influence on the preacher, this is its influence on the hearer.

If the doctrine of particular redemption thus cuts away the foundation of a sinner's hope and faith, it needs no other condemnation.

SIGMA.

Dec. 17th.

MINISTERS ENTERING THE CONNEXION.

DEAR FRIEND,—The committee for examining the credentials of ministers coming into our connexion, met at the vestry of St. Mary's-gate Chapel, Derby, on Tuesday, Nov. 16th, when the following resolution was passed unanimously: "That this Committee approves of the documents received and read, in reference to the moral and christian character of

Mr. Lovekin, who has applied for admission into our connexion.

His views of gospel truth, as stated by himself, appear to this committee to be in accordance with those of our denomination."

WILLIAM STEVENSON, SEN.,
H. HUNTER, Secretary.

ON WEEKLY OFFERINGS.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me, through you, to call the attention of your readers to the subject of the weekly offering—a system which appears to me far more efficient and productive of good, both to the temporal and spiritual interests of the Church of Christ, than the old one of seat-rents, quarterly collections, and subscriptions. The Rev. John Ross, of Hackney, who is devoting all his energies to the establishing the system amongst the Independents, very kindly gave us a lecture at our Chapel on the subject; and was heard with great interest. From the statements and facts which he adduced, it appeared that in every instance where the system had been fairly tried, it has resulted in a considerable improvement in the pecuniary resources of the church, and has had a happy influence in promoting its spirituality. The Independent Churches in this town, and Castle-Donnington, adopted the system some months ago, and the minister informs me the end of the second quarter showed a very pleasing result. At Castle-Donnington they raised as much in that three months as they had previously done in twelve months, and they are so much pleased with the plan, they would on no account revert to the old one. In our church, the subject has been discussed, and although a few, through misapprehension of the subject, at first opposed the change, it was, after several meetings, agreed to adopt the system, leaving it open for any who still disapproved it to go on upon the old plan. We, therefore, commence the first Lord's-day in January. To my mind this plan is superior to the old one for various reasons.

1. It does away with all compulsory charge for sittings, leaving it to the moral principle of the worshipper; and also with collection, and collection books, and public quarterly collections, which so often thin our congregations.

2. It is in accordance with Divine direction. (I Cor. xvi., 12.)

3. In presenting weekly acknowledgments to the Lord for his mercies constantly bestowed, we receive back an hundred-fold of spiritual comfort and satisfaction to our own souls; and thus it becomes a means of grace.

I would appeal to many of our worthy deacons, who have long had the burden of church finance upon them, whether they have not invariably seen that, in all cases where members have fallen into the habitual neglect of this duty, they do not give painful evidence of spiritual deadness, and scarcely recognise themselves as connected with the church. The weekly opportunity of giving, would, in most cases, prevent this. Should any of our churches wish for fuller information on this subject, I would recommend them to get from Judd and Glass, Gray's Inn-road, the Rev. John Ross's Tracts on the subject, price three-pence. It would be a great help to any church desirous of obtaining unanimity amongst its members, to get the Rev. J. Ross to give them a lecture. I will report to you (D.V.) the result of our proceedings next quarter.

I remain, yours affectionately,
Melbourne, Dec. 13, 1858. J. E.

Obituary.

JANE JUDD, the beloved wife of Richard Judd, of Spalding, departed this life March 6th, 1858, in her 28th year. Through the blessing of God, on a pious parent's instruction and example, a spirit of early piety was infused into the character of our lamented friend. While living at Sleaford in the capacity of teacher she became fully decided for God; there being no Baptist cause in that town, it was during the vacation, which was usually spent with her mother, in Spalding, that she proposed herself as a candidate for Baptism. Her repentance was deep and sincere, her love to the Saviour supreme, and her Christian experience marked with such humility and sincerity, that the Church most cordially welcomed her into

the fold. She was baptised by Mr. Jones, in January, 1849.

In 1853, she became a resident in Spalding, and entered with her wonted cheerfulness on the more active duties of a church member, her deep interest in the welfare of the young was shown in the Sabbath-school, where, with her Bible and Barnes' notes, she was accustomed carefully to study the subject that came before her, that she might convey correct impressions to the minds of her scholars. The affection between the teacher and her charge was reciprocal, and some are now members of Christian churches who were in her class. Not long after her marriage symptoms of consumption appeared, by which she was confined during the winter

to the house. As spring returned, she fondly cherished the hope that she should again be able to resume the more active duties of life, but He, who doeth all things well, saw otherwise, and the flower began to fade. For two years she was, with few exceptions, confined to her home, and for months to her chamber. It was during this long period of affliction that her christian graces were more matured, and shone forth with brighter lustre. If there was one property of her mind more observable than another, it was a cheerful and calm serenity; her heart was indeed the residence of the Holy Spirit, and she reflected the glory and beauty of that blessed inhabitant, in the patient endurance of affliction. The watchful hours of night were sweetened by meditating on passages of scripture and sacred poetry with which her mind was well stored. Her Bible, Hymn-book, Selections of Scripture Promises, and "Midnight Harmonies," were constantly on the table near her bed side; and often in the stillness of the night would she peruse the sacred volume. She once observed to her Pastor, "I feel my own unworthiness which depresses me, and makes me doubt," to which he replied, "When we look within we find much to depress our spirits, but it is our duty to look to Jesus. We are complete only in Christ's righteousness, and it is through Him we are accepted. This sentiment sweetly dispelled her fears, and she would often say "I must look to Jesus, the rock of ages, and trust to him, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." During the last fortnight it was painful to witness the great exhaustion after coughing; it was after one of those paroxysms she said—

"I would not change my blest estate,
For all the world calls rich or great,
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

Not a murmur escaped her lips, and when unable to converse much, she would say "I am leaning upon Jesus. O, how kind and loving a Saviour is mine." She was afraid of manifesting impatience, and

that her desire rather was to be released from suffering, than to enjoy the presence of her Saviour; but she would add "He knoweth my frame, and remembers I am but dust." Her last words were "I shall know, I shall know and feel what it is to be there"; and now she is beholding, not as in a glass darkly, but face to face. Her death was improved by Mr. Jones, from Rev. I, 18. A. NEWLING.

F. D. COPELAND, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Copeland, of Quorndon, Leicestershire, was called to her eternal reward on January 24th, 1858.

Mrs Copeland was of highly respectable connections. She had received, in early life, a good education, and she devoted the greatest part of her life to the education of the young. For several years she had a respectable school in Loughborough. On removing to Quorndon she still continued her scholastic engagements up to her last illness. While residing in Loughborough she was a respectable and useful member of the Church, under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Thomas Stevenson. She and her husband were dismissed to the Church at Quorndon, in the year 1839, and she maintained a respectable connection with the church to the end of life.

For several months she was the subject of deep affliction. She was an intelligent christian, and knew where to look for comfort and consolation. At length, however, her mental powers, in some measure gave way under the pressure of disease, but she was still able to confide in a Covenant-keeping God, and an unchanging Saviour. In her last long and painful illness she received much kind assistance from her brother-in-law, Mr. Copeland, of Nottingham, and her tried faithful servant, which greatly soothed the closing scene of life.

Her end was peace. She was buried in the burial-ground, at Quorndon, where she awaits the resurrection of the just.

J. S.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Whittlesea, on Thursday, Dec. 16th, 1858.

In the morning the Secretary read and prayed, and brother Watts, of Wisbeach, preached from Heb. xii., 1 & 2. Brother Chamberlain preached in the evening. In

the afternoon, after prayer, by Brother Jones, the reports from the Churches were read, from which it appeared that sixteen had been baptised since the last conference, and that six remained candidates for baptism. Some of the reports were very interesting and hopeful.

The friends at Whittlesea were again advised to obtain the best ministerial supplies they can during the next three months, and Mr. Nassan was encouraged to make an earnest effort to raise the money to pay off a debt of £26 still owing by the Church at Whittlesea. It is hoped that he will meet with sympathy in this effort.

The committee appointed at the last conference to arrange for the supplying of the pulpit at Magdalen, presented their

report, and were requested still to act in this case.

A communication from Yarmouth having been read, such arrangements were made as, we hope, are likely to promote the good of our old and declining cause in that important town.

The next conference was appointed to be held at Pinchbeck on Thursday, March 17th, 1859, Brother Chamberlain to preach in the morning.

THOMAS BARRASS, Secretary.

BAPTISMS.

BERKHAMSTEAD.—On Thursday evening, July 1st, 1858, after an address by our pastor, two young friends were baptised; and on the following Lord's day received the right hand of fellowship; and also three others on Dec. 2nd., after a sermon by Mr. Lawton, from Mark vii., 9. On the following Sabbath those friends were received to fellowship; when it was gratifying to observe a greater number of members at the Lord's table, than has been witnessed for a long time. J. S.

MEASHAM.—On Sunday, Nov. 7th, 1858, after a sermon on baptism, by Rev. W. Kelly, two persons were baptised, a husband and wife. W. K.

BARTON.—On Lord's day afternoon, Nov. 28, two dear friends were baptised, by Brother Norton; after which, Mr. Holroyd gave us a masterly discourse, proving the authenticity of baptism, by the "Law and the Testimony." H. I.

BARBOWDEN.—On Lord's day, Dec. 5th, 1858, five young friends were baptised at Morcott, by the Rev. J. Salisbury. One of them has united with a neighbouring church. The services of the day were impressive, and we trust that lasting good will result therefrom. Others are inquiring the way of peace, and the work of God appears to be advancing among us.

BELPER.—On Lord's day morning, Dec. 5th, 1858, after a discourse on the baptism of John (John III., 23.) three persons, two

females and one male, were baptised in our chapel, and in the afternoon were received into the church.

MACCLESFIELD.—On Lord's day, Dec. 5, two male persons were baptised by our pastor, one of whom has been in connection with the school for more than a quarter of a century. W. G.

AUSTREY.—On Lord's day, December 5, after a sermon by Mr. Goadby, of Ashby, five young friends made a public profession of their allegiance to Christ by Baptism. In the afternoon, after a suitable address the newly baptised were received into the fellowship of the church, and partook of the Saviour's dying love. The congregations were large and attentive. Many found it good to be there, and we trust the Saviour revealed himself to his people in "breaking of bread." May many more be added of such as shall be saved. Z.

BEESTON.—On Lord's day, December 12, after an appropriate sermon, by Mr. T. W. Marshall, of Loughborough, three persons were baptised by Mr. T. Newstead. One of them was a local preacher amongst the Wesleyan Reformers, and still remains with that section of Christ's church. H. C.

DOVER-STREET, LEICESTER.—On Lord's day evening, Dec. 12th, 1858, six young friends were baptised by our esteemed pastor, in the presence of a large and attentive congregation. The prospects of the church are very encouraging. F. G.

OPENING OF CHAPEL.

OPENING OF THE NEW CHAPEL AT WYSALL, a branch of the Leake and Wymeswold Church. For some years the friends at this place worshipped in a small and uncomfortable chapel. After several unsuccessful efforts to obtain a piece of freehold land, upon which to erect a new place of worship, the proprietor of the small chapel, although a churchman, most kindly offered to let us have an additional portion of land, and to give us a lease of the whole for ninety-nine years at a nominal rent. We gladly availed ourselves of this liberal offer, and have erected a comfortable and attractive

chapel, at the cost of about £120, towards which we have raised by collections and subscriptions about £85. The Chapel was opened for divine worship on Tuesday, Oct. 19th 1858, by the Rev. J. Stevenson, A.M., of Derby. Messrs. G. Staples and W. Bennett announced the hymns, and assisted in the devotional exercises. The Rev. H. Hunter, of Nottingham, preached on the following Sabbath, in continuation of the opening services. It is pleasing to record that, in this undertaking, we have had the hearty co-operation of our staunch friend Mr. George Bowley, as well as the sympa-

thy and help of christians of all denominations in the village, and that since the opening the attendance at the chapel on the Sabbath has been quite double what it was before. It is universally admitted that the chapel is an ornament to the village, and our prayer is that it may be a blessing

to the neighbourhood. "Of Zion it shall be said, that this and that man was born in her; and the highest himself shall establish her. The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there. As well the singers, as the players on instruments shall be there."

ANNIVERSARIES.

CHATTERIS.—Nov. 7th, 8th, and 9th, 1858, deeply interesting missionary services here held in the General Baptist Chapel here, and at Mepal. On Sunday the Revd. H. Wilkinson preached three missionary sermons at Chatteris. On Monday we had our annual missionary tea-meeting, followed by one of the best missionary meetings ever held in this place. The chapel was crowded and scores were unable to get in. Mr. J. Wherry, of Norwood-house, presided. The Revs. W. Best, B.A., of Ramsey, H. Wilkinson, G. H. Jackson, (Indep.) Mr. J. Halford, &c., spoke with much pathos and power. On Tuesday, a good meeting was held at Mepal, when addresses were delivered to a chapel full of delighted hearers by the Revs. J. Lyon (chairman), H. Wilkinson, G. H. Jackson, and Alexander Maclean, of Mepal. The proceeds of the services exceeded seventeen pounds. J. L.

CHATTERIS.—On the 24th Nov. the first public meeting, in aid of the Soldiers' Friend and Army Scripture Reader's Society, was held in the General Baptist Chapel, Mill End, A. S. Ruston, Esq., in the chair. The claims of our brave soldiers on the sympathy, gratitude, and prayers of British Christians were eloquently set forth before a delighted, though not very numerous, audience by the Chairman; the Rev. R. H. Baynes, B.A., one of the hon. secretaries; W. Box, of Ely, corporal; White, &c. The objects of this unsectarian society are to promote in various ways the temporal and spiritual welfare of the soldiers of the British army. This society needs but to be better known to be more liberally supported. We are glad to find that means are being taken to make it better known in this country. J. L.

NORTHALLERTON, Yorkshire.—On Lord's day Nov. 28th, our anniversary sermons for

Brompton Chapel. were preached by the Rev. R. Morris, of Hunmanby, morning and evening at Brompton, and at Northallerton, in the afternoon; the congregations were large, especially in the evening. The following Monday the annual tea-meeting was held in Brompton chapel, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. R. Morris, T. Yeo, W. Stubbings, G. Dawson, and Mr. Atty. With feelings of gratitude to the great shepherd of Israel, we are in a prosperous state. Our prayer is that God may continue to bless us. W. S.

BEESTON.—On Lord's day. Dec. 5th, two admirable sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Miller, when collections were made on behalf of the Foreign Mission. On the Monday evening following, a public missionary meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by W. Felkin, Esq., (chairman), Revs. W. Miller, H. Hunter, and J. Lenkin. When the collections and contributions amounted to the liberal sum of £17 15s. 5d H. C.

LEICESTER.—Thorp-street tea-meeting and presentation. At a tea-meeting held in the above place of worship, on Dec. 13th, when more than 200 sat down to tea, a testimonial, consisting of Matthew Henry's Commentary, in nine volumes, was presented by the congregation to Rev. E. Foster, and also a handsome Polyglot Bible, in morocco case, to Mrs. F. Mr. F. having accepted a unanimous invitation from the church worshipping at Vine-street, his two years successful labours at Thorpe-street will terminate at Christmas, he having arranged to enter upon his new sphere of labour on the first Lord's-day in January. Mr. F. will still retain his connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, where he has acted as Secretary during the past two years.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEICESTER, Millstone-lane.—The Rev. J. C. Pike, of Quorndon, has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church in this place. The chapel was in an unsuitable locality, as well as very inconvenient, having neither Baptist nor Vestries, while the pecuniary strength of the people did not appear to justify the outlay that would be required for the erection of a new one. Under these circumstances

Mr. Pike strongly recommended his friends to unite themselves with the other churches of the body in the town, and they are acting upon his advice.

Mr. Pike has not any stated engagement in the ministry at present, but wishing still to be about his Master's business, will be happy, when not labouring for the Mission, to serve any of the neighbouring churches.

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

Dec. 22. The services in St. Paul's on Sunday evenings are well attended. The Bishop of London has prohibited Romish dresses, &c. to his clergy. A *Church Mission* to China and Japan is projected. Dr. Pusey is said to have married Miss Sellon, better known as "Lydia y^e Superior!" His popish notions are making havock in the Scotch Episcopalian Church.

The position of the *Pope* is not pleasant. Italy, from the Alps to Tarentum, is ready for movement. French and Austrian despotism and bayonets being the only protection for the poor *papa*.

The Wesleyan Missionaries in Madras give favourable notices of their progress. So do those of the Independents in almost every station. A "considerable reinforcement of Missionaries" is expected to be sent to India. Their Mission has been exposed to trouble in Canton. One Missionary who had hopes of success in Shanghai has been compelled to leave. Better news has been received recently from Canton.

The Moravian brethren report that a Jesuit Priest went with a Danish Missionary to Greenland under the disguise of a "minerologist," and studied the language of Greenland, that he might propagate Popery among the Greenlanders. Cunning, cruel, and crafty are the Papists! So the French invaded Tahiti, murdered thousands to let in Popery, under Louis Phillip: and so now, under Louis Napoleon, are they outraging the Friendly Isles! All this done to please the priests. They have compelled the king of these Islands, by their threats of bombardment, to place at their mercy the Governor of the Haabi Islands, who refused to allow a cargo of priests to land without a warrant from his master—required him to give them

land, build them houses, &c., &c. So much for Popery and Louis Napoleon and his religious movements!

GENERAL.

In England and Scotland Mr. John Bright continues to occupy a large share of public attention. His tone is thought, by some, to have become more moderate since he has been intrusted by the Reformers to bring in a New Reform Bill. In several places meetings have been held for the purpose of giving expression to public opinion.

The Queen's proclamation seems to have given general satisfaction in India; and the hope is indulged that ere long the whole land will be tranquilized.

The Government of France seems to have beaten Montalembert. He refused to be pardoned. The Court of Appeal has only changed his sentence. The French, or its Napoleon, seems fond of dictating to small states. Switzerland is now threatened to be deprived of a piece of its territory—wanted "for strategic purposes," by France. Cochinchina has been snubbed with cannon.

Austria is not looking very friendly towards France, while the latter is gracious toward Russia.

The American President's message is published. It is very long, labours hard to vindicate his Kansas movements, upholds slavery, declares that Cuba "ought to belong to" the States, that matters are not comfortable with Spain, nor quite straight with England. It is a wearysome document to read.

Mr. Gladstone has arrived at the Greek Islands, under the protection of England. It is hoped he will not do harm there. Irish Ribbonism has become rife once more. Many arrests have taken place. Public matters are progressing favourably in Australia.

Missionary Observer.

AMERICAN FREEWILL BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY.

THE Anniversary of this Society was held in October. The following abstract of the Annual Report will interest:—

JELLASORE.—At this station, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. B. Hallam are missionaries, with several native assistants. Some members of the church here have been excluded for misconduct. Two repentant prodigals have returned. The following were the statistics of the church, March 31, 1858. Added by baptism, 1; restored, 2; excluded, 4; present number, 37.

Preaching to the heathen in a public way has not been carried on so extensively as in some past years. The spirit of disaffection prevailing in various parts of India has been somewhat manifested in the vicinity of our missions, which limited effort. Brethren Smith and Hallam started on a preaching tour, but were compelled to abandon the effort and return home;—an account of this attempt has already been furnished by Bro. Hallam.

About 370 dollars have been contributed by eighteen persons in India to our mission treasury.

BALASORE.—Mr. and Mrs. R. Cooley, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Smith, and Miss L. Crawford, are missionaries at this station. The statistics show no very great changes in the condition of the church since last year. Though not enjoying such a degree of success as is desired, the work is, on the whole, prospering. Preaching has been continued as in former years, and the congregations have generally been large and attentive. And their journeys abroad have afforded evidence that their labours are of service. The scholars in the schools are doing well. Number of boys in the school, 18. Sister Crawford has still the charge of the Girls' Boarding School. Only three are now members of this School who were connected with it at the time of its establishment in 1851. Most of the number have been married, and have maintained a good character. A few have been baptized. Number in attendance, 19.

The Dispensary continues in operation, 2951 persons have received aid and advice here, and it is proving of great service indirectly to our mission.

At **METTRAPORE**, where Silas Curtis is preacher, they have a good house in a delightful location, and things appear prosperous.

Rev. Arthur Miller has offered his services for the mission field, and has been accepted by the board. Earnest appeals have been made to the churches for the means to send him out promptly. He had all confidence in the liberality of the churches, and so made arrangements to close up his business this fall. His Christian earnestness is indicated by his generous proposal to sell his house in order that the means for his outfit might be obtained without delay. This is a noble example of Christian devotedness. The Executive Committee appreciate this proposal, but do not think it would be right to send him out penniless, when a denomination of 60,000 members, are many times more able to furnish the money.

Another year's work is finished, or left for ever undone. Let us all unite in resolving to increase our efforts to give the gospel to those who hear not its joyful sound, and know not its saving power.

LETTER FROM REV. J. BUCKLEY.

Cuttack, October 15th, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER,—Within these two months, we have had "wonders in the heavens above, and signs in the earth beneath." On the 24th of August, a smart shock of an earthquake was felt for a few seconds, about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon; but I believe no damage was done by it, except cracking a few walls in different places, and frightening a great many people. Night after night our sky is now adorned by a comet, which on some occasions has presented a remarkably interesting and brilliant appearance. It was first seen on Tuesday evening, the 28th of September, but unhappily I did not see it on that occasion, and for nearly a week after, our evenings were so cloudy, that, though often looked for, it was all in vain. One evening, as I was sitting alone, meditating in the verandah, I heard one of the school girls calling out in a very excited manner to Mrs. Buckley, "Oh! mother, come and see! make haste, and come and see! the star with a tail is in the sky." I need not say that I was soon observing the firmament, and there, in truth, it was an exceedingly conspicuous object. It excites great terror and alarm among the heathen, who are now, as in the days of the Prophet, "Dismayed at the signs of the Heavens. (Jer. x., 2). They regard it as portending famines, pestilences, and other dire calamities; but the enlightened Christian sees in it wonderful evidence of the stability of the works of God. Assuming (which seems probable) its identity with the comet of 1264, (the year from which the origin of the House of Commons is usually dated,) and the one of 1566 (a bloody year in the reign of the detestable Mary,) what reflections it suggests to the thoughtful observer, and what impressions it gives us of the immensity of space! "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." What wondrous changes the world will have seen, before this mysterious visitor shall come again! I may add that it was about 25 or 27 deg. from the horizon, and was first seen in the north-west. The last two evenings it has been less brilliant.

We have recently received a box of fancy and useful articles from the Female Education Society—a society which has rendered us much valuable assistance—and this week we have had a bazaar for the disposal of the articles. The sales have realized nearly 500 C. Rs. (£50) which we think very good, as all the things are not sold.

Bro. and Sister Stubbins expect to leave Cuttack with their little boy, about the 17th or 20th of next month. We shall miss them much, and their departure will necessarily impose heavier duties on those who remain; but it is the will of the Lord, and therefore must be right.

We have, of course, heard that the Mighty Company, whose name has had so mysterious an influence on the millions of India, and whose history is the most wonderful that the world has ever known, has passed away. Queen Elizabeth, on the last day of the sixteenth century, with no conception whatever of the importance of what she was doing, incorporated "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London, trading to the East Indies;" and now, after the lapse of 258 years, Queen Victoria "willingly" undertakes, as she says, but I should think, with solemn and subdued feelings, the direct government of this great empire. When the Company was incorporated by Elizabeth, the empire of the Great Mogul was at the zenith of its authority and glory; now, the representative of the Royal House, after a bloody but, thank God, impotent attempt to regain the sovereignty from which a more than mortal power had deposed his predecessors, is a prisoner in the hands of his powerful conquerors. A more than human voice has said to rulers whose capitals were Gomorrah, and who ruled their unhappy subjects with a rod of iron, "Oh king! to thee it is spoken; the kingdom is departed from thee;" and in the interests of humanity, civilization, and above all, Christianity, I most fervently hope that it will never be restored. The change made by the wisdom of Parliament, seems to many of us more in name than in reality. The Court lives in the Council, and for one I have more confidence in such men as Mangles, Currie, and Lawrence, than in the President. No confidence whatever can be reposed in Sir George Clarke—the permanent Under-Secretary of the Board. He is wedded to principles abhorrent to all enlightened Christian men, and his memoranda, published on the 29th of July, by order of the House of Lords is—I write it advisedly—one of the most disgraceful papers that has ever seen the light. We are waiting with anxiety for the proclamation inaugurating Victoria's reign in India, and are surprised at the delay in its being issued; but,

suppose our rulers are in perplexity as to what to say on the religious question—it is very important that what is said on this point should be well considered. I shall probably give you my thoughts

about it when the proclamation has been published.

Yours affectionately,
JOHN BUCKLEY.

LETTER FROM REV. W. HILL.

MY DEAR MR. GOADBY,

The "rainy season" is now drawing to a close, and we are looking forward with pleasure to our cold season preaching labours. This year the monsoon was unusually late in commencing, and hitherto we have not had the average quantity of rain. Owing to the above causes, the farmers have not been able to cultivate the high land; and, in many instances, where rice has been sown or planted, it has been injured or destroyed for the want of water. It is likely, therefore, that there will be a deficiency in next year's crops. I am happy to say that there has been a considerable quantity of rain at our new village. The crops there look remarkably well, and give promise of an abundant harvest. Lying, as our village does, at the foot of the mountains, the lands get the benefit of the mountain streams. These being stopped up by large embankments form reservoirs, or what are called asroyers or refuges for the time of drought or scarcity. Should there be no rain, therefore, at the proper time, the fields can be irrigated, and the crops saved by means of these large reservoirs. A few weeks back one of the native Christians came over and told me that the reservoir near the chapel was quite full. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, "the embankment had given way, and all the water had escaped." The next morning brother B. and myself went over to the village, and we found the native Christians engaged in filling up the breach. It has since been completed at a cost of fifteen rupees, or about thirty shillings. The rice growing just behind the reservoir was all carried away by the rushing waters. Another large reservoir, which was commenced a year or two ago, has been completed, or nearly so, during the past year, and is now quite full of water. Unless some unforeseen accident should occur, the crops, so far as water is concerned, are considered quite safe. Brother B. and I intended to return home the same evening, but a very heavy fall of rain prevented us, so we sent off a man to inform our wives that we were weather-bound, and would return in the morning. There

Berhampore, Ganjam, Oct. 11th, 1858.

were two difficulties in the way of our remaining; in the first place we had very little food, and in the second we had no beds. Tama kindly prepared some curry and rice for us, but the former, by the way, was so hot with cayenne pepper as to burn and almost blister ones mouth. Tama, however, considered it "very mild." Then came the difficulty as to how we were to sleep. For beds we used forms, and for pillows, the cloths of the Christians, and being fatigued we were soon enjoying

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Returning home the next morning, we passed a man who was measuring his length to Juggernaut.

The owners and cultivators of land were never, I believe, so well off as they are now. Owing to the large exportations, and various other circumstances, nearly all articles of consumption have risen very much in price. Take rice as an example. Ten or twelve years ago it was eighteen and twenty measures for a rupee. Last week we bought a quantity for our school children, when we had a great difficulty in obtaining seven and a quarter measures for the same amount. Cotton clothing is some 25 per cent. higher than it was a few years back. As, therefore, the former is the chief article of food and the latter the chief article of clothing, our orphan asylums are much more expensive institutions now than they were when first established. I think I am almost right when I state that sugar, fowls, ghee, oil, &c., have increased from twenty to fifty per cent. within the last ten years. House-corn is now *ten* measures for a rupee, instead of thirty as formerly. Persons of regular but limited salaries are much more affected by this state of things than the day-labourer. It is, however, one of the necessary evils incident to a transition state of a nation, and will, doubtless, remedy itself in the end.

If I mistake not, I stated some time ago, that the Government were laying down a telegraph between Calcutta and Madras. The bamboo posts which were put down in the first instance have been recently removed, and more substantial

ones put down in their stead. The new posts are in three parts. In the first place, there is a large cast-iron screw, which is screwed into the ground. Fitted to the top of this is a tube of galvanized iron, which stands about five feet high, and on the top of this tube the wooden post is fixed. The screw and tube are used to prevent the posts from being rotted by the damp, and eaten by white-ants. These articles having been brought from England, I have no idea of their cost; but a native shop-keeper here has had a contract for upwards of 1,200 of the wood posts, at the rate of six rupees nine annas, or about thirteen shillings each. The other morning, this said shop-keeper told us that some natives had come forward and offered to supply any further quantity of posts at twelve annas or about eighteen-pence each. It seems, therefore, that Government has been wisely cheated, and knowing a little about the price of wood I fully believe that the posts might have been procured at a rupee each. It has been hinted that the shop-keeper has a *share only* of the profit. This, however, is not in my province, but it may serve to give one some idea of how things are managed, or rather mismanaged. The working of the telegraph is a very great mystery to the natives. They have asked me again and again if they "shall be able to 'see' anything going along the wire"; nor do they seem to have any idea of the manner in which messages are sent backwards and forwards. To give an illustration. Some time since, my pundit told me that he had been talking with a rajah or native prince on the subject. This rajah assured him that it was "all a vain and useless work," and to prove it, he said, "you cannot make a piece of string vibrate for a single kose,* and how can the sahibs make wire vibrate all the distance from Calcutta to Madras." This then is a prince's idea about the telegraph, rather good, is it not? We are delighted to hear of the success in laying down the Atlantic telegraph cable. It is now expected that by January, 1860, England and India will be connected by telegraph; and it is deemed possible for messages to be received in Calcutta in an evening, in answer to communications forwarded to London the same morning. India, therefore, will be only, as it were, one day's distance from England, instead of four or five months as was the case formerly. How vast the resources of matter, and great the discoveries of mind! God's testimonies are wonderful.

* A Kose is about equal to two English miles.

For several days past a comet has been visible, and, indeed, is visible still. It may be seen towards dusk, and for about two hours afterwards. The tail has a splendid appearance, and seems to be of an immense length, but as I know very little about astronomy I must not say more on the subject. The natives generally interpret it as foreboding something very disastrous, and say "that there will be war and famine, and that some men of note, and many animals with tails will assuredly die." Yesterday brother B. preached from Jer. x., 2—"Learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs from heaven, for the heathen are dismayed at them."

Last Thursday evening, a sad accident occurred at Ganjam. A Mr. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, and their niece, a girl twelve years old, were about to proceed to Madras, by ship. They were all going in our boat to the ship, and had nearly crossed the surf. There, however, an immense breaker struck the boat and upset it. Mrs. M. was in her palkee at the time, and fortunately this floated, and she was saved. Several others caught hold of it, and all were picked up by a boat that was near. Mr. M. was also saved by holding to a piece of wood, but his niece and Mr. Hanson were drowned. Mr. H. was in the medical service, and was the gentleman who escaped by hiding himself in the jungle, when he and Dr. Moore were attacked on their way from Cuttack to Sumbhulpore. He then had a hair's breadth escape, and lost all his baggage to the amount of 1,500 rupees.

Dr. Moore, his fellow traveller, you will remember, was barbarously murdered. Last hot season, he, Mr. Hanson, gave me full particulars of his attack and escape; but it is unnecessary to enter into details. He had been offered a better appointment than the one he held in Ganjam, and was about to proceed to Madras to take it up when the accident happened. His wife and family are near Madras. It being reported that he was murdered on his way to Sumbhulpore, they "went into mourning" for him. How delighted would they be to hear that he was living; but how overwhelmed with distress will they be when they hear for truth that he met with an untimely end on his way to join them. May God comfort their sorrowing hearts. Mr. H. served with the Turkish Contingent during the Crimean War.

But I must draw this rambling letter to a close. In my last letter I gave you some account of the ravages of cholera. I am thankful to say that there have been no more cases in our Christian community.

Next week (D.V.) brother Bailey and myself are going to Cuttack to attend our annual Conference, which is to be held before brother and sister Stubbins' departure for England. Soon after our return we hope to commence our cold season

tours; and pray that the Lord may give us favour in the sight of the heathen.

I am, dear Mr. Goadby,
Affectionately Yours,
WILLIAM HILL.

JOURNAL BY MRS. BUCKLEY. No. 1.

Cuttack, July 29th, 1858.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOADBY,—If you think the following notes, taken during a missionary tour, will interest the friends of the mission, I have much pleasure in transcribing them:—

On the 8th of January, soon after day dawn, I left home in company with my husband. It was a trial to say good bye to dear Miss Butler and our interesting charge. But so sleepless had my nights become, I felt that I greatly needed a change of air. A ride of four hours in the cool, clear, bracing air, brought us to our camping ground with a keen appetite for breakfast. We were greatly disappointed to find neither tent nor provisions had arrived, tho' they were packed, and the order given to leave Cuttack the day before at noon. The market people had begun to assemble: some were unpacking their wares, others erecting stalls. Mr. Buckley made up his mind to go and preach at once, whilst he had a little strength left; but just as he had mentioned his resolve, we were cheered with the sight of one of the carts containing our tent, furniture, and provisions. With the aid of the men who carried my palkee, breakfast was soon ready. Our little table was placed under a mangoe tree, on whose branches had been seen cunning black-faced monkeys, and pretty green parrots. On the white table cloth were arranged in due order various odd and cracked vessels of crockery. In a short time the dishes were ornamented with smoking-hot boiled rice, part of a pig's fry, and a pork-pie kindly sent to me by Sister Lacey. A few yards from us were a host of natives, gazing with intense curiosity depicted in their countenances. What a sight it was to them for a woman to sit by the side of her husband, and partake of the same dishes in his presence. I was amused with our public breakfast, and speculated on the impressions made on the spectators. Over our meal I received the thanks of my husband for expediting business, and was told if I had not been with him, he should have had to wait patiently until three o'clock for breakfast. Whilst Mr. Buckley was preaching in the market, the tent came

up, and with the help of my palkee men, it was speedily pitched, and the furniture well dusted and arranged. It consisted of a small table, two small tent cots, our two travelling tin boxes with clothes, two small wooden boxes with books, writing and sewing materials, a medicine box well stocked with medicines. In the tent verandah was a larger box containing our stores for five weeks. By partitioning off one of the verandahs, we formed a bath-room. The other verandah was given up to our Christian servant. Mr. Taylor joined us in the evening; also Ham, and Ghunoo Shyham, native preachers. After the bustle of making our canvas room tidy was over, my thoughts were of a pensive character. The shade of departed worth seemed to hover around me; this being the first place in this district I visited with Brother Lacey on a missionary journey. Very sweet to my soul is the remembrance of the kind sympathy and interest he took in all my efforts for the good of this degraded people, whether at home or abroad.

"O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead."

9TH.—The market being at a distance from our tents, to accommodate the brethren, we had an early breakfast. After family worship, and the brethren had left for their preaching labours, I was visited by the sons and daughters of affliction, whose sorrows I endeavoured to alleviate to the best of my ability. In the afternoon, taking some tracts in my bag, I went into the village of Paga, and was immediately recognised as the lady who had visited them six years ago. The family who had shewn such a friendly spirit on my former visit, appeared equally pleased to see me this time, and invited me into the house, and not once did they refer to caste. The house was full of women and children,—the mother and the wives of her five grown-up sons. The men were all employed as carpenters, the business of their deceased father. Their yard was well stocked with wood, and there were many signs of temporal pros-

perity. I could not help admiring the old lady, her hair was white with age, but she was clean and nicely dressed, and was as cheerful and as active as any of her daughters: she entered into conversation with ease. Kindly enquired where I had been the past six years, what had become of my niece (meaning Eliza Brooks, who was with me on a former visit). She told me about the death of her husband, whose memory she seemed fondly to cherish. She invited me to look at her grand-child, who was heavily afflicted. This gave me an opportunity of speaking to them of sin, as the cause of all our sorrows, and the grand remedy provided for perishing mortals. The mothers were quite proud to have their boys read to me, even their fathers left their work to hear them, and all listened quietly to the reading, and my remarks on what was read.

When I left them, they gave me their salutations. I found another old widow living, whom I had met with on my former visit, and on my entering her little yard, she came smiling up to me, and touched my chin with her four fingers, and then kissed them. This is the most affectionate way of giving salutations. A number of women and children came into the yard, with whom I remained until it was time to return to the tent.

10TH:—**LORD'S-DAY.**—Had no service to-day in the tent, which I much regretted. But the brethren felt it important to preach at a market, and in the village of Paga, and were engaged in their great work from morning to "dewy eve." In the fore part of the day, I had many patients. Some with sore eyes, others with fever, spleen, &c. A native gentleman visited me on behalf of his sick child. He was anxious to obtain a New Testament. I had a serious conversation with him about Christianity, and tried to shew its blessed effects on the life of those who heartily embrace it, as well as the glorious future it revealed to them. Among my patients were two old women, palsied with age. They seemed full of hope that my "famous" eye water would restore their dimmed vision. Poor old creatures, I felt my own soul drawn out in earnest desires to communicate some rays of heavenly light to their dark souls. After I had talked to them for a time, one of them shook her head and said, "I don't understand you." Hurree, my Christian servant, was standing near

me and listening. I said to him, "Do tell them, in the simplest words, what I have been saying." He immediately began (giving some of his own ideas as well as mine), "Oh mothers! listen: the lady has been saying that the Great Spirit who gave you life, and who has kept you alive, until the hairs on your head are all turned white, and nearly all your teeth have fallen out of your mouth (nods of assent), who provided you with sweet warm milk in your mothers' breast, when you had only tender gums; and when your teeth grew, he sent rice, and curry, and fruits to eat, and water to drink, and raiment to wear (nods). The lady says He is not the sun, shining so brightly there, He made that sun. He is not a tree, or a river, He made the trees and rivers. He is not that image under that tree;—a man shaped that ugly stone. Nor is He the block of wood at Pooree: carpenters formed that. The Great Spirit cannot be seen with these mortal eyes; but He sees us. We have sinned against Him by worshipping idols, by telling lies, by speaking improper words; and these sins, unforgiven, will send our souls, when our bodies die, to a dreadful place, where all is darkness and weeping, and no joy. The great and good Spirit saw what a dreadful state sin had brought us unto, our bodies diseased and dying, and our souls miserable for ever. Out of love and pity to us, He sent His Son to help us. He clothed Himself in mortal flesh, and was born a little babe, and lived thirty-three years in this world to show us how we should live, and then He gave His pure, mortal life to procure the pardon of our sins. Now, mothers, no longer call upon your gods, but call upon the Lord Jesus Christ, tell Him all your sorrows, ask Him to pardon your sins. He will hear you in His holy place in Heaven, where He now lives, and He will give to you His Holy spirit, which will teach you what is right." All this and much more was said in simple, colloquial language. The old women, and all present, seemed interested. One of the women said, "I will come to-morrow, and hear these words again." But there were many other places to be visited, and early the next morning our tents were taken down, and we were on our way to Salapore.

Yours in Christian bonds,

SARAH BUCKLEY.

LETTER FROM THE REV. G. TAYLOR, TO REV. H. HUNTER.

Piplee, Cuttack.

[We have already inserted notes relative to the festivals alluded to in this letter. But as it contains some particulars not previously given, we think its insertion, though late, not out of place.—ED.]

MY DEAR MR. HUNTER,—I have long had it in my mind to address a few lines to you, but owing to a multiplicity of engagements on the one hand, and to an inherent aversion to writing on the other, I have hitherto failed to carry out my purpose. This morning, however, I resolved to delay no longer; and as I doubt not you will be interested in hearing something about our labours in this extensive and important field, I will give you a few particulars of our recent visit to the City of the Great Idol, whom all Orissa and Hindoostan worship.

You are perhaps aware that it is usual for the Piplee Missionaries to spend six weeks or more at Pooree during the hot season, when they visit the Bazaar every evening (sabbath excepted), and publish to thousands of “restless wanderers after rest” the glad tidings of Redeeming love.

As Pooree is situated on the sea coast, the change is often very beneficial to the health of the Missionaries, and enables them better to endure the melting heat of this enervating season of the year. About this time, moreover, several important festivals occur, particularly the large “Bathing” and “Car” festivals, when opportunities are afforded for preaching and giving tracts and scriptures to hundreds and thousands of immortal beings from almost every part of this large and populous empire.

We were not able to begin our bazaar preaching for sometime after we arrived, for in the first place, I was very unwell when we left home, and on the way to Pooree took a fresh cold, which laid me aside for nearly a fortnight. The principal reason, however, was that our native forces had not reached the field of conflict; and I considered it neither wise nor expedient to engage single handed those giants in iniquity—the Pundas and Brahmins of the temple;—especially as the temper of the people here, relative to our efforts, had not been tested since the commencement of the meeting. In the mean time, as the chaplain had not arrived,* we had an English service every Sabbath, when several of the residents and visitors attended the meetings, and, I trust, the

effort was not in vain. We likewise had a prayer meeting and public service in Orah for the benefit of our domestics.

At length we were joined by the native preachers; and at once commenced our labours in the city. You will not be surprised, perhaps, when I tell you our first visit to the bazaar was attended by much fear and trembling. Yet confident that our work was not “of man,” and having implored the blessing, and committed ourselves to the keeping of “Him that dwelt in the bush,” we went forth.

We began, as is our custom, by singing a hymn, and were soon surrounded by a goodly number of persons, but no sooner had we “opened fire” on their favourite idol, than they began to roar and bellow like enraged bulls, and rendered our position not unlike that of Paul when “after the manner of men, he fought with beasts at Ephesus.” A substitute for the cry, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians,” was “Victory to Juggernath,” followed by shouts of “Hurri bol” (hurrah), which seemed almost to rend the air, so that it was with difficulty we obtained a hearing even for a few minutes.

On another occasion, as brother Goadhy and I were going to the town, I was much affected by the following circumstance:—On our way, we had to pass by a native house, on the verandah of which sat a number of native gentlemen, who, on our coming in sight evidently made us the subject of conversation, and just as we passed one said to the rest “there are Jesu Christa’s people,” &c. Never, methinks, did that precious name—that “name that is above every name”—sound more sweetly in my ears, and never did I feel it a greater honour to be identified with that name than on this occasion.

“Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven.”

We proceeded to the place of preaching and were not long in obtaining a large congregation; but alas! there was even less disposition to hear than on the previous evening. Many of the auditory seemed to have no other aim in view than that of preventing the well-disposed from hearing, and giving as much annoyance as possible to the speakers. In the course of the evening Paul overheard a conversation between a few persons present, from which it would appear that

* The Cuttack Chaplain pays a visit of six weeks in the year, and preaches to the European population of Pooree, which is the only opportunity they have of hearing the gospel.

they had expected never to see us again; they had heard we had all fled, and hoped they had happily got rid of us. One said to another "From whence have these people come? We thought they had gone altogether. Ah, it is no use trying to drive them away; they will in the end assuredly prevail."

The following evening our congregation was again large, but more restless and rude than ever; some of the people tried their very utmost to prevent our being heard, even for one consecutive minute.

You can have no idea, my dear brother, how difficult it is to address such a turbulent audience; one has to shout and strain one's voice to the utmost, and then be but partially heard, and sometimes not at all. In addition to the general tumult some ten or a dozen fellows will propose as many questions on an equal number of different subjects; and each interrogator will demand the first reply; while, at the same time, not one of the whole batch of questions has the remotest connexion with the subject in hand. On the occasion referred to, while Kombhoo was remonstrating with the people as to their disrespectful behaviour, one man called out "We cry out and shout because you cut us!" "Ah, brother," replied Kombhoo, "to cure an abscess you know it is needful to cut and probe it, and the operation is a very painful one; but it is the salvation of the patient." Still the people would neither hear entreaties nor remonstrances; but shouting at the top of their voices, some contended, some scoffed, and others blasphemed in a most distressing manner. I think I never met, even in Pooree before, with such a noisy, ignorant rabble. Surely that spirit, whose name is "Legion," had taken possession of them. Moreover, on our starting to the Bungalow, they regularly hooted us from the place, and their yells and shouts and screams were almost deafening. So I stood still, and made an attempt to speak, seeing which they gave audience for a few seconds, when I reminded them that their scorn and reproach did not, could not, hurt us; we could easily bear it all; but begged and entreated of them not to destroy their precious souls; when their shouts and yells again rent the air as if in defiance of both God and man! while the gaze of all—not only of our late congregation, but the tradespeople and passers-by—were fixed upon us, and reminded me forcibly of the language of the Apostle—"We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels and to men."

For two other evenings after this, there was a decided improvement in the demeanour of our assembly; I fancy the enemies of the truth thought to drive us away by their noise and insults, but finding they could not prevail, they let us alone for a while. One night they made an attempt to raise a shout, but it proved quite a failure! Still they continued to give us great annoyance and much abuse, so long as we continued to visit the bazaar. The majority of this people seem proof against every appeal, and impregnable to every argument—yea, literally "past feeling." Such are the inhabitants of Pooree.

Nevertheless, we are not without hope that good was done, as once and again our hearts were cheered by the sight of a few attentive hearers, whose earnest countenances indicated some degree of interest in the speakers message: yea, I would fain hope that in one or two instances, the thick darkness of the understanding was so far removed, as to afford a glimpse of Calvary's tragic scene, and of the unbounded love of Jehovah, as there exhibited to a perishing world!

I am sure I need not say, pray that our labour may not be in vain; for I doubt not, that both you and your dear flock are, in this behalf, increasing in your supplications at the throne of the Eternal, and this assurance greatly strengthens our faith, and encourages our hearts amid all our trials and toils.

Kindly give my Christian love, and that of my beloved wife, to those of your dear flock who know us; and tell them we hope they will ever keep *fast hold of the ropes*, or we shall faint and fall. They will remember, that so long as Aaron and Hur held up the hand of Moses, "Israel prevailed;" and may "God—our own God, give us His blessing!" It was not my privilege often to visit "Stoney-street" before leaving the land of my fathers, but I have a vivid recollection of the few visits I *did* pay; especially do I recollect the Saturday evening, and Sabbath morning *prayer-meetings*. And now, when my soul seems as if "in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;" and the fire of Divine love appears to be smouldering on the altar of my cold heart, I often wish I could step into that "upper room," and spend with you that sacred hour of praise and prayer!

Hoping Mrs. Hunter and yourself are well, and with Christian love from my dear wife. &c.

Ever yours, affectionately,
GEORGE TAYLOR.

July 31st, 1858.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES. FEBRUARY, 1859.

No. 62.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. H. SMITH,
LATE OF TARPORLEY, CHESHIRE.

"Long do they live, nor die too soon ;
Who live till life's great work is done."

ONE of the most consoling doctrines of scripture is the sovereignty of God. "He doeth what he will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth ; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, what doest thou." We see, in the light of this doctrine, that our "times are in His hand ;" and we are well satisfied that, whatever he may appoint, or permit, "the ways of the Lord are all mercy and truth unto them that fear Him." They are never afflicted wantonly, or capriciously. Their God and Father has always reasons for what he does ; and there are instances, like the one before us, in which there is so much mercy in His doings, that they are compelled to acknowledge it, even while they are pierced through with many sorrows.

The most natural expectation in the case of our friend and brother, was a lengthened period of affliction and trial. But God ordered it otherwise. The evil days were shortened ; and attended by so many circumstances of a reconciling character, that no one, not excepting his nearest relations, could desire his life, or wish it to close otherwise than it did.

He was born at Quorndon, Leicestershire, November 16th, 1813, and shortly afterwards, his parents, who were pious people, removed to Leicester. "I was accustomed," he says, "from my infancy, to attend the ministrations of the late Rev. J. Deacon, and can scarcely remember the time when I did not feel myself a sinner. The pious instructions, and fervent prayers, of my parents, were also employed by the Spirit in enlightening my youthful mind ; and many were the purposes which I formed, at a very early period, of devoting myself to the service of God.

"When about seven years of age, I was admitted into the Sabbath school ; and about the same time, I was called to the sick chamber of my mother, to listen to her dying counsel, and bid adieu to the most affectionate of parents. Her last request was that, I and my brother, who has long since joined her in a better world, would give our youthful

hearts to Christ, and prepare to follow her to heaven. But I cannot say that the impressions made on my mind by this event were permanent."

Changes having taken place at the church at Friar-lane, and in his family, he attended for some months on the ministrations of the late Rev. R. Hall, and "listened with delight to the sermons of that truly eloquent minister." His step-mother was also of use to him in wishing him to read portions of "Baxter's Saints' Rest" to her, and in giving him, on leaving home in 1826, to become an apprentice at Quorndon, his native village, a Bible, with the injunction to seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness.

His master was a pious Wesleyan, and in his house, "he says, "I was favoured with the privilege of family worship." He also expected me, in virtue of an agreement made with my father, to attend the Wesleyan Chapel once on the Sabbath. But a difficulty arose in reference to the Sabbath School. For being a baptist of the third generation, on both sides, I could not endure the idea of joining a Wesleyan Sunday School. I attended, but did not feel at home, and well do I remember the joy which I felt when, with my master's consent, I was allowed to join the Baptist School.

"Mr. Scott was the minister, and, being a personal friend of my father, he took a lively interest in my spiritual welfare; and I began to feel considerable concern on account of my sins; especially under a sermon which he preached to the young." At this time, however, he had an acquaintance which he deemed objectionable, and the youthful reader will, we trust, observe what follows. "At length," he says, "I opened my mind to him. I told him if he was disposed to commence a religious course, I should be most happy to continue the acquaintance; but that, if not, I had resolved to serve the Lord, cost what it might. To my surprise, he told me, that he had been, for some time, the subject of convictions, and was unwilling to disclose his mind, because he was unconscious of what was passing in mine. I was glad at the discovery, and we resolved at once to open our minds to some member of the church."

Mr. Smith conversed with a pious grandmother, and was wisely directed Mr. Scott. A long conversation ensued; an enquirer's meeting was instituted, and ultimately, there was a very interesting revival of religion. But, at present, he was not converted to God. His impressions deepened, and his concern increased; but, he fell into the common error of supposing that, because his feelings were less strong, apparently, than the feelings of some others, they could not be real, and he had not accepted the ministrations of the Gospel. But here, again, we must let him speak for himself. "I was anxious to be right, felt no dependence on my works for salvation, and yet, I could not rely, simply, on the atoning blood of Christ. I wanted to be driven to the cross; God's purpose was to draw me there. I received considerable assistance from a copy of Pike's Persuatives which my master had given me. It was my constant pocket companion, and often, amidst the trees of a neighbouring plantation, did I pray that its contents might be blessed to my salvation. And they were so to a good degree. Still I had to mourn over the hardness of my heart; and I began almost to despair of obtaining mercy. One Sabbath, I felt unusually distressed, and prayed, most earnestly, that I might obtain some assurance of God's forgiving mercy before the day closed. Mr. Stocks was preaching that day. I felt much during

prayer, but when the second hymn was given out—the 201st—and especially the second verse—

“Pardon to sinners is proclaimed
By their offended God :
’Tis God beseeches to accept
Peace made by Jesus’ blood.”

I thought, if God beseeches sinners to accept pardon, there could be no unwillingness, on his part to save me. I ventured to rest on the truth which forms the basis of that hymn. Peace was the immediate result. I now saw the Gospel, in all its lovely simplicity, and wondered I had never seen it in that light before.”

His baptism took place at Loughborough, in February, 1833. He had removed from Quorndon to complete his time as an apprentice, and he was very happy in the enjoyment of his privileges. His conduct was consistent, and he began to be useful.

A desire to be useful was indeed with him, as it is with all true converts, of the same date as his sense of pardoning mercy. But, for some time, his efforts were limited to the Sabbath School, and it was more than a year after his baptism before he engaged in public prayer.

A new desire was, however, springing up in his mind. He had even taken, from a youth, a lively interest in our Orissa Mission, and when Mr. Brooks was ordained, “I felt,” he says “a strong desire to be similarly employed; and formed the purpose, if I could possibly break through the hitherto apparently insurmountable difficulty of speaking in public, of devoting my life to the Missionary cause.”

But God willed it otherwise. The difficulty which he felt so much was overcome. His first sermon was made, and preached, “with much more liberty than he had anticipated;” but having no intention of devoting himself to the ministry at home, and seeing no prospect of realizing the cherished desire of his heart in the mission field, he entered into business, and was, comparatively, successful.

Two years afterwards he removed to London, and having united with the church in Borough-road, he made himself useful in the Sabbath-school. His former desire for Missionary work revived, and having conferred with his pastor on the subject, an arrangement was made for a little testing work in one of the Tract Districts. The result was satisfactory. His services were acceptable, and he was encouraged to offer himself to the Missionary Society.

He did so, and the offer was declined. But again he applied, and, after preaching at Derby and Nottingham, “with great fear and trembling,” he was pleasingly disappointed at being received as a candidate.

A short time was spent at Derby in receiving, from the late secretary of the Mission, some necessary instructions, and he thus speaks of him, and of the result :—“By his kind and assiduous attention, I became much more qualified to preach acceptably the glorious gospel, and longed for the period when I should proclaim its glorious truths to the benighted heathen. But this desire was not to be granted. The health of my beloved partner, ever very delicate, visibly declined during the winter we were at Derby, and the committee come, at length, to the conclusion that it would not be prudent to send her to India.”

After this painful decision, for some time, he was at a loss what to do. But an opening presented itself at Measham, and, after spending some little time in preparatory training in London, he entered upon the duties of schoolmaster, and assistant preacher, in connection with the church there.

In January, 1846, he received an invitation to serve the church at Hugglescote, and to take charge of a day-school at Coalville. But that invitation he declined, from the feeling that he should not be equal to the duties and responsibilities of the situation. Eventually, however, he was induced to undertake them, and removed to Coalville, in April, 1846.

The year following, on the 18th June, 1847, he lost his wife. She had been long declining, and their course had been a chequered one; but they were ever patient, and submissive to the will of God, and they ever found that his grace was sufficient for them.

His second marriage took place at Barton, on the 13th July, 1848; and was in every way a happy one. But, notwithstanding his remark at his ordination, at Hugglescote, on the 22nd October, 1850, that, "During an interval of more than four years, more than two of which he had been alone in the ministry, he had never had reason to think that he had come to a wrong conclusion in accepting the invitation of the Church," the fact was, that, at the time, his onerous duties had undermined his naturally vigorous constitution, and laid the foundation for years of suffering, and a premature grave.

The labour required was great in ordinary circumstances, when there was another one besides himself; as the friends were widely scattered, and there were five chapels to supply. But for more than two years he was "alone in the ministry," preaching, generally six times a week, visiting the sick, attending prayer, and church meetings, funerals, and weddings, and—we grieve to write it—teaching school five days of the week in addition.

"The hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep." But, verily, we have no hireling here. We have a self-sacrificing man, largely imbued with the spirit of his Master. And we rejoice in it. But when, O God, shall we see self-sacrificing churches as well as ministers! And when will they believe that, Thou hast ordained, that, they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel!

The removal of our friend and brother, from Coalville, and Hugglescote, became, in time, a necessity. He loved the friends, and his labours were acceptable and useful; but his sufferings from over-work, from which there seemed no prospect of deliverance, were frequently most excruciating; and, in looking over his papers, we meet with remarks of this kind, "Suffered much from severe pain in the head, which continues with little abatement. Oh, for patience, to bear aright this long affliction."

The usual means were resorted to, but with no other than a temporary relief; and, at length, in 1853, he had to cease from labour altogether, and says, "Forbidden by my doctor to preach. Feel it a great privation, but I must submit. I know not what awaits me in the future, but my God does, and I am in His hand. Oh for patience, resignation, and faith then all will be well."

The graces were given and exercised; but the only result of rest and change was a little temporary relief; and, having in the meantime, received

an invitation from the church at Tarporley, he felt it is duty to accept it, and entered on his labours there in June, 1854.

In every respect the change was a suitable, and happy one, and followed only with happy results. And we cannot but regard it as an instance of the care of God for His servant, that he opened his way, at such a time, to such a sphere. The labour was as light as it well could be, the friends able, intelligent, and kind, and the neighbourhood pleasant and healthy. A pleasing change also took place in the cause. It prospered. And it was a high gratification to him that the church, over which God had placed him, was so thoroughly hearty in the Foreign Mission. He rejoiced exceedingly in that circumstance, and ever spoke of it with the most grateful pleasure.

The old disease, however, still clung to him; and in April, 1858, after being in bad health through the winter, he became seriously ill. Severe pain in the head, and increasing drowsiness, succeeded each other, and, though medical aid was resorted to, it was of little avail.

The first Sabbath in May, there was a baptism, and he preached once. The same week he went to Matlock, and placed himself under the care of a distinguished Hydropathist, but no real advantage resulted from it, and, early in June, he returned home.

The Sabbath after, June 13th, he preached, and administered the Lord's supper; and was much affected. He had done so for the first time, as the pastor of the church, four years before, and that circumstance, in connection with the state of his health, and his prospects, made it a very interesting and solemn season. He had been very happy with the people, and he told them so. But his work was done. He sank rapidly afterwards, and excepting seasons of severe suffering, he slept day and night. His memory, too, failed. "But if," says his widow, "I commenced a verse of scripture, or hymn, he would finish it. His mind was calm and peaceful, and when I asked him if he could still think—He doeth all things well—he looked at me, and said, 'I can, be sure.'"

One of the friends, who visited him frequently, says—"His faith never failed, though so severely tried. He still, through grace, was enabled to overcome the last enemy, and to say, 'Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb.'"

His death took place on the 6th July, 1858, at the early age of 44. On the 10th he was buried, by Brother Yates, his former colleague at Hugglescote, in the ground, adjoining the chapel, at Tarporley; and on the 18th July, Mr. Yates—who was over on a visit, that had been arranged between him and Mr. Smith a little time before—preached his funeral sermon.

A few weeks previously, the writer had a communication from his friend, thus taken away, respecting a provision for the future. He had not been able to make any at an earlier period, and the project was frustrated by the affliction which almost immediately followed. But should not this subject engage the serious attention of both ministers and churches? Is it more a duty to preach the Gospel to every creature than it is to provide for those by whom it is preached? Shall we for ever be covered with shame, when we are asked, about the provision which we make for our ministers and their families in the event of permanent incapacity, or age, or death?

The most prominent characteristics of our friend and brother, were

simplicity and sincerity, unaffected goodness and unselfish zeal. He was a good man, and a good minister of Jesus Christ, uniformly consistent, and kind, and disinterested. The remuneration which he received for his services in the ministry, at the time at which he was "in labours more abundant," and literally "counting not his life dear unto him," was much less than was given to the labourers on the neighbouring farms. And, yet, he did not only labour abundantly, but cheerfully, and gratefully. The law of his life was the law of love. And doing what he did heartily, as unto the Lord and not unto men, he has of the Lord received the reward of the inheritance. The faithful Saviour has recompensed, and more than recompensed, his faithful servant. And our prayer is that his widow may trust in Him, and not be afraid; and that the friends at Tarporley may be blessed, as we are sure they will be, for their kindness to her in the cloudy and dark day.

J. C. H.

ASPECTS OF EVANGELICAL RELIGION IN ENGLAND.

To every one who loves his country and his kind, who loves God and is interested in the advancement of the spiritual kingdom of Christ, the question, Whether or not the religion of the New Testament is advancing or retrograding in his father-land, is of vital importance. As he daily prays "thy kingdom come," and is prepared to use his humble efforts for the promotion and extension of that kingdom, he cannot but look around him and mark any and every indication of progress or of defeat that may occur to his notice.

Perhaps on looking into the particular church or denomination to which from choice he belongs, he may see some marks of prosperity, and beyond that pale he may observe or expect but little to interest him. Or it may be otherwise. He may see something encouraging at home, while abroad, notwithstanding great diversities of form or profession, he may discover facts which will awaken his gratitude and brighten his hopes. Perhaps the latter is the result to which good men of every communion would be led at the present time. No one denomination appears to be advancing alone, but, it may be, that in the aggregate there is a greater amount of vital godliness, and of the true Christian activity than at any former period in the history of the Church in this land. Should this prove to be the fact, where is the Christian whose heart will not glow with holy delight at its discovery? Who will not feel that, however justly he prefers the doctrine and polity of his own denomination, as being most in accordance with the teachings of inspiration and the apostolic model, his allegiance to Christ calls on him to "thank God and take courage?"

That there is enough of vice, of ignorance, and of open irreligion among the masses of our countrymen to sadden the heart of a good man, we all painfully know. That there is an amount of formality, of semipoper, and mere "will-worship," especially in the national establishment, which is alarming, we all most truly believe. But that there is both within the pale of the Established Church, and among the various tribes of those who are not found in her assemblies, a refreshing degree of vitality as to teaching and belief, and of benevolent and useful activity as to practice, is, we apprehend, a truth which cannot be gainsaid. This

then presents us with a view of evangelical religion, which we may contemplate to advantage. There are forms and ceremonious pretensions in the episcopal establishment, and there may be, and doubtless are, ceremonies and sentiments in other communities, which are repugnant to our conceptions of "Apostolic doctrine and fellowship;" but if, in connection with these, the great cardinal doctrines of the Gospel are firmly held, and the power of divine grace in the heart is earnestly sought for and enjoyed; if, in other words, all that is truly vital in real piety is found there, ought not every one who loves our Lord Jesus Christ to rejoice?

What is the vitality of Evangelical Religion? Does it not consist in the reception of Christ as the only Saviour, in the experience of the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, and in the consecration of the life to the service of God? The promulgation of the doctrines that lie at the root of vital religion, and the exhibition of the fruits of such religion in the spirit and life, though attended with much that is exceptionable, cannot be a matter of no moment to every one who says from his heart "grace be with all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." There is amongst all such, whether it is recognized or not, a oneness of feeling, a unity of aim and purpose; and though, through the influence of education, associations, early prejudice, or want of intercourse with each other, there may be separation and at times even suspicion, yet they are really "all one in Christ Jesus," and in their own way are labouring for the same object, and advancing the same kingdom.

The Evangelical Alliance, to which reference was made last month, is an attempt to break down the barriers which have separated good men of various religious bodies from each other; and without compromising any distinctive denominational peculiarities, to secure an open and general recognition among all Evangelical Christians. The State Church, by its exclusiveness and government, stands strongly in the way of the complete success of this attempt; nevertheless the attempt will do good, and if it does not accomplish all that is desired, it may lead all good men to have kinder thoughts and more charitable feelings towards others who do not belong to their communion.

Apart from open recognition and visible union, every enlightened and right-hearted christian rejoices in every manifestation of vital godliness, and in every measure of activity used for its extension, let it be made by what party soever it may. He is a christian, and he feels an interest in all that concerns the kingdom of his Lord. Whether true christian vitality, activity, and progress be exhibited among the Churches of his own faith and order, or amongst those of other denominations, his heart is glad, and he feels that such manifestations call for devout thankfulness to Almighty God. How then stand the facts? Without attempting to give statistical details, or even more than a general view of the friends and abettors of evangelical religion (which is, in our estimation, the only vital godliness in our land), it may be safely affirmed, that there never has been a period in the history of this nation, when their numbers were greater, or their efforts more noble and promising than at the present time. Look at the various sections of Wesleyans, from the Conference to the Primitive. Their contentions have subsided, and they are pressing on the good cause. Are they not as orthodox, as laborious, and are not their ministers as well instructed, their people as numerous,

and their efforts as enterprising as at any former period? Their Sabbath Schools, their Foreign Missions, their spirit of aggression on the world, show no signs of decay.

Look again at the Congregational body. Despite a few disputations, how numerous are their congregations, how generally well-trained are their ministers, and how much of energy and liberality is there in their movements. Their Foreign Mission, their Home Mission, their Sabbath and Day Schools, their Colleges, their various means and appliances for the diffusion of the great truths of religion, are superior as a whole to what they have ever been. Come again to the Baptists. It is not true that throughout this body there is a broader catholicity of feeling, and a greater measure of free evangelical preaching than formerly? The two great sections, Particular and General, are so blended as scarcely to maintain the old line of demarkation. Some belonging to the former, seem really to be of the latter, while these feel no difficulty in ministering amongst their so-called calvanistic brethren. And though there may be some exceptions, is it not true that, as a whole, their churches are as active and zealous, their public institutions for sending the Gospel to the heathen, for diffusing it at home, for training the rising race, and for preparing a well qualified ministry, are more liberally sustained than in former years? There may be less of denominational bigotry, but there is not, we opine, less of enlightened zeal in advocating the truth, or in vindicating the ordinances of Christ. And as to our distinctive peculiarities, we well know that our sentiments permeate, to a considerable extent, all other christian communities. Amongst the Congregationalists, the Wesleyans, and elsewhere, Baptists are found, so that we are a much greater body than we seem. But, apart from all this, it is hoped that attachment to, and advocacy of, the true principles of evangelical religion are not declining among us. Would that we could speak better of ourselves! Yet, looking at home and abroad, is there not room for encouragement?

We look again, we were about to say, on forbidden ground, amongst the *Unitarians*, and find something to afford hope. Long since, in America, this body had become weary of its negative creed. Something positive and practical, something that affected the heart and life was sought after. And it was matter of pleasing surprise to us when in America, on enquiring to what denomination a minister belonged who had offered a beautiful and scriptural prayer, to be told that he was called a Unitarian. The prayer was as full of evangelical spirituality, and of the Holy Ghost, as could be desired. So now in this country. There seems to have arisen in this body a new and divine life. Without openly repudiating the dogmas of their fathers, many of them are clearly returning practically and experimentally to the orthodox faith. Their references to the dignity of Christ, to his character and work as the Saviour of men, and to their need of, and dependence on, the grace of the Holy Spirit, are startling and pleasing evidences of a new life being vouchsafed to them. The result is and will be a renewing and enlarging of the extent and influence of this body. In some large towns they were become almost extinct, and save a few old families, none scarcely attended their sanctuaries. But "the supply of the spirit of grace in Jesus Christ," will make the dry bones live, and give a power and vitality to their religion to which they have long been strangers.

In referring, finally, to the Episcopal Establishment, we see much to encourage. There never was a period when there were so numerous and widely diffused a band of excellent and earnest preachers of Gospel truth within its pale as at present. Several of its Bishops, not excluding the Primate of all England, are evangelical men. There is a larger degree of zeal and devotedness of the right kind, within "the Church," as its friends love to call it, than at any former period. There was a time when one of her ministers, the Rev. John Newton, said, "I am not sure that in 1740, there was a single parochial minister, who was publicly known as a Gospel preacher, in the whole kingdom." How different now! We spent a Sabbath recently in a large county town, and were delighted to hear that "every episcopal clergyman in the place was esteemed evangelical, and that all had good and some large congregations." The same may be true of very many other places. The extraordinary efforts made in London, and in many other places, by the clergy to draw the attention of the people to religion, and to lead them to receive the simple and elementary truths of the Gospel, are not without their significance. The evangelical clergy, as a class, while more numerous are less exclusive than in former times. Some of them are ill at ease under their old formularies, and would be glad of more freedom; and many of them are known as most effective and useful preachers. In every large town too, and in many villages, the Church Sunday-schools are large and well conducted. Voluntary labours, and contributions for the advancement of religious and benevolent objects are as common now among Churchmen as among Dissenters, and the Church Missionary Society is among the foremost in the land both for the amount of its funds and the efficiency of its agents.

Some ten or fifteen years ago a wave of scepticism seemed to pass over all the British churches. It received its impulse from the German mind. But that has now subsided, and the influence left seems mainly to be that of leading christian ministers and people to adhere more closely to the great truth that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Here then we may pause. While we could wish that many things in the Episcopal Establishment were reformed or abolished, especially its connexion with the State, its simony, its pride, and its frequent assumption of being "*the Church*"; and while we could desire to see many things among Dissenters corrected and amended, there are aspects in which even the whole may be contemplated in their relation to evangelical principles and vital godliness, that, especially when viewed in contrast with former times, awaken sentiments of devout gratitude and blissful hope. "According to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought." L.

THE QUEEN'S PROCLAMATION AT CUTTACK.

THE following account of the proclamation, given by our brother Buckley, who was a witness of it, as well as his own comments on the proclamation itself, will be read with deep interest. We much fear lest it will be found that some of his apprehensions are not groundless.—ED.

On Monday, the 1st of November, at five o'clock p.m., a considerable

number of persons, probably from fifteen to twenty thousand were assembled on the parade ground, Cuttack, to hear the gracious proclamation of Her Majesty, on assuming the direct Government of her Indian territories. The civil and military officers of the station were there in full dress, and the Madras regiment, by which we are garrisoned. All the missionaries belonging to our Society, and two out of three of our American brethren, were present on this memorable occasion. The proclamation was first read in English by G. F. Cockburn, Esq., the Commissioner of Orissa, after which it was read in Bengali, Oriya (partially and I believe very imperfectly) and to the Sepoys in Hindostanee or Telegoo. Royal proclamations as well as royal speeches are always, by courtesy, gracious; but this was really and indeed pre-eminently so. The act of grace which inaugurates the direct reign of the Queen in India has my warm approval. I rejoice that it is so extensive, while I entirely approve of the excepting from mercy those who have "directly taken part in the murder of British subjects." Well, and wisely, is it said in regard to such that "the demands of justice forbid the exercise of mercy." I rejoice in the acknowledgment by the Queen to her Indian subjects that she "firmly" believes in "the truth of Christianity, and gratefully acknowledges the solace of religion"; nor do I at all object to the terms in which she disclaims the right and the desire to improve, by the authority and power of law, her convictions on any of her subjects. This is as it should be. But I am sorry that I cannot express my unqualified approval of other parts of this able and important State Paper. Let the following be pondered :—

"We do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure."

This, of course, does not apply to missionaries, but to the servants of Government. If compulsory efforts be merely prohibited, we shall heartily approve; but this is not the way in which it will be interpreted, and I fear it must be added, not the way in which it was intended to be interpreted. Already the infidel papers are exulting that we shall have no more preaching colonels, or proselyting officers of Government. It is then pertinent to ask, What constitutes interference with the religious belief of the natives? If a military officer gives a tract or a portion of the Word of God, the reception of which is perfectly voluntary, to a Sepoy, or if a civilian do it to any under his authority, is that interference? If any of the Queen's Indian servants contribute to Mission Schools and other objects connected with the furtherance of the Gospel—is that interference? If any of her Majesty's Christian servants, imitating the worthy example she has set them, say, in kindness and love, to those under them, that they, as well as the Queen, "firmly rely on the truth of Christianity," and rejoice in "the solace of religion," will that be regarded as interference? Surely the Queen cannot visit with "her displeasure," still less "her highest displeasure" any of her officers for simply doing what she has done herself? But if they go a step further, and say that they not only believe, firmly believe, in the truth of Christianity, and rejoice in its solace, but desire others to be partakers with them of its blessings, I should say, that it would be a great improvement; but the question returns, would it not constitute interference? God forbid that any in the service of Victoria should be prohibited from acting as consistent and enlightened Christians ought to act. If it be so, which, how-

ever, I cannot believe, then, with unfeigned loyalty, but fearless honesty, be it spoken, the honour of Victoria's name—a name which our lips have never pronounced but with reverential regard—will be as certainly tarnished as there is a God who judgeth in the earth. But I will not, cannot, believe it. My private opinion is, that all the grace of the proclamation is the Queen's own, and that the words complained of are the result of that pestiferous influence at the India Board which I hope some honest M.P. will fearlessly expose. The people of England must keep their eyes open, or the clause may lead to bigoted and intolerant proceedings,

The clause in which the Queen notifies that "her subjects of whatever race or creed, may be freely and impartially admitted to offices in her service," the duties of which they may be qualified to discharge, is satisfactory, but it is qualified by the phrase "so far as may be," and it is difficult to say how much or how little such phrases mean.

Another clause will, I fear, have an unhappy influence, "We will that generally, in framing and administering the law, due regard be paid to the ancient rights, usages, and customs of India." Of course "rights," whether "ancient" or modern shall be respected; but what regard is due to "usages and customs" like the Suttee, infanticide, the Meriah rite, the polygamy of the Koolin brahmins, the prohibition of marriage to widows, the public obscenities in connection with their worship, and other things that might be mentioned? Several wise and useful legislative enactments have past during the last few years, which a clause like this might have prevented. No one wishes the customs of the people to be violently and unnecessarily interfered with. It may be said that the Queen only promises "*due* regard" to these said customs; where no regard is *due*, as to usages like those mentioned, none is promised. It may be added that this "*due* regard" is only promised "generally," and this implies exceptions. Still I fear this clause will be used to prevent enlightened progress.

The Queen tells the native princes and people of India that she desires "no extension of our present territorial possessions." I do not object to this, though not an enemy to annexation, and though in common with a large majority of those who have studied events in India, with the advantage of a practical knowledge of the people, I believe that the annexations of the last half century have, with rare exceptions, been forced upon us; still I am much more anxious that our present possessions should be well governed than that they should be increased, and all candid persons must feel that the fidelity which the Nizam, Holkar, Scindia, and other native princes have shown in our day of adversity, wisely, it is true, for themselves, but most happy for us, should be most honorably and indulgently regarded. After all, the student of history cannot forget that seventy-six years ago the Parliament of England solemnly declared that extending our dominions in India "was repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of England," and that the Marquess of Wellesley—one of the ablest Governors-General that India has had—was reminded in no very gentle terms of this resolution of the Commons, after he had annexed Orissa, and other kingdoms; still it was a blessing that Orissa was annexed, and the same remark applies to other provinces. The future is known only to God; but the history of India reveals a series of events which the wisdom of statesmen could not foresee; and the consultations of cabinets and the determination of monarchs could not prevent. There is a Power

above Parliaments, and Cabinets, and Thrones, "working all things after the counsel of His own will"; and notwithstanding it pleases writers like Richard Cobden, contemptuously to designate as "perverse and purblind moralists" those who speak of "the probable design of Divine Providence in subjecting so large a portion of Asia to the British dominion," we are sure that "Divine Providence" has not acted without "design," and what that "design" is we cannot regard as merely "probable." It seems as clear and obvious as that Christ is "Head over all things in the church." May the God of all mercy so overrule future events as may be for the good of India, and the extension of His own kingdom.

The close of the Proclamation is admirable; the prayer for "strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people" befits the dignity of the occasion, and the solemnity of the event. But if the Queen's advisers would for once listen to a plain Baptist Missionary, he would honestly tell them that "the God of all power" is a "Jealous God," and that He only honours them who honour Him.

What effect will this proclamation have on the people of India when read and understood? One sentence arrests the attention of every reader, and, unlike some other parts of the document, it is easy to translate, and as easy to understand. It is that in which the Queen honestly avows her firm reliance on the truth of Christianity. It is, I have reason to believe, distasteful to the respectable Hindoos, and cannot be less so to the intolerant Mussulmans; there is, also, an evident desire in this place to interpret other clauses, so as to convey the idea that, though the Queen herself believes in Christianity, she does not desire her Indian subjects to do so; but it will not succeed. The Oriya translation faithfully conveys the language and the spirit of the English.* This avowal is very gratifying to our native Christians. I yesterday inquired of one of our young people whether he had read the proclamation. "Yes," he said, "how excellent that part about Christianity!" I inquired of another what he remembered of it. His answer was, that "the Queen said she firmly believed in Christianity—that she also told the rajahs and princes that if they were determined to fight with her, she would take care that they should be punished; but that she did not wish to fight." There are other parts of this important document that will give general satisfaction, such as her not wishing an extension of territory. Her service being open to all races and creeds. Her respect for the feelings of attachment with which the natives regard their ancestral lands, and the act of grace; but my belief is, that no reader of the proclamation will forget that the Queen has openly avowed herself a Christian.

One word more. Who could forget, amid the excitement attending the Queen being proclaimed, that, on that parade ground, a little more than two years ago, were other officers soon after atrociously massacred, and other Sepoys, whose hands were soon deeply stained with blood? The solemn recollection of the past, and our own most merciful deliverance, when so many hundreds fell, chastened the feelings of joy and hope, with which, I desired, to hail the direct rule of Queen Victoria.

JOHN BUCKLEY.

* Mr. Brooks is officiating as Government translator during the absence of Mr. Carey Lacey.

PASSING AWAY.

WE visit the woods when Spring is bursting into life, and as we gather her first sweet offerings, we exclaim "How beautiful is Spring, glad harbinger of brighter days!" We bind the golden moss around our treasures, and as we do so hope beats high in our breast, and we see in the dim distance beautiful bright days; while we paint them in gloomy colours we are just mindful of a voice that is speaking to us, but we cannot stay to listen to what it has to say, there is a cluster of violets nestling at the root of an old tree, and we must secure them.

A few weeks pass away, and we visit the same spot when the noon-day sun is flooding the vale and up-land with rich light. There are gay treasures awaiting us in the wood's deep shade. We tread the bowery paths where scarce a sunbeam can struggle through the thickly woven arches, as we watch the varied effect of the straggling ray upon the deep green foilage, we are conscious of a whisper close against us, we have no time to heed it, our thoughts are following the sunbeam in its pencilings, and vainly wishing we could catch the ray and prison it in our heart for ever.

Again we are there when the gorgeous Autumn has laid her inimitable touch upon the drapery of leaves, some are fading into sober brown, and others melting into bright yellow. When the setting sun lights up the tops of the trees with burnished gold, there sighs among the rustling leaves a sound that we have heard before, it sweeps past us with the evening breeze, and dies away among the hills in a low wail; but we are too much absorbed in the beauties of departing day to attend to it.

The hoar-frost has left a delicate tracery among the leaf-shorn branches when we next go there. Blended with the cold north wind is the same voice that has haunted our steps before; and it is a deep wail this time, and we *must* listen; it comes up from the lone depths, steals into our ear, and goes thence into our heart.

"Passing away"! Ah those are the words that we ought to have listened to long ago! And now how they thrill through the soul, awakening slumbering memories, and giving birth to new thought. They tell us that we too are "passing away"—that the heart that now throbs with life and health must cease to beat—and when a few years, months, or weeks have passed away, the soul that now thrills at the sound of Nature's voice will be in eternity!

Did you listen to the wind's voice as it swept over the wild moor when the departing year was trembling on the narrow edge that separated it from the gulf of the past? What was the burden of the requiem? It was "passing away." In those words was a lesson which your heart may not have conned yet, perhaps the task was too hard, and you could not sit down quietly and drink in the salutary draught.

Did you hear it youthful one as you wove the coronal of hope with the best offerings that earth could give? If you had, it would have told you that the bright flowers would fade and glossy leaves wither; but that there was a heavenly garden where you might cull sweeter flowers to form a wreath that would always wear the same unchanging hue. Did you hear it as you stood in manhood's pride, within the vast arena struggling for a prize which earthly power might snatch from you? because it would have told you of a battle-field from whence you might bear the laurel of victory which would adorn your brow when amid heaven's glorious throng.

Did you hear it when your hoary hand was bent over your treasure hoard? It had a message for you, it would have told you about everlasting riches, which bring with them no care to gnaw the heart.

Did you hear it hypocritical professor, when you stood in that chamber from whence no genuine offering ever goes up to the eternal throne? It would have told you of a yawning chasm at your feet where the buried fires of everlasting destruction are playing, and you would also have heard a voice saying "Turn unto me, for why will ye die."

"Passing away"! these words have something in them for each, for all; they speak to the pilgrim who is travelling to a better country, admonishing him to press on, though his earthly comforts and friends may be "like the morning cloud, and the early dew." Bright and beautiful is the truth that lives in his heart—a ray of Heaven-born light flashing through the gloom of earthly sorrow—and telling him that his God is unchangeable.

ARIE.

PRAYER AND INCENSE.

THE Bible is full of analogies. A large portion of the Old Testament ritual was confessedly typical. It foreshadowed other and better things, or it presented spiritual truths, and exercises under visible and sensible forms. Thus the burning of incense in the tabernacle, whose fragrance was pleasant to the worshippers, and whose curling vapours gracefully ascended from the golden altar, the altar of incense, as it took place simultaneously with the morning and evening sacrifice, when the pious Hebrews repaired to the temple to pray, is represented as having some resemblance to prayer itself; and to be even identified with it. So, in that sublime scene, beheld by John, of the heavenly state, "And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and much incense was given him, that he might place it with the prayers of all the saints upon the golden altar which is before the throne. And the smoke of the incense ascended before God, out of the angel's hand with the prayers of the saints." Rev., viii., 3, 4. And again, in an earlier vision, we read, "The four-and-twenty elders had golden phials full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints." Rev. v., 8. A similar analogy is recognised by the poetic and inspired psalmist: "Let my prayer be set before Thee, as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." Psalms cxli., 2. These representations shew that in some way, there was a resemblance between acceptable prayer, and the incense which burned on the golden altar. In what does this resemblance appear?

As the Golden Altar was placed in the sanctuary, in the very centre of the Temple of God, does not this analogy suggest that prayer, to be real and acceptable, should arise from the heart? Of good men, it is said their bodies are "the Temple of the Holy Ghost;" and so from the inner man, from the soul's innermost recess should the incense of prayer arise. Mere lip service is unacceptable to God. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth."

The altar of incense stood in the sanctuary near to the veil that inclosed the most holy place. In that place was the mercy seat, the Cherubim, the Shekinah, the seat, throne, visible presence, and attendants of the great King. In prayer, then, there should be a near approach to

God. It should be felt that there is only a veil between the soul and His glory,—that God, His throne, His glory, His holy angels, are, as it were, near at hand.

The fire on the altar was kindled from Heaven. God lighted it. Levit. ix., 24. This fire the priests were to keep burning; and it was the presumption of the sons of Aaron in taking strange fire, that awakened the displeasure of Jehovah to their destruction. Levit. x. So in prayer, the fire on the altar of our hearts was enkindled from above. God gives "the spirit of grace and supplication," and awakens in the soul the true aspirations after sanctification and strength.

The composition of the incense was special. There was none other like it, and no person was allowed to make its like for common uses. (See Ex. xxx., 34, 8.) Does not this teach that in prayer, our desires worship should be special, of a nature higher, holier, more intense and profound than those cherished for any earthly good, and that the most sacred homage of the soul is due to God alone? The supreme affections must be reserved for God. If given to a creature, it is idolatry.

As the fumes of incense ascend naturally towards heaven, so in true and acceptable prayer the soul devoutly rises toward God. To know Him more, to love Him more, to enjoy Him more; to be more conformed to His image, and meet for His presence, and for heaven, are the constant aspirations of the devout soul.

As all under the law who were accepted of God came through the medium of appointed sacrifice, so the Christian's approach is through Him who offered Himself for a sacrifice for a sweet smelling savour, and who is our "great High Priest passed into the heavens." It is He who takes the blood of atonement, as well as the incense of prayer, into the most holy place above. We may come boldly to the throne of grace through Him who is our "Advocate with the Father," who "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

How refreshing and fragrant was the incense burned on the Golden Altar! Its invigorating perfumes diffused amongst the worshippers in the courts around a grateful and refreshing *aroma*, which, as peculiar to God's house, was the more pleasing to them. So does the offering of sincere prayer, whether in the closet or the sanctuary, refresh, cheer, tranquilize, and invigorate the soul.

And, to bring these analogies to a close, as all preparations were made for the movement of the altar of incense from place to place, in the wilderness, by the golden rings on its sides, in which were inserted golden covered "staves to bear it withal;" it may be suggested, finally, that the altar of incense, should be carried with us wherever we go, in all our wanderings through this wilderness, so that in every place, and under all circumstances, our "prayer may ascend as incense" before the mercy seat of God. If the reader will meditate on these analogies until his heart is by them lifted up in earnest prayer and praise to heaven, his time and ours will not have been spent without profit.

Set before you, then, the altar of incense in the heart of the sanctuary, near the veil; think of the holy fire that burned on it, of the divine composition of the incense, and mark its fragrant fumes as they ascend on high; and you have a heaven-born symbol of true, heartfelt, acceptable prayer and worship, worthy of remembrance.

“A LITTLE MORE LIGHT.”

A FEW weeks ago, Mr. Editor, I was supplying one of our churches that is at present without a regular minister. Soon after my arrival, a goodly number of the members of the church came to the house where I was located. One of them asked me if I knew of a “moveable minister” likely to suit them, when the following conversation took place:—

Pastor: I do not think that your church deserves to have a minister.

Member: Why, sir?

P. Because you do not give salary enough to support one. No minister with a family can live upon what you give.

M. I differ from you in that. We think that —— a week is plenty for a minister.

P. I know you do, and that is the reason why I say you ought not to have one.

Now, just let me give you “a little more light” upon this subject. Before I was a minister, I used to think just as you do; but I now see things in quite another light. Are you willing that I should proceed?

M. Quite so.

P. Before I was a minister, a new suit of clothes used to serve me three years for Lord's-day; but now I have to get one or two every year. Then I shall require more salary now than I did then, shall I not?

M. Certainly.

P. Before I was a minister, I required few books, but now they have become my tools—I must have them. You know what a large library your late minister had. Then do I not require more salary?

M. To be sure you do.

P. Before I was a minister, I had few letters to write; but now, five shillings worth of stamps are done in a few weeks—and then there is the paper, envelopes, &c. You must see, then, that I shall need more money.

M. I do see it.

P. Before I was a minister, few persons used to call at my house, but now they are coming almost every day. Sometimes I have to be “given to hospitality” (i. Tim. 3, 2.) Now, do not misunderstand me. I do not care how many persons call at my house; I simply name this to show you that if I am a scriptural minister, I must have more money than a mere operative. Do you see this?

M. Yes, very clearly.

P. Before I was a minister, no one ever thought of coming to ask me to subscribe to the Infirmary, the Hospital, the Bible Society, the Town Mission, &c., but now I am expected to subscribe to every benevolent object. Then I must have more salary.

M. You must.

P. Before I was a minister, I could live very comfortably in a cottage house, at a small rental; but now I must have one more worthy, or my people and office will be degraded. And then my wife and children are expected to dress better, &c. The fact is, if they did not, my own members would feel disgraced by them, and would even slight them. Is it not, then, clear to you that I shall require more salary?

M. I confess I now see things in a very different light from what I did before. It does appear that ministers require more salary than working men.

P. I am glad to hear you thus speak. But I have not told you one half of the extra expenses of a minister. To know them, *you* must either be a minister, or a minister's wife. Were my wife here, she could give you a great deal "more light" upon this subject. In fact, I have often thought that the greatest punishment that can be inflicted upon a woman, is to make her into a minister's wife. In very many cases, at least, she will be something like the Israelites in Egypt, when they were compelled to make bricks without straw. She will be subjected to the worst kind of poverty. Were any one to write a history of ministers' wives, he would require the heart of Jeremiah, and the roll of Ezekiel. Theirs is a history of weeping, lamentation, and woe.

M. I believe that we could give our minister a respectable salary, as easily as the small pittance to which we have been confined hitherto, if we were *willing*.

P. Then you are great sinners if you do not, and you cannot *reasonably* expect to prosper. (Mal. iii., 8, 10).

M. We will try what can be done.

P. I hope you will, and may the Lord bless you, and send you a man after His own heart.

All the friends present, Mr. Editor, seemed deeply interested in the above conversation, and hence I thought that its publication might do good to the churches generally, who, I fear, require "a little more light" on this vital question. Please, give it a corner in your increasingly valuable Magazine, and oblige,

Yours truly,
A LABOURER.

Selections.

A RIGHT HEART.—To vanquish the world of evils, is a great conquest. It must begin at the heart; otherwise it will be but a mountebank cure, a false imagined conquest. The weights and wheels are there, and the clocks strikes according to their motion. Even he that speaks contrary to what is within him, guilefully contrary to his inward conviction and knowledge, yet speaks conformably to what is within him, in the temper and frame of his heart, which is double. A guileful heart makes guileful tongue and lips. It is the work-house, where is the forge of deceits and slanders, and other evil speakings; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the lips the door of it; so then such ware as is made within, such and no other can be set out. From evil thoughts, evil speakings; from a profane heart, profane words; and from a malicious heart, bitter or calumnious words; and from a deceitful heart, guileful words, well varnished, but lined with rottenness. From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. If the heart be full of God, the tongue will delight to speak of Him; much of heavenly things within will sweetly breathe forth something of their smell by the mouth; and if nothing but earth is there, all that man's discourses will have an earthly smell; and if nothing but wind, vanity, and folly, the speech will be airy,

and vain, and purposeless. The tongue of the righteous, says Solomon, is as fined silver, but the heart of the wicked is little worth. It makes the antithesis in the root; his heart is little worth, and therefore his tongue has no silver in it: he may be worth thousands (as we speak), that is, indeed, in his chests and lands, and yet himself, his heart, and all the thoughts of it, are not worth a penny.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

There is oftentimes a prodigious distance betwixt a man's head and his heart; such a distance that they seem not to have any correspondence; not to belong to the same person; not to converse in the same world. Our heads are sometimes in heaven, contemplating the nature of God, the blessedness of saints, the state of eternity; while our hearts are held captive below, in a conversation earthly, sensual, devilish. 'Tis possible we may sometimes comment virtue convincingly, unanswerably; and yet our own hearts be never affected by our own arguments: we may represent vice in her native dress of horror, and yet our hearts be not at all startled with their own menaces: we may study and acquaint ourselves with all the truths of religion, and yet all this out of curiosity, or hypocrisy, or ostentation; not out of the power of godliness, or the serious purpose of good living. All which is a sufficient proof that the consent of the head and of the heart are two different things. * * * *

Learn to be one man; that is, learn to live and act alike. For while we act from contrary principles; sometimes give, and sometimes defraud; sometimes love, and sometimes betray; sometimes are devout, and sometimes careless of God; this is to be two men, which is a foolish aim, and always ends in loss of pains. 'No,' says wise Epictetus; 'learn to be one man:' thou mayest be a good man; or thou mayest be a bad man, and that to the purpose; but it is impossible that thou shouldst be both. And here the philosopher had the happiness to fall in exactly with the notion of the text: 'We cannot serve two masters.'—*Dean Young.*

TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR.—If the Gospel had only proposed to instruct us in the knowledge of God, that so we might speculate more ably on divine subjects; or, at most, refer the knowledge we acquire to present use; though it could not be denied that such purpose was an important one, yet, if it went no further, we might, if we could allow ourselves in such imprudence, make light of this, as we do of so many other kinds of instruction. We should be ignorant, indeed, and unaccomplished in a very sublime science; but so we are of many others, and yet are contented to remain in that ignorance. We might conduct ourselves foolishly and perversely, and might suffer much inconvenience, and even misery, for want of acting on the principles of this science; but so we do in many other instances, for want of acting on the maxims of art and prudence in the management of our common concerns, and yet we make a shift to satisfy ourselves with our condition. But if the Gospel follow us into another world; if this immortal volume must be laid open in the presence of men and angels, and our eternal doom pronounced out of it, though we would not obey, or so much as listen to its commands, when they were so earnestly, so repeatedly, in this life pressed upon us; if such be the effect of not hearing, how shall we excuse our indifference in this respect, or what can support us under the consciousness of it?—*Bishop Hurd.*

CLAUDE CLIFTON'S STORY OF HIS LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

I MEET WITH SOME ADVENTURES BY THE WAY.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a friend,—
A real and a sound one.

Cowper.

As long as I could hear the rumble of the wheels and the tramp of the horses, I stood listening as if spell-bound and rivetted to the spot. Gradually the sound grew fainter and fainter, then again when, as I supposed, a slight elevation of the road was being ascended, it became louder and more distinct; and again it died away and again broke forth into a low distant hum, until at length the only sounds that I could hear were the rustle of the trees overhead, the voices of the birds, and the bubbling of the brook hard by. It was now mid-day, and the rays of the sun were growing warm. I had been walking for about five hours without any intermission. I felt fatigued and sat down on the green mossy bank to rest. I had brought some little provision with me; that I satisfied my hunger. The clear cool stream close by allayed my thirst. Refreshed and invigorated, I addressed myself again to the journey. I had every reason to be sorrowful and sad; but Nature would not suffer me to be so. My way lay through a rich and fertile country. It was a joyous and genial day, a day when spring holds her farewell festival of blossoms and sunshine and sweet music, ere she retires to make way for the appearance of her soberer and more sedate sister, summer. The meadows, dappled with flowers, and verdant with fresh green grass, lay all around basking in the golden sunlight. The hedges were covered with bloom, the woods were resonant with melody, and all creation was jubilant and gay. I could not be pensive for the life of me so I went merrily and hopefully along. In a short time I passed a village, were groups of ruddy, round-faced children playing on the road and in the fields, and here and there small knots of women were beginning to gather outside the cottage doors for the afternoon, where until evening they would ply dexterously their knitting pins, and talk over all the gossip of the village. It was like another Guysmore; and though I thought of a home which death and misfortune had darkened, and wherein sat a lone widow weeping for the dead and the absent, the merry light laughter of the children as I passed along checked the gathering tears. I came at length to a place where four ways met, three of them seeming to branch out from the road on which I was walking. There was no finger-post to direct me, there was no person near, of whom I might make enquiry, and I was puzzled to know which of the three I should take. It struck me the most trodden one would be the right one, so I took that. After an hour's walk along this road, it brought me to a coal wharf, and from thence a way over fields and through gates led to a small village. I perceived I had made a mistake, and looked round for some one to

set me right again. Pacing up and down on the bank of the canal was a swarthy, shaggy, rough looking man, coarsely dressed, of short stature, but of muscular and energetic frame. He seemed to be waiting the arrival of a coal-barge. I went up to him to enquire my nearest way to the turnpike-road. I did not like to ask the way to London, as I did not wish to disclose that I was going to walk so far; but the name of the next town or village on the road I did not know, so I asked merely how I could get to the highway. "The turnpike aint nowhere about here, my lad, to my thinkin'," said he, with a keen, inquisitive glance at me, in a voice that was as shaggy as his face, and as coarse and vulgar as his costume, "what do you want the turnpike for? you look packed up for a long journey. You aint what I call tramping of it, are ye?"

I replied, evasively, that I had come from the town of——along, the highway, that I had mistaken this lane for the highway, and that I wanted to get back into it again as soon as I could. He said he could soon put me right, but if it was "Lunnun" I was making for it was "what he called" a long mile for a lad to tramp with such a pair of legs as I had got for a steed. I smiled at his free remarks upon my pedestrian powers, and tried to evade his question. But he would not be put off with anything less than a direct answer to it. So I told him my story, where I was going, and why, and what for. "Your'e what I call a good plucked un" said he when I had finished my tale, to which he listened with great attention, "I'd give you a lift up in my barge if you'd wait yonder," pointing to the village "till I return. I shall be back in a few days. What I call the wet turnpike is best

for travellin on this hard dry weather, I'm sure".

I thanked him for his kind offer, not a little surprised to find that so generous a heart could beat in the bosom of such a repulsive looking man, but I declined to avail myself of it as I wanted to get to my journey's end without delay. He told me they wanted, at the wharf in London, a youth like me as clerk, and he thought it might be a good situation for me. I replied that I had a letter of introduction to a relative of my late father, and that I hoped he would look out for a situation for me, but I would remember to mention the wharf to him.

"Don't you go to trust to relations," said he with much sharp decision and strong earnestness in the tones of his voice, "it aint much that they'll what I call do for you to my thinkin. Now I'll just tell ye. My mother and father were both very poor and it was as much as they could do to find us victuals and clothing in the best of times. When bad times came my father left us and 'listed for a soldier, and my mother took to drinkin and died, and we was all three of us sent to relations to be what I call done for. Bessie went to her grandmother's and they let her grow up as wild as a March hare, and she married a man as went about to fairs and wakes with swinging boats, and we've never seen her since. Little Wat, the baby, was sent to a great aunt of my mother's as took in child'n and reared 'em, and they nursed him so bad that he's a cripple for life. And me they sent to an uncle's who kept a little inn by the Kenel side. I could'nt do with him at all. He set me to all the drudgin' and shofflin' work he could, and fed me on orts as was'nt fit for pigs, and gave me dregs of jugs and beer-barrels to drink, and made me sleep in a

cock-loft that was'n't roofed enough for a hen-roost; and when I would'n't do just as he wanted me he kick'd me and cuff'd me until I was black and blue again. So one morning I got up early, and got an old rope and fastened it to the wall inside and lower'd it from the hole, as they call'd the window of the cock-loft, and I slipp'd down the rope, which it was what I often practised; and when I got down I went to one of the boats as was passin' and got in. I thought he might send after me to try and fetch me back, so I skulked in the cabin all day long so as nobody should see me. The boat-woman took my part wonderful, because you see I was a orphan. But I dont think he ever sent after me, he was to glad I was off his hands. I never saw him again. Rest his soul, he's dead now, and his son Job, as used to spout a bit in the political line and got three years in the jug' for speaking treason about the King, keeps it now. But I never call, though I go by often enough for he's as cruel to his wife and child'n as his father was to me, and every bit as bad a drunkard. Well, I never saw him again, and I never wanted to, and I soon got a job at drivin' horses in a line of business I'd always a bit of a what I call fancy for to my thinkin', for I used to watch the boats go by of a mornin', out of the cock-loft, and think how I should like to be always a sailin' on the wet turn-pike; and now after a good many ups and downs I've risen to be captin', captin' of a famous old hulk *Sarah Jane*, which is as tight a little craft to my thinkin' as any on the element, though its' true a little paint would brighten up her figger-head abit. If ye want to rise in the world, my lad," here his grey eyes shot sparks of fire at me, intended I have no doubt for his cruel uncle &c. "You mustn't trust to relations. They'll break under you like dry bulrushes if you lean upon them. Trust to what I call ye're own nat'ral genus, that's the plan, and no other's the plan to my thinkin'."

"I hope my relations in London will not treat me as yours treated you," returned I thoughtfully, "but I shan't forget your story, sir."

"What I call nat'ral genus," he continued, "is *the* thing, and it aint no use a trustin' to anything else to my thinkin'. It's what the Maker of us all gives us to set up in the world with, and it's a fortin' to anybody as has got it, and knows how to use it."

I did not know exactly what my newly found adviser meant by what he said he called "nat'ral genus," as if other people called it something else; but I thought if

he possessed any liberal measure of it himself, as he evidently supposed he did, whatever it might have done for his pocket, and however it might have improved his position in life, it certainly had done nothing to render his person attractive and decent, for a more hirsute, coarse, and savage man I never before had seen. "May be," he went on, as if interpreting my thoughts, "may be you don't know what I mean by nat'ral genus: I'll tell ye. It's a somethin' as a man's got in him besides himself, as puts him up to more than most folks is up to, and makes him always ready to turn his hand and head to anything, with a eye to business, and a close clutch at the profit. By the look of you, my lad," and here he eyed me from head to foot with those keen bright eyes of his that could read your character through any disguises, "you've got some of it in you to my thinkin'." The boat for which he had been waiting here came up, and cut short his remarks on "nat'ral genus." As soon as he saw it, he said hurriedly, "Well, if you won't go with me, I must leave you. Over there's a stile that leads to the foot-path to the turnpike.—Good-bye to you, and good luck."

Here the boat came near to the wharf, he jumped on, and from the top of a plank that ran from stem to stern of the famous old hulk *Sarah Jane*, as she moved off swiftly gliding on the watery way, the captain shouted out, "I shall be at our wharf in Lunnun in less than ten days, if you don't like your relation, come and ask for Kidd Weldon, and I'm your friend. Kidd Weldon's what I call a rough un, but take him as he is, and he's ready at your service any time."

I nodded my head and waved my hand to express my appreciation of his kindness, and leaping the stile opposite the wharf gables, I took the footpath to the turnpike, and was soon in the right road again. The rough, plain, yet honest words of the boatman impressed me much; but the name set me off thinking that I ought to know something about it. I felt sure it was a name that I had heard before, and there was something in the man that reminded me of some one I had seen and heard before. As the sound of his voice lingered in my ears, suddenly my mind called up before itself that meeting in the town to which my father had taken me a few years back, and at once when I remembered what Kidd said about Job's being a political man, it struck me that the very Job that kept the inn by the canal was the Job Weldon whom I had heard speak at that meeting. Kidd

was a man in make and build not unlike the thick-set orator, his voice was similar though his appearance was more savage. Job was a bull-dog, Kidd was a bear; but I could not help thinking that the bear was tamer and less fierce than the dog, however appearances might go against him. The idea, too, of Job thundering against political oppression, and aspiring to a share in the administration of the affairs of the state, when he was a tyrant to his wife and family, and could not govern himself, seemed grotesquely absurd.

I was musing on such inconsistencies as I went along, and gradually coming round in my thoughts to home, when I was startled from my reverie by a voice calling me from behind to stop. A young man of about twenty-five, with a polite sort of manner about him, asked for the pleasure of my company, as we both seemed to be going the same way. Of course I was as glad of a companion as he was. He was well-dressed in a fashionable style, but the clothes were much the worse for wear, and the hat had certainly seen better days. There was a jaunty, careless air about him that seemed artificial; when he spoke gaily and with much pleasantry about walking and riding, and being independent of lumbering slow coaches, I thought there was a quick restlessness about his eyes, which showed he was thinking about something else, and thinking about it with an earnestness that amounted to anxiety. But we got, as I fancied, into each other's confidence; and as we went along talked of ourselves. I told him my story, and he confessed himself delighted to have found a brother in adversity. He also was going to London on the same errand. He had been a draper's assistant at a large town in the north, and his employer had failed, and he had been looking elsewhere in a vain for a situation, and was now going up to London, as a last resource, to try his fortune there. From the easy and facile tongue which he possessed, I thought he would be sure to succeed. "Well," said he, "we are brothers in misfortune and brothers in ambition, we may as well be brothers in the way."

"With all my heart," said I, and so we made the agreement to share our fortunes on the road.

It was now growing dusk. The long shadows of the trees in the fields had lengthened and disappeared, the west began to glow with purple and gold, and a star flamed like a torch of celestial splendour amid the fiery glow. We sat down on the road side for our evening meal, and as I alone had a stock of pro-

visions, I shared them with my companion. He spoke to me of the beauty of the evening in a way that quite enraptured me. There was just as much refinement and taste about Mr. Shaftner (for that he said was his name) as there had been coarseness and vulgarity in Kidd Weldon. Yet I confess that his face always looked like a masked one, for from underneath the smiles that played over his countenance, a concealed eager and anxious face within seemed to peep forth in those restless, uneasy eyes of his. After the darkness came on, my companion picked the way to a barn, where we were to rest till sunrise, when we were to start again upon our journey. As we were threading our path to the lodging-house, I thought I could see more and more of the concealed face, and less of the mask. I was not at all pleased with the thought. We found a very nice clean litter of straw in the barn, and lay down upon it to rest. Being tired out with the much walking of the day, I soon fell asleep, and went back to my old chamber at Guysmore in my dreams. I was awakened suddenly in the night by a cold breeze blowing straight on my face. I rose, and found the door wide open. I wondered how this could be, as we closed it, and even fastened it inside before we lay down. I felt about for my companion, but I could not find him. I called him by name; he did not answer. I walked slowly all about the barn, and felt for him with my hands and feet, but it was plain enough he had gone. I went outside, the stars were shining brilliantly from the sky, and the wind was still, but I could see no one, and hear no footsteps. I shouted "Shaftner," the echo of my voice from a small plantation repeated faintly, "Shaftner," and that was all I heard in reply. The truth flashed across me that my companion had robbed me and gone. It was so. My bundle was gone, my pockets had all been rifled. I was penniless. It was useless attempting to follow the smooth-tongued thief. I returned to the barn, and lay down and slept until the morning sunlight came shining in through the crevices of the door, and the holes in the wall.

I walked about ten miles without anything in the shape of breakfast, save a handful of spring water, when I came to a wayside inn, standing back a short distance from the road, with a square space before it, in which, at one side, stood a trough filled with water, and, on the other, a pole with a sign swinging on the top of it, on which was painted a shepherd and shepherdess, each with crooks and short petticoats,

tending sheep. I learned from the stout landlady that a person of the dress and features of Mr. Shaftner had breakfasted there about two hours ago. I told the landlady, Mrs. Alliban, my story; she pitied me, and said I must be faint, and offered me breakfast, which I thankfully accepted. In conversation with her, I learned that they had a large garden which wanted a week or two's work doing at it, and if I would stay and attend to it, she would find me board and lodging, and pay me something handsome when I had done. This seemed a good suggestion; it would enable me to gain a few shillings, and relieve me from the inconvenience of arriving penniless in the great metropolis. I cheerfully agreed to undertake the work, and to set about it at once.

When Sunday came, I went with Mrs. Alliban, and her buxom blooming daughter to the parish church of Corleigh. It was an old-fashioned edifice, built as some of the village churches are, in utter contempt of all the principles of taste and architecture. Originally the edifice was of stone, it had been repaired with brick and timber, and even lath and plaster. The windows were dusky green; a small stained glass window with apostles' heads, arms, legs, &c., all mingled together in inextricable confusion (the window had been broken and put together again) was all the ornament of which the church could boast. There was a damp earthy smell in the church as of graves, and tablets all round told how many generations were sleeping below us. The sermon was preached by a fine looking, bald-headed old man, and it was about entering the kingdom of God, through much tribulation. He showed, with some little eloquence, that the kingdom of nature, the kingdom of life, and the kingdom of heaven, were only to be entered by suffering and toil. The sermon came home to me, and did me good. Just when it was about over, a face I thought I knew attracted my attention at the other end of the church. It was my companion's, who robbed me of all my wealth. I could not rise and seize him, indeed, I somehow felt no desire to do. There was a fascination in his masked face that made me almost powerless. I kept my eyes on him, and he his on me, all the rest part of the sermon. When we knelt down to pray at the close, I hid my face in my hands, and so lost sight of him. On rising up, he had disappeared. I began to doubt the evidence of my senses, and felt half disposed to think I had been the victim of a too lively imagination. As I went back to the "Shepherd and Shepherdess," I accident-

tally dropped the prayer-book Mrs. Alliban had lent me. On turning round to pick it up I caught a glimpse of that same face peering over the hedge within a hundred yards of the spot where I stood. I immediately made for the place where he seemed to be lurking. He was gone. The banging of a gate that led into a wood at some distance off, told how skillfully he had eluded pursuit. There was service at a Wesleyan Chapel not more than a mile from Alliban's. I went there in the evening, but saw no more of Shaftner that day.

I was to go off by coach the next morning to London. My exchequer was replenished, and I had finished the garden earlier than I was expected to finish it. The first thing I heard on coming down stairs was that the house had been robbed in the night, and all the valuable property down stairs that could be moved off was taken away. No clue could be obtained to the discovery of the place where an entrance had been effected. The doors were all unlocked and unbolted from within; the windows closed just as they had been left. Suspicion fell upon me. The ostler swore that I was in league with Shaftner, who had been prowling about for days, and that I had let him in. I declared I was perfectly innocent, and, but for that young man of whom he spoke who had robbed me, should have been in London before now. It was of no avail. A constable was fetched. I was marched off to Corleigh, and placed in a small brick tower with a roof upon it, something like an extinguisher, and there locked up for the day and night. The constable came to me in the middle of the day and told me that the coat that I had left hanging up in the room where I slept (one that I had purchased only two days before) had been searched, and that some articles that were missing were found there. I was surprised to hear this, as I remembered distinctly that, when I took the coat off on Sunday night, I emptied the pockets of everything they contained. Though alarmed somewhat by this intelligence, my conscience was easy, and consequently I did not mind the lock-up a dungeon in the day time, and at night I slept as soundly as if I had been in my own bed at home. When the morning came, the constable unlocked the great heavy door with a great heavy key, and told me I should have to pass through my first examination at about ten o'clock that morning. I felt a little trepidation and nervousness before the Justice, but managed to tell him my story pretty consecutively. He said in reply,

"you speak like an honest lad. I know some parts of your story are true, for I know Mr. Graceford of Laurelton Villa, very well, and I know Guysmore, and what you say of both is quite true. But I know nothing of you, and you must wait until I can receive a reply from Mr. Graceford, to whom I shall write concerning this matter, before we can proceed further in it. If the particulars of your story about yourself are true, I should feel bound, even if you were proved to be guilty of this robbery, to mitigate your punishment, as you have evidently been led astray. At present the articles found in your very possession, so to speak, and the manner in which admission was gained into the premises, are a sufficient ground for a suspicion of your complicity in the affair, and you must return with the constable and still remain in custody." I was taken back to the lock-up, and my heart almost sunk within me when the key was turned upon me again. I feared my mother might hear of my position, and be troubled about me. But committing myself and her to our Heavenly Father, I became more cheerful and hoped for the best.

Three days and three nights was I imprisoned in that miserable round tower. My situation was so pitiable that even the constable, obdurate and stern as he was said to be, spoke to me compassionately, and assured me that I should soon be set at liberty again. Janet Alliban, looking as ruddy and rosy as the morn, brought me food three times a day, and said how

sorry she was that they had suffered themselves to be suspicious of me, for she felt sure I was innocent as a lamb.

When the fourth day came the constable opened the door with a smile on his face, and said "You're to go out to-day, young man." And so I did. Mr. Graceford had written to Mr. Westbourne, and had pleaded hard for me, pledging his word of honour as a gentleman that I was innocent, and wishing Mr. Westbourne to express to me his sorrow that he was absent from the Villa during the time of our domestic calamity, and to assure me that my mother should never want any comfort he or his family could afford.

The sincerity of Mr. Graceford's good wishes was still further shown by the enclosure of a cheque upon his London banker for five pounds, which he requested Mr. Westbourne to hand over to me.

Next day I was the object of universal sympathy and congratulation in the neighbourhood; and with the hearty farewells of all the Allibans (Janet shed tears), and half Corleigh standing about the inn and along the turnpike to see me off, I bid adieu to the "Shepherd and Shepherdess" from the top of the coach; and when the guard got up behind and said "all right," and the coachman cracked his whip, and the horses set off prancing and pulling by turns in high glee, and the crowd standing round shouted hurrah! I thought to myself, well, now at last, I am fairly on my way again to the far-famed city of London.

Reviews.

PREMILLENNIAL THOUGHTS. (*Second Notice.*)

By a correspondent.

THE estimable author of this little volume is Mr. Ingham, the minister of our church at Halifax.

Though the title does not well indicate the subject, still there is some propriety in it for the subject treated of refers exclusively to our state *before* the Millennium.

The book is altogether a book for these times, a thoroughly practical book. It deals with the bible, and the believer's conscience. The writer believes, and therefore speaks, and speaks not dogmatically, but in the fear of God. Anxious supremely to acquit himself in the sight of God as a faithful servant, and in the next place to put before all his readers

briefly and concisely the reasons, to his own mind unanswerable, which have led him to his present views and conduct; for his own justification, and for their conviction; and having taken them to his stand point, there he leaves them to think and judge for themselves, and to act as those who must give an account.

Mr. Ingham claims for his views an important place in the early history of the Christian Church, as well as apostolic sanction; and in some cases the express teachings of Scripture itself. We now give a digest of the work itself, for the information of our readers—

I. The weekly celebration of the Lord's Supper; Mr. Ingham believes that the Lord's Supper had an important place in the worship of the first christians—that it

was one of their principal means of grace—attended to on every Lord's-day, and not merely as an appendix to a service but the principal object for which the saints came together. His evidence for all this we cannot recount—nor quote the testimony of historians to the uniformity of the practice in the times immediately succeeding the apostolic period—nor the opinions of many eminent ministers of the Gospel, who have written on the subject in modern times. Let the reader examine and judge.

II. On weekly contributing to the support of Christianity. I Cor. xvi., 1, 2, is pleaded as the authority for this. This will be felt by many to be a grave question as it will involve, to carry it out, a new financial arrangement in our churches. Still, for the poor, it is unquestionably the best mode of contributing, as they can give to the cause of Christ in little and frequently, an amount which they cannot give in any other way. And for the most affluent it would have its advantages. It would connect giving with every Lord's day—make it a religious act—and if the spirit of the passage was at all acted upon giving would be in proportion to the blessing received (as God has prospered), and thus lead to a vast augmentation of the funds of every church, and to a liberal universal and systematic support of Christianity.

III. On a Plurality of Elders or Pastors in every church. Mr. I. refers to several scriptures which show that the first churches had a plurality of elders or pastors; and he affirms that it cannot be proved that a single apostolic church had but one pastor.

It is easy to see that any church would be better cared for and more thoroughly instructed if several men of God instead of one were labouring for this object. One man cannot excel in everything. There are diversities of gifts, and the church as far as possible, ought to have the full benefit of the gifts of the different members. The great objection to this is, that the church cannot support a plurality. It is not necessary that all or any of the pastors be entirely devoted to their work. Some apostolic pastors laboured with their hands, nay, it is maintained by some that all apostolic pastors did this. But objections should be but little thought of when apostolic example is before us. A plurality then prevailed, and no instance of a single pastorate can be found.

IV. On the Conducting of Singing in Divine Worship and on Chanting. Mr. I. maintains that all who take the lead in

the service of song in the house of the Lord ought to be converted men—he also believes that chanting was the ancient mode of singing practised by the Jews in their synagogue worship, and by the primitive Christians in their assemblies.

V. On the support of Christianity by Christians, or on the *soliciting* of aid towards the support and extension of Christianity from those above who are believed to have given themselves to the Lord; and yet, receiving, offered assistance from the unconverted. On this subject the writer shall speak for himself. "The principal reasons for approving of the course mentioned at the head of this article are—1st. That the scriptures are believed to have devolved on Christians the duty of supporting and extending Christianity.—2nd. That the Scriptures are believed to warrant, our reception of kind assistance by whomsoever offered.—3rd. That the solicitation of aid in support of religion from those that are in open revolt against God, is opposed to reason, and derogatory to Christianity.—And 4th. That the church and the world sustain injury by the unsanctioned coalition.

These reasons are amplified at some length, and many objections to the practice pleaded for are noticed and fully answered.

The book concludes with an appendix on the community of goods practised at Jerusalem, or on having all things common. The writer believes that the account in the Acts of the Apostles, of the Church having all things common, does not describe a literal community of goods, or one *common stock*, but the abundant liberality and love of the Church that was practically manifested.

On the whole, we greatly admire the book, and believe it to be calculated to lead churches into a more spiritual state.

ON THE LOSS OF TEETH; and on the best means of restoring them. By Thomas Howard, surgeon-dentist. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS small, well-written, treatise contains much valuable information on a subject esteemed by many of considerable importance. The voice, power of mastication, personal appearance, and comfort, depend, in a good measure, on our teeth. How good teeth may be preserved, or lost ones replaced, it is the object of our author to show. His book is both curious and useful.

Correspondence.

ON WEEKLY OFFERINGS.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am glad the subject of "Weekly Offerings" has been brought before the denomination in the Magazine by your Melbourne correspondent. It seems to me that the particular conclusion at which we arrive will very much depend on our constitutional temperament, and our previous habit of giving. If of sanguine temperament, we shall probably hail the "Weekly Offering" as the panacea for our financial difficulties; if of conservative temperament, we shall likely prefer the present way. So far as I can judge, the scriptures leave the matter entirely to our sanctified judgment. In Scotland, the general rule is to adopt both methods—pew rents and collections on entering at every service. And, unless the congregations are large and wealthy, it not unfrequently happens that the income will not cover the expenditure. As illustrative of the "Weekly Offering," I shall refer to a Baptist church in Edinburgh which, having no chapel, met in a hall. Collections at each service, on entering, was the usual source of income. The minister was talented, the membership upwards of 150, the

audiences from three hundred to seven hundred, the hall in a good locality. The expenditure was about £200; but there was scarcely a quarter without deficiency. Every year at least extra efforts had to be made to reimburse the treasurer. And the experience of churches similarly situated is the same. So far, therefore, as observation of Scotch churches go, I am not sanguine of the permanent success of the "Weekly Offering" system. I am afraid it is the spirit, rather than the mode of giving, respecting which the churches need enlightenment. At same time, if it can be shown that pew-rents are a barrier to the prosperity of the churches, and that the "Weekly Offering" removes that barrier; I hope we shall have courage to adopt the better plan. But before changing from the old to the new, the churches should carefully inquire into, and rigidly examine the locality, numbers, wealth and ministry of those churches which are elevated as illustrative evidence of the success of the "Weekly Offering."

Yours, in Christian fraternity.

J. MALCOLM.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

DEAR SIR,—The following letter was written by one of the Scholars honourably dismissed from Stoney-street Sunday-school, on Lord's-day, December 26, 1858. Believing it would afford encouragement to other Sunday-school teachers, you will oblige by an early insertion in the General Baptist Magazine.

Yours truly,
J. YOUNG.

Upper Talbot-street,
Jan. 17, 1859.

"Nottingham, Dec. 26th, 1858.

"DEAR TEACHERS,—Fourteen years have passed away since I became a scholar in this our Sabbath-school, but praise the Lord your labours have not all been spent in vain. When I came here I was ignorant of the way of Salvation, but you have taught me to read God's holy word, and pointed me to the Lamb of God who died to save poor sinful creatures such as I.

And now through faith in Christ, I can say—

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

"Dear Teachers, the time has come that I must leave those who have been careful to instruct me in the path that leads to life eternal. It is a great trial to me to leave the School, and those amongst whom some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent, but I must give place for others to be taught the truths from which I have reaped so much benefit.

"Dear Teachers, words cannot express the gratitude I owe to you for the kindness you have manifested towards me. Though I cannot repay you, the Lord will reward you for your work of faith and labour of love. And may you, with our dear Pastors, be made the honoured instruments of turning many from darkness

to light, and from the power of Satan to God. And when on earth we meet no more, may pastors, teachers and scholars, with all whom we love on earth, meet around the great white throne in heaven, where parting will never be known. I shall be most happy to become a teacher whenever my imperfect services are required.

Sweet Sabbath-school, place dear to me,
Where'r through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee
My childhood's happy home.

When all our wanderings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place,
May we our anthems blend.

Your affectionate Scholar.

* * * *

Obituary.

REV. C. JUDD,

OF CONNINGSBY,

Departed this life Jan. 21, 1859.

SARAH WILLIAMSON, Isleham.—The conversion of a soul at any period of life, is so inestimable a mercy, as to inspire angels with joy and gratitude; but if this change be effected in early life, the blessing is more abundant, and calls for the loudest praise. The subject of this brief obituary, Mrs. Sarah Williamson, was brought to the knowledge of the truth in early life, amongst the society of friends, for whom she entertained a very high esteem to the close of her life. Removing from West Row to Isleham, after the death of her husband, she began to attend the preaching of the gospel at the General Baptist Chapel; and soon her views of the divinely appointed ordinance of baptism underwent a change. Feeling it to be her duty to follow Christ, she offered herself as a candidate for baptism and church-fellowship, and was baptised by the Rev. E. Stenson, on the 31st of August, 1848. During the more than ten years of her membership, she endeavoured by God's grace, to live that gospel she professed. Our departed sister's illness was very short, (she was attacked on the 24th, with inflammation of the lungs, and on the 27th she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus) but her prospect of eternal happiness was unclouded. About three hours before her death, when the writer told her he thought that she would soon be at rest, she said "I know that if I sleep in death I shall rest with God," and after engaging in prayer with her she exclaimed (referring to the concluding part of the prayer) "Yes, I know it is all through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." In this happy state she continued from seven p.m. till 10 p.m., and then her spirit took its flight to

the bosom of her God in the sixty-first year of her age.

On Lord's-day evening, Jan. 9th, her death was improved by her pastor, Rev. T. Mee, from Rev. xiv., 13—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, said the spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

In her death the church has lost a very consistent member, the pastor a kind friend, and a son and daughter a very affectionate mother. May they be led to seek an interest in their mother's God, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind.

MATTHEW LEANORD, Isleham,—On the 27th of December, 1858, died at Isleham, Matthew Leanord, an aged and esteemed member and deacon of the General Baptist Church.

Our departed brother was brought to the knowledge of the truth, under the ministry of the Rev. J. Farrant, and was baptised by him on the 26th of April, 1814, so that for nearly forty-five years he has been connected with the cause of Christ, and more than thirty years of that he honourably sustained the office of a deacon.

What was said of Plato's furniture, that "All was for use—nothing for show," may, with equal propriety, be said of our departed brother. He laboured rather to fill up his place well, and discharge his duties punctually, than make the noise of an axe, or hammer, reverberate his own praise.

Our departed friend enjoyed, for 72 years, uninterrupted good health, until about three months before his death. The writer has heard him say he never knew what a day's illness was in his life. He was a great lover of the ordinances of religion. Indeed his love of public worship, and especially of the ordinance of the Lord's supper, increased as he drew nearer

to the eternal Sabbath. Often did he mention the uncommon pleasure with which he attended some of the last sermons he was permitted to hear. At those seasons he was favoured with the most delightful foretaste of that happiness, the fulness of which, it is confidently hoped, he is now enjoying. He was particularly fond of those more private religious meetings, at which the mere professor is seldom seen. About three months ago our dear brother's health began to decline, he seemed fully aware that the Lord was about to remove him; when speaking to his pastor a short time before his death, he said "I feel that I am a poor sinner saved by grace." One of the deacons who was present when he fell asleep in Jesus, said he sat in his chair with his coat off, and died like a child going to sleep. Oh, he said, if the Lord wills it, I should like to die just the same. Thus passed away our aged friend and brother in the seventy-third year of his age. His death was improved by his pastor, the Rev. T. Mee, on Lord's day afternoon, Jan. 2nd, from Acts xxi., 16—An old disciple.

MARY WARD, the beloved wife of Mr. Joseph MARSH, of Woodthorpe, Leicestershire, slept in Jesus, Dec. 1st, 1858, aged thirty-five years. Mrs. Marsh was the daughter of William and Elizabeth Knapp, of Frisby, in the same county. She was the subject of early piety, being brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, in the thirteenth or fourteenth year of her age.

The Wesleyan Methodists were the honoured instruments in her conversion to God. She visited with them in christian fellowship, and continued a useful, intelligent, and devoted member of that society up to the time of her marriage about five years ago.

On settling down at Woodthorpe, her husband being a member and deacon of the Baptist Church at Quornden, she decided to unite with the same church. She offered herself for baptism and fellowship, and was cordially welcomed to our communion May 7th, 1854.

We little thought on the day of her union with us that in less than five short years she would be received into the purer fellowship of the church above. "But my ways are not as your ways, says the Lord." He who has done it cannot err.

Our departed sister was an active and cheerful christian. No one, looking at religion, as brought out in her general character, and every day life, would regard

it as a gloomy and melancholy thing. In her life were displayed the beauties of holiness. To talk with her was to perceive that you were conversing with one well schooled in the faith of Christ; to be in her company was to feel that you were in the presence of a good woman.

She was anxious to be useful to others. She purchased and circulated tracts through the village in which she resided. She was always ready to visit the afflicted, and to soothe their sorrows. In the absence of her husband she did not allow family worship to be neglected; but would assemble the servants and members of the family to read with them the word of God, and unite with them in fervent prayer. She felt a deep interest in the welfare of the church, and would often anxiously enquire "How is the work of God going on?" She rejoiced in its prosperity, and mourned over its adversity.

She thought it not a burden, but reckoned it among her privileges to contribute to the funds of the church, and to help on the Ark of the Lord.

We feel that in her death the church has lost one of her most consistent members. Her husband has lost a help-meet indeed; and her two little boys have lost the watchful care of an anxious, pious, and loving mother. The fearful disease which removed her from the church on earth to the church in heaven was consumption; her friends watched the progress of the disease with painful anxiety, and every means was tried to arrest its course—but all in vain.

She observed, a little time before her death, that she should have felt thankful to have been spared a little longer for the sake of her dear husband and children; but she was satisfied that she was in the hands of the Lord, and that he would do right. In one of the last interviews which the writer of this notice had with her, she said the clergyman had called to see her, and she said "I told him I had had an interest in Christ for many years." On observing how important it was to feel quite satisfied on this subject, she replied "I cannot doubt it, the Lord has been very good to me in my affliction, I have had great peace, and I have no fear of the future."

"Not long before she died she said to her husband, 'Give my love to my friends, tell them I am going to Jesus'; and after a pause, exclaimed, 'Jesus, Jesus,' and calmly fell asleep to awake amidst the society of heaven and the hallelujahs of departed saints.

J. S., Q.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Coventry on Monday, Jan. 10th, 1859. The Rev. G. Cheate preached in the morning from II Cor. vi., 18—"And I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

There was very little business to attend to in the afternoon. The number baptized since September was twelve, and sixteen were reported as candidates. It had been found impossible to carry out the resolution of the last conference respecting the re-establishment of the Home Missionary Society before the present conference took place; and the matter was deferred until May. It was agreed that in order to make our afternoon meeting more interesting, a short paper upon some previously appointed subject be prepared and read, after the business is concluded, and a friendly conversation upon it entered upon; the paper not to occupy more than ten minutes in the reading, and the conversation afterwards to be continued not later than five o'clock. The subject proposed for the first paper is "What do the Scriptures teach us to pray for, and anticipate in respect to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the churches of modern times?" Mr. Chapman is to prepare the paper.

The friends at Cinderbank, Netherton, requested that we should hold our next Conference there. It was thought the business we purpose to enter upon in connection with the re-establishment of a Home Missionary Society, would not allow us to accede to their request. As delegates from the churches of the Barton Home Mission district would scarcely regard us as desirous of their presence in our deliberations, if we held our meeting at a place so far distant from them as Cinderbank, Netherton. It was suggested that we meet there in September; and resolved that our next meeting be at Austray on the second Monday in May; and that Mr. James Goadby, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, be respectfully requested to preach. The Rev. E. Price, of Longford, was appointed in case of failure. THOMAS GOADBY, Sec.

THE MIDLAND CONFERENCE met at Mansfield-road chapel, Nottingham, on

Tuesday, Dec. 28th, 1858. Mr. Goadby, of Loughborough, preached in the morning from II Cor. v., 14, 15. Mr. J. F. Stevenson presided over the business-meeting in the afternoon, and Mr. Hunter prayed. Sixty-four were reported as baptised since the last Conference, and one hundred and four remained as candidates. The minutes of the last meeting were read. The following resolutions were passed:—

1. *Northampton*.—(1) That as the church at Northampton has ceased to exist, the name be erased from the list of churches.

(2) The letter received by the secretary from Mr. Taylor, was read. Agreed: that the Secretary and Mr. Chas. Harding, of Leicester, be requested to make further enquiries respecting the chapel property at Northampton, ascertain its real position, and report to the next Conference.

2. *Australian Mission*. There was a report from the Committee appointed at the last Conference. Agreed: that the secretary correspond with Mr. Lockwood on the subject of the offer made by a friend in Tasmania, and report to the next Conference.

3. *Market Harbro*.—That the Secretary write to the church at Market Harbro, respecting their present condition and prospects, and report to the next Conference.

4. *Churches not reporting to the Conference*.—That the secretary write specially to those churches from which, for several meetings there has been no report.

5. *Knipton*.—That this case be left in hands of the Committees

The next Conference will be held at Meesham, on Easter Tuesday, April, 26th, 1859, and Mr. Secretary to preach.

Mr. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough, preached in the evening.

JOS. J. GOADBY, Secretary.

THE YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Birchcliffe on Tuesday, Dec. 28th, 1858. Mr. Hargreaves, of Burnley-lane, read the scriptures and prayed, and Mr. Batey, of Rochdale, preached from Gal. iv., 18.—"But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."

The brethren met for business at two

p.m. The minister of the place presided, and the secretary prayed. The reports from the churches showed that thirty-four had been baptised since the last conference, and that eight remained as candidates.

Resolutions adopted:

I. That the Conference be held at Todmorden on Whit Tuesday, it being proposed to open the new chapel, now in course of erection, on that day.

II. That each church in this conference be kindly and urgently desired to make a collection for our new chapel at Todmorden, and send it by their minister, or representatives on the day of opening.

An animated discussion arose as to the publication of the work of the late venerated Dan Taylor, and it was resolved—

III. That, as ministers and representatives of the Yorkshire churches of General Baptists, we should rejoice to see a New edition of the entire works of the late Dan Taylor; but in case their

re-issue in a complete form, be deemed impracticable, we should be highly gratified to have his "Letters on Mr. Fuller's Scheme," either in a separate pamphlet, or in the pages of the Magazine.

IV. That we respectfully suggest to our brethren generally, the propriety of deliberating on this subject at their next quarterly gathering, as a means of eliciting the opinion of the body.

V. The Chairman stated that the Macclesfield case was finally disposed of.

VI. That Brother Batey be thanked for his sermon, and requested to send it to the editor of the Magazine.

VII. That the next conference be at Queenshead, on Tuesday, April 26th, 1859; and that brother Horsfall, of Shore, be the preacher. Service in the morning.

Brother Maden gave an interesting account of the reviving of the Lord's work at Gambleside. A collection was made at the close of the sitting. Brother Hardy concluded with prayer.

C. SPRINGTHORPE, Secretary.

BAPTISMS.

BRADFORD.—On Lord's-day, Jan. 2nd, 1859, in the morning we had a very scriptural sermon by our beloved pastor, Rev. B. Wood, to a good congregation from Isaiah viii., 20.—"To the law and to the testimony." After which three put on Christ by baptism, and may the Lord still prosper us. J. I.

COVENTRY.—On the morning of the first Sunday in the year three young persons were baptised by our minister, and afterwards received into fellowship with us.

COALVILLE AND WHITWICK.—We have been favoured of late with several interesting additions by baptism. Feb. 7th, 1858, three persons were added to us; April 4th, two; May 2nd, six; Sept. 5th, four. It was our privilege to commence the present year with a baptismal service. On Lord's-day, Jan. 2nd, 1859, after a sermon by the pastor, the Rev. J. Cholerton, on the first duty of the new year, from the words Rom. vi., 13, "Yield yourselves to God." Four persons were baptised who in the evening after a solemn address from Judges xi., 35.—"I have opened my mouth unto the Lord and I cannot go back," were received into fellowship with us. The congregations were unusually large and attentive.

BIRMINGHAM.—On the last Sabbath evening in December, Mr. Cheate baptised two persons, and on the following Lord's-day they were added to the church.

J. S. C.

FLEET.—On Lord's-day, Dec. 5th, three friends were baptised and added to the church. Others are asking the way to Zion.

TYDD, St. Giles'.—On Lord's-day, Dec. 19th, one friend was baptised and received into the church.

LOUTH WALKER-GATE.—On the evening of Monday, the 27th ult., we had three friends baptised. Brother Smith, of Alford, our junior pastor, administered the ordinance. The meeting was addressed by him, and by brother Taylor, one of our college students, who is at present preaching in Walker-gate chapel; and by Mr. Kiddall, who is fast recovering from a four month's illness. On the following Lord's-day, the newly baptised, one of whom is a Wesleyan local preacher, were welcomed to the Lord's table. On the Monday evening afterwards, we had a tea-meeting; it was well attended, and very interesting addresses were delivered. The Walker-gate friends are greatly indebted to those ministers, who, of every denomination in the town, have helped us in our necessities.

LOUTH, North-gate.—On the first Sunday in December four persons, who had been baptised on the previous Thursday, were added to the church.

LENTON.—On the first Lord's-day in October, 1858, five young friends were baptised by our minister and added to the church. On Jan. 2nd, 1859, six more were "put on Christ," by baptism, and

received the right hand of fellowship.
"Be glad O ye people." R.

ALFORD.—On Lord's-day, Dec. 19th, 1858, one young friend, a teacher in the Sabbath-school, was baptised after a sermon from "And now why tarriest thou?" &c. The chapel was very much crowded. Within the last year and a half a very pleasing change has taken place in the state of the cause. The congregations have, at least, trebled. The singing has been much improved. A new Sabbath-school commenced, and a Tract Society formed.

LONDON, Praed-street.—The last Sabbath in the past year witnessed an increase to the members of this church. The friends here were rejoiced to behold an addition of eight persons to their communion, being the first fruits of the

Rev. J. Clifford's ministrations; they inspire the hope that this is only the beginning of good things to come.

It was pleasing to see amongst them the only son of our dear departed brother, J. Chapman, one of the deacons of this church from its commencement. The congregations were more numerous than we have been privileged to witness for some years past. An appropriate and effective sermon was delivered by our pastor with much earnestness, on Acts ii., 41. We have several candidates and enquirers.

GOSBERTON, Sept. 5th, two young persons were baptised by our minister. Mr. J. G. Jones, one was a teacher, and the other was fresh from the Sabbath-school.

T. G. L.

ANNIVERSARIES.

LOUGHBOROUGH, Wood-gate.—We held a delightful members' tea-meeting on Monday evening, Jan. 24th. Several brethren, with the pastor, who presided, gave short and interesting addresses; and a handsome New Year's Gift was presented to our pastor, as an expression of affectionate regard.

LONDON.—On the first Sabbath of this year, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Clifford, and collections made towards defraying the expense of heating the chapel by means of gas, and the erection of a lamp over the porch.

On the following Monday the annual tea-meeting took place, after which a public meeting was held. Prayer was offered by Mr. Morgan, sen., then an interesting and animating introductory address was given by our minister. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Brown, W. Clarke, and T. P. Dexter. At the close of the meeting it was found that the proceeds of the collections at these services amounted to the required sum of £20., the cost of the heating apparatus only, the lamp having been generously given by our friend Mr. Parkins.

E. BROWN, Secretary.

MACCLESFIELD, General Baptist Chapel.—In August last, this neat and commodious place of worship, was cleaned, painted, and thoroughly repaired, as well as new matted, the cost of which was upwards of £30. To defray this the friends held a tea-meeting on Monday last, when upwards of 350 were seated. The trays were gratuitously furnished by the members and ladies of the congregation. After tea, R. Pedley, Esq., of Wheelock Heath,

was called to preside. Animated addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. P. Gent, and the Rev. J. Maden, minister of the place. Several recitations were given by the teachers and scholars in a manner which reflected great credit on themselves. The performances of the choir elicited the warm and hearty applause of the audience, which separated shortly after ten o'clock, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.—From the *Macclesfield Observer*, of Jan. 8th.

CHESHAM.—The twenty-first anniversary of the Benevolent Society, was celebrated on Monday, Dec. 27th, 1858. Nearly 300 took tea in the school-room and vestry. A public meeting was held in the evening. In the absence of the Secretary of the Society, Mr. W. Andrews, through indisposition, Mr. Spriggins read the report which stated that £21 had been distributed during the year, and 420 cases visited and relieved. The Tonic sol-fa class, numbering about fifty members, and conducted by one of our friends, interested the meeting by singing several pleasing melodies. Addresses were delivered by Rev. W. Payne, Mr. Spriggins, and the Pastor.

LOUTH, North-gate.—A debt removed. The schoolroom connected with this place of worship is now free from incumbrance. It is a handsome edifice, and was erected in 1852, at a cost of nearly eight hundred pounds. At the commencement of 1858, two hundred pounds still remained unpaid, and it was agreed that an earnest effort should be made to remove the debt by the close of the year. Circulars were issued, collecting cards were distributed,

ladies produced and sold articles both useful and ornamental; lectures were delivered in the Town Hall, by Arthur Mursell, and Hugh Stowell Brown; a tea-meeting contributed its generous proceeds; donations from many a christian's purse flowed into the treasury; and at the commencement of this year it was found there was not only £200, but no less a sum than £227, in the treasurer's hands. This pleasing fact was announced at the members tea-meeting on the 3rd of January. It was responded to by loud cheers, hearty addresses, warm congratulations to the pastor, on the commencement of his fifth year under circumstances so favourable; and earnest purposes were expressed by many to live and labour still in the service of the Saviour. To God be the glory.

HEPTONSTALL-SLACK.—Our annual festivities have been once more celebrated. The memories they suggested were somewhat monitory and sorrowful. The loved forms of many who sleep in Jesus were brought to our remembrance. As kindred in Christ our friends met at Broadstone and Nazelbottom, on the 25th of December, and at Slack on New Year's day. The bountiful fare and the cordial greetings at the festive board, combined with the general spirit and useful aim of the meetings afterwards, gave both pleasure and profit to all.

May rolling years bear our spirits upwards to the high communion and unbroken fellowship of heaven!

GOSBERTON.—The members of the General Baptist Church were invited to meet their minister, the Rev. J. G. Jones, to tea on the last evening of the old year, when most of them attended. After tea Mr. Jones gave out a hymn, and offered a solemn prayer; after which the deacon, Mr. Richardson, came forward and addressed the friends; at the close he spoke a few words to the minister, and presented him with a small purse of eight pounds, as a New Year's Gift, from the Church and congregation. The meeting was then addressed by Messrs. Jones, Digby, and Long. Singing and prayer being offered at intervals by other friends. This is the first members' meeting we have had, but all felt it to be a blessed one, and declared, as far as they were concerned, it should not be the last. T. G. L.

SHEFFIELD.—Cemetery-road Baptist Church and its Pastor.—The annual meeting of this church was held Jan 3rd, and besides being numerously attended, was of a very happy character, showing the excellent feeling subsisting between pastor, the Rev. H. Ashbery, and people, and their united concern for the advancement of the cause of Christ. One of the deacons, on rising to propose the passing of the treasurer's accounts, first turned to the minister and requested that he would withdraw for a short time, when it was proposed that a New Year's Gift be presented to him. The proposition was most cordially received by the meeting, and the amount suggested to be given was raised in a few minutes, the poor and those in better circumstances alike heartily contributing to it. An advancement of Mr. Ashbery's salary was also proposed to the meeting, and carried with as much unanimity as the previous resolution. On Mr. Ashbery being recalled to the meeting, and informed what had been done, he expressed his grateful feelings for the generosity of the friends, assuring them that useful as might be the material token of their liberality, he would more highly appreciate the united affection and prayerful sympathy which he believed he in a large measure enjoyed. After seven years labour amongst his people, it was pleasant for him to state that he never felt more comfortable than he did at the present time. Whilst thankful to God that he could make such a statement, he earnestly entreated a continuance of their co-operation and prayers. The regular business was then proceeded with, and it was several times remarked that it was the best annual meeting we even had. The increase of members is not so numerous as in some former years, yet is a gratifying fact that the congregation has been well sustained, and in no previous year has there been so much realized by the pew-rents in Eyre-street Chapel as there has this year by the seats in the vestry-hall, where we now worship until the completion of our new chapel, which is progressing, and we are anxiously looking for the time of its opening, when we shall be able comfortably to accommodate the strangers who come to worship with us.

C. ATKINSON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TESTIMONIAL.—At an interesting devotional meeting, on the evening of Dec. 21st, Mr. Smith, one of the deacons of the church, at March, read a very kind

and friendly address to the minister, Mr. Jones, and in the name of the church and congregation, presented him with a handsome purse containing upwards of

fifteen guineas, as a testimonial of esteem and affection. After a respectful acknowledgment of this tribute of regard by the minister, two other gentlemen made a few friendly observations; and, after repeated singing and prayer, the very agreeable meeting closed.

GOSBERTON. — The teachers of the General Baptist Sunday-school, invited the teachers of the other Dissenting Sunday-schools of the village to tea on Christmas-day, Dec. 25th, 1858, when most of them attended; after which the evening was spent in addresses by our minister, and the teachers of the different schools. At the close all declared they

had spent a delightful as well as a profitable evening. T. G. L.

REV. G. STAPLES, formerly of Measham, having supplied the General Baptist Church, at Leake and Wimeswold for three months, has received and accepted a unanimous and cordial invitation to become the stated pastor. His labours commence with the current year.

REV. JOSEPH TAYLOR, we regret to hear, has resigned his pastoral connexion with the church at Kegworth and Diseworth.

REV. T. R. ELLIOTT, late of Hinckley and Market Harborough, is at present without an engagement, and is open to a call from any destitute church.

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL,

As to the Church of England, the most important event of the month is the abolition of the services connected with three of the State holidays, viz., the 5th of November, or the gunpowder plot; the 30th of January, or the martyrdom of King Charles I; and the 29th of May, or the Restoration of King Charles II. How devout and enlightened churchmen could read and say these services without a feeling of intensest shame and confusion, we cannot conceive. To speak of James before God, as a "gracious sovereign"; of Charles I, as a model christian, and a martyr; of Charles II, as God's "anointed servant," whose recal to the throne of England demands the everlasting gratitude of all "churches of the saints," is more than most men, even Tories of the purest water, can endure. The removal of these services, a concession to public feeling, was done by royal warrant, Jan. 17th, 1859. Henceforth they are not to be used in any episcopal place of worship, nor printed in the prayer-book. Their use will be illegal. The State church has been compelled, hitherto, to use these prayers; now it is bound, by the "act of uniformity," and its heavy penalties, not to pray and praise as heretofore. State-churchism appears in this matter in its most pitiful position. It must pray and praise, not "as the Spirit, but as the State gives utterance!" The extraordinary services at St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, &c., continue well-attended. The expenses are great, and the Bishop of London asks the rich laity for subscriptions. He also proposes the union of some of the smaller parishes in London. The Bishop of Oxford denies that he ever avowed his belief in "the seven sacraments." The *Record* en-

gages to prove the contrary if he will permit the publication of "private letters." The Bishop of Adelaide, Australia, has been requested by the Governor and other persons of rank to invite Mr. Binney to preach in the churches. The Bishop, though in advance of many at home in his liberality, feels that this is beyond his range. Church and State feeling remain in Australia, though the thing is at an end. The new Bishop of British Columbia proposes to take with him some twenty clergymen to that colony. The Independents, also, are making efforts to send ministers thither.

The Russians, Americans, French and English, in their late treaties with China, have stipulated for the free profession of Christianity in the empire. Missionaries and converts are to be protected from all molestation. The French protestants have obtained, by deputation, a most gracious reception from the Emperor. He intimated that in future, he will hear their grievances himself, and not leave them in the hands of popish bishops and magistrates! The papers contain a fearful account of the martyrdom of a French bishop at Tonquin. Popery seems to be in extacies at the Prince of Wales being about to visit Rome to see its works of art. What if the Pope should, this year, find it needful once more to run away! The war impending may leave him without help. Cardinal Wiseman is ill. Diabetes, it is expected, will terminate his career.

The Wesleyans are making progress in Australia. They are sending more missionaries to Africa. They are exceedingly indignant at the forcible establishment by the French of popish priests on their territories in the Friendly Islands. The

establishment of "Havelock Scholarships" by the Baptists, has already secured a subscription of £1,100; more money is wanted.

Mr. Denham, of Serampore, has died. His death is a great loss to the Mission. He was returning to India, and fell ill in passing through Egypt, and died at Ceylon. Oct. 25th. His end was peace. The Baptist Herald regards the Queen's India proclamation with favour, though the editor wishes the part referring to religious usages had been clearer. No fears are cherished that this clause will receive any offensive interpretation.

Church-rates have found a small party in Birmingham that memorialized Lord Derby in their favour. But a very overwhelming public meeting, presided over by the mayor, Sir John Ratchliffe, most enthusiastically condemned the hole and corner deputation, and the rates too. Church-rates are doomed in England. The present state of the law makes every parish in which they are levied, a scene of agitation. It is full time that "Robbery by Burnt Offering" should cease and determine. Mr. Spurgeon is to visit the United States in April, to collect for his new temple. He will do good. His nervous Saxon-English, and his fearless outspoken earnestness will be sure to procure him crowds of hearers. He will make some foes and many friends.

GENERAL.

REFORM meetings are being held in most large towns in England, preparatory to the meeting of Parliament, and Mr. Bright and his Reform Bill fill the public mind, and the newspapers with topics for discussion. The old Whigs praise the legislation since the Bill of 1832. They want little change, and fear the masses and the Ballot. Mr. Bright's plan is at length before the public. He would disfranchise all boroughs with less than 8,000 inhabitants. From that to 16,000 give one member; up to 25,000 leave as they are; thence to 54,000 give two members; from this to 127,000 three. Five new boroughs, with more than 310,000, to be divided into three Wards, to have two each Ward. Seven new boroughs to be created to have nine members amongst them. Some of the larger counties to have an increased number of members. The basis of the arrangement is population and taxation. The new arrangement will abolish 130 seats, of which it will give 26 to the counties and 104 to the boroughs. The qualification for voting, in the counties to be £10 rental, and in the boroughs the payment of house-rates. The mode of voting to be by ballot. Thus he varies from Lord John Russell, who, in 1854, proposed to

disfranchise 62 places and to give 41 extra members to the counties. What may be the Government provisions of course none can as yet tell. If they bid as high as a Conservative has lately done, Sir J. E. Wilmot, who stands for household suffrage, the disfranchisement of all towns with less than 1,000 houses; and, of the 64 vacancies thus created to give 42 to boroughs, 15 to counties, and 7 to unrepresented universities; they will go far towards securing public confidence. Mr. Roebuck, in his address to his constituents, intimates that the state of the continent rather than Reform, will chiefly occupy attention in Parliament during the next session. The state of feeling in Italy, Lombardy, &c., is very excited. The King of Sardinia is making an alliance with France, by the marriage of Prince Napoleon with a daughter of Victor Emmanuel. Should France and Sardinia join the Lombardo-Venetians against the Austrians, for their liberation from a hated tyranny, they may succeed, especially if Russia hangs threatening in the rear of Austria. The Hereditary states of Austria lie between the two largest and fairest portions of her empire, Hungary and Italy. Can soldiers, pressed from the provinces, be relied on in the day of battle? Austria, the most perfidious of monarchies, lies at the mercy of accidents. Meantime she has removed vast numbers of troops into Lombardy, and has taken possession of the small Duchies of Mantua and Modena, for purposes of protection; and her soldiers say they expect to invade the Sardinian territories.

Leaving Europe with its complications, it is worth while to look a moment to the East. Everywhere the insurgents are being suppressed, and many rebels have laid down their arms and accepted mercy. Tanta Topee, of Nana Sahib, still are at large. The "Queen of Oude" has published a counter proclamation, in which she exposes the bad faith of the English, their unrelentingness, and expresses her contempt for the Queen of England's reference to religion. It is a clever document, in some parts more easily condemned than refuted.

The British Parliament will be opened by the Queen, Feb. 3rd.

Before we again jot down our notes of the month we shall have heard and read more about politics both at home and abroad. Let us hope that England will not embroil herself in a European war. Our better policy will be to promote peace; and if the Italian states gain their independence, to acknowledge them at once. Italy will never be at rest under a German yoke.

Missionary Observer.

LETTER FROM REV. J. BUCKLEY.

Cuttack, November 10th, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER,—Again it devolves upon me to furnish, for the information of your readers, a report of

THE ORISSA MISSIONARY CONFERENCE, which was held at Cuttack, on the 25th of Oct., and several following days. It was held earlier than the time appointed for the convenience of dear friends, soon to be separated from us "for a season, in presence, not in heart." All our Missionary brethren now in the field were present, and we had the pleasure of welcoming amongst us two out of three of our American fellow labourers, the Rev. B. B. Smith, of Balasore, and the Rev. E. C. B. Hallam. This last named brother is the junior of their mission band. He was born in England, and left the dear old country when about thirteen years old. His father was a member, and, I believe, officer of our church at Cradeley Heath, and our young brother well remembers the name of Chamberlain, and has a lively recollection of Mr. Cheate, as for some time before emigrating, the family resided at Birmingham.

THE PUBLIC SERVICES at this Conference were exceedingly well attended, and were felt to be interesting and profitable. The Oriya sermon was preached on Lord's-day afternoon, Oct. 24th, by Mr. Stubbins, on the mutual relation between Christ and his church, from Ephes. i., part of 22, 23—"And gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body." The attendance was very gratifying, and the discourse appropriate, and adapted to be useful. The English sermon was delivered in the evening by the writer of this letter from Rev. xiv., 6, to a larger congregation than we have had for many years on a similar occasion. The Native Missionary meeting was one of the most gratifying services of the kind we have ever had, and some friends thought that it was an improvement on the meeting of last year, which was a very delightful one. Mr. Stubbins presided, and Juggernath, from Berhampore, offered a suitable prayer. Ghuna Shyam then addressed us on the obligations of Hindoo Christians to seek the salvation of their own people, because they have received the Gospel from foreigners; and he did justice to this theme. Gunga Dhor spoke on the compassion and love of Christ, as showing us how tenderly we should feel for sinners; and gave utterance to some

noble, tender, and brilliant thoughts. Damudar, in his own insinuating and impressive manner contrasted the views and feelings of the idolator and of the true believer in prospect of death and eternity. Kumbhoo made some suitable remarks on the necessity and importance of prayer for the gift of the Holy Ghost to render our work successful. The closing prayer was offered by Koma, and was one of the most comprehensive and fervent ever offered in the Oriya language. Such a service, conducted by native ministers, was felt to be in every view hopeful and encouraging. We cannot doubt that "the great things written in the law of God," which we have come to teach and preach in Orissa have taken deep root in the soil; and are persuaded that "after" our "decease" many will "have these things always in remembrance."

THE ANNUAL COMMUNION SERVICE was a time of much emotion, being the last time the senior pastor of the church would meet the flock at the table of the Lord before his departure for England. Our minds were naturally led to think of our heavenly home. Mr. Stubbins delivered an English address on the contrast between our meetings and partings on earth, and our meeting in that peaceful happy abode where separation will be unknown. I followed with an Oriya address on a kindred theme, founded on II Thes. ii., 1. How sweet to think of "our gathering together unto" Christ, when the service allotted to us here shall be finished.

Another deeply interesting service which was held on Monday the 1st Nov. was—

THE ORDINATION of three native Evangelists, Jugoo Roul, Paul, and Juggernath, from Berhampore. The service was commenced by Mr. Brooks reading select portions of scripture, after which Damudar offered prayer. The customary questions were asked with much propriety by Mr. Bailey, and the answers were listened to with deep feelings of thankfulness to God. In no former service of this kind in this heathen land has more of the presence of God been felt, or more encouraging and interesting statements made. I cannot, in this letter, enter into details which will, I trust, in some future communication, encourage the friends of the Mission; but one thing I noticed which I have observed on former occasions with interest. God blesses the varied instrumentality employed by his servants. The tracts had excited

attention; the scriptures had not been read in vain; the sermons delivered in the chapel had been useful in impressing their minds; one of them referred with much feeling to the sermons of both our departed brethren. Moreover, the instruction imparted in the school (for both Jugoo and Paul were in the school) had been blessed of God. The lesson which this teaches is a very encouraging one to all faithful labourers. The great end we seek to accomplish is not achieved by one man, or by one set of means; the approval of the great Master rests on all self-denying and prayerful to it, and we must go on seeking "if by any means we may save some." The ordination prayer was offered by myself, the other missionaries uniting in the imposition of hands; and thus closed a service which will long live in our recollection.

In the interval between the morning and evening services, an interesting event of a very different character occurred. The Proclamation announcing the assumption by the Queen of the direct government of her Indian territories was read in four languages on the parade ground at Cuttack to an immense assemblage. We all testified our loyalty by attending, and by our hearty cheers for the Queen. After the excitement of such a scene—the parade of troops—the booming of cannon, and the interest manifested by the congregated thousands—all were, I fear, less prepared than we might otherwise have been for the hallowed pleasures of the remaining service.

The devotional exercises of the evening service were conducted by Sebo Patra, and the charge to the newly ordained was delivered by Mr. Stubbins from a well chosen text—II Tim. iv., 1, 2, and contained, it is unnecessary to say, much suitable and important advice. Let all our friends pray that the blessing of the Lord may rest on the dear brethren who were thus set apart to "do the work of evangelists." Jugoo Roul is one of the ablest of our young ministers, and is also assistant teacher in the Academy. Paul is the first of those rescued from sacrifice, who has been devoted to the work of the ministry. Juggernath has good abilities, and will, I trust, make full proof of his ministry. He was related to the late Deenabundhoo, and was baptised by Mr. Wilkinson.

The Conference was presided over by Mr. Bailey, and the business that required our attention was transacted with much christian feeling and unanimity. Balagi was restored to his position as a native preacher. He has been laid aside for several years, having suffered from a mental affliction. Inde Padlian, who has been employed for seven years past as a Colporteur

on the funds of the American and Foreign Bible Society, was placed at the disposal of our American brethren to be engaged as a native preacher. The examination of the two students, Danni and Sheni, was attended to, and was thought very creditable to their ability and application. They are very promising young men. May God raise up many more such; for our chief hope for Orissa rests under God on an efficient native ministry. Forty thousand tracts, of various kinds, were ordered to be printed, and among them were two new ones—"Come to Jesus," by Mr. Stubbins, and a selection of hymns on the love of Christ, Part III., by Makunda Das, a greatly gifted native poet. I feel thankful that God has given us such a poet, able to express those truths which are dear to all the churches of God, with so much elegance, sweetness, and unction. The completion of the Book of Psalms in Sanscrit and Oriya was thankfully recorded; but I am sorry to say that the last edition of the New Testament by Brother Sutton is entirely exhausted, and that we have not a single copy remaining to give either to a heathen or a native Christian. This is most deeply to be deplored, and has never, so far as I am aware, occurred before since the establishment of the Mission. It is some alleviation of this afflictive circumstance, that we have a large supply of the Gospels and Acts, as revised, ready for distribution; and also a good number of the Harmony of the Gospels; and to this it may be added, that all experienced missionaries know that the Gospels are much more readily understood than the Epistles; still it is to me very melancholy that we have not one copy of the most important portion of God's word to give to an enquirer, or to any of our school children, or native Christians! It was resolved to apply for help to the Bible Translation Society. Surely we shall obtain assistance soon.

A letter was read from the secretary of the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India; and the secretary of Conference was directed to write in reply expressive of our hearty sympathy with the objects of this Society. It was also decided to propose to the Society the desirableness of establishing a training school at Cuttack for teachers.

In prospect of Mr. Brooks taking his furlough next year, it appeared to the brethren, that the best arrangement that could be made to supply his place while absent, would be for Mr. Hill to remove to Cuttack, and take charge of the Printing Office; and this removal, it was felt, rendered necessary the removal of Mr. Goadby to Berhampore. Both the brethren

ren expressed their cordial concurrence. Resolutions were also adopted commending Brother and Sister Stubbins to the affectionate confidence of the churches, and our sense of the magnitude of the loss that will be sustained by the temporary removal of our respected brother.

The brethren, as usual, reported their labours in different departments; and, though nothing remarkably exciting or stirring was stated, yet it was seen that the word of the Lord had been extensively proclaimed, and that some had been added to the church; but as our statistics for the year are made up on the 31st of March, and as full details are there given I need not enlarge now.

MARRIAGE.—Another interesting event occurred during our Conference—interesting it will no doubt be to your readers—*doubly* interesting to yourself, and the members of your family, and auspicious I trust it will prove to the Mission. Sarah Maria Harrison no longer ranks with the Spinsters, and John Orissa Goadby has ceased to be a bachelor. The marriage was solemnized in the Mission chapel, on Wednesday, the 27th of Oct. at half-past Four p.m. Mr. Stubbins performed the ceremony in the presence of all the Missionaries, and a numerous assembly of Europeans and natives. Miss Butler was bride's maid, and I was, what

is commonly called, father. I know how interesting it would be to many of your fair readers if I were to describe the bonnets and dresses of the ladies, but it is not in my line of things. In fact I always skip over such descriptions in the papers. Let us hope and pray that the blessing of the Lord may attend them in all future scenes—that they may have the honour, the highest conferred on pardoned sinners, of being faithful and successful labourers for Christ—and that after a long and useful course of service they may come to their graves in a full age; but future events are in the Lord's hands, and He will order them wisely and well. I have often thought of the fine description which the bard of Eden gives of the imagined feeling with which father Adam led mother Eve “to the nuptial bower, blushing like the morn,” and the poet adds—

“All heaven,

And happy constellations, on that hour.

Shed their selectest influence.”

So, I trust, your son and daughter will ever think of the day of their union as one of the bright and sunny days of life's short journey. May every reader of this, like Apelles, have the happiness of being “approved in Christ.”

Yours, affectionately

J. BUCKLEY.

JOURNAL BY MRS. BUCKLEY. No. 2.

JAN. 11TH.—The morning was foggy: on this account we did not leave our encampment until seven o'clock. After seeing our things packed, we all set off walking. The fog had passed away, and the air was cool and bracing. Soon after eight o'clock, the sun made himself felt, and I was glad to get into my palkee, and the brethren on their horses. My palkee was furnished inside with Oriya tracts and the “Life and Remains of the Rev. Richard Cecil,” which gave me much mental entertainment. Nor was the outward man forgotten; by a little good humoured coaxing of the men who carried the palkee, they had permitted me to fasten a basket on the top of the palkee outside, in which was packed our breakfast; they had also tied a little tin teakettle to the iron bars, so that when we reached the end of our journey, we might make a rustic meal. After travelling three hours, we found a pleasant shade for our tents, about five minutes walk from the large agricultural village of Salapore. Two majestic banyan trees, with their wide

spreading branches, furnished us with ample room and shade for our tents, servants, and cart-men; and near to the trees was a well of good water. Shade and good water are more highly prized by the traveller in India, than the comfortable hotel is in Europe; for exposed to the noon-day sun, health and life would be risked. The country all round looked very lovely. From our tent door was visible a large plantation of bamboos, whose feathery foliage had assumed all the tints of autumn, and beneath whose drooping branches a quiet shady walk could be taken into one part of the village at mid-day. As far as the eye could see, the land was well cultivated, and well wooded. The fields were enclosed with flowering shrubs, adorned with a variety of beautiful creepers, forming a lovely wreath of green leaves, with blue, white, and purple flowers, interspersed. In the shrubs, I recognised the cherished hot-house plants of my own native land; and they carried me away in thought to those lovely garden, in which it was my privilege

to walk and enjoy the sweets of Christian friendship, so fragrant to my heart, now I am surrounded with heathen gloom. A plentiful harvest had been gathered in, and everywhere there seemed an air of comfort; no begging for anything but books and medicine; no fear expressed of my presence polluting their houses or person.

For the purpose of a friendly reconnoitre, early the following morning I accompanied my husband and Brother Taylor through a considerable portion of the village. We exchanged salutations, and stopped and chatted with the people about their various employments. The oilman shewed us the entire process of crushing out the oil from various kinds of seeds; the merchant told us the price of his goods; and the sick, recognising us as missionaries, were not backward in describing their various ailments. They were encouraged to visit us at the tent, and promised all the assistance we could give. I had engaged to be the pioneer of our party, but the village was so changed from what it was six years ago, I lost myself and companions. We were helped out of our difficulty by an intelligent looking youth coming to us and inviting us to visit the village school. But as it was breakfast time, and the brethren had to attend a festival in the neighbourhood, the boy kindly consented to go with us, and take us the nearest way to the tent. We rewarded him with a poetical tract—the "Jewel Mine of Salvation," which he read extremely well. Hurree, my christian servant, gave him the air, and he took it up and chanted very sweetly, pronouncing every word very distinctly. There were many people passing by on their way to the festival; and we had soon quite a congregation listening to the boy's singing, and the brethren asking questions and explaining what was sung.

Saturday.—I have been three times to the village. My most encouraging visit was to-day at noon. My little friend Arnunda, i.e. (the joyful), who received the poetical tract, came to escort me to the village school. On the way, he told me that he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

Arrived at the school, it made me feel sad to find only five pupils out of such a large, respectable village, and Arnunda was the only one who could read well. I was treated with politeness by the schoolmaster. A shady place was selected, and one of the pupils ran and brought several bundles of straw for me to sit upon. The enclosure was soon filled with men, women, and children. Our conversation began by one of the men taking the gospel of Mark, and asking what Mark meant? He was

told it was the name of one of the four men, whom God had inspired to write the history of His Son, who became incarnate 1858 years ago. In their shastres they read of the incarnations of their gods, but not one of them became incarnate to save sinners from their sins, and from the dreadful punishment of sin. Looking round on the women and children, I said, "Can you tell me what sin is? After a pause, Arnunda, who had placed himself close to my side, said, "No, we cannot." I said, "In the Holy Book which I want you all to read, and understand, we are told what sin is. God has given us ten holy commands. Listen whilst I read them." The first commandment led us to dwell on idol worship, the greatness of that sin, its uselessness. It brought no peace of mind, gave no power to resist evil. It was an offence to the great and good Spirit, our Father, Creator, and the giver of all that we possessed. The schoolmaster, a Brahmin, did not like this. He said, "You are a learned lady; you can read and understand these things, but those women and children are ignorant. What can they understand?" He was told that the Christian religion was for women and children. It taught women to obey their husbands, and children to reverence their parents. This made an impression in my favour, and an elderly woman replied, "They needed such a religion, for their sons not only gave them abuse, but beat them with sticks." Here I told them the sweet story of the cross, and at the close said, "The Lord Jesus was my chosen God; would they not receive Him for theirs? By loving Him, they would cease to love sin; they would obtain peace of mind and hope in death: not the oldest person who was listening to me, had obtained these blessings by worshipping idols." This they admitted. On my coming away, several of the women walked with me quite to the outside of the village, and one touched my chin as a mark of affection, and said she would not forget my words.

Lord's-day.—Brother Taylor preached in Oriya to us in the tent, from Jer. viii., 22, a clear, simple, earnest sermon, well calculated to enlighten and instruct his hearers. I rejoiced to see how thoroughly we gained and kept the attention of the heathen part of his congregation. His pronunciation of Oriya is good, and his illustrations happy. Mr. Buckley and the native brethren, returned late in the afternoon from their labours. In the evening we had a prayer-meeting. Between the services, I went to the village; two bright looking boys came for me, and said I must go with them; their mother and grandmother were

anxious to see me. They were the sons of a respectable tradesman. I found the whole household had assembled together, and we had a lively conversation until the shades of the evening came on: the boys volunteered to see me safely to the tent. Just outside the village, in a retired spot, surrounded with trees, is an open thatched shed, with a stone image of Kalli. As we passed it, I said to the boys, "that is your god I suppose." "It was," the eldest replied, "but now we shall regard it no longer. We will worship the Great Spirit." I greatly enjoyed our stay at Salapore, the people were so friendly. During the heat

of the day, all the time we were there, we had groups of visitors to the tent. Old Bonamallee, Mr. Taylor's christian cartman, rose early in a morning, cleaned and fed his bullocks, then making himself clean and neat, would spread his mat in the shade and sit down with his New Testament in his hand, ready to speak a word of instruction to his benighted countrymen. On one occasion, when I joined him, surrounded by a number of hearers, I found him reading to them, out of Revelations, a description of Heaven. All his hearers were paying marked attention.

SARAH BUCKLEY.

LETTER FROM MRS. BUCKLEY (TO HER NIECE.)

Cuttack, Nov. 1st. 1858.

MY BELOVED MARY,—After a very exciting day, I sit down to talk with you a little before retiring to rest. It was in my heart to go to chapel this evening, and hear Mr. Stubbins's charge to the three young native ministers, who had this day been set apart to the work of the ministry. But several of my dear children are suffering from fever and ague, and I have been occupied in administering to their wants, until it is too late for me to go to chapel.

The last month has been filled up with extra business, so that I could not get time for a single line by the last mail; besides the regular routine of school duties and visits from our native christians, we have had all our premises whitewashed, and whilst in the midst of this, the annual box of useful articles arrived from the Ladies' Society, to be sold for the benefit of the mission.

It took the sisters connected with the mission one day to ticket them, and part of another day to arrange them in the large room of the college. Miss Butler and Mrs. Brooks were very successful in laying out the things with taste, and we have realized more from this box than any former one. The first day of the sale, the bazaar was thronged with visitors. Your uncle had to go to be book-keeper; in an hour and a half, £30 6s. were taken. I think the whole has realized £50, and still a few things are left unsold. In the early part of the year, our faith was powerfully tried; I was obliged to reduce my school for want of funds; twelve bright little girls who had got on so nicely the twelve months they were with me, I had to make over to their friends. It cost

pupil and teacher sad tears to part; for though in every case the parents of these children had renounced idolatry, yet having done so in adult age, and having to work hard for the merest pittance, these children must grow up in ignorance unless trained for a time in our mission schools, their parents being quite incapable of teaching them. I am now hoping God will open a way for them to return to me. During the last half-year, God has put it into the hearts of our gentry to take quite an interest in our schools; they have visited them. The military gentlemen, Col. B., and Major H., expressed themselves greatly pleased with what they saw and heard. A medical gentleman said he had not seen before such a number of happy healthy, intelligent looking young people. The chaplain, after his visit, nearly doubled his subscription. We never before had so liberal a clergyman at Cuttack. Our English service, as well as those in Oriya, are well attended. Last Sabbath, two of our chief residents in Cuttack attended our Oriya service, and partook of the Lord's supper with us, receiving the emblem of a Saviour's love from one of the native converts. They appeared much interested; both of them are excellent christian men, and always attend our English service on the Lord's-day evening. Their example and influence have doubtless done good to others. To-day, besides our morning services to which I have already referred, we received an invitation to be present on the parade ground at the reading of the proclamation, announcing to the princes and native chiefs, the Queen's intention of taking upon herself the government of

the empire. Mr. Cockburn sent me a kind note, saying he would send a carriage to take me and my friends to the parade ground. My friends were glad of the carriage. I went with my dear children; I feared they might be insulted in such a dense crowd of heathen people if I was not with them. It was a sight which they had never seen before, and they appeared impressed with it; seeing the multitudes, one said, "Oh mamma, if all these people were believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, how delightful it would be." Another remarked, "what a many chapels we should want, if all these people attended our worship!" But I am digressing from my point, and filling my paper before I have told you how I have wished and prayed in my heart for God to raise up friends at home to support my orphan children, and then the funds we get here might be devoted towards the education of our poor native christian children, whose parents are too poor to pay. It has greatly cheered us to hear of the dear young people in the Barton Sunday-school so cheerfully adopting an orphan. I have still a long list of orphans unsupported. I wish I could send you the likenesses of two pretty little sisters received May 1st of this year. Their father was a very clever man, could clean and mend clocks and watches. He was in some way connected with the 5th regiment, and marched with the wing of the 5th ordered to quell the rebellion at Sumbalpoore. His wife had died at Cuttack, and he took his children with him. At Rampore, a village on the march, the poor man died. After the rebellion had been subdued, Mr. Cockburn, on his return, stopped at the village with a guard of native soldiers. The deceased man's son, who was much older than his sisters, made himself known to the native

officer, and begged to have his case brought before Mr. Cockburn. The head man of the village was intending to bring up the boy as a religious medicant, and the beautiful little sisters had been placed in a house of ill fame, to be brought up for the vilest purposes. Our kind commissioner rescued them, and ordered them to be taken care of on their way to Cuttack, and wrote to us to receive them into our school. The native soldier, who took charge of them, became so attached to them that he wished to adopt them for his own; but yielded to the wishes of his superior and brought them to me. They were dressed in little scarlet saris, which, you know, resembles a long scarf, wrapped gracefully round their bodies; and on seeing me gave me the oriental salam, touching their forehead with the right hand. When I attempted to take them from their guardian they screamed and clung to him frantically. The youngest never ceased crying until she fell asleep. She is exceedingly warm tempered, quick in learning, affectionate and obliging when it accords with her own wishes, but fiery and angry when opposed. She has, however, learnt perfect submission to Miss Butler and myself. The sister is a little "Eva," so gentle, so loving, and so conciliating. How often have I seen her wipe away the falling tears from her sister's eyes and throw her little arms round her neck to comfort her.

We are all, through mercy, in tolerable health. I am going out with my husband on a missionary tour. I think I am stronger than I have been for years. Love to yourself, dear parents, and all dear Barton friends, in which your uncle unites.

I remain,
Ever your loving aunt,
S. BUCKLEY.

GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

—At a Committee Meeting held at Stoney-street, Nottingham, on Tuesday, Jan. 25th, the minutes of the Cuttack Conference were read and generally approved. It was announced that Rev. J. Stubbins was expected to arrive in this country by "The Clarence," about April. It was arranged that Rev. W. Miller should return about the beginning of August, the farewell services to be at Louth. It was agreed to apply for aid to the Bible Translation Society, for the new edition of the scriptures wanted. It

was also determined to encourage the holding of a Missionary Bazaar at the next association, and to invite the churches to assist by contributions.

DEPARTURE OF REV. J. STUBBINS, with Mrs. S. and their little boy, from Cuttack was expected to take place Nov. 24th. It is probable they will take ship at Calcutta, about the middle of December. May the God whom they serve give them a prosperous voyage.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES.

MARCH, 1859.

No. 63.

MEMOIR OF MISS MARY TEMPLE.

[The following interesting memoir was the last production of our excellent departed friend, Mr. G. Judd, of Coningsby. We were about to make some communication to him on this article, when the unexpected news of his decease came upon us.—ED.]

FAIRLY and fully to delineate the characters and qualities of some christians is by no means an easy task. Nothing but a personal and intimate acquaintance will fully reveal them to our view. This difficulty is felt in the present instance. Upon the writer coming to reside in his present place of abode, there was soon introduced to him a bashful, taciturn young person, who evidently felt much, but could say little as to her views and feelings. That individual went on seeking, found, professed religion, grew in holiness and love, became eminent for modest, ardent piety, and died a mature, devoted, and lamented christian. Of her we desire to furnish an obituary.

Mary Temple, of Coningsby, Lincolnshire, was born of a truly pious mother, whose solicitude and efforts for the spiritual welfare of her children were highly commendable, and very successful.

So deeply was she attached to her mother, that her whole life might be said to be one of love and submission to her authority. From the example and influence of such a mother, she was very early the subject of serious impressions, but these were not matured till towards the approach of her twentieth year. It is believed her permanent impressions of a religious kind were received under the ministry of Brother Joseph Taylor, now of Kegworth, so that our first acquaintance with her was in the character of an enquiring penitent.

By a diligent hearing of the word, with christian conversation, the Holy Spirit applying these to her heart, light beamed into her mind; she comprehended her state as a lost sinner—embraced fully the Lord Jesus as the Saviour of such; and tremblingly concluded she had found peace through the blood of the Lamb. Her confidence strengthened, she offered herself for baptism and the service of the Lord. Believing not so much from words as actions, that she was really converted to God, she was accepted as an approved candidate for fellowship, and with five others, was baptised in the river which runs near the Chapel, on the 26th of June, 1831. From that happy day she commenced a course which she never ceased steadily to pursue, till death put a period to her labours.

It became evident that, as she grew in years, she grew in grace, the knowledge of the truth, and in the esteem of all her christian friends. She soon discovered a desire for learning, and that she might be the better qualified for usefulness, bent her whole strength to the acquisition of secular and religious knowledge. She was immediately employed in the Sunday School, where the kindness of her nature, and her affection for the children endeared her to all.

It became evident from her calmness, good sense, and christian feeling, that she was preparing to take the place of older members of the church who might be removed. She displayed a devotion to the cause and its various interests manifested by few, but worthy the imitation of all. Having, by previous diligence and perseverance, qualified herself for communicating instruction she was, in 1840, appointed the mistress of our day-school. She disinterestedly undertook, for a small salary, this arduous work, in which she faithfully laboured till laid aside by affliction. Her having now but one object to attend to, the school, rendered her more at liberty to lay out herself for general usefulness, which she did, so that let there be to be done whatever there might, she was sure to have part of the labour; so much so, that, if we had in our churches deaconesses, she might have been appointed to that office.

It will be necessary, in order to the completion of our sketch, that we should observe a few of the leading traits in her character. First; her piety was sincere, fervent, and deep toned. No one of her friends ever questioned this; it was above suspicion. It was modest and retiring, like deep water running the stiller. It was seen in her actions, and breathed in her prayers. She thoroughly comprehended the plan of salvation, fully embraced it, and her faith, worked by love, purified the heart. Her love seemed never to falter or relax, but was the same from the beginning to the end of her christian course.

Second; her attendance upon the means of grace was above praise. This was a consequence of her piety. She might be said to dwell in the house of the Lord, for she was always there when its doors were opened, unless prevented by sickness, or attending upon those who were so. This was the case when the word was to be preached, or when prayer was to be offered; when seldom or ever did she refuse to take her part, and endeavour to benefit others by her earnest and comprehensive addresses to the Deity. She never kept away lest she should be called upon to engage in prayer, but was there to be useful to others, as well as to be blessed herself.

She could say what many cannot, that she never went to another place of worship when her own doors were opened, and her own minister preaching in the place.

Third; her attachment to her own church, schools, and denomination was great. She loved to dwell among her own people. She was not tainted with that morbid liberality which leads some to profess the same love for all, and a particular preference for none.

The meetings for the business of the church, and to promote its welfare, always found her there willing to take any part, and perform any reasonable duty that might be assigned her. She never shrank from what she was able to perform. She was not in the habit of saying "I will not, or I cannot." Whether to visit a candidate for fellowship, to attend to a

case of discipline, or to collect for an object, she scarcely ever refused. The institutions of the church and connexion always found her among its subscribers, without teasing or frowning. She has further testified her love for these, by leaving in her will sums to each of them in proportion to her means. To the church at Coningsby for its use, the sum of £19 19s.; to the Sunday-school the sum of £10, together with a book to each teacher and scholar in the school; to the day-school the sum of £19 19s.; to the General Baptist Foreign Mission, the sum of £19 19s.; to the General Baptist Lincolnshire Home Mission, the sum of £19 19s.; to the General Baptist College, the sum of £10; to the General Baptist Association Fund, the sum of £10; and the sum of £19 19s., to be divided between five needy and aged General Baptist ministers. These things speak, louder than words, her love and consideration for the objects of her benevolence, and are worthy the imitation of those who have it in their power to go and do likewise.

Fourth; her diligence, punctuality, and perseverance were very commendable. She was not like some who run well and labour hard for a time, and then leave the path, or desert the object. When she had undertaken an object, she diligently pursued it, and laboured on till she had accomplished it. Her diligence often overcame difficulties which would have hindered others; indeed, she always worked hard at whatever she undertook.

Her punctuality, too, was very observable. Undertake what she would, you might rely on her punctuality in its execution. She never promised, and failed to perform. In all matters of time, she was generally before hand rather than behind. On whomsoever you might have to wait, you had not to wait on her.

Her perseverance was equally observable. When once she had engaged herself in an object, her motto was, "Never give up"; and this she displayed in everything she undertook.

All these qualities of her character were particularly observable with respect to the schools—laying very near her heart; she did for them what few would, sacrificed a large amount of her time and ease; and received as her reward, or, at least, a part of it, the esteem and love of most whom she taught.

If extreme diligence and incessant labour have a tendency to debilitate and induce disease and death, then we do not wonder at her early removal. From the commencement to the close of her connexion with the schools, she worked much harder at them than her strength justified.

From childhood she possessed but a feeble constitution, and through her whole life and labours exhibited signs of latent disease. Within these last three years, these begun more fully to develop themselves.

She became afflicted with cancer in the breast, and was twice operated upon for its cure without success. Notwithstanding this, and for months after it, she laboured on with considerable diligence.

As disease progressed, she was obliged, though with the greatest reluctance, to relinquish some of her many engagements; and, at last, to sever herself from that idol of her heart, the Day-school.

When she did this she said, with tears, "There, my work is nearly done, I should like to have kept it twenty years, but I see I cannot." Then came over her an entire change, and she, who had done so much, had to quit engagement after engagement, until all were relinquished. When

the writer received from her, her Bible and other collecting books, she said mournfully, "There, my hands are clear now, I have done collecting." Disease increased debility, and those feet that so frequently and regularly trod the house of God, now could not enter there.

Weeks spent in bed, dragged on heavily, under the most severe pain, and her Sabbaths were comparatively dull, enlivened only by the presence of God, and the conversation and prayers of christian friends.

Many were the opportunities the writer had of seeing and conversing with her; and of observing all the workings of her mind, and the power of religion to support and comfort in affliction.

To repeat the hundredth part of the conversations he had with her, on the religion she had professed and possessed for more than twenty-seven years, must not be expected. She was generally in a calm and happy frame of mind, waiting for, and rejoicing in, the hope of salvation through Jesus Christ. She said more than once, she could wish her evidences were always alike bright; but though they were not, she said, she had no doubt of the goodness of the foundation on which she stood—of the ability of Jesus Christ to save her—that she knew whom she had believed, and was persuaded that he was able to keep that which she had committed to him. Sometimes she would say she had had such sweet dreams, and awoke repeating such beautiful passages of Scripture which made her so happy, as they came with such power to her mind. One morning, on visiting her, she said, "I have just awoke out of such a delightful dream." On being asked what it was, she said "I have just dreamed that my late dear mother came to my bed-side, and, touching me, said, beckoning, 'come up higher:' just as I awoke, I was saying, I shall soon be with you." She could certainly adopt the Psalmist's language, "In the multitude of my thoughts thy comforts delight my soul." In short, throughout the whole of her affliction, there was a sweet and calm resignation which did honour to her religion. Once she said, "My sufferings are like martyrdom, but they will soon be over; and I shall have no sufferings beyond these. I now know Jesus can make a dying bed soft as downy pillows are." She was very fond of singing, and would say she could scarcely sing now, but she should soon sing in heaven, both sweeter and louder. She would say, when asked how she was, or what kind of night she had had, "I am worse, but, bless the Lord, he is with me; the valley I have to pass through is not all darkness; there is light at the end of it;" or, "I had a poor night, I thought I should have been at home before morning. I shall soon be gone; I long to be gone." Thus she lay for weeks in a dying state, constantly longing to be gone.

During the dreary weeks, and indeed throughout her whole affliction, she was never heard to murmur or complain at the length or greatness of her sufferings, but bowed with meek submission to her heavenly Father's will. At last the reprieve came, and a happy one it was; and she who had so long patiently suffered, fell asleep in Jesus, and was not, for God had taken her.

A great number attended to witness the interment of such a friend, and such a teacher; and many were the tears shed at her grave by the spectators generally, but by the young people and children especially.

On the following Lord's-day, her death was improved by a funeral sermon from, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," &c., to a large and deeply affected congregation.

G. JUDD.

Coningsby.

CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

[Being a sermon preached at the Yorkshire Conference, Birchcliffe, by the Rev. J. Batey, on Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1858, and published by the request of the Conference.]

TEXT.—“But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.”—Gal. iv., 18.

IN the first chapter of this epistle, the apostle expresses his astonishment that the christians at Galatia, had been so speedily seduced from the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, to the adoption of a spurious gospel. “I marvel,” he writes, “that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel: which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ.” It is highly probable that St. Paul had been the chief instrument in their conversion to Christianity. This will account for his deep amazement and sorrow at their perversion from the truth as it is in Jesus;—and also for his burning indignation against the Judaizing teachers who had crept into the Church, and sown amongst them the seeds of discord and strife. These false teachers and perverters of the gospel of Christ, appear to have taken advantage of the apostle’s departure from Galatia for a season. In his absence they called in question his apostleship, for the purpose of depreciating his authority in the estimation of his converts. They chose this course, doubtless, the more easily to accomplish their object of introducing a Jewish element into the religion of Christ. And, like the serpent that deceived our first parents, they unhappily succeeded; and the consequence was, that those who at one time would have plucked out their own eyes for the apostle, became, in effect, his enemies. Such is the withering, blighting, and soul-destroying influence of mixing up the theories and speculations of men with the simple, sublime, and glorious doctrines of the cross of Christ. Seeing that such a state of things had been produced at Galatia, can we wonder at the apostle exclaiming, “But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, if any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.” The false teachers upon whom this anathema was pronounced, appear to have been characterized by great zeal in the dissemination of their mischievous principles. So we learn from the words which immediately precede our text. “They zealously affect you, but not well; yea, they would exclude you,” or rather *us*, a reading adopted by Locke, Doddridge, and others, “that ye might affect *them*.” Their object was to alienate the affection of the people from their pastor, to fix it upon themselves, and not to promote the salvation of their souls. Such zeal is utterly unworthy the servants of God, and detrimental to the interests of the Redeemer’s kingdom. “But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.” This, then, is the subject of our discourse.

I.—THE CHARACTERISTICS OF TRUE CHRISTIAN ZEAL.—The word zeal is derived from *ζέω*, *to be hot*, and applied to the mind, signifies a vehement fervour, or heated state of the affections. Hence, it may with

propriety be used either in a good or in a bad sense. Thus in Acts v., 17, the word is rendered *indignation*, to express the furious zeal of the high priest, and his associates in persecution, who laid hands on the apostles, and put them in the common prison. The same word is translated *envy* in Acts xiii., 45, where the Jews under the influence of a hellish fervour of mind, excited by their enmity to the gospel of Christ, contradicted and blasphemed. But the word has a good sense, and is used to express that holy and benevolent affection which actuates and inflames with "burning charity divine," the breast of every true and devoted follower of Jesus Christ. It is a spark of heavenly flame. 1. *It is the opposite of lukewarmness.* In addressing the angel of the church of the Laodiceans, "These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God; I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would that thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." There was of course the usual profession of attachment to Christ, but there was no true, genuine, glowing affection. They were not *zealously affected* in the cause of righteousness. If true zeal had ever had an existence, the holy flame had been quenched, and the spirit of ardour had been supplanted by a cold, calculating, lethargic spirit of criminal indifferentism. No marvel that the holy Saviour preferred a state of utter coldness to such a half-hearted attachment to his cause and interest. It is more honest, and honourable, and safe, to be altogether cold, than to be lukewarm in the service of Christ. When there is no profession at all, there can be no charge of inconsistency, insincerity, or hypocrisy. Saul of Tarsus, the persecutor, sustained an infinitely more honourable character than that of Judas, the traitor. A spirit of lukewarmness is the gangrene of the churches of the Redeemer. It is the *devil* among the sons of God! It is a spiritual paralysis. It paralyzes the arms of faith, and annihilates the power of prayer. It darkens the prospects of the soul, and retards the progress of the gospel of Christ. Now zeal, true christian zeal, is diametrically opposite to this. The man who possesses it, is strong in faith, giving glory to God. He has the spirit of the ancient worthies, "who, through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Such a man has power with God. His prayers move the arm that moves the world. They spring from the "hidden fire," enkindled in the breast by inspiration of the Holy Ghost. They are the result of the "baptism of fire." The candle of the Lord shines upon such a soul with a celestial brightness. The possession of such a spirit must necessarily exercise a most beneficial influence upon its possessor, and upon all around him, and is as much opposed to a spirit of lukewarmness, as the summer's breeze of an eastern clime to the winter's blast upon the icy mountains of Greenland. 2. *It includes a cherished fervency of love.* It is faith working by love. This is the grand controlling, and energizing element of christian zeal. It is "the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us." This is that fire which Christ came to kindle upon earth. It is a flame of heavenly love, produced in the regenerated heart by a live coal from heaven's altar. It worketh

no ill to our neighbour, but everywhere breathes peace on earth and good will to men. It blesses, and curseth not. It is the very antipodes of the rash and infuriated zeal of bygone days, which lightened up the fires of Smithfield, and stained the annals of history with the blood of many of the most excellent of Christ's servants, "of whom the world was not worthy." No! The mother of harlots and of abominations, inflamed with a zeal kindled at the burning altars of the prince of darkness, made herself drunk with the blood of the saints; but christian zeal, is that divine principle of charity without which, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." It is that holy flame which "suffereth long;" not hasty, retaliative, and revengeful. Which "is kind," mild, and forgiving; not yielding to the corrupt passions of an unsanctified and malevolent nature, but overcoming evil with good. That love which "envieth not;" which is not mortified, vexed, or jealous at another's superior talents, learning, reputation, or prosperity. That love which "vaunteth not itself;" which does not boast and assume the air of the braggart; but is condescending and ever ready to award to all the esteem and praise to which they are entitled. That love which is "not puffed up;" which is not inflated with self-esteem and pride and vanity, but is meek, modest, and unobtrusive, though firm, manly, and earnest. That love, in a word, which "doth not behave herself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

"This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss."

3. *It involves an earnest, enterprising spirit.* Genuine christian zeal is eminently practical. It is not a sentimental thing. It is a life. It requires and seeks a sphere of action. The state of the world demands such a spirit. And not only the state of the world, but the state of the Church requires it. It is to be feared that there is a more rapid increase of population, than of accessions to the Church of the Redeemer, of true and genuine converts. We admit there is no want of a spirit of zeal, in certain quarters, for rites and ceremonies, for religious dogmas and forms of godliness; but all this may consist with a cold and barren and speculative acquaintance with Christianity. Its staunchest advocates after all may only be graceless bigots. They are zealously affected, but not well. Their zeal is partizanship, and their object is not to save the soul and build up the spiritual kingdom of our Lord. We are far from advocating a latitudinarianism spirit in religious sentiment. We have no sympathy with the spurious charity which maintains the innocency of error. On the contrary, we hold it to be incumbent on the Church of Christ, and especially on ministers of the gospel, "Earnestly to contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints." The great doctrines of the universal guilt and depravity of human nature; the proper deity, incarnation, and vicarious sufferings of the Son of God; the Godhead, personality, and agency of the Holy Ghost; justification by faith in the merits and blood of Christ, together with those sentiments usually denominated evangelical, must be proclaimed with uncompromising fidelity. They are the life-blood of the christian system, and it is of the last importance that they should be kept free from human admixtures and traditions, or their vital

energy will be destroyed. Still zeal for doctrinal sentiments must not be substituted for zeal in benevolent action. The former must not be discarded, but the latter must be constantly cherished. The churches of Christ in apostolic times should be our example on this subject. How they toiled and laboured to spread the principles of truth, and to introduce the gospel where Christ was not named. Their motto was, "the regions beyond." This enterprising spirit of zeal has been the mainspring of action among God's faithful servants of every age. Of old there was Moses and Samuel, and Phinehas; Elijah, and David, and Daniel. In the Primitive Church there were Peter, and John, and Paul. In modern times, there have been Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin. Nearer to our own times there has been a Whitfield, a Wesley, and a Nelson. But the time would fail to tell of a Ward, of Carey, and Marshman; of Morrison, and Williams, and Moffat; of Knibb, and Coultart, and Burchell; of our own Bampton, and Peggs, and Sutton; of Dan Taylor also, and John his brother; of Henry Hollinrake, for half a century, the minister of this pulpit; and many others who have gone to their reward. These names will serve to illustrate what we mean by an earnest, enterprising spirit. But above all there is the example of our divine Lord and Master, who went about doing good, and in whom the scripture was fulfilled, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up."

"Jesus, I fain would find, thy zeal for God in me;
Thy yearning pity for mankind, thy burning charity:
In me thy spirit dwell! in me thy bowels move!
So shall the fervour of my zeal be the pure flame of love."

4. *It includes a spirit of self-denial and enlarged liberality.* It is utterly opposed to a covetous and selfish spirit. "It seeketh not her own, but the things which are Jesus Christ's." It is directly opposed to the spirit that prevails in the world. The men of the world will not deny themselves to further the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. "They rise up early, and sit down late, and eat the bread of carefulness," for the purpose of enriching themselves and their families; and this while souls are perishing, and God's house is lying waste, forgetful of the words, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith Lord of hosts." True christian zeal is a zeal like Christ's. The Prophet Isaiah, speaking of the zeal of Christ, says, "And he saw that there was no man *to help*, and wondered that there was no intercessor, therefore his own arm brought salvation unto him, and his righteousness, it sustained him. For he put on righteousness as a breastplate, and a helmet of salvation for his head; and he put on the garment of vengeance for clothing, and was clad with zeal as a cloak." His zeal was pure and disinterested. He sought not his own things, but the things of others. He pleased not himself. In him it was a flame of holy and benevolent love. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich." "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus: who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took on him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Thus the Lord of life and glory voluntarily yielded himself up to poverty and want, to hunger and thirst, to reproach and shame, and finally to an ignominious

death on the tree, for the sole benefit of others. O brethren! this is the spirit that is wanted in the church of Christ at the present time. "The love of Christ must constrain us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." This, then, is true christian zeal. And who does not pray with the poet?—

"Enlarge, enflame, and fill my heart
 "With boundless charity divine!
 "So shall I all my strength exert,
 "And love them with a zeal like thine;
 "And lead them to thy open side,
 "The sheep for whom their shepherd died."

II.—THE OBJECTS TO WHICH IT SHOULD BE DIRECTED.—"But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." We have seen that zeal may be expended upon objects which are not good. A man may be exceedingly zealous in an enterprise of mischief. Saul, the persecutor, was as zealous as Paul the apostle. There is the zeal of the atheistic secularist, who, with an earnestness becoming a better cause, seeks to undermine and overthrow the very foundations of our holy religion. His object is to annihilate our faith in a great first cause of all things; to destroy our belief in a spiritual world; to blot out our ideas of heaven and hell, and judgment, and eternity! The Fleet-street oracle of reason would strike out the very words from our vocabulary! His aim is to produce a state of universal scepticism, and reduce the Bible to a myth, or stigmatise it as a cunningly devised fable. Then there is the zeal of the ceremonialist. It is true his object is very different from the secularist. While it is the object of the latter to uproot and destroy, not merely the form, but the substantive and objective elements of all religion, it is the aim of the ceremonialist to substitute, or to place in undue prominence, the external appendages of religion, for the simple, the pure, the unadorned, the spiritual grandeur of the christian system. We have no hesitation, brethren, in saying such an object is not good. That it cannot merit or deserve the appellation of the text, "a good thing." Magnificent edifices, pompous ceremonies, gorgeous services, sacerdotal vestments, and worldly splendour fall infinitely short of the great and glorious objects of christian zeal. Are we asked what these are! We answer—

1. *The glory of God.*—This is preeminently "a good thing." This is the chief end of God in creation, providence, and redemption. "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever." "The Lord hath made all things for himself." This sentiment pervades the whole of divine revelation. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handy work." The visions of the apocalypse reveal the hosts of heaven as exclaiming, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour, and power; for thou hast created all things; and for thy pleasure they are and were created." With this accords the exhortation of the apostle, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God, in your body, and in your spirit, which is God's." The same object is urged as a motive to zeal and holi-

ness by our Lord in His sermon on the mount. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in Heaven." "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

2. *The honour of Christ "is a good thing."*—In all things he must have the preeminence. The glory of the Redeemer is a paramount object of christian zeal. His name, his person, and his work must be honoured. Thus it was regarded by the apostle. "Christ," he says, "shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or death. For to me to live is Christ." His aim was not self-aggrandisement, wealth, or pleasure; it was to promote the honour of his Lord and Master. It was this that fired his soul. It was his ruling passion. It formed the grand and leading purpose of his soul. No miser ever pursued his gold with greater ardour; no devotee of pleasure ever sought with greater avidity the gratification of his sensual appetites, than the apostle desired the glory of Christ. He only wished to live to further those objects which were adapted to promote it. Take away these and life had no charms for him. His was a life-sacrifice. He was willing to sacrifice ease, emolument, liberty, reputation, and even life itself for the name of the Lord Jesus. He could say, "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." O, brethren! what an illustrious example of zeal was this prince of the apostles! May God baptise us all with the same spirit.

3. *The salvation of souls "is a good thing."*—"Let him know that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." This is unquestionably the noblest enterprise to which human agency can be directed. To educate the illiterate, to reform the profligate, to reclaim the inebriate, and to emancipate the down-trodden slave, &c., are works which demand the attention and the exertions of the reformer and the philanthropist; but the salvation of the soul is a work which infinitely transcends them all. In the divine economy everything is subordinated to this. It entered into the original plans and purposes of Jehovah. The world was made for this. Infidel temerity has unblushingly asserted that all things come of chance; but the inspired apostle tells us that things were made by Christ, and also for Christ. And if the world was made for Christ, it must have been made for the achievement of the greater work of redemption. It is this work that stamps the salvation of the soul with infinite importance. Its priceless worth is seen in the estimate which God has put upon it in the incarnation and sufferings of his own Son.

"And was the ransom paid? It was.

"The fund of Heaven, Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,

"Amazing and amazed, poured forth the price,

"All price beyond; though curious to compute,

"Archangels failed to cast the mighty sum;

"Its value vast, ungrasped by minds create,

"For ever hides and glows, in the Supreme."

"For ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as a lamb without blemish and without spot." The physician who walks the hospital, who binds up the wounds

and heals the diseases incident to the human body, is doing a work of great importance; but what, brethren, is the shell to the kernel, the casket to the jewel, the clay tenement to the undying inhabitant?

"Say, knowest thou what it is, or what thou art?
 "Knowest thou the importance of a soul immortal?
 "Behold this midnight glory; worlds on worlds!
 "Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
 "Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
 "Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all;
 "And calls the astonishing magnificence
 "Of unintelligent creation, poor."

Now to save such a being; to raise him from his moral degradation; to raise him from the grasp of the destroyer; to bring him back to God and happiness, and Heaven, is truly "a good thing," and an object worthy of the largest benevolence, and the most untiring zeal.

4. *The conversion of the world is "a good thing."*—This is only a wider and more extensive view of the last topic. It is passing from the individual to the race. The world is, so to speak, the aggregate souls. Of this world, it may be still said, "That it lieth in wickedness." Hundreds of millions of our fellow creatures are still destitute of a knowledge of the means of salvation. Just take a glance at the population of the world, viewed in reference to its religious condition. Nearly five hundred millions are enveloped in the darkness and superstition of Paganism; one hundred and forty millions are involved in a state of servile debasement to Mohammedan delusion; three millions are enslaved and perverted by Jewish unbelief and prejudice; eighty millions are the deluded victims of papal superstition. Then amongst the two hundred millions of Christendom, how comparatively few there are who indeed and in truth are the followers of Christ. Look at our own so called Christian land. What sensuality! what intemperance! what juvenile depravity! what open infidelity! what unblushing violation of the Sabbath! what contempt of God and religious ordinances! Add to this the spiritual indifference, covetousness, and lukewarmness of thousands who profess and call themselves christians! Here, then is an object which loudly calls for all the earnestness and zeal which the Church of Christ can put forth. Here we see its appropriate sphere of action—"The field is the world." Here is the church's mission. Our ascending Lord said to his disciples, "Go ye, therefore, unto all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." This part of our subject applies with equal force to the Home and Foreign Missionary enterprise. Upon no subject does the Church of Christ need a greater quickening than this. At least this is the case with our own denomination; and even in the Yorkshire district, a revival on this subject in the various churches would do us good. There are men amongst us who could give their £10 or £20 a year to the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad; whereas at present, they are not giving as many shillings! I mean in the shape of direct donations to the missionary cause. Addressing such members of our denomination the venerable Pike, the late revered Secretary of our Foreign Missions, exclaims, "Sons of affluence come and help us, withhold not from the plenty that God has given you. Say not merely, 'We will give you an annual guinea.' *What! but one drop of your blood for Him who opened every vein for you!*" Covetousness is still the sin of the church. We want another "Mammon," from another Harris upon this subject. The

following exclamation of John Angell James ought to shake the christian church from its centre to its circumference. "Avarice, avarice, is the monsoon, the devil's trade wind, from the church into hell." Dan Taylor, the founder of the church worshipping in this place, in 1780, published an "Essay on the right use of Earthly Treasure," in three letters to a fellow labourer in the work of the Ministry, which the churches in this district, as well as the ministers, would do well to read and seriously ponder. Among other things in the third letter, he observes, "Places of worship are not to be forgotten here." The Tabernacle was erected in the wilderness by the contributions of the people. So was the Temple of Jerusalem. And when it had been defaced by the Babylonians, it was afterwards rebuilt by the same generous and unanimous methods. A Centurion, at Capernaum, was so zealous and liberal, that he appears to have built a synagogue at his own expense. Where, then, is the liberal, and the prosperous man, who wishes to make the best use of his possessions, and to lay up treasure of the most valuable kind? to be rich indeed! I would say to such a one, "Think of the state of mankind, the situation of your poor fellow creatures, and especially of your fellow christians; and send abroad your substance—so far as it appears likely to be well employed, and to answer the most valuable ends. Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thy increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine. 'The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth, shall be watered also himself.' 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of Heaven, and pour out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'" To this the benevolent man adds, "From what has been said above, and, indeed, from the nature of things, as well as from the whole tenor of scripture, it plainly appears to be a weak and foolish, and injurious practice to lay up treasures for ourselves upon earth, rather than to lay them out for the advantage of our poor fellow creatures, and the cause of our blessed Saviour." Is not the object which this holy man proposed the noblest and the best that the human mind can contemplate? The achievements of science, the revolutions of empires, and the mightiest projects of human ambition, sink into utter insignificance when compared with the conversion of the world to Christ. It fired the hearts of Prophets and Apostles. They saw the day of Christ and were glad. And this object shall be realized. Christ 'must reign till his enemies are made his footstool.' 'Unto him shall the gathering of the peoples be.' 'Men shall be blessed in him, and all nations shall call him blessed.' 'The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.' If the zeal of the church fail, 'The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this.' 'Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord.' 'Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty. And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things. Thine arrows shall be sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; whereby the people shall fall under thee.' Let this object, brethren, engage our most earnest prayers and warmest zeal. It is unquestionably and evidently "a good thing."

(To be continued.)

TWELVE MONTHS AMONG THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND.

(A TRUE TALE.)

I WAS born of well to-do parents in the Island of Saint Bartholomew, a Swedish Colony in the West Indies. My father was drowned when I was scarcely ten years' old. My mother wished me to follow the medical profession; but being myself anxious to become a Catholic priest, with great reluctance, notwithstanding her faith in Romanism, she at length gave her consent. I came to England, and for five years studied at Saint Cuthbert's College, near Durham. I lost my mother within the first year of my arrival; and then my night of bitterness began. While at Saint Cuthbert's I read until doubts grew and faith declined. A hope now fired my soul. I would go back into the world and build up again the fortune of my family, which had been well-nigh destroyed. I set off with this purpose to my native isle, but in a few months came back again to the old world. I travelled on the Continent for a time, buying experience dearly, and then came to London with a view of studying for the bar. The want of funds melted this dream. I now became moody, and indulged in bitter thoughts as to my future plans. While in this state, one day as I was walking in Fleet-street, the idea suddenly started up—*I will be a Jesuit!* Oh, how I glowed under that thought! How vividly everything about the place, time, and persons still remain in my mind! With me to resolve was to do. I wasted no time in deliberation. I turned on my heel, sought Baker-street, where I had learnt by chance an agent of the Jesuits lived, found the house, knocked, was admitted, and for the first time in my life stood in the presence of—a Jesuit. I told my tale, was listened to with interest, was questioned about my former life, and was assured that the only thing wanting to secure my admission was the testimonials of good conduct from the president of the college. Meanwhile I was advised to read "The Constitutions of the Society," a copy of which might be found in the British Museum. I went without an order, and no questions being asked when I received it, I looked on this as a token of divine favour. I read eagerly the "Constitutions," and became fired with what then seemed to me a New gospel. Week after week I called on the agent, but no answer had been sent from the Jesuit college. My visits were short, but still quite long enough to afford the agent an opportunity of testing the reality of my "vocation," or call to the society. My resolution was unshaken, for my zeal had steadily increased. This will appear strange to some when I tell them that during this time I read every book that had been written against the Jesuits; and still more, that I believed many of the charges were perfectly true. I quieted my conscience by thinking that whatever they had been, or were now, heaven had unmistakably called me to the society, and I at least would be an honest Jesuit. The answer came. I was accepted. The agent paid my arrears for lodgings; and in February, 1838, I left London for Stouyhurst, the Jesuit College in Lancashire. I rode to Blackburn, and then left my trunk and walked the remaining twelve miles, not from any increase of zeal, but simply for want of funds to pay for a conveyance. I missed my way twice. At last the towers of the ancient mansion stood before

me, clear and bold, for the moon just then shone upon them. I was admitted, and led into a parlour, where I did not wait many minutes before one of the fathers made his appearance, a man of mild bland features, and tender expression. "Welcome to the Society of Jesus!" said he, and cordially grasped my hand. Shortly after another Jesuit came in, with whom I was by no means taken. He was blunt and ungentle in manners, the more striking, perhaps, by contrast with the ease and kindly bearing of the first. I supped well, slept soundly, offered up mass in thanksgiving for my glorious vocation on the morrow, and on Monday was formally enrolled.

Two days passed away, chiefly spent with the fathers, whose care was to prepare my mind for my future life in the Novitiate, and according to the custom of the Jesuits, to observe my character. Whatever they may have thought of me, I was disappointed in them. I had pictured to myself men keen-eyed as the eagle, quick as driel, and intellectual as Aristotle among the ancients, or Leibnitz among the moderns. I found them generally the reverse. They had a dull heavy look, and the best of them, I mean the Father of the Novices, presented a face always shaded with melancholy. I afterwards found that the Jesuits sent their best men to work in the vineyard. They guarded well their outpost, and thus kept the inner fortress secure.

I was handed over to the Father of the Novices, at Hodder-house, as the Novitiate is called. It stands on the sloping bank of a small stream, from which it derives its name, is but an ordinary looking building, and sheltered from the road by thick plantations of trees. Hodder-house, like Abbotsford, is invisible till you enter the gate. It comprises a small chapel, a public dormitory, divided into small compartments, with a green curtain in front, the superior's room, a spare room for casual novices (like myself) and for strangers, a kitchen, washing-place, and school-room. The Father of the Novices introduced me to a "brother," under whose care I remained the first week. He explained to me the rules, and acted as my referee in cases of doubt. The novices wore long black cloth cassocks, with a slip hanging down from the shoulder. All their caps were much the worse for wear. Does the reader ask why? I answer: the old clothes and cast off dress of the students at the college were worn by the novices for the sake of mortifying their pride! Their faces bore no marks of extensive austerities. As the night had closed in we sat chattering in the recreation-room by the fire till the bell rang for supper. My companion then instantly arose and rehearsed the *Angelus*, three sentences, and three *Ave Marias* in memory of the annunciation of the Virgin Mary; to which I responded as well as this sudden appeal to my religious memory would allow, and then accompanied him into the refectory. The novices stood in front of the table, on both sides of the room. The superior entered, went to his table near the fire-place, and said grace in Latin, the novices repeating the responses with ready exactness and solemn cadence. During supper I could not help observing that the novices never raised their eyes from the square foot of surface that included their plate and cup: this was "keeping custody of eyes." I was much impressed also by the deep silence of those at table, for not a word was spoken to ask for anything, and the ordinary courtesies of

speech were never once heard. A reader was meanwhile delivering to us the axioms of politeness, written by some Jesuit in good Ciceronian Latin. In half an hour the meal was over. The superior arose, the novices followed, again grace was said and responded to, and we defiled after the superior into the chapel, where we remained for a few minutes, and then proceeded to the recreation-room. All the novices knelt down for a second or two on entering the room. Once in, great was the clatter of tongues, once more joyfully free. We talked, we laughed, we made merry; but our topics were chiefly something suggested by the history of the Jesuits; our fun sprang from the queer incidents in "The Lives of the Saints," and at the very height of our mirth, suddenly rang a bell. As if struck dumb, the syllable half uttered was cleft in twain, and a dead pause ensued. In silence we ascended the stairs and entered the chapel. We knelt. After the lapse of about ten or fifteen minutes passed in silence, the superior entered, and, kneeling on the steps of the altar, said the "Litany of the Virgin," and a few other short prayers, concluding with his blessing. Then followed the kissing of a relic of Ignatius or Xavier, I forget which, kept in a glass case. We now filed off to bed. I slept very soundly till morning, when I was awakened by a scratching noise on the curtains. I awoke and heard the words "*Deo gratias.*" "Thanks be to God!" to which, instead of repeating the phrase, as I learnt afterwards, I answered "Very well." I hastened to the lavatory, found the novices washing in silence, and, on the ringing of the bell, entered chapel for the "morning meditation."

The first "retreat" lasted for a week. By "retreat" the Romanists mean a retirement from the ordinary pursuits of life, for the purpose of prayer, meditation, and penance. I had four meditations for each day, of one hour each, the intervals being filled up with verbal prayer, spiritual reading, and examination of conscience before confession; and, for relaxation, a walk in the garden. The subject of meditation was given on a slip of paper, the special points of each being marked out. We meditated in three postures, kneeling, standing, and sitting. The last quarter was usually spent kneeling, asking God for grace, and the blessed Virgin for intercession. Before I was a novice among the Jesuits, I used to make a distinction between the worship of God and the worship of Mary. Now all such distinctions ceased. We more frequently invoked the aid of Mary, than that of God or of the Redeemer, as will be seen from the following extract from the *Libellus*, used at Hodder, "All gifts, virtues, and the graces of the Holy Ghost himself, to whomsoever she wishes, in the manner she wishes, and when she wishes, are dispensed through the hands of Mary. Give her thanks, therefore, for all the benefits which she has obtained for thee from Christ; but particularly for those which thou especially knowest that thou hast obtained by her intercession; such as the remission of sins, whereby thou hast offended God; thy preservation from many sins; many holy inspirations, greater fervour and devotion, greater relish for holy things; a desire of virtue, particularly of humility, chastity, meekness, charity, sobriety—a more ardent desire of promoting thy salvation and that of others—a brighter genius, a better memory, a keener intellect, greater diligence in study, and the like blessings, which, from the name given to her congregation,

thou seest and feelest have been increased in thee. Yield, and offer thyself entirely to her, beseeching her to take thee under her guardianship and patronage, and to vouchsafe to defend thee, protected by her safeguard from every danger of body and soul."

It will be seen from this that, according to the Jesuits, God is contained in Mary, even if she be not God.

My first theme for meditation was, "The end of man." This was a welcome friend. I did not always think as the Jesuits would have approved, and so had little distraction. Sin, death, judgment, hell, and heaven followed. My rising doubts were checked by the kindness of the father of the novices. I now assumed the black cassock, and felt it always a monitor of my resolve to attain perfection. By degrees I began to discover that in desiring to become a Jesuit, I had given very little thought to what the Jesuits had to believe. I had thought these men gods of intellect; but gazing on the crucifix in my little chamber, I felt that shame, agony, and scorn must be the objects of my desire. My enthusiasm found vent in poetry, and in letters to my friends.

I will give an account of one day's occupation, and the reader may judge from this of many others. I rose at five, at the call of the porter; washed, and in about twenty minutes, marched at a given signal into the chapel. This was about the size of an ordinary parlour. Here I meditated, with the rest of the novices, for an hour. Then the superior entered, rehearsed the "Litany of Jesus," and offered mass, after which we walked, having custody of our eyes, our head a little inclined, and our hands joined on the breast, to our cells, for half an hour's spiritual reading. This was, at that time, Rodriguez on "Christian Perfection." Then breakfast of oatmeal porridge, milk and bread, eaten in silence and "recollection," with downcast eyes. Then followed a lecture in the chapel on the rules of the novitiate. Each novice had a little book called "The Summary," an abridgment of Ignatius "Constitutions," by Father Plowden, formerly master of the novices at Hodder. I never could get these rules by heart. I learned them by practice. I enjoyed them exceedingly for their clearness, vigour, and wit; and yet it was the lecture which referred to the downfall of the Society, and the charges brought against it, that first shook my resolution to become a Jesuit. An English priest was assailed with such concentrated ferocity in this lecture, that the meek father of the novices trembled as he read. Then came the repetition of the lecture in groups of three or four; the manual service, in which each one was by turns chambermaid, housemaid, shoe-black, and maid-of-all-work; the "study," usually of languages; the first occupying fifteen minutes, and the two last an hour each. About twenty minutes before dinner, the *Deo gratias* was given out by the porter. We then washed; when the bell rang, repeated the *Angelus* to ourselves, and went to chapel. The reader may, perhaps, fancy that we have not had much time for sinning; but he is mistaken. A novice commits sins peculiar to his position. To walk hurriedly, to contradict a brother in conversation, to fail in the custody of eyes, to speak more to one "brother" than to another, or to laugh too loudly, is, with them, regarded as sin. Confession was made kneeling, and permission asked of the superior to perform such and such a penance, the novice first kissing the floor. The penance was various. A long psalm repeated while kneeling with arms stretched

out in the form of a cross, kissing the feet of one or all the "brethren," eating dinner while kneeling in the middle of the refectory, or prostrating oneself at the threshold, and crying to each as he stepped over him, "Pray for me, brother." This last I once did myself.

We dined in silence, the only voice heard being that of the reader. Our dinner was always plentiful and substantial. We had beer and water to drink. Most drank water, but the jug of beer was always there. By long standing the beer sometimes got sour. In that state I have drunk it for "mortification," but I cannot say whether it was *always* drunk with that intention. We were enjoined to satisfy our appetites. The superior once chid me for not eating enough, adding that I should want all my strength for the duties of the novitiate, and nature must be supported. After dinner we went again to the chapel for a few minutes, this being a visit to the "Blessed Sacrament," for the holy elements were constantly kept on the altar. Then came an hour's recreation, an hour's manual labour, and from thence to six o'clock, the supper hour, were spent in reading, writing, and rehearsing the Rosary. This last enjoins us to repeat some hundred and fifty *Ave Marias*, fifteen *Pater Nosters*, and the *Gloria*, and during the process meditate on the incidents of greatest prominence in the lives of Mary and Christ. I never could do both at the same time, and commonly got through the prayers first. During this portion of the day, the novice might be sent for by the superior to be advised, lectured, or questioned. Our habits and dispositions were closely watched. Our spiritual pulse always being felt, and prescriptions given out accordingly. After supper we spent as before described.

All the training of the two years of the novitiate is to prepare us for taking the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; this last in a sense peculiar to the Jesuit. I must be like soft wax in the hands of my superior, to take what form he pleases. I must look upon myself as a corpse, which has no voluntary motion. I must be as a staff in an old man's hand, which he uses according to his own convenience. These are all metaphors used by Ignatius himself. Obedience, indeed, is the be-all and the end-all of the novice's career, nay of the full-trained Jesuit. He is brought to sever himself from all human ties. The man is swallowed up in the society. The single will is lost in the will of that man who may, for the time being, be the General of the Jesuits. There are many machines at work, but one engine turns them all. The effect is surprising. A Jesuit will dare to do what no other man, be he Catholic, Protestant, Mussulman, or Hindoo, could dare and do. His mind and will are as supple as the limbs of an acrobat, or the muscles of an equestrian. "*The Jesuit cuts, but he takes care not to cut himself*," as the master of the novices once said to me, and I did not forget the proverb. They have such tact as a tiger might have, if trained by a patient, a wary, and discreet elephant, and they have the same quick instinct for self-preservation. Here is a case in point. I missed one of the novices. He disappeared unexpectedly. He was with us at night, and at the recreation he was gone. I asked a novice of the second year, why brother ——— had left. The answer was to the following effect, and nearly in the very words:—"Brother ——— was too scrupulous: men of strong minds are wanted; when holy obedience has spoken all doubts and difficulties should vanish."

(To be continued.)

MILESTONES.

WE have many pleasant and unpleasant associations with milestones. Far back through our early life, as through vistas, they gleam upon us now, and memory is busy in the golden cells of her honied hive. First, for let us dismiss the unpleasant ones at once, there was the milestone we remember once seeing in a theatrical exhibition, when the tinselled finery paraded outside, had, for us, potent and irresistible charms. Two tired travellers entered, and deposited their wallets by a well-imitated milestone, and as one leaned upon it, it parted and rose into a ghostly, grinning skeleton. A wild witchery became henceforth attached to these solitary institutions for the benefit of crowds, and many a time, in alternating moonlight and shadow, they have risen into spectres with out-stretched, beseeching hands, and messages as soul-harrowing and blood-freezing as the ghost's in Hamlet.

Our other associations are rich with the pleasure and glow of boyhood. Moss-grown and battered by a thousand storms, they were to us places for repose and retrospection, in many a summer ramble. There we produced, and ate with sharpened appetite, the provisions carefully stowed away in our green-baize school-bags by our kind and considerate mother; upon them we leaned with our sketch-book to etch some Gothic cottage, some forlorn-looking hovel, some magnificent tree, some ivied ruin. In setting out, each successive milestone brought us nearer the object of our ramble—the fine old park, the spacious pool, the bold-browed hill, or venerable abbey—and seemed to wear a cheerful look in consequence. In returning, hot and weary, with dusty shoes and sunburnt faces, the stones brightened their letters as we neared our home, and fancy released us from our weariness by winging us to the well-known home, lifting for us the clicking latch, and even bearing to us the sound of our own feet across the red-brick floor. Pleasant things are those old milestones, still seen in some of our city streets, still standing out of the tufted grass, in sound of the hum of men, and the quiet voices of nature in bough, and brook, and bird; and though our roads are now mostly marked with *mile-irons*, we prefer, for “Auld lang syne,” to call them by their old name.

Many of these pleasant rambles are at an end. We no longer wander abroad in thoughtless happiness, loving the bright face of Nature we know not why; we no longer chase the butterfly, as exultant ourselves in life as he in the pomp of his silken wings and sailing course; no longer in meadows, woods, and lanes, “we fleet the time carelessly as in the golden world.” Life has not ceased to be bright and hopeful, but it has lost the purple tints of its first young dream. It has become a sober, real, earnest, yet cheerful activity. Danger and hardship are not wanting, but they give a zest to joy, and a thrilling romance to our every-day world.

The aspect of things has entirely changed. Life is a pilgrimage, and not a summer ramble—a dusty highway, and not a grassy lane

“where dewy roses sigh
Their odours out to breezes passing by.”

Even the very milestones are altered. They have the same sort of inscription, and the same venerable look about them. We often repose by their side, and look backwards and forwards ere we spur on more

vigorously than ever. Here we often con over our many-leaved memory, full of etchings, and landscapes, and stirring scenes. But the stones all bear the same names, there is but one path for our feet, and the miles are slowly and surely increasing one way, and decreasing the other. Time after time these life-milestones stand out upon our track, and a phosphoric light plays in their rude letters. Every old year is a new milestone, and every new year the beginning of a new mile. If we do not hurry past these silent monitors, and read their inscriptions aright, they will shew us whether we are in the path that leads to the great Home-world, whither we weary wanderers should direct our steps. We shall read how many miles we have come from that city we call Life, and when, in all probability, we shall pass the outworks guarded by the stern keeper, Death.

The road is narrow, but it is a pleasant path. There is much up-hill work, but a bright prospect and loving faces are above us. There are many cross-roads, many bye-paths, many tempting lanes; many things to wile us from our on-going, and invite our limbs and minds to languid and idle repose. Let us, however, read lovingly the inscriptions and often consult our road-book, rest only by the milestones, and only rest to push on with renewed vigour. Christ has said, "I am the way"—are we in it? Have we read well the inscription of our last milestone? Have we laid aside our sin to run better and more patiently? If you have not done these, reader, glance over the last milestone carefully, and pause, and turn again if you are wrong. If you have, go on, staff in hand and brave of heart, and no matter whether you have wooden shoes, "checker" shirt, or hardened, work-soiled hands, there is a welcome for you all, and "many mansions" for you in the Eternal City. E.

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF SOLOMON.

SOLOMON gives us two pieces of his own private history, in order to account for the zeal he shows in his writings for the welfare of the rising generation. One is, that in early life he had a large share of the affections of his parents; and the other is, that he received the first rudiments of that wisdom, for which he became afterwards so eminent from their early instructions. "I was my father's son," that is, his darling child, the object of his warmest affection, "tender, and only beloved in the sight of my mother," that is, in whom she took the liveliest interest, and whose welfare engrossed her whole heart. The affection of his father David did not, by excessive indulgence, stand in the way of his education, as does the ill-regulated affection of many foolish parents, who cannot cross the inclination of their children, nor employ authority to compel the attention of their light and unstable minds to what is for their lasting benefit; it rather urged him to diligence and perseverance in his endeavours to convey to his favourite child those instructions which he saw to be important, both for his temporal and his eternal interests: he taught me also. His mother, Bathsheba, took her share with her husband, David, in the delightful task of instructing young Solomon in the things of God, as feeling it to be alike part of her duty as of her husband's to train up their child in the way he should go. Referring to his mother's instructions, he styles them, "the prophesy which his mother taught him."

In the discharge of this pleasant duty they enjoyed a degree of comfort and encouragement, which many godly parents are not permitted to taste. They did not waste their endeavours on a child of dull capacity, or of an untoward disposition. Their young charge gave them the most promising hopes. His natural parts, which God afterwards very eminently increased, so that he excelled all men for wisdom, enabled him readily to apprehend, and tenaciously to remember their instructions. Their care and pains were not thrown away. He not only remembered, after he had grown old, the lessons which his parents had given him in his youth, but was not ashamed, when a king, and when he excelled all others in wisdom, to ascribe much of his present eminence to his parents' care.

In exhibiting the conduct of Solomon's parents as a model for the imitation of Christian parents in the education of their children, we may enquire, what kind of education they gave him? We cannot entertain a doubt that David would give his favourite son, to whom he looked as his successor on the throne, the best education which Israel, in his time, could afford. A man of talents and information himself, and possessed of the amplest means, he would certainly grudge no labour nor expense, to make him acquainted with whatever could serve to fit him for his future station in life. Israel was not destitute in David's time of the means of education. The schools of the prophets, many of which were scattered over the country, were so many seminaries erected for the instruction of the youth of Israel; and besides three eminent prophets, Gad, Nathan, and Iddo, appear to have been much about David's court, where, undoubtedly, one part of their business was to superintend the education of his family. Indeed, had he been inattentive to his duty in this respect, he would not have acted consistently with all that we know of his character otherwise; for the parent who is indifferent to the education of his family, acts not only an undutiful but a very unkind and cruel part to his children, and to the society of which they will afterwards be members. But this was by no means the only education which Solomon's parents gave their son. They taught him the knowledge and fear of God. Whatever value we may attach to other branches of education, and however important and useful instruction in those arts and sciences which serve the purposes of this present life may be supposed to be, the knowledge of the principles of religion is unquestionably far more valuable, important, and useful. For, as the soul is more valuable than the body and eternity than time, so the knowledge which fits us for spending life as becomes rational, immortal, and accountable creatures, and which, through the blessing of God, may train us up for spending eternity in the enjoyment of heavenly bliss, is of supreme and transcendent importance.

In what manner did David and Bathsheba conduct the business of the religious education of Solomon their son? They did not confide it entirely to others. There were good men about David's court, some of whom had a particular charge of Solomon's education, and in whom, as prophets of God, David might have reposed the most entire confidence for ability and fidelity. But Solomon's parents do not seem to have considered this as exempting them from the obligation of the law of God to watch over their young charge themselves. They wished to see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, the progress that he made, and to add their own diligence to that of his teachers, in

order to promote his spiritual benefit. Hence Solomon says that his father taught him, and he also refers to his mother's instructions. A king and a queen taking so much pains for the religious instruction of their son is a pleasant sight, and must silence and shame multitudes of persons in private life, who either neglect this duty altogether, or satisfy themselves entirely with the diligence of others to whose care they intrust it.

They also adapted their instructions to his years. Persons of any tolerable judgment are aware of the necessity of accommodating their instructions to the capacity, temper, and previous information of those whom they address ; for if this be not studied, they will not be understood, or attended to, or recollected ; and when such is the case the great end of instruction is lost. A person who aims at being useful will not address a promiscuous assembly as he would an assembly of philosophers, nor speak to the young as he would to persons mature in years and in judgment. If we wish to be useful to the young, our language must be plain and familiar. We must address ourselves to the imagination even more than to the judgment, must confine ourselves chiefly to first principles, and frequently repeat the same instructions, that they may take the firmer hold on the memory. In some such manner as this, we may well suppose David endeavoured to instruct his son. His own judgment would show him the necessity of condescending to the tender years and immature understanding of his pupil, and the rapid progress which Solomon made in early life in the knowledge of divine things, must be ascribed, in part, to the judicious manner of the teacher, as well as to the singular capacity of the scholar. And, indeed, if we judge of David's manner from the specimen given of it in the fourth chapter of Proverbs—for it is he that speaks from the fourth to the tenth verse, and perhaps further—we find that he was familiar in expression, and warm in manner, that he frequently repeated the important exhortations he gave, and dressed out divine truths in such a way as was calculated to captivate the imagination and gain and warm the heart. Let fathers and mothers copy this example. Endeavour, as you would wish to be useful, to express the great fundamental truths and duties of religion in the plainest and most familiar language you can devise. Study to render the things of God amiable and lovely by the agreeable manner in which you represent them, illustrating them by apt similitudes, and impressing them on the memory by frequent repetition, and by little interesting stories. They instructed him, too, in the most affectionate, serious, and winning manner. They showed by their manner that they felt the importance of the instructions they gave him, and that in the pains they took they were prompted by the sincerest love. Instructions given in the stern tone of authority are apt to disgust, and make the young mind submit to them with reluctance, as an irksome task ; but when mildness, seriousness, and earnestness combine, in the manner in which they are given, they gain upon the heart, and render the lessons of wisdom interesting and agreeable. See the warmth and earnestness of David's manner ; the kindness and love of the parent, appeal in every word : " He said unto me, let thy heart retain my words. Keep my commandments, and live. Get wisdom, get understanding ; forget it not, neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee : love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing : therefore, get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get

understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee : she shall bring thee to honour when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace : a crown of glory shall she deliver unto thee." Perhaps it is owing in some degree to a harshness and ungraciousness of manner employed by some pious parents, that so little advantage is gained by their children, from all the anxious pains taken with them ; and perhaps in other instances, to a want of due seriousness of manner when instruction is given. Let it, therefore, always be seen that you are quite in earnest, and that you are guided by love to their immortal souls. Remember the natural aversion of the heart to the things of God, and beware of exciting prejudices and increasing reluctance to the duties of religion, either by indifference or severity of manner. Look to God for wisdom to enable you to discharge the duty aright ; for in this case it is eminently true, that " wisdom is profitable to direct ;" and that it " cometh down from the Father of lights," and must be sought by believing and earnest prayer.

The motives by which David and Bathsheba were induced to devote their attention to the religious education of Solomon were numerous and powerful. Love to their son excited them to labour for his welfare ; and what does a good man or woman consider as best for their children ? Doubtless what they consider best for themselves—the knowledge of God—the fear of God—the enjoyment of God. And can we know God, love and fear Him ourselves—can we ourselves be persuaded of the truth, and importance of religion, of its absolute necessity for our present comfort and future welfare,—and not wish that our children should be partakers of the same blessed advantages and hopes ? And if we wish this for them, shall we not do what in us lies by the use of appointed means to communicate to them the knowledge of God, and lead them to that Saviour who alone can bless and save their souls ? When parents neglect the religious education of their children, their negligence can be accounted for only in one or two ways ; either they do not really love their children, or they do not themselves believe the truth and necessity of religion. The example of their godly ancestors, also, excited David and Bathsheba to educate their child in the fear of God. David had the honour to descend from a long line of ancestors, who were not merely respectable in their generation among men, but, which is unspeakably more, who were approved and honoured of God—ancestors of whom he had reason to be proud—ancestors whose memory it was his duty to respect, and whose godly example it was his wisdom and honour to copy. It was the immemorial custom of that family not only to worship God themselves, but to instruct their children in His fear. His forefathers made it their business to tell their children what God had done for them, " Showing to the rising generation the praises of the Lord, and His strength, and His wonderful works." And above all the venerable Abraham, the founder of the family, was remarkable for his attention to this part of duty : so remarkable that his diligence is honoured with the very particular commendation of God, and recorded for the imitation of others. " For I know him," said God, " that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." Doubtless this approved example had its influence on David, a son of Abraham, and a fearer of the God of Abraham, as an incitement to diligence in the instruction of his own family. And why should not we

also follow the commendable practices of our godly forefathers. The positive injunction of the law of God, though last mentioned, must have been first in its force on the conscience of Solomon's parents, exciting them to see to his religious education. It was not left to the option of David, or any other father in Israel, whether, in this respect to follow the example of their pious ancestors or not. It was enjoined as a positive duty, and so particularly stated that it was impossible to plead ignorance. "These words which I command thee this day, shall be on thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Such was the law which was binding on every parent in Israel; and David, a man who loved God's law, and meditated thereon day and night, must have felt its high authority, and acted under its influence, in his diligent endeavours to instruct his son. And this law is still obligatory. It is not one of those things peculiar to the old dispensation, which have passed away, but part of that law by which we are bound under the dispensation of the gospel. Our obligation to attend to the religious education of our offspring, is inseparable from our relation to them as our children. When God gives a person the blessing of children, he unites duty with privilege, the duty of educating them for God, with the privilege of enjoying them as his gift. Our children are given us in trust to be educated for God; and the neglect of this duty must be infidelity to God, as well as ingratitude to Him who committed it to us. Shall we, then, incur the guilt of being at once ungrateful, unfaithful, and cruel? Shall we not rather fear God, and keep this commandment, so reasonable in itself, and to a pious mind so pleasant? God lays the charge on us again and again, for it is no light matter, no affair with which we are permitted to trifle. "Suffer the little children," he says, "to come unto me." "Feed my lambs." "And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

The use which Solomon made of his parents' instructions is apparent. His parents, who had instructed him with such pious care in his youth, at least his father David, were dead many years before he wrote his Proverbs, but we find that at the time he wrote this book, they still lived in his affectionate remembrance of them and their pious care; and in token of this, he quotes some of their early instructions, and in imitation of them, enforces on his son attention to the same duties. And good reason had he to cherish a grateful recollection of them; for in thus training him they had done him the greatest kindness—a kindness for which he could never repay them, and which it would have been the highest ingratitude if he should ever have forgotten. Gratitude for the pious instructions, counsels, and admonitions of our parents in our early years, is a duty incumbent on all who have enjoyed so inestimable a privilege; and if we have derived any measure of spiritual benefit from them, is a duty which we shall most cheerfully perform. How pleasant, to a truly pious mind, the recollection of parents, who were not only the authors of our being, but, under God, the instruments of our salvation; who first taught our infant lips to pray, and our thoughtless hearts to seek the Lord! We have it not in our power like Solomon, to record our gratitude in a book that shall be read by future generations to the end of time; but if "we have tasted that the Lord is gracious," we shall record it in our grateful hearts, and never think of them, nor speak of them, but with respect and affection. G.S.

Reviews.

WOMAN'S SPHERE AND WORK, considered in the Light of Scripture. A Book for Young Women. By W. Landels.

THE GOSPEL IN VARIOUS ASPECTS. A Book for the Anxious. By W. Landels. London: Nisbet and Co.

BOTH these books are collected lectures delivered by the author in Regent's-park Chapel. The lectures in the second volume are published with little or no variation from their original form. They are, therefore, far more diffusive than printed lectures should be; but their clear, earnest, and often pathetic appeals cannot fail to profit all who read them. The lectures are seven in number, and severally headed, I. What is the Gospel? II. The Love of God to the world. III. God's unspeakable Gift. IV. The Sin of the World put away by Christ. V. Eternal Life in Christ. VI. Look and Live. VII. The hindrance to Salvation.

The first volume is far more more finished than the second. Since delivery, the lectures have been re-cast, and the substance only is published. Their theme is not soon likely to grow unattractive. The writer avows his purpose as "not simply to treat of woman in her married state, but of woman, as such, in her relation to man." He touches, at the outset, on woman's mission as defined by her Creator; contends that the description of Eve is the description of a representative woman; that she was not Adam's rival, nor his plaything, but *helpmeet*. The strictures on dress in this lecture were never more applicable than at the present time; and those who make themselves "lay-figures," on whom the milliner and dress-maker are allowed to display all the freaks of fashion, will do well to ponder over the following words: "The love of ornament, inherent in human nature, is peculiarly strong in woman, and is a feeling moreover in which the human nature shares with the Divine. The beauty with which God has garnished the earth and heavens; the manner in which he has made them pleasing to our tastes, as well as serviceable to our necessities, shows God's love of beauty. And inasmuch as the desire for ornament is right in itself, and as the desire for decorating her person is peculiarly strong in woman, we doubt not that it is consistent with the Divine purpose that she should minister to man's pleasure, while she gratifies her own taste, by such decoration. . . . But

she is no woman at all, and does not deserve the name of woman, whose principal recommendation is the costliness and splendour of her dress. . . . Did you know the feelings awakened in some of the best men, when thrown into contact with women whose dress betokened a station in life in which cultivation and refinement of mind might be expected—did you know their feelings when, on attempting to engage them in conversation, they have discovered the body so elegantly dressed, was allied with a vulgar mind—you would require no urging to put you on your guard against decorating the poor perishing body, while you neglected the cultivation of the beautiful and immortal soul." And again, on another part of his theme, Mr. Landels says, "Woman is not the rival but the *helpmeet* of man, by doing the work which he cannot do so well, and occupying the sphere from which, by her feminine qualities, she is more peculiarly adapted. He does not need her to mount the pulpit, nor appear on the platform, to take part in the deliberations of the senate, nor plead in the courts of law. This and similar work he can do better for himself. And the woman who aspires after it, in becoming, or attempting to become, the rival, ceases to become the *helpmeet* of man.... Woman's sphere is not the public arena, but the retirement of home." Our author speaks of woman as specially qualified to soothe man's troubles, encourage him under the hard pressure of daily toil, and soften his more rugged character. He illustrates this part of his subject by glancing at the power of woman over the hearts of the rudest natures, soldiers, sailors, and navvies; and quotes, with singular effect, instances of the last from the recent work, entitled "*English Hearts and Hands*." In that book, says Mr. Landels, "You will see how a christian lady goes forth among 'navvies,' a class of men than whom it would be difficult to find rougher, or more uncultivated, and by her influence, draws forth their better nature in a manner which shows that the English labourer is made of the same material as the true English gentleman..... How the great, strong, boisterous men become gentle as lambs in her presence, and how her mild rebuke, in which kindness and faithfulness are blended, brings tears into their manly eyes—how they listen to her teaching with the docility of children—how, by appealing to their better feel-

ings, she quells a riot which the police, by injudicious meddling, only serve to aggravate—how two with clenched fists and angry words, are threatening to proceed to blows, she kneels between them until they both kneel by her side, and with tears of contrition, are reconciled, and remain ever afterwards the fastest friends. Here is your work, young women—the work for which man needs, and your nature fits you—to soften and harmonise preparatory to christianising your brothers.” The wife, the mother, the unmarried women’s mission in various occupations, and in reference to religion are subjects of the remaining chapters. It is a very suitable present to put in the hands of any young woman, married or single.

POEMS, *By J. Trueman. London: Longman, and Co.*

THESE poems are of various merit, and on subjects widely dissimilar. There is a melody in the rhyme, a pathos in the sentiment, and a beauty in the treatment that cannot fail to charm the most fastidious reader. The author has allowed the genuine mood of joy or sorrow to glass themselves in his poems:—

“Some bright and tender, like the moon—
Some sad and bitter, like the sea.”

The longest poem is entitled “Edith Grey.” A dying maiden dreams of Heaven and of seeing her lover enter, old and grey, introduced by “two tall imperial angels,” who “kindly upbore him on the abysmal air.”

“As they stepped upon the heavenly marge,
A change came o’er the palid mortal shape,
The step grew stately, and the face grew grand—
Glory and strength suffused it like new life—
It glowed and gretened to angelic mould,
And the air kindled round it, and methought
That midl form seemed sublimest of the three.”

She tells her dream on awakening to her watching lover; pictures him after her death wedded to one more fit to share his poet thoughts than Edith Grey; and dies, while memories of her goad into extacy,

“The pang of the last parting hour, and seal
Alike the spring of utterance and of tears.”

There is, then a history of their early attachment, and a picture of his “sorrowful triumphant pride,” as “he thought of her the holy, and the beautiful.” There are many exquisite touches of pathos in the poem. We have only indicated its fable. Mr. Trueman excels in the simple lyric. Nothing can be finer than “The Worshipper,” a tale of a little maid weeping in a small chapelry at the story of the cross, of which these are the concluding verses:—

“I looked around the place of prayer,
I saw no other weeping there;
Homage as rich, I dare to say
Few offered unto Christ that day.

Now sometimes in the world afar,
Where thoughts of Christ but seldom are,
That sweet face in the church I see,
And the good vision melteth me.

O! saving human sweetness rare—
O! blessed boon beyond compare—
To think, with feelings undefiled,
Upon the Saviour, like that child.”

“Avocation” is a poem of another kind. There is in it a shrill, trumpet-call to work, set to the key-note of Longfellow’s “Psalm of Life.” “Bethany,” “Salvation,” “The wee bit birdie,” “The Maiden and the Streamlet,” have each a beauty of their own. The lyrics “From the Swedish,” are full of poetry, but lack the natural feeling of the poems entitled “My Mother,” and “The Cottage.” The sadness that occasionally flits over the author’s mind as he muses—

“More yearning for the days of old,
Than anxious for the days to come.”

find expression in more than one poem. A grief like the burden of Jeremiah, “which was as a burning fire shut up in his bones,” tells its own sad story in “Grasmere,” “Derwentwater,” and “Despondency”; but the holy trust that asks to be “saved from infidel despair,” and avows itself in the following stanzas, is certain to find a response in every sensitive and christian heart:—

“Shun we the sceptical unrest,
That questions of the Final Will;
For it is braver to be still,
And bow, though sad; and it is blest.

To hold a steady faith secure,
In wakeful hours of doubt and dread;
As one of old hath deeply said,
We count them happy which endure.”

PALISSY, THE HUGENOT POTTER. *A true tale. By C. L. Brightwell. Royal 18vo., cloth. Religious Tract Society.*

PALISSY’S wonderful story is well told by Mr. Brightwell, special regard being paid throughout to that which most other biographers have neglected—his religious character. Palissy was a keen observer, and has left behind materials that the writer of this tale has wisely consulted. His preference for the reformed faith brought him, like many others, into collision with the French court. He was cast into prison, and had been saved only by an artifice of friends in power from a martyr’s death. The king himself visited Bernard Palissy in prison, to effect, as he vainly thought, by a personal interview, a change in his faith. “My good man,” said the king, “for many years you have been in the service of my family, and we have suffered you to retain your religion amidst fires and massacres; but at the present I find myself so pressed by the Guises and my own people, that I am com-

pelled to give you into the hands of my enemies." "Sire," said Palissy, "I am ready to yield up my life to the glory of God. You say you feel pity for me. It is rather I that should pity you, who utter such words as these, 'I am compelled.' This is not the language of a king, and neither yourself nor the Guises, with all your people, shall compel me; for I know how to die." A few months longer he remained captive, and then the message came for him also.

MEMOIRS OF AN INDIAN CHAPLAIN. *By Rev. J. Hough, M.A. Royal, 18mo., cloth. Religious Tract Society.*

MR. CHURCH, the subject of this memoir, was chaplain at Madras, in the service of the East India Company, more than forty years ago. "He was faithful among the faithless." His life had few stirring incidents to distinguish it, and is chiefly useful as illustrating the power of divine truths to change the heart. "He was a good man, and feared God above many."

Obituary.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOSEPH GOADBY, OF LOUGHBOROUGH.

THE announcement we have now, with the deepest regret, to make, is one that will be received with heartfelt sorrow through the length and breadth of the General Baptist connexion, and by all the other branches of the one Church of Christ, in which he was known. The Rev. Joseph Goadby, for more than twenty years pastor of the church at Dover-street, Leicester, for just eleven years pastor of the Wood-gate Church, and for many years the able Editor of this Magazine, is now no more. After a brief illness, of little more than a fortnight's duration, he died on Saturday, the 19th February. Until the previous evening, great hopes were entertained of his recovery; but, at that time, an unsuspected disease of the lungs manifested itself, which carried him off in less than twenty-four hours. He sank calmly into the arms of death, and, though physical weakness prevented conversation, yet the truths and hopes he had so long proclaimed to others, sustained and comforted him in his dying moments; one of his last requests was to his eldest son to read to him such passages of God's Word as he mentioned to him. He was interred on Wednesday, Feb. 23rd, in the Loughborough Cemetery in a spot he had himself selected, little conscious he would so soon be laid there. The funeral service was conducted in Wood-gate Chapel, which was crowded in every part by a mourning and heart-stricken audience. The Rev. E. Stevenson read suitable scriptures, and delivered an eloquent funeral address, paying a just tribute of respect to the character, ability, and usefulness of our departed friend; he was followed by the Rev. H. Hunter, who addressed words of consolation and encouragement to the bereaved widow, family, and church, and to the ministers present; the Rev. George Cheatle, of Birmingham, concluded with a most appropriate prayer. A funeral procession was then formed, which slowly wended its way to the cemetery; first were the Dissenting Ministers of the town, of all denominations, and the church town Missionary; then followed the Revs. W. R. Stevenson, W. Gray, J. Lewitt, H. Wilkinson, W. Miller, G. Needham, E. Bott, T. Gill, G. Staples, J. Staddon, J. C. Pike, J. Pike, T. R. Stevenson, J. F. Stevenson, J. Taylor, J. Riley, J. Malcolm, T. Stevenson; then came a mourning coach, containing all the officiating ministers; the hearse, and five mourning coaches, containing the family and relatives; officers of the church, and from two hundred to three hundred of the church and congregation, in mourning attire; in addition to these, large numbers of the inhabitants attended, as well as many friends from neighbouring towns and villages to show their respect for his memory. At the grave Mr. Stevenson delivered a second address and engaged in prayer, followed by a concluding prayer, by the Rev. W. Underwood. The death of Mr. Goadby is a connexional loss; the absence of his form, his voice, his counsel, and his information, will be much felt at all the gatherings of our body; and the General Baptists have lost a man of extensive literary and theological attainments, of eminent pulpit abilities, a large heart, a true patriot, and an uncompromising friend. B. B., L.

Immediately after the funeral, a meeting was held at the chapel, when the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

1. That a subscription be commenced immediately for the benefit of Mrs. Goadby.

2. That a Committee be now appointed to decide upon the best method of raising and disposing of the money subscribed for the above purpose.

3. That the Committee consist of seven: two of whom shall be members of the Wood-gate Church, and that the following be the Committee:—John Heard, Esq., B. Walker, Esq., R. Pegg, Esq., Rev. J. Stevenson, H. Mallet, Esq., T. W. Marshall, and B. Baldwin.

4. That Mr. Marshall, Loughborough Bank, be Secretary and Treasurer.

N.B.—A circular on this subject will shortly be sent to all the churches.

PROMISED SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
B. Walker Esq...	25	0	0
J. Heard Esq. ..	25	0	0
Mr. Seals ..	10	0	0
Mr. Mallet ..	10	0	0
Mr. Hunter ..	5	0	0
Mr. Truman ..	5	0	0
Mr. E. Stevenson	5	0	0
Mr. J. C. Pike ..	5	0	0
Mr. W. Stevenson	5	0	0
Mrs. Mallet ..	5	0	0

On the following evening a preliminary meeting was held by a number of the Wood-gate friends in regard to the above important matter; and it is hoped that at least £130 will be raised by them for the benefit of the widow and family of their late pastor.

HANNAH SMITH was born at Basland, near Halifax, May 6th, 1797, and died at Bradford, July 31st, 1858. Her parents were moral, but not godly. In early life she left home, and removed to Bradford, and soon became hopefully converted to God amongst the Wesleyans. After becoming the wife of our brother Samuel Smith, she soon found, from God's word, that there was a duty that she had long neglected, viz., that of being baptized. She offered herself to the church, at Tetley-street, and was received, and afterwards baptized, Sept. 10th, 1857. Since then she has continued, up to her death, to be a prayerful, peaceful, and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. She had several children, all of whom she brought up in the fear and knowledge of God. Two of these are already members of our church. She had been a great sufferer for many years; but her last illness was very short. Under it she was patient, resigned, joyful. Her end was peace. She died in the Lord, and her works follow her.

B. W. B.

ELIZABETH WHITBY was born at Bradford Moor, Dec. 13th, 1831, and died in Bradford, Aug. 7th, 1858. A sudden death in the neighbourhood where she resided in Bradford, first awakened her and led her to seek a knowledge of God's pardoning mercy. She at once commenced attending Tetley-street chapel and in a few weeks found redemption through Christ's blood, even the forgiveness of all her sins. She was baptized and united to the church, April 6th, 1856. She then became a teacher in the Sabbath-school, and soon won the affection of all connected therewith. But even at this time consumption was silently but surely doing its work of death. She was seldom well long together, until finally she be-

came confined to her room. At first she could scarcely endure this. She thought and said it was "such a thing for a young woman like her to die." But she soon became reconciled to her fate, and even longed and prayed to be gone. Her character was most excellent, humble, prayerful, and free. Her death was peaceful and joyous. This was improved by the writer on Lord's-day evening, Sept. 5th, 1858, to a large and attentive assembly, from I Cor. xv., 26. B. W. B.

ANN STANDING died Dec. 30th, 1858, at the early age of 22. She died of consumption, after an illness of more than two years. The conversation of her dying sister Jane, about six years ago, resulted in her conversion. She began to attend Tetley-street chapel directly after her sister's death, and in about three weeks found peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. She was baptized April 4th, 1852. She was one of the excellent of the earth, a good daughter, a laborious teacher in the Sabbath School, and a liberal supporter of the cause of Christ. She shunned the very appearance of evil. Her principles were good and firmly fixed. She lived amongst her "own people," and seldom went elsewhere. While living she often sung—

Am I Jesus' friend or foe?
Do I do His will or no?
I acknowledge Him as Lord,
Do I hear and keep His word?

She was one of the most patient sufferers, although for months she scarcely got any rest either night or day; she was always happy; she was patient, resigned, and peaceful. She preached Christ to all who called to see her, and pleaded with her father till he promised that he would "live for Heaven, and meet her there."

Her death was improved to a crowded congregation, Jan. 16th, 1859, from *Psa. cxvi. 15*—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

B. W. B.

JOHN RICHARDSON, of Derby, formerly pastor for eighteen years of the church at Wirksworth, died on Thursday, Feb. 17th, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. His prostration and feebleness during the last few days of his life were great; but amidst all his sufferings, those precious promises, which were so often the theme of his ministry, comforted and cheered his mind. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

REV. G. JUDN, of Coningsby.—Since our last, the following brief particulars of our departed friend have been received:

—Nearly the last sermon our departed brother preached was most faithful, especially admonishing his younger friends from, "My Son, give me thine heart." Only a few hours prior to being seized by pain and suffering, he was labouring in the vineyard of his Lord. On Tuesday evening he conducted some special annual service, in conjunction with his church and people. The following day he felt unwell, and on Thursday medical aid was called in, but alas! his complaint bid defiance to human skill, and—

"Then, before the approaching light of morn,
His Master called, and his soul was gone."

His remains were interred in the cemetery, on 25th Jan., by Mr. Kiddall, of Louth, and on Feb. 6th, he preached a funeral sermon to a large congregation.

Correspondence.

BAPTIST MINISTERS' SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—In your last number is a memoir of a late estimable minister of our connexion, in the course of which the writer inquires—"Should not this subject (i.e., that of making a provision for the future) engage the serious attention of both ministers and churches?—Is it more a duty to preach the gospel to every creature, than to provide for those by whom it is preached? Shall we for ever be covered with shame when we are asked about the provision which we make for our ministers and their families in the event of permanent incapacity, or age, or death?" That the subject has engaged the serious attention of many of our ministers admits of no dispute—and that some of our churches have not altogether ignored its claim, is testified by the minutes of our associations, the pages of our magazine, and the fact that a small amount of money was, when the subject was under discussion, contributed to form a ministers' fund, but as yet, no *practical* steps have been taken by us as a body. Such being the case, it may be satisfactory to many of your readers to be informed that in August last, there was established at Birmingham "The National Society for aged and infirm Baptist Ministers"—which being designed equally for the benefit of ministers of our own as well as the other Baptist body may certainly claim the sanction and support of all our churches.

The rules (which may be obtained on application to the secretary, the Rev. J.

Burton, 112, Bloomsbury-place, Birmingham) specify the objects of the society to be—"To afford assistance to Baptist ministers, who, through age and infirmities, have become incapable of public service, and also to the widows and orphans of Baptist ministers." The subscription for a minister is three guineas per annum.

The benefits to be conferred are (if the funds will admit), to a minister laid aside by age or infirmity—if single, £30 yearly—if married, £35—if any children under sixteen years of age, £40—to a minister's widow, if alone, £20—if any children, £5 for each child under sixteen, but not more than £40—to be paid to one family. The amount to be increased if the funds will admit.

To be entitled to the benefits, the claimant must have been a member of the society, and a pastor for three years.

There are also regulations for the repayment of subscriptions to withdrawing members—and to the families of members, who may die before they are entitled to relief—also respecting members retiring from the ministry, &c., &c. There is also a rule restricting the age at which members can be admitted to the effect—"No minister shall be received with the prospect of his receiving personal or relative benefit, if more than fifty-five years of age, nor any minister who is more than thirty, unless he pay three guineas for every year that he is above that age. But because of efforts which will be made to raise a capital during the *first year* of

the society's existence, any Baptist minister approved by the committee may be admitted *without any introductory payment if under forty-five years of age.*"

That the society is likely to be permanently established may be inferred from the fact that several handsome contributions have been made towards the formation of a fund, and already between sixty and seventy ministers have become members. The question now comes,—Is the society worthy of support? and if so, will our churches support it? Will they wipe away the disgrace which attaches to us of being almost the only body of Christians who make no provision for their ministers and their families in times of need?

As there is a *special reason* why minis-

ters, who are above thirty years old, should enter at once, let our churches afford them the means to enable them to do so. This would involve little or no sacrifice on the part of our churches, while it would relieve many of our ministers from a most oppressive cause of anxiety and uneasiness.

When the subject was introduced to the notice of one of the churches in this locality, the amount of the subscription was at once voted and placed in the hands of the pastor, so that he might become a member without delay. Let all our churches "go and do likewise."

Dear Sir, very truly yours,

JOHN CHOLERTON.

Coalville, Feb. 14, 1859.

THE WEEKLY OFFERING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—In my last communication I promised at the end of the quarter to give the result of our experiment of the weekly offering which I purpose to do. I may perhaps be allowed in the meantime to pen a few observations in reference to the Rev. J. Malcolm's remarks in your last, and I hope all our discussions will be continued in the same christian spirit. With his observations in the main I agree, but with my present experience I must say *I am sanguine of the permanent* success of the plan, so far as regards pecuniary means, and what is more important—in its tendency to promote a more enlarged and benevolent spirit. We all know that every benevolent act has a tendency to increase and strengthen the principles of benevolence in the heart of a Christian. The weekly offering gives full scope for the exercise of this principle while on the old system of fixed pew rents, the money is usually paid as a debt on the same principle as we do for the rent of a house, consequently, it has not so happy an influence on the heart. In our experience so far, we find that almost all our poor friends who seldom or never were prepared to meet the call of the collector, monthly or quarterly, are now regularly giving their mite weekly, and evidently do it with pleasure, and feel themselves more closely identified with the Saviour's cause. In

reference to pew rents, we have let forty or fifty more sittings than we ever did before. Young persons of both sexes have almost every week been applying to the secretary for sittings, have their names put on a card, and a packet of envelopes given them, with the understanding that they pay what they can afford, as the Lord prospers them. In most cases 1d. per week is given. Now, these young people, not having sittings on the old plan, used commonly to crowd at the top of the gallery, and sometimes were not very orderly. Now they occupy sittings, have their hymn books, and appear to take a much greater interest in the service. Altogether we have now upwards of seventy regular contributors to the cause more than formerly. In reference to the cases referred to in Scotland, I believe if the same method were adopted by any church, it would be a failure; but if Mr. Ross's plan be carried out in its integrity, I feel the fullest confidence in it. To attempt it without system and the use of the envelopes, I very much question whether it would succeed. Mr. Ross's tracts on the subject may be had for a few pence of Judd and Glass, Gray's Inn Road, London.

Very affectionately yours,
J. E.

Melbourne, Feb. 8th, 1859.

THE LATE REV. H. SMITH.

We have received a note from the officers of the church at Hugglescote and Coalville during the period of the late Mr. Henry Smith's ministry, complaining of some of the statements made by J. C. H.

in the memoir which appears in our February Number. They are persuaded that the writer could know but little as to the nature of the engagement of Mr. S. with the church—the amount of labour

required, or the income received. In proof of which they refer to the words of Mr. S. himself:—

"It affords me great satisfaction in the review of the eight years I spent in con-

nection with this church, that I always experienced the greatest kindness, and that no unhappy difference ever arose between me and any of its members."—*General Baptist Magazine*, 1855, page 404.

Intelligence.

BAPTISMS.

TODMORDEN VALE.—For the last few months our romantic valley has been the scene of a remarkable revival of religion. Probably not fewer than 200 souls have been awakened and brought to a knowledge of the truth, in connexion with the different churches. Though the revival began with the Methodist Free Church, and has been chiefly carried on by that body, yet all the churches in the neighbourhood have felt its influence and shared its blessed result. On Saturday afternoon, the 22nd January, fourteen were baptized in the open river fronting our chapel at Vale, amid a large concourse of spectators. These are the first fruits of the revival amongst us. Eight of them were young men connected with our Sunday-school and People's College. Of these we hope great things.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Sabbath evening, Jan. 30th, Mr. Cheatle preached a suitable sermon to a large congregation, from the latter clause of the 8th verse of the 1st chapter of the book of Jonah, "Of what people art thou?"—and afterwards baptized five candidates, one of whom was a Primitive Methodist. The other four were added to the Church on the following Sabbath. J.S.C.

WILLINGTON.—On Jan. 30th, we had the first baptism in our new chapel. Mr. Gregory preached, and afterwards baptized two believers. In the afternoon our pastor, the Rev. J. Stevenson, gave them the right hand of fellowship, and administered the Lord's Supper.

WOOD-GATE, LOUGHBOROUGH.—On the first Sabbath in February, we had the pleasure of adding two friends to our number, who on that day passed "through the flood into the fold." In consequence of the affliction of our pastor, Mr. Marshall preached. The congregation was un-

usually large, and the sermon exceedingly appropriate and impressive. Mr. Lacey, one of our deacons, supplied the pastor's place in administering the ordinance of baptism. In the afternoon, at Mr. Goadby's request, Mr. Marshall administered the Lord's supper, and gave the right hand of fellowship to the newly baptized. There was a most encouraging attendance at the Lord's table, and as it was just eleven years since our esteemed pastor commenced his labours amongst us, Mr. Marshall made some suitable references to the changes that had occurred during that time, and although deprived of the presence of the under shepherd, we all felt that the "Great Shepherd" was with us. B.B.

STONEY-STREET, NOTTINGHAM.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 6th, we baptized and added to the church nine friends.

B.W.G.

ARCHDEACON-LANE, LEICESTER.—On the first Sabbath morning in February, eight persons were baptized by our minister, and afterwards received into fellowship. W.F.

PETERBORO'.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 6th, 1859, three candidates were baptized in the General Baptist Chapel, Peterboro', and were also received into the church. J.B.

OLD BASFORD.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 13, 1859, after a lucid discourse on the subject of christian baptism, by the Rev. W. Underwood, tutor of the G.B. College, nine persons were immersed; one of these, a female, had reached the advanced age of 72—four are scholars.

CASTLE DONINGTON.—On Sunday, Jan. 2nd, after a sermon by our minister, the Rev. G. Needham, five females were baptized and received into fellowship with us at Donington and Sawley.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CASTLE DONINGTON.—On Christmas day we had our annual tea-meeting. The trays were given gratuitously, for the purpose of paying the remainder of the expenses incurred in the purchase of an excellent harmonium, fitted up in our chapel. The object was fully accomplished, and the evening was spent in a

very profitable and harmonious manner.

CASTLE DONINGTON.—On Monday, Jan. 3rd, and every succeeding evening during the week, special services were held in our parish church, which were well attended, and the gospel preached; many Baptist and Wesleyan friends attended during the whole of the services,

and we have reason to believe much good has been done.—On Monday, the 17th, and every evening during the week, special united prayer meetings were held alternately in the Baptist and Wesleyan Chapels. On the Wednesday, the Rev. G. Hobitt, one of the Wesleyan ministers, preached in the Baptist Chapel; on Thursday our minister preached in the Wesleyan Chapel; and on Sunday, the 23rd, there was an exchange of pulpits between the Baptist and Wesleyan ministers. On Monday, the 24th, the Rev. Edward Stevenson, of Loughborough, preached in the Wesleyan Chapel. On Tuesday, the Rev. G. Dickinson, of Nottingham, on Wednesday, the Rev. H. W. Greaves, of Nottingham; and on Thursday, the Rev. H. Hunter, from Nottingham, preached in the Baptist Chapel; on Friday, the Rev. J. Dowty, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch; on Saturday, a united prayer-meeting at the Wesleyan Chapel. Sunday, the 30th, an exchange of pulpits by the Rev. G. Needham, and Rev. J. Cuthbertson, Wesleyan.—On Monday, Jan. 31st, a social tea-meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel, when more than 550 persons partook of tea; after which our spacious chapel was filled to excess. Suitable addresses were delivered by the respective ministers and others, and singing and praying were continued until a late hour; and not a few were in tears. We are looking for a pentecostal blessing upon these special services, which will cheer the hearts of all who have taken an interest therein. There are many enquiries after salvation, and many are rejoicing at the good which has been accomplished by the blessing of God, on their united efforts to save sinners. Our united prayer-meetings were continued through the week as before.—Whilst we praise God for what has been done, and rejoice and feel thankful for what is now doing amongst us, we feel grieved to say that our esteemed minister, owing to impaired health, is about very shortly to leave us. We pray that the head of the church may direct us to a man that will prove a blessing to us, and the people living around us.

DEPARTURE OF MR. EDWIN DAKIN, FOR INDIA.—This esteemed young friend was for several years a scholar in the Wood-gate Sunday-school, and was baptized by the Rev. J. Goadby, and received as a member of the church. During his connexion with the cause at Wood-gate, he maintained an honourable christian character. Shortly after this he removed to London, where he passed through a course of studies in the Borough-road Institution, that he might be duly quali-

fied for tuition. Upon hearing, in last year's report of the Serampore Baptist College, that a European master was there required to superintend the native students, pupil teachers, and scholars in English education, Mr. Dakin volunteered to go, and his services were accepted. Arrangements for his outfit having been completed, he sailed on the 20th January, in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer, "Pera," bound to Alexandria, for the overland route. Our young friend, we believe, has gone forth with a true missionary spirit, and possesses an aptitude for preaching the gospel of Christ. We trust he may be as useful and honourable in all his services in the Saviour's cause, as others have who have risen up in the Wood-gate Church. He is followed by the prayers of many christian friends, who feel interested in his welfare and success. There are about 350 enrolled as scholars in the College, with an average attendance of 280. Eleven live in the college-house, two of them with a view to future missionary labour. The prospect of occasional intercourse with our own missionaries, some of whom he knows, appeared to give pleasure to the mind of our young friend, as he left the shores of his native land.

BELPER.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 6th, two sermons were preached in the Baptist Chapel, Belper, in behalf of our Foreign Mission, by the Rev. H. Wilkinson. On Monday evening a public missionary meeting was held, in which the Revs. Jessop, (Indep.) T. Smith, W. Miller, H. Wilkinson, and W. Shakespeare took part. Collections about £5 4s. 6d.

MILFORD.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 6th, a sermon was preached in the Baptist Chapel, by the Rev. W. Miller, in behalf of our Foreign Mission. A public meeting was held on Tuesday evening, when addresses were given by the Revs. W. Shakespeare and T. Smith, of Belper, W. Miller, and H. Wilkinson. Collections about £1 18s.

LEICESTER, Vine-street.—On Wednesday, Feb. 9th, a tea-meeting and recognition service was held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. E. Foster, as minister of the above place of worship. About 170 sat down to tea in the school-room, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The trays were provided gratuitously. After tea the Rev. S. Wigg presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Malcolm, J. F. Winks, T. Stevenson, S. Wigg, and E. Foster. Several anthems were sung by the choir, and all present appeared deeply interested in the proceedings of the evening.

Missionary Observer.

LETTER FROM MRS. STUBBINS TO MRS. WILKINSON,

Ship "Clarence," off Madras, Dec. 27th, 1858.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—When your welcome letter came to hand we were busy with preparations for England, and very reluctantly I have been obliged to defer writing to you until now.

The last Sabbath we spent at Cuttack was a pleasant and, at the same time, painfully exciting one. My dear husband preached two farewell sermons, one in Oriya, the other in English, and then baptised a very interesting young man named Atkinson. It was the first baptism we have had after the English service, and excited very great interest, as many Europeans present had not previously seen the ordinance administered. Several who happened to call next day said it was a very gratifying sight, and one gentleman said several persons enquired whether the water was warm.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were days never to be forgotten. From rather a large community of Europeans or East Indians, many called to bid us farewell. It is only a year since your, dear sister, broke up housekeeping in India, and you will know how many things come crowding one upon another just at last, accounts settling, characters must be written for servants and workpeople, boxes and palkees packed for a dawk journey of 240 miles; and besides all this, our house full of native christians from morning till night. Knowing how busy we should be at last, we both visited them by house-row, had given little parting tokens of love, not forgetting to say to each (at least, I speak for myself) "I have come to say good-bye." Still many were not satisfied with this: they must see the last of us, must have one more interview. My accounts, packing, &c., progressed very slowly, but at last they did get finished; and then came the sad trial of bidding farewell to as warm (to say the least) a band of missionaries as is to be found in India. In compliance with my husband's wishes all except dear Mr. and Mrs. Goadby, who were living with us, and were a great help and comfort, took their leave in the evening. Between ten and eleven o'clock, when all was ready, we knelt together for the last time for, it may be, several years, and then the parting kiss and painful farewell to our beloved Sarah and her affectionate hus-

band. This was a bitter trial, I cannot bear to dwell on it. She would remain with sister Lacey whilst her husband accompanied Brother Taylor on a missionary tour, and on his return they will (D.V.) go to Berhampore. They are both pleased with the arrangement, and I believe will soon feel quite at home, and will be very useful and happy there. I suppose Mrs. G. will have the girl's school, which I am sure she will much enjoy.

I have not time to refer to our visit to our dear christians at Khunditur on our way to Calcutta, nor to the pleasant though brief interviews we had with friends at Bhudruck, Balasore, and Jellalapore; but must just refer to one little incident connected with the latter part of our journey. Instead of getting a boat at Tumluck or Olibirea, travellers sometimes go by dawk all the way, and we had laid ours in the same way; but, through a mistake of the post master's, it was only laid as far as Olibirea. We had written to our kind friends, the Beeby's, telling them we hoped to be in Calcutta that night. It was now past noon, and no boat to be obtained. The only way seemed to be to wait patiently till the next morning in the hope of procuring a small boat. Just as we finished our late breakfast, a lady, with three children, came in to the bungalow; I introduced myself to her, and it was a mutual pleasure to find that Mrs. Owen, our new acquaintance, was a daughter of a late Baptist missionary, Mr. Fink. She, too, is with her children going to England. After taking some refreshment she offered us a seat in a carriage she had hired for herself and children. I need not say we thankfully accepted her kind offer; and by eight o'clock in the evening were comfortably located in Mr. Beeby's hospitable domicile. They are members of the Circular-road, and not only entertain some of their own missionaries but most of ours have recently received a hearty welcome, and been most liberally and kindly entertained by these good people. Mrs. B. is a granddaughter of Dr. Carey's, and her father Jabez Carey, is living with them. He is a fine old man, acts as agent for all our missionaries and many others. In all kinds of weather he may be seen walking through the bazaars of Calcutta.

palkies or carriages are things he rarely uses.

We came on board the 17th inst, and found only one party had arrived. During the evening and late at night others followed, and at nine next morning a steamer took us in tow. Our good and faithful old servant, Saitika, remained with us two days, and went back by the steamer. Poor fellow, he was much affected when we parted, and we all shed many tears, for we felt that with him the last link in the chain that joined us to dear Orissa was broken. I feel a restless, an earnest, desire to see him converted. For eleven years he has been a faithful servant to us, and for a long time his conduct has been far more consistent than others, of whose christianity we have no doubt. He attends chapel regularly, is a universal favourite with our christians, and sometimes I hope he is not far from the kingdom of Heaven.

28th Dec.—“The Clarence” is a new vessel, and was only three months and two or three days coming out. Captain Vaile is a skilful seaman, and from the little that I have seen of him, seems to be a kind man. The servants, officers, and sailors appear to be quite superior to those we often meet with. We have quite a number of passengers on board who are decidedly pious; amongst these are Col. and Mrs. Brown, and family, and a large party of his friends. He is a noble looking old man, looks like a christian soldier. He only came on board this morning, and happened to sit next to me, and, as we were finishing our breakfast, he accidentally found out my name, and turning round gave me such a hearty shake of the hand, saying how very pleased he was to meet missionaries on board; hoped we should have a nice party, &c., and then he introduced me to Rev. Med-

dows, who is, I think, a Church missionary going home for his health. While writing my beloved husband has come on board from Madras, where he has been spending the last two days with our dear friends, Capt. and Mrs. Smith, of the 30th. I was prevented by a bad cold and cough from accompanying him. Whilst there he has received six letters from Cuttack, and one more from Mrs. Goadby, all well except Miss Butler, who is not in her usual health. Little George Taylor has been ill, seriously ill, from teething, but is better now, I am thankful to say.

You will be glad to hear my dear husband has suffered less from the pain in his back, since we came on board. He is not quite well just now, having a cold and writing home to several friends, has upset him a good deal; and then our vessel is lying at a long distance from shore, and the sun was hot when he reached the “Clarence.” Alfred was rather sad at first, and said several times, “I wish I were at Cuttack,” but he is now becoming quite at home, and disposed to make the best of everything, is dividing his time between work and play, and so the day passes pleasantly.

I have other letters to write, and we must post all to night, and after to night’s sun is set, no more letters shall we be able to post till we reach dear old England. Farewell till then, dear sister, pray much for us. My husband unites in much love to brother Wilkinson, and all the friends we know.

Yours, most affectionately,

E. STUBBINS.

P.S.—Seboo Patra’s mother died rather suddenly just before we left Cuttack. Her end was peace. The christians and heathens who witnessed her said, “We never before saw such a beautiful death.”

LETTERS FROM NATIVE CHRISTIAN PREACHERS IN ORISSA TO J. HEARD, ESQ.

Cuttack, June 12th, 1858.

[Some time ago, J. Heard, Esq., of Nottingham, sent a letter to our native Christian Preachers, Gunga Dhor, and others. The following interesting replies have been received, and have been kindly forwarded for publication.—ED.]

My dear Friend,—The enclosed letters were written to you by some of our dear native preachers, and should have been sent much earlier, but Mr. Buckley had not translated them, and I have been obliged to avoid writing as much as possible. I am sorry they are not better

specimens, but they will serve to show the gratitude they feel for your kind remembrance of them. You will perceive that they are a response to the kind expressions contained in your letter read to them at Conference.

I am thankful to say that all is peace and quietness in Orissa, and we trust there is every prospect of its continuance. Some time ago, one of the principal pundits from Pooree went into the North-West, and identified himself with the mutinous sepoys. He was caught and

lung, and an order was sent to Pooree to confiscate his property, which has been done. The effect is most wholesome. Hundreds of pundahs have returned from the north-west without being able to obtain one pilgrim. The whole affair of Juggernath has never been so thoroughly cut off from favour before. What with the leprous Rajah, who is the superintendent of the temple—the withdrawal of the donations—the determination of the Government not to allow a temple police, but to hold the Rajah responsible for all misdemeanors—the hanging of the principal pundah, and the confiscation of his property, &c., &c., the whole affair seems to present a most ruinous aspect. May its last day soon arrive.

I received by the last mail the letter of our esteemed Secretary, containing the minute of the Conference in relation to my return. I am much obliged to my dear brethren for their kind invitation to return at once; but this I cannot see my way clear to do. I determined, after much prayerful anxiety, to remain, unless absolute necessity required me to leave earlier, till next cold season, by which time I trust things will have assumed a more settled aspect, and I do not now feel that it would be right to deviate from that decision, especially as I have been on the whole a good deal better the last few weeks.

Praying that Heaven's richest blessings may abundantly rest upon you, and with Christian love to yourself and Mrs. Heard,
Believe me,

Yours sincerely,
J. STUBBINS.

GUNGA DHOR'S LETTER.

To the most beloved and venerable Sahib; Gunga Dhor sends very very many loving salutations. On this account I write. I heard by the missionaries the letter which you sent from England. By this we know of your prayers and zealous efforts on our behalf, and with joyful hearts we gave thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ, and also to you. For thirty years I have remained in the way of the Lord. I have learned much from the holy scripture that I did not before know; and the power of sin, that abominable thing which is forbidden in the Word of God, is broken. Christ is set up on the throne of my heart, and to Him I give thanks, and Him I worship and serve. There is none but Christ, no, not any one. Steadfastly believing this, I follow after Him.

I am supported as a preacher, as you are aware, by the churches in England; but cannot labour as I formerly did. My

strength is not what it once was, nor can I itinerate as I once did, still I go to the bazaar and make known the Word of the Lord; and I hope I shall continue to do so as long as the Lord shall preserve me and give me strength. I therefore make my request to you, and to all the brethren and sisters in the churches, pray for me in my old age. Pray that my soul may not perish, but that with countless angels and redeemed spirits I may dwell with God. This is my request. Receive this little letter kindly.

Our aged brother, Rama Chundra, sends many loving salutations to the beloved Sahib.

DAMUDAR'S LETTER.

To my most dearly beloved and venerable Sahib, your unworthy friend, Damudar, with much love, sends his salutation.

Formerly I wandered about the wilderness of this world in dreadful darkness. Like my forefathers, I was an idolater. I did the works of Satan, and was dead in sin; but the Lord is a sea of mercy; and by His boundless compassion I received that great gospel which was brought by the beloved missionaries from England. By the gospel I obtained a knowledge of myself, heavenly wisdom, and the salvation of my immortal soul was secured. I believed on that beloved Lord Jesus Christ who gave himself to save sinners.

I have been called in the boundless grace of the Lord to be a minister of the word. I feel that I am most unworthy to be employed in this work; but I have obtained much mercy and help from the Lord. Looking to him for help, I go and preach in many villages, and at markets, as well as in the bazaars; and it is my prayer to the Lord that to my last breath I may be engaged in this His work; for how many of the souls of the people are perishing in sin? Pray for me: and pray for this country. Pray that the Rajahs, and all the people of the land, may welcome the religion of Christ.

KUMBHOO NAIK'S LETTER.

To the beloved and respected Sahib, who is a father, Kumbhoo Naik, sends his salutation, and writes this letter.

Hearing of your love to me, and of your interest in the cause of God, we gave thanks to Him, for you and your countrymen, though foreigners, have cared for us and our countrymen, and have earnestly sought our God. Thus have we been enlightened by the great light, and we hope that we are the children of light. From my childhood I have been instructed in the wonderful teaching of Christ; and, unworthy as I am, desire in his strength

to work righteousness. I am supported by the juvenile society of the Nottingham church, Stoney-street, and, according to my ability, desire to engage in the work of the Lord, not counting my life dear to myself, but till death would serve Him in true holiness.

Pray to the Saviour on my behalf.

GHDNU SHYAM'S LETTER.

To the beloved in Christ, who is a father in the faith.

I, who am Ghdnu Shyam, send many loving salutations. With my bodily eyes I have not seen you; but I have heard of your love from the lips of Stubbins Sahib, Buckley Sahib, and others; and know how you and your countrypeople have desired the good both of myself and of my countrymen who are wandering in the shadow of death. When I compare the first state of the church at Cuttack with its present condition, I see that the Lord is on our side, and has shown us tokens for good. At first only a very few persons received the Lord, Gunga Dhor, Rama Chundra, Doitaree Naik, and Krupa Sindhere; now he has increased us to hundreds. Formerly there were no schools or Bibles, or missionaries in this country,

now we are increased tenfold, and for this we give thanks to our God and Father in Heaven; and we also give thanks to you, and to the brethren in your country, and speak well of you: for by your labours and zeal and liberality our churches, our families, and our idolatrous fellow countrymen have been greatly benefited.

When we heard your letter read, we gave thanks afresh to God. Oh, how many of our forefathers have died in idolatry serving gods of wood and stone. but we have been plucked as brands from the burning, and are now united with you all in the bond of love. It is, however, only in Christ that we are one, for we are far separated, as to the body, by rivers and seas. May the Lord preserve us steadfast to the end, and at last may we with you fall prostrate at the Saviour's feet, and unite with you in the everlasting song of Heaven. This is our prayer.

Finally, I have one request to make. Pray for me, that the Lord may bless my ministry and strengthen me in body and soul. Pray for my wife and children, and for the conversion of the heathen; for "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

JOURNAL BY MRS. BUCKLEY. No. 3.

ASSURESWARA.

21st.—Our march from Salapore to Assureswara was long and tedious. We were travelling from day-dawn until past mid-day. Our route, the latter part of the way, lay across paddy fields. The rice having been cut, we had one immense plain of stubble, divided into little square plots with very narrow embankments a foot or more high. We seemed to be twisting, winding and stumbling without making any perceptible progress. There were no trees in our path to afford us a few moments respite of shade from the great heat. Long fasting and the heat brought on a violent nervous headache, which was felt for days afterwards. Our prospect at the end of our journey was not very bright, for we knew, long as we had been on the way, the carts with the tents would be hours longer. But we hoped to find shelter in a little cottage belonging to Government. On our arrival we found the old one pulled down, and a new one building; it was in a very unfinished state, and occupied by one of the Government servants, who was superintending the making of a new road. His wife was with him. They very kindly

invited us to share the bungalow with them until our tents came up, and presented us with a cup of coffee and a biscuit, for which we felt truly thankful. Mr. A.'s servant was one of our native christians, and he appeared delighted to render us all the help in his power. Mr. A. kindly lent us his tent chairs and a table; and, with the cold provisions we had brought with us, we soon had a comfortable meal. When the tents arrived, the selecting of camping ground was left with the brethren; and a more lovely spot than the one chosen was not to be found. It brought to my mind Cowper's words, "The calm retreat, the silent shade." But all its loveliness vanished as soon as I discovered it was where the dead were burned; and I united my entreaties with our native people to have the tents moved early the next morning to a locality where one's sense of smell and nervous system would be less likely to be painfully acted upon. After a feverish dreamy night, in which I was haunted with sights and sounds, only to be seen and heard in heathen lands. I was glad to be awake by the familiar

sounds of the mallet used in loosing the tent pegs, which speedily conveyed to my mind the idea that brother Taylor, with his man, were removing their canvas dwelling. It had been arranged over night that our tent should remain where it was until after breakfast, as the brethren had to leave early for preaching at a market where the people transact their business before bathing and eating. These markets are called Augadhuar, (i.e. before bathing), and are held early. The removal of our tent, &c., kept me busy that day. I was glad the people were not attracted to visit us in numbers, as was usually the case when they saw our tents. The brethren reported that preaching in Assureswara was like preaching at Pooree, so rudely and scornfully had the people opposed the word spoken; even the children present were encouraged by their elders to mock the preachers.

The next morning, the people not coming to see me, I decided at noon to go and see them. I did so with some fear, as the place is noted for its wickedness and vile idolatries. The Brahmins are very numerous, and so are the temples, and it made me sad to see a large new temple nearly finished. Scenes on every hand indicated idolatry was vigorously applied. Six years ago the people received my visits in a very friendly way, and I determined to see if they remembered me. On my way to the village, the first object that attracted my notice was a low thatched mud shed, with a carved pole before the door, about a yard high. Half a yard from the top a hole was cut in the pole, and in it was placed a miniature figure of the wild boar, which is a

representation of one of the incarnations of Vishnoo. Inside the shed, on a mud throne was another large mud figure of the boar, with a garland of flowers round its neck. Whilst I was looking in a young man and woman, with bundles of wood on their heads came up, to whom I said, what is this? pointing to the pole and figure. The man replied "Our great Lord." I said, "Do you salute and worship it? why it can't hear or see you. How long did it take the carpenter to make it?" A brahmin came up and heard me ask the question with evident chagrin. "Oh," said the brahmin, "a man of my caste has died lately, and this is his monument." My spirit was stirred, and I said with some warmth, "Brahmin, how can you teach these poor people to worship these wooden and mud idols? You know, for your own shastres teach you, that God is a spirit, and by representing Him as dwelling in such mean, contemptible figures you dishonour God. Once He became incarnate, and then He took upon Him the form of a man, and went about teaching the ignorant, healing the sick, and then gave His mortal life to make an atonement for sin. He is the great physician, who heals all who apply to him of that terrible disease—Sin." Before I had finished my talk, up came a second brahmin, with a large brass dish in his hand, on which were sweetmeats, fruits, and flowers. I said to him, "Who will eat the sweetmeats and the fruits, the brahmin, or the wooden and mud figures?" They laughed outright at my question. "Ah," I said, "you know the brahmins will," and took my departure.

LETTER FROM MRS. BUCKLEY TO REV. W. ORTON.

Kendal, Dec. 5th, 1858. 20 miles from Cuttack.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER ORTON.—This is Sabbath eve, I am sitting in a small cottage belonging to Government, surrounded on all sides by heathen villages. I have not a single female friend with me. My husband left me last night at ten o'clock to go to Cuttack, to conduct the Sabbath services. Our English congregation is now so large, our friends seemed unwilling to have the English service given up, as was formerly the case when the missionaries were from home. So the brethren, Buckley, Goadby, and Taylor have arranged to go on alternate Sundays. My dear husband found it would be more convenient for him to take the first turn. We left home on

Thursday, and hurried on to this place on account of the unsettled state of the weather. When there is much rain, a cottage, however humble, is far more comfortable than a tent. You know travelling in this country is very slow work. On Friday Mr. Buckley on his horse, and I in a palkee, carried by eight men, were from seven o'clock A.M. to half-past eleven A.M. going eight miles; and the two native carts, with tent, furniture, &c., from seven o'clock A.M. till seven P.M. It was well for us that I brought some refreshment with me in the palkee, or we must have fasted the whole day. It was nine o'clock when we had finished our dinner. In the afternoon I had quite a

mental treat. Seeing that the native brethren had arrived and were sitting on the ground looking tired, Mr. Buckley and I went to invite them to come to us. Whilst chattering with them, a group of twenty-five persons came up and stood looking at us with apparent surprise. Thomas (the young evangelist, supported by the Louth church) turned round, and in a kind familiar manner, said, "Brethren, are you wondering why we are come here? I will tell you. We have left our wives, our children, and our homes to seek your good. We have received the word of life, and it has produced light, joy, and peace in our hearts. And we want you and all our countrymen to be partakers of this great blessing. By reading and hearing the Word of God, we have learned to know who God is." He then gave, in an eloquent, sublime, yet simple manner, an account of the character of God, His attributes as revealed in the works and word of God. Contrasting these with the character of their gods; impressively showing that from the statements in their shastres, they (i.e. the gods) were all great sinners, as much so as the Hindoo Mussleman and Europeans. Could a sinner save a sinner? could a blind man lead a blind man? They answered with one voice, "No." He asked them to let him point out some of their sins. It was not neglecting certain ceremonies, eating, drinking, wearing of apparel, bathing, &c., all these had reference to the body, nothing to do with the soul. Idolatry was a great sin, pointing to a temple of Mahadabe, a short distance from us, he called upon them to look upon themselves, formed by the power of God; how infinitely superior they were to the mud god yonder made by man, and only fit for a child's toy. Who of you, who are fathers, would bear your sons to forsake you and call a pig or tree father? In the sight of God your conduct is more vile in worshipping wooden, mud, and brass gods. Listen to what God Jehovah says, quoted Is. i. ii. 4. Your own shastres condemn you; here he gave them stroke after stroke, proving the folly and sin of idolatry. He met their notion, God was in everything, by pointing to different articles around us, who had made them? Were the makers in the things they had made? Here the people laughed. An objector said "Faith was everything. If we believe an object to be God, whether it be so or not, it is so to us." "Very well," Thomas said, "you owe sixteen rupees, you take sixteen stones, and say I believe they are rupees, will they become rupees? Will the cre-

ditor receive them in payment of the debt?" The last objection, this is the way our ancestors have gone, whether it is good or bad we will keep to it. Here he gave them one illustration after another, showing the folly of such language; they seemed ashamed of having uttered it. He brought them back to sin, its consequences, and the great and only remedy which God had provided for sinners. "You have forsaken your great father in Heaven; you have greatly sinned in bowing down to idols, lying, &c. Yet he has not forsaken you, he is caring for you every moment he causes the sun to shine, rain to descend. See what an abundant harvest (the people have just began to cut the grain.) All this He is doing for the comfort of your bodies. But to take away sin to save your souls, He sent His Son Jesus Christ, the incarnate Saviour, 1858 years ago. He came from Heaven to earth. He took upon Him the form of a man." Here he preached to them, Jesus the only Saviour, in melting strains, and exhorted them to forsake their idols and take refuge in Christ, repeating to them Christ's own gracious invitation, and reminding them that they would not be guiltless if they rejected the Saviour. At the close of this address the two young students, who are on their first missionary tour, sung a hymn, composed by one of our native christians, and called Christ the matchless Saviour. The chorus of which is something like this, "Behold! no Saviour in the world can be found like the Lord Jesus Christ. Not Brumha, Vishnoo, Hurree. Among the three hundred and thirty millions of gods, not one can be compared with Him." The hymn sweetly enlarges on the compassion of Christ; His agonising sufferings; His dying love; and His gracious invitation to sinners to come to Him. The people heard well, and the most intelligent looking man in the group seemed impressed. After these had left us we had other visitors, and our young friend seemed never to weary of speaking to them. He is one of the most fluent speakers I have listened to. He never seems at a loss for an illustration just to the point; poetry, scripture, natural scenery, all seem to be at hand to aid him in establishing or illustrating his point. My only fear is he will soon wear out his tall, slender, fragile tabernacle; he always returns from the market quite hoarse. To-day they have walked twelve miles, and stood preaching two hours. They have complained of feeling the cold very much at night. I do feel that our Society ought to allow the itinerating brethren a good

warm blanket each. Their very humble salary will not furnish them with the means of purchasing one. Nearly every native now in Government employ is able to possess this comfort. In passing through some of the principal streets of Cuttack early one morning lately, I was surprised to see the number of natives with the scarlet blanket wrapped round them. Since commencing this letter, the native brethren have been with me. We have had a short prayer meeting, and a little chat together about our Master's work. I have been asking the young students how they enjoy themselves. Donic answered me in English, he said "I find it hard work, but I pray to my Saviour to give me wisdom and strength." I have had the pleasure of hearing Donic preach to-day for the first time. I promised Mr. Buckley, if he would permit a preacher to remain with me, I would find a congregation. And a very interesting service we have had. All our people willingly came together, and Donic gave us an excellent sermon, from the parable of the marriage of the king's son. After the service he read the 1st Chapter in John to me in English, I reading the comments on the texts; at my request he put several of the sentences I read into good Oriya. He has a very superior mind. In the raising up of these dear young men, have we not a proof that God is with us, and carrying on his work in dark Orissa. I told Thomar I had began, I was writing you, he desired me to give to you and his dear friends at Louth very many christian salutations; he is anxious to receive a letter from you. He is one of our most gifted young men. I told him, as he stood shivering with cold, with his coarse country sheet wrapped round him, I thought I should ask from his kind friends at Louth a warm scarlet blanket for him. He smiled and said such a gift, if they thought

well to send it, would be a great boon; but Stubbins Sahib, on passing through Khunditta on his way home, told him if the Louth friends offered to send him a present he would not bring it. I told him I thought that was said jocosely.

I may here add I know Brother Stubbins was vexed by some discontented person writing an anonymous letter in a bad spirit about the presents. All our right minded native christians were greatly distressed, and felt it more than we did. And for the doings of one bad person I don't think it is right for us to suffer our minds to be prejudiced against the earnest faithful labourers. Should the dear friends at Louth see it right to send anything, I am sure it will be highly prized. Our young friend has a wife, child, and mother to support, and his youngest brother Donee, now a student, is looking forward to be married. Thomar, as the eldest brother, must do something very considerable for him. I am sure Mr. Miller will be most happy to bring a blanket, or any other useful article.

What a long letter I have inflicted on you. You must forgive me. I have had no husband to talk to, and should feel rather lonely so far away from my home and dear children, and christian friends, if I was not using my pen. We were very thankful to have such good tidings from you by the last mail. I think dear sister, with her robust health, might write us a letter sometimes. I hope Willie and Whitworth will soon pay their debt. I have only seen one great monkey since I have been in the country. My warmest love to you and the dear boys and dear sister, also remember me affectionately to all enquiring friends.

Your affectionate, lonely, sister,
SARAH BUCKLEY.

MISSIONARY BAZAAR AT THE NEXT ASSOCIATION.

THE young ladies in connection with the Derby St. Mary's Gate Juvenile Missionary Society are most actively engaged in working for the Bazaar, to be held during the Association in June, and respectfully request the assistance of similar associations, or friends throughout the connexion. Contributions may be sent

to the following members of the Bazaar Committee:—

Miss F. Stevenson, Kedleston-road.
Miss E. Harrison, 1, Abbey-terrace,
Gerrard-street.
Miss Winterton, 6, Henry-street.
Miss F. Cholerton, 39, South-parade.
Miss Brown, 6, St. Mary's-gate.
Miss Sanderson, 26, Canal-street.

Foreign Letters Received

BERHAMPTON—W. Bailey, Oct. 11th, 17th, Dec. 2nd.	CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Oct. 16th, Nov. 3d Nov. 18th, Dec. 25th.
—————W. Hill, Nov. 17.	MADRAS—I. Stubbins, Dec. 27th.
CALCUTTA—I. Stubbins, Dec. 8th.	PIPLEE—J. O. Goadby, Oct. 15th, Nov. 18th.
CUTTACK—W. Brooks, Nov. 18th.	—————G. Taylor, Oct. 16th.

Contributions.

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

From Nov. 20th, 1858, to Feb. 20th, 1859.

ALFORD.		BARROWDEN AND MORCOTT.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, Thurlby Grange, for orphan in Mrs. Buckley's asylum, Cuttack, to be named Sarah Ann Kemp	2 10 0	Public Collections	4 17 8
ALLERTON.		Collected by Miss Swift	0 6 4
Public collection	1 16 6½	" " Ellen Swift	0 10 0
Rev. J. Taylor	0 10 6	" " M. Dobson	0 2 4
Samuel White	0 10 0	" " Master J. Dainty	0 2 7
Miss Eliza White	0 5 0	Mrs. Goodcliffe (Morcott)	0 10 0
Miss Alice White	0 5 0	A friend	0 2 6
Bairstow Mortimer	0 5 0		
	3 12 0½	Less expenses... ..	6 11 5
Less expenses... ..	0 0 5		0 4 0
ASHBY AND PACKINGTON.		BARTON.	
ASHBY.		Cash, on account	18 14 7
Public collections	8 0 0	BEESTON.	
Cards and boxes		Public Collections	6 1 1
Annie Mildred Barrs	0 13 0	Collected by—	
Louisa Broadhurst	0 5 0	Miss Lucy Spray	0 11 0
Eliza Sherwin... ..	0 7 6	Miss M. E. Cross	1 0 1
Mary Ann Elliott	0 19 0	Misses R. & H. Frettingham... ..	0 5 0
Thomas Orchard	0 5 6	Miss M. Clifford	0 4 0
Walter Buck	0 9 6	Girl's School box	1 10 0
Fanny Goadby	0 6 0	Boy's do, ...	1 6 3
Mary Widdowson	1 0 0		
	4 5 6	Less expenses—	10 17 5
PACKINGTON.			0 6 8
Public collections	6 12 1	BOUGHTON.	
William Harper Thirlby's box	1 0 1	Public collection	1 3 6
Charlotte Thirlby's do.	0 18 0	Miss Ward's box	0 7 2
Elizabeth Jane Fox's do.	0 17 0		
Jane Thompson's do.	0 4 4		1 10 8
Sarah Ann Smith's do	1 0 0	CHATTERIS AND MEPAL.	
Ann Swift's do.	1 0 0	Collections and Subscriptions	17 0 0
Mrs. Taylor	0 3 6	CRICH.	
	5 2 11	Collections and Subscriptions	2 12 0
Total... ..	24 0 6	DERBY (SACHEVEREL-STREET.)	
Less expenses... ..	0 12 6	Public Collections	10 14 0

DUFFIELD.

	£	s.	d.
Public collections ..	1	4	8
Collected by—			
Miss Jennings ..	0	10	6
Miss Lilly Mann ..	0	15	0
Miss E. Sims ..	0	15	6
William Tempest ..	0	8	10½
Samuel J. Argyle ..	0	5	7
	4	0	1½

GRANTHAM.

Public Collections ..	2	3	6

HALIFAX.

Public collections ..	3	16	4
Mrs. Hodgson ..	2	2	0
Messrs. J. Crossley and Sons	2	2	0
	8	0	4

ISLEHAM.

Public Collections ..	2	10	0

KIRKBY.

Public Collections ..	3	18	11½
Fanny Jennings' box ..	0	16	8½
John Mason do. ..	0	11	6
Thomas Fisk do. ..	0	9	6½
Mary Wharmby do. ..	0	8	4
Mrs. Brittain, sen. do. ..	0	8	4
Elizabeth Fox do. ..	0	8	0
Samuel Spencer do. ..	0	6	4
Mary Scothorne do. ..	0	6	0
School box ..	0	9	7½
Missionary Prayer-meeting box	0	6	3½
	8	9	7½

KIRKBY WOODHOUSE.

Public collections ..	1	12	10
Emma Whitt's box ..	0	6	10
Charles Chadborn do. ..	0	6	1½
Lydia Allen do. ..	0	5	0
Small Sums ..	0	3	1
	2	13	10½

Total .. 11 3 6

LEEDS (BYRON-STREET.)

Church and Congregation ..	8	13	3
Sabbath School ..	5	11	10
	14	5	1

LEEDS (CALL-LANE.)

Juvenile Society ..	4	10	0

LINCOLN.

Mrs. Ashton's box ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Mitton's do. ..	0	1	7
	0	11	7

LOUTH (NORTH-GATE.)

Miss Graves ..	1	0	0

MANSFIELD.

Public Collections ..	2	13	3
Less Expenses ..	0	2	6

RETFORD.

Collections and subscriptions	22	11	0½

RIPLEY.

Public Collections ..	2	14	4
Collected by Miss Spencer—			
Mr. B. Bembridge ..	1	0	0
Mr Argile ..	0	10	6
Small sums ..	0	10	0
Girl's School ..	2	2	9½
Boy's do. ..	1	7	1½
	8	4	9

SMALLEY AND KILBOURN.

SMALLEY.

Public Collections ..	2	18	0

KILBOURN.

Public Collections ..	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Fletcher ..	0	8	0
Mr. Thos. Cresswell, Sub. ..	0	10	0
The Misses Townend ..	0	5	0
Sabbath School ..	1	7	6
Herbert Shaw (scholar) ..	0	2	6
	6	1	0

Less expenses .. 0 7 0

STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

Public Collections ..	5	7	0½
Miss Marshall's box ..	0	18	6
	6	5	6½
Less expenses ..	0	13	0

SUTTON IN ASHFIELD.

Public collection ..	0	15	2½
Boxes ..	0	15	8½
Collected by William Cooke ..	0	12	0½
Sewing Society ..	0	8	0
	2	11	0

WHEELOCK HEATH.

Public Collections ..	5	0	0
Rev. R. Pedley ..	1	1	0
By do. ..	1	0	0
Mr. Shore ..	0	10	0
Collected by			
Mr. Thornhill ..	0	5	0
Master A. G. Pedley ..	1	0	0
Miss M. Pedley ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Booth ..	0	11	1
John Rhoden ..	0	6	0
Ely Wiston ..	0	7	2
Francis Heathcote ..	0	7	6
Frank G. Plant ..	0	7	6
Five Sabbath School boys ..	0	11	10
	12	7	0
Less expenses ..	0	3	6

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THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES.

APRIL, 1859.

No. 64.

THE REV. J. GOADBY, OF LOUGHBOROUGH,
LATE EDITOR OF THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

BY THE REV. W. UNDERWOOD, PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST
COLLEGE, NOTTINGHAM.

ON Sunday Evening, Feb. 27th, it devolved on the writer of this article to preach the Funeral Sermon for Mr. Goadby, in Woodgate Chapel, Loughborough. The congregation was very large, and the occasion most exciting. At a meeting of the church on the following evening, it was agreed to request the publication of the sermon. To this request the preacher was at first inclined to agree by printing the discourse in a separate form. But being asked by the sons of Mr. G., in whose management the Magazine is for the present lodged, to allow it to appear in these pages, he has decided to do so, as the most certain medium by which to give a greater publicity and permanency to what was orally delivered. To bring the production within the proper limits of a magazine article, it has been found necessary to suppress the whole of the sermon so far as it was an exposition and illustration of the text selected, together with various passages which were meant to be especially applicable to the bereaved family, and the now destitute church and congregation. What is here given, therefore, is not strictly speaking the Funeral Sermon for our lamented brother: neither is it a biography of him. If the writer could be assured that the entire discourse would be acceptable to the numerous friends of the deceased in various parts of the connexion—or that anything would be realized from its sale in aid of the fund for the support of his widow, its publication in another form would follow. But it is frequently the case that discourses which satisfied the ears of a crowded auditory, disappoint the eyes of isolated readers. It is found that their interest and effect were derived more from the events that called them forth, or from the mode and circumstances in which they were delivered, than from any intrinsic merits. What is adventitious is usually evanescent; and impressions which are materially aided by outward influences, are beyond the power of the press to prolong and to make indelible.

After considering the text 2 Tim. iv., 7, 8, as forming a record of Paul's own life and labours, and a declaration of his confidence concerning his future reward, it was taken as presenting a threefold view of Christian life in general. It is a life of severe conflict, as exemplified in the *good fight*: a life of strenuous exertion, as seen in *finishing the course*; and a life of strict fidelity, as proved in *keeping the faith*. Leaving the retrospect of a life so distinguished, attention was next directed to its anticipated reward. The symbol of that reward is a crown: a crown of righteousness: a crown now reserved: to be conferred by Christ in his official capacity as the righteous Judge; and to be awarded by him at the time of his next appearing to all who love his glorious Epiphany.

After a cursory notice of this symbol of royalty, so frequently employed in the New Testament to represent the dignity, authority, and glory which await the victorious warrior, the successful competitor, and the faithful steward, the following special references were made to the servant of Christ, who has been so unexpectedly removed from our ranks, and called up to his high reward:—

Joseph Goadby entered the Christian service in his early youth. He was born at Ashby, Aug. 1st, 1801. He received his education under his excellent father, the minister of the Baptist church in that town. In his fourteenth year he removed to the village of Barton Fabis, where he was apprenticed to Mr. S. Deacon, clock-maker. There he was baptized, and called out to preach. At the expiration of his apprenticeship in 1822, he lived for some months in Leicester, pursuing his trade. But having read the life of the lamented Thos. Spencer, of Liverpool, his mind became fixed on the work of the Christian Ministry. To obtain the necessary qualifications for the sacred office, he sought admission into the Academy at Wisbeach, conducted by the Rev. Jos. Jarrom. After three years of preparatory study, he supplied the small church in Manchester for six months. In 1826 he removed to the church, then newly-formed, in Dover-street, Leicester, where he was ordained in 1829, and where he continued the pastor for twenty-two years. In 1848 he came to Loughborough, and laboured there eleven years: so that the whole term of his ministry was thirty-three years. While this is above the average duration of ministerial life, we expected that, in his case, it would be greatly extended: and hence the tidings of his decease excited, where he was well known, mingled emotions of surprise and sorrow. Thus prone are we to take for certainties the mere probabilities of human existence; as though our bold conjectures and fond hopes had never been baffled and destroyed, and as though revelation had never warned us of what we so often witness. For "one dieth in his full strength being wholly at ease and quiet: his breasts are full of milk, and his bones are moistened with marrow."

As a soldier of Jesus Christ, our brother fought the good fight. He fought it valiantly, and he fought it successfully. His was not a concealed position. He did not lie in ambush—or content himself with a little skirmishing. He stood "in the high places of the field," and braved the hardships and dangers of the warfare. "The archers sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him. But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong, by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob." His conquests were numerous—his spoils were rich. "His

bow turned not back, and his sword returned not empty." The course he had to pursue was one that called for strenuous exertion, and his powers were vigorously employed in fulfilling that course. As a minister, he rose to distinction among us at an early period of life, and he maintained his high standing up to the time of his death. In his own locality especially, both as it regards his preaching and his private living, his course was *finished well*. Most ministers in their spheres of action are like the greater light which God set in the firmament of heaven. It has its times of obscurity. If no clouds arise to intercept its beams, the atmosphere may grow dense enough, by exhalations from the earth, or mists from the ocean, to hide its face, and hinder its useful influences. So the lights of the church either do not always shine, or they are not always seen through the same favourable medium. And when they lose their lustre they cease to be admired. Thank God that our brother's sun, whatever phases it passed through, *did not set in a cloud*.

At the time of his going down to the grave, his abilities as a preacher of the gospel were never more highly appreciated, nor his conduct as a man more generally approved.

He kept the faith. That faith, though not inherited as running in the *blood*, "dwelt first" in the *line* from which he descended. He was the son of a prophet, whose piety was unfeigned—whose instructions were wise—whose example was holy—whose knowledge of the sacred oracles has seldom been equalled, and whose ready use of them it would be difficult to surpass. The child of such a father could not but obtain an early acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures. While yet a boy—as we have already stated, he removed to Barton, and there besides living in a christian family, he attended a ministry that was adapted to foster the mental tastes, and meet the spiritual wants of a well-trained youth—I refer to the ministry of the late Rev. John Green. His academical training was superintended by a most amiable man, and a thorough theologian. Thus nourished up, by others, in the words of faith, and giving attendance to reading, to exhortation, and to doctrine, he attained superior fitness for the work of feeding the Church of God. Though he was exposed equally with other students of divinity, and other men, to influences that might have perverted his views, and vitiated his preaching, he was preserved from the contagion of error. He held "fast the faithful word as he had been taught," and was never "carried about with divers and strange doctrines." The sentiments he held and advocated were such as have been, and we hope ever will be, "most surely believed among us." I am not aware that his theology was ever suspected of defect or unsoundness. It was not negative but positive, not shallow and contracted, but deep and comprehensive,—not so low as to reflect no glory on the Godhead, nor so high as to leave unpitied and unblessed the great masses of apostate men. Knowing and believing the truth, and feeling the most ardent attachment to it, he made it the grand topic of his ministry. If there was one peculiarity in his preaching more prominent than another, and one in which it is worthy to be imitated, it was its deep, evangelical tone. He preached Christ—his divinity as well as his humanity—in his offices, as well as in the constitution of his person, and the perfection of his character,—Christ as dying a penal and vicarious death to expiate human guilt, as well as living a holy and beneficent

life, to shew to us a pattern of "all righteousness." The Holy Spirit was, in his creed, a real person; and in his prayers and teaching was ever recognized as a divine agent. For the quickening of those who are dead in sins, and for the spiritual growth of those who are alive to God, he trusted neither to the word to be preached, nor to his own emphatic mode of preaching it; but to the "power of the Holy Ghost." He no more believed that the whole of divine influence is *in* the word, than that all the skill of an artificer is in the instrument he has made. "The sword of the Spirit" was, to him, one thing; but "the *ministration* of the Spirit" was another and a greater.

I might say much *respecting his manner of preaching*, for it had many excellencies in it. The Lord gave him "a mouth and wisdom" so that while he had something to speak, he might also know how to utter it. As a general rule, he used "great plainness of speech"—paying no attention to what is merely pretty in diction, or polished in style. His sermons were usually written—sometimes very largely written—but we suspect that he spent but little time in choosing epithets, and forming phrases; in shaping sentences, and rounding periods. His words were so common, and his style so unadorned, and his meaning so obvious, that he rarely failed to make himself understood. "The devil," said Flavel, "is very busy with ministers in their studies, tempting them to lofty language and terms of art above their hearers' capacities. Thus they paint the glass, but keep out the light thereby." To such temptations our brother never yielded.

But while his style was thus free from affectation or ornament, it was not loose and feeble. His words were something more than empty sounds, and hollow echoes, and airy nothings. Anaximenes, a Grecian orator, is said to have had a flood of words and a drop of sense. Where there is great volubility, there may be much verbosity. The loquacious, are often rather illogical. And sometimes, on hearing a man whose eloquence or eccentricity attracts the largest auditories, we are constrained to ask, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Our brother's lips "fed many," and his words, having sense and wisdom in them, were "as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd."

His mode of delivery was both agreeable and effective. He was audible but not noisy,—fluent but not flippant,—serious but not sanctimonious,—lively but not ludicrous. He "spoke the word of God with boldness," but he did not vociferate, as though in order to reach the understandings and rend the hearts of his hearers, he would first rive their very heads! He *could* be clamorous and rousing—but he was ordinarily calm and insinuating. "Knowing the terrors of the Lord, he persuaded men." If he sometimes seemed cool and unimpassioned, it was not that he he was devoid of affection or solicitude—but that he scorned to profess what he did not feel, and scrupled to avow *as much* as he felt. He might yearn over dying men without ever telling them so. And his people might be his "dearly beloved, and longed for—his joy and crown"—though he did not apply those endearing epithets to them in every sermon. Never, in the pulpit, used he flattering words, "as ye know."

Concerning his personal appearance—his mental qualities—his social

manners—his position in the denomination to which he belonged—his public spirit, and his varied labours, it would be quite proper to speak, if the time allowed.

He whose hands have made us and fashioned us round about, was pleased to give our brother a fine bodily form. As it was said of David—so might we say of him—"He was withall of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to." In connexion with that manly frame, he had a voice so flexible in its tones that it could be used either to whisper what is soothing to afflicted saints, or to thunder what is startling to thoughtless sinners. These things are mentioned not as anything meritorious in themselves, but as gifts with which God endowed our friend, and as qualities that helped him in doing his allotted work.

Mentally considered, Mr. Goadby was richly endowed. His understanding was quick and clear. His judgment was sound and correct. His memory was capacious and retentive. He had great facility in collecting facts and acquiring knowledge—in detecting error and discovering truth. Few even of our wisest men had a larger stock of general information, or an equal amount of common sense.

His social tendencies were very strong. He was fitted for society. He loved company, and was both willing and able to take a leading part in conversations and discussions. He was obliged to be much alone for reading and for study—for devotional exercises and for literary labour. But he had a natural predilection for fraternal intercourse, and for fellowship with mankind. Being inclined neither to asceticism nor to taciturnity, protracted solitude or comparative seclusion would have been grievous if not intolerable to him. He was the last man to become a monk, an eremite, or a solitaire.

His animal spirits were blithe, buoyant, and sometimes exuberant. He had what is called in Scripture "a merry heart," and this will explain, if not wholly justify, those moods of hilarity which lumpish men called levity—and those outbursts of emotion which the severe censured as unseemly. On this topic I will add nothing of my own, but will repeat what was written by a clever pen in the old puritan age: "Nature in men is sometimes taxed for a trespass against gravity. Some have active spirits—yea, their ordinary pace is a race. Others have so scornful a carriage that he who sees them once may think them to be all pride—while he who sees them often knows them to have none. Others perchance have a misbeseeing garb in gesture, which they cannot amend. A fourth sort are of a merry cheerful disposition, and God forbid all such should be condemned for lightness." The same writer, in sketching a faithful minister, says, "He detesteth affected gravity, which is rather *on* men than in them, whereby some belie their register-book—antedate their age to seem far older than they are, and plait and set their brows in an affected sadness."—"Holy state."

The domestic circle is a kind of sanctuary into which the curious and censorious have no right to intrude. Yet, a minister's house can seldom be strictly a recess. Many eyes peer into it, and sometimes more is seen than is distinctly visible. A householder so observed had need daily to resolve—"I will walk in my house with a perfect heart." And a bishop must be blameless in his own dwelling, "one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; for if a man

know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?" This requirement is peremptory, and the reasoning is irresistible. Were they not regarded by our brother? I believe they were, and that he met the demand as fully as most ministers have ever done. Considering the size of his family—his frequent absence from it on account of public duty—and the difficulty of family government in general, his reputation will not suffer when submitted to this trying test. Judging from the fruits which already appear—which we rejoice to see—and which greeted the eyes that death has now darkened, and gladdened the heart that will beat no more—we may surely say that his paternal discipline was wise and good. Our prayer is, "that all his children may be taught of the Lord," and that "great may be the peace of his children." May each of his sons "come to honour, though he know it not."

Mr. Goadby was a public man—attentive to the signs of the times, and interested in what was transpiring both in the religious and political world. He was a Pastor and a watchman over a particular flock; but he looked far beyond any single ecclesiastical inclosure. He cared for his Christian denomination, and laboured for it, as few others have done. No man was more regularly seen at our annual associations and quarterly conferences. No man took a more prominent part in our public deliberations and connexional efforts. No man was more frequently engaged in the anniversaries of our chapels and schools, and in other special services. For twenty-eight years he was the unpaid secretary of our College—twenty-six years he had the sole or the chief conduct of our Monthly periodical. Through his whole life he was the prompt and earnest advocate of our Mission in committees, in pulpits, and on platforms, and no man, the secretary alone excepted, was in such frequent correspondence with our brethren in distant India.

I make reference to these things *as matters of fact*, and not as an applauder or encomiast. I would not insult my brother's memory by offering to it strange incense, or paying to him verbal compliments. "Let me not accept any man's person; neither let me give flattering titles unto man." But some tribute is due to his familiar name, and justice ought to be done to his sterling merits. When we read the Scriptures to departing saints, or give them proper counsels about dying, we may be said to light them to their tombs. And when we bear a deserved testimony to their worth, we perfume the places to which they will no more return!

These views and impressions respecting Mr. Goadby may neither be quite true nor just; but they were such as were received from an intimate and extended acquaintance with him. In the opinion of some they may be partial and onesided, embracing only the brighter features of his character, and the most honourable facts of his history. And does not this mournful occasion demand that my observations concerning him should be mainly, if not wholly of a favourable kind? To blend anything which ought to be forgotten with those things which are worthy to be remembered, would be to make a public exposure of my unfitness to occupy the position in which I stand, and would be a wanton aggravation of the woe which it should be my endeavour to assuage. What if our brother were not, while dwelling among us, exempt from our moral infirmities? What if he offended in many things, as we all may continue to do? Is this the time and place, and are we the persons, to specify and

proclaim his delinquencies? "Is it fit to say to a king, thou art wicked, and to princes, ye are ungodly?" Pastors may be peccable, and elders may err, but their persons are to be respected, and against them accusations, when preferred, are to be more charily received than when they have reference to ordinary men. But the fate of offending ministers is to be severely "buffeted for their faults" in their life-time; so that it is simple equity, when they are gone, to obey the charitable canon, and to say nothing concerning them except what is good. Let those who have an eye to gloat on spots and blemishes gratify its prurience by glancing oftener at their own.

Before closing, I may be excused for adding that while I had a high opinion of Mr. Goadby's abilities, acquirements, and judgment, and while I had full confidence in his christian integrity, I could not always see and act with him. In matters of business relating to the denomination at large, or to any of its public institutions, he evinced superior practical skill. At the same time he showed great strength of will. To disagree with him on important questions was *disagreeable*; for he was no puny opponent. He spoke as if *sure* that he had truth and justice on his side, and with a vigour and vehemence almost sufficient to make

"The worse appear the better reason."

Still in conducting connexional affairs he was ever frank and straightforward—no schemer or comploter—not one of those who "commune of laying snares privily, and who say, who shall see them?" After open controversies, and sharp contentions, he would be somewhat bitter and morose, but he was not spiteful and malignant. He did not smile before he loved again, nor frown after he had forgiven. Never shall I forget his quick and emphatic response to a sentiment of this kind—that it behoves ministerial brethren to treat each other kindly in our occasional interviews, because at parting we are never sure of another meeting on earth.

Dying as our brother has done, in the midst of his days, and at the maturity of his powers—there is much in the event we now solemnize to call for our submission to God. If he had been old and incapacitated we should have expected his removal as a matter of course, and have acquiesced in it as an ordinary occurrence. But that the steps of his strength should be straitened, and that he should be prostrated at a time when his "glory was fresh in him, and his bow was renewed in his hand," is to us both a mystery and a tribulation. Let us not, even in our ignorance and sadness, forget the sovereignty and the equity of Him who "draweth also the mighty with his power, who riseth up, and no man is sure of his life. They are taken out of the way as all other; and cut off as the tops of the ears of corn."

This painful dispensation is adapted to promote our spiritual improvement. If it be a divine chastisement to any of us, we may certainly conclude that it is designed for our profit. The loss sustained by this bereavement may never be repaired in every sense; but Providence is rich in compensations, and grace is abundant in its supplies. If He who has caused grief will have compassion in pouring a fuller stream of love into our hearts, and shedding brighter beams of his favour on our ways,

we shall be "comforted in all our tribulation." When the Lord said concerning Esau, "I have made him bare; his seed is spoiled, and his brethren, and his neighbours, and *he is not*;" it was added, "Leavethy fatherless children, and I will keep them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." The earthly husband and the human parent may be lost; but a "father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows is God in his holy habitation." The collateral tie may be broken, and the pleasures of Christian brotherhood may be diminished; but "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The Pastor may have ceased to go in before his people, and to go out before them, but the Chief Shepherd will still "feed his flock, and cause it to lie down."

Increased burdens and responsibilities are now imposed on those from whom our brother has been taken away. The work he performed in his family—in his Church—and in the denomination must be undertaken by a number of those who survive him. No one person can do the whole. In some of his relations he can have no successor—perhaps in none may he be followed by an equal. But while we are conscious of our feebleness, let us not indulge any gloomy forebodings. "The Lord of hosts is with us," to watch over the church which has lost its pastor, to sustain the denomination which is deprived of one of its strongest pillars—to prosper the institutions no longer to be favoured with his sound advice and ready eloquence—to console the wife that is made a widow—and to take up the children who feel that they are fatherless!

THE VESSELS OF THE JEWISH TEMPLE.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THE history of the hallowed relics of the Jewish ceremonial worship down to the time of their removal to Rome, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, is well known. Their onward history is somewhat obscure.

We will take up the dropped thread of their story at the memorable era to which we have referred. At the close of the great triumph which was adjudged by the Senate to Vespasian and his son Titus conjointly, we find that the long procession of haughty victors and of drooping captives closed at the beautiful temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Josephus particularly mentions that the "golden candlestick," the "book of the law," and the "golden table," formed the most distinguished part of the spoils of prostrate Judea on this her great day of humiliation. He also tells us that Vespasian afterwards deposited the "golden table" and the candlestick, as the trophies which he most highly prized, in the magnificent temple of peace, which was raised by himself as soon as the empire was in a state of repose; while "the Jew's law, and the purples belonging to the sanctuary, were lodged with great care and reverence in the palace." From the well known *bas relief* on the arch of Titus, an object of such deep interest to every thoughtful student of Scripture history we obtain representations, not only of the candlestick and of the table of shew-bread, but of the silver trumpets also—those hallowed instruments used only by the priests, which proclaimed the festivals, summoned the leaders of the people, gave forth the signal of battle, and sounded the

note of retreat. To the Jew, this arch of Titus is a monument of most mournful meaning ; and it is even said, that an outcast child of Abraham is *never* known to walk beneath that contemptuous record of his country's fall, and of his own abandonment by Heaven ! A little pathway may be distinguished sweeping round the arch, which has probably been trodden by many a weary exile, with downcast brow and with a drooping spirit.

And what is the next step in the homeless wanderings of those symbols of an extinct dispensation ? All dedicated, as they had been, to the solemn worship of the one true God, we have seen them laid up in the heathen temple of peace, in Rome, the great metropolis of heathendom. But wars and rumors of wars are troubling the Roman world. Barbarian hurricanes, blowing from all the four winds of heaven, are sweeping over the land, blighting and blasting wherever their breath passes. And now Rome, so long the relentless scourge of nations, is herself smarting under the scorpion whip of Genseric the Vandal. The Vandals, after revelling in the sunny vales of Spain, had crossed the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and swarmed, locust-like, along the coast of Africa. Carthage, the greatest city next to Rome in the western empire, is theirs. It was not long before Genseric, as if rising to the spirit of the old rivalry of nations, and inheriting the ancient hatreds together with the possession of the city, sailed from the port of Carthage on a new expedition against Rome. Rome falls, is plundered, and is defaced, in the sweeping way which has made Vandalism a proverb among nations ; and among the spoils which load his galleys to the water's edge, behold the seven-branched golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and the remaining precious vessels of the temple service ! This was in the year 455. Here they remain, amidst the barbarian splendors of Gentile Carthage, defiled and profaned, until the year 533, when the emperor Justinian, having espoused the cause of the deposed monarch, Hilderic, sent his great general, Belisarius, to wrestle with the usurping Vandal on his own glowing shore. Three generations of prosperity, and a century of African heat, had tamed the wandering barbarian into men of luxury and taste, inhabiting elegant villas surrounded by delicious gardens, amidst whose cooling shades they moved about in flowing silken robes, or bathed in marble fountains. Gelimer and his Vandals fled before Belisarius and his legions ; and the latter, marching victoriously into Carthage, displayed such generous moderation as rarely distinguishes the triumphant steps of a conqueror. Belisarius, not content with holding the reins of his fierce soldiers with a firm hand, busied himself with restoring the balance of power in favour of the more orthodox followers of Athanasius, in opposition to the dominant party of African controversialists, who had adopted the heresy of Arian. For Carthage had long before this professed to be Christian ; an empty name, whose careless assumption only offends us, where, in the midst of so much iniquity, we can discover not a single sign of true conversion.

Now comes the return of Belisarius to Constantinople, the splendid capital of the eastern empire, and to his ungenerous master, Justinian, whose suspicious ear was only too willingly bent to catch the poisonous whisper of calumny. His victorious general had become too great. The splendor of his many successes had outshone the glitter of the gilded throne on the shore of the blue Bosphorus, from which Justinian strove to rule the world and the church. But so brilliant had been the many

services of the great general, that the old Roman honours of a triumph, honours which Constantinople had hitherto never seen, were adjudged to Belisarius. And now, amidst the gorgeous glitter of barbaric wealth, rich armour, golden thrones, beautiful statues, elegant vases, and precious stones, we find the chief place given to "the holy vessels of the Jewish temple!" This was in the autumn of 534.

And now we have to turn over a mysterious page in the eventful history of these interesting representatives of a once exalted and holy service. It is recorded that the superstitious mind of Justinian was troubled by the fierce denunciations of a Jewish Rabbi, who predicted that prosperity and security would never rest with that nation which withheld from their lawful place and their rightful owners these hallowed relics of a fallen people. It is further said that the emperor, in obedience to the promptings of this new fear, freighted a vessel with his treasures, and dispatched her to the shores of Palestine. This almost reads like a fable! But we know that Justinian, imitating the example of Helena, mother of Constantine, built a splendid church at Jerusalem, which he dedicated to the virgin. Huge stones were fashioned for the building in a neighboring quarry. Lebanon once more bent its mighty cedars. A vein of red marble furnished beautiful columns, the two supports of the portico being famed as the largest in the world. And here comes the last word from the pen of history, the closing of the record concerning these relics of a fulfilled dispensation. Gibbon thrills us by saying that "the holy vessels of the Jewish temple, after their long peregrination, were respectfully deposited in the Christian church of Jerusalem!"

Henceforth we cannot catch a whisper as to their fate, even from the ready lips of tradition. But we know that, in the year 614, the Persians under Chosroes the Second, took Jerusalem by assault—that the noble churches of Helena, Constantine and Justinian were greatly injured, and that the rich offerings of three centuries were pillaged in one day. This scene of desolation affords but too clear a view of the probable fate of those remarkable relics whose course we have been so long following. And what if our suspicion as to their fate be correct? They had long ago fulfilled their mission. Shadows had been lost in light; types had found their complete realization in the one great Antitype; the law had been so fulfilled that not one jot or tittle had failed; sacrifice had been swallowed up in the one great "sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world;" the flame of the golden candlestick, which had been "made after the pattern of things seen in the Mount," had been quenched in the blaze of the gospel morn. Those sigh not for the table of shew-bread who have once tasted of the true Bread of Life; and the golden censers which had breathed forth perfumed incense within the Holy of Holies were no longer needed, for the contrite heart is now the appointed censer, and prayer and praise the accepted incense.

THE CONSTANCY OF CHRIST'S FRIENDSHIP.

THE crowning privilege of friendship is constancy. He only is a friend whose friendship lives as long as himself. True friendship overlooks and passes by all those lesser failures of kindness and respect, that, partly through passion, partly through indiscretion and

such other frailties incident to human nature, as a man may be sometimes guilty of, and yet still retain the same habitual good will and prevailing propensity of mind to his friend, that he had before. And whose friendship soever is of that strength and duration as to stand its ground against, and remain unshaken by, such assaults, which yet are strong enough to shake down and annihilate the friendship of little puny minds, has reached all the true measures of constancy. His friendship is of a noble make and a lasting consistency. It resembles marble, and deserves to be written upon it.

But how few tempers in the world are of that magnanimous frame as to reach the height of so great a virtue. Many offer at the effects of friendship, but they do not last. They are promising in the beginning, but they fail, and jade, and tire in the prosecution. For most people in the world act by levity, and humour, and by strange and irrational changes. And how often may we meet with those who are one while courteous, civil, and obliging; but within a small time after, they are so supercilious, sharp, troublesome, and fierce, and exceptionable, that they are not only short of the true character of friendship, but become the very sores and burdens of society. Such low, such worthless dispositions, how easily are they discovered; how justly are they despised. But now that we may pass from one contrary to another Christ, who, in his being, is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," is so also in his affection. He is not of the number or nature of those pitiful mean pretenders to friendship, who, perhaps, will love and smile upon you one day, and not so much as know you the next; many of which sort there are in the world, who are not so much courted outwardly, but that inwardly they are detested much more.

Friendship is a kind of covenant, and most covenants run upon mutual terms and conditions; and, therefore, so long as we are exact in fulfilling the condition on our parts exact, that is, according to the measure of sincerity, though not of perfection, we may be sure that Christ will not fail in the least iota to fulfil everything in his. The favour of relations, patrons, and princes, is uncertain, ticklish, and variable; and the friendships which they take up, upon the accounts of judgment and merit, they most-times lay down out of humour. But the friendship of Christ has none of these weaknesses, no such hollowness or unsoundness in it. For neither principalities nor powers, things present nor to come, no, nor all the rage and malice of hell, shall be able to pluck the meanest of Christ's friends out of his bosom, for "whom he loves, he loves to the end."—*Dr. South.*

THE COMPENSATORY CHARACTER OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

God brings good out of evil; which is that solemn triumph which mercy makes over justice, when it rides upon a cloud, and crowns its darkness with a robe of glorious light. God indeed suffered Joseph to be sold a bond-slave into Egypt; but then it was that God intended to crown and reward his chastity; for by that means he brought him to a fair condition of dwelling, and there gave him a noble trial; he had a brave

contention, and he was a conqueror. Then God sent him to prison ; but still that was mercy : it was to make way to bring him to Pharaoh's court. And God brought famine on Canaan, and troubled all the souls of Jacob's family : and there was a plot laid for another mercy ; this was to bring them to see and partake of Joseph's glory. And then God brought a great evil on their posterity, and they groaned under taskmasters ; but this God changed into the miracles of his mercy, and suffered them to be afflicted that he might do ten miracles for their sakes, and proclaim to all the world how dear they were to God. And was not the greatest good to mankind brought forth from the greatest treason that ever was committed—the redemption of the world from the deed of Judas ? God loving to defeat the malice of men and the arts of the devil by rare emergencies and stratagems of mercy. It is a sad calamity to see a kingdom spoiled, and a church afflicted, the priests slain with the sword, and the blood of nobles mingled with cheaper sand ; religion made a cause of trouble, and the best men most cruelly persecuted ; government confounded, and laws ashamed ; judges decreeing causes in fear and covetousness, and the ministers of holy things setting themselves against all that is sacred, and setting on fire the fields, and turning in "little foxes," on purpose "to destroy the vineyards." And what shall make recompense for this heap of sorrows, whenever God shall send such swords of fire ? *Even the mercies of God*, which then will be made public, when we shall hear such afflicted people sing, *In convertendo captivitatem Sion*, with the voice of joy and festival eucharist "among such as keep holy day ;" and when peace shall become sweeter and dwell the longer. And in the meantime it serves religion, and the affliction shall try the children of God, and God shall crown them, and men shall grow wiser and more holy, and leave their petty interests, and take sanctuary in holy living, and be taught temperance by their want, and patience by their suffering, and charity by their persecution, and shall better understand the duty of their relations, and, at last, the secret worm that lay at the root of the plant, shall be drawn forth and quite extinguished. For so have I know a luxuriant vine swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the wine press, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage ; but when the lord of the vine had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant, and made it bleed, it grew temperate of its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy bunches, and made accounts of that loss of blood by the return of fruit. So is an afflicted province cured of its surfeits, and punished for its sins, and bleeds for its long riot, and is left ungoverned for its disobedience, and chastised for its wantonness, and when the sword hath let forth the corrupted blood, and the fire hath purged the rest, then it enters into the double joys of restitution, and gives God thanks for His rod, and confesses the mercies of the Lord in making the smoke to be changed into fire, and the cloud into a perfume, the sword into a staff, and his anger into mercy.

Had not David suffered more if he had suffered less ? and had he not been miserable unless he had been afflicted ? He understood it well when he said, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." He that was rival to Crassus when he stood candidate to command the legions in the Parthian war, was much troubled that he missed the dignity ; but he

saw himself blessed that he escaped the death and the dishonour of the overthrow, by that time the sad news arrived at Rome. The gentleman at Marseilles cursed his stars, that he was absent when the ship set sail to sea, having long waited for a wind, and missed it; but he gave thanks to the Providence that blessed him with a cross, when he knew that the ship perished in the voyage, and all the men were drowned. And the world being governed with a rare variety, and changes of accidents and providence; that which is a misfortune in the particular, in the whole order of things, becomes a blessing bigger than we hoped for, when we were angry with God for hindering us to perish in pleasant ways, or when he was contriving to pour on thy head a mighty blessing. Do not think the judge condemns you when he chides you; nor think to read thy own final sentence by the first half of his words. Stand still, and see how it will be in the whole event of things. Let God speak his mind out; for it may be this sad beginning is but an art to bring in, or make thee to esteem, and entertain, and understand the blessing.

They that love to talk of the mercies of the Lord, and to recount his good things, cannot but have observed that God delights to be called by such appellatives as relate to miserable and afflicted persons. He is "the father of the fatherless," and "an avenger of the widow's cause." "He standeth at the right hand of the poor, to save his soul from unrighteous judges;" and "he is with us in tribulation." And, on this ground, let us account whether mercy be not the greater ingredient in that death and deprivation, when I lose a man and get God to be my Father; and when my weak arm of flesh is cut from my shoulder, and God makes me to lean on him, and becomes my patron and my guide, my advocate and defender. And if, in our greatest misery, God's mercy is so conspicuous, what can we suppose him to be in the endearment of his loving kindness? If his evil be so transparent, well may we know that on his face dwells glory, and from his eyes light and perpetual comforts run in channels larger than the returns of the sea when it is driven and forced faster into its course by the violence of a tempest from the north. The sum is this: God intends every accident should minister to virtue, and every virtue is the mother and nurse of joy, and both of them daughters of divine goodness; and therefore, if our sorrows do not pass into comforts, it is beside God's intention; it is because we will not comply with the act of that mercy which would save us by all means and by all varieties, by health and by sickness, by the life, and by the death of our dearest friends; by what we choose, and by what we fear; that as God's Providence rules over all changes of things and all designs of men, so His mercy may rule over all His Providence.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

DEVOTION NO HINDRANCE TO BUSINESS.

It is the most sure, most pleasant, most advantageous and compendious way of transacting affairs to mix prayers and praises with them. It is the best oil that can be to make the wheels of action go on smoothly and speedily. It not only sanctifieth our undertakings but much promoteth and exceedingly sweeteneth the management of them. For the conscience of having rendered unto God his due respect and

service ; of having entrusted our affairs to his care ; of having consequently engaged his protection and assistance for us, will dispose us to do things with a courageous alacrity and comfortable satisfaction ; will fill us with a good hope of prospering ; will prepare us, however, to be satisfied with the event, whatever it shall be ; will, in effect, procure a blessed and happy success ; such as we may truly rejoice and triumph in, as conferred by God in favour of us. Whereas, neglecting these duties, we can have no solid content or savoury complacency in anything we undertake ; reflecting on such misbehaviour, (if we be not downright infidels, or obdurate reprobates in impiety) will quash or damp our courage ; having thence forfeited all pretence to God's succour, and provoked him to cross us, we must needs expect disappointment. As we have no reasonable ground to hope for success, so we cannot, if success arriveth, be heartily satisfied therein, or take it for a blessing.

Hetherefore that is such a niggard of his time that he grudged to withhold any part thereof from his worldly occasions, deeming all time cast away that is laid out in waiting upon God, is really most unthrifty and prodigal thereof ; by not sparing a little, he wasteth all his time to no purpose ; by so eagerly pursuing, he effectually setteth back his designs ; by preposterously affecting to dispatch his affairs, he rendereth them endless, or which is the same, altogether unprofitable. We may be sure that no time is spent ever so prudently and politically, with so great advantage and so real fruit to ourselves, as that which is employed upon devotion. In sacrificing his time, his pains, his substance, anything he hath or can do, to God's service, no man can be a loser.

We have also many examples plainly demonstrating the consistency of this practice with all other business. Who ever had more or greater affairs to manage, and who ever managed them with greater success than David, upon whom did lie the burden of a royal estate, and the care over a most populous nation, the which " he fed with a faithful and true heart, and ruled prudently with all his power ; " who waged great wars, vanquished mighty enemies, achieved many glorious exploits, underwent many grievous troubles ? Yet could not such engagements distract or depress his mind from a constant attendance on devotion. " I will praise the Lord at all times, his praise shall be continually in my mouth. My mouth shall show forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day. I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever." So he declareth his resolution and his practice. Who is more pressingly employed than was Daniel, first president over so vast a kingdom, chief minister of state to the greatest monarch on earth ? Yet constantly " thrice a day did he pray and give thanks unto his God." Who can be more entangled in varieties and intricacies of care, of pains, of trouble, than was he that prescribeth this rule—" Pray without ceasing !" and yet exactly conformed to it ? So that experience clearly doth evidence, how reconcileable much devotion is to much business ; and that, consequently, the prosecution of the one cannot well palliate the neglect of the other.—*Barrow*.

CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

(Continued from page 92.)

III.—THE EXCELLENCE FOR WHICH IT IS DISTINGUISHED.—

“It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing”. This will appear if we consider—1. *It has a beneficial influence on personal piety.* It produces conformity to Jesus Christ. True zeal preserves the life of God in the soul. It exerts a similar influence upon the mind to that of exercise upon the body. It is invariably connected with a large measure of the spirit of true devotion. Earnest zeal in the cause of Christ saves from a spirit of lukewarmness and apostacy from his holy service. It gives intensity and vigour to every christian virtue. If you are actuated by a fervent zeal for Christ, it will make you strong in faith; it will inflame your love, and brighten your hope. It will enable you to “add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you, that ye shall neither be barren, nor unfruitful, in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.” “Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord;” for it is a good thing to be always zealously affected in the cause of Christ.

2. *It harmonizes with the designs of God.*—The will of God in reference to our world is clearly revealed. It is seen both in the statements of the Bible and the provisions of the gospel. Thus it is written, “But as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.” The dark places of the earth shall be illuminated by the sun of righteousness. “The whole creation groaning and travailing in pain together until now, shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.” In the light of holy prophecy we see,

“The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks,
Shout to each other; and the mountain tops,
From distant mountains, catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.”

“The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.” “They shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.” The provisions of our gospel are adapted to promote this glorious consummation. Had the provisions of the gospel been of a stinted and limited nature; had Christ only died for one in ten of the human race; had the bowels of the divine compassion only embraced a fraction of the vast family of man; had Jehovah made a horrible decree of reprobation, and excluded nine tenths of the posterity of Adam from the possibility of salvation; then there would have been wanting the most powerful stimulus to zeal which the Bible supplies. Those who believe in a limited atonement, may consistently enough slacken their hand and abate their zeal, less they should outrun the boundaries of the divine decrees, and seek to save those whom God has irrevocably determined shall never taste his grace. But we who believe that God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner: who hold it as indisputable truth he is not willing

that any should perish ; who believe that " God so loved the world," *every individual of mankind*, " that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish but have everlasting life : " who accept in all their comprehensiveness the words, that " Christ is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world : " " who thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead ; and that He died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them and rose again : " who maintain, as a distinctive denominational principle, that " Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man," can have no excuse for apathy and lukewarmness in the cause and service of the Redeemer. We, above all others, should be always zealously affected in the promotion of the conversion of the world to Christ, because it harmonizes with the will of God. Is it the will of God that His word should be disseminated through all the world ? Christian zeal translates, prints, and sends out her agents to carry it to the ends of the earth. Is it the will of God that idolatry should cease, and that the church of Christ should extend her triumphs to every nation under heaven ? Christian zeal employs her missionaries to proclaim the true God, and plant the standard of the cross in every clime. Is it the will of God that spiritual darkness, misery, and sin, should be banished from the world ? Christian zeal adopts plans, and puts forth her efforts, to illuminate, to bless, to regenerate, and purify our race.

3. *It is the means by which God accomplishes these objects.* He has ever employed an earnest and zealous instrumentality in carrying on His cause. Was it not the zeal of the Prophets which kept alive the work of God in times of old ? Did He not employ the zeal of John the Baptist to prepare the way of the Messiah ? Was it not the zeal of Peter, on the day of Pentecost, that was instrumental in the conversion of three thousand souls ? Was it not by the zealous and self-denying efforts of the persecuted disciples that the gospel was so successfully introduced into Antioch, Samaria, and perhaps into the imperial city of Rome itself ? Was it not the zeal of Paul at Athens, at Corinth, at Galatia, at Phillippi, and at Thessalonica, that God crowned with such signal success ? Was it not the zeal of Luther that struck such terror and dismay into the very heart of the popedom ? And do not all our religious, missionary, and benevolent institutions owe their existence, under God, to Christian zeal ? Is it not by the same spirit that, in the city of Hamburgh, in Germany, seven individuals, who assembled for worship in a shoemaker's shop, and formed themselves into a church, have, in twenty years, multiplied into fifty churches, and have preaching in nearly four hundred places ? If, then, this is the means, the grand, divinely-appointed instrumentality for the conversion of the world, the text contains a true maxim, " It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."

4. *It is the reproduction of the spirit of God's most honoured and useful servants.* It is the " first resurrection, and blessed and holy is he that hath part in it." John, in the Apocalypse, tells us that he " saw the souls of those that had been beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands ; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." " This may signify," says Archbishop Whately, " not the literal raising up of

dead men, but the raising up of an increased Christian zeal and holiness: the revival in the Christian church, or in some considerable portion of it, of the spirit and energy of the noble martyrs of old, (even as John the Baptist came in the spirit and power of Elias;) so that Christian principles shall be displayed in action throughout the world, in an infinitely greater degree than ever before. John Huss, the martyr, referring to a remarkable dream which he had, and, recognizing the principle of the reproduction of the spirit of departed saints who had been mighty champions in the cause of Christ says, "I am no dreamer, but I mention this for certain, that the image of Christ will never be effaced. His enemies have wished to destroy it, but it shall be painted afresh in all hearts, by much better preachers than myself. The nation that loves Christ will rejoice in this. And I, awaking, so to speak, from my grave, shall leap with great joy." And a brief of Pope Adrian has these remarkable words, "The heretics Huss and Jerome are now alive again in the person of Luther." This is a spirit devoutly to be wished for. O for that spirit that led the apostles not to count their lives dear to themselves so that they might by all means save some. That spirit which enabled them in all things to approve themselves as the ministers of God, "in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings; By pureness, by knowledge, by longsuffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness, on the right hand and on the left; By honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceiving, and yet true; As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." This, brethren, is the true spirit of the religion we profess. Talk about the wants of the age! This is its greatest want. We want the spirit of David when he exclaimed, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Of Jeremiah, when he burst out into the exclamation, "O that my head were waters and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." Of Paul, when, with a broken heart, he uttered the mysterious words, "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." And, above all, the spirit of our divine Lord and Saviour, when weeping over the devoted city, He exclaimed, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not?" This is what the church needs. A holy flame of benevolent and enduring love kindled at the altar of God. It is not a fickle, momentary, transitory, feeling. It is the production of the Holy Ghost. It is the spirit of the apostles reproduced. It is more, it is a second incarnation of Christ. How worthy, then, of the commendation of the text, "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."

In conclusion, then, see the necessity of a steady and persevering zeal in the service of Christ. We have referred to the moral condition of the world. To the lamentable fact that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, millions of our fellow creatures are entire strangers to Christ and

His gospel. But we need not go to heathen lands, where Christ has not been named. On every hand, at our own doors, souls are perishing for lack of knowledge. And are we not responsible to God to the utmost of our ability, to do what we can to promote their salvation? If we be ministers, are we not to take heed to ourselves and to our doctrine, that we may both save our own souls and those who hear us? Must we not preach the word with all fidelity, and be instant in season and out of season? Should we not labour in the spirit of our Master and say, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work?" Must we not watch for souls as those that have to give account? Are you members of our different churches? Then, dear brethren, "Suffer the word of exhortation." "Be zealous" "Be filled with the Spirit." Live near to God. Seek to possess much of the spirit of agonizing prayer. Maintain constant communion with God. Cultivate the spirit of your Lord and Master. Be prepared to endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Your happiness, your progress, your usefulness, your safety, depend on your being "zealously affected always in a good thing." Have you talents? employ them for souls. Have you money? support the cause of God to the utmost of your power. Consider the claims of the Home and Foreign Missions. Have you influence? use it for the best and noblest of causes, that for which your Master became poor, and suffered, and died. "*Be zealous*" "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." "*Be zealous*!" "For it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."

Rochdale.

MODERN POPULAR PREACHING.

EVERYBODY knows that all the faults, errors, follies, and general derelictions of Christianised humanity, individual and social, are to be ascribed exclusively to the pulpit. Society always practises exactly what it hears preached—the docile darling is led by the nose, like the tamest of pet lambs. If, therefore, it wanders by a hand-breath from the pathway of the morally ideal, the blame is to rest upon the ignorance, incompetence, or dishonesty of that proverbially over-fed and over-paid army of "black dragoons," yclept the Christian Ministry. If the said ministry preached right, the people would live righteously. The hearts of all *lay* people are hungering and thirsting after perfection, only, that owing to the unutterable badness of their teachers, who monopolize all the virus, both of original sin and of actual transgression, they can't get filled. This discovery has now been before the public some years at least. It is as unquestioned as the circulation of the blood, or the Newtonian Physics. Nobody dreams ever of suspecting a truth in the exploded theory, that the people generally have any part in the load of responsibility. The man who should insinuate so much would peril his reputation for sanity,—or rather inevitably lose it.

Now (to be serious) what complete nonsense all this is! Who does not see that the real progress and moral health of the people are dependent upon a complex of conditions, of which the teaching of the pulpit is but one. The growth of a tree is the compound result of the potential life in the seed, and the circumstances which foster its development. Drop your healthy seed into a sand heap, and you may carry away the harvest in your hat. Drop your truth and love into a selfish, falsified

heart, and just in proportion to their purity and delicacy will be the chance of their utter failure in effect.

We regret then *in toto* the idea that the pulpit is exclusively responsible for the spiritual status of the community. And therewith we reject as trash nine-tenths of all which has been uttered about the adaptation of religious instruction to the wants of the age. Of course we do not doubt that there are special moral dangers incident to every phase of our social life. And it will follow from this that there ought to be a clear and bold exhibition of those aspects of christian truth, which supply a vantage ground on which to withstand the peculiar ends to which we are exposed. If this is what is meant, we are satisfied. No doubt a minister of religion is bound to study the modes of thought and feeling prevalent around him. He is bound also to sympathise in the conscientious difficulties to which they give rise. And we would wish to see the evidences of his sympathy in every prayer and every sermon. But if any one means to say that the teaching of christian truth is to be accommodated to the Protian changes of that mysterious apparition called the "Spirit of the age," we can only cry, "May Heaven deliver us." And when we are told that it is for want of such an accommodation that Christianity is falling into neglect, it tempted us to enquire whether the teaching of Jesus was "adapted to the age;" and if so, how it happened that his countrymen hung him on a cross, instead of submitting to his gospel. In all that is real or respectable as regards conformity to the peculiarities of the times, we believe that in the case of the modern ministry, there is little just ground of reproach. Our brethren are generally well read in the literature of cotemporary speculation, faithful and earnest in dealing with the problems which have grown out of the progress of thought. If any one doubt the truth of this statement, we refer him to such writers as Arnold, Trench, Kingsley, and Maurice in the establishment, and Binney, Lynch, and David Thomas amongst ourselves.

Our fear for the modern ministry is of another kind. It grows indirectly out of the very faithfulness in facing existing difficulties which we have asserted. For the tendency of the popular taste at present is to seize the ethereal and practical aid of religion to the disparagement and even the neglect of what is more abstract and logical. The great cry is "humanise the Gospel," "let religion be akin to life." "Never mind exact thinking;—give us plenty of genial, sympathetic emotion." So far as this implies the great truth that there is an everlasting distinction between barren speculation and a theology truly spiritual, that, in short, as the great Neander said, "Theology is a business of the heart," it is good—all good. And yet the practical deductions founded upon it may not be very wise. For instance:—there can be no doubt but that the preaching which is so vehemently popular at present, is an attempt to translate Christianity into the language of common life, the dialect of "the market-place and the shop." This we believe to be its honest and conscientious purpose. It began, and has continued, with the design of affording practical proof that the religion of the New Testament is not an occult science, or a gloomy asceticism, but a warm and glowing life, friendly to every generous impulse, and appreciable by every honest heart. The principle which underlies the whole is that the Christ of Nazareth did not found a sect, inaugurate a theory, or enlighten a class, but revealed himself as the rest of spiritual life for man.

Now this grandest truth of the gospel at once involves that all life is religious, and conversely that religion includes every phase of life. The problem is to make men see this. There are two ways of solving it. You may either treat every department of life from the point of view religion gives you, thus showing its solemnity, and tracing the great principles which lie underneath the smallest duties, so as to make men feel that every deed and thought is alive with inexhaustible meanings; or you may treat religion from the point of view given you in common life, and thus degrade it to the level of men's ordinary thinking. In other words, you may either Christianize secular work, or secularize Christianity. Now, to take this latter course is worse than useless. Instead of making people feel that everything is sacred, you will give them the impression that nothing is. You will not make them more pious in the field or the shop, but only more profane in the church. Instead of addressing themselves to toil with a prayer, they will kneel down to a prayer with a grin. They will not see the spiritual dignity and moral grandeur of life, but only *seem* to see the triviality and matter-of-course character of religion.

To apply these remarks. This is the great danger to which modern popular preaching is exposed. We are afraid lest it should propagate christian ideas, divested of very much of their religious significance. Reverence lies at the basis of all emotion really religious. The religion of common life is the presentation of that life permeated with deep reverence. Take this away, and no familiarity with christian truth conceived as on a par with eating and drinking, and song singing, can suffice to make a man religious. Let people once come habitually to associate the nearness of Christ to the heart with the silly line of a frivolous nigger-song, and though they may not dispute the truth taught, its solemn and soul-searching grandeur is for ever destroyed. They will not translate, "Who's dat knockin' at de door," into "Behold, I stand at the door and knock;" but the awful words of Jesus will sink down into the equivalent of a rollicking chorus.

On the whole then, for the sake of the people, we deprecate the change of worship into wit, and preaching into the antics of a merry-andrew. It is well meant, but quite mistaken. And it is time the warning was given, for the "funny pulpit" is every week growing funnier. For obvious reasons we abstain from giving names or to any futher extent quoting specimens.

We have spoken of the effect of this mistaken idea of preaching on the audience. But its reflex influence, on the preacher himself, is not less injurious. It lowers and degrades his moral sense. Indeed, we should need no further proof of the great moral blunder it essentially *is*, than an inspection of half-a-dozen sermons or lectures of the school we allude to from this point of view. The preacher seems transformed into an evangelical cheap-jack. His addresses are not to be trusted. The gross exaggerations,—the absolute falsehoods shall we say?—no), misstatements, the utter subordination of *what* is said, and the exclusive prominence of the "*how* will it take?" in their composition, are painful evidences that he is catching the spirit of puffing from the shop, far more rapidly than communicating that of the gospel to trade. And surely what degrades a man in the speaking, can scarcely raise others in the hearing.

We close with one remark on the *intellectual* influences of such one-sided efforts. And we must note how that these efforts are of necessity

fragmentary and incoherent. Now, surely clearness and consistency of view is of *some* consequence in religion. We are none of those who would regard the main function of the pulpit as analogous to that of a professor's chair. We would have it as large as human nature. Nay, we would even say that if it only strike the strings under the guidance of healthy reason, its legitimate sphere is to play upon the religious emotions. Yet Christianity is *truth* as well as *life*; and a grandly harmonious system of mutually dependent truths can surely never be communicated by the careless utterance of every spontaneous witticism, or pointed quotation which bubbles up in the mind. And if we may go so far, we would even venture to suggest that to popularize Christianity is not the first duty of a minister, but comes second in order to that of understanding it. Some of our popular friends would benefit immensely by a richer and less meagre theology. But this by the way. We have done for the present. Our purpose has not been censure, but simply clear truth. We honour and love those whom we have criticised; but "they are our friends,—truth our divinity."

To sum up all. Our religion is many-voiced and many-sided. It is adapted to the *real* wants of our age and of every age; to those, not of men only, but of humanity. But real wants are not always conscious wants—communities, like children, often cry for what they ought not to have. The moral necessities of an age are to be faithfully met, but in the attempt to meet them, we must always remember that men are to be raised to the Christian standard, and that Christianity is never to be depressed to theirs.

THE HEART'S DESIRE.*

Wait patiently, blind-souled,
 To grant were evil dire;
 Wait, till the mist be rolled
 Away, and He shall mould
 Thy foolish yearning to His wise desire.

Wait, thou with passion hot,
 Proudly who dost aspire;
 In a serener lot,
 In ways thou dreamest not
 He shall surprise thee with thine own desire.

Wait, sorrow's weary child,
 Meekly, though hope expire;
 Wait, though the time be wild,
 In some fair season mild,
 Thy God will bless thee with thy heart's desire.

On earth it may not be,
 But, haply, somewhere higher,
 Midst compensations free
 Of the last jubilee,
 That thou shalt hasten to thy heart's desire.

Wait, though thy light be dim;
 Wait, though thy spirit tire,
 Through doubts, and darkness grim,
 Wait patiently for Him,
 And He shall give to thee thy heart's desire.

* Poems, by J. Truman.—Longman & Co.

Reviews.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN SWEDEN, during the Summer of 1858. By Rev. E. Steane, D.D., and Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A. London: Nisbet, & Co.

THE esteemed secretaries of the Baptist Union did not visit Sweden last summer as mere travellers. The Swedish Baptists announced that they were about to hold a conference in Stockholm, and sent an urgent request that Messrs. Steane and Hinton should attend as representatives of the Baptist Churches in England. The notice was short, but as both felt it to be a call of duty, preliminaries were hastily arranged, and by the 3rd of June, they were on their way to the capital of Sweden.

The narrative of the journey commences at Copenhagen. They left this port in the trading steamer, "*Wikingen*," Captain Lind, sighted the isle of Hven, the birth place of Tycho Brahe, and soon after a low shore-line, partly fringed with trees, and seeming to lie asleep on the bosom of the water, broke upon their view. This was their first glimpse of Sweden. "It scarcely opened more upon us as we approached it to touch at the town of Landskrona, for it had no elevated points, and it might be said much to resemble the coast of Norfolk, except that it wanted the girdle of the shingle-beach, and that it never acquired even the small attitude created by low water, there being in the Baltic no tides." They passed along the Sound, saw Elsinore, and the castle of Cronstadt; and having rounded the point, entered the Cattegat. They called at Helsingborg, anchored for the night in the quiet water at Halmstadt, and at five the next morning, started for the Dutch-like town of Gottenburg. They reached this town a day too late for the Conference? Their plan was to proceed, how they did not know, from Gottenburg to an inland town called Orebroo, from whence a regular conveyance would take them to Stockholm. The captain of the steamer, with sailor-like good-nature, helped them out of their difficulty. "A friend of mine," said he, "starts to night for Amkesund, a town on the Wetter lake, and you can land at Sheutorp in time for you, by posting seventy miles, to reach Orebroo on Thursday night, and Stockholm on Friday." With the mate of

the "*Wermland*," as good-natured a sailor as Captain Lind, the bargain was accordingly struck, their luggage put on board, and at eleven the same night they got into their berths. Having arrived at Sheutorp, the mate sent off a lad to the post-house to order horses; the steamer left them on shore by the side of their luggage. "Of course, in so novel a situation," write the authors, "we wait anxiously. In our solitary watch nothing escapes us. We see an artisan going early to work. We also see a man come over the bridge in the direction of the post-house, and in him we have a more direct interest, as is shortly manifest, for in about half an hour he returns, leading a couple of horses, which it seems he has been to procure for us from one of the farmers who contract to supply the Government with horses whenever they may be wanted. By and bye we hear the sound of wheels; first a gig with one horse, in which the Swedish captain, having taken a courteous leave of us, departed; and then, with two horses, a country waggon which we were requested to occupy. We mounted accordingly, and drove about a quarter of a mile to a farm-house, which was the posting station, and where the post-master, on the presentation of our first billet, required us to enter in the day-book, our names and other particulars, for the information of the Government. No other house did we see for several miles; we were, in truth, in the midst of a native pine forest, very scantily infringed on here and there by cultivation. Our driver, a boy mounted in front of us, drove along at a good pace, while we amused ourselves at one time with the examination of our equipage, which was indeed of the simplest, not to say the rudest construction—at another time with reducing to its least possible momentum the jolting of our persons, for our vehicle had no springs—at another by surveying the diverse features of a Swedish pine forest, then so new to us—now admiring the arums in full bloom in large numbers in the marshes—and then listening and looking for birds, and other living things, of which we both heard and saw a very small number. As to birds, for many miles we saw only two white crows and one magpie. On arriving at the next station, we presented our second billet; the post-master reads it, looks at us, and says, '*Ja*.' Presently the horses come, and

we are again flying away, without either party having said another word. Towards the close of our long days' ride, for we did not reach our destination till seven o'clock in the evening, the country became much more open, cultivated, and populous; but it was always flat, or marked by very slight undulations. We were, for the most part, accompanied by a line of telegraphic wire, which, however, was not, as in England, conducted along the road, but was carried in a straight line, on lofty poles, through the forest, and across cultivated fields. We posted thirty-seven miles for five and twenty shillings. Arrived at Orebroo on the Thursday evening, our great object was secured; for by train and steamer, we should be at Stockholm on the morrow. At seven in the morning, we started by railway for Arboga, a town at the head of the Maelar Lake, and about sixty miles from Stockholm. This ride of five and forty miles took us through a fine country, both wooded and cultivated. At ten o'clock we were on board the steamer for Stockholm, and landed on the Riddar Holm Quay about five o'clock."

It fortunately happened that in the very hotel in which Dr. Steane and Mr. Hinton had taken up their quarters, a meeting of the Swedish branch of the Evangelical Alliance was at that moment being held. They were at once invited to attend. "Nothing," say the writers of the volume before us, "could surpass the cordiality and respectful manner of our reception." The next morning they attended the Association of the Baptist churches in Sweden. The place where the meeting was held was situated in one of the narrow streets which constitute the heart of the city. The apartment, which was the usual place of worship, consisted of the first floor of a house, and had formerly been used as a public gymnasium. It was plain, neatly and conveniently fitted up with seats, but too low in the ceiling. The assembly rose when the deputation entered; the letter from the Committee of the Baptist Union was presented and read; and a warm vote of welcome passed unanimously. "Business then proceeded, and in a manner that much gratified us. We found there was a printed paper of Agenda, in which the business to be transacted was thrown into the form of questions for discussion, and that perfect order was preserved by the speakers."

The existence of the Swedish Baptists is of very recent origin. Three or four years ago there was not one church in the whole country. At the close of 1857,

there were forty-five. 1292 were admitted last year to membership, on a personal profession of faith, and on testimony borne to their christian character: and 600 were waiting in June last for baptism. But they exist at present in the midst of vexatious persecutions. The rite of baptism is regarded as a breach of law; and most baptisms take place at midnight, or early dawn. The conventicle act presses heavily upon them, as well as the Swedish law of apostacy. The first causes frequent interruptions and annoyances to the Baptists when assembled for worship, and the second proclaims banishment as its penalty. The following cases are mentioned: "In the district of North Helsingland, 427 persons were in 1851-54, condemned to fines amounting to £425, for receiving the Lord's supper without the intervention of the priest." In these parishes in the same period, "210 persons were, for similar offences, and for privately meeting for religious worship, condemned by the local jurisdiction to fines amounting to £268." "Colporteurs are ill-treated, put into irons, and thrown into prisons, no difference in this respect being made between Baptists and Lutherans." One disciple had been summoned twelve times during the past year to attend before the clergy and the church session, and four times before the civil courts; and was fined £7 10s. They are prayed at by some of the Lutheran clergymen, and a form of prayer is actually sent to the churches in one diocese with blanks left in them for the insertion of the names of obnoxious Baptists and other separatists. The Lutheran church claims the sole right to marry, and punishes all who may take part in the ceremony if not according to ecclesiastical law. The Baptists have acted like the Quakers did formerly in this country. At a meeting of the church members, two parties, previously betrothed, rise and declare their intention of living together as man and wife, and of fulfilling conscientiously the duties of marriage. No ceremony is observed, no official act is performed by the elder or minister, or by any other party, since this might expose them to an action at law, for having solemnized the marriage. Last June an information was lying against a Baptist colporteur because, in a prayer with which he concluded a meeting, he had implored the blessing of God on a couple who had united themselves in the manner described. Should he be held in law to have married them, he will be subject to the penalty of three years' imprisonment in a fortress, with hard labour.

Dr. Steane and Mr. Hinton had audi-

ences with several members of the government, both in church and state; with Mr. Von Koch, the Royal Chancellor of Justice; Dr. Reuterdaahl, Archbishop of Upsala, Baron Manderstroem, the Foreign Minister; Mr. Anjou, the Ecclesiastical Minister; and Count Hamilton, Governor of Stockholm; and the result is most cheering. All agreed to the right of Baptists to religious toleration, and some gave assurances of it speedily being recognized. Mr. Von Koch has already rendered material service to the Swedish Baptists by withholding his name from prosecutions against them for breaches of the conventicle act, without which, as Royal Chancellor of Justice, they cannot proceed; and Count Hamilton has greatly assisted the brethren in Stockholm, by conniving at their meetings. Better days are drawing near for our brethren in Sweden.

Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, is commonly called, though, as our authors think, "with much latitude in the use of terms," the Venice of the north. Just where the Maelar Lake passes out to the Baltic are three islands—two small, and one of considerable size. On this largest island the principal part of Stockholm stands. It has a gentle ascent, and the summit is crowned by the royal palace. The second island is built upon, though the streets are narrow: and the third is used chiefly by the royal stables. The city also extends largely on the mainland, both to the north and to the south, and the suburbs stretch over four other islands. The view of Stockholm as you approach it by water is striking. The houses are piled one over the other, with their fronts towards you, and present a beautiful picture. There is no great expanse of sea visible, for the Baltic is studded with islands; but the vast quantity of water in the midst of which the city stands, is a prominent feature. "Turn where you will, you have water—a few steps, water—and to a great many places you go by water." The water is fresh and always level. "It is never low water, but the tide, so to speak, is always high. The effect of this is, in one respect, very beautiful; for you have the scenery always in trim, and are never troubled with an expanse of mud, or annoyed with a slimy shore. It also allows all the steamers and other passage-boats to keep fixed times. There is this disadvantage, however, in the absence of tides, that the aqueous expanse acquires too much the character of stagnant water." Stockholm has few buildings that can boast of much architectural finish. The palace is a building of

which every Swede is proud. It is massive, simple, and in an admirable position. The most conspicuous church is that in the Riddar Holm, the second island in size. It has a steeple of cast-iron, and made too at one casting. The handsomest edifice seen by the English deputation was St. Catherine's church. The city is lighted up with gas, but the drainage is bad, and the supply of wholesome water very deficient.

Upsala is a small new town, situated in a vast plain, but visible from a considerable distance by reason of a ridge of elevated ground that skirts it, on which stands three imposing buildings, the castle, the university library, and the cathedral. It is the seat of the only Swedish archbishopric, and of one of the universities. There are from ten to fifteen hundred students and forty-seven professors. No academical dress is worn, the students being known by a white cap, with the Swedish national cockade in the front. This has only been adopted within the last few years. The cathedral is brick, "with all the grand dimensions and just preparations of the finer buildings of its class, but this is all that can be said about it." The university library is a spacious room, containing 50,000 books, well selected, well arranged, and admirably preserved. The gem of the collection is a fragment of the translation of the New Testament into the Gothic language, by Ulphilas, in the fourth century. The manuscript is assigned to the sixth, and is called the Codex Argenteus, because it is written in silver letters. "Our philology," says our authors, "not to say our denominationalism, so far prevailed upon us, that we turned to one of the passages in which the Greek term *βαπτίζω* occurs, in order to see how Ulphilas had rendered it, and we found it rendered by *daupjan, to dip*." The valuable things in the library are the spoils of war. Bonaparte stole pictures. Gustavus Adolphus had an equal aptitude for stealing books. The plunder of the last enrich the library at Upsala. The thefts of the first the gallery at Versailles.

Some Swedish customs attracted the notice of our brethren. Here is a singular account of "a night-watch." At night as the clock struck ten, our notice was awakened by a sound quite new to us. The church bell had no sooner told the hour, than the same thing was done by an equal number of tones of a trumpet; and this continued all through the night, but was not repeated during the day. At first we could not tell whether this was effected by machinery, or by voluntary

agency; but we found on enquiry, that it constituted part of the civil arrangements for the prevention of fire. Where houses are generally built of wood, a fire is, of course, extremely disastrous; and in order to give the earliest possible notice, of such a calamity, watchmen are stationed during the night on the church towers, charged with the duty of constant observation and prompt alarm. As soon as the clock has struck, each watchman sounds the hour with his trumpet, in order to prove to the public that he is not asleep." The Swedish address was thought more courteous than the English. "The hat was always taken off to a lady, and even between gentlemen pretty well acquainted with one another, the process of salutation is this: at a distance of about four paces both parties stand still, and take off their hats, making a bow; then they advance, and take each other by the hand; and after this, if they be very friendly, they put their arms far enough round each other to pat each other fondly on the back." The Swedish mode of "saying grace" is as follows: "The company stand round the table, and at some distance from it, the gentlemen for the most part, if not always, with their hands clasped and held on their breasts. Profound silence ensues for perhaps a minute, or it may be two, when the ladies drop a courtesy, and the gentlemen make a bow. This point of the ceremony being arrived at, it is concluded by the whole party kissing the hand of the lady of the house, and shaking hands with the host. The company then take their seats. After dinner there is sometimes an addition, one of the party striking up a verse of some well known hymn, when all joined in singing it." At Swedish dinners cheese is invariably eaten first.

The costumes of Sweden are said to be very numerous, but the Dalecarlian women alone attracted and caught the attention of Dr. Steane, and Mr. Hinton. Their dress is described as neat and picturesque. A white cap, handkerchief and sleeves, with a scarlet bodice and apron. The most singular and unnatural part of the costume, was a piece of wood projecting from the shoe just in the hollow of the foot, and constituting an artificial heel.

Sweden abounds with lakes, large and small, and islands sprinkled over them. The pine freely covers both the islands, and the banks. The scenery was monotonous in the part visited by the deputation. The country was mostly flat, and presented little change. "You have lakes, islands, and pines—lakes, islands, and pines over and over again, until beautiful

as they everywhere are, you scarcely care to look at them." In the north the scenery is bold, romantic, and wild; especially in Swedish Lapland, or even along the range of hills that divide Sweden from Norway. The soil was mostly poor, generally a mere drift, and everywhere copiously strewed with gigantic granitic boulders. The theory of these boulders is well known. Very anciently, it is thought, the mountain tops of Sweden, Norway, Scotland, England, and Wales, were islands in a frozen sea. In the course of ages, innumerable fragments of all sizes were precipitated from them, and lodged on the ice, and on the melting and drifting of the ice, these fragments sank, at divers distances, to the bottom of the sea. The sea-bottom being now elevated into land the boulders are found either on, or more or less embedded in its surface. Stones are even now protruded, apparently by some internal force, on the surface, an instance of which is mentioned as having taken place in the garden of Pastor Akerland, at Beateberg. Another geological phenomenon, peculiar to Sweden, was noticed near the Falls of Trollhaetta. The thing is called a Giant Pot. It is neither more nor less than a rounded hollow in the solid granite, about five feet deep and four feet across, the roundness at the bottom being such as might have been produced by the long attrition of stones in a state of continual rotation. The second pot near the summit of the Falls has deeply engraven on the sides of it the names of kings, princes, and nobles almost without number, to say nothing of the names ignoble, which are largely associated with them. It has also this peculiarity, that one side of the pot is open—a peculiarity which seemed to deserve notice, although not helping to solve the mystery of the Giant Pots. There is one near Gottenburg, and many in other parts of Sweden.

We should like to refer to the history of religious opinion in Sweden; to the present remarkable revival among all classes of the community; to the good work done by men known as Readers; to the growing spirit of christian brotherhood among men of different sects and parties; to the zeal of our Baptist brethren; and to the singular history of Oscar Arhnelt, the so-called "Swedish Troubadour," who, with a good voice, a good knowledge of music, a great proficiency in guitar accompaniment, sallies through the country, subdues and melts the music-loving Swedes by a few spirited songs, and then lays aside his guitar, takes out his Bible, and proclaims salvation

through faith in the crucified. But our space is gone. If the Swedes are losing, as our authors think, their French predilections and habits, and are imitating the habits and wish for the love of England, this little volume will do something towards awakening that love; at least in the hearts of sincere and conscientious christian men.

THE LITERARY EDUCATIONAL YEAR-BOOK, for 1859. Price Half-a-Crown. London: Kent & Co., Paternoster Row.

THIS is a very useful volume of reference. It contains lists of all books published from Nov. 1857, to Nov. 1858, in America, on the Continent, and in England; of new maps and engravings; of Foreign, Colonial, London, and provincial newspapers, daily and weekly; quarterly and monthly periodicals; paid and unpaid lecturers. In addition to these, there are alphabetical lists of the London publishers, of the candidates in the middle-class examina-

tions; university intelligence; facts about schools, learned societies, and other matters of the like kind. We hope it will be continued annually.

THE FAMILY TREASURY. London: Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row.

THIS new periodical is in size, arrangement, and general character like the "Christian Treasury." It is managed too by the former editor of the last mentioned periodical.

REPENTANCE, TRUE AND FALSE. Four Sermons By Rev. C. Bradley, vicar of Glasbury. Religious Tract Society.

THESE sermons were delivered in the parish church at High Wycombe. They are now published with the laudable design of widening the circle of their influence. The subjects are "Repentance of Judas," "Repentance of Peter," "Godly sorrows for Sin," and "David repentant and Pardoned."

Correspondence.

THE WEEKLY OFFERING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR,—One reason for again writing is to state, that I suspect there is a little misapprehension as to what the "Weekly Offering" really is. Unfortunately, I have allowed myself to confound the thing itself with the method of its execution. One of the independent churches here has adopted what it calls the "Weekly Offering;" i.e., boxes are placed conspicuously (conveniently) at the several entrances, affording the congregation an opportunity of presenting their contributions. And, believing this was the plan advocated by your Melbourne correspondent, I wrote my former epistle. But by a tract he has sent, as well as by a more careful perusal of his communications, I have discovered my mistake. The plan of placing boxes at the doors of our chapels, may appear to certain progress-men as the voluntary system in perfection; but it has given, and will give an appreciated opportunity to many to offer nothing. Good men and true will faithfully contribute, whatever the mode may be; but in the most of churches there are some who desist, not only the gospel, but the ministry and chapel accommodation "without money, and

without price;" and they will shirk their duty unless a plate is held before them in the presence of others. Take a case. A church was accustomed to collect at the Lord's-supper by means of plates. This was thought to consume too much time. It was resolved that boxes should be placed at the doors, so that the members might give their money on retiring. The result was, in a few months the usual amount was not realized by one half. And I doubt not that such will be the general result, wherever such a method of raising money is adopted. The plan recommended by you Melbourne correspondent, however, is widely different from, and more likely to succeed, than this. In it there seem two elements of certainty and success. First, there is the provision for offering small sums. To many, this is indispensable and pleasant. Individuals with small incomes are incapable of giving large sums; and when a few shillings are asked, the sum often seems so large as to frighten, whereas the same sum would have been easily and cheerfully paid had it been collected in weekly instalments. As illustrative,—a woman was asked if she would subscribe

a pound annually to a missionary society. She replied that it would be impossible for her to subscribe so much; but if the collector had no objection to call, she would gladly give a *shilling a week*. A mother of a family was asked if she could give two-and-sixpence a quarter towards the support of the church of which she was a member. She replied she could not; but would be happy to subscribe *sixpence a week*. Secondly, there is regularity in payment. Small sums paid regularly every week soon accumulate to something considerable; and besides it keeps the mind of the treasurer tranquil, and also enables the deacons to manage the financial affairs of the church with promptitude and comfort. They know what the income of the church is likely to be; they, accordingly, know to what extent they are authorized to undertake repairs, enlargements, or any other thing

which may be for the happiness and prosperity of the cause. A third advantage would doubtless arise from the adoption of the plan recommended;—the usual mode of collecting would be abolished. It is not agreeable even to those who are ever willing to give as the Lord hath prospered them; and I suppose that the most of ministers and deacons know that the audiences are generally smaller on those days in which the plate is to figure at the close of each service. Altogether, then, I must give my adhesion to the plan advocated by your correspondent. And if similar success to that realized at Melbourne is likely to follow its introduction to all our churches, we cannot have it too soon.

Yours in christian fraternity,
J. MALCOLM.

Leicester.

BAPTIST UNION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow us through the medium of your columns to announce that the Annual Session of the Baptist Union will be held on Friday, the 22nd of April, at the Mission House, Moorgate-street, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. The chair will be taken by

the Rev. Dr. Acworth, and the introductory address will be delivered by the Rev. G. W. Lehmann, of Berlin.

Yours truly,
E. STANE,
J. H. HINTON, } Secretaries.
London, March 7, 1859.

THE CHURCH AT YARMOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—The declining state of the General Baptist Church, Yarmouth, engaged the serious attention of our last Association; and brother Jones, of March, and myself were requested to visit the friends of Yarmouth, to ascertain their real condition, and what measures, under the Divine blessing, would be likely to promote their prosperity. A report of our visit was inserted in the Magazine for September, and was also presented to the Lincolnshire Conference. Since that time the case has been considered at each successive conference, and extended communications have been received from Mr. Green, Baptist Minister, Yarmouth, whose kindness in writing and preaching for our friends deserves the most grateful mention, and has been thankfully acknowledged by the church.

In January last, by the advice of the Conference, the Church invited Mr. Lee, recently Minister of the Baptist Church at Pill, near Bristol, to become co-pastor

with Mr. Goss for twelve months. This invitation Mr. Lee accepted, and commenced his labours there forthwith. It seemed providential that Mr. Lee, who possesses some private resources, should at that time, be residing in Yarmouth and be able and willing to minister to our friends, as Mr. Goss was entirely laid aside by age and affliction.

It was needful, however, that the chapel should be cleaned, painted, and repaired, which has been done at a cost of about £30. Toward this sum the Conference voted £12, which amount has been raised by special effort, the friends at Yarmouth promising to procure the remainder. The chapel is much improved in comfort and appearance, and was re-opened on Lord's day, March 6th, when the following brethren preached:—In the morning, Mr. Lee; in the afternoon, Mr. Shelley, Independent; and in the evening, Mr. Green. On Monday evening, Mr. Meffin, Countess of Huntingdon's connexion,

preached; on Tuesday, Mr. Tritton, Independent; and on Wednesday, Mr. Blackwell, Wesleyan. It is pleasant to observe that such kind sympathy and help were rendered by ministers of different religious bodies, and we cannot but hope that this effort to revive an almost expiring church may be abundantly blessed, and succeeded by Him who

heareth prayer, and "who giveth the increase." I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,
Peterborough,
THOMAS BARRASS.
March 17th, 1859.

P.S. I have been informed that Mr. Goss died last Saturday, at the advanced age of 87; having been pastor of the church 22 years.

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

THE following books have lately been presented to the Library of the College:—*Dr. F. Lees' Works*, in 3 vols., by Mr. Roper, Leicester; *Gold and the Gospel*, by the Broad-street Reading Society; *Reed's Lectures on English Poets*, by Mr. C. T. Bishop; *London Lectures*, by Mr. W. Hill. In addition to the books

named, four female friends at New Bedford have sent a *sovereign*, to be expended in the purchase of any work which may be deemed most suitable.

W. UNDERWOOD.
Sherwood Rise,
Nottingham.

BLANKETS FOR THE NATIVE PREACHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MR DEAR SIR,—Will you permit me to say one word on behalf of our native preachers in India?

In the letter from Mrs. Buckley, published in the last number of the Magazine, I find the following, speaking of Thomar, she says, "I told him, as he stood shivering with cold, with his coarse country sheet wrapped round him, I thought I should ask from his kind friends at Louth a warm scarlet blanket for him." He smiled and said, "Such a gift, if they thought well to send it, would be a great boon." Speaking also of others, she says, "They have complained of feeling the cold very much at night. Their very humble salary will not furnish them with the means of purchasing a warm blanket."

My friends have taken the hint and have provided for Thomar who, as you know, is our protege. There are ready for Mr. Miller to take to India a scarlet travelling rug, and three yards of scarlet broadcloth. The rug was promptly pre-

sented by an esteemed friend, and the cloth was as promptly paid for by voluntary offerings.

Brother Wilkinson fears this kindness shown to Thomar may exert an injurious influence on the minds of other native preachers. It is not desirable to have to record "his brethren envied him," or that there should be acted over again the tragedy of "the coat of many colours;" and it cannot be for a moment doubted that the friends who support native preachers desire in every way to contribute to their health and comfort. Will you be so kind as to suggest to them how acceptable to their Hindoo brethren would be such tokens of their love?

If it be thought desirable for the presents to be alike, I shall be glad to furnish any information respecting the quality of cloth, &c.

I am, my dear sir,
Yours fraternally,
WILLIAM ORTON.

Obituary.

MR. WILLIAM FINN.—In sketching a brief memoir of a man whose public and private character is known to many, great care should be exercised as to the precision and accuracy of every statement made concerning him. The facts here given are chiefly from his diary, or from the statements made by the departed whilst living. Mr. William Finn was born at

Leicester, in the month of September, 1808. His parents belonged to the working classes, and their son was early inured to labour. Though thus placed at a disadvantage, he appears to have early devoted the energies of his mind to reading and study, especially the study of the scriptures. Like Timothy, "from a child he knew the Holy Scriptures;" the em-

ployment most loved in his boyhood was to peruse the oracles of God, and at an early period every passing day was a faithful witness that his delight was in the law of the Lord. At the same time an excessive thirst for general knowledge began to develop itself. Books of general literature, and especially those of a theological tendency, were his most frequent and intimate companions. Of his physical constitution it may be affirmed that weakness was its most prominent characteristic, notwithstanding which he always evinced a determination to cultivate and improve every mental faculty that he possessed.

At an early period of his life he offered himself as a candidate for fellowship with the church assembling in Friar-lane, Leicester, where he was admitted and baptized, thus making a public profession of those religious sentiments which the dictates of conscience, the careful study of the word of God, and the implored directions of the Holy Spirit had taught him to believe. At this time commenced those christian labours which he successfully prosecuted all through life. He first entered the Sabbath-school connected with the church as a teacher, and after devoting his talents and energies to that sphere of labour for a short time, such was the zeal he displayed, that he was selected to the office of superintendent before he had attained the age of seventeen years, which office he contrived to fill for some considerable time, and he not unfrequently referred to this time in after life as being amongst the happiest of his days. The abilities he displayed in the school led some of the friends to entertain the idea that he was adapted for more public labours, and a more extensive field of usefulness. They, therefore, advised him to turn his attention to the subject of village preaching, and after much prayerful solicitation for divine assistance, he commenced his labours as an occasional preacher in the villages of the surrounding district. So signally were his labours in this way blessed, that he could refer to many who are now in the "church of the first-born above," who were converted through his labours. It was at the time he was thus engaged that he was married. Not satisfied with his labours as a village preacher only, he identified himself with a society for the distribution of religious tracts, became its secretary, and held that office for some considerable time. He appears to have exhibited the same ardent zeal in supplying the poor and ignorant with the silent messengers of mercy and grace as cha-

racterised him in every other department of usefulness. He also directed his attention to cottage prayer-meetings, and often might be seen after the secular labours of the day were over, hastening along the streets of his native town to conduct the devotional exercises of many who assembled at that time in the courts and alleys for the purpose of prayer and praise.

In 1834 he was called from Leicester to Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, where he stately preached the word of reconciliation until 1836, when he returned to Leicester, and in the same year succeeded Mr. Gamble to the pastorate of the church assembling in Carley-street, over which he presided until the year 1841, when he again assumed his position as an occasional preacher. The social and political events of the day, now gained his attention; and though it was his chief delight to lift up the standard of the cross, he watched with an eager eye all the various movements which tended to promote the well-being of society, or advance the interests of civil and religious freedom; and was never ashamed of labouring both by pen and tongue in any movement that was adapted to ameliorate distress or promote the welfare of those around him; and whilst he believed it was his duty to point men to a bright and eternal future, he believed that it was no less his duty to labour for the overthrow of oppression and the establishment of righteousness and peace in the present world.

In 1847, he accepted an invitation to become the minister of the church at Earl Shilton, and after labouring there for a period of seven years, he once more resumed his position as an occasional preacher, and so continued until he exchanged time for eternity, and labour for rest, though for the last two years of his life he was more especially directed to the Church of Christ at Billesdon, which had been in a low condition, but which under his fostering care was restored. Our departed friend became endeared to the hearts of the people living in that neighbourhood. The last sermon he preached was in Billesdon chapel, from Daniel ii., 44, December 12th, 1858. As a minister of the gospel, our esteemed friend strove to commend himself to every man's conscience, as in the sight of God, by proclaiming the word of truth in a plain but earnest way. Sensible of the immense value of the immortal soul, and of the importance of seeking its salvation, he endeavoured in all simplicity to make known the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. He

rebuked, exhorted, and entreated with all long-suffering and patience.

Towards the close of his life thus actively spent in the service of God, our departed brother was called to endure many and great afflictions; but amidst them all he evinced a spirit of Christian resignation to the Divine will, and as he surveyed the evidences of his acceptance with God, was enabled to rejoice greatly in

hope of the glory that should follow, and though no high-sounding words of triumph attended his departure, yet with a peaceful conscience, and with christian serenity, he committed himself into the hands of his Redeemer, and calmly fell asleep in Jesus, January 6th, 1859, in the fifty-first year of his age.

W. A.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Pinchbeck, on Thursday, March 17th, 1859.

In the morning the secretary read and prayed, and Brother Pike preached from Psalm xxvii., 4. In the evening a public service was held.

In the afternoon the reports from the churches were many of them cheering, and we were gratified to learn that thirty had been baptized since the last Conference; and thirteen remained candidates for baptism.

The friends at Whittlesea having again applied for advice; the Conference thought it would be desirable for them to engage a minister as soon as a suitable one could be obtained, believing that there is now a favourable opening in that town;—meanwhile, that they procure the best ministerial supplies they can for the pulpit.

The secretary read several letters which he had received from Mr. Green, Baptist Minister, Yarmouth, to the following effect,—that Mr. Lee, recently minister of the Baptist Church at Pill, near Bristol, had accepted the invitation of our friends at Yarmouth, to become co-pastor with Mr. Goss for twelve months,—and that the chapel had been repaired, cleaned,

and painted at a cost of about £30; and was re-opened at the beginning of this month. The brethren in Conference, were pleased to hear that there was some hope of the cause being revived; and resolved unanimously,—that the thanks of this Conference be presented to Mr. Green, for his kindness in preaching for our friends, and conducting the correspondence.

The church at Sutton St. James asked advice as to the obtaining of a minister; and such information was given to them as the Conference hoped might be useful.

A cordial vote of thanks was given to Brother Pike for the able sermon which he delivered this morning, and especially, having had so short a notice.

It was resolved that the next Conference be held at Peterborough, on Thursday, June 9th; and that Brother Orton be requested to preach in the morning.

THOMAS BARRASS,
Secretary.

P.S. As the Annual Home Mission Accounts will be brought forwards at the June Conference, it is desirable that all monies for the Home Mission should be sent to the treasurer, Mr. R. Wherry, Wisbeach, before that time.

BAPTISMS.

MEASHAM.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 6th, after a sermon on baptism by the Rev. W. Kelly, four young persons were baptized, and in the evening received the right-hand of fellowship, and partook of the Lord's-supper.

PRÆD-STREET, PADDINGTON.—On Feb. 27, six converts put on Christ by baptism. Three were formerly scholars in our Sabbath-school. Our chapel was full.

BRADFORD.—On Lord's-day, March 6th, our pastor, the Rev. B. Wood, baptized three persons.

PETERBORO'.—On Lord's-day, March 6, five candidates (including two husbands with their wives) were baptized in the General Baptist Chapel, Peterborough, and were all received into the church.

LOUTH, North-gate.—INTERESTING BAPTISM.—On Sunday evening, Feb. 27th, the initiatory ordinance of the church was administered. Sixteen persons were baptized. Of these there were five husbands with their wives, and four others who are the heads of families. Mr. Burton performed the sacred rite. The pastor,

Rev. William Orton, preached from Acts xxviii. 22—"We desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest," &c. He adapted the fancy of Mr. Cooper, taking the christian era as one vast bridge, and every century an arch on which to stand and observe the "sect that has been everywhere spoken against," and tracing the history of the Baptists from the present time to the very founder of christian baptism. The chapel was densely crowded long before the time of service, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. An accident occurred while the candidates were passing through the water. A crash was heard. For a moment there was

anxiety and alarm. Few saw what had happened, and it was feared one of the galleries had given way. It was soon discovered, however, that a portion of the railings on the gallery stairs had been broken down by the strong pressure upon it, and that several persons had fallen on the pews below. No one was seriously injured, and the service suffered scarcely more than a momentary interruption. The next Sabbath afternoon, when the new members received the right hand of fellowship, was a solemn and delightful season. Other candidates are seeking admission into the church. To Christ be glory and dominion for ever and ever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE REV. J. BATEY.—We are glad to learn that a new chapel is about to be erected in Harriet-street, Molesworth-street, Rochdale, for the Rev. J. Batey, formerly of *Enon Chapel*, in this town. —*Burnley Advertiser*, March 12, 1859.

BRADFORD.—On Shrove Tuesday, the annual meeting of the teachers and friends of the school was held. About 300 sat down to tea. At the public meeting, Rev. B. Wood presided. Addresses were delivered, and Mr. Thos. Newbould, for more than twenty-four years secretary of the school, was publicly presented by Mr. Jas. Terry, on behalf of the teachers, with Dr. Kitto's bible, elegantly bound in two volumes, as a mark of their esteem for his fidelity and usefulness. The meeting was unusually interesting.

MEASHAM BAZAAR.—The friends at Measham connected with the General Baptist Chapel, have resolved to hold a

Bazaar, in order to raise funds to place an organ in their chapel. The time fixed is about three weeks before Whitsuntide, but due notice will be given. Articles and subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mrs. H. Wileman, Mrs. H. Orgill, Mrs. Whitworth, Wheelright, and Mrs. H. Buckley, Measham.

PRAED-STREET, PADDINGTON.—Mr. Edwin Dakin, whose departure to India was mentioned in last month's magazine, was a member of this church, and much esteemed teacher in the school, during his residence in London. When it became known that he was about to leave England, the teachers invited him to a tea-meeting, and presented him through their superintendent with a copy of Dr. Arnold's *Life*, bound in two vols. The affectionate and suitable address on presenting the book, and the very appropriate response which succeeded, will long be remembered.

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

HIGH Churchmen will rejoice at the elevation of Dr. Hook. The vicar of Leeds has been appointed to the deanery of Chichester. He leaves with regret the smoky metropolis of the West Riding; and announces his purpose in his new sphere distinctly enough:—"If I don't find work, I shall make it." The new Bishop of Columbia has been consecrated

in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Trower, Bishop of Glasgow, has resigned his see from ill health. Two Welsh bishops have refused to license newly-appointed gaol-chaplains at Swansea and Cardiff, because they are ignorant of the Welsh language. The Bishop of Carlisle has delivered judgment against one of his clergy for simony. It appears a gross case, and excited a good deal of attention

in the north. The Church Missionary Society are making earnest appeals for more men for India and Africa. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have agreed to send two clergymen and two schoolmasters to Hangchow, at the invitation of the Bishop of Victoria. Ten additional chaplains are to be sent to India.

Strange news has come from Rome. The proposed retirement of the French forces, has compelled the Pope to look elsewhere for protection. The keys of St. Peter will not save him from his subjects; and so, says the *Nord*, they are beating up recruits in Ireland for him. Paul Cullen is yet in Rome. He is to be made a Cardinal. The people in the canton of Ticino have resisted unto blood the attempt to place them under the Austrian Bishop of Como. One person was killed and fourteen wounded in the fray. The Jesuits have been expelled from the republic of Uruguay. The discord, suspicion, and ill-will created by them among families and private individuals is the alleged cause of their been driven out. The new law in Belgium which forbids christian ministers from employing the pulpit as a political engine has aroused the ire of the Romish priesthood. A meeting to promote the question of intermediate education has been held at Cork. The large cathedral was crammed in every part. The end really aimed at was to obtain from the government a separate share of the funds that, on the adoption of the plan recommended by the Endowment of Schools Commission, may be distributable. Rumour says that Rome has placed its heel on the Portuguese Church, that, in effect, by a concordat recently concluded, she has secured for herself the right of nomination to all the bishoprics in the kingdom.

Mr. Binney writes to his people at Weigh-house chapel, "that he is wonderfully better, and capable of the performance of almost any duty." He is expected in England in July or August next. The Independents are again, through the zeal of Rev. J. A. James, making great efforts for China. £10,000 have already been contributed. The Western College at Plymouth is about to have erected a building of its own. Though now more than a century old, it has never yet possessed one. £2,000 have been given towards the £5000 wanted.

Mr. Spurgeon has declined for the present to go to America. The *Morning Star* thinks that enough money ought to be collected in London to build its young

evangelist a suitable tabernacle without going over to Yankeeedom for help. The plan for the tabernacle has been decided upon. Mr. Oncken tells us of more persecutions of Baptists in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. "The wives of brethren Duwel Wendt, and Koch, the dragoon," writes Mr. Wegner from that country, "were summoned on the 21st of Feb. to the military court." Any future attendance in conventicles was threatened with three weeks' imprisonment, and they were dismissed. Koch has been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for subordination. Mr. Wegner thus describes his treatment:—"The delinquent is kept for forty-eight hours on bread and water in a dark dungeon, where there is neither straw-bed nor chair, in short, nothing but the bare floor. On every third day, he receives warm food, is taken into a light room, and has a sleeping rug given him; but at the expiration of the twenty-four hours, he is led back to the dungeon. These changes will be continued during the six weeks, so that if brother Koch survives, it will be a miracle." We trust our readers will "remember those in bonds as bound with them." Mr. Lehmann, of Berlin, is in this country, asking help for the German Baptists. For the accommodation of sixty-three churches, there are only thirteen chapels and seven old meeting houses. They have upwards of six hundred preaching stations, and address some 60,000 people. They want chapels, and to build them will take £8,000. Half they will, though mostly poor, try to raise among themselves, and the other half Mr. Lehmann hopes to get in this country.

GENERAL,

THE Derby-Disraeli Government is doomed. Defeated twice on Church-rate Bills, they will stand little chance of tiding over the discussion on their sham Reform Bill. The whole scheme is an insult to the country. Lord John Russell seems again on the look-out for a prominent seat on the treasury benches. The five millions wasted somewhere by the Admiralty has called for a severe rebuke, and has received it at the hand of Lord Clarence Paget. It is significant of coming changes that Tory members speak of the time as having gone by for compromising on the church-rate question; and that Sir J. Trelawney's bill for their total abolition obtained a majority of seventy-four for the second reading. The Duke of Marlborough has given notice of a Bill in the House of Lords, granting exemption to Dissenters from church-rates, provided they have the year preceding

contributed towards the maintenance of some place of worship, declaration of this being made to the churchwardens, and the receipts produced!

Louis Napoleon has published another pacific note in the Government organ. He seems to have made a false step, and blunders sadly in recovering himself.

The Sultan has given a liberal paper "warning." The truth can no more be spoken on the banks of the Bosphorus than on the banks of the Seine. The Paris conference meet this week.

The most important fact of general news, is the arrival in this country of Poerio, Settembrini, and many other Italian patriots, who have escaped from

the fangs of King Bomba, of hateful memory. For more than ten years some of these noble men have suffered the cruellest indignities and the severest hardships. They fell under the lash of Bomba, not because they were red republicans, but because they seemed in his way as liberal statesmen. Their escape was novel. Banished to the United States, they had no sooner got out to the open sea than, overpowering the captain and crew, they turned the ship's head for the north, and last week landed at Queenstown, Ireland. A public subscription is set on foot for their relief. Noblemen, statesmen, and politicians of all shades and parties are announced as forming the committee of management.

Missionary Observer.

GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY BAZAAR.

The committee of the Foreign Mission having passed a resolution recommending that a Bazaar be held at the next annual Association, in aid of the funds of the Society, the ladies belonging to Mary's Gate, and Sacheverel Street churches, Derby, have vigorously taken up the subject, and are meeting together every week to sew for this object. They are, however, hoping and looking for the earnest co-operation of the friends of the mission throughout the country, and trust that a liberal response will be made to this appeal. Contributions in the form of articles of all kinds useful or ornamental ready for sale; materials, out of which

such articles may be made; or money, which will be laid out to the best advantage for the Bazaar, will be most thankfully received by either of the secretaries, Mrs. J. Pike, Mary's-gate, and Mrs. G. Wilkins, Queen's-street; or by any of the managing committee: Mrs. J. Stevenson, Kedleston-terrace, Mrs. Pegg, Vernon-street; Miss Pike, Mary's-gate; Miss Stevenson, Green-hill.—[We must apologize for our delay in the insertion of this notice. It was forwarded in time for the March No., but in the confusion occasioned by the sudden removal of the late Editor, was mislaid.—ED.]

LETTER FROM REV. WILLIAM BAILEY.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am "worn and weary," and feel altogether indisposed for anything that requires the least mental or physical effort. I am wearied in the work of Christ, but *not of it*.

This is the Sabbath evening, and while thousands of our fellow countrymen in the fatherland are uniting in the service of song and praise, our ears are deafened by the horrid sounds of idol worship. Within a few paces from our tent there are no less than a dozen temples, and "the gods many, and lords many," require to be roused for their evening meal. Many years of labour have been expended in the erection of these temples, and I am sure they must have cost many thousand pounds. It is indeed very lamentable that such a vast

amount of wealth has been expended in these residences for stupid blocks of wood, and of stone. If some professed christians at home had but a tithe of pagan zeal, how different would the financial state of our own and kindred societies appear? No people under Heaven are more covetous of silver and gold than the Hindoos, yet there is never any lack for the maintenance of idol worship.

I have said that this is the Sabbath evening, and how delighted should we be, could we haste to some Christian sanctuary that "we might wait upon the Lord and renew our strength," and one would make any sacrifice *now* to hear an English sermon; how vain are such wishes; but what a mercy it is that the God we serve

is not confined either to time or place, and that He can feed our souls with "living bread" in this wild forest region, just as easily as though we were in the great congregation at home.

We have now completed one of the most laborious and most interesting tours I ever remember to have taken. Our motto has been "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." We have allowed nothing to divert our attention from the work we came to accomplish. Without any egotism I am sure I can say that I never did so much preaching in the same number of days, since I became a servant of the Society. Yea, more, I can honestly say, that I never felt such a desire to work. Unnumbered thousands are perishing, and shall we be cold and careless about their awful destiny? I would have it written in indelible characters on my own heart, and on every heart in Christian lands that "no idolater can enter Heaven;" that for the heathen, notwithstanding all his sacrifices, penances and pilgrimages there is nothing but darkness and eternal despair.

Oh! for the strength of Sampson, and the voice of a Boanerges that we may "Cry aloud and spare not, showing to the heathen their transgression and their sins."

We had much to encourage us on this tour, but I cannot now enter into detail; we have visited many villages where missionaries had never been, some of them were very distant from our encampment, and we were out frequently until mid-day. Into some of these remote places we were pleased to find that our tracts and gospels had found their way. In one village, quite at the end of the civilized world, I asked the question as to whether any missionary

had ever been there, and the answer was, "No, never." When I had finished my address, I sat down on a log of wood, and a brahmin came near, and he said, "It is somewhat difficult to understand your religion, but I should like to understand it." "Have you read our books?" "O yes!" was the reply, and at my request he fetched a copy of the first volume of the scriptures (from Genesis to Deuteronomy) the "Gospel of Luke," and the "Destroyer of Delusion;" and in that far off region, strange to say, I heard this man relate the account of the birth of Isaac, and the narrative of Hagar in the wilderness. He had read the books of Numbers and Deuteronomy, and spoke of the fruits and flowers of Canaan, of the sabbatical year, and many of the customs of the Jews. He had read the Gospel of Luke, and the Destroyer of Delusion.

We were lost in the forest getting to this village, and it seemed as though we were never to reach it; but I felt richly compensated by what I saw and heard. The people were most friendly, and would have given me anything.

A wonderful change has certainly come over the people; when I first entered on the work abuse was the rule, now it is the exception. The "beasts of Ephesus" are not all dead, but they are dying, and if we are faithful to our work there shall be no resurrection. We visited the Rajah of San Kinnelly, twice; the Rajah of Juringa, once; and the Rajah of Chikety twice.

Your letter of 8th Dec. 1858, has just been received many thanks. May the God of Israel go before you and conduct you to another suitable sphere of labour.

I am ever, your

Affectionate brother,

W. BAILEY.

Berhampore, Jan. 16, 1859.

THE CAR FESTIVAL AT POOREE.

The Rnt Juttra, at Pooree, says the Rev. J. O. Goadby, in a letter to the secretary, was rather late this year being in July instead of June, and on that account the propriety of going was questioned. The rainy season had commenced, the roads were very bad, and it was thought the number of pilgrims would be very small. Added to all these disadvantages, the Government had issued a writ prohibiting men from the upper and disturbed provinces entering Bengal. All Sepoys, all men of soldierlike appearance, and any men being natives of the upper provinces yet residing in Bengal wishing to attend the festival, had to procure a pass from

their masters or employers, or run the risk of being imprisoned as spies or vagabonds. This pass, if duly signed, had to be shown at every police station on the Juggernath road; and if proved a forgery, its possessor was committed to prison and punished as a spy. This edict was made known to the whole province, and I think throughout India; therefore, every "darogah," or native police sergeant, through the pride of his heart, and a burning desire for promotion, rather than through any love he had for Government, sought to bring as many of these folk into his "Thannah," or police station as possible. The darogah residing in Pipelee sent his men to our

bungalow many times bearing the pass, &c, of some passing Sepoy, or up-countryman, written in English, for our perusal, that we might speak to the genuineness of it, and therefore to the peaceful character or otherwise of the bearer. In only one or two instances were the passes false, and the men consequently, under a guard, sent to Cuttack prison.

The number of pilgrims that passed Piplée, compared with former years, was very small; but as the time drew near their number increased, and during the last week, companies, containing fifty to eighty passed at short intervals in the day. They seldom, if ever, travel in the night.

While I was quietly sleeping on our road to Pooree, and my bearers singing with all their might were rattling along the road, a palkey coming from Pooree, through carelessness, came into violent collision with mine, knocking the torch out of the "massaulchea," or torch-bearers hand, covering the palkey with brilliant sparks, and, the door being open, scattering them rather liberally upon the plaid in which I had rolled myself. Fortunately it was a woollen one, or I cannot say what might have been the consequences. This over, I was quickly asleep again. By 6 a.m., we reached the entrance to that city of every abomination of which the human heart can conceive, and man's unregenerate nature desire. Pilgrims weary and footsore were hastening thither, and before they crossed the bridge leading into the holy place fell upon their knees and pressed the earth with their foreheads. The pilgrim tax being abolished, the gate once guarding this entrance has been taken down, and the way made perfectly clear. The sight of these poor sinful worshippers of the "Mighty Juggernath," selling themselves, body, soul, and spirit to the man of sin, is saddening to any feeling mind; and much more so to those minds longing to bless, with the sweet words of forgiving mercy, the ignorant dying heathen, by preaching to them "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," the "only way" to peace, pardon, and everlasting life. My spirit was sad, and, like Paul's, as he waited at Athens, was stirred within me when I saw the city *wholly* given to idolatry. When will the "great light, the Sun of righteousness," who alone can dispel the gross darkness covering the minds of the people, arise and scatter all to the four winds of Heaven; for methinks this will be the last dark spot swept from the earth by his effulgent rays.

We started for the city, and passing over the sands and treading our way through narrow filthy streets—filthy in

more senses than one—we came to the great road in front of the temple. Here our palkey bearers were stopped by a vast concourse of people, shouting and yelling with all their might. A fat bulky Brahmin came to me (my palkee being first), and said we could not go that way because the people were about dragging the car towards the temple. I told the men to go on, but this son of Juggernath seizing the palkey pole, declared we could not go on. I persisted in bidding the men go forward, and, at last, by the assistance of the voices of the other brethren, we proceeded. In passing the car—a monstrous temple built of wood, and standing on sixteen massive wheels, twelve or fourteen feet in diameter—I saw hundreds of wretched looking beings holding the ropes in their hands, by which the car is moved, and ready to pull the mass towards the temple, when the Brahmins gave the signal. The gods were not in the cars at this time, but were to be removed from the temple thither in the evening. We went outside the crowd and at a distance from the noise, and taking our stand, those who could preach commenced. Brother Taylor addressed the gathering masses of people, and in a very fluent powerful manner. He speaks the language very well indeed. The people listened for a time with pleasing attention, but a crowd of half wild devotees with music—if their wild noises can be called such—passing by leaping, shouting, snapping their fingers, and beating drums with frantic vehemence—the listeners dropped their attention—and not to be wondered at—many of them joining in the wild procession. Brother Buckley followed the first speaker, but the spell had been broken, and all was confusion and disorder. They heard well a little longer, and then, giving one of Juggernath's most enthusiastic "Hurry Bolis," departed. The native preachers had gone to another part of the road. Several tracts were distributed, and, rain coming on, we had to make the best of our way home. The attendance at this festival was very small. Instead of 40,000 or 50,000 persons, there were only, excluding the residents in Pooree, 5,000 pilgrims, and all being fearful lest any rough or noisy performances, not intimately connected with their religion, might be construed into treason against the Government, their behaviour was, *in their excited state*, very good, and void of any of the wicked kind former missionaries received. However, the city not being over crowded, in consequence of the paucity of pilgrims, heartrending and harrowing scenes, with which the

eyes of older missionaries had been forced to tears, I was not permitted to witness. Though the cars were dressed out in a very gay and showy manner they were almost deserted. A short time before we reached the "Bada Dandah," a large road, four men had been run over by the largest car. This was the result of a general rush to the car at the time it was moving, and not self immolation. The wheels of the car ought to have been surrounded with a showy net-work, reaching nearly to the ground. The net-work was there, but 2 or 3 feet from the ground; and consequently no protection whatever. The Rajah has been made responsible, and how the matter will end remains to be seen. After all the brethren had held forth the "word of life," we went to the bridge at the entrance into the city. The "Tara Nullah" or "seven streams," and there had a good opportunity to distribute tracts and copies of the Gospels. In this I was able to do my share. May God bless the silent word. In distributing tracts at this place—the "Tara Nullah"—we got into the shade of a large tree, and with a bundle of books in our hands, waited the approach of any returning pilgrim. Should he be an old man he is

accosted by the words, "O my aged brother, where are you going?" He perhaps answers, "Homewards." He is asked, "How far is it to your house? How many koss?" If he happen to come from a good distance, he has a copy of one of the Gospels given to him. Many of those we accosted at the late festival had travelled three hundred miles. The "five Koss people," or those who live within ten or twelve miles of the city, are considered to belong to the place, as the holiness of the soil reaches so far. The persons we thought it possible we might see again, because they lived near, had a smaller book given to them. I enjoyed the morning's labour very much and felt thankful to be able to do something, however little, for my Redeemer. The native preachers very often took the pilgrims by the hand, and making them sit on the ground, explained the tract or book they had received, to them. In this particular mode of teaching, several of the native brethren are very apt, their manner is very winning. We spent two or three hours here, distributed several hundred books, and then returned to our home.

ALARM FROM A TIGER.

ONE evening, writes Mrs. Buckley, about seven o'clock we heard a great noise. We had just finished dinner, and were having a cup of tea. All at once our people came running into our tent in great alarm. A tiger had been seen a few yards from the native preachers tent where Mr. Buckley's horse, and the bullocks belonging to our cart-men were tethered. The brute seized a calf, but dropped it on the alarming uproar made by the villagers. Our tent was only a field distant from where the tiger was seen. The brethren and all our people came to take shelter with us that night. We had the preachers tent brought and pitched near to ours, in which the native people with us slept. The Christians occupied the closed verandah of our tent. We had a long chat that night about

tigers and bears and the superstitious regard some classes of the natives have for snakes and alligators. If they see them in their houses or compounds they would not kill them for any consideration, but call them friends, and ask if they have offended them in any way as they have so suddenly visited them. They place milk for them to drink, and treat them with reverence. It often makes my heart sink within me as I hold converse with the people and see their minds so encased in darkness. It makes the gospel doubly precious when hearing such remarks as "We live in darkness and are in darkness," fall from the lips of the poor heathen. But the greatest of all evils is they love darkness.

BOX OF PRESENTS TO THE MISSION SCHOOL.

THE contents, says Miss Butler, of the box were very valuable, the cotton for knitting and crocheting especially so. As no box had been sent to the Berhampore

school, such articles that were divisible I divided, reserving a portion for my school, and giving the remainder to Mrs. Hill, who was then on a visit to Cuttack.

This, I felt sure, would meet with the approbation of the dear friends, the contributors, as their chief design would be to benefit the mission generally. At the same time I felt that it was intended as an encouraging favour to myself to aid me in efforts for the benefit of the children.

That part of the day not devoted to educational instruction, is employed by the girls in sewing, knitting, and crocheting. The work is disposed of, and after the cost of the material is deducted, the remaining money is placed to the workers account, to be a fund at the time of marriage, &c. Children's socks, which they

knit beautifully, meet with a ready sale. Some are knitted of cotton, grown in this country and prepared by the girls themselves; but the ladies generally prefer those made of English as they are far superior. The high price of the latter and the difficulty of obtaining it (which we can only do in Calcutta, a distance of 250 miles), besides the expense of commission and carriage greatly diminish the profits; so that a little English cotton or wool is at all times acceptable. Copy-books, pens, pencils, needles, &c., are also of great assistance indeed. These, with cotton and wool are about all the articles really necessary.

LOUTH.—On Sunday, March 13th, the annual sermons were preached on behalf of the Foreign Mission. Rev. John Stevenson, M.A., of Derby, delivered two of his masterly discourses, in the morning and evening; and Rev. H. Wilkinson addressed a large audience from various schools in the afternoon. On Monday evening the missionary meeting was held in the chapel, and suitable and effective addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Stevenson, J. Kiddall, H. Wilkinson, and J. T. Barker. On Tuesday a Missionary Tea Meeting was held in the Town Hall. The spacious and magnificent room was filled, and the brilliant lights reflected from the richly-corniced ceiling, and the happy faces of the assemblage produced an effect that was truly enchanting. At seven o'clock the public meeting commenced. It was remarked as an unusual event for Louth, that there were six General Baptist Ministers on the platform—the pastor, with Messrs. Kiddall, Burton, J. C. Smith, H. Wilkinson, and J. Stevenson. In a letter recently received Mrs. Buckley had intimated that a scarlet blanket would be acceptable to Thomar, the native minister, and in the hall two garments were exhibited. One was a scarlet travelling rug, presented by Mr. S. Snowden, and another was a length of scarlet broadcloth, which was paid for by subscription in the meeting. These services throughout were well sustained and deeply interesting. The attendance was good, and the addresses all that could be desired. The Missionary was said to surpass himself in eloquence. The proceeds were about £23.

ASTERBY AND DONINGTON.—The annual Missionary services were held in these places on March 13th and 16th. On Sunday Rev. H. Wilkinson preached

an excellent sermon at Asterby, from, "he preached unto them Jesus." On Wednesday the public meeting was held at Donington, when suitable addresses were delivered by Mr. T. Barton, the pastor, and Messrs. Smith, Orton, and Wilkinson. Collections and subscriptions amounted to £5 13s.

CASTLE DONINGTON.—On Sunday, the 20th of Feb., the Rev. H. Wilkinson preached our annual sermons on behalf of the Foreign Mission. On the 21st a public meeting was held in our chapel, and addressed by the Revs. G. Hobill, (Wesleyan), J. Carey Pike, and H. Wilkinson. The collections and subscriptions for the year amounted to £29 13s. 6d. J.B.

MEASHAM AND NETHERSEAL.—On Feb. 13, Rev. W. Miller, missionary, preached missionary sermons in the afternoon at Netherseal, and in the evening at Measham.

On Monday evening, a public meeting was held at Measham. Rev. W. Kelly presided. Addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Gray, Ashby; E. Bott, Barton; and W. Miller. On Tuesday evening, at Netherseal, when addresses were delivered by Rev. W. Kelly and W. Miller, the attendance at the services was very good, and the collections and subscriptions in both places in advance of some preceding years.

MISSIONARY SERVICES.—During the past three months of the present year missionary services have been held at Kirkby, and Kirkby Woodhouse; Mansfield, Market Harborough, New Bastord, Burton-on-Trent, Belper, Duffield, and

Milford, Hugglescote, and Ibstock, Measham, and Netherseal, Ticknall and Hartshorn, Castle Donington and Sawley, Macclesfield and Congleton, Leicester, Rothley and Sileby, Queniborough, Leake and Wymeswold, Louth, North-gate; with Asterby and Donington; Lenton, Birmingham, Longford, Wolsey, Derby, Mary's-gate; Kegworth and Diseworth, and Loughborough, Baxter-gate. Brethren Wilkinson, Miller, and the Secretary have, one or other of them, been busily engaged at the above places. At some of the meetings they were all present, at others they found it necessary to divide their strength. Brother Winks assisted at Queniborough, and brother J. Stevenson, of Derby, accompanied Mr. Wilkin-

son to Louth, and the neighbourhood. At all the meetings a pleasing degree of interest was displayed in the progress of the Mission; this remark especially applies to Leicester, where sermons were preached in all our chapels on the sabbath; and a most enthusiastic united meeting was held at Archdeacon-lano Chapel the following evening.

RETURN OF REV. J. STUBBINS.—A note has come to hand from this valued brother, written on board the ship "Clarence," which states, "Here we are, through mercy, in the Channel safe and well. The pilot-boat is just coming off." Our friends have probably reached London before this time.

Foreign Letters Received.

BERHAMPORE.—W. Bailey, Jan. 16th
CAMP, CHIKETY.—W. Hill, Jan. 16th

CUTTACK.—G. Taylor, Jan. 17th

Contributions.

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

From Feb. 20th to March 20th, 1859.

BELPER.				CONGLETON.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
No particulars	...	7	1 1½	Public collection	...	1	10 2½
				Less expenses	...	0	2 6
BURTON-ON-TRENT.				FLECKNEY.			
				Collected by George Coltman—			
Public collections	...	11	10 7	George Coltman	...	0	4 4
Miss Millner	...	2	10 0	Hannah Bryan	...	0	2 6
Miss Dukes	...	1	0 0	Small sums	...	0	4 2
Miss R. Vickers	...	1	14 0				
Rev. R. Kenney	...	1	1 0			0	11 0
Cauldwell and Overseal	...	1	4 8				
		19	0 3				
Less expenses	...	0	11 0	HUCKNALL TORKARD.			
				No particulars	...	4	0 0

HUGGLESCOTE.

	£	s.	d.
Cash on Account	9	0	0

LEICESTER, ARCHDEACON-LANE.

Public Collections	14	0	6
Collection at United Mis- sionary Meeting	8	16	1
Juvenile Missionary Society	5	12	7½

Collected by Mrs. Leigh—

J. Noble, Esq.	2	0	0
G. Stevenson, Esq.	1	1	0
R. Harris, Esq.	1	0	0
Rev. T. Stevenson	1	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
A Friend	0	12	0
Miss Hull	0	10	0
S. G. Leigh	0	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Wallis	0	10	0
Mrs. Staples	0	6	0
A Friend	0	6	0
Mrs. Trueman	0	4	0
Mrs. Habel	0	3	0
	9	12	0

Mr. Jno. Holmes	0	10	0
Mr. Gray	0	10	0

Collected by Mrs. Woodward—

J. D. Harris, Esq., M.P. ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Woodward	0	5	0
Mr. Roper	0	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Stafford	0	3	0
Mrs. Cook	0	2	6
Mr. Barrowcliff	0	2	6
Mr. Sibson	0	2	6
Mr. Harding... ..	0	2	6
Miss Barwick	0	2	6
Miss Scott	0	2	6
Mrs. Hackett	0	2	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Ditto	0	2	6
Ditto	0	1	0
Ditto	0	1	0
Ditto	0	1	0
Mrs. Sturgess	0	1	0

3 5 0

Collected by Miss Eliza Haywood—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Stableford	0	10	0
Mr. Russell	0	10	0
The Misses Haywood ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Chamberlain ...	0	5	0
Mr. Reynolds	0	5	0
Mr. Roper	0	5	0
Mr. Woodcock	0	5	0
Mr. Wells	0	5	0
Mr. Cobby	0	4	0
	2	19	0

By Miss Chamberlain ...	1	8	1½
By Miss Lucy Stevenson ...	1	6	0
A Friend, by Mr. Bennet, in farthings	0	5	0
Mr. Gibbons	0	10	0

Total ... 48 14 4

DOVER-STREET.

Public collections	8	14	1
Collection, Sunday-school ...	0	11	1½

By Mrs. Hull—

Mr. Yates	0	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. Hull	0	10	0
Mrs. Hull	0	5	0
	1	15	0

By Miss Brown—

T. D. Paul, Esq.	1	0	0
Mrs. Deacon... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Harding	1	0	0
Mr. Jarrom	1	0	0
Mr. Harvey	0	10	0
Mrs. Kinsman	0	10	6
Miss Tyers	0	6	0
Mrs. Garner... ..	0	6	0
Mr. Wilford	0	6	0
Miss Brown	0	6	0

6 4 0

By A. & G. Wilford ...	0	5	0

Total ... 17 9 8½

VINE-STREET.

Public collections	2	5	1

LONDON.

Sir S. M. Peto, Bart. ...	2	2	0

MACCLESFIELD.

	£	s.	d.
Public collections	4	18	5½
Mr. Willock	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Gardner...	1	4	0
" Miss E. Hawley...	0	14	5
" Miss Hambleton...	0	12	0
" Miss Salt...	0	12	6
" Miss Dean ...	0	12	1
" Miss E. Ashworth	0	3	4
" Miss Needham ...	0	10	0
" Master G. Sharpley	0	10	0
" Master S. Bradley	0	6	1
" Master H. Harrop	0	2	6
Box in Boys' school ...	0	11	4
" Girls' school ...	0	11	2½
Collected by Master J. Sharpley—			
Benson	0	12	10¾

Total ...	12	10	9¾
Less expenses ...	0	16	1¼

MEASHAM AND NETHERSEAL.

Public collections at Mea-			
sham	4	10	11½
Mr. Boss	1	0	0
Mr. Whitworth	0	10	0
Mr. H. Orgill	0	10	0
Mr. Burton	0	2	0

Collected by—

Miss Whitworth and Miss			
Powel	1	17	0
Miss Hardy	0	10	0
Miss Adey	0	10	0
Misses A. & E. Thompson..	0	6	7
Misses A. Whitworth and			
Taylor	0	15	0
Miss Orgill	0	8	8½
William Orton	0	7	2½
Girls' School Box	0	6	0
Boys' " "	0	3	0
	11	16	5¾

Public collections at Nether-			
seal	1	8	8
Mr. Shakespear	0	10	0
Mr. Tagg	0	2	6

£ s. d.

Collected by Misses Shakespear—			
Small sums	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Shakespear ...	0	5	0
Mr. James Shakespear ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Tagg	0	5	6
" J. Shakespear ...	0	2	6
	3	4	2
Total ...	15	0	7¾
Less expenses ...	0	5	0

MILFORD.

Public collections	1	17	6½
Mr. Wm. Parkinson	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Sims	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Bainbridge ...	0	10	0

Collected by—

Mr. William Goodall ...	0	10	0
Miss Mary Bainbridge ...	0	7	6
Miss Harriett Allsop ...	0	7	2½
Miss Ellen Bell	0	6	8
Miss Mary Ann Illsley ...	0	6	4
Miss Mary Ann Kiddy ...	0	2	7
Small sums	0	14	2
A Friend	0	5	0
	7	7	0
Less expenses ...	0	2	0

QUENIBOROUGH.

Collections and cards ...	2	17	6
Less expenses ...	0	3	6

QUORNDON.

Mr. S. D. Pochin, of Wigston	0	10	0
Ditto for Copies of Pike's			
Persuasives to be sent to			
India	0	10	0
	1	0	0

ROTHLEY AND SILEBY.

Cash on Account ...	4	8	6

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg Esq., Derby, Treasurer; by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Quorndon, near Loughborough, Secretary; and by the Revs. H. Wilkinson, and W. Miller, engaged, during their sojourn, in England, as Travelling Agents for the Society.

T H E
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES.

MAY, 1859.

No. 65.

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

ONE great defect in the church of our day is a lack of spontaneity in the religious life and religious action of its members. This is more or less to be observed in all our efforts, especially those upon an extended scale, making them—to the extent of its existence—unnatural and spasmodic; introducing an angular mechanical formalism, and often entailing signal ruin upon our most cherished schemes. It is sadly perceptible in our religious philanthropy, which certainly is not careful to hide from its left hand what its right hand is doing, and is based, perhaps, almost as much upon a *judicious* system of advertising, and the temporary excitement consequent upon rhetorical display, as, upon the “charity” which “never faileth,” and the constraining love of Christ. But if we would see this spirit of spurious intermittent energy in the sphere where it produces the most disastrous results, we must look at the action of the church in its aggressive movements upon the world. Outward action is the expression of in-dwelling life, or of the want thereof. If there be no life the action will be formal and temporary, the mere result of galvanised purpose. If there be inward life, and it be very variable—waxing and waning like the moon—the action which springs from it will be variable to—rising and falling like the tide. But if that life be full—filled with the “fulness of Him who filleth all in all”—the resulting action will be beautiful, because spontaneous, and steady because flowing from abiding principle, rather than from motives of temporary expediency.

Pity it is that our efforts to do good, and to extend the kingdom of Christ, should be marred and cramped by the dwarfish state of our religious life, and the paralyzed condition of our religious energies; and a greater pity still it is to find the effect so widely deplored, and the cause so pertinaciously cherished. We are not among those who believe in and bemoan the degeneracy of the church, as though it were on the eve of dying out, like a lamp lacking oil; we think rather that on the whole “This time is equal to all time that’s past;” and in many things vastly superior. There may be chaos; but cannot the open ear and the seeing eye hear the voice of God over the abyss, and see the elements of order and beauty struggling to the birth? There may be in the christian church but a partial realization of the christian idea; but still we think the church is nearer now than ever to the stature of Jesus Christ, though still, alas, far from it. There may be a narrower dividing

line than of yore between the church and the world, but we are willing to hope that it has been narrowed on the side of the world rather than on the side of the church. Still, we are not at all in a satisfactory condition, nor are we making our existence and power felt as they might and ought to be. Of this we are fully aware, and are pretty well agreed that the only remedy for this state of things is a revival of religion—the infusion of a fresh life and vigour into the action of the church. This we do most certainly need, and are not wanting in efforts of a certain kind to secure it. We *talk* about it, and in some sort labour for it, and pray for it; but talk and labour and prayer seem alike abortive: we fail and are laughed at for our pains. But, say some, “There have been revivals. These religious awakenings are linked inseparably with such names as Luther, Wesley, and Whitfield; and there are revivals now: witness the recent one in America.” We do not deny any of these assertions. We would not seek to qualify or weaken them; but is it not too true that our local revivals are, for the most part, mere local excitements, arising from some temporary local stimulus, which, when it has passed away, leaves the church in a state of exhaustion—like that of a man who has overworked himself under the stimulus of some pressing emergency. We cheerfully acknowledge the reality and vast spiritual influence of the great religious movements which have taken place in Europe during the last four centuries; but no thoughtful student of history can fail to see that the leaders of those movements did not even pretend to claim originality for themselves, or to set up their modes of action as models for future ages; and it is obvious also that, as the specific hindrances to the progress of the church were greatly different in *their* respective times to what they are in *ours*, they must be met by an altogether different course of action to that which they adopted; though it is at the same time true that our action must spring from the same source, and be based upon the same great principle as theirs.

For these principles and facts in their relation to religious revival where shall we look, but to the first revival of religion in the early christian church—the “day of Pentecost,” when “there were added to the church about 3,000 souls.” If we can for a little while set aside all our pet plans of doing God’s work, and come with humility and reverence to see how it was done by “the glorious company of the apostles;” we may perchance learn a lesson which shall show us *where* and *why* we have so often failed, and *how* we may henceforth succeed.

The first revival was not a manufactured one: it arose spontaneously and naturally out of certain antecedents. It was not chaotic, but orderly, for its incidents were all natural and beautifully dependent upon each other. It was not spasmodic or intermittent in its character, nor exhaustive in its effects upon the church, leaving it in a state of pitiable collapse or helpless coma; but its results were bracing, healthy, and permanent.

The death, resurrection, and ascension of the Lord, had now become facts in history—surrounded no longer by the dim haze of prophecy, they stood forth things of the past, and the disciples were left to the fulfilment of their onerous mission in the world—the application of the healing truths underlying these facts to the diseased heart of humanity. They numbered, apostles and disciples together, about 120—“the day of Pentecost was fully come,” and “they were all with one accord in one

place." Here was a concentration of the believers, not in person merely, but in will, purpose, and energy; for "they were all with one accord." Peter, the impulsive—Thomas, the dubious—John, the gentle—and all the Apostles, with their brethren, to the number of 120. For a little while, all their characteristics and idiosyncracies merged beneath the swelling tide of their newly found relationship of holy christian love, like islands lost beneath the rising waters. The risen Christ had promised to "indue them with power from on high." They had met with faith in that promise, and it was fulfilled. "There came a sound from Heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, which filled all the house where they were sitting, and there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." There was no distinction. "They were *all* with one accord"; and they all shared the Divine Gift; "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." Their natural faculties were raised into a higher sphere, and powers unfelt before were awakened within them;* perhaps, indeed, this was a momentary manifestation of what is possible to—and one day to be realized in—the nature of every man, who, by harmony with God, becomes an organ of the Divine Spirit. This possession of the Spirit gave a spontaneity and freshness to their indwelling life, and consequently to their outward acts. There was no mechanical formalism, no acting and speaking by the conventional rule and square, but the very opposite of all this: "they began to speak *as the Spirit gave them utterance.*" It was not—like much of our christian communion in these days—the wearisome process of drawing water from a well or pumping it from a cistern; but the irrepressible gush of a spring, free, natural, easy and harmonious. Nor were the disciples selfish in their appropriation of the Divine Gift—exhausting it in intercourse with each other. They remembered the world lying in the arms of the wicked one, and the mission of the holy Christ "to destroy the works of the devil;" and they went forth to preach His gospel to the multitude, who had gathered to revile, and to attribute the holy enthusiasm of the saints to drunkenness with "new wine." They "preached Christ;" and let us mark well in these days of "funny preaching," and "the gospel according to Punch," how the apostles preached on that day. They preached what Paul afterwards in his epistle to the Corinthians, called "the Gospel." "How that Christ died for our sins, according to the scriptures, and rose again the third day, according to the scriptures." The burden of Peter's preaching was not that which is often called "preaching Christ" in these times. It was not sentimental talk about the "Joys of Heaven"—nor horrifying fulminations of the crude conceptions of coarse minds respecting the "terrors of Hell"—nor exaggerated statements of man's weakness and the Devil's strength—nor abstruse disquisitions on "fate, foreknowledge, and free-will"—but its burden was *man's personal sin brought home to his individual conscience; God's great love to sinful man; and Christ's redeeming work—putting away sin by the sacrifice of himself.* Nor did it satisfy Peter merely to state these things—repeating them again and again—he took the trouble to prove them by a reference to specific facts; and when that statement of truth and its proof had produced conviction, he gave plain

* See Neander's "History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles," pp. 7-16. Bohu's edition.

directions as to how salvation could be secured. The conviction thus produced, was not a dim ill-defined sense of guilt and disharmony with God, but a consciousness of personal rebellion against Him, and personal insult offered to Him in the rejection of His mercy and the crucifixion of His Son. The preaching of Peter had been very *personal*: he had set their own "sins in order before their eyes" in all their hideousness of nature and aggravation of circumstance; he did not take the edge off his charge by saying "they" and "we." His sermon was by no means free from what uneasy critical hearers of modern churches would call "personalities" and "egotisms." "God hath made that same Jesus, whom *ye* have crucified, both Lord and Christ." They felt the force and saw the truth of the appeal—an appeal not to terror, or hope, or selfishness merely, but to facts, and man's conscious relation to them. They saw that it was "an evil and bitter thing to sin against God," and that they stood exposed to all the consequences of so doing; and they hailed with gladness the "remission of sins" proclaimed to them "in the name of Jesus Christ"; "and on the same day there were added to the church about 3,000 souls." The men were faithful, the means simple, the success glorious. Thanks be to God! that graven in the imperishable annals of history, there lives such a record as this—at once an encouragement and a rebuke to the church—a rebuke, when it neglects the Master's work, or seeks to do it with the devil's tools, or those of mere human wisdom—an encouragement when it wakens up from the mistakes of the past to a clear recognition of the work it has to do in the world, and the way in which Christ would have it done. And what of these 3,000 converts, the result of this day's revival, was their religion the temporary effect of mere excitement—physical and mental? No! it was the offspring of deep conviction and earnest faith, for "they continued steadfast in the apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers;" brotherly love and sympathy bound them together; they regarded themselves practically as members of a body of which, if one member suffered all the rest suffered with it; "they were together, and had all things common, and sold their possessions, and goods, and parted them to all, as every man had need;" and all was crowned with sincerity and joy, the sap and flower of religious life—"they did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God"; and He visited their faithfulness with his continued presence and blessing; "the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."

Such was this *Model Revival*—the first in the Christian church, and placed on record for the instruction of all ages. The more carefully it is examined the more apparent will be its beauty, and the more will it be seen to be a development of the religious life in complete harmony with the genius of Christianity—the dignity of truth—and those laws of mind by which alone truth can gain a passage to the roots of our spiritual nature; and we think we shall not be far from the truth in asserting that every true revival will—in the main—reveal the same plan as this; and that if we would see a revival, we must, in its great features, take this as our model; we mean, *that a true revival of religion cannot be manufactured mechanically*, but must arise spontaneously

and naturally out of certain antecedents which are easily ascertained. It is one of the vainest things in the world to say "Go to now: let us have a revival of religion," as men band together, and say, "Let us build a church:" and to set about manufacturing it by advertisements and special meetings, as men get up a political excitement. It cannot be thus made to come. We may proclaim our own folly, and compromise the dignity of Christianity, and do permanent injury to the church; but not so is the work of the Lord to be revived in the midst of the years.

There must be *unanimity of will and concentration of effort*. These must mark the fellowship, labours, and prayers of the church; they must be "agreed" as touching the kingdom of God. Jealousy, religious recrimination, sectarian rivalry, are all fatal to the spread of religion. When a church is thus bound together, it becomes *the possession and dwelling place of the Spirit of God*; and that Spirit lifts the whole nature into a higher light, and a holier life; the church thus becomes "a city set on a hill," and men, beholding the good works of the citizens, are led to glorify their Father who is in Heaven.

"How came it, men of faith, to pass
That ye were mighty-handed?
How break ye down the gates of brass
When few of ye were banded?
*It was that through your open soul,
God like a tide did onward roll,
And left no vessel stranded."*

To these must be added *a setting forth of Christ before the people*: a preaching of His Gospel as Peter preached it—bringing sin home to them by pointing to the facts of their own individual everyday life—thus awakening in their souls a sense of personal guilt; and then directing them to Christ as a Saviour. These two points are the great themes of a christian teacher—the exposition of individual sin—and the exhibition of God's love and pardon in the gift and grace of Christ. In these preliminaries we have a three-fold cord which cannot be broken—*Christian Unity*, for which Christ prayed in order that the world might recognize in Him "the Sent of God;"—*the indwelling Spirit*, which Christ promised should be given to His church to "convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment;"—and *the Gospel of Jesus Christ*, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." When these three become combined, a revival is inevitable—all hell cannot keep it back. Without them a true revival is not possible, the whole church cannot bring it about.

Brothers! let us have a revival based upon these principles, and noblest results will follow. Our converts will then not only be numerous, but what is better, they will be steadfast—steadfast because natural. We may force plants in a hothouse, but they will not live when exposed to the wind and rain and frost; if we would have them live, we must grow them naturally. So we may base a spurious chapel and Sunday religion upon physical and mental excitement—upon mere hopes of Heaven, and fears of hell; but it will not live in the blights of the workshop and market, and in the—now keen and now debilitating—atmosphere of every-day life. It has no stamina wherewith to sustain

itself amid corruption, or to resist temptation ; but let a revival be based upon the New Testament model, and it will be durable and strong. Our converts will be jubilant with praise, and radiant with gladness and joy. Let us be with one accord, in one place. Let us each be organs of the Spirit of God. Let there be in our lives a constant setting forth of Christ—a condemnation of sin in the flesh, and then “ God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.”

TWELVE MONTHS AMONG THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 97.)

I HAVE more than once referred to the father of the novices. No other Jesuit with whom I ever conversed left so pleasing an impression on my mind. Gentle as a nurse, considerate, patient, and thoroughly sincere, I dearly loved him. Not so the minister, his deputy. At his first appearance, six months after my entrance, a shadow fell on my heart. His countenance repelled me. Of all the Jesuits I saw at Stoneyhurst, he seemed the most insincere. I never heard a word from his lips that could edify or inspire devotion. He always seemed tired in body or mind of something that was never to be disclosed. But this last trait was evident enough in all the fathers I knew. Cold and unimpassioned on the most vital topics of religion, they never brightened up except when the affairs of the Society were discussed. Had I gone among these men as an enemy, I might suspect my impressions ; but I went as a friend, as a passionate admirer. It was scarcely my fault if the peculiarities of their minds did not please me.

Cool cleverness is essential to a Jesuit, whose joy at success is subdued, and whose annoyance at failure has no voice. Means were given us in the novitiate to acquire this frame of mind. We played at backgammon, chess, and draughts, and even football. Our times of play were recreation days. Although these days came round every week pretty regularly, they were occasionally stopped ; they were always announced, thereby giving us to understand that they did not come as a matter of course. But on the great festivals, such as Christmas, Easter, the feast of St. Ignatius, Xavier, Aloysius, and Holy Innocents, we invariably made merry. We now and then went out a walk in the vicinity, but generally selected the unfrequented paths. Before starting, a list was read over, dividing the novices into companies of four, each under the guidance of a second year's novice, and the litany of the Virgin Mary was then repeated rapidly. The sound of our voices reminded one of that husky guttural tone with which the palanquin-bearers in the East supply the place of a pedometer, and kill monotony : to their own satisfaction at least, if not to that of the traveller. The list was in Latin, the litany was in Latin, and we talked Latin for the first hours of recreation, on all occasions. To those whose tongues are habitually tied, I doubt not that Hebrew or Chinese would soon be sufficiently mastered as a vehicle of thought, if they were the only languages permitted to be spoken. We avoided other companies, and were not allowed to speak with one another if by any chance we met. We raised

our hands to our hats and passed on. All seemed happy as we set out, particularly during the summer months: and very often, as soon as the litany was concluded, one of the company would burst out into a fit of laughter, a sort of pent-up torrent-like full-heartedness that could not be resisted any longer. This must not remind the reader of what Cicero says of the ancient augurs of Rome, that they could not look each other in the face without smiling at the deceit they practised. I should be very sorry to hear the remark paralleled to the incident just described. We were careful to preserve "custody of eyes," and we rarely saw the faces of those whom we met. I shall never forget the pang that shot through my frame, when once, on passing a stile, I inadvertently raised my eyes and beheld—a handsome woman! It required some days for me to recover from this shock, but the Superior perfectly convinced me at last that "It was quite natural." We visited various poor families, and catechised the little ones who were assembled for the purpose. On our return the litany of the Virgin was again repeated.

We were prepared for our missionary duties indirectly by our reading, and directly, by short sermons which every novice in his turn had to compose and deliver; and by a course of christian doctrine which was read in class. The book was French, and each novice, when his turn came round, standing at the end of the recreation-room, translated it into English, as if he were reading an English book. The Superior was always present, and sometimes put questions to the novices on the topics discussed. The morality of the catechism read at Hodder was, as far as I remember, that of Roman Catholics in general; nor do I think there was anything read to us from it contrary to the notions of Christians in general on questions of simple morality. It is true we never saw the book till put into our hands by the Superior, read only what he had marked, and had barely time to translate the paragraph, much less to read more. Our sermons were short discourses, delivered *viva voce*, in like manner, on the virtues and vices, from texts of Scripture selected for us. A short, clever model discourse was committed to memory, and imitated as closely as possible. The sermon was sometimes criticised keenly—I suppose "to try the spirit." We had also to compose and deliver longer sermons after the great retreat, a list of the subjects being deposited for inspection on the table of the dormitory. On this table lay a few books, to read which general permission was given. The two or three hundred books on the shelves in the same room, including a Bible, Bourdaloue's Sermons, and miscellaneous books on religious subjects, were only read by express permission from the Superior. But why should a Roman Catholic read a Bible, or why a Jesuit? They would expose themselves to temptation against the faith, and wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction. All "proximate occasions of sin must be avoided," and the Bible is such to them, and therefore the Bible must be avoided. I know Roman Catholics never admit this in argument. They will tell you to read, of course; but beware of interpreting contrary to the promulgated doctrines! Of what use, then, are the Scriptures? "Oh! for the study of the priest, who will take care to read and explain them to his congregation!" Besides, they are necessary to prove that the church is the church; and then "the church" returns the favour by proving that the

Scriptures are the Scriptures, by the force of its own authority ; as beautiful an instance of reasoning in a circle as sophistry ever displayed. For my part, I read the Bible when a boy : I read it when at college. All Roman Catholics may, when the priest gives permission ; such is the distinction, which answers the end in view—subjection to the infallible popedom.

But to return. We delivered our sermons without gesture ; keeping “custody of eyes,” like Bourdaloue. I was told the following anecdote of Bourdaloue in the novitiate, and I suppose we may rely on its authenticity :—On one occasion this celebrated Frenchman had to preach a sermon on some very serious topic, and had retired to his room for previous meditation. Being a few minutes beyond the appointed hour, he was sent for—when lo ! they found him with a fiddle in his hand, scraping a lively air, to which he was dancing with all his might. “Pardon me, brothers,” he said, on being surprised, “but the fact is, I was so depressed in spirits by the terrible subject, that I have been striving to rouse myself by this little foolery.” It is said he never preached a more powerful sermon.

With the Romish priesthood in general, divinity is not an afterthought : is not a matter left in a great measure to individual piety, honesty, and zeal. It is a first necessity, a kind of mother’s milk which is imbibed betimes. Hence the tenacity with which the Roman faith sticks to the mind. It is a well-concocted system, suited to every weakness of human nature, and knows how to exalt even that weakness into a semblance of strength. A hatred of all other religions is as sedulously taught the Roman Catholic as the Mahomedan.

From the training at the Jesuit colleges, the wonder is that all Jesuits are not orators. If all meditate according to the plan set down by Ignatius, they can never lack ideas. But sincerity and earnestness are the founts of eloquence, and especially of sacred eloquence. If I may be permitted to speak for myself, I may say, without boasting, that when I left the novitiate it would have been an easy matter for me to offer an extemporaneous address on any of the topics of christian morality. The habit of meditation acquired at Hodder has never left me, and I record with candour and thankfulness, that it gives me great facility in fixing my mind on any subject suggested by the will or the fancy, and fixing it too for any length of time.

Though many things at Hodder were true to their names ; some were mere equivocations. Such were the discipline, chain, chapter, and the brief. I will begin with an account of the last first. Imagine the novices pleasantly engaged at dinner, satisfying the grateful stomach with savoury food, and the pious soul with holy thoughts. The Martyrology and Fasti have been read. One novice has the cup in his hand, another his fork to his mouth, a third is dividing his meat, a fourth is masticating. Suddenly the reader solemnly intones, “By order of holy obedience !” In an instant down go the cup and the fork ; the meat is left ; mouths are closed, and all hands are joined on the breast. Now, listen to the brief, “By order of holy obedience ! Brother ——— is hereby reprimanded for his general unedifying conduct, want of punctuality, hurried gait, bustling demeanour, totally unbecoming a novice of

the Society of Jesus. He must remember what is required of him by the rules of the summary, and entirely discard the habits of a school boy. Holy obedience enjoins him to kiss the feet of all the brothers as soon as he has dined." The reader sat down, and the dinner proceeded as if nothing had happened, except the crimson blush on the cheek of the brother whose brief had just been read. Briefs did not come often, but they always made an impression. Soon after my admission, I received a brief reprimanding me "for sitting with my legs sprawling at church, a manner totally unbecoming a novice of the Society of Jesus." The brief was in English, and the one given may be taken as a faithful imitation of the Superior's style, and as a correct exposition of their general contents.

A "chapter" was quite a different affair. It superseded the sermon or translation, of which I have spoken. On entering the recreation-room we saw a cushion in the centre. This announced a "chapter." We sat down. The Superior entered and filled the place at the end of the room. After a pause he named one of the novices. The novice rose, walked to the cushion, and knelt. Another pause ensued. Then the Superior said, "Brother —, mention what you have observed amiss in the conduct of brother —;" that is, of the kneeling novice. The brother obeyed if he had anything to say: if not, he remained silent. Another novice might be called on, and so on, according to the Superior's discretion. Then followed a solemn lecture to the penitent, mild though severe. No allusion was ever made to briefs, chapters, or reprimands in general conversation. The brief and chapter referred to public faults. But the society requires also to know secret propensities, and hidden inclinations. It seeks to rival God in a knowledge of the heart. Hence our frequent interviews with the Superior, and our annual manifestation of conscience to the Provincial. A whole day was set apart for this last. The Provincial occupied the infirmary for the day, and sent for each novice in his turn. A report of all the novices is afterwards forwarded to the General of the Order, at Rome. Monthly reports are forwarded to the General by all Provincials, and quarterly by all the Professi, or those Jesuits who have taken the fourth vow, "Obedience to the Pope."

The "discipline" is a whip made of whiplcord, duly knotted at the ends of the tails, and used for flagellation. "Three thousand lashes," says Alban Butler, "with the recital of thirty psalms, were a redemption of a canonical penance of one year's continuance." But listen to an account of our "discipline" at Hodder. It is Lent. The porter gives out "Mortification!" We understaud him, and answer, "*Deo Gratias!*" By the time he has gone round to all the curtains before each little dormitory, we have made ready by uncovering our shoulders, each novice sitting in his bed, and seizing the whip. The bell rang, and then broke out the sound of twenty whips, cracking like a hailstorm on the backs in question. We were confined to twelve strokes. In the excitement, very similar to a shower-bath, we could not help tossing the whip into the desk; and then, diving into the sheets, felt very comfortable indeed! Perhaps, after a chorus of flagellation, you might hear a young novice giggling. "It was quite natural." Such foolery was sure to provoke it. Do you ask why the Jesuits prescribe it to the novices? I reply, to keep them alive, to break the monotony of their life, and to flatter their minds that they are doing something in the labour of perfection, after the

manner of the wild monks of old and their three thousand lashes! If a good stiff rope were used, the purpose, by physical pain, might be attained: but that whip at Hodder—bah! it only tickles and disgusts. It was hideous to me: and yet I remember, in the outrageous fanaticism of the great retreat, asking permission to give myself an extra flagellation. I determined to punish myself, but I failed: and left the room ashamed of myself, and disgusted with my “discipline.”

The “chain” was less objectionable in this respect: though the chain was not what the word has suggested to the reader's imagination. It was made of steel wire, about the thickness of whipcord, twisted into horse-shoe links, with the end of the links projecting about half-an-inch, and left rough as they were cut. This was tied next to the skin round the right thigh, and drawn up tight enough to keep it from slipping down. We put it on the morning after “discipline,” and wore it six hours. The prongs of this chain produced a continuous dull pain, like the pressure of a bodkin, or the teeth of a playful spaniel. To me it seemed to resemble a large centipede of the west, crawling round the limb. Every motion in walking produced a sudden sting; for it was when we walked that we were truly “mortified.” Both whip and chain, at least in *my* case, totally defeated the alleged object of their use.

Eleven months of my probation had now passed away. Occasional doubts gave way to settled conviction of my unfitness for the Society of Jesus. Had I meditated less fervently, and been less sincere in my ardour for perfection, doubtless I had become a Jesuit; but the very moment that I felt the full force of that awful vow—*perfect obedience to man*—at that moment my dream was passed. The die is cast! Poverty, be thou once more my mother! World of my fellow men, be thou once more my battle-field! I can at least die with self-respect.

I looked for faith among the Jesuits, I found self: its interests and cravings. In the men who had been trained as we were, I saw no indications of that training. We were taught to keep every sense in restraint: I was often scandalized by the trivial remarks, eager curiosity, and irreligious deportment of the men who were far advanced in the grades of the Society. What, then, has become of all this training? Has it been of no effect? See the same Jesuits in the world, demure or gay, mild or severe, learned or ignorant, wearing their way like Ignatius, who never spoke in conversation with strangers, until he had divined the characters of all his hearers from what they had uttered. The fathers were natural to us: it is in the world that they become supernatural, that they show that they are trained. Unsatisfactory as was my opinion of their intellectual attainments, I doubt not all had their talent adapted for some peculiar emergency. The Jesuits do not strive to change nature. Their aim is to train each man to excel according to his age, genius, and inclination. Chance, favour, and solicitation, never send forth a Jesuit-missionary. He is evoked by his physical and mental qualifications. Hence his work is always a labour of love, and this is the best earnest of success. He never chooses his scene of labour. He must go where “holy obedience” sends him. Trained to estrange himself from the common feelings of human nature, he becomes a stoic in endurance. He goes among men, but is not of them.

The time now came round for the father of the novices to make his annual retreat. He resigned his office to the father minister, and did

penance like the humblest novice. On the day of sacramental confession, an order came down that we were to confess to the father minister. I have felt some shocks of mind and heart in my short career, but never any shock so keen as this order occasioned. I was stunned. A sudden chilliness numbed my heart. Shall I, then, confess to this man who, of all others, I most dreaded and disliked? I sought the father of the novices, but he refused to see me. I left his door agitated and sad, for he directed me to the very man from whom I wished to fly. I met the man as I was returning, and he reprimanded me "for walking hurriedly, for being dictatorial in conversation, and proud in bearing!" I went to my cell and wept bitterly. Again I applied to the kind old man. "Brother," said he, "what brings you here?" "May I confess to you, father?" I asked weeping. "Holy obedience has spoken," he replied firmly, but mildly and sorrowfully: "Go, brother, and obey!" I closed the door once more. The victory of love was gained. I conquered myself and went. My confession took but a few minutes. The minister absolved me. But I rose determined to leave the novitiate. I had yielded in weakness, was conquered to do what my mind and heart rejected. Such was obedience! such might be obedience hereafter: and it might not be so innocent. That night I told the father of the novices my resolution, and the next morning I was closetted with the Provincial. My interview was short, and broken off abruptly. "What now? What has happened? You must leave, why? Unfit for the Society? Have you been induced to this step by any one from without? Well: we can't force you to stay. But this is very annoying." A pause ensued. I rose and said: "May I leave without delay?" "When you like!" growled the Provincial, in tones that I shall not soon forget. I left that night. A public farewell was granted me and the favour had well nigh laid me at their mercy once more. All the novices were affected—none more than myself. The kind, fatherly old man, to whom I had grown so much attached, he also was deeply affected, and said but little. I knelt before him. He blessed me; and, making the sign of the cross on my forehead, he prayed that I "might never swerve from the faith." A few minutes after, the chaise drove up. I entered, and the gates of probation were closed upon me. I departed as joyfully as I came!

My subsequent history is soon told. I left London for Demerara, in South America: obtained there, and threw up again in forty days, the post of dispenser of medicines to the Colonial Hospital; and again returned to London. Poverty, my old familiar friend, once more stared me in the face. A good man, Mr. Macready, spontaneously came to my help. A few weeks after, I got an appointment at Fakenham, in Norfolk; and just nine months from the time of leaving the Novitiate was quietly settled in that town as a schoolmaster. In my calm retreat, I review with a grateful heart, the many kind interpositions of a merciful Providence. I have few wants, and many blessings. My garden, music, and song are my recreations. A book, a pen, my thoughtful flowers, and friendly pipe, my wife knitting in blindness beside me, are my sweetest companions in the watches of the night—that sabbath of my day.*

* Abridged from "THE NOVITIATE, or the Jesuit in Training: being a year's residence among the English Jesuits. A personal narrative. By ANDREW STEINMETZ. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

CHRISTIANITY AND COMMERCE.

AFTER having lived so long under the influences of a degrading Paganism, or a lamentably corrupt form of Judaistic religion, the early disciples of Christianity must have felt considerable difficulty in attempting to solve certain social problems, which would suggest themselves to earnest and reflective minds. One of these gordian knots, which many a priest and philosopher had failed to untie, was this;—the relation existing between things moral and things mercantile. We can well imagine a neophyte in revealed truths proposing questions like the following :—“ May I continue in my present occupation, or is it incompatible with fealty to God ? Year by year I have obtained my own livelihood, and that of those near me by a certain kind of handicraft : am I to maintain the same course, or is it to be abandoned as displeasing in the Master’s sight ? ” Faithful to the honourable yet responsible charge laid upon them, the men who were divinely inspired that they might rightly direct the movements of the Church, were not slow to answer and even anticipate such inquiries. Writing to the Corinthians, Paul meets any difficulty which might exist by saying, “ Let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God.” The obvious meaning of the Apostle’s injunction, we take to be this ;—“ You have no need to forsake your wonted occupations. Adhere to them. At the same time, they must be associated with piety. Continue in your various spheres of secular industry, but let it be with God—with a consciousness of His approbation—an approbation resulting from your having conducted yourselves as godly men ought to do in their worldly transactions.” Such is the general rule upon which he advises them to act. Of course there were exceptions. To the Christian who had been accustomed to obtain his livelihood by the gladiatorial combat, or by offices which he sustained in a heathen temple, he would never say, “ therein abide.” But as a broad, general principle he affirmed that commercial pursuits were not to be regarded as necessarily hostile to vital religion and therefore need not be relinquished.

This, like many other valuable truths, is, however, in danger of being ignored. It is frequently practically denied, and sometimes theoretically. Why this is the case we do not stay to ask. Perhaps “ the wish is father to the thought : ” a wrong state of heart is productive of a wrong creed, and *vice versa*. Whether it is so in the present instance, our readers must judge : our object is to listen to the objections made to the principle, and to offer some suggestions by way of reply. When maintaining the possibility of a man’s developing his moral and spiritual powers in the scene of work, as well as in that of worship, we are not seldom met with a strain of remark to the following effect : “ We can hardly agree with you when you state that the shop in common with the sanctuary, may be made a means of grace. There are some occupations which really do appear conducive to the production of godly emotions and thoughts, but they are not the occupations of tradesmen and merchants. Indeed, one can hardly conceive of a greater contrast than that which obtains between the employments of the christian philosopher and theologian on the one hand, and those of the christian men of business on the other. Look at the christian philosopher. Are not the themes of his investigation eminently calculated to promote his spiritual well-being ? As he surveys

the human frame, so wonderfully and graciously constructed, or the mind of man, with its almost God-like powers, the star-studded heavens in their nightly glory, or the sun-lit earth smiling in plenty and singing with joy, how can he feel otherwise than more humble in view of all this magnificence, and more devout in view of all this goodness? Look, too, at the theologian. His is a nobler and wider field of inquiry. His is the queen of sciences, the crown of knowledge. Redemption and creation, nature and revelation, alike range themselves under the sphere of his researches. Undoubtedly his occupation tends to develop personal religion. While he thinks upon the vast wisdom which proportioned the development of truth to the capacities of men in different ages of the world's history, the infinite love which endured the agony of Gethsemane, and the shame of Golgotha on our behalf, and the matchless power which strikes from the hands of enslaved humanity the trammels of sin—his soul must swell with new gratitude for the past, and holier resolve for the future. But how different from this is the position of the christian tradesman. Instead of the quiet of the laboratory, or the silence of the study, he has the din of the warehouse, shop, or wharf. What is there to elevate in the sale-room, the factory, or the counting-house? Is buying and selling likely to make him a better man? Is casting up accounts, driving bargains, and examining the quality of goods calculated to increase devout and upright purposes? Surely not." Plausible as this reasoning may appear, we think it will not stand the test of a rigid inspection in the light of reason and revelation. We shall now endeavour briefly to show this, but before we advert pointedly and directly to the objection which we have just supposed, we invite the attention of our readers to two or three considerations in proof of the general principle that religion and business are not necessarily incompatible.

It will be admitted by all that labour is a divine institution. Unfallen man was placed in Eden's garden not to be idle, but for activity. It was expected of him that he should "dress and keep it." Fallen man is not meant for sloth: the fact that he has hands and head is an evidence that he was meant for physical or mental toil. We advance a step yet further, and venture to affirm that commerce, like work, is a divine ordinance. Any disposition of mind which is co-extensive with humanity, must partake of the nature of an instinct, and what is instinctive is divine. Tell us of a nation, barbaric or civilized, remote or near, which is destitute of trade? Give us the name of that land, whose inhabitants are strangers to a bartering propensity? It cannot be done. Men everywhere know something of trade, both in theory and practice, therefore trade is an innate principle of their nature—an idea inbred in their very being by God. Moreover, here—as elsewhere—the God of Nature is the God of Providence also; the works of the Supreme Being in one sphere exactly accord with His works in another. Not merely as Creator has He made commerce an instinct of our nature, but as Providence He has made it a necessity. We cannot exist in comfort and security without it. The provisions essential to our entire well-being are not all to be found in the land in which we live. Fully to secure our physical and social happiness we require animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, which are to be obtained only in other climes. Hence the necessity of trade. From these two facts, we conclude that commerce is of more than earthly origin, that it is a

divine ordinance. In view of this conclusion, we ask, would a God of infinite rectitude and beneficence make business an intuition and a necessity, if it was essentially opposed to the culture of those emotions and the doing of those actions which he enjoins upon us as our duty? Perish the thought!

Glance at the subject in another aspect. The poet frequently declares that there is more than one end contemplated by God in nature. She ministers to our physical wants as the most idle observer may see. Is this all? No: she also ministers to our æsthetic faculty. She meets the demands of our bodies, and has also abundance wherewith to satisfy our love of the beautiful. In the works of creation there is grace and elegance alongside utility. There is a delicate bloom on the fruit. The fields of corn are not more nourishing than picturesque when they roll to and fro like the restless sea. The rivulet not only quenches his thirst but ripples soothing music to the weary traveller who bends his hot brow over its surface.

"All things have something more than barren use;
There is a scent upon the brier,
A tremulous splendour in the autumn dews,
Cold snows are fringed with fire.

The clodded earth goes up in sweet-breathed flowers;
In music dies poor human speech,
And into beauty blow these hearts of ours,
When love is born in each."

The divine and the moralist say as much of the social world. According to them there is a grand final end in whatever takes place. There is a design contemplated by the great disposer of events in all our experience. The varying incidents common to us,—the heavy cloud of sorrow, the laughing morning of prosperity, the resistless storm of bereavement,—these do not exist for themselves alone; there is an object which God seeks to accomplish through their medium. The end is—our spiritual welfare. Life is a school, a battle, a gymnasium. Our fortunes and misfortunes, losses and gains, are to discipline us in righteousness, patience, and beneficence. Now if we do not scruple to admit this with respect to the *general* events of life, why should we refuse to grant it in reference to each *particular* incident? If it be true that the occurrences of the domestic circle are intended to school us in godliness, why should it not be equally true that the affairs of business have the same end in view? Yet so inconsistent are some, that while they will see in a bereavement, or in the formation of a new friendship, something adapted to strengthen their patience and fidelity, they profess not to be able to find in commercial successes and failures a stimulus to their better nature.

Commending the above thoughts to the attention of those who question whether religion and business can be combined, we now take another and brief view of the subject, and one which bears more directly on the objections mentioned in the course of previous remarks. It is asked whether the christian merchant is not placed in a more disadvantageous position than the christian philosopher or theologian? We do not hesitate to reply in the negative. Let it be granted that the occupations of the former afford a finer scope for thought than those of the latter; what of that? Is the understanding of a grand truth, or the comprehension

of a noble idea the thing of chief importance? We think not. The desideratum is to act out truth and to embody great thoughts. This is "the one thing needful." Of what avail is the most accurate acquaintance with the doctrines of revelation if that acquaintance does not lead to practice? Verily, it profiteth nothing. Now, it is in the transactions of commerce that the widest sphere is afforded in which to convert creed into custom. Do you believe that we ought to "speak truth every man with his neighbours," and "do unto others as we would they should do unto us?" If so, you cannot find a better place for the embodiment of these ethics than the store and the market-place. Moreover, conditioned as we now are, opposition and trial seem essential to a strong, vigorous, enduring piety. Place a plant in a hot-house: what will be the result? It will grow very fast: it will send forth its roots and branches with great rapidity. But will it be strong and healthful? Not in the strictest sense of the terms. Let it remain in the open air, exposed to the vicissitudes of cold and heat, rain and drought, and although its growth may not be so rapid as if reared by artificial means, it will acquire far greater strength. It is thus in the moral world. The man who secludes himself from his fellows, and avoids the secular occupations of life, may grow in sentimental piety, but not in spiritual force: he will have no great power of resistance and endurance. But he who having armed himself with divine thoughts and ideas, enters the arena of mercantile competition, and braves every temptation, will find himself day by day a morally stronger man. Goodness untried does not merit the name of virtue. Before the ore is pure it must be subjected to intense heat. Keep the silver of piety aloof from the crucible of temptation, and it will still be amalgamated with sin. "Perfect, through suffering" is the plan of Christianity.

One other thought, and then we have done. Commerce affords a fine medium for the importation of christian thought and principle. The shop and warehouse are localities in which there is a continual exchange of opinion and feeling. Buyer and seller, master and servant, incidentally discuss questions which do not directly relate to merchandise and its barter. Who does not see that the disciple of Christ has thus a means of spreading the truths and influences of his Master and Teacher? Let not our meaning be misconstrued. We are no advocates for the use of what may be fitly termed religious slang, neither do we think that there is either utility or dignity in the adoption of those sanctimonious gestures, which Pharisees in every age of the world delight to display. Nor do we believe that intermixing conversation with quotations from second-rate hymns, and disfiguring our discourse by little pietisms, is calculated to do good. There is a more excellent way. Live near the infinite Father, and then, as the natural result of so doing, your words and works will be pure and devout. When Moses descended from the mount in which he had held communion with God, the people saw that his face was bright and shining. So if we dwell much with the source of moral beauty, we shall receive somewhat of His glory, and men will not fail to mark and admire the lustre of our character which is our spiritual countenance. If, respected reader, you are engaged in business, go to the scene of commerce with brave heart and resolute will. Go, not as a slave, but as a free man in Christ. Go to it believing that it need not be, what it too often is, the mouth of perdition, but that it may be the gate of heaven. Go to it as to an arena in which you shall show the might of godliness by

fighting right manfully against self and wrong. Go to it that principle may be perfected and truth tested, for although by trial hypocrisy is unmasked, by trial also are the weak made strong.

T. R. S.

Ilkeston.

THE EXHAUSTLESS FULNESS.

"It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness *dwell*;" dwell, not come and go, like a wayfaring man who tarrieth but a night, who is with us to-day, and away to-morrow; not like the shallow, noisy, treacherous brook that fails, when most needed, in heat of summer; but like this deep-seated spring, that, rising silently though affluently at the mountain's foot, and having unseen communication with its exhaustless supplies, is ever flowing over its grassy margin, equally unaffected by the long droughts that dry the wells, and the frosts that pave the neighbouring lake with ice. So fail the joys of earth; so flow, supplied by the fulness that is in Christ, the pleasures and the peace of piety. It cannot be otherwise. "If a man love me," says Jesus, "he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him"

I have read how, in the burning desert, the skeletons of unhappy travellers, all withered and white, are found, not only on the way to the fountain, but lying grim and ghastly on its banks, with their skulls stretched over its very margin. Panting, faint, their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth, ready to fill a cup with gold for its fill of water, they press on to the well, steering their course by the tall palms that stand full of hope above the glaring sands. Already, in fond anticipations, they drink where others had been saved. They reach it. Alas! sad sight for the dim eyes of fainting men,—the well is dry. With stony horror in their looks, how they gaze into the empty basin, or fight with man and beast for some muddy drops that but exasperate their thirst! The desert reels around them. Hope expires. Some cursing, some praying, they sink, and themselves expire. And by-and-bye the sky darkens, lightnings flash, loud thunders roll, the rain pours down; and, fed by the showers, the treacherous waters rise to play in mockery with long fair tresses, and kiss the pale lips of death.

But yonder, where the cross stands up high to mark the fountain of the Saviour's blood, and Heaven's sanctifying grace, no dead souls lie. Once a Golgotha, Calvary has ceased to be a place of skulls. Where men went once to die, they go now to live; and to none that ever went there to seek pardon, and peace, and holiness, did God ever say, "Seek ye me in vain." There are times when the peace of God's people, always like a river, is like one in flood, overflowing its margin, and rolling its mighty current between bank and brae. There are times when the righteousness of God's people, always like the waves of the sea, seems like the tide at the stream, as, swelling beyond its ordinary bounds, it floats the boats and ships that lie highest, driest on the beach. But at all times and seasons, faith and prayer find fulness of mercy to pardon, and of grace to sanctify, in Jesus Christ. The supply is inexhaustible.

Mountains have been exhausted of their gold, mines of their diamonds, and the depths of ocean of their pearly gems. The demand has emptied

the supply. Over once busy scenes, silence and solitude now reign; the caverns ring no longer to the miner's hammer, nor is the song of the pearl-fisher heard upon the deep. But the riches of grace are inexhaustible. All that have gone before us have not made them less, and we shall make them no less to those who follow us. When they have supplied the wants of unborn millions, the last of Adam's race, that lonely man, over whose head the sun is dying, beneath whose feet the earth is reeling, shall stand by as full a fountain as this day invites you to drink and live, to wash and be clean.

I have found it an interesting thing to stand on the edge of a noble rolling river, and to think, that although it has been flowing on for six thousand years, watering the fields, and slaking the thirst of a hundred generations, it shows no sign of waste or want; and when I have watched the rise of the sun, as he shot above the crest of the mountain, or in a sky draped with golden curtains, sprang up from his ocean bed, I have wondered to think that he has melted the snows of so many winters, and renewed the verdure of so many springs, and painted the flowers of so many summers, and ripened the golden harvests of so many autumns, and yet shines as brilliant as ever, his eye not dim, nor his natural strength abated, nor his floods of light less full for centuries of boundless profusion. Yet what are these but images of the fulness that is in Christ? Let that feed your hopes, and cheer your hearts, and brighten your faith, and send you away this day happy and rejoicing. For, when judgment flames have licked up that flowing stream, and the light of that glorious sun shall be quenched in darkness or veiled in the smoke of a burning world, the fullness that is in Christ shall flow on throughout eternity in the bliss of the redeemed. Blessed Saviour, Image of God, divine Redeemer! in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. What thou hast gone to heaven to prepare, may we be called up at death to enjoy!—*Dr. Guthrie.*

RESIGNATION.

"What cannot Resignation do?
It wonders can perform,
That powerful charm 'Thy will be done,'
Can lay the loudest storm."—*Young.*

"Thy will be done," words hallowed by the bleeding agony of a sinless Saviour—wrung from a heart gushing over with sorrow for man—uttered in bitter anguish, while His spirit wrestled in prayer with His God. Imagination throws off the shackle that would bind it, and beholds beneath the thick olive groves a kneeling figure, the straggling moonbeams fall on an upturned face, pale with a grief too deep, too soul-rending for utterance; sound is hushed—Cedron's murmur floats not on the night breeze—no rustle of the leaves disturbs the communion of the God-man with his God; agony untold heaves each heart-throb and tightens its strings; anguish unknown surges and dashes the soul's deep waters—a judgment hall, a scourge, a purple robe, a mock coronation, a cross, a victim, the taunts of the mob, and the soldier's cruelty rise before Him. The cup is full! a bloody sweat rises in beaded drops to His brow, and as they fall to the ground the prayer goes up "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done." Three times

the prayer is uttered and "Thy will be done," clasps it like a jewel of dazzling lustre. We wonder and adore; thought stands mute on the threshold of its home; it cannot go beyond and explore the calm that succeeds, nor fathom the depths of Resignation that flashes lightning-like from eyes that have wept for man—nor measure the love that lies like a mighty deep in those clear orbs.

In life's young morning, when sorrow has crossed our threshold and spread a pall over our home, shutting out the light of household love, "Thy will be done" has fallen in low trembling tones from a stricken form, our lips have echoed the words, but our childish ideas could not grasp their mighty meaning—that a power deep, and a meaning boundless lay in them, we knew full well, for the bowed head of the sorrowing one has been raised, and light not born of earth has shone on the patient face. They linger in our heart and on our lips many a day—the pall settles closer—the last flicker of a love that ought only to fade on the edge of the grave has gone out. That prayer is familiar to us then—

"My God, my Father, while I stray;
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say—
'Thy will be done,'"

closes each morning prayer and evening offering. Still we try in vain to take its rich deep meaning home to our heart. Time, the healer, slowly rolls back the leaden mass, and we see the rays of a holy light shining softly in its place; imperceptibly that hallowed petition has twined itself like a tendril round our hopes and aspirations; we know not when we first took it home, perchance it rooted itself there when first it fell upon our ears, and though the long lapse of years went deeper and deeper, and yet we knew it not. Life has its sunny days, when no cloud flits across the pure blue above; and it has gloomy days when not a star peers through the overhanging heavens: close in the brightness, closer in the darkness clings the tendril.

ARIE.

RECEIVE MY SPIRIT.

THIS happy accord, the willingness of the departing soul, should proceed not from stupidity, but trust in him who keeps these keys; and from such preparedness for removal as the gospel requires. O happy souls! that, finding the key is turning, and opening the door for them, are willing to go forth upon such terms, as, "knowing whom they have believed," &c., and that neither "principalities nor powers, nor life, nor death, can ever separate them from the love of God in Christ Jesus their Lord." Life, they find, hath not separated, whereof was the greater danger; and death is so far from making this separation, that it shall complete their union with the blessed God in Christ, and lay them enfolded in the everlasting embraces of divine love! Happy soul! here will be a speedy end of all thy griefs and sorrows; they will be presently swallowed up in fulness of joy. There is already an end put to thy tormenting cares and fears, when once thou art reconciled to death? This is the most glorious sort of victory—namely, by *reconciliation*. For so, thou hast conquered, not the enemy only, but the enmity itself, by which he was so. Death is become thy friend, and so no longer to be feared; nor is there anything else, from whence thou art to fear hurt; for death was thy last enemy, even this bodily death. The whole region beyond it is, to one in thy case, clear and serene, when to others is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

O the transports of joy that do now most rationally result from this state of the case, when there is nothing left between the dislodging soul and the glorious unseen world, but only the dark passage of death, and that so little formidable, considering who hath the keys of the one and the other.

We must, it is true, be absent from these bodies, or we cannot, as we would, be present with the Lord. And is that all? Can anything now be more certain than that? O happy state of our case! How should our hearts spring and leap for joy, that our affairs are brought into this posture; that in order to our perfect blessedness, nothing is further wanting but to die; and that the certainty of death completes our assurance of it! How gloriously may good men triumph over the impotent malice of their most mischievous enemies, because the greatest mischief they can ever do them, is to put it out of their own power to hurt them any more; for they now go quite out of their reach. They can (being permitted) kill the body, and *after that* have no more that they can do (Luke xii. 4.) What a remarkably significant "*after that*" is this! what a defiance doth it import of the utmost effort of human power and spite, that here it terminates.

And thus we are to look upon all our other trials and afflictions, that in any providential way may befall us; we may be sick, in pain, in poverty, in disgrace, but we shall not be always in mortal flesh, which is the occasion of all the rest. Can we be upon better terms, having but two things to be concerned about, as necessary to our complete felicity—union with Christ, and disunion from these bodies? God is graciously ready to assist us in reference to the former, though he requires our care and exertion; in reference to the latter, he will take care himself, in his own fit season, without any care or concern of ours in the matter; and only expects us to wait with patience till that fit season come. And come it will, perhaps sooner than we may think.—*John Howe*

SELECTIONS FROM JEREMY TAYLOR.

ANGER HINDERS PRAYER.—I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upward, and singing as he rises, and hope to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the liberation and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over: and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man, when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass on a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts troubled, and his words went up towards the cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven on the wings of a holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

CONSCIOUS PARDON OFTEN GRADUALLY ATTAINED.—Pardon of sins is a mercy, which Christ purchased with his dearest blood, which he ministers to us on conditions of infinite kindness, but yet a great holiness and obedience, and an active living faith. It is a grace that the most holy persons beg of God with mighty passion, and labour for with great diligence, and expect with trembling fears, and concerning it many times suffer sadnesses with uncertain souls, and receive it by degrees, and it enters on them by little portions, and it is broken as their sighs and sleeps. But so I have seen the returning sea enter on the strand; and the waters, rolling towards the shore, throw up little portions of the tide, and retire as if nature meant to play, and not to change the abode of waters; but still the flood crept by little steppings, and invaded more by his progressions than he lost by his retreat, and having told the number of its steps, it possesses its new portion, till the angel calls it back, that it may leave its unfaithful dwelling of the sand. So is the pardon of our sins: it comes by slow motions, and first quits a present death, and turns, it may be, into a sharp sickness; and if that sickness prove not health to the soul, it washes off, and it may be will dash against the rock again, and proceed to take off the several instances of anger and the periods of wrath, but all this while it is uncertain concerning our final interest, whether it be ebb or flow; and every hearty prayer, and every bountiful alms still enlarges the pardon, or adds a degree of probability and hope; and then a drunken meeting, or a covetous desire, or an act of lust, or a loser swearing, idle talk, or neglect of religion, makes the pardon retire; and while it is disputed between Christ and Christ's enemy who shall be Lord, the pardon fluctuates like the wave, striving to climb the rock, and is washed off like its own retinue, and gets possession by time and uncertainty, by difficulty and the degrees of hard progression.

HE that gave his friend counsel to study law, when he desired to borrow twenty pounds, was not so friendly in his counsel as useless in his charity. Spiritual acts can cure a spiritual malady; but if my body needs relief, because you cannot feed me with diagrams, or clothe me with Euclid's Element, you must minister a real supply by a corporeal charity to my corporeal necessity.

IF God be to be feared when we die, he is also to be feared in all our life, for he can for ever make us die; he that will do it once, and that when he please, can always.

THE river that runs slow and creeps by the bank, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in shallow portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer, if it moves on the feet of an abated appetite. It wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets and cannot arrive at heaven. But when it is carried on the wings of passion and strong desire, a swift motion and a longing appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells on the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment.

CLAUDE CLIFTON'S STORY OF HIS LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.

STRANDED.

"The bleak winds blow, and the tide is low,
And black the frowning sky;
No helping hand as on shelving sand,
The hapless barque doth lie."

ANON.

THE sun was just dipping in the long gray clouds that lay above the western heavens, when we came within sight of the metropolis. We had travelled fast, and had made no stoppages except for the purpose of changing horses. Our longest stay was at an old tumble-down inn where, they said, one of our kings, I forget which, had once halted and slept. Here some of the passengers expected to get dinner, which, they hoped, would be set out and ready awaiting the arrival of the coach. But we did not remain very long even here; those who got down from their seats were back in a few minutes, and we were all rattling along the road again in less than half-an-hour. I was very glad to be off again so soon, for I grew more and more impatient as we drew nearer London to get to the end of the journey. My impatience ceased from the moment we caught sight of the modern Babylon. People say it is an event in one's life to see the capital of these realms for the first time. The emotions and feelings that are awakened in the mind are altogether new and peculiar, and can never be reproduced. My own experience certainly verified the saying. As I sat on the top of the coach and saw the towers and domes, the innumerable and continuous house-roofs and buildings of the city, rise before me in full, bold outline, and stretch far away on either side until they were lost in the mist of distance, or hid from view in a cloud of rolling smoke, I was overpowered with a sense of vague and confused wonder; and, as we went on, and at length rode into the interminable labyrinth of streets, amid the hum and stir of the moving crowds, I felt my pulse beat quicker, and my brain whirl with unusual excitement. I had felt nothing like it before, and, I suppose, I have never felt anything precisely similar since. There are two things which every English youth desires eagerly to behold—the sea and London. After these our island is comparatively uninteresting and tame. The rush and swell of emotion within me as I caught the first glimpse of the city,

the conversation of the passengers did not at all tend to calm and allay. Either from the comfortable effect of the hasty snatch at dinner at the old Inn, or from weariness of the way, the gentlemen who sat near me had been almost silent, and rather inclined to doze, since we changed horses last, breaking out only now and then into brief exclamations when some field of extraordinary verdure, or some object of general notoriety came into view. Two of them who were just before me had, it is true, occasionally uttered a few abrupt and broken sentences on subjects I at that time knew nothing about, on funds, stocks, per cents., canal shares, &c., but they speedily relapsed into a sullen silence. The military gentleman, with moustache, who smoked a long Turkish pipe all the day, had not spoken a dozen words, in my hearing, at least, since we left the "Shepherd and Shepherdess." Now, however, as soon as we seemed to be breathing the atmosphere of London, everybody was seized, as by a quick and sudden impulse, with a disposition to talk, and began to chatter away as garrulously as a magpie or a Frenchman. The chief topic of conversation was politics; the dissolution of Parliament a month ago, the defeat of Fox, the prospects of the war, the probable results of the elections, and the great ferment and agitation through which the country had just passed; and which the elections would probably renew. The military gentleman abused Mr. Fox as violently as he could. He said he ought to be drummed out of Parliament as a traitor to his country, and his name held in contempt by every true-born Englishman. He was nothing more than a lawless and fanatical demagogue. The discipline of the country was growing lax, and the people mutinous because of him. He should like to see the head of Fox on a pole over the Tower gates. The younger of the commercial gentlemen opposite me took Fox's part warmly, and said "that the extravagant expenditure by Government of the national wealth, the deficient harvest the previous year, the severe pressure of

taxes, the financial embarrassment of many large houses, and nearly all public companies, and the general depression of trade, were bringing the country to the very verge of bankruptcy or revolution. Pitt was the most reckless spendthrift and head-strong counsellor England had ever seen. By the way," he continued, "I was in London last October, and I went to a meeting convened by the Corresponding Society in a field near Copenhagen House. There were at least forty thousand people present, and I never saw such excitement in a meeting before. Some of the speakers were the very firebrands of revolution. Pitt was denounced in the most merciless way, and his war policy was spoken of as the ruin of England and the curse of Europe. The Government measure for the suppression of free discussion on political questions was spoken of as a disgrace to the legislature; it was fit only to be burnt by the common hangman; it was a hell-woven gag, an infernal engine of national murder. 'Away with it and the Government too,' said some one in the crowd, 'if we can't meet to talk, we'll meet to fight;' and the thunders of applause with which this was greeted told the spirit that was being aroused."

"Outrageous!" said the soldier, "Fox is at the bottom of this."

"Rather they are at the back of Fox."

"No matter, which way you please, but the mob must not be allowed to assemble. The military must enforce the law. What is a country worth without order and discipline? The people must learn to obey or be shot."

"Perhaps they must, Colonel," was the reply, "but to appeal to arms against the people is rather a perilous thing for the Crown to do in the land of Fairfax and Cromwell."

"Cromwell was a canting, snivelling —"

"But he could fight," interposed the young civilian, "and few better than he."

"Fight, yes, in his mad, hot-headed, blundering way. His whole army was mad, Sir, and an army of lunatics to be fairly matched must have an army of devils to oppose it. But the Crown is safe enough now. It is Pitt, not George the Third, that the mob don't like."

"Not altogether," rejoined the defender of Fox and Cromwell, "the king is as unpopular as his minister. Why only three days after that meeting in the Copenhagen fields, when his Majesty was on his way to open Parliament he got mobbed, he was hissed and groaned at, and a shower of stones rattled on his car-

riage like hail, and somebody shot at him with an air-gun, and the bullet went through the windows of the coach, and his Majesty's escape was nothing less than miraculous. He was in the greatest consternation and alarm. On entering the house of peers, he said to the Lord Chancellor, in a voice trembling with excitement, 'My Lord, I have been shot at.' When he returned, he found the mob waiting for him, and, but for the arrival of the life-guards, he would certainly have suffered personal injury. His private carriage, also, in which he had seated himself, in order to go to his family at the queen's house, was attacked, and an attempt was made to force open the doors. As to the state carriage, when that was found empty, the mob smashed it to atoms."

"Well, but that was all through dissatisfaction with the Government and Pitt; the cries of the mob were 'Bread!' 'Peace!' 'No Pitt!' 'No War!'"

"Up to a certain point I grant you they were," said the young merchant, "but when the royal coach was passing through the gateway at the Horse-guards, there were loud exclamations of 'Down with George!' 'No king!' 'Go to Germany!' 'Away with the tyrant!' and a shower of missiles at the state-coach accompanied or followed the cries."

"Outragious beyond endurance!" angrily ejaculated the Colonel, "I would have had a park of artillery in the streets, and swept the infernal wretches wholesale to perdition. Rampant revolutionism in England! If a man is not loyal, sir, he ought to be blown to atoms."

"Gently, Colonel, said the elder of the two commercial gentlemen, who had listened to the conversation attentively, but hitherto said nothing, "gently, a little too explosive, I think; you live so much among gunpowder that it is perhaps natural you should be. But the ends of justice would be answered, and the country preserved, by much milder correctives than grape-shot and cannon balls. Now I was in that crowd, and I did good service to the king, for one of the mob, who hissed and groaned, and shouted against his Majesty, I happened to know and was the means of bringing to trial. He was convicted, and got five years solitary confinement, and an exhibition in the pillory, for his disloyalty. He deserved more, doubtless, but mercy 'becometh kings,' and is 'mightiest in the mightiest.' There was another fellow who stood near him, a bookseller, whose shop had been searched several times on suspicion of containing treasonable pub-

lications; I saw him there, too, pelting and shouting as hard as he could, but I could not get at him, and when I took a constable next morning to the shop, the rascal had decamped."

In this way they talked as we went into the city. I was deeply interested in the conversation. There was something in the account of the riotous meeting, and especially of the attack on the King, which made me think of what I had already seen and heard at Guysmore and elsewhere; and the fear that my late father's relative, Peter Clifton, might have been mixed up in the disturbance, arose in my mind, and gave me no little uneasiness. Suddenly the coachman shouted out "Mind your heads, gentlemen," and then we wheeled round and, passing under a low archway, came out into a spacious yard, and found ourselves at the end of our journey.

It was too late for me on that night to attempt to find Mr. Clifton, and, had it not been late, I was too bewildered and confused to undertake so difficult a task to a stranger as threading one's way by dull lamp-light half through London. I, therefore, obtained lodgings for the night as near to the coach-office as I could get them; and, having taken a little supper, retired to the chamber that was assigned to me. I sat down, and took from my pocket my Testament to read my evening portion of Scripture, as I had faithfully promised my mother I would do every night; and, afterwards, I thought I would write a letter to my poor lone mother. I had agreed to write on my arrival in London. I thought I might insert a line or two as to the result of my visit to Mr. Peter Clifton, before I posted it the next day. The letter grew under my free pen into huge dimensions; I had a great deal to write about, and I did not finish it until the noise of the city had died away into the low murmuring hum of midnight. Meanwhile the moon had risen, and, looking out from my lofty window, I saw the city sleeping and still below me—the city I had beheld in my dreams with the spires and roofs all bathed in shining sheen. The very air of heaven seemed hushing itself to silence, which only the profane footfall of some passer-by, and the occasional rumble of a carriage, and the hoarse bawling of the watchman, disturbed. The city was awake before me in the morning. I had slept rather soundly, and the roar of traffic outside did not arouse me earlier than was my wont. After breakfast I issued forth to find Mr. Peter Clifton. I got to the river without much difficulty,

I found the bridge from which I was to diverge to the left, in order to get to the street wherein he lived. It was a short narrow street, and the houses were all of them low and dirty. I could see no signboard anywhere with the name of Clifton written upon up. I made enquiries of the passers-by. One was quite a stranger to this part of the city; another never knew a person of that name anywhere; another knew a Clifton, a milkman, who lived out in the fields at Islington; another had heard of a market gardener of that name on the other side of the water; a fifth thought there was a Clifton, a coffee-house-keeper, somewhere about here once, but he had died years ago; a sixth directed me to a Jew pawnbroker, who had been in the neighbourhood as long as most folks, and was likely to know more about it than anybody. I went to the shop of this son of Abraham. It was a dark, cramped-up little place, with low door-way and windows, and a strange medley of goods inside. The very genius of confusion and chaos must have presided over the establishment. Everything was lumbered together in heaps, without the slightest classification or order. There were heaps in the window, heaps at the door, heaps on the shelves, heaps before the counter, heaps behind the counter, heaps on the counter, and heaps under the counter; heaps, indeed, everywhere. It was all heaps; a small abyss of apparel, old and new jewellery, watches, plate, pots, pans, spoons, pictures, toys, beds and bedding, books, fire-arms, fishing tackle, musical instruments, fire-irons, fenders, clothes-horses, &c., &c., which the most skilful administrator of heaven's first law would abandon in hopeless despair of ever reducing to order. On one of these heaps, in the very centre of this realm of confusion, like Night on the throne of Chaos, sat an old shrivelled man, with haggard yellow face, small tar-black eyes, and a brow running into ridges of wrinkled skin, over which still flourished the scanty relics of a scall crop of dry black hair. He rose up slowly, as I entered, and came to meet me.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me whether there is a Mr. Clifton living in this street?" I asked.

"Clif-ton," he replied, with a small shrill voice, splitting the word into two distinct syllables, "Peter Clif-ton?"

I said that was the name of the person I wanted.

"Peter Clif-ton, de bookseller, did live at de corner above, but he gone now."

"Can you inform me where he has removed to?" I continued.

"He be gone nobody know vare. I vish I did know myshelf. He buy a vatch of me before he go, and he do not pay de tree pound. A young man came in de shop and claim de goodsh, and shelledem by auction, and den he go too. Vy did Clifton go? Vy, he vas a man of treason, and did cry 'Down vid de king,' like a shentile dog as he was, and did help to smash de carriage to small bits; and, ven a tousand pound be offered for him, he go away, and ve do not shee him again; and dat is all I know about him, except de tree pound vich I vish I could chink in dis hand, and see vid dees eyes. But de vagabond, I shall never see de shadow of him again, nor de colour of his moneesh. I would get de tousand pound if I could find him."

I was much astonished and distressed to hear this story of Peter Clifton. The fears I had when, on the coach, I heard of the revolutionary bookseller, had met with a painful fulfilment. My heart sunk within me. I left the wretched-looking Jew without thanking him for his information, indeed I was so perplexed and troubled for a time that I scarcely knew what I did. Not the slightest hint of Peter Clifton's affair had ever reached Guysmore; we had always supposed he was doing well, and in a respectable line of business. Here were all my hopes of help and guidance from him dashed at one blow in the dust. I was disheartened. I feared the name of Clifton had been disgraced; and, lest the very presence of a letter in my possession addressed to Peter Clifton should by any chance be known, and furnish a ground of suspicion concerning me, I pulled the letter from my pocket, tore it hastily to pieces, and threw it into the river.

As I was meditating on my position the words of the blunt honest boatman came into my mind, and I determined to try and find the wharf, and if I could, Kidd Weldon himself. With much ado, after losing my way a dozen times, and making so many enquiries that I became quite ashamed of myself, I found the wharf, but I could not find my rough and shaggy friend. He had been up to London, they said, and was gone back into the country, and would not return for a month. The vacant post in the office was filled up, and things were so bad in London that they did not give me much hope of obtaining employment. I went out of the wharf very much cast down. My position got worse at every step.

What to do, I began to wonder. Though I had not yet cashed the cheque Mr. Graceford sent me, yet when cashed, if I had nothing else to depend upon, it would not last long. The moment I thought of the cheque, I came to a dead stop involuntarily, and stood as if a bolt from Heaven had transfixed me to the earth. 'The cheque was for ever destroyed. Just before I set off from the "Shepherd and Shepherdess," only the morning previous, I had put it for safety inside the letter to Peter Clifton, for the letter was an open one. I had forgotten all about it, and torn letter and cheque to pieces, and sent them sailing down the Thames to the sea. Here was a fresh calamity. My letter to my mother was not posted, I had not money enough to pay the postage. Verily my troubles were thickening upon me. What was I to do? What could I do? I was alone in the great metropolis, without money and without friends. Amid thousands of my fellow countrymen I was yet unknown to all of them, and they were unknown to me. Kind hearts were beating in that metropolis, and generous bosoms were expanding that my sorrow might touch, and that would readily compassionate me and help me, if they were but acquainted with my case. But how could I make them acquainted with it? To tell my story to perfect strangers would be, in most instances to lay myself open to suspicion of falsehood; for on the face of it, it was an improbable story; and to ask a favour of any one who felt the least distrust in my word, was more than I was bold enough to venture upon. To sit down as I felt disposed to do, and give vent to my emotions in tears, would be an advertisement for charity; I was too proud to weep before the world. What course to adopt I did not know. I walked about the streets until evening came on, and my attention was diverted from my situation by the wonders of the great world, and the novelties of city life. And when the stars came out, and the oil-lamps flickered in the freshening wind, and the crowds had left the streets, and the watchman paced up and down with heavy tread, I crept into a waggon that I saw standing under a gateway of a carrier's warehouse, and, sending up a prayer to the Father of the fatherless, that the morning might dawn upon me more brightly than the night's sun had set, I laid myself down upon the hard boards of the waggon, and was soon asleep.

Correspondence.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. H. SMITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

March 10th, 1859.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—You say, in the March number of the Magazine, that you have received a note from the officers of the church, at Hugglescote, and during the period of the late Mr. H. Smith's ministry, complaining of some of the statements made by J. C. H. in the memoir which appears in your February number:

The statements are not mentioned, but "they are persuaded," they say, "that the writer could know but little as to the nature of the engagements of Mr. S. with the church—the amount of labour required, or the income received." In proof of which they refer to the words of Mr. S. himself.

"It affords me great satisfaction in the review of the eight years I spent in connection with this church that I always experience the greatest kindness, and that

no unhappy differences ever arose between me and any of its members."

Nothing is said in the memoir about differences, and that part of the quotation, therefore, is useless. The other part of it is correct as a quotation, and means what Mr. Smith meant by it. But if, as it would seem, the complaining officers think that it is at variance with my knowledge of the case they are mistaken. I wrote as I did because I knew what I did, and it cost me hours of anxious thought so to write it that the truth in relation to the dead, which I could not suppress, might not needlessly wound the living.

Forbearing to say more on a subject on which it is painful to say anything.

I am, my dear brother,

Yours truly,

J. C. H.

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to a note in the March number, p. 109, disputing the correctness of certain remarks in the "Memoir of the late Rev. H. Smith," in reference to the amount of labour required by the church at Hugglescote. Now I believe it is well known that Mr. Smith always, without a single doubt upon the subject, attributed his early breaking-down to the very serious amount of labour, both physical and mental, exacted from him, as the various and excessive duties required by his engagement with the church; and it is easy to be understood how a man of his calm mind and christian temperament would not wish to parade his sorrows before the world, but which were not less known amongst his chosen few. As some guide to the requirements of the church in reference to their pastor, I may refer to a previous case, and which also resulted in the complete break-down of health, and the leaving a large and young family totally unprovided for. In connexion with the church were five preaching places in as many different, and more or less distant, villages, the whole of which had to be served every fortnight, involving three services each Lord's-day, and the

walking nine miles one day and twelve miles the other alternately.

During the week evenings four services or four sermons, and one prayer-meeting, each in a distinct village.

A day-school, of about sixty scholars, five days in the week, from 9 to 12 a.m., and 2 to 4.30 p.m., thus giving for the man's necessary rest, his church visitations, and pulpit preparations, *one day* (Saturday.) Driven to seek medical advice as a matter of course, under such oppressive labours, having given a statement of what those labours were, his medical adviser at once advised his leaving them, remarking, they were beyond the capabilities of a horse.

The salary for this amount of labour was £40 per annum for the pastoral duties, £10 for the privilege of admitting the children of members at half-price into the school the minister taught, which admission then ranged from 1d. to 2d. The pence of children produced £10 more, thus giving, as the total salary, £60. I need not add any comment, but subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

JNO. FRED. LINDLEY,

Manchester, April 14, 1859.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. J. WALLIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I have often wondered and regretted that no memoir of our estimable friend, the late Rev. Joseph Wallis, of Leicester, has yet appeared in "our Magazine." His great talents, extensive learning, amiable disposition, and undoubted piety, seem to demand that his memory should be affectionately enshrined in our only "Denominational Magazine," whose pages were often enriched by contributions from his pen. Might not this tribute be rendered by his worthy successor in the college, or by the eloquent writer of the "Memoir of the late Mr. John Wallis," or some

other brother who may be both able and willing?

I am sure Mrs. Wallis will gladly put into the hands of any such brother "papers" that would be serviceable in the preparation of the memoir.

Many of our ministers, as well as myself, received much benefit from the instruction and fatherly care of our departed friend, and would be pleased to see some record of his worth.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS BARRASS.

Peterborough, April 12th, 1859.

WEEKLY OFFERINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Having promised to give you the result of our first quarter's Weekly Offering, I am happy now to say it has exceeded our expectations. Our pecuniary resources have been considerably increased, and my position as treasurer has been much more agreeable than it has ever been before. Independently of this almost all our friends approve the system; and some, who, at first were strongly opposed, now speak well of it. The fruits of christian love and liberality develop themselves without the tax on sittings and the cumber of collecting books; and what is thus cast into the treasury of the Lord is not given of constraint and necessity, but is the offering of a thankful heart. There is no compulsion: the frequency and amount of the offering is entirely left to the feeling and principle of the giver. Some few give quarterly, some monthly, these, however, are exceptional cases; the

chief part on the return of every sabbath being an offering as they come into his court. I quite believe the plan eminently promotes a benevolent spirit, and would, if generally adopted, greatly increase the resources and spiritual interest of the churches.

I was much impressed, Mr. Editor, with the observations in a recent letter of the Rev. W. Bailey, Orissa, when speaking of the amount of money expended by the degraded Hindoos in the support of their foolish system, he observes "If some professed Christians at home had but a tithe of Pagan zeal, how different would the financial state of our own and kindred societies appear!" How different indeed! When will Zion arise and put on her strength.

Very sincerely yours,

J. E.

Melbourne, April 12th, 1859.

QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—It might instruct and interest the readers of your Magazine, if any of your correspondents, "mighty in the Scriptures," would explain Acts x. 35, as compared with Acts x. 1-4, and especially with Acts xi., 14. In the last passage does it not seem that Peter was to utter words, whereby Cornelius and

all his house would be saved? And do not the former passages represent Cornelius, with all his house, as fearing God, and consequently being accepted with him? An early explanation will oblige.

Yours, &c.,

QUERIST.

DEAR SIR,—Will some of your learned correspondents favour me with their

views on Malachi iii., 10?

Yours, &c.,

J. E.

Intelligence.

BAPTISMS.

CLAYTON.—On Lord's-day, March 20th, 1859, our pastor, Rev. H. Austin, administered the ordinance of Christian baptism to nine persons, one of whom was an Independent from Allerton. In the afternoon eight of them were received into church fellowship.

NOTTINGHAM, *Broad-street*.—On Lord's day, Jan. 2nd, four men and two women were baptized and added to the church; and on Lord's-day, April 3rd, we were gratified by a larger addition, on which occasion five men and four women were baptized and received into the church. Four other believers were also baptized, two of them members of one of the Independent churches in this town, and the other two were candidates with the church at Arnold, and have joined their communion. It is a source of sincere pleasure to us, that six of the friends who have on these occasions been added to us, were from our new station at Daybrook. The Lord has signally blessed the labours of our young friends who visit that place. A neat chapel is now

being built, and, if all be well, it will be opened in June.

T. HILL.

PETERBORO'.—On Lord's-day, April 3rd, 1859, two candidates were baptized in the General Baptist Chapel, Peterboro'. It is an interesting fact that the wives of both of them have recently been baptized in the same chapel.

HALIFAX, *North Parade*.—On Lord's-day, April 3rd, our junior pastor, the Rev. J. D. Matthias, baptized six persons, and on the following Sabbath day they partook of the Lord's supper. Mr. Matthias is delivering a course of Sunday evening lectures, which we hope will be attended by good results to the church. On the above occasion the congregation was very large.

PADDINGTON, *Praed-street*.—March 27th, our pastor baptized six persons in the evening of this Sabbath; and on the following Lord's-day they were received into our communion. We have several candidates for baptism. E. B.

ANNIVERSARIES.

LONDON, *Commercial-road*.—On Sunday, March 20th, the Sunday-school Anniversary Sermons were preached by the Rev. Clement Dukes, M.A., of Dalston, in the morning, and the Rev. F. W. Guinness, of Cheshunt College, in the evening. In the afternoon of the same day the minister, Rev. G. W. Pegg, addressed the children and parents. On Wednesday, March 23rd, at the annual tea-meeting about 230 friends were present. The public meeting was held in the chapel, when about 400 were present. A. S. Ayrton, Esq., M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, had promised to preside, but he being unable, the chair was taken by the Rev. G. W. Pegg. The secretary read the report. During the past year nine out of the school had joined the church and ten are now candidates. A "Band of Hope" has also been established, which numbers above sixty members; and a Tonic Sol-

Fa Singing Class, which is progressing favourably. The Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., moved, and the Rev. John Kennedy, M.A., seconded, the adoption of the report. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Mr. Hartley, deputation from the Sunday School Union, the Rev. Dr. Hewlett, Rev. P. Dickerson, and Rev. William Woodhouse. The profits of the anniversary are in advance of last year's.

A. A.

ALFORD SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—The first anniversary of this school was held on Lord's-day, April 10th. Rev. J. B. Pike, of Bourne, preached. The evening services were held in the Corn Exchange. The following day we had a tea-meeting in the same building. Upwards of 300 were present. Revs. J. B. Pike, W. Orton, and Thomas Burton, addressed the meeting. The collections, less expences, £9.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PLEAD FOR THE WIDOW.—A large tea-meeting took place in the Town Hall, Longton, April 6th, under the direction of Henry Wileman, Esq., with a view to assist the fund that is being raised on behalf of the widow of the late Rev. J.

Goadby. Nearly 400 sat down to tea, and a still larger number were present at the meeting after tea, which was addressed by Mr. Clarke, of the College, Nottingham, and by Mr. Wileman.

OPENING OF THE NEW BAPTIST CHURCH, AUSTRALIA.—On Sunday last, the neat and tasty building just erected by the Baptist denomination in Wharf-street, was opened for divine service. The Rev. B. G. Wilson, the pastor of the congregation, preached in the morning, and afterwards administered the rite of baptism to a number of converts—a scene which was rendered strikingly solemn and impressive by the manner in which it was conducted. The first hymn sung in the course of the service was composed by a member of the church, and was no mean production. The rev. pastor was assisted by the Rev. J. Voller and the Rev. T. Deacon, the former gentleman having arrived from Sydney that morning. In the evening, as in the forenoon, the church was crowded to suffocation; and although the service was somewhat lengthy, the congregation was more than usually attentive. The Rev. J. Voller officiated, and a collection—the only one made during the day—was taken at the close, amounting to £28. The “opening services,” as they are called, will be continued through the week, in the manner set forth in the advertisement, to which we refer the reader for information.—*Moreton Bay Free Press.*

MARKET HARBOROUGH.—The General Baptist Church at this place having unanimously united Mr. G. R. Searjon, of Leicester, to supply their pulpit for the remainder of the year, held a public tea meeting in their chapel on Monday, the 21st of March, to inaugurate this new engagement. Upwards of eighty friends sat down to tea, the trays being furnished gratuitously. The meeting gave great satisfaction, the interest being sustained by the effective and appropriate addresses of our minister, and the Revs. Blackburn, of Foxton; Morgan, of Theddingworth; and also Messrs. Spriggs, Harris, Jarman, Bennett, Emery, &c. We gratefully acknowledge the token for good which the great head of the church has recently favoured us with. Under the ministrations of Mr. Searjon, who has laboured amongst us for the last five months, the members have become more united and earnest, and the congregations have increased. Considering our recent depressed condition, the numbers at our tea-party far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The proceeds, including donations, exceeding five pounds. “We praise God and take courage.”

NEW CHURCH FORMED AT LONGTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.—After the administration of the Lord's Supper on Sunday

evening, March 27th, by the Rev. W. Underwood, of Nottingham, the friends who have continued to worship in the Town Hall agreed to form themselves into a Church, holding the sentiments of the New Connexion of General Baptists, and to apply for admission into the connexion at the next Annual Association. The Town Hall is now regularly supplied by General Baptist Ministers from distant churches, and by the students of the college at Nottingham. The congregations are often large, and the friends are liberally contributing to maintain the cause.

DAYBROOK.—On Shrove Tuesday last we laid the corner-stone of a new chapel at this village. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Baldwin, senior deacon of the church. An address being delivered by the pastor, Rev. W. R. Stevenson, the Revs. H. Hunter, and J. F. Stevenson, B.A., taking part in the service. A very interesting tea-meeting closed the proceedings of the day. It is expected that the new chapel, which is to hold about 200 persons, will be ready for opening about Whitsuntide.

MEASHAM BAZAAR.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, May 24th and 25th, there will be a bazaar of useful and ornamental work in the school-room of the Baptist chapel, to raise funds for placing an organ in the chapel. Articles and subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mrs. H. Wileman, Mrs. H. Orgill, Mrs. Whitworth, Wheelwright, and Mrs. H. Buckley, Measham. Refreshments and tea will be provided.

CASTLE DONINGTON.—We noticed in the March number of the Magazine that, “owing to the impaired health of our esteemed minister, Mr. G. Needham, he would shortly have to leave us.” The time has arrived. On Sunday, 27th of March, he preached his farewell sermon from Acts xx., 32, to an overflowing congregation. On Monday, the 28th, a public tea-meeting was held in the chapel, at which 270 sat down; afterwards we had a crowded congregation. Our senior deacon offered an appropriate prayer, after which Mr. Bennett, one of the deacons of the Sawley branch of our church, was unanimously called to the chair, and in an affectionate manner expressed the thankfulness of many to God in bringing Mr. Needham to labour amongst us, and the heartfelt, though due submission to the cause of his removal. The Rev. G. Hobill (Wesleyan) described the cordiality and christian feeling that subsisted between the two churches, and between himself and Mr. Needham. The Rev. Edward Stevenson then addressed

the congregation, and presented Mr. Needham, from the church, with a purse of £20, as a token of esteem and a recognition of his valuable services amongst them during the two years and a half of his ministry. He congratulated the friends upon the success of the past united services, and large number who had given their hearts unto God; laid great stress upon the responsibilities of the officers and leading members of the church, while without a minister—responsibilities tenfold greater when a church was in the midst of so gracious a revival. Mr. Needham, in an excited state of feeling, expressed his heartfelt thankfulness for the kindness which had been so fully demonstrated, exhibiting, also, another beautifully wrought purse, which, with its contents and a testimonial, expressing the feeling of “about fifty young friends,” had, previously to this meeting, been presented to him. The meeting will long be remembered. J. B.

JUBILEE OF THE REV. G. CHEATLE, BIRMINGHAM.—On Monday evening Jan. 31st, a preliminary meeting of the church and congregation assembling in Lombard-street chapel, Birmingham, was held for the purpose of entering into a subscription, the proceeds of which it is intended to present to the Rev. G. Cheatle, at the close of this, his fiftieth year of faithful labour, as a testimonial of the high esteem in which he is held by the church and congregation, as well as in the town where he has so long maintained his standing as a consistent minister of the gospel of Christ. After tea the chair was taken by William Middlemore, Esq. The Rev. J. A. James (the only minister now living who was in Birmingham when our esteemed pastor commenced his labours) kindly accepted an invitation to be present, and alluded, in an affectionate and eloquent manner, to the life and character of Rev. George Cheatle whom he had known and esteemed for nearly half a century, and to his faithful adherence to the great truths which he professed at his ordination. The work, said Mr. James, they were about to engage in, was not an act of charity or benevolence, but a duty, which they owed to their venerable and respected pastor. Mr. J. B. Chambers, a member of the congregation, addressed the meeting at some length in a similar strain. Mr. Smart, one of the deacons of the church, who was present at Mr. Cheatle's ordination, bore testimony to the constancy and fidelity of his friend in proclaiming the gospel to others, and its power in his own life. A committee was chosen for conducting the business through the

year, and about £150 was promised towards the fund. It is gratifying to state that the teachers and elder scholars in our Sabbath schools have also determined to show, in a substantial manner, their esteem to our minister. Periodical sums will be paid by them, and the whole amount given into the hands of the treasurer previous to the jubilee meeting on 11th Jan. 1860. William Beaumont, Esq., (Manager of the Birmingham Banking Company) has kindly consented to be treasurer, Mr. G. Atkin, sub-treasurer, Messrs. J. B. Chambers and H. Howell, secretaries, by whom contributions will be thankfully received.

ALLERTON, NEAR BRADFORD.—PRESENTATION AND REDUCTION OF CHAPEL DEBT.—On Shrove Tuesday we had a tea-party in our chapel, when nearly 200 sat down to tea. After tea the Rev. J. Taylor, our minister, was presented by one of our deacons, on behalf of the church and congregation, with seventeen vols. of the Penny Encyclopedia, Matthew Henry's Commentary, six vols., and a number of other books; also, a splendid gold watch, with an appropriate inscription; and to Mrs. Taylor, a chaste electroplate tea and coffee service. Some stirring addresses were delivered, and the choir added much to the interest of the meeting, by performing appropriate pieces of music. After the meeting, a gentleman, not in connection with us, but who attends the Independents, said that if we would make an effort and pay all the debt of the chapel and minister's House, amounting, with some debt upon premises bought, on which to erect a school, to £337, by next Shrove Tuesday, he would give £20. It looked to many of us as an impossibility, but we set about the work in good earnest, and now we are happy to say that we have got promised about £300, so that we have a good prospect that, next year at this time, we shall be free from debt which has long encumbered us. S. A.

PETERBORO'.—On Lord's-day, April 10th, the Rev. J. C. Pike preached two useful sermons in the General Baptist Chapel, Peterboro', when collections were made for the reduction of the Chapel debt. On the following day a public tea-meeting was held, which was well attended. The trays were furnished gratuitously. After tea addresses were delivered by Messrs. Pike, Murray, Richards, Colman, and Barrass. By the kind aid of several christian friends, in connection with our anniversary services, £50 have been obtained, thus reducing our chapel debt to £200. T. B.

Missionary Observer.

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND OF REV. I. STUBBINS.

[We have very great pleasure in announcing the arrival in this country of our highly esteemed brother, Rev. I. Stubbins. The following letter from him will be read with great interest.—ED.]

London, March 27th 1859.

MY DEAR BROTHER PIKE,—I was very thankful to receive your telegraph, and shortly after magazines and letter, yesterday afternoon. It was too late then to write, or I would have written you immediately. I can scarcely believe that it is other than a dream that we are now again in our native land, and are so soon to see our precious children and beloved friends; and yet it must be true, or one's senses are strangely at fault.

We landed in the East India Docks on Friday afternoon, but not knowing where Mr. Pegg lived, went by rail into the city, and got a Directory—there I found he lived at Hackney, so off we started in a cab. After many turns and many enquiries we found out his present residence, where we arrived quite comfortably about 8 p.m. I need not say we rejoiced in a cordial welcome. Yesterday I was down at the docks and got almost the whole of my baggage cleared, and should have had the whole but some of it was in the hold and could not be got at. Our voyage was one that can never be forgotten—there was not a thing left to be desired. Our passengers were almost all pious, and not a few of them eminently pious; and from the beginning to the end of the voyage we were more like one family than anything else. We had service on the deck every Lord's-day morning, and in the cuddy in the evening, and went among the sailors in the afternoon. Mr. Meadows and I preached alternately; I opening the service for him, and he for me. We had also family worship in the cuddy every morning and evening, which we also conducted alternately, and about thirty persons joined us! We had the Lord's Supper three times on board, when one distributed the bread and the other the

wine. I should have said that Mr. Meadows is a church missionary from Trinnevelly.

On calling at St. Helena, we found our friends, the Baptists, were in need of funds; so, on returning, I collected £12 for them. Last Lord's-day, being the last we should spend on board, we had the ordinance, of which twenty-five persons partook. At the close of it £14 12s. 6d. were contributed for the Orphan Asylum of British Merchant Seamen, and £3 more were subscribed afterwards, making £17 12s. 6d. and £2 more promised. This was as a thank-offering for our safe and prosperous voyage. It is singular that, during our whole passage, we were never once interrupted either in our Sunday or daily family worship. "Praise God from whom," &c. On Tuesday morning we start for Garland's Lane. Shall (D.V.) reach Leicester by the train at twenty minutes past two o'clock. Have written to Birmingham for my dear boys to meet us at Rugby, and go on with us. I half wish you could meet us at the station, if you should have any excuse for being at Leicester, but shall not expect you.

Mr. Hunter came in last night from Nottingham. He is to preach for Mr. Pegg to night, and I shall open the meeting—this is all I dare attempt, for I feel so unsettled and excited. I am thankful to say we are all well. My address at present must be Barlestone, near Market Bosworth, Leicestershire.

Thank you, my brother, for your kind congratulations and cordial welcome—they are very sweet. I feel deeply, very deeply, affected to hear of the death of dear Brother Goadby. I had greatly anticipated the pleasure of meeting him. Truly God's thoughts are not as ours. Mrs. Stubbins unites in much love to yourself and Mrs. Pike, and all your beloved family and friends.

Yours, ever affectionately,
I. STUBBINS.

LETTER FROM REV. J. BUCKLEY.

Camp, Jajapore, January 25th 1859.

DEAR BROTHER,—Again I am engaged in making known the precious gospel at this ancient and celebrated seat of Hindoo idolatry, and you will be glad to know two others very dear to you—Mr. and Mrs. J. Goadby,—are encamped near me.

HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF JAJAPORE.

Jajapore is a very notable place in the annals of Orissa. It is a place of pilgrimage, and many of the pilgrims to Pooree call here on their way. It has long been

one of the devil's strong-holds, and is so still. Twelve hundred years ago it was the capital city of Orissa, and though, after Cuttack became the residence of royalty—which was between A.D. 1000 and A.D. 1100—its glory began to decline; yet, at a subsequent period, under the Mussulman rule, when temples were violently destroyed, and idols hurled from their thrones, it was a considerable and important place; and still it contains many indications of its former greatness, which are very interesting to the antiquarian, though alas! most of them are connected with idolatry, that "abominable thing which God hates." Its name, which signifies "the city of sacrifice" (from *Jaja* sacrifice and *pore* city) denotes its sanctity. The legend is, that in ancient time Brumha (pronounce the *a* as in father) once performed here the sacrifice of the horse—the most important sacrifice known to Hindoo mythology—and that he invited all the gods and goddesses to be present on the great occasion. As the sacrifice was being offered, a bright and holy form of a female divinity was seen to ascend from the flames, which assumed the name of Berjai. This then, is her shrine: here she is believed to manifest her glory; and this morning in front of the temple dedicated to her worship we proclaimed the living truths of the living God—truths which will ultimately destroy this and every form of idolatry, and cause the memory of it to pass away for ever.

Jajapore has many temples, the representations on some of which are very vile; and many Brahmins almost as full of pride and hatred to God as their father the devil. It has a very old bridge which shows (as all old Indian bridges do) that the ancient Hindoos did not know how to turn an arch. It has some remarkable pillars, and on a former visit I saw on one an inscription in a language now unknown; but there is this notable circumstance connected with it, that there is an inscription on an ancient pillar at Delhi, and another in the celebrated caves of Ellora—places widely apart as the reader knows—which are in the same character. The celebrated inscription on the rock at Bhubaneswara is also in the same character.

But, to a stranger visiting this old idolatrous town, the most remarkable objects are three huge images carved in stone, which were tumbled from their thrones on the establishment in Orissa of the Mogul Government, which, so far as can be ascertained, was about three hundred years ago. The temple in which

they had been placed was destroyed, and a mosque built on its ruins. The first and most striking figure is that of the fiend-like Kalee—a ghastly and horrid representation, dancing on her husband; but a respectable Hindoo told us it was all in kindness and love! The second is a well proportioned female figure, and is seated on an elephant. She is Indrani, the wife of Indra, who has the honour of being the king of the gods. The third represents Barahani, the wife of Baraha, the third incarnation of Vishnool, and is a monstrous figure with a boar's head, and is seated on a buffalo, an animal which has an ungainly appearance. A Hindoo once tried to convince me that they fell down from Heaven with their heels uppermost, as they now lie; but I need not say that he found me incredulous. Scarcely less remarkable are nine smaller but finely executed mythological sculptures. When their shrines were destroyed by the wild zeal of the Mussulman conquerors of the province, they were thrown into the sand of the river, and have been recovered within a comparatively recent period, and placed in a building on the banks of the river. Seven out of the nine represent female deities; two of them are very striking indeed. One is Jum's mother (Jum, in the Hindoo mythology, is the king of death); she is an ugly, frightful, creature, looking extremely old, and very angry. The natives have a proverb to the effect, that a scolding old woman is like the mother of Jum; and in view of this figure the language is very expressive. The other striking figure is again that of the horrid Kalee, holding in one hand the murderous axe, and in another a cup of blood, dancing in an ecstasy of joy on account of the destruction of the giant, while her husband, on whom she is unconsciously trampling, implores her to desist, lest the world should be destroyed. The two male representations in this remarkable building are executed in a very striking manner. One represents the mighty demon, Rabana, with his hundred heads and arms, who was destroyed by Rama Chundra, the seventh incarnation of Vishnool. The other describes the Narasingh incarnation. Narasingh signifies man-lion, and he is said, in the Hindoo books, to have twisted from a pillar, seized hold of a blaspheming king, torn him to pieces, and drunk his blood. Such were the objects on which, in olden time, Hindoo poets exercised their genius, and Hindoo artists exerted their skill. It seems to me that in those times the people must have been much cleverer than they are now.

We intend remaining at this stronghold of Satan a week, making known day by day, as extensively as we can, the gospel of the grace of God, for there is nothing that will reach the case of the guilty idolator but the gospel of Christ.

STRIKING TEXT AND SERMON.

I was much struck a day or two since, when we were preaching at a place near this, Jugoo read, as his text, Jeremiah x., 11—"Thus shall ye say unto them, the gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth and from under these heavens." These, said the preacher, are not my words; they are the words of God—words which God has commanded us to make known to all idolaters. All your gods and goddesses will perish—utterly perish—not a vestige remain. Many have perished. Look at Jajapore. Look at Bhobaneswara. How many temples have been deserted, and how many idols forsaken. Fifty years ago there was not a single christian in Orissa. ("We know there was not," said one of his hearers.) Now how many hundreds there are! And the light will spread; the sun that has risen will shine more and more till all the darkness be dispersed, and all the idols be destroyed. This is certain to take place. "The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens." I do not know that I ever before heard these words enlarged upon in an address to the heathen; and surrounded, as we were, by the ruins of ancient temples, as well as by other temples which are, alas! much frequented, they appeared very striking and wonderful. Is it not worthy of notice that in the original this remarkable text is not in the Hebrew, but the Chaldee—the very language in which God designed the message to be conveyed to those ancient idolaters? Another thought occurs to me which I intend that my christian countrymen in this land shall, as I have opportunity, have the advantage of. It is that this message was to "be delivered, not only by the prophet, but by the house of Israel." "Thus shall YE say," &c. With such a text as this in the Bible we cannot permit the shadow of a doubt to becloud our minds as to the utter destruction of idolatry, and the universal success of our enterprise. The sleep of death will, no doubt, have passed over our eyelids long ere that bright millennial day shall dawn; but our labours are just as important to the final result as the

labours of those who will be privileged to gather the great harvest, and celebrate the jubilee of the world.

MR. GOADBY'S FIRST ADDRESS IN ORIYA.

I am glad to tell you that your son delivered his first Oriya discourse two days ago at Baleghie, a market about three miles from this place, on the banks of the Byturencee. He was calm and unembarrassed in his manner. His pronunciation I thought good, and he wisely confined himself to a brief statement of the sinful and helpless condition of man, and the way of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. I thought he had no reason whatever to be discouraged, but the reverse. It is an epoch in a young missionary's history when he makes his first effort to preach Christ in the native tongue. It may be compared to a child beginning to walk—he is sure to have many a tumble before he walks steadily and well—still, what fond parent does not watch with deep interest the first efforts of the child to walk a few steps? So, much interest gathers round the missionary's first humble efforts; though in each case the special interest felt arises from the persuasion that it contains in it the promise of something vastly better—that the child may become the strong man rejoicing to run a race; and that the missionary may acquire as much mastery over the tones and idioms of a foreign tongue as over his own. Prayer and pains, and faith in Christ, Eliot said, will accomplish anything. I think that, by the blessing of God, your son is likely to bear the climate well, and I am thankful to say that Mrs. Goadby's health is much improved.

How many important changes have occurred since I wrote you nearly three months ago. Dear brother and sister Stubbins, with their child, have left us, and are far, far, away on the great sea. Miss Crawford has also left Balasore for the United States, but she hopes, as our friends do, to return to beloved Orissa. She has been a faithful and earnest labourer diligently seeking to lead her youthful charge to Christ. Mrs. Buckley had the unexpected pleasure last week of welcoming the Rev. J. S. Wardlaw, of Vizagapatam. He is the son of the late Dr. Wardlaw, and is spoken of as a sweet-spirited christian, and an excellent missionary. He remained at Cuttack three days, and much endeared himself to our friends. On the Sabbath evening he preached in English from "The wages of sin is death," &c., and the sermon is

spoken of as very striking and impressive. Alas ! his health has much failed, and he is on the verge of returning to his fatherland ; but the steps of the Lord's servants are ordered according to

His will, and all that happens to them will fall out to the furtherance of the Gospel.

Yours affectionately,
J. BECKLEY.

RIGHT OF NATIVE CHRISTIAN FATHERS TO THEIR CHILDREN.

[We gladly give insertion to the following important correspondence.—Ed.]

Barlstone, April 11, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—As it seems desirable that the following correspondence should have some permanent record. I shall feel obliged if you will kindly insert it in our magazine. The friends of Missions will hereby be able to form some idea of what those who embrace Christianity in India are liable to ; and it is hoped that the Committees of the different Missionary Societies will take up the question with such energy as to compel legislation.

When in Calcutta, on my way home, I brought the subject before the Missionary Conference there, and it would most likely engage their attention at their next meeting, but the real settlement of it must be in England, where Brahminical and Mahomedan influence will not take precedence of common honesty and justice. Mission work must be retarded and converts discouraged from the avowal of Christianity so long as the fondest and dearest rights of a Christian father are ignored or even considered questionable.

I remain,

Yours affectionately,
I. STUBBINS.

To the Honourable F. J. Halliday, Lieutenant Governor of Bengal.

HONOURABLE SIR,—I have been instructed by my fellow Missionaries in Orissa to bring to the notice of your Honour the uncertain state of the law in relation to the claims of native Christian converts upon their families detained by their heathen relatives, and to request generally that some rule may be established for the guidance of magistrates and others on this subject ; and specially to invoke your interference in a recent case decided by T. B. Mactier, Esq., magistrate of Pooree, and dismissed in appeal by J. Ward, Esq., the Civil Judge of Cuttack.

With reference to the general aspect of this important question, it may be premised that, in almost every instance where the head of a family embraces Christianity, his children are detained by his heathen wife and relatives, unless she is prepared to accompany him. It

might not be expedient that she should be forced to join her husband, but it is thought he ought to be afforded an opportunity for conversing with her privately ; or, if needful, in the presence of the magistrate alone, where she would be free from the influence of her heathen friends ; and where he would be able to disabuse her mind of any prejudices she might, through ignorance, have imbibed. It is utterly useless asking her in open court, when surrounded by every opposing element, if she will go with her husband, as her reply will almost of necessity be in the negative ; whereas, if a strictly private opportunity for conversation were afforded by order of the magistrate, there would, perhaps, be few cases in which she would decline to accompany him, and protection should be afforded him in removing her to his home.

But whatever might be the decision in the case of the wife, it is admitted by all that the father has a legitimate right to his children, if under age ; but the question is, whose province is it to make them over to him ? The magistrate, if disposed, could doubtless do so without the slightest difficulty, but, if otherwise disposed, he simply admits the father's right and dismisses the case as not coming under his jurisdiction. Should the father go to his own house to demand his children he could not obtain admission ; and further, a breach of the peace, if not, something much more violent would ensue—an issue to be deprecated to the last degree.

Should it be argued that the father has his redress in a suit in the Civil Court, it must be borne in mind that this would involve a most tedious and expensive litigation—would be productive of the most unhappy feelings among all parties concerned, and allow an ample opportunity for what it is feared would, in many instances, follow ; viz., the violent removal of the children, rather than allow the supposed disgrace of their losing caste and becoming christians.

Our prayer, therefore, is that power be invested in the magistrate to make over by force, if need be, children to their native christian fathers ; and further, that he be made to understand that it is his duty to do so, and the fact of the

wife's refusing to accompany her husband should form an additional reason why the children should be made over to their father, as the woman, by voluntarily refusing to discharge the duties of a wife, of necessity disqualifies herself for discharging the duties of a mother—a fact which might be enunciated by the magistrate to the heathen relatives, who could hardly fail to admit the justice of it.

In an appendix I give a list of cases which have already been decided in connection with this Mission. That list will not only show what has been the usual practice of magistrates, &c., but will also exhibit a grievous want of uniformity owing to the absence of any authoritative rule.

The special case in which we invoke your kind interference is the one—proceedings of which are inclosed,—and which seems in every aspect of it most arbitrary and unjust. Mr. Mactier admits that the magistrate was to be guided by circumstances in each case, but what were the circumstances in this case which should have led him to a conclusion adverse to what he acknowledges is the undoubted right of the father, viz., the custody of his children, be he christian or heathen; and that, too, in direct hostility to the real interest and happiness of husband, wife, and child? admitting clearly, at the same time, that a decision in favour of the father, would be obtained in the Civil Court.

His closing remark that “should a second application be preferred when the child is old enough to have a will of its own, magisterial interference might then be applied for,” can only be regarded as an insult to the wounded feelings of the father. If the magistrate is unable to interfere now; why more so then? And why compel him to allow his child to grow up in a hotbed of superstition and vice, when his “undoubted right” is to have it at once, and place it under a pure and elevating instruction? Of course, “when the child is old enough to have a will of its own,” it would declare in favour of the heathenism in which Mr. Mactier would allow, or rather compel, it to be brought up; and such being its choice, it would doubtless be allowed to remain, as its will would unquestionably be the deciding point. The child is now more than two and a half years old, and therefore cannot be too young to be removed from its mother's care; but if it were, the onus rests with the mother who refuses to accompany it. Mr. Wilkinson did not argue the necessity of a mother's care, when he ordered a child of nine

months old to be taken from its christian mother's breast, and given over to its heathen father in open court; nor Mr. Goldsbury, when he ordered an infant of three months old to be given over to its christian father. (see Appendix.)

The case was appealed to Mr. Ward, the Civil Judge, at Cuttack; but he upheld Mr. Mactier's decision, and dismissed the appeal. Subsequently an application was made to him in the usual form for an English copy of his proceedings with a view to its being transmitted to you. No such copy could, however, be furnished, as no record had been made in English. The appeal was simply endorsed in Oriya to the effect that the magistrate's order was found to be “durust” (correct), and, therefore, it was ordered that “the appeal be dismissed, 10th June, 1858.” How far a Judge is at liberty to pass over so important a case with such evident indifference, and without recording any reasons for his decision, is a question deserving your Honour's consideration.

In conclusion, it may be remarked that if native converts are thus to be deprived, and that, too, by Christian magistrates and judges, of their dearest civil rights—rights which would, without demur, be conceded to Hindoos and Mahomedans—all previous legislation for the protection of those rights can only be regarded in the light of a solemn mockery—while Christians, both at home and in this country, are labouring under the most painful delusion in reference to it. When decisions, like the one given by Mr. Mactier, are enunciated in court, of course the native officials unite with the heathen friends and others, in their triumph over Christianity; but what must be their real opinion of the authorities, whose decisions stand opposed to every principle of equity and toleration?

Trusting your Honour will give this whole subject your fullest consideration, and adopt such measures as shall most effectually secure to native converts their rights generally over their offspring; and that, in the matter of Mr. Mactier's and Mr. Ward's decision, you will issue such instructions as the emergency of the case demands for the speedy award of the child to its deeply aggrieved father,

I have the honour to be,

Honourable Sir,

In behalf of the Orissa Mission,
Your Honour's most obedient servant,

I. STUBBINS, Secretary.

Cuttack, 18th Aug., 1858.

APPENDIX—CASES.

I. Kamilee and her mother embraced Christianity in 1832, and her husband prosecuted her for the recovery of her infant and ornaments. Mr. Wilkinson, the magistrate, ordered the child, of about nine months old, to be taken from her breast, and all the ornaments from her person, even to her hair-pin, and given over to her husband in open court.

II. Sebo Sahn and Sanantana petitioned the magistrate, Mr. Forbes, for the recovery of their wives and children in 1838. Their petitions were, however, summarily dismissed. On this, information was (if my memory serves me correctly) sought and obtained from Mr. Trevellyan and Mr. Mangles. These gentlemen adduced Sect. ix., Reg. xii., of 1832, and thought the magistrate most unjustifiable, and recommended an appeal to the Commissioner, Mr. Mills. This petition was prepared and presented on the 1st March, 1839, and was replied to on the 5th idem. A petition, according to Mr. Mills' representation, was presented, and a *perwannah* (summons) was issued by the magistrate to have Sebo Sahn's wife and child brought into court. On the road, however, she consented to join her husband with her child, and so the matter ended. Sanantana's wife, with her children, joined her husband with less difficulty.

III. In 1839, Mr. Taylor, the magistrate, made over to Rugoo Roul, his son, and also advised his wife to join him, which she did.

IV. Again, in 1839, Rasika Roul presented his petition to the magistrate for the recovery of his child. The petition was, however, dismissed. It was again presented, and again dismissed. The case was appealed, and the child, detained by an uncle, was at once ordered to be given over to the father.

V. Rugoburdass presented a petition to the magistrate of Pooree, in 1840 or 41, for the recovery of two children detained by a relative. They were ordered to be given over to the father.

VI. Narajan Sahn, of Choga, presented his petition to the Commissioner, Mr. Goldsbury, in 1851, for the recovery of his child and property detained by his wife. The child, a girl, only about three months' old, was instantly ordered to be given over to the father, and also all the ornaments that the wife had on her person, as she refused to join her husband.

VII. In 1853 Soda Sahini, of Kluunditta, presented a petition to Mr. Brown, of Bhuddruck, for the recovery of his child—ren detained by his wife. The two eldest were at once ordered to be given over,

but the wife was allowed to retain the youngest. It was not thought necessary to go further into the case, as it was apprehended that the sons having been given over, the wife would soon follow, and so the sequel proved. But when the wife joined her husband, the youngest child was detained by an aunt. Application was, therefore, again made to Mr. Brown, 1854, and the child was forcibly given over to its parents.

VIII. In 1854, Koni Das presented a petition to the magistrate at Pooree, Mr. Cooper, for the recovery of his children detained by his wife. Mr. Cooper summarily dismissed the case; when it was appealed to Mr. Gilmore, the Civil Judge. Mr. Gilmore ordered the magistrate to deliver over the children to their father, which was accordingly done.

IX. In 1856, a petition was presented to Mr. Amud, magistrate of Pooree, by Nura Hurree, for the recovery of his children detained by his wife. The case was dismissed, and through some irregularity in not appealing it within the prescribed time, I fear it is irrecoverably lost.

X. Sebo Swie, of Choga, presented a petition to the commissioner, Mr. Cockburn, in 1858, for the recovery of his children detained by their relatives. They were at once ordered to be made over to their father.

XI. Ram Krishnool presented a petition to the magistrate of Pooree, Mr. Mactier, in 1858, for the recovery of his child detained by his wife, but the case was dismissed by Mr. Mactier, and also in appeal by Mr. Ward, the Civil Judge.

XII. The wife of Seboo Swie presented a petition to Mr. Shore, the magistrate of Cuttack, in 1858, for the recovery of her child by a former husband, and detained by her heathen friends. The child was given over to its mother.

Thus, during this year, and, in fact, within *one month* three cases were submitted for adjudication, two of which were settled favourably for the convert; and one—the one by Mr. Mactier, of Pooree, and Mr. Ward, the judge of Cuttack—unfavourably. This shows, more than anything else can do, the necessity of some definite legislation on the subject.

COPY OF T. B. MACTIER'S DECISION ON THE CASE OF RAMI KRISHNOO.

This is an application on the part of a native christian for my interference to obtain for him possession of his infant child.

It appears that the petitioner married after the Hindoo fashion, that a child was born, that the husband became a christian, and that the wife withdrew with her child to her Hindoo relations.

An application was then made by the husband to me that the wife was detained against her will, and praying that I would compel her return to his care. I sent for the woman, and, by personal enquiry, satisfied myself of her unwillingness to return to her husband, and that she was not detained against her will. I accordingly dismissed the case, and directed the husband to apply to the Civil Court agreeably to C. O. No. 19, Vol. 3rd, and construction 148 and 725.

The point to be decided in the present case is not, in my opinion, who is legally entitled to the custody of the child; as to that there can, I think, be no doubt, as numerous decisions of the Civil Court have set the matter at rest; but whether a magistrate, either by regulation or ruling of the Superior Courts, is authorized to aid and assist a husband to obtain what I do not deny is his undoubted right, viz., the custody of his children, be he Christian or Heathen.

The power of a magistrate is limited by express enactments to the punishment or prevention of penal offences; he has no power to judge of civil right, so that if an offence, such as a breach of the peace, is committed in the exercise of a "right," the actual commission of the crime is the sole point for his consideration, although undoubtedly the circumstances under which it is committed, is a good and valid plea in mitigation of punishment. Where he is invested with powers differing from those noted above, it is always by express legislative enactment.

It cannot be doubted that a case like the present is nowhere provided for in the regulations, and the only ruling that I can find on the point is that contained in Cos. 1060, and C. O. No. 239, of vol. 2.

In the latter of these authorities it was decided that in each case the magistrate was to be guided by "circumstances." It is much to be regretted that the peculiar "circumstances," which should influence his decision, were not indicated, however indirectly.

I have referred to the Sudder Nizamut Adawlut as to whether the point in dispute has ever come before them, and I find it has not, and I cannot find that in any other Zillah has a similar one been raised.

It, therefore, appears to me that I should confine myself to the exercise of the power defined by law. That is, to ascertain whether a criminal offence has been, or is being, committed. "Forcible detention" is the offence which the application of the petitioner may be said to indicate. Is that offence now being committed? I think not. I saw the child myself, and it appeared to be little more than an infant—much too young to have any preference of residence, or, indeed, will of any sort.

I, therefore, refuse the petitioner's application, and direct him to refer to the Civil Court. Should a second application be preferred when the child is old enough to have a will of its own, magisterial interference may then be applied for.

(Signed by) T. B. MACTIER,

Official Magistrate.

May 22nd, 1858. (A true copy.)

[No. 3477.]

From the Junior Secretary of the Government of Bengal.

To I. STUBBINS, Esq., SECRETARY TO THE ORISSA MISSION, CUTTACK.

Dated, Fort William, Sept 8, 1858.

SIR,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated the 19th ult., and to inform you, in reply that, the general question therein raised regarding the claims of native Christian Converts to obtain possession of their families from their heathen relatives has been referred to the Sudder Court for consideration, and report as to the state of the law on the subject.

With regard to the particular case decided by Mr. Mactier, the magistrate of Pooree, to which reference is made in your letter, I am desired to inform you that the Lieutenant-Governor has no authority to interfere with the magistrate's decision.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. MEEKLAND,

Junior Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

A RAJAH'S VISIT.

I gave you, when I was at Pooree, an account of our visit to a Rajah. This time it must be of a Rajah visiting us. He is staying on some business in Cuttack, and last evening was going past in his palauquin,

when his bearers stopped just beyond Mr. Stubbin's gates to change shoulders. Just then Alfred ran a little way towards the gate to obtain a view of the great man and his large retinue. The Rajah was

looking towards the house, so saw the child, and immediately sent for him. After a long talk carried on in Oreah and Hindostanee, he sent his salams to the Mem Sahibs, and said he should very much like to see them. We were waiting to go out, but, of course, gladly remained. He quickly joined us, and seated himself (or rather was seated) by our sides. But I had better describe the process of getting out of the palkey, and how he looked. He appeared to me to be about thirty years of age, a tolerable height, and stout. He wore upon his head a white turban. His forehead, and to the tip of his nose, and the centre of each cheek, was painted scarlet. His ears were loaded with massive gold rings and precious stones. Round his neck he had a great number of gold chains, and something resembling medals. On his arms were gold bracelets, and on his fingers diamond rings. His dress was white, a full skirt, tight body and sleeves, fastened at the wrist. This I observed before he got out. After lowering him very gently from the hearer's shoulders, two of his numerous attendants ran to him and lifted his honourable feet out first, and very carefully placed upon them gold embroidered shoes. Then, as though he had been a helpless child, one took hold of each hand and placed the other hand under

his elbow, and so assisted his majesty up the steps. They held him so until he had spoken to us, and then, when we were seated, he allowed himself to be placed in a chair, his attendants smoothing every wrinkle in his dress and shawl. I omitted to mention he wore over his shoulders a splendid scarlet cloth shawl. He carried in his hand a sceptre of gold, which he never laid aside. I was sorry Mr. Stubbins was from home, but the Rajah said he should be happy to come again when he returned. He remained with us for half an hour, conversing with Mrs. S. on various subjects; and when he went took a number of tracts, also an Oreah Testament. Oh that it may carry conviction and truth to his heart! When he left us he shook hands very warmly, and the same process attended his getting into the palkey as getting out. I perceived, too, he had large gold anklets on his ancles. A trumpeter ran first blowing his trumpet, and next a servant carrying, I suppose, his arms. Another ran near the palkey with his majesty's sword in a scarlet sheath, and about thirty more ran either by his side or behind. Only two were permitted to sit in his presence whilst with us, and they were evidently high caste Brahmins. He promised to come again when Mr. S. came home.

GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY BAZAAR, AT THE NEXT ANNUAL ASSOCIATION, DERBY.

We hope most of our churches are now actively engaged working for the Bazaar. From gentlemen, as well as ladies we expect much help in the shape of manufactured articles ready for sale. We hope that, throughout the next month, they will constantly bear the Mission in mind, and be laying aside anything they can spare from their shops, warehouses, or store-rooms. The difficulty that is often felt in regard to what is left from the Bazaar is entirely obviated by sending them to India, so that the Derby Committee assure the contributors that nothing

shall be sold below its proper value. They will, however, feel greatly obliged by every one marking the prices on the articles they send; as none are so capable of judging of their worth as those who know the trouble and expense of their manufacture. Whilst guarding against underselling, they will also endeavour not to overcharge the goods, but will, if possible, charge the usual shop prices. Farmers, Gardeners, and Florists must also be kind enough to remember that much of their useful and beautiful produce will be very acceptable.

M. S. W.

ST. MARY'S-GATE CHAPEL, DERBY.—On Sunday, March 27th, the Annual Sermons on behalf of the Foreign Mission were preached by the Rev. H. Wilkinson, to large and interested congregations. On the following Monday evening a public meeting was held, when animated

addresses were delivered by the chairman, R. Pegg, Esq., the Revs. W. Miller, H. Wilkinson, W. Jones, and J. C. Pike. The services were unusually interesting, and the attendance much larger than formeryears. Amount collected £32 1s. 1d.

THE REV. JAMES SMITH AT DELHI.

Delhi, March 4, 1859.

[The following letter has been recently received from Rev. J. Smith, by the Editors of the *Freeman*. We have great pleasure in transferring it to our Magazine.—Ed.]

MY DEAR SIRS,—Having arrived at my journey's end, I hasten to fulfil my promise of writing to you. I cannot tell you how thankful we are to be once more settled in a place we can call home. Our voyage from Australia was a very tedious one of eight weeks, with scarcely any society besides that of horses. However, through the goodness of God, we landed early in January, at Calcutta, and at once made arrangements for our journey to Agra, a distance of some 900 miles. Calcutta tells nothing of the story of the Sepoy mutiny, and the only change I could at all realise was an increase of bustle and noise, with a considerable advance in the price of everything wearable or eatable. We left Calcutta by horse dak on the 26th of January; and, notwithstanding stories of straggling bands of marauding Sepoys, we took with us neither revolver, sword, pistol, nor even stick, until, at Sheerghatty, I got my foot crushed by the carriage-wheel going over it, and was obliged to get both stick and crutch in order to proceed on our journey. The grand trunk road is almost filled with European goods sent to supply the want caused by the wanton destruction perpetrated by the Sepoys, and the great increase in consumption from the presence of such vast numbers of English troops. Produce is also commencing to flow towards Calcutta; we met with large quantities of hides, and, as we approached Agra, the cotton crop having just been housed, we met some hundreds of well-laden hackeries with that important article. One thing appeared to me very striking. When I went down the country three years ago on my way home, the whole country was armed; every man I met carried a sword, pistol, or matchlock—not a few all three. Now such a thing is not to be seen. This one result will eventually save as much life as the mutiny has destroyed.

There is nothing very particular to be seen as regards the destruction of property by the mutiny until we arrived at Allahabad. Here we found many old friends, who have come down from Agra in consequence of the change in the seat of Government. Mr. Reid kindly received us, and we remained with him three days.

Opposite his bungalow are the ruins of the infantry mess-house, in which the 6th Native Infantry so treacherously massacred their officers before they proceeded to Delhi. Allahabad has suffered a good deal; all the Europeans' residences have been destroyed, and in return we have made havoc of the native houses, sweeping away hundreds of them without leaving one brick upon another. Great improvements are being made in the station, in order to make it worthy the name of the North-West Provinces. New streets are being opened and old ones widened, and the English part will be a great improvement on the past.

Here we took rail to Cawnpore; and, oh! the crowd of painful feelings that rush into one's mind on entering the Nana's slaughter-house. Would that the remembrance of Cawnpore could be effaced from the memory; but it is impossible. On entering the station I was completely bewildered: such is the destruction of household property, that it is impossible to recognise scenes among which I resided for five years; whole piles of buildings are gone, and nothing but the level ground on which they stood remains. The respectable inhabitants assured me that many natives were mutilated by the Nana, for trying to carry provisions to the famishing Christians; and a friend of ours here saw one on his way up to Allahabad with ear, nose, and hand cut off. The man himself stated that he was one out of hundreds thus treated at Cawnpore, because they were suspected of favouring the British; but more of this subject at some future time. We were thankful to turn our backs on Cawnpore, and try to forget the terrible humiliation to which our countrywomen, as well as men, were there subjected.

We were most warmly received by our friends at Agra, and hospitably entertained by brother Gregson. I was glad to find most of my old Chitoura flock gathered together under the pastorate of Bernard, the valuable native preacher whom I left in charge when sickness forced me to go home. I could not help comparing former times with present. When I left India, not a native Christian could get employment even in the meanest situation, notwithstanding Mr. Halliday's declaration to the contrary. Now, if there were thousands more in every town, they would be immediately employed. I everywhere met our people no longer the dejected, downcast beings

they once were, but clean and smart as to their attire, and manly and bold in bearing. The mutiny has accomplished the disenthralment of the native Christian community; and we may reasonably hope that, in future, they will not only be able to sustain themselves in independence, but aid on the cause of the Redeemer among the perishing heathen. I visited Chitoura, and found it deserted, with the exception of Thakur Das, who, with Bernard, labours among the villages in the district. Thus, with two missionaries in Agra, and two native brethren in the district of Chitoura, the ground appears to be pretty well occupied; and hence, with Delhi loudly calling for a missionary, and totally unoccupied by any society, I felt I must leave my peaceful house and luxuriant garden, with my former field of labour, and again seek a home among strangers. There were other reasons for my choosing Delhi, which I need not here mention.

On our arrival, I at once commenced preaching in the city, where I am never at a loss for a congregation of attentive listeners. I feel it to be a privilege to proclaim the Saviour's message of mercy to the people of Delhi. Here Thompson laboured and died, and here Walayat Ali, Chuman Lal, and others, sealed their testimony to the truth of Christ's gospel with their blood. A few months since nothing but the cannon's roar and the smash of houses, intermingled with the groans of the dying and wounded, was to be heard. How different the sounds of mercy and pardon, and how pleasant to convey such sounds to the multitudes who have suffered so much, whatever

their faults may have been! Pray that God's grace may abound where cruelties not to be mentioned have been perpetrated on unoffending women and helpless childhood!

The labouring population, with the mercantile classes, everywhere hail the return of British power, and every inquiry convinces me more and more that the mutiny was confined to the military tribes and Mahommedans. There is the strongest proof that the masses of the people had no sympathy with the revolt, and, where left to their own voluntary action, they stood aloof from it. Peace may now be said to be everywhere restored, and now for the work of reconstruction and reform. Her Majesty's proclamation was, generally speaking, all that we could desire; but the impression it was calculated to produce has been negated by a course of action totally contrary to both its letter and spirit. Men tried and condemned are pardoned; noted leaders among the rebels have had restored both possessions and power; and thus, the suffering European community has been brought almost into a state of rebellion; and, what is worse, many of them speak of the natives with the greatest contempt and hatred. But notwithstanding the clouds that hang over our horizon, I trust we have a bright day yet before us. There is something in the individual character of Englishmen that counteracts the blunders of the State, and so it will be in India. Hence I hope for the best. But I must conclude.

And believe me, ever yours truly,

JAMES SMITH.

AN AMERICAN ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP AND PUBLIC OPINION.—A circumstance has also occurred in New York, which shows that the power of the church is not what it once was. It seems that a difficulty has occurred between Archbishop Hughes, and one Rev. Mr. Dayman, a Catholic priest. The latter is said to be a man of stern mould and integrity, of great uprightness, and very popular with the people. He has become disgusted with the manner in which the clergy live, and has not hesitated to denounce them. Recently, he finished a course of sermons on the Pains of Hell, using among other expressions that of

St. Chrysostom, "Hell is paved with the skulls of bad priests." This gave great offence to the "bad priests," of whom there are not a few, and the faithful preacher was suspended, interdicted, anathematised, and the Catholic people ordered not to furnish him with food, fire, or lodgings. The priest went and appealed to the people, who restored him, and the mighty prelate has been compelled to resort to the press, and explain matters to clear himself from public and well-merited abuse. It is a new thing for Catholic bishops in this country to write explanations of their conduct to satisfy Protestant communities.

Foreign Letters Received.

ASKA.—W. Hill, Feb. 7th

BERHAMPTON.—W. Bailey, March 3rd

CUTTACK.—J. Buckley, February 18th,
March 3rd.CUTTACK.—Mrs. J. O. Goadby, February
17th.

DITTO.—G. Taylor, February 18th.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*From March 20th to April 20th, 1859.*Bible Translation Society £ s. d.
(Grant towards reprinting
Oriya New Testament) ... 150 0 0**ASTERBY AND DONINGTON.**Collections at Asterby ... 1 1 4½
Do. Donington ... 2 0 10
By Miss Brumpton ... 1 6 8
Mrs. Trafford ... 0 12 1½
Mrs. Newton ... 0 12 0Less expenses ... 5 13 0
0 18 8**LISNABRIN, CURRYGLASS,
IRELAND.**Miss Ponsonby Carew for
Orphans ... 5 0 0**LONDON.**

Rev. F. Trestrail ... 0 10 6

LONGFORD.

No particulars ... 35 2 4

LOUGHBOROUGH—BAXTER-GATE.

Public Collections ... 9 13 6

LOUTH.Public Collections ... 15 7 0
Profits of Tea ... 7 0 0
Friend, by Mrs. Beardsall, ... 2 0 0
Mrs. Beardsall and friends,
for Orphan ... 3 0 0
Miss A. Stamp's box ... 0 12 0
Miss B. Burton's do. ... 0 8 6
Mrs. Simmon's box ... 0 8 0Less expenses... 28 15 6
1 14 6**WOLVEY.**Collections—
Afternoon ... 2 10 13
Evening ... 3 1 6½
Collected by—
Miss Sutton ... 2 11 0
Miss Knight ... 1 3 0
Miss Toone ... 0 8 9½
Mrs. Cooper ... 0 8 9
Master William Tomlinson ... 0 6 0
A friend ... 0 17 0Less expenses ... 11 6 3
0 5 6

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg Esq., Derby, Treasurer; by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Quorndon, near Loughborough, Secretary; and by the Revs. H. Wilkinson, and W. Miller, engaged, during their sojourn, in England, as Travelling Agents for the Society.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES.

JUNE, 1859.

No. 65.

MISCONCEPTIONS IN OUR ESTIMATE OF THE CHARACTER
OF ST. PAUL.

INDISCRIMINATE admiration is often quite as unjust to those who are the subjects of its praises as even the most unthinking prejudice. Just as men have been condemned for faults they never committed, or failings from which they were utterly free; so others have been praised for qualities which formed no part of their character, and claimed as the advocates of opinions of which they had not the most distant conception. "The eye sees what it brings with it the power of seeing," and different eyes have different ranges of optical potency. It would astonish many an historical hero to read the comments of his friends upon his doings, and many a philosopher or theologian of antiquity would stare aghast at the results which have been educed from his writings by the ingenuity of a tortuous criticism.

The character of St. Paul is a striking illustration of the truth of these remarks. Not now to refer to the fact that every theological school claims him as the exponent of its tenets: it is curious to note what contradictory views are presented of his literary qualities. He is boldly speculative, and he is modestly practical—he is strictly and formally logical, and he is simply didactic—he is eloquent and poetic, and he is plain and unadorned. There may, no doubt, be a colour for all these representations, arising from the proverbial versatility of every highly gifted mind; yet, as distinguishing peculiarities, they can scarcely all be true. The fatal objection is, that they exclude each other. And it is a decisive proof that a great man is misunderstood when he is represented as "everything by turns, and nothing long."

It would be beyond our ability, if it were not impossible to our present opportunity, to enter with any fulness into an exposition of the true mental greatness of this grandest of christian heroes. But there are one or two remarks it may be allowed us to make, which will tend, perhaps, to a more sound and rational conception with regard to some of the chief misapprehensions as to his mental character.

First,—It seems to be very generally assumed, that St. Paul is what we commonly understand by a *logical* writer, and that this is his chief characteristic. It has been alternately the theme of enthusiastic praise, and the plea for something like disparagement, according to the viewing-point of his several commentators. One points to the clear pellucid argu-

ments which clench the truth to our reason, while another calls him hard, and dry, and turns with a sense of relief to the practical common sense of James, or the glowing mysticism of John. But, to our apprehension both those who praise and those who blame are in equal error. The one class brings a taste for metaphysics and reasoning to the study of the apostle, and finds just what it brings, and no more; and the other is repelled by a form of words so as not to do the common justice of weighing their meaning. A closer examination would show either, that St. Paul's reasoning processes are essentially different from all ordinary argumentation. They are rather formal than real. Their real contents are deep spiritual intuitions, flashing out from the experiences of a life baptized in christian sentiment. Not even John himself can take fuller or more comprehensive glances into the first principles of moral truth. And whole passages of the epistles which seem absolutely to bristle with logical points, resolve themselves into a series of spiritual sentiments, to which these argumentative angles serve only as the corners of transition. When once we come to perceive the deeply emotional character of the apostle's mind, it is like the discovery of a new law in natural science. It lights up all his writings with an unexpected glow. He no longer appears the dry scholastic, but as he thinks with his heart, so he carries the sympathies of ours. In some moments we have seemed to stand, through his help, upon a mountain summit of religious truth, with temples bared to the fresh clear breeze, rejoicing in the infinite heaven above our heads, and triumphing over the earthly littleness far below us.

Not, of course, that we deny the obvious fact, that the form of St. Paul's writing is that of argument and reasoning. It is so, no doubt. It was a necessity of his culture that it should be so. His training had been mainly theological, gotten in the schools of the Pharisees. Whoever knows anything about the Jewish Rabbis of the time of Christ, will understand how an education given by them would imply a dogmatical and somewhat formal habit of thought. Hence the "fors," and "therefores," and "because" of St. Paul's style. But what we want to note, and to impress is, that these are the accidental shell to a kernel of high moral contemplation and lowly Christ-like love.

This will be the more evident when we perceive, (as we shall do on examination) that many of St. Paul's syllogisms, taken as mere forms of argument, are not severely consequent. They are such as the professed master of reasoning would conceive open to criticism. But, taken in their true light they are consequent enough. They "serve as a continuous warp of connectives to his speech—now become the vehicle or channel—not for the modes of Rabbi Gamaliel, but for a stream of Christian fire: what before seemed to wear a look of inconsequence, assuming a port of amazing energy; so that Paul becomes the fullest, heartiest, and most irresistible of all the inspired writers of the Christian Scriptures. But in order to this, his true attitude, we must make him a seer, and not a system-maker, we must read his epistle as a prophesying of the spirit, not as a Socratic lecture." We do not then agree to the estimate which makes St. Paul the christian logician. To us he is other and higher than this—he is the eloquent expounder, and the inspired spiritual prophet.

Secondly,—An error akin to the former, and growing out of the same causes, is that which seeks in St. Paul's writings, a perfectly elaborated

system of christian theology. It will seem to many of our readers an altogether strange position, when we express our more than doubt, whether the construction of such a system ever formed part of the apostle's plan. Indeed, to make ourselves even intelligible to many, it is necessary to attend to a distinction which has been extensively ignored. Let us observe, then, that it is quite one thing to speak to the error of a peculiar class, so as to guard the fundamental principles of the faith from corruption: and quite another to arrange and co-ordinate those principles into a systematic whole. The former, doubtless, St. Paul frequently did, as when he opposed the Judaizing tendencies of the Galatian and other churches. But the latter he did not do, and that for the very best of reasons, namely, that it is impossible. We doubt whether it be in the power of man—even of inspired man—to construct a reliable and perfect scheme of christian doctrine. The conditions of such a scheme can be fulfilled in no case which we are able to conceive. There are, at least, two circumstances which stand in the way. The one is the infinity of the truth itself. To use an expression of Butler's, it is continually "running up into" the region of boundlessness. The gospel discloses a system of relations, stretching through all time and space, and even out of both, into eternity. No mind can grasp them. Perpetual approximation is our highest hope. And while the vastness of christian truth interposes its veto in one direction, the extreme delicacy of spiritual processes does so in another. Who can hope to classify those mysterious influences, which differ in their operation, with every variety of temperament, education, and circumstance? The process of conversion, for instance, leads each man by "a way that he knoweth not," even though its every step is open to his consciousness; and it would be strange indeed if another could know. The most we can do, is to indicate certain broad facts, common to all cases, and even here the utmost caution is required, lest we demand what is not essential, or neglect something which is. A "system of nature" which professes to explain the whole universe, from the "hyssop that groweth on the wall," to the mighty combinations of astronomical forces, is not more absurd than are the "systems" of doctrine whose unbending formulæ affect the precision of mathematical science. Even were the task possible in a scientific point of view, the literary result must be stupendous. "The world itself could not contain the books which should be written."

But another and conclusive reason against the idea that St. Paul has given us a full institute of theology, is derived from the nature of language. Language is the very "body of thought," receiving the stamp of thought, and again acting upon it. And, obviously, whatever is done for us in theology, the result must be crystalized in words. Yet at the very best, words can only partially express religious ideas. So true is this, that there is scarcely any statement of religious truth which we can carry onwards to its logical consequences. If we say "Christ is God;" the Romanist adds, with most provoking conclusiveness, "Mary is the mother of Christ, therefore, she is the mother of God." You cannot find fault with the deduction. All you can do is to confess that you do not speak with metaphysical accuracy. But if this be true—as it is—you must allow the very limited sphere of argument in religion, and thus give up, for ever, your hope of a system.

Words again, while at the best inaccurate, are constantly changing their meaning. The convictions, which took one form of expression a couple of centuries ago, take another now. We laugh at the Athanasian creed—but perhaps if we really understood its phrases, as Athanasius understood them, it is not so very absurd. Meanwhile we do not, and probably, never can. But what an instrument of theologising is this, which changes its shape with every age, and assumes, successively, all the colours of aameleon! It is necessary to change the form, *in order* to keep the substance,—a plain proof that no form can be complete and final.

For these, and many other reasons, we do not believe in the possibility of an exhaustive theological science. But, however this may be, we are sure St. Paul did not construct one. He spoke to wants and errors of his time; in the interest, not of a theory, but of a spiritual life. And in doing so, he wielded christian *fact*, as distinguished from any and every speculative dogma. The personal Christ—the facts of his life and death—the actual results of faith in him—the consciousness of sin—the infinity of the divine love—these, and such as these, are his weapons. He found them in the great biography. They were educe^d, not by reasoning, but by living out a simple hearty faith. They were inspirations from on high, rather than the lore of the schools.

We must cease. Our earnest desire has been to enlist for St. Paul a love and sympathy, rather than a cold discipleship, to show that he is alive and glowing, instead of dry and frozen—that he had a mighty human heart, as well as a large clear brain. It is not easy to convey such a conviction. Its truth must be felt and perceived—it cannot be effectively taught. Let us then beg our readers to try it for themselves. Let them go to the study of the epistles, not as a boy goes to school in expectation of an uninteresting task, but as a friend seeks the society of his friend, that his affections may be warmed and his heart ameliorated. K.

THE UNITY OF EVANGELICAL AND APOSTOLICAL TEACHING.*

DR. STANLEY's reputation will ensure attention for anything he may choose to publish. Those who only know him as an accomplished eastern traveller, will be glad to make his acquaintance as a teacher of evangelical truth. The two courses of sermons, published under the above title, were preached in succeeding years to the ordinary congregation assembling in Canterbury Cathedral. They are, for the most part, simple in their construction, but throughout, the hand of a master is revealed. His purpose has been to indicate in a simple form, how the teaching delineated by the evangelists may guide us in communicating evangelical truth; and combined with this, is an attempt to draw out those portions of apostolical doctrine which most fully exhibit the harmony between the two. Dr. Stanley rightly thinks, that since this harmony is, and has been, so often denied or disparaged by opposite sections of the church and the world, its re-assertion and confirmation cannot be regarded as a superfluous task. The first course is headed, "The Characteristics of Evangelical Doctrine," under which are ranged

* THE UNITY OF EVANGELICAL AND APOSTOLICAL TEACHING.—*Sermons preached mostly in the Canterbury Cathedral.* By A. P. STANLEY, D.D. London: Murray.

discourses on the gospel, words, law, truth, doctrine, consolations, and wisdom of Christ, belief in Christ, and Christ's words to the apostle Paul.

In speaking of the law of Christ, Dr. Stanley beautifully says:—"Those of us who have travelled in mountain-countries know how one range of hills rises behind another, one ever seeming the highest, till yet a higher appears behind it; each has its own beauty, each its own peculiarity. So it is of those various kinds of lesser happiness, of which I before spoke. But in mountain countries, there is one range, one line of lofty summits, which always conveys a new sense of beauty, of awe, of sublimity, which nothing else can give—the range of eternal snow. High above all the rest we see the white peaks standing out in the blue sky, catching the first rays of the rising sun, and the last rays of the sun as it departs. So is it with this range of high christian character which our Lord has set before us in the sermon on the mount. High above all earthly, lower happiness, the blessedness of those eight beatitudes towers into the heaven itself. They are white with the snows of eternity; they give a grace, a meaning, a dignity, to all the rest of the earth over which they brood. And when the shades of evening gather around us, when the darkness of sorrow and sickness closes us in, when other common worldly characters become cold, and dead, and lifeless, then those higher points of true christian goodness stand out brighter and brighter; the gleam of daylight can be seen reflected on their summits when it has vanished everywhere besides; they are still there, living gospels to instruct and cheer us; on the tops of the mountains, how beautiful are their feet who ever, by silent goodness, bring peace and good-will to men. And if it be so with any form of human blessedness and goodness, how much more is it with Him in whom all these eight beatitudes are for ever fulfilled."

The most elaborate sermon in the first series is, on "The Wisdom of Christ." It was originally preached before the University of Oxford last year. Remembering this will help to relieve some allusions from the charge of pedantry. The text is Matt. xxii, 20-22,—“Whose is this image and superscription?” &c. After showing that the answer disappointed and crushed both the Pharisees and Herodians, who had been contending on one, as it seemed to them, all important question: “Was it the duty of the chosen people to submit to the Roman yoke, or to resist? Were they to pay tribute or not?” Dr. Stanley says:—"Of all the incidents in the gospel history, there is perhaps none which brings out more fully the most individual peculiarity (so to speak) of Christ's doctrine and character. It has, what has been condensed by a celebrated christian philosopher of another country into one pregnant word, more suggestive than many elaborate expositions, and which our less complex language is unable to render by any single expression,—*Schicksal-losigkeit*, freedom from the control of destiny, elevation above the level of the fate, the circumstance, the age, in which all around him were enveloped. They, all wrapt in the narrow folds of their own controversies, parties, systems,—they, all moving, as by a tragical irresistible doom, to the destruction which awaited their church and commonwealth; He, sweeping through and beside, and athwart all these, with a conclusiveness of purpose and aim, which cost Him His life as He passed onward through the opposing obstacles,—dying in the conflict, yet rising triumphant out of it, over fate, and death, and the grave. It is this part of His course which, above

all others, is in one sense inimitable;—which brings us so near to the source from whence He came, that the Example almost vanishes from our view in the distance from which we contemplate it.

“Yet it is to be imitated, or, if we cannot imitate it, we can, at least, fix our minds on the perfection which it holds forth before us. We are all of us, old or young; beset more or less by the sophistries, the systems, the schools, the parties, which time and circumstances, which past ages and our own age, have cast up around us, and beside us, before us and behind us. We are involved in their meshes; we walk in the grooves which they have made for us. To a great extent we cannot, perhaps, we ought not to move out of them. To many of us it is a duty to go on as we have begun, walking round and round our own small circles, seeing only but a short way in advance, thinking much of what lies close before us, little of what lies beyond us. Yet still there is an encouragement and consolation in the thought, that none of these things of themselves constitute the whole, or the essence of Christianity; that in this respect, our Lord is still the Pattern of His church. The true creed of the church, the true Gospel of the church is to be found, not in proportion as it coincides with the watch-words or the dilemmas of modern controversy, but rather in proportion as it rises above them, and cuts across them. How often we are told that we must either be Pharisees or Herodians, that we must consistently follow everything to its logical extreme; that with every one with whom we agree in something we must agree in everything; that we cannot believe anything unless we believe everything; or that we cannot doubt anything without doubting everything; that we must accept or reject institutions, characters, systems, whole or not at all! These are some of the temptations which from opposite sides have in every age beset the course of the student of Christian theology, as of old they beset the course of his Divine Master. But there is a ‘right division of the word of truth’—there is a true middle way of religion, which not from weakness, not from indolence, not from halting between two opinions, but from sincere love of Christ, and from desire to conform ourselves to His image, we may humbly desire to walk. There is still a way of resisting the mechanical arguments which would force us to rank ourselves with the extreme right of the Pharisees, or the extreme left of the Herodians. ‘Master,’ so let us speak with all humility and sincerity, ‘Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man, for thou regardest not the person of man.’ The very peculiarity, the very proof of the divinity of His doctrine, was that they could not square it with any of their existing systems. It was with His doctrine, as it was in the legendary tale, which describes how the tree of the wood of the true cross had been of old rejected, because it would not fit into the building of the ancient temple. It was too long for one corner, it was too short for another, it was too narrow for a third, it was too broad for another; and so it was laid aside till it came forth at last to be the means and symbol of the world’s redemption. So are we, as we endeavour to fix in our straightened earthly tabernacles the pattern of the heavenly. On the way to our Father’s house, no less than in our Father’s house, are many ‘mansions,’—many halting-places. None of us can embrace, at a glance, the whole of Christian truth. Inconsistencies, in-

congruities, will be found in every system, and in every view. It is this, our own imperfection, which is to us a sure pledge that the truth of Christ will not be lost in the ruin of any human school. It was before them, it will live after them. And it is both a confirmation and illustration of this character of Evangelical doctrine, that, if we look into some of the earthly representations of it, which have met with most universal acceptance, they also share in this freedom from the bonds in which the world is anxious to confine us. Take the expressions of the highest genius, when it has turned itself to moral or religious matters. Who will venture to name the party, or the sect, to which it belongs? Who will venture to fix the exact theological place of "the analogy" and sermons of Butler? What special school will be willing or able to close its doors against Francis Bacon? Not because their genius is irreligious, not because it is weak and faltering. No; but because it transcends the limits of our ordinary thoughts, because it approaches by another way to something like the loftiness of Him, whose image and superscription it bears. Or, ask why it is that we repose with such 'quietness and confidence' in the language of our ancient prayers? Is it not, because, by the mere fact of their antiquity, of their elevation, above the point where modern divergences have had their rise, we are transported into a region in which our temporary distractions have no place; and thus, when we clothe our thoughts and hopes in their primitive language, we are, in fact, lifting up our eyes to the mountains, above the stir of town and plain, the everlasting mountains, 'whence cometh our help?' Or, go into the cottages of the poor. How directly do their simple, rough words find an entrance to our hearts! How unconsciously, yet how keenly, do they cut the knots which we have been ravelling and unravelling, till we know not where to begin, or where to end! What a stream of wisdom and of faith do they pour into our minds, the more welcome, the more instructive, because it comes fresh from the native rock, new and yet old,—the very thing which we feel ourselves, and labour in vain to express.

"No; it is not among the uneducated, nor yet amongst the well-educated, but amongst the half-educated, and the ill-educated, and the over-educated, that the springs of bitterness rise which poison the christian life. In the spirit of the poor and humble, in the spirit of the ancient Church, in the highest works of human genius, a ready response is made to the words of the Bible, and the Spirit of Christ—amidst even the most untoward generation. And how naturally ought this same freedom to fall in with the spirit of the youthful student! None can better afford to be content with the self-control imposed by the wisdom and moderation of the gospel, than those who have still the whole field of life before them. How many hours, days, and years, would have been spared from waste!—what promise of future usefulness might have been saved from future ruin, if we had all of us always remembered that the growing mind cannot be treated as the mind full grown; that the errors (if we choose to call them by so grave a name), the opinions of youth, are usually but as passing clouds, to be treated gently, kindly, lightly, not hardly, severely, or seriously; that modesty and self-possession now are the best pledges of energy and decision hereafter. *Nondum, not yet*, was most fitly the youthful motto of the same great prince whose device in later life was, *forward; Plus ultra*.

"So much we might learn from the text, even without entering into it in detail. The question was put to Him, not sincerely, but 'tempting Him,' and, therefore (in one sense) the answer was no answer at all. He took them in their own craftiness; He dealt with them as God ever deals with insincere inquirers, with one-sided and unfair search after truth. He silenced without instructing them: He went upon his own lofty course without deigning to decide a mere local and temporary controversy. But as there was something in the question of more than transient interest, so there was in the answer something more than a mere rebuke to obstinate and prejudiced minds, a wisdom even beyond that divine indifference, if we may so term it, which I have just ventured to describe.

"Insincere as the question was, yet the very fact of putting it at all, the marvel with which they received the answer, shows that they who put it believed it to be a great perplexity, and that their own solution would have been widely different. The Pharisees, in the excess of their religious zeal, could not imagine that any one professing to be a religious teacher, could recognize the authority of a heathen power. The Herodians, in the excess of their worldly prudence, could not imagine that any one could share that prudence except those who shared their own worldly spirit. The possibility of an answer, which should unite the two, had never occurred to either of them for a moment. To each of these opposite frames of mind, our Lord's reply conveyed a lesson of universal truth. The image and superscription told them with indisputable clearness to what government they owed allegiance, and to what great power they owed the unexampled peace, which had now for thirty years reigned through the civilized world. Into any further questions he entered not. Whether that government were heathen or Jewish; whether its blessings were combined with dark idolatries or pure faith, was not now the point;—it could not alter the facts of the case, as acknowledged by themselves; and, *therefore*, that union of respect to the authority of Cæsar and the authority of God, which Pharisee and Herodian alike thought impossible, he pronounced to be possible and necessary. 'Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.' Though the government of Rome was despotic, and they had once been free; though the worship of Rome was heathen, and they were the chosen people of Jehovah; though Tiberius Cæsar was stained with crime and tyranny, and they were the guardians of the highest morality of mankind; yet, if there was anything due to him by their own acknowledgment and confession, anything which was duly his, on the natural principles of right and justice, they were to render it back to him; and in that very act they were rendering it back to God. Their relation to God did not, as the zealots of that day affirmed, dissolve their prior, independent obligations to men; it confirmed them and enjoined them. So taught our Saviour Christ, and so taught His apostles afterwards. From the first teachings of John the Baptist, to the last epistle of St. Paul, Cæsar always received from the early christian church the things that were Cæsar's. The Roman soldiers were not commanded to leave the imperial army, but only to discharge their duties more faithfully. The Roman magistrate, surrounded as he was by the emblems of heathenism, was regarded as the minister of God. The Roman emperor,

though he were a Tiberius, a Caligula, or a Nero, was still remembered in the prayers of christian assemblies. The Roman slave was not enjoined to break his yoke, and join with the barbarians of the north and east, in the overthrow of his masters, but rather, in the state of life in which he was called, to abide with God. The Roman usages of the triumphal procession, of the amphitheatre, of the soldier's panoply, were employed to point the sacred allusions of the apostles' writings.

"To have been born a Roman citizen, and to exercise the rights of Roman citizenship, were privileges in which the Apostle of the Gentiles gloried and rejoiced. In the very words almost of his Divine Master, he summed up the duties of his converts. 'Render unto all their due: tribute unto whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour.' All these things were Cæsar's, and to Cæsar they were cheerfully given; because the apostles knew that the facts of the case demanded it; that the great institutions of the world were not to be overturned, but renewed by their means; that by so doing they were giving 'to God the things that were God's.'"

In applying the words, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," Dr. Stanley, mindful of his Oxford audience and their pursuits, says, "Render to those old heathen times, of which we are taught to think and read so much, render to them the praise and honour which is really theirs. Render it, not covertly, furtively, timidly, as though it were a condemned, contraband, suspected concession. Render it openly, fearlessly, religiously, as the doctrine of Him who has told us how He will call the nations before His throne, and render to each according to their good and evil works." Again He says, "Render their due, whatever it be, to all those whom we condemn, or who condemn us in the thousand varieties of opinion which intersect the nations and churches of Christendom. Render them their due, not as though it were extorted by a too liberal age, or languidly yielded by indifference, or vacillation, or indolence; but render it as the sacred offering of Christian justice, and the express command of Him who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax." "Render," extending the words yet further, "to fact, to truth, to reason, those things which fact, and truth, and reason, by an imperial sway, more certainly acknowledged than that of Cæsar, require at our hands. Render to art, to nature, to science, the conclusions which they have fairly won; render to them the honours with which God has invested them by planting on their front that image and superscription of Himself which none can see and doubt." "Render," lastly, "to prudence, to wisdom, to common sense, their due." The sermon appropriately closes with the following words:—"Render unto God the things that are God's" Render the things that are truly God's, and not those things which are *not His*—not the opinions or fancies in or about such things which we have made ourselves, or which others have made for us. Let the truth speak for itself. Do not lay on the church, but, above all, do not lay on the Bible, do not lay on the gospel, the charge and the burden of scruples and difficulties which are but as the inventions of yesterday. Render to God, to Christ, to the Scriptures—render to the doctrines of true Christian theology—

the sense and the wisdom which are really theirs. Render to them their own pure gold, as it was when it was not become dim; their own most fine gold, not yet changed by wear and tear, by rust and counterfeit: render these faithfully and gratefully where they are due, and we may then be sure that Cæsar and Cæsar's things will never suffer. 'I see that all things come to an end,'—there is a limitation, a partiality, a narrowness in all besides. 'But Thy commandment is exceeding broad,' 'Thou shalt hide me secretly in Thy presence from the provoking of all men; Thou shalt keep me secretly in Thy tabernacle from the strife of tongues.'

The second series, entitled "The Conclusions of Apostolic Doctrine," embraces the doctrine of Paul; of apostolical toleration; essentials of apostolical doctrine, as a new creation, faith working by love, keeping the commandments of God; nonconformity to the world; proportion; the apostle's polemics, and the apostle's farewell.

"The distinction," says Dr. Stanley, "which we sometimes draw between the doctrinal and the practical portion of Paul's epistles, was unknown to him. To him all was 'doctrine' alike; or rather, that was especially 'doctrine' to which we so often deny the name." 'The form of doctrine' in which the Romans were instructed, was that which made them 'free from sin, and the servants of righteousness.' Those against whom he warned Timotheus, as contrary to 'sound doctrine' were not teachers of erroneous opinions, but 'unholy and profane, murderers, men-stealers, liars, perjurers.' Christian principle and conduct was to him the noblest orthodoxy; unchristian practice was to him the worst heresy. The spirit of the four gospels breathes out in every sentence of the epistles; here, at any rate, we feel that in listening to the apostle we are listening to the very words and tones of Jesus Christ our Lord. In the gospels we see the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as it were, afar off, in its original, unapproachable, divine excellence. In these chapters of the epistles we are taught to apprehend, to appropriate Him to ourselves. *Apprehension of Christ, appropriation of Christ*; these are familiar phrases."

The most elaborate sermon in the second series is on "the doctrine of nonconformity to the world." The unworldly character of the Christian life, humility, independence of the world's opinion, purity, calm resignation, are depicted with great vigour.

Enough has been said to show the plan of the book before us. Fully to delineate the filling up would require more space than we can give. Familiar words are used in a new sense; but such a sense, Dr. Stanley maintains, is their undoubted, primitive, original signification. "No research or philosophy has been attempted. It is sufficient for my purpose, to know that the language and the arguments which I have employed, are strictly scriptural." With all the doctor's modesty, and it is the modesty of an honourable man, we thank him for his book. It will brace up the mind of the devout reader to earnest duty in the right spirit.

Six sermons are appended, whose interest mainly depends on the places where they were preached. Venice, Rome, the Convent of St. Catharine, Mount Sinai; Jerusalem, Zermatt, Milan, and Moscow;

these are the places at which they were respectively delivered. The sermon preached at Jerusalem contains the following admirable words:—

“Local associations, questions of sacred topography, scenes of sacred events, however solemn, however interesting, however edifying, are not, and never can be, religion itself. Most emphatically is it true of this place as of the whole world, that ‘He is not here: He is risen.’ ‘He is risen, and sat down for ever at the right hand of God; far above all principalities and powers;’ far above all those earthly barriers which divide nation from nation, church from church, city from city, man from man. It is not because *He was here*, but because *He is risen* that we are Christians. We are Christians, not because He dwelt in Palestine, not because He died at Jerusalem, not because His body was laid in the sepulchre; but because He ascended up on high, and led captivity captive, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers by the power of His spirit and of faith in His name. On this aspect of our Saviour’s life, beyond any other, the apostles dwelt in their writings; because this alone was common to all nations; this alone brought all nations equally into communion with Him and with the Father. Not here, not on Mount Gerizim, not in Jerusalem, but in our daily duties, wherever they may be He is now to be found.”

DONATI'S COMET.

A FEW days ago, a celebrated French savant was uttering his opinions about the late comet. The brilliant visitor had then disappeared. The excitement it had produced was forgotten. The reader almost involuntarily said, “Why did not this sage give his instructions to the world a little earlier? The interest felt in the subject has now passed away.” And yet, almost instantly, the same reader checked himself by the inquiries, “Is it not always pleasant to recur to an agreeable theme? Is it not improving to return to a difficult and unsolved problem? And is it not always a fit time to direct attention to the wonders of this mysterious universe?”

It seems but a little while since our attention was first directed to this new light. Its earliest announcement is fresh in the memory of us all. Everybody was then anxious about the comet. Every eye was directed towards it. Every little knot of fellow-travellers made it the theme of their discourse. The newspapers reported its varied phenomena. Artists furnished illustrations of it innumerable. Invalids looked at it from the windows of their dreary chambers. During several weeks the most extraordinary change was manifest in the current of human thought, for the comet seemed to exert the strange and mysterious power of converting all persons into astronomers.

It is very likely that my reader is saying “I should like the subject to be revived. My mind was not at all satisfied with what I learned about it. Perhaps it is not at all likely to be. Nevertheless, I should like to read a little, if it be only to refresh my memory about comets in general, and about Donati’s comet in particular.”

Then, gentle reader, come with me, let us catch up some of the opinions that have prevailed. We will together wander through the field of human inquiry, and glean some of the notions that have been uttered at different periods of the world. It is possible that some of these may do little more than amuse us; but let us not be too severe in our censures, for every one has not studied the "Inductive Philosophy," and the discoveries of Newton were not known to the wise men of very early days.

What is a comet? This is no novel inquiry. It was discussed as eagerly thousands of years ago, as it is in more modern times. The earliest opinion recorded is this: "A comet is an assemblage of little stars, which accidentally meet, and, through the force of attraction, cluster together. After a time they part, each pursuing its separate way, and the brilliant light disappears." The famous Stagyrte, two thousand years ago, was teaching his disciples that a "comet is an exhalation that has arisen into the upper regions of the air, and having become ignited, is now blazing in the sky." Another said, "a comet is a human spirit, that has been released from its material tenement, and is, for some reason, hovering over the earth before it retires to its rest. The one which appeared in 44 of the Christian era was, without doubt, the spirit of the illustrious Cæsar." A recent writer thinks it possible that a comet may be a manifestation from the spiritual world. "May it not," he enquires, "be a chariot of angels? I read of ministering spirits, and find that their appearance has often been associated with dazzling brightness. It is said of the angel that appeared at the sepulchre of Jesus, 'his face was like lightning.' The entrance of an angel illuminated the dark prison in which Peter was confined. And when the multitude of the heavenly host appeared to the shepherds in the vale of Bethlehem, 'a great light shone round about them.' What is there then more likely than that this peculiar brightness arises from a company of these heavenly messengers." A correspondent of the *Times*, some months ago, wrote sentiments like these: "The comet is a burning world. This earth will one day be destroyed by fire. The Bible plainly teaches us that the element shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth, and all the works that are therein, shall be burnt up. If it be so with this world, why not with other worlds? What can be more probable than that the brilliant object we see, is a planet unknown to us, hurled from its orbit by the hand of its Creator, and now passing through the process of purification by fire?"

The popular opinion has been, that a comet is an omen of evil. The approach of the mysterious messenger has awakened the most terrible apprehensions. Just picture to yourself, gentle reader, a group of persons wiser than their neighbours, and gather the remarks that fall from them. "This comet bodes no good. It will destroy our crops. You may depend on it there will be a sickly time. If it come much nearer it will draw the waters from the ocean and deluge the world. Moore's Almanac says about this time there may be expected a bloody war. Is there no danger of the world being destroyed? And thus you perceive that the object which looks so beautiful on the sky, is regarded as the harbinger of all imaginable evils." While you listen to this conversation, several facts recur to your memory which awaken the fear that, after all, the comet may not be quite harmless. You now recollect reading, that "a comet appeared during the siege of Troy, and was regarded by the Trojans as a

certain omen of destruction ;" that " there were strange sights in the heavens during the siege of Jerusalem, amongst others, a comet in the shape of a sword, which continued to blaze in the sky until the city was destroyed ;" that " a comet appeared in the very year in which William the Norman invaded England and introduced his reign of oppression and cruelty ;" that " a comet appeared in 1456, the very time when the Turks were rushing on with wild fanaticism in their terrible conquests ;" and that even Pope Calixtus the Third was so distressed by the appearance of a comet, that he caused all the church bells in Christendom to be rung every day to summon the people to supplicate divine mercy." You do not now feel alarmed, perhaps. In your calmer moments it occurred to you that there was no necessary connection between that light in the sky and the evils which happened at the same time. Still you cannot feel so much surprised that there are some less wise than you, and that some even amongst ourselves in this uttermost part of the earth, are afraid of such mysterious tokens.

Still, you say, I do not yet understand what a comet is. Let us go together, then, my inquiring friend, and consult a few of the modern stargazers. They live in an age of advanced science, and may be supposed free from the errors and superstitions of their ancestors. We will listen to their representations. One says, " a comet is a transparent globe, and the light from the sun shining through it, produces the appearance of a tail." Another says, " a comet is nebulous matter, and that which appears like a tail, is a trail of light which it leaves behind as it flies onward in its course." A third says, " the comet is a body like our earth, only less dense. It shines with borrowed rays ; and the tail is like the aurora-borealis, that shines sometimes so brilliantly in our northern sky." Now, is not this diversity of opinion very perplexing ? Let us ask these learned men to explain to us what they know of Donati's comet.. Perhaps they will favour us with the result of their observations.

How does the comet appear as seen through your powerful telescopes ? " The appearance varies. Even the nucleus does not always look the same. Sometimes it has an unusual brilliance. It shoots forth jets of light which blaze out to the distance of miles. There seem to rise out of it rockets, that ascend in a spiral line, and then suddenly vanish. It appears to us, in our nocturnal observations, a most dazzling spectacle."

What is its distance from the earth ? " It varies. Its nearest point of approach is 51,000,000 of miles. It does not turn round the sun in a circle. At times it seems to be drawing near, and then moves millions on millions of miles away. Nevertheless, it belongs to the solar system. It never wanders near the precincts of any one of the fixed stars ; and though, like a knight errant, in his dazzling armour, it rushes so far away into the regions of space, it returns at due intervals to do homage to the sun as its supreme lord."

At what rate does it travel ? " It is not always moving at the same speed. The rate varies according to its distance from the sun. As a stream now creeps along sluggishly, and then dashes forward down the mountain side with fearful rapidity, so it is with this eccentric body. When nearest the sun, it flies along at the rate of about two thousand miles a minute, and one hundred and twenty-seven thousand miles an hour. A railway train, travelling at the same velocity, would pass from Louth to London in half a second. A ship would sail from England to America in one

minute and-a-half; and a balloon would fly round the world, and return to the same spot, in one quarter of an hour."

When did this comet appear before? "It is not certain it has appeared at all before. It is not unlikely to be the one that appeared in 1264. Henry the Third sat on the English throne. There was then no electric telegraph. The first railroad was not laid down. The printing-press had not been invented. Christopher Columbus had not caught a glimpse of the dim coast-line of America. There was scarcely a Bible in the whole of our fatherland. Wickliffe had not commenced the translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue. It was about the time of the fifth crusade, and thousands of our countrymen were going to fight for the holy sepulchre, and perish in a foreign land.

We will not now, patient reader, push our enquiries any further. We will not stay to ask what is the number of the comets, what purpose they serve—what changes they undergo—or what will be their duration and destiny. We have discovered enough now to teach us some useful lessons, and there are a thousand things about them which, after all, must remain shrouded in the darkest mystery. Let us, then, indulge together in reflection. How limited is the circle of human knowledge! The wisest can see but a little way. All that was ever attained by the reasonings of men is but as a point of light surrounded by an infinitude of darkness. Think of the comet. It is an object that we have seen. Thousands have endeavoured to solve its mysteries; and yet, that which is known respecting it, is next to nothing. What then could we have known of subjects that more deeply concern us, and yet are more profoundly mysterious, without a revelation from heaven? What could we have known, for instance, about the Maker of comets? the destiny of the human spirit? the means of quieting a guilty conscience? or the hope of an inheritance which is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away?

How independent is the divine will! God does as he pleases. "With whom took he counsel?" He did not ask one of us whether he should send the comet to visit us. And so in all things, he doeth "as it pleaseth Him." Men may cavil at His doings, and say, "Why has he done this? Why did he permit sin to enter the universe? Why has he not sent a better teacher than the Bible? Why did he require his Son to die in order to our salvation? Why does he send so many sorrows in this life, and doom the lost to everlasting misery? The simple reply is *because He saw fit*. He never will consult you. It is in vain for you to try to arraign Him at your bar. It makes not the slightest difference if you do, for He does as he pleases; still, your best course is to humble yourself before Him, and to surrender your heart and your life to Jesus. It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee."

How vast is the divine power. What force the comet displays. Who can consider it, and again limit the Holy One? What is there he cannot do? Can he not change the heart? Can he not answer prayer, and sustain his servants under every trial? Can he not quicken the dead, and punish the guilty, and raise the redeemed to glory? Surely the comet is ever singing as it shines "All things are possible with God."

How strange is the mystery of divine love. The comet has its mysteries, but greater still is "the mystery of godliness." Pause in view of that brilliant visitor, and think of it. He who struck off that light as a spark-

from His own glory cares for you, sympathises with you in your sorrows—bears with you when you insult him—watches over you with the tenderness of a father—beseeches you to be reconciled, and makes true penitents, sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Yea, He who enkindled that light veiled His own glory. See Him a babe in Bethlehem—a dusty and weary traveller—bound, insulted, spit upon, scourged, and led forth to Calvary. Trace Him as he walks on amid a cruel mob. Look at Him on the cross—his features distorted—the blood trickling from his wounds, and his heart bursting with infinite sorrow. Remember “all things were made by him,” and you must feel that there is no mystery so great as the mystery of divine love.

Louth.

W. O.

SALTED WITH FIRE.

AN EXPOSITION OF MARK IX, 49, 50.

“For every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt.”

THIS is one of the most difficult passages in Mark's Gospel, both the meaning of the terms and the connection with what goes before being doubtful and obscure. Among the various interpretations which have been proposed, one or two points seem to be agreed upon, which may, therefore, be first stated, as a basis for determining the other questions. It is commonly admitted that the last clause of this verse is an allusion to, if not a direct quotation from, the law of sacrifice in Lev. ii. 13, from the Septuagint version of which it differs only by the change of “*gift*” to “*sacrifice*,”—a term used in the older classics to denote the sacrificial act or service, but in later Greek extended to the sacrificial victims, or the animals admitted to the altar. It is also agreed, that there is allusion to the antiseptic and conservative effects of salt, and that these are figuratively transferred to fire. But what fire is meant, and in what sense it is conservative, and how the whole verse is related to what goes before and follows, these are questions as to which there is a great diversity of judgment. The different hypotheses entitled to attention may, however, be reduced to two, essentially distinguished by the fact, that one of them regards this as a promise, and the other as a threatening or a warning. According to the former view, our Lord, referring to the well-known requisition of the law already mentioned, that every sacrificial victim must be salted,—that is, rubbed or sprinkled with salt,—and also to the universal association between salt and soundness or purity of meats, avails himself of these associations to assure his hearers that every one whom God approves, or towards whom he has purposes of mercy, though he may pass through the fire of persecution and affliction, including the painful self-denial recommended in the previous context, will be purified and saved thereby, or as an offering to God, salted with such fire, just as the literal sacrifice was salted at the altar. This is certainly a good sense in itself, and favoured by the strong analogy of the fiery trial which Peter mentions in his First Epistle (iv. 12.) The objections to it are, that it gives to *fire* a sense entirely different from that in the preceding context, and that it does not explain the logical connection indicated by the “*for*.” The other explanation supposes the connection to be this: Our Lord had six times spoken of eternal

torments as *unquenchable fire*, from which no man could escape without self-denial and the mortification of sin. The immediately preceding verse concludes with the solemn repetition of that fearful saying, "*Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched*;" i.e., their sufferings are endless and unceasing. But how can the subject of such sufferings escape annihilation? By being kept in existence for the very purpose of enduring them. This awful fact he clothes in a figurative form, derived from the sacrificial ritual of Moses. Every victim must be rubbed with salt, the symbol of incorruption and preservation; so these victims shall be salted, not with salt, but fire. The divine wrath that consumes them will preserve them; i.e., from annihilation,—not *from* suffering, but *for* suffering. It is no objection to this view of the passage, that it takes salt in a sense not justified by usage, which requires it to mean preservation for a good end, or salvation. This is a mere assumption, just as easy to deny as to affirm. The essential idea of the figure is preservation from destruction, or continued existence, and may just as well be used both in a good and a bad sense, as leaven (which the law excluded from all offerings no less strictly than it required salt) is used in both; and just as we might say that the *lost* sinner will be *saved* from annihilation, although not from ruin. On the other hand, this interpretation has the advantage of continuing the train of thought unbroken, taking fire in the same sense as throughout the previous context, and concluding this terrific warning in a manner far more appropriate than a promise of salvation by the fire of suffering, however pleasing and delightful in itself.

"Salt [is] good: but if the salt have lost his saltiness, wherewith will ye season it? Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another."—MARK ix. 50.

According to the first interpretation given of verse 49, this must be taken as a sudden change of figure, or in the meaning of the figure there used. Salt, which there denotes the conservative or purifying virtue of affliction, now means heavenly grace or wisdom, which the disciples are enjoined to cherish in their own hearts. This is certainly a violent transition, not to be assumed without necessity, and furnishing a strong ground of preference for any exegetical hypothesis by which it is dispensed with. This is effected by the other explanation, which supposes this to be an answer to the very difficulty raised before, as to the use of salt in an unusual and unfavourable sense. He had said that every victim to the wrath of God would be salted by the fire of that wrath; i.e., preserved in existence for the purpose of enduring it. But salt, they might have said, as some say now, can only signify a salutary preservation, as, in the sacrificial law referred to, it denotes something good, not evil. With his usual method of converting objections into arguments or motives, he concedes the truth of the premises involved in this one. "*Salt is good*," not only in itself, but as a figure for moral purity and conservation; that is, the true salt, which every one should have within him, namely, moral purity and right affections. "*But if the salt becomes unsalted*"—a most lively and intelligible figure for the loss of moral goodness, and descriptive of men's natural condition since the fall—"wherewith" (literally, "*in what*," i.e., in the use of what means) "*will you season it*?"—a Greek word always implying management, contrivance, art, and, in the latter classics, used as a culinary term, exactly answering

to "season." "How will you manage or contrive to restore its sapidity or saltiness?" It is implied that such a process is impossible,—*i.e.*, to man himself, or any other finite power. The salt of moral goodness is a fine thing where it is possessed; but when it is corrupted it is worse than useless; and the man who has thus lost it has but one alternative—he must either be salted with the fire of divine wrath and his own eternal torments, or with the renewed salt of divine grace and his own regeneration. Immortality without the hope of blessedness, which gives it all its value, can be only an eternity of wretchedness. Here, then, the bright or cheering side of the whole subject is presented, not by violent transition, but by natural association, introducing easily the following exhortation: "*Have salt in yourselves*;" *i.e.*, take heed that the principle of conservation, which is to secure your endless being, is not that of wrath, and justice, and punishment from without, but that of grace and goodness in yourselves. It is not the method of salvation that is here presented, but the bare fact, that, in order to secure it, men must have a principle of life within them; and the Scriptures abundantly teach elsewhere, that this principle can only be implanted by divine grace, through the operation of the Holy Spirit. By a perfectly natural but masterly recoil, he then reverts, in conclusion, to the circumstances which led to this remarkable discourse—their strife for the pre-eminence—and exhorts them to demonstrate their possession of this spiritual salt, which is to save them from the salt of everlasting fire, by cherishing that peace among themselves (literally, in one another) which is elsewhere, so expressly represented as among the invariable "fruits of the Spirit" Gal. v. 22; Eph. v. 9)—*Dr. J. A. Alexander.*

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

DOES love become more intense from being exclusive? or, in other words, do those who only love few love those few with more intensity than those whose affections flow to numbers? Is this an attribute which loses by exercising? Surely not. Is it not of divine origin? Does not God love all His creatures? and is He not Love? But is it wrong to desire to be loved best of all? In one sense, it is; in another, perhaps not. We must bear in mind the love due to relationship. God is good in being a "Jealous God;" He has a right to our supreme affection: Christ has a right to the love of the church He has bought with His own blood. So in the various relationships of life; the husband and wife have a claim upon each other's best affections, but must the new-made wife take her love from her parents, brothers, and sisters to give to her husband? must the love lavished upon each new-born babe be taken from others? We think not, but believe much pain might be spared sensitive minds by dwelling more upon the expansive, elastic nature of love; it is even as the Giver thereof, sufficient for all our demands. We must guard against a selfish, narrow-minded view of this subject, or we shall create for ourselves many trials. But we own many are truly and undeservedly wounded in this respect, and "a wounded spirit who can bear?" Oh! let not such try to bear in their own strength: we have a sympathising high priest, one who knows our sorrows; let us go unto

Him; we are not suffering as He has done; He knew their hard thoughts, and He still knows our thoughts. Are we loving Him as we ought? We need not fear our love being returned, for He first loved us. Let us cultivate a loving spirit to all our fellow creatures, and be less exacting in demanding or expecting a return, but let us beware of the nature of our love; that only can be pure that is founded upon love to Christ; if the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, surely our chosen friends will be those who also love Him. It is probable that our Lord's disciples suffered from an improper spirit of jealousy towards the disciple whom our Lord loved. Oh! that we may be more fitted for that state where this self-created sorrow shall no more torment us, where we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

Selections.

HEAVEN, THE HOME OF THE SAINTS.—Oh! how sweet that word! What beautiful and tender associations cluster thick around it! Compared with it, house, mansion, palace, are cold heartless terms. But *home*! that word quickens the pulse, warms the heart, stirs the soul to its depths, makes age feel young again, rouses apathy into energy, sustains the sailor on his midnight watch, inspires the soldier with courage on the field of battle, and imparts patient endurance to the worn sons of toil! The thought of it has proved a sevenfold shield to virtue; the very name of it has been a spell to call back the wanderer from the paths of vice; and, far away, where myrtles bloom and palm-trees wave, and the ocean sleeps on coral strands, to the exile's fond fancy it clothes the naked rock, or stormy shore, or barren moor, or wild Highland mountain, with charms he weeps to think of, and longs once more to see. Grace sanctifies these lovely affections, and imparts a sacredness to the homes of earth by making them types of heaven. As a home the believer delights to think of it. Thus when lately bending over a dying saint, and expressing our sorrow to see him laid so low, with the radiant countenance of one who had just left heaven, than of one about to enter it, he raised and clasped his hands, and exclaimed in ecstasy, '*I am going home!*' Happy the family of which God is the Father, Jesus the elder brother, and all 'the saints in light' are brethren—brethren born of one Spirit; nursed at the full breast of the same promises; trained in the same high school of heavenly discipline; seated at the same table, and gathered all where the innocent loves of earth are not quenched but purified; not destroyed but refined.—*Guthrie*.

SIN PERPETUATES ITSELF.—A man should either convince himself that there is no such thing as a "law of sin" reigning in his moral constitution,—that the elements of his natural character are all pure and good, so that he may safely, as the philosophical Transcendentalists say, "fall back on nature,"—act freely out what there is within him, and brave the consequences fearlessly;—or else, he should confess that there really is a "law of sin" working in his soul as a fatal malady; and, while he deploras its power, should accept the only remedy that has been provided—the grace of Christ revealed to us by the gospel. Unless you ignore the very idea of sin, you must come to this conclusion: for all who discern the reality of

sin, acknowledge that it has in itself a progressive and self-perpetuating power; that where it has its way in any rational being, it must gain the supremacy; and that wheresoever it lives in any human heart, it reigneth unto death—"changing all down its course each thing to one with its immortal nature." But, alas! we cannot so easily ignore the idea of sin, unless it be in some momentary fit of moral inebriation: for though the benumbing spell seem of long continuance, in due time it must be broken. You cannot entirely deaden your sensibilities to a perception of this fatal reality. The hour must come when the soul shall know and feel that its cherished tastes and passions, habits and aims, jar against the constitution of the moral universe; and then, wheresoever it may be, that whole universe will become to it a very HELL. All its memories and all its anticipations must then be elements of torture, preying upon its expanding capacities as consuming and eternal fires. For we need no Bible to teach us the solemn truth which one of the world's "own poets" has thus recorded:—

"The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like to scorpion girt by fire;
The circle narrowing as it glows,
Till inly searched by thousand throws,
And maddening in its ire,
One and sole relief it knows:
The sting it nurtured for its foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang and cures all pain,
He darts into his desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire.
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed to heaven—
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death."

When Lord Byron thus pictured forth, in flaming words, the interior state of the finally impenitent, did not exalted genius then pay a tribute, though unconsciously, to the worth of the gospel, and sound forth a call unto all men to give ear to the voice of mercy, which, through the lips of Christ, speaks unto us from heaven? Let not the warning be in vain; for every one of us must know the joy of true repentance, or be the victim of remorse for ever.—*W. Hague.*

HE that says, he will take care he be no worse, and that he desires to be no better, stops his journey into heaven, but cannot be secure against his descending into hell.

MAN must never cure a sin by a sin: but He that brings good out of our evil, *He* can when *He* please.

For a spiritual relation to challenge a temporal dignity, is as if the best music should challenge the best clothes, or a lute-string should contend with a rose for the honor of the greatest sweetness.

ZEAL sometimes carries a man into temptation; and he that never thinks he loves God dutifully and acceptably, because he is not imprisoned for him, or undone, or designed to martyrdom, may desire a trial that will undo him. It is like fighting of a duel to show our valour. Stay till the King commands you to fight and die, and then let zeal do its noblest offices.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

EVENING IN RYDAL VALE.

BY JOSEPH TRUMAN.

"The blessing
Of these desiring eyes."
T. LOVELL BEDDOM.

I ROAMED where I had roamed before,
In idle, and in musing hour,
In the green glens, by Rotha side,
Where Arnold lived, and Wordsworth died.

And lo ! one early bold bright star
Shone o'er the shoulder of Nab Scar,
And Fairfield raised his forehead high
Into the sky's obscurity.

The tapers twinkled through the trees
From Rydal's bower-bound cottages,
And very soft the river's flow,
Like Love's own whisper sweet and low.

One held my arm will walk no more
On Loughrigg steep, by Rydal shore,
And a sweet voice was speaking clear,
(Earth had no other sound so dear).

No learned guile was in the tone,
The holy heart was heard alone,
And gracious-good it was to be
Made wise through her simplicity.

Soft spake she, as we passed along,
Of noble sons of Truth and Song ;
Of Arnold brave, and Wordsworth pure,
And how their influences endure.

"They have not left us—are not dead ;"
(Those earnest sister-accents said)
"For Teacher high and Poet sage
Are widely working in the Age.

"For aught we know they now may brood
O'er this enchanted solitude,
With thought and feeling more intense
Than we in the blind life of sense.

"On us and others (who shall tell ?)
May be is breathing here a spell,
From Arnold's kingly spirit free,
And Wordsworth's own serenity."

Gently we stepped o'er turf and stone,
The clear voice-current rippling on,
I answering little, loth to stay
That stream of silver on its way.

Sometimes I checked her, with a smile,
For the quick breath to pause awhile ;
Sometimes she stopped to stoop, and pull
Some starry blossom beautiful.

Dear heart, that leaned upon me there
In the blue twilight's tranquil air,
T'would be less lonely if I knew
That happy thought of thine were true:

If I might firmly feel that thou
Wer't near me sometimes even now ;
A holy guide ; a guest serene ;
Still ever loving, though unseen.

CLAUDE CLIFTON'S STORY OF HIS LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

AFLOAT.

"There is a tide in the affairs of man,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

SHAKESPEARE.

I must now ask my reader, whosoever it be, into whose hands this manuscript has fallen, to pass over a period of five years and go back to the "Shepherd and Shepherdess." It is morning, a cold gusty morning in March. The sun has but recently risen, but he looks all the better for his brief absence; dark angry clouds are chasing each other with furious haste across the hard blue sky; and the dust rolls and drifts along the turnpike like the sand of the desert in a storm. There is something of stir and expectation at the "Shepherd and Shepherdess." Janet is spreading a sumptuous breakfast upon the snow-white table cloth that covers the old oak table in the large room. The ostler is bringing out four brisk fresh horses, and getting things in readiness for the arrival of the mail from London. He has just heard the horn of the guard, a blast of wind brought the shrill sound to him and seemed to box his ears with it, and he is quickening his steps, blowing all the time through his teeth like a very son of Æolus. In the square open space in front of the inn, somewhat sheltered from the wind, a young lady and gentleman are pacing to and fro apparently engaged in earnest conversation. The lady is without doubt very youthful, but her appearance is womanly, and she is very fair withal. Her pretty little travelling-hat does not bury her face out of sight, and her lovely features do not lose any of their beauty by being hidden far down in the depth of an absurd piece of costume. The wind toys freely with her light auburn ringlets, and the bright radiance of the morning shines forth from her soft blue eyes. She walks with queenly grace by the side of her companion, and leans with an easy bashfulness upon his arm. He appears violently enamoured of her. Apart from his dandyism he is by no means an unintelligent and disagreeable looking young gentleman, but the tailor has certainly done his best to set him off to advantage, and with the usual equivocal success. Everybody at the inn is

occupied in preparations for the arrival of the coach; but the youthful pair are not unnoticed. Janet keeps popping her head over the window-blind every few minutes to have a look at them, and when the ostler catches Janet's eye, the smile from near the horse-trough that answers the smile from over the window blind says, "We know all about that sort of thing, don't we? Doves must coo." Meanwhile the coach rattles up, and off jump the passengers glad enough to stretch themselves awhile, and having a keen appetite for breakfast, for they have been travelling all night. One of these passengers as soon as he alights attracts the attention of the young lady of whom we have been speaking, and they simultaneously advance to meet each other, look surprised, shake each other by the hand warmly, the young lady as might be expected blushing slightly with the sudden excitement, and the passenger, as was natural under the circumstances to a young man of about twenty-one, being rather tremulous and confused. I need scarcely say that the young lady was Helen Graceford, and that the passenger was the writer of this story. I was on my way to Guysmore after an absence of five years, about to go, as I expected, to the East Indies on a matter of business for my new master; and she was returning to Laurelton Villa after a visit of a few weeks at Mr. Westbourne's, the country Justice before whom I had once appeared. The young gentleman who had escorted Miss Helen to the coach was Laurence Westbourne, a son of the Justice, and on my being introduced to him he bowed with an air of proud superciliousness and then retired a short distance from us, impatiently waiting until the many enquiries which were exchanged between his fair charge and myself had come to an end, and vainly trying to divert himself by rattling at the top of his silver-headed cane the gold ring that glittered upon his finger. When I went into the inn he cast after me, as I thought a haughty sneering glance, and with com-

placent self-assurance, renewed his attentions to Miss Helen. Neither Mrs. Alliban nor her ruddy-faced daughter had forgotten me, and both of them very warmly congratulated me on my success. They assured me they had never ceased to regret their suspicion of me, that the ostler who had sworn to my complicity in the robbery did it to shield himself, that he had since left them in disgrace and was either transported or gone off to the wars. Janet hadn't a doubt but that he had entered my room while I was asleep, and slipped into my pocket the plate that was found there. Before I had half finished my breakfast, the coachman announced that our time was up, and so drinking my coffee as by stratagem, and swallowing my ham and bread almost without any mastication I bade hostess and daughter "Good morning," and resumed my seat on the coach. In the meantime Helen Graceford had taken her seat inside, and Lawrence Westbourne stood at the door flourishing his cane, and ejaculating a few parting words. The coachman mounted his box, drew up the reins, cracked his whip, and we were off again. I gave Mr. Westbourne a respectful salute as we moved away, but he stood silent and cold, and did not acknowledge it. His behaviour was, to say the least of it, very singular. I had never seen him before, and could not for the mere fact of being privileged to converse with a young lady merit such treatment. Could he be jealous of the kindness and sympathy she had shown to me?

The coach rattled on. My thoughts would run upon one theme. Everything else was for the time forgotten. The child had grown into womanhood, yet she was not changed save in years. She had the same artless simplicity of character, the same unassuming gentleness of disposition, the same sunny kindliness of heart. I had loved her as a child—to my young fancy she had seemed as an angel of grace and loveliness. She had grown older: must I forego all such feelings now? Not one word of attachment had I ever breathed to her, nor she to me. Formerly the difference in our circumstances and position had been immense; even now it was so wide, that only a very vigorous hope and fervid imagination could throw a bridge across. But I will not detail my thoughts and feelings on this theme. The heart that now lies cold in death once beat with the life of youth, and felt the romance and delirium of love;—let that suffice. I did passthrough that period when we "are like those that

dream," when head and heart both dream, when golden visions float before us day by day, and throw over our souls the spell of their fascination. I had not yet passed through that period at the time of which I am now writing; and after that short interview at the "Shepherd and Shepherdess" a world of enchantment, in which I had lived but little in busy London, came up before me again, bright with more bewildering beauty and radiant with promise more glorious and divine. It was, at least, a circumstance that could not fail to set me thinking and dreaming that the face that had been the last to smile upon the poor adventurer, footsore and weary, tramping to the great metropolis should be the first to smile upon him on his return.

The coach rattles on. We passed the bank whereon I sat to rest on my way to London; we reached the town where I had first caught a glimpse of the great world; we entered the yard of the hotel, and the coach emptied itself of its passengers. Mr. Graceford is there with his carriage to meet his daughter, and conduct her to the Villa. He is very pleased to see me, he says, and but that he is "full," should like to have the pleasure of driving me home. I thank him for his kindness; and ere I have done speaking, up comes my old school-fellow, Charles Merle. I agree to ride home with him. We do not stay long in the town, but are soon on the road. Charles and I have much to say to each other. We talk over school-days, and changes at Guysmore, but Charles will have me tell him my story. With part of that story the reader is already acquainted. I will not here repeat it, but will content myself with taking up the thread where in the last chapter I dropped it:—

Friendless, disheartened, almost penniless, I had laid myself down to sleep under the rude shelter of a gateway and on the hard boards of a wagon. I did not sleep all the night undisturbed. The loud springing of a watchman's heavy rattle aroused me a little after midnight. I started up and unobserved looked over the end of the wagon into the street. By the glimmering lamplight I could discern two men engaged in a scuffle with a watchman and a person half-dressed. I could see the door of the house opposite open as if the two men had just issued from it followed by the alarmed master of the house. As they were struggling to escape, the face of one of the burglars struck me. I thought I had seen it before, though at first, owing to the dimness of

the light I could not recognise it. In another moment I caught sight of it again. It was Shaftner. Summoned by the well-known signal two watchmen came up in haste. Both Shaftner and his accomplice were secured. In a few minutes all was quiet again, and I lay down to finish my night's repose. When I woke up again it was broad daylight. I do not know how it was, it might be from seeing Shaftner, but I was carried back in my dreams to the first interview I had with the rough and shaggy boatman, and as I woke his words were ringing in my ears, "It aint a' no use trustin' to relations, they'll break under you like dry bulrushes. Trust to your own nat'ral genius, that's the plan, an' no other's the plan to my thinkin'." This seemed to me the text Providence had given me to work upon for the day, and I resolved to work upon it. If the latter part proved as true as, in my case, the former part had done, I did not despair of success. I had two things to do that day, get my bread and get money enough to pay the postage of the letter to my mother. I resolved to post the letter first, and to post it just as it was without adding anything that I had heard about Peter Clifton; I thought that by doing this the long suspense in which my mother had been kept would be broken, and yet she would learn nothing calculated to give her very great alarm, as to my actual position. My wits were set to work at once, and I decided that it was ready money I wanted that day, not so much regular employment. I therefore went to coach offices and tried to get a few pence by carrying passengers' luggage. Professional porters肘ed me out of the way. One old gentleman had pity upon me, but I pitied him too, for he had conscience little enough to give me the handsome sum of two pence for carrying a heavy leathern case two miles and a half. I took the pence because I was too poor to refuse them. This was all I got that morning. I wanted but sixpence more and I could pay the postage of my letter, and get something to eat too. Had I begged in half a dozen streets I could have got twice sixpence in a few hours; had I dodged about the shop doors to pilfer whatever I could lay my hands on, I could soon have made up the amount; but because I was too proud to stoop to ask alms, and too honest to steal, I could not get the money. As the afternoon advanced I thought of an expedient I had not thought of before. The coat I had on was almost new, the little Jew would perhaps give me an older one in exchange for it, and a small sum to boot.

I went to his shop which I found again without any difficulty. He sat in his chaotic abyss as he sat there the day before. He rose up to meet me as he had risen up before. I told him what I wanted; he replied "Goot, goot, vare goot." He depreciated my coat because of its shape, it was not the newest fashion, he exalted a second-hand one I thought would do for me, as "of superior make," "none the worse for vare," "de glosch" not being off, and the cuffs "better as new." I closed the bargain with him by drawing a couple of shillings. I then posted my letter and got something to eat. I slept that night in the same place as before. Next day I began to search diligently for regular employment. I went to the docks, to the warehouses and shops of the city. At first I thought I would try for a situation which opened up a wide field of action before me, and altogether leave retail shops out of the question. But I tried everywhere and everything. Some shook their heads and said trade was bad, others "did not like to employ strangers," some asked me for testimonials and references, and others took me (I suppose from my seedy second-hand coat) for a beggar and saluted me with "We haven't anything to give away." But I will not weary you with the long and dreary catalogue of places I called at, nor tell you all the discouraging receptions I met with. The fact is, I at last gave up trying to get a situation, and began to think London the worst of all places for a young man to be launched upon. Nevertheless I bore up under every discouragement. I tried fresh tactics. I resolved to commence business for myself. By divesting myself of every valuable article of clothing I had, and getting very inferior ones instead, I managed to accumulate capital. It was small I admit, but I determined to make the most of it. I went early in the morning to the market-gardeners and invested my capital in fruit, strawberries, gooseberries, cherries, &c., and issued forth with them into the streets, and sold them from door to door. In this way I found that by being early at work I could reckon to turn over my stock-in-trade every day, and clear a sufficient profit to live upon. I did this nearly all one month, and became so prosperous that I changed my wagon-bed for lodgings at a small house in St. Olaves' Street, on the other side the river, not far from London Bridge; and I managed to buy back again the clothes I had exchanged, though the old Jew was very hard upon me.

I had got thus far in my story when we caught sight of Guysmore. I could go

on with it no further. In a minute or two we were on the hill where I had waved my last adieu to my mother; already could I see again the old cottage-home, and at the door stood my mother await-

ing my arrival. The memory of my life in London vanished for a time, tears rose to my eyes, and we went the rest of our way in silence.

ANNIVERSARIES OF RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

THE BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.—The Nineteenth Annual Meeting of this Society, was held in King's-gate Chapel, London, on Thursday, April 21. There was larger attendance than usual. In the absence of Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., Rev. Dr. Steane, presided. The report stated, that the Bible Translation Society was instituted for the purpose of sustaining those versions of the Word of God amongst the people of Hindostan which were faithfully and intelligibly translated, and which, until 1840, had been aided by grants from the British and Foreign Bible Society. When the philanthropic Wilberforce, some sixty years ago, urged the British Parliament to grant to christian missionaries free access to India, he thus alluded to the first efforts of Dr. Carey:—"A sublimer thought cannot be conceived, than when he formed the resolution to give to the millions of Hindostan the Bible in their own language." The work, which was commenced in such humble circumstances, has resulted in the translation, printing, and distribution of 1,506,894 copies of the Word of God, or of larger or smaller portions of it, and issued, from the Baptist Mission presses, first at Serampore, and afterwards at Calcutta, at a cost of £141,500. Towards this sum the Bible Translation Society, since its formation in 1840, has contributed the sum of £37,510 8s. 4d. The Committee refer to this fact for the purpose of urging the friends and supporters of the society, to greater zeal on its behalf. Mr. Wenger, the society's valuable and erudite translator, at Calcutta, has been engaged during the year, in translating the first twenty-six chapters of Isaiah, in verse, into Sanskrit. The Book of Psalms (as translated by Mr. Wenger) has during the past year, been reprinted in the Oriya character, at the expense of the Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society. The same society is now reprinting, for the second time, his translation of Genesis, with the first half of Exodus, in the Bengali character. In Bengali, the printing of the third edition of the entire Bible has advanced to the end of the 30th chapter

of Isaiah, and the preliminary revision of the text to the end of the 23rd chapter of Jeremiah. The separate edition of the gospel by Luke, reported last year as in progress, has since been completed, as well as that of the book of Acts. The edition of both is very large, because a great number of copies of both will be bound up together, so as to form one volume. An edition of 16,000 copies of the gospel by John, has also been reprinted. In Hindi, the gospel of Luke, as revised and translated by Mr. Parsons, has been printed, and that of John commenced, having advanced to the seventh chapter. At the request of Mr. Parsons, Mr. Wenger has read one proof of each sheet, for the purpose of inserting in the margin such suggestions as he had to make. "It appears to me," adds Mr. Wenger, "as far as I can judge, that Mr. Parsons has admirably succeeded in combining accuracy of rendering with popularity of style." Mr. Wenger closes his report with the following interesting fact:—"Some weeks ago, when Mr. Pearce was at Lucknow, he learnt from a missionary of the American Episcopal Mission there, that they found it impossible to procure any New Testaments in Hindustanee, owing to the destruction, during the rebellion, of all the stock at Agra and Allahabad. Mr. Pearce then offered to send him a number of copies from our depository; and his offer being gratefully accepted, Mr. Pearce lost no time, after his return to Calcutta, in sending up about fifty copies, which will, ere this, have reached their destination." Mr. Parsons has removed to Benares, and is actively engaged in completing the new version of the New Testament in Hindee, to which Mr. Wenger refers. Mr. Carter has completed the translation of the four Gospels in Cingalese, and arrangements are being made for putting it to press. The troubles occasioned to the Missions in West Africa, by its enforced removal from Fernando Po, through the intolerant authority of Spain, have prevented Mr. Saker from proceeding with the work of translation. The income of the year, from all sources, has

amounted to £1,912 11s. 3d., being an increase of £669 16s. over that of last year. The sum of £296 8s. 7d. has been received from legacies, and your Committee have been apprised of other bequests which may be received soon. The Committee have appropriated the sum of £1,255 towards the versions of the Scriptures made by the missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society; and have also voted the sum of £150 to their General Baptist brethren, in aid of a new edition of the New Testament in Oriya, with the promise of further aid should it be required.—The services of the Rev. D. Thompson have been secured as travelling agent. The Committee are also indebted to the Rev. Edward Adey, and the Rev. Thomas Morris, for acceptable services on behalf of the Society in their respective localities.—The Committee have the fullest impression that the income of the Society might be still considerably augmented, if after the example of some, each pastor would, in the course of the year, present the object and claims of the Institution to his own, and, if practical, to neighbouring churches. The Committee are strongly of opinion that late events, and present openings in the East, in China, as well as in other parts of the world, are such as should stimulate to increased and vigorous action in the noble enterprise of giving the Word of Life to the nations in their own language. They, therefore, commend the Institution to the support of all the churches of their own denomination, and to every one who desires that the “Word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.” Revs. Isaac Lord, of Birmingham, T. Morgan, of Howrah, I. Stubbins, of Cuttack, J. Stock, of Devonport, J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, Williamson, the eldest surviving missionary of the Baptist Society in India, addressed the meeting.

THE BAPTIST UNION annual meeting was held at the Mission House, Moorgate-street, on Friday, April 22nd. Rev. G. W. Lehmann, of Berlin, delivered the introductory address, an interesting sketch of the rise, progress, and present position of evangelical religion in Germany. Rev. J. Webb, of Ipswich, moved the adoption of an address to their brethren in America, on the subject of slavery. If the revival in that country were genuine, it would give a renewed impulse to all righteous means for the abolition of slavery, and a remonstrance, just now, would be well received. After a warm discussion, in which Rev. J. H. Hinton, Dr. Hoby, Mr. Underhill,

Dr. Burns, Mr. Clowes, Dr. Evans, Revs. J. J. Brown, J. P. Mursell, and others took part, the motion was unanimously adopted. Mr. Heaton called attention to the *Bible Monopoly*. He stated that the monopoly had now been in existence ever since the time of James I. The last patent continuing that monopoly was issued some thirty years ago, and at the beginning of next year that patent would expire. Of course, before then, the question would have to be decided whether it should be renewed. He called upon the Union to give an emphatic opinion on the subject. At one time, the Dissenters of England had their attention very fully directed to this question, and manifested a lively interest in it; and although it had now been in abeyance for some years, its importance was not at all diminished. The monopoly existed now only in this country; for practically, it had been abolished in Ireland, and absolutely abolished in Scotland, mainly through the noble exertions of Dr. Adam Thompson. The renewal or abandonment of the patent involved more serious consequences than many, perhaps, were disposed to think. The common opinion was that the patent of monopoly could be successfully evaded by accompanying the text of the Bible with notes or comments; but the fact was not so, for, according to the very terms of the patent, the holders of it could prohibit the printing of any Bible, either with or without notes. At one time the holders of the patent had attempted to prevent the printing of “Henry’s Commentary,” and had only been deterred from persevering in the attempt by the expression of public opinion against them. It was very important, therefore, that the monopoly should be got rid of, and it was an unfortunate circumstance that, as the question must be decided within the next six months, the attention of the country should, just now, be so much absorbed in political matters. He should consider the Union highly honoured if, by their means, the attention of the Christian public came to be effectually directed to the subject. He begged to move:—

“That the Session regard with lively interest the approaching termination of the patent enjoyed by the Queen’s printer for the privileged printing of the Holy Scriptures, and earnestly hope that the printing of the Bible will, hereafter, be placed on the same ground for all parties. And that it be an instruction to the committee to take part in all such measures, as they may approve, put into operation for this end.”

Rev. F. Trestrail seconded the motion, which was carried. Resolutions were also adopted, thanking the secretaries for their conduct in reference to the Swedish Mission; commending Mr. Lehmann's object in visiting England to the churches, suggesting the adoption of a memorial to the Ecclesiastical minister and clergy of Mecklenberg, with reference to the persecutions that prevailed in that most intolerant of all Protestant states, and recording the deep and grateful sense of the mercy of God in the recent revivals in Sweden, England, Scotland, Wales, and America.

THE BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY held its annual meeting on Monday, April 25th, in Finsbury Chapel, G. Lowe, Esq. the treasurer, in the chair. The report stated that the number of members in the missionary churches is 4,046; and of this number, 388 have been baptized during the year. There are 108 principal stations; and the subordinate stations are 97. Sunday schools 115; teachers 1,157; and upwards of 8,000 scholars. Last year the Committee were in debt £370. This year, notwithstanding the special effort for India, the income has equalled the expenditure, and the Committee have reduced the debt by about £45. Revs. A. Tilley, of Cardiff, C. Stanford, of Camberwell, J. Makepeace, of Luton, and J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, addressed the meeting.

THE BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY held its annual meeting in Kings-gate Chapel, London, on Tuesday, April 26, E. Cordero, Esq., in the chair. The following is an abstract of the report:—"In the discharge of their trust the Committee have endeavoured to carry into effect the principle enunciated in the report presented two years since, and which was then sanctioned by the Society at large, viz., the establishment of a thoroughly effective gospel ministry in some few well-selected spheres of Christian effort. They have not been unmindful of other and less thickly peopled parts of Ireland, but they have endeavoured, according to the means placed at their command, to bring the ministry of the gospel to bear more fully on some of the cities and large towns of that kingdom. They have much satisfaction and pleasure in the review of the measures taken to establish a new cause in the vicinity of Dublin. It was stated, in the report of last year, that, after serious deliberation and conference with some few residents in that city and its neighbourhood, they had engaged 'Rathmines Hall' as a temporary place of worship. Rathmines is well known as an important suburb of the Irish capital.

Its population is large, and is still increasing. There is, however, very little provision for Protestant worship, and a great part of the suburb is two miles distant from the city. The claims of this locality had often been urged on the Committee by ministers labouring in Dublin, and by many other persons well acquainted with the necessities of the place. The Committee are thankful to state that the effort now made has been eminently successful. Measures have also been taken by the Local Committee for the erection of a suitable and permanent place of worship; a very eligible site, about two hundred feet in depth and eighty feet in breadth, has been secured on lease of 999 years, at a ground rental of £14 per annum. A liberal subscription has been commenced among the friends themselves; this will be followed up by an appeal to Christians of various denominations in England and Scotland, in which the members of the Committee will individually assist, it being, however, fully understood that the Society does not become in any way chargeable with the cost of the erection. The expense of supplying the pulpit has, of course, added considerably to the expenditure of the Society, but, owing to the present facilities of communication, not so largely as some persons may have been ready to suppose; while, by the interest awakened on the part of ministerial brethren, and of their several churches, very important results have been secured. It is, however, earnestly hoped that some suitable minister will soon be permanently settled there. In entering on this important work in the neighbourhood of Dublin, the Committee have not been unmindful of the claims of the church in the city itself. It was naturally to be expected that the new cause would, to some extent, affect the resources of the church meeting in Abbey-street, under the care of Mr. Milligan. At the meeting of the members of the society, held in April last, very general expression was given to the feeling that it would be right to render some assistance to that cause. The Committee have, therefore, voted the sum of £50 to the pastor of the church, and he, in return, has engaged to devote two months to the service of the society by collecting in aid of its general funds, and of the special effort for the erection of the new chapel.

"The Committee have also great pleasure in reporting the proceedings that have taken place in Belfast, another important sphere of the society's operations. This station had been for some

years occupied with great devotedness and zeal by Mr. Eccles. The chapel, and dwelling-house adjoining, had been purchased, and nearly the whole amount of its cost collected by him. This property he had generously put in trust for the society. A highly respected minister in that town, the Rev. R. M. Henry, who had laboured with much success as the pastor of a church belonging to the Covenanters, a branch of the Presbyterian body, having adopted the principles of the Baptist denomination, Mr. Eccles, with great disinterestedness, and at the sacrifice of much personal and family advantage, proposed to vacate the post which he had so long and honourably occupied, in order that Mr. Henry might be invited to continue his ministry in a town where he was so well and favourably known. This proposal was submitted to the Church in Belfast, and to the Committee of the society, and Mr. Henry, in compliance with their united request, entered on his duties as pastor of the Church, and agent to the society, in June last. The arrangement thus made has been very successful. The congregation has considerably increased; seventeen members have been added to the church in the course of seven months; other persons are applying for membership, and more are expected soon to follow. The Sunday school now contains 160 children; the staff of teachers has been largely augmented; a system of house to house visitation is being vigorously carried out; more than 400 families are constantly visited; so that the gospel is now made known to many persons who before were living in heedlessness and utter neglect of the claims and privileges of religious worship." Revs. W. Walters, of Halifax, C. M. Birrel, of Liverpool, and D. Katterns addressed the meeting.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY held its annual meeting in Exeter Hall, on Thursday, April 28th, the Earl of Carlisle in the chair. After an admirable address by the chairman, showing familiar acquaintance with the history of the mission, and breathing a thoroughly liberal and christian spirit, the secretary read the report, of which the following is an abstract:—The missionary events of the year in India might be briefly told. Over the whole of the north-western mission the evangelising work has been resumed. For many months the missionaries in Agra have renewed their visits to the bazaars and ghats of the city. Muttra has again echoed with the sounds of life. And Delhi,—the scene of the Christian devotedness of Mackay and

Walayat Ali,—has received within its walls, not merely the conquering hosts of the armies of Britain, but the peaceful messenger of the cross, the preacher of pardon through the blood of the Lamb. Our highly esteemed brother, the Rev. James Smith, has taken up his abode in Delhi, and crowds already listen with deep attention to the words of peace which drop from his lips. The native church of Chittoora, and its pastor, are transferred to Agra, where nearly all the native brethren have obtained highly remunerative employment under the Government. At the request of the Committee, the Rev. R. Williams has tarried for a time at Allahabad, where many of our christian friends, living formerly in Agra, have settled, through the transfer of Government offices to that place. Whether the Committee will eventually resume Allahabad as a station, vacated ever since the departure from it, through debility and age, of their lately deceased brother, Mr. Macintosh, will be determined by the course of events. Gya and Patna, in the troubled districts of Behar, have also again been occupied. Thus, throughout the entire scene of the revolt, missionary work has been resumed. In Bengal, notwithstanding the excitement attending the progress of the war, the additions to the churches have been more than usually numerous. The present incomplete returns give 124 baptisms,—nearly one half more than the ordinary average. Two new stations have been formed in Jessore, and one at the important town of Comillah, between Dacca and Chittagong. In Jessore numerous villages have invited the visits of the missionary, and in Backergunge the native churches are adding largely to their numbers. Educational labours at Serampore College and elsewhere have gone on as usual, only interrupted by occasional failure of health. With regard to the resumption of missionary labour throughout the country, the brethren speak in highly encouraging terms. The financial position of the society did not require any very lengthened report. A small debt of £286 0s. 11d. in 1857 had accumulated to £932 18s. 3d. in 1858. This year there is a balance on the account in favour of the society of £540 16s. The total receipts for 1858 were £22,946 15s. For the present year they are £26,513 1s. 3d., being an increase of £3,566 5s. 5d. But this year £4,371 9s. 2d. have been donations towards the "Indian Special Fund," which, added to the sums received in 1858, has slightly exceeded the £5,000 originally asked for by the Com-

mittee. Deducting the special contributions, however, there will be a diminution of income, as compared with last year, of £804 14s. 9d. The receipts on legacy account have been smaller this year than last, which leaves the contributions for general purposes much the same. The Committee have not to lament over a serious falling off, nor have have they to rejoice in a large increase. It is, however, worthy of notice, that the extra effort made on behalf of the Indian Special Fund has not materially interfered with the ordinary income. Meanwhile, the Committee are taking steps, in concurrence with the pastors, to carry out the system of organisation in the churches far more effectively. It is intended to divide the country into districts, and appoint some one whose duty it shall be to foster existing organisations, revive those which have fallen into decay, and form new ones where none had previously existed. The experience they have had is but brief and limited; but so far it is very encouraging. It must take some time ere such efforts can visibly affect the Society's income. The Committee are glad to report a considerable increase in the contributions to the work of translating the Scriptures, From the Treasurer of the Bible Translation Society. It is gratifying to observe that the churches are manifesting an increasing attachment to that Institution, on the success of which this Society is mainly dependent for funds to carry on a department of labour in which its missionaries have, especially in the East, been enabled to take a leading part. They urgently repeat the appeal of previous years. The Committee cannot allow the contributions to the Widows and Orphans' Fund to pass without special notice. This is the third year in which they have appealed to the church to remember the widows and orphans of their missionaries, and also their honoured brethren who have been obliged for a time to leave their stations, and seek renewed health in their native land. The first year the amount was somewhat under £500. The second year it was a little over that sum. This year it has reached £724 9s. 10d. It is a little singular that very few of our wealthy churches contribute proportionably,—some, indeed, not all.

Revs. T. Morgan, of Howrah; W. M. Punshon; J. Mullens, of Calcutta; and C. Stovel, addressed the meetings. Rev. W. M. Punshon in closing his eloquent address said:—

There is not a reviewer in the land, my lord, who dares write an article like that

Sydney Smith wrote in *The Edinburgh Review*, many years ago. Not that the world likes us any better than it did, not that the enmity of the carnal mind is a whit subdued, but there is a distant respect even for the hated thing. Men are beginning to find out that we are consistent in our evangelism, that aggression and progress are integral parts of Christianity. The infidel rails yet—of course, it is his right and his trade; but men draw off from him—they give him "ample room and verge enough." He continues in his railing and in his ribaldry alone. There are no Christian objectors to missionary enterprise now. And then, if you come out into the external world, you find that persecution has ceased—that is, to a great extent, and in a large measure. Persecution, they say, is a capital thing to brace individual piety. I suppose it is, but it frowns upon confederate and organised endeavour; hence in the missionary era of the Church persecution ceased, that the Church might do uninterruptedly her work of love. God hath given us rest, hath stilled the noise round about, and the tumult of the people. We do not worship in catacombs, but in the day. No bay of the sleuth-hound breaks hoarsely upon our hymn of praise. We have no baptism of fire now except that of the Holy Ghost, and that is a lambent and a cleaving flame. Then the invention of printing has diminished our difficulties greatly, multiplied for us the copies of the Word of God, so that men can read in their own tongues of his wonderful works among themselves. Then, again, natural and political difficulties for awhile dismayed us. The monsoon was one obstacle; the whirling gulf impeded navigation; the rock-bound coast was a perpetual terror. Now, the monsoon is mastered; fair havens indent every shore: there is hardly an interior that is not open to us; there is hardly a boundary that we may not pass. Formerly, the populations were untamable, indignant, adverse; the governments haughty, exclusive, hostile. Now, the governments are for most the part friendly; now, the people implore missionaries to be sent to them, and if a friendly tempest drifts a missionary to a station where he was not intended to abide, they keep him there by force, and put sentinels that he should not get away. Then the position of our country ought not to be forgotten. She is the anointed cherub that covereth, and God hath set her so. And although she has in some respects grievously sinned, although Italy would hardly give her credit for patriotism, although China is not likely to cull

her in as umpire in any question of self-respecting morality, although India can tell of base idolatry encouraged by her, and of the revenues of heathen temples farmed for the incomes of a Christian throne, it would be unjust in this estimate of advantage not to enumerate how often, and how very often, how increasingly often, thank God, a plain path has been open for the missionary by British influence—how often he has had encouragement in labour, and redress from injury, by the prestige and power of the British name. Then, chiefest in this enumeration of advantages, there is not anywhere in the world a healthy superstition. Wherever the light has gone, if it has not dissipated, it has relieved the darkness. There is less cruelty than there used to be. Priests are less of princes and more of conjurors than they were awhile ago. They are maintaining their power by sleight of hand rather than by the potent influence which superstition used to have upon the mind. The religion of China, if one can understand it at all, absurdly gay, as it has been well described, and as dead at heart as some Egyptian mummy, preserves, as long as its mummy life is continued to it, some remnant of its fantastic beauty; but chip the lid off, and let the air breathe upon it, and like other mummies it crumbles into rottenness and dust. Then, the gorgeous superstitions of India have, on the confession of their votaries, ceased to aggrise, and can hardly

hold their own, Mohammedan empire and Mohammedan faith, twin-births of disaster, are ailing and shall die together. The Papacy dreams yet as insanely as ever it did. It is the most wonderful somnambulist that the world has ever known; but its reign is over. The city of its harlotry and its pride will speedily be overthrown, and soon—and may God hasten the time—shall there be a track made for the gospel chariot down the broadest street of the mystic Babylon. Everywhere in the ranks of the enemy decrepitude and dismay! Everywhere in the army of Emanuel the renewal of youth and the immortality of hope! Men begin to walk with firm tread, as if they were in a world whose restitution had already begun. The Redeemer is at hand. The world is full of the significant and deepening foretokens of his approach. Nothing can shake us from this majestic reliance. Though the heavens darken above us, though the earth rock beneath us, though there be a shattering among thrones of power, though the world should be desolated successively by famine, and plague, and sword, this hope remaineth, and to its clear and crystal vision every portent is a prophecy, and every omen a pledge of blessing, as it sings,—

“Whatever ills the world befall
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesu-near;
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
Triumphant Lord appear.”

BRIEF NOTICE.

THE GOOD TIME COMING. A Lecture by THOMAS ROBERTS STEVENSON. Ilkeston: J. Poole.

During the last winter, Mr. T. R. Stevenson, with the praiseworthy desire of benefitting the working men of Ilkeston, has been giving fortnightly lectures on general subjects. The numbers that gathered to hear them, showed how highly

the people appreciated these efforts. The lecture before us is the third of the series, and has been published by request. It is popular, humorous, moral, and practical. The poetical citations show the leaning of the author's mind. To our taste this is a better mode of meeting the working-classes, and securing in them a regard for your teaching, than by serio-comic lectures on the Lord's-day.

Correspondence.

ACADEMY COMMITTEE MEETING, AND THE LATE REV. J. GOADBY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I request the favour of an insertion in your next number of a copy of a minute unanimously passed at a meeting of the committee of our college, held at Broad-street Vestry, on Tuesday morning, May 3rd.

JOHN HEARD, Esq., in the Chair.
Resolved,—“That the committee hereby leave on record their high appreciation of the character and services of the late Rev. J. Goadby, who for twenty-eight years gratuitously and zealously filled the office of

secretary to our College Institution, and who fell asleep in Jesus on the 19th day of February, 1859, after a brief illness.

"The committee are convinced that while his unexpected decease loudly and impressively declares the uncertainty and evanescence of human life, it will be viewed as a great loss, not only to the Institution he so efficiently served, but also to the denomination with which it is

so closely identified; and that we hereby tender to the widow of our departed brother our sincere condolence on the irreparable loss she has sustained, and to every member of the family our sympathy with them in the unexpected removal from among them of a father, a brother, and a friend."

Signed, on behalf of the Committee,
JAMES LEWITT, Secretary.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE NEXT ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Anticipating the services of the ensuing Association, I beg to inform our friends through you that we have made the following arrangements for the accommodation of visitors:—Breakfast and tea each day in the school-room, St. Mary's Gate. A hot dinner on Wednesday and Thursday, at the Athenæum Room, Victoria-street, price 1s. 6d.

Ministers and other friends requiring beds are requested to apply, by the 15th of June, to Mr. Charles Stevenson, Green Hill Terrace, or to Mr. J. G. Pike, St. Mary's Gate, Derby.

Yours respectfully,
W. WILKINS.

Obituary.

MR. JOHN BROOKS, STALYBRIDGE.

WITH deep sorrow of heart, we record the death of this well known, long tried, and useful christian. This event took place on Tuesday morning, May 10th. For many years he sustained the honourable office of deacon in the church, the duties of which he discharged most faithfully and efficiently. The memory of Mr. Brooks will be long cherished in the town and neighbourhood, as an eminently pious, peaceable, and liberal man. His death has cast a very deep gloom over the minds of the members of the general baptist church at Stalybridge. He was in the fifty-fifth year of his age. Truly may it be said of him. "He was a faithful man, and feared God above many."

MARY ANN REYNOLDS.—On Thursday, April 21st, 1859, Mary Ann Reynolds, the beloved wife of Wm. Reynolds, of Chippenham, one of the deacons at Isleham, was very suddenly called away from our fellowship and communion, to join the general assembly and church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven. Our departed sister was baptized, and

united with the church at Isleham on the 5th of June, 1845, and thus for nearly fourteen years she has walked worthy of the high vocation wherewith she was called, in all lowliness and meekness in long suffering and love. Her death was improved by her pastor, the Rev. T. Mee, to an overwhelming congregation, on Lord's-day afternoon from 1. Corinthians, xv., 6, "Fallen asleep," &c.

WILLIAM DANKEN.—On Sunday, April 24th, 1859, William Danken, another member of the Isleham church, departed this life, in the hope of the glory of God. His death was improved by his pastor, on Lord's-day evening, from 1. Peter ii., and part of the 7th verse, a passage of his own selecting, "Unto you, therefore, which believe he is precious," &c.

Thus have we been deprived of two members in the short space of four days. Thank God we have a good hope that our loss is their gain, and now that they are uniting in nobler worship, where neither sin nor sorrow can mar their devotion, in that land of light and blessedness prepared for all that love the Saviour. May we be followers of them, who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE NORTH DERBYSHIRE CONFERENCE assembled at Ripley, on Good Friday, April 22nd, 1859. Brother Needham, minister of the place, presided. From the reports received, it appeared that thirty-two had been baptized since the last Conference, and that twenty-nine remained as candidates. These were—Belper, four baptized, and two candidates; Crich, two baptized, and two candidates; Kirkby, four candidates; Langley Mill, five baptized; Ripley, six baptized, and three candidates; Wirksworth, fifteen baptized, and eighteen candidates.

The attendance was more numerous than at recent Conferences; business however, was not extensive or important.

1.—The resolution of last Conference recommending that some ministerial or lay member of the Conference should be constituted a life member of the "The Widows' Fund" was the subject of somewhat extended conversation; and it was eventually agreed,—That Brother Yates, of Wirksworth, be appointed to collect the required sum.

2.—The gathering together of a fund for the maintenance of a Home Missionary, to make an effort for which several friends voluntarily engaged at the last Good Friday Conference, was again introduced; and it was stated that the project might be considered as relinquished.

3.—Four of the churches—Duffield, Hucknall, Sutton-Ashfield, Milford—having sent neither reports nor delegates; this was regretted: and it was resolved,—That this Conference express its earnest request that all the churches on the list would endeavour to send to its meetings either delegates or written reports.

4.—As the present list of places for the meetings of this Conference extends only to the next autumnal gathering, the secretary was appointed to prepare a new list by that time.

5.—The next Conference will be held at Smalley, on Monday, August 1st, 1859. It was agreed that there should be a revival meeting in the evening.

6.—The Secretary preached in the evening on the subject appointed at the last Conference, "The Way of Salvation," from Eph. ii., 8-10. The service was opened by the Rev. W. Grey, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. W. SHAKESPEARE, Secretary.

THE MIDLAND CONFERENCE met at Measham, on Easter Tuesday, April 26th, 1859. The excitement of a general election, the inclement state of the weather,

and other causes, made the attendance smaller than usual. Mr. J. Holroyd, of Barton, opened the morning service, and the secretary preached. At the afternoon meeting, Mr. Kelly, of Measham, presided, and Mr. Malcolm, of Leicester, prayed. One hundred and forty-one were reported as baptized since the last Conference, and one hundred and seventy-three remain as candidates. The minutes of the December meeting were read.

1. *Northampton.*—The secretary read the note received from Mr. Taylor. Agreed: That Mr. C. Harding, of Leicester, and the secretary be requested to visit Northampton, examine the trust deed, and converse with Mr. Taylor as to the best means of securing the chapel property for the General Baptist Connexion.

2.—*Market Harborough.* The letter received from this church was read. The friends had engaged the services of a young man from Leicester, Mr. Searson, and were hoping for better days.

3.—*Australian Missions.* Mr. Lockwood's reply was read. It appeared that the Calvinists had re-opened the chapel in Tasmania, about which Mr. Speak made an offer to the Connexion; that Mr. Speak was helping, and would help them; and that there was no opening for a minister from our body, unless for some time after his arrival, he could sustain himself.

4. *Churches not Reporting to the Conference.*—The secretary had complied with the wish of the last Conference, had written specially to those churches from which for more than twelve months no report had been received, and had obtained several replies.

5. *The Yorkshire Conference, and the Republication of Dan Taylor's Works.*—After some discussion on the fourth resolution of the last Yorkshire Conference, to which special attention was called by the secretary, Mr. C. Springthorpe, it was agreed,—That this Conference, while holding in great esteem the memory of Dan Taylor, does not consider the publication of his works likely to succeed as a commercial speculation, and deems it undesirable in our day to resuscitate the controversy between Andrew Fuller and Dan Taylor.

6. *National Society for aged and infirm Baptist Ministers.*—After some exposition of the constitution and character of this society, it was agreed,—That this Conference recommend the society to the

attention and sympathy of the churches and ministers in the midland district.

7. *New item in Conference Reports.*—The following resolution was agreed to, after much discussion,—That the churches be requested to give in their future reports to the Conference, *the numbers actually restored to fellowship*, in addition to the number baptized, or remaining as candidates.

8. *Millstone-lane, Leicester.*—Agreed,—That the secretary report to the next association that this church is extinct.

The next Conference will be held at Sawley, on Whit Tuesday, June 14th, Mr. Grey, of Ashby, to preach in the morning.

Mr. Grey preached at Measham in the evening. **JOS. J. GOADBY**, Secretary.

The **CHESHIRE CONFERENCE** assembled at Wheelock Heath, on Monday, April 25, 1859.

The sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. J. Gardner, of Congleton.

The reports of the churches were on the whole very encouraging. Since last Conference, thirty-one have been added by baptism, and there are eleven candidates.

In the afternoon, the meeting for business opened at two o'clock; the Rev. R. Pedley presided.

Resolved,—1st. That the friends at Audlem be asked why the church there is not connected with this Conference?

2nd. That the collections made for the Home Mission during the coming year (with the exception of one from Stoke) be given towards the support of the cause at Congleton.

3rd. That the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. Pedley for his able and instructive essay, and that he be requested to send it to the Editor of our Magazine for the benefit of our churches.

4th. That this Conference recommend "The National Society for Aged and Infirm Baptist Ministers," to the consideration of our churches.

5th. That the next Conference be held at Stoke-upon-Trent, on the second Monday in October, and that the Rev. J. H. Ingram, of Audlem, be the preacher, and in case of failure, the secretary.

6th. That the thanks of this Conference be given to the Rev. J. Gardner, for his sermon in the morning.

JAMES MADEN, Secretary.

The **YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE** met at Queenshead on Tuesday, April 26th, 1859. In the morning, Mr. Salter, of Halifax, read the Scriptures and prayed, and Mr. Matthias preached from Psalm cxxvi, 5, 6, "They that sow in tears," &c.

Mr. Batey opened the afternoon sitting with prayer. The report from several of the churches were of a highly encouraging kind: one hundred and forty-four had been baptized since the last Conference, and thirteen remain as candidates. An aged brother remarked that he never remembered so large a number of baptisms reported at any previous Conference. By request of the chairman, Brother Wood offered a special prayer, in grateful acknowledgment of this pleasing fact.

Mr. Batey was encouraged in his attempt to raise a General Baptist cause at Rochdale. The following motion was adopted:—"That this Conference is glad to hear of the efforts of the Rev. J. Batey, Mr. Jonas Noble, and other members of our body residing in Rochdale, to build a chapel, and cordially recommend them to the support of the christian public." Brother Mitchell reported progress as to the Todmorden new chapel, and stated that it was the intention of the friends to have opening services on Whit-Tuesday. The claims of the Home Mission were urged on all the Yorkshire churches. The annual subscriptions are due at the next Conference, which will be holden at Todmorden, on Tuesday, June 14th, 1859. Business in the afternoon as usual.

The Rev. W. Walters, of Halifax, is expected to preach morning and evening, when collections will be made on behalf of the new chapel. Men of Israel, help! Brother Taylor closed the proceedings with prayer.

C. SPRINGTHORPE, Secretary.

The **WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE** was held at Austrey on Monday, May 9th, 1859. Mr. James Goadby, of Ashby, preached in the morning, and presided at the business meeting in the afternoon. Thirty-four were reported as baptized since the last Conference, and seven remain as candidates. All the churches reported, except Wolvey and Netherton. Several friends from the Barton district kindly favoured us with their presence. The first business attended to was the case of Cradley Heath. It was resolved,—That a communication be sent to the church at Cradley Heath, to enquire the precise nature of the transference of which the report speaks as in contemplation, and to ascertain the provisions of the trust-deeds of the chapel; and that in case a deputation be necessary, our friends Messrs. Burrows and Marshall, of Walsall, be requested to form that deputation. A long and somewhat desultory discussion upon the re-organization of

the Home Missionary Society then followed. It was agreed,—That the remaining portion of the debt of the old society be considered altogether apart from the formation of a new society; and that the churches which have not yet contributed their quota towards paying off that debt, be requested to do so forthwith.

It was then moved, that all the churches in this Conference, as well as the churches at Barton, Hugglescote, and Ibstock, Coalville and Whitwick, Thurgate, Hinckley, Measham, be requested to unite to form a Home Missionary Society; and that it be called the Home Missionary Society of the Barton District.

An amendment was moved to the effect that, as a general committee already exists, and subscriptions for general purposes have already been solicited from

some of the churches of the Barton district, the re-establishment of the society, until a particular sphere of operation be fixed upon, is not advisable.

The discussion then took a very wide range, and was continued up to a quarter to five o'clock, when several of the delegates left the Conference, and the matter terminated abruptly, neither resolution nor amendment being put to the meeting. The paper prepared by Mr. Chapman was not read. The secretary preached in the evening. The day was exceedingly fine, and the attendance was good. The next Conference will be held at Cinderbank, Netherton, on the second Monday in September; the Rev. E. Price, of Longford, to preach in the morning.

THOMAS GOADBY, Secretary.

ORDINATION.

PRAED-STREET, Paddington—The ordination services of the Rev. J. Clifford, to the pastorate of this church, took place on Good Friday, April 22nd. In the afternoon, the Rev. J. Clifford gave a very interesting statement of his views of the christian ministry; the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Church street, Paddington, offered the ordination prayer, and the Rev. W. Underwood, President, of the General Baptist College, Nottingham, addressed a very efficient charge to the minister from the words, "But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evan-

gelist, make full proof of thy ministry." 2 Tim. iv., 5. In the evening the Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A., of Derby, opened the service by reading and prayer, and the Rev. Dr. Angus, President of the Baptist College, Regent's Park, then delivered a most suitable discourse to the church from the words, "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the words of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, even as it is with you," 2 Thesa. iii., 1. Both services were well attended and it is believed will be productive of permanent benefit to many.

T. R. D.

BAPTISMS.

SHORE.—On New Year's-day, we baptized four persons. On March 5th, we baptized twenty-four more in the presence of upwards of a thousand spectators. Nineteen of these were males, mostly young men. And on Good Friday last, we baptized seventeen more: these have all joined the church. To God be all the praise.

T. H.

CHESHAM.—On Wednesday evening, Feb 3rd, 1858, Rev. J. Lawton, of Berkhamstead, baptized three friends, after an address by the minister of the place. May 19th, 1858, four more were baptized; September 28th, 1858, four; and February 22nd, 1859, nine friends "put on Christ," in the same ordinance. May they all be "faithful unto death."

CASTLE DONINGTON.—We hoped and prayed during the special services held here in the months of January and February last, that a pentecostal blessing from the Lord would follow them; we now rejoice that we have not hoped in vain. On Sunday, 8th of May, after a sermon preached by our late minister, Mr.

Needham, sixteen were baptized by immersion in our chapel; several are "waiting the next moving of the water." Many others seem much concerned about their eternal welfare: some have united themselves with our Wesleyan brethren—and others have walked over the lawn to the vicarage. We hope and pray that they, by searching the Scriptures for themselves, will see the fallacy of regeneration by proxy.

J. B.

ISLEHAM.—On Lord's-day morning, May 1st, our pastor baptized six persons, three males and three females, in the river Lark which runs near our village; and in the afternoon, at the Lord's table, with two others restored, gave them the right hand of christian fellowship. Our prospects are very encouraging. T. M.

STALYBRIDGE.—On Lord's-day, May 8th, after a discourse from Acts ix., 3-6, three dear friends were baptized in the presence of a large assembly. May they endure to the end.

J. S.

BELPER.—On Lord's-day morning, May 1st, 1859, one person was baptized, after a sermon on the baptism of the Israelites, 1 Cor. x., 1, 2; and in the afternoon our brother was welcomed to the Lord's table. W. S.

CONGLETON.—On Lord's-day, April 3rd, five persons, all young friends connected with the Sabbath school, were baptized by our pastor. The chapel was densely crowded. May 1st, one who had been connected with the Independents in this town for more than thirty years, "put on Christ by baptism." I. N.

LONDON.—*Commercial Road.*—On the 28th April, eleven candidates were baptized on a profession of their faith, seven males, and four females. These friends were either teachers or members of the senior classes in the Sabbath-schools connected with us—making twenty-one additional members from the same sources, into our fellowship within a period of twelve months. W. P.

BURNLEY.—*Ebenezer Chapel.*—On Lord's day, April 3rd, ten persons were baptized in the above place, five males, and five females. In the evening they were added to the church by each receiving the right hand of fellowship. W.P.B.

LEAKE.—On Sunday morning, April 24, 1859, Rev. G. Staples preached a baptism sermon from Deuteronomy v., 32. Friend Peirpoint baptized thirteen persons. In the afternoon Mr. Staples preached from Haggai ii., 9., and gave the right hand of fellowship to the newly-baptized, and administered the Lord's supper. It was pleasing to see so many friends from the various branches of the church at the Lord's-table.

DENHOPE, Yorkshire.—On Saturday, May 7th, three young persons were baptized by Mr. Salter, of Halifax, and on Sunday, May 8th, were received into church communion. J. G.

ANNIVERSARIES.

LOUGHBOROUGH, BAXTER-GATE.—*School Anniversary.*—On Lord's-day, May 8th, two sermons were preached in the above place, by Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A., of Nottingham. Collections, £28.

NOTTINGHAM, BROAD-STREET.—On Lord's-day, April 24th, two sermons were preached on behalf of the school. In the morning, by Rev. G. Cecil, of Albion Chapel, Snettton, and in the evening by Rev. J. Martin, B.A., of Derby-road Chapel, Nottingham. Collections same as last year.

NOTTINGHAM, STONEY-STREET.—Two sermons were preached on behalf of the Sabbath-school, in the Exchange Hall by Dr. Burns, on Lord's-day, May 8th. Collections, £22.

NEW LENTON.—Two sermons were preached on behalf of the school, on Lord's-day, May 8th, by Rev. T. Goadby, B.A. Collections, £25.

NOTTINGHAM, MANSFIELD-ROAD.—On Lord's-day, May 15th, two sermons were preached on behalf of the school, in the morning by Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A.,

in the evening by Rev. J. J. Goadby. Collections in advance of last year.

CHESHAM.—*Sabbath School Anniversary, and Opening of New School Room.*—On Lord's-day, April 24th, three sermons were preached for the Sabbath-school—morning and evening, by Rev. W. Underwood, and afternoon by the minister of the place. Collections in advance of any previous occasion. On Monday, the 25th, a public tea meeting was held, to celebrate the opening of the new school-room. The weather was extremely unfavourable, the rain falling heavily the whole of the day, which prevented many from coming to the tea. Still about 200 persons were present. The meeting afterwards was well attended, and was appropriately addressed by Revs. W. Underwood, G. W. Pegg, W. Payne, W. J. Bain, and J. Lawton. The room is 57 feet by 20. It is very substantially built, and it is expected that the cost will be nearly £400, towards which about £170 have been raised by donations, collections, and proceeds of tea meeting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELPER.—On Lord's-day, May 8th, 1859, two sermons were preached in the Baptist Chapel, by the Rev. R. Kenny, of Burton-on-Trent, when collections were made in behalf of the chapel funds.

BELPER.—On Wednesday evening, May 4th, 1859, the Rev. W. Shakspeare was presented, at the close of the service on Mount Pleasant, usually held every

alternate week (the presentation being thus made in a private and unostentatious manner), with a neat copy of "Dwight's System of Theology," in five volumes. The object will be explained by the inscription, which is as follows:—"These volumes are presented to the Rev. W. Shakspeare, by a few friends at Mount Pleasant, Belper, as a small ex-

pression of their esteem for him, and their gratitude for his services in conducting amongst them, through the past winter, a fortnightly cottago lecture." The cordiality and affection manifested on the occasion were reciprocated in a brief acknowledgment.

BIRCHCLIFFE, HEBDEN BRIDGE.—The annual social gathering of the friends of the above place, was duly observed on Good Friday last. The trays were plentifully supplied by the gratuitous offerings of a few friends. The proceeds (with collections and contributions,) amounting to £42, was applied to the reduction of the debt upon the minister's house and vestries. After tea, Brother Lister was called to the chair. Suitable addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. Brearly, Revs. J. Bamber, and J. B. Lockwood. The chairman (whose personal liberality has greatly encouraged the brethren) offered £20 providing £100 be raised during the next year. It is believed the offer will be cordially accepted.

HERWOOD.—In consequence of the removal from the neighbourhood, of a number of the members of this infant church, some of whom have been dismissed to a sister church; and also on account of our minister residing in Rochdale, where our friends are building a new chapel, this church has agreed to remove to that town. For several months back, after preaching in Heywood twice, Mr. Batey, has preached in Rochdale on Sunday evenings to encourage congregations, and we have reason to hope the cause there will be esta-

blished on a permanent foundation. Our efforts in Rochdale have so far met with the approval and sympathy of the christian public generally, and we expect to open our new chapel early in July.

J. NOBLE.

SHORE.—On the 23rd of April, 1859, we had a very interesting tea meeting to celebrate the extinction of our chapel debt. After tea, our minister stated that the debt was paid and a surplus remained towards building a new school-room, and minister's house. John Crossley, Esq., of Halifax, who had given us £20 towards this object, made an appropriate speech, and promised us help in our future building efforts. He was followed by the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster, who gave a telling address. Several other brethren afterwards addressed the meeting.

REV. T. R. STEVENSON.—We understand that Mr. Stevenson, after more than four years labour at Ilkeston, has ceased his connection with that church. Address, for the present, Ilkeston, near Nottingham.

SMALLEY:—Social Tea Meeting.—On Easter Monday, we held a most interesting meeting, when, notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, about one hundred persons sat down to tea. The trays were provided gratuitously, and the munificent sum of £10 13s., realized from the tea and contributions for the benefit of the church. After tea, Mr. Sims, of Belper, was called upon to preside. Mr. Townend, who is now residing in Smalley, gave an interesting and profitable address. Every one went home delighted with the meeting.

E. R.

Missionary Observer.

LETTER FROM REV. J. O. GOADBY.

Berhampore, via Ganjam, March 4th, 1859.

You see by the heading that we have, at last, reached Berhampore, our new location. I hope we shall stay here, for three years, or more, and on that account, shall expect to be more settled than hitherto. This land is by no means a land of rest. All, whether missionaries or East Indian Government servants, are continually moving from one place to another, staying here a year or two, and then being removed to some new situation. In fact, much as we are moved about, our lot in that respect is much better than the servants of Her Majesty: they cannot tell how long or when they

will stay or go to another place. Many of them have to travel hundreds of miles through countries infested by all kinds of wild beasts, and are absent from their families many months, and sometimes years. There is no privation to which a missionary exposes himself, through love to the cause of his Redeemer, that hundreds do not pass through in their daily life, who are in connection with the government of India. A missionary, therefore, cannot in any way suffer, but what men may say, "What does he more than others?" We have nothing to boast of in any way. In many, many respects,

we are better off than thousands who are far above us in circumstances. I suppose you will again be wondering how my health is, and whether I am prepared for another hot season. I am well—*exceedingly well*. I have been out two journeys this cold season, and during the second, commenced my mission to the Heathen. The market at which I first opened my mouth to preach in Orcah was named, Balaghie, a few miles from the city of Jajapore. Of course I did not feel so free as I should have done, had I been better up in the language, but I was not so fearful as I expected to be, and found the language came beyond my expectation. O how my heart beats when I look forward to the time I shall be able to stand up, and with ease and comfort speak of a dear Redeemer's dying love to the poor heathen around us. May the Lord hasten the day! I preached twice in Orcah during the tour, and according to Brother Buckley's opinion, have great reason to be encouraged.

Now, suppose I say a little about our

JOURNEY TO BERHAMPORE,

and the way in which we commence our journeys in this country, and other particulars. Before we left, our furniture, &c., had to be packed up and sent off: and this is by no means an easy affair. In the first place, native carts or "garries," have to be procured, and when the number is great or moderate, this is a very difficult task. The number required by us was sixteen, and these had to come from villages, some of them six or seven miles distant. The carts are all very small, and an English waggon would hold ten garries load with ease. All the furniture, &c., being packed ready for loading, the business commences. This is no easy matter. I went down to the college, where all the things were, once or twice a day, to see after the man, and to get everything in readiness. The owners of these carts appear to have no consciences whatever. If they had no one to look after them, without any idea of doing wrong, they would put a chest of drawers on one garry, and, refusing to have any more, go all the way to Berhampore, or any other place, let the drawers be ever so small. I had to put this thing extra on one garry, and that thing on another, taking at the same time no notice whatever of any noise and bother the owners might make. One man declared, if I put any more things on, he would empty all on to the ground, and take his cart and bullocks away. "O, very well," I said, "do as you like; you have received

your advance, and, therefore, must either take my things to Berhampore, or take yourself to prison." The latter he did not approve of, and, consequently, said no more. After many of the garries were full, or rather were loaded, I found four feet belonging to a pair of drawers—the same I brought out with me—"Here," I said to a man who had got the meat-safe upon his cart—"put these inside that box," meaning the "safe:" he turned to me, and swore by Juggernath, he would do nothing of the kind. I accordingly walked quietly up, and placed them in myself. He called to a man to bring his bullock, declaring he would go at once. I said, "*Anchar jaw*," "*Very good, go*." But he soon got civil again. At last I got all off, but not without much trouble, and many hours exposure to a hot sun. The sun, however, does not hurt me. I enjoy the heat very much. All the carts and furniture gone, the next piece of business is to "*lay the dawk*," as it is called in India. But I must explain the term. Our journey to Berhampore would be a palkee journey—i.e.,—all the way we should travel in a palkee. The distance being one hundred and twenty miles, and the whole forming three nights' journey. The road is divided into stages about ten miles apart, and at these stages you always have to change your bearers, as each set will carry you one stage. A set of bearers on the Cuttack side consists of eight men—four of them carry you at a time, the other running by your side as a reserve. They change several times during their journey. In addition to the eight bearers, you have a *masulchee*, or a man who carries the torch and oil to feed the flame during the journey, &c., and one or more *Bangy wallahs*, or men who carry boxes slung to each end on a split bamboo, placed across their shoulders. The weight each man is allowed to carry is 100lbs. These men run before or behind you as they please. To ensure men at every stage in readiness when you arrive, so that you may, without delay, accomplish your journey, you "*lay the dawk*," i.e., you send for a man—the dawk-man—who brings a book in which you write your order—there is a specimen of an order of that kind:—

Dawk from Cuttack to Berhampore:—"Wanted on Tuesday, and the following night, for dawk journey from Cuttack to Berhampore, for two palkees, sixteen men, two masalchees, and two brangy wallahs to be at Mrs. Lacey's, hourly, seven o'clock p.m.

"Signed,

J. O. GOADBY."

Having written something like the above in the book, you give the man a rupee, and the preparation is complete as far as you are concerned. The man gives half the money to one or two men sent forward to collect the bearers at the several stages on the way. You have to inform the man, two or three days before hand, or you may expect some delay

if not trouble at one of the stages through the absence of several of the men. This is "laying the dawk."

We started on Tuesday evening, and at every stage found all the bearers ready and waiting for us. This is a private dawk: a public one is laid through the Postmaster. This is the way we commence journeys in this country.

VISIT TO BHOBANESWARA.

WE reached Bhubaneswara about six in the evening, and as we passed through the town the people came out in hundreds to look at us. But my thoughts were not with the gaping crowd, but on the scene around me. You perhaps can imagine how you would feel if you saw splendour and poverty, magnificence, glory, and desolation all together. On all sides were the most gorgeous temples in ruins, the carving and sculpture far exceeding anything I ever beheld; unequalled even by that of ancient Greece and Nineveh, which I saw at Sydenham. And yet the dwellings of the people were most miserably poor. There seemed to me a history as well as mystery which I wished to look into. The temples were evidently built by people of taste, refinement, and high civilization, and their religion of a higher and purer kind than the present system of Hindooism. What had led to the degeneracy of mind and society which was so plainly written on everything around?

Our tent was pitched at the corner of an immense tank, more beautiful than the Pooree ones, and larger. Two sides of it were thronged with the temples I have before mentioned, some large, others small, and many of them looking very picturesque from being covered with a kind of ivy and creeping trees, which had sprang out of their ancient walls.

Bhubaneswara in the days of its splendour, which were from A.D. 617 to 660, was considered one of the greatest cities India ever saw. Whichever way you turn, you see the domed temples before you, some standing erect in their majestic desolation, others almost buried by the jungle. The architecture of the whole is much the same in character, nothing coarse and vulgar, but chaste and refined. There are said to be 999 of them, formerly there were a thousand; but Master Juggernaut did not choose to remain, so took his departure and ensconced himself at Pooree. The largest temple was supposed to have been completed in 657, and took

forty-three years to erect. As you wind through the jungle to this wondrous place, you may often truly exclaim, "there are lions in the way," for at the doorways of many of the temples there are immense griffins, or winged lions. We examined many of these ancient spots; with the exception of one or two they are all left desolate. Tenements for the wild beasts and bats, but over this we did not mourn.

By six o'clock the next morning we left for Khunda Gera, a place about six miles further on. It consists of a number of rocky hills, varying from 150 to 300 feet in height, and almost perpendicular. They abound in caves and caverns, and also a number of what appeared to me, to be ancient temples, but which are the ruins of palaces once belonging to the Rajahs. The view from the top of the loftiest rock, which is crowned with a white temple, containing some beautiful and remarkable marble images, was most splendid. The country is quite flat for a number of miles in every direction, and almost entirely covered with jungle, as was also these hills, and abounded with tigers.

I am glad we went this trip, though I feel sad as I think upon things I have seen. I love to think of the wild, woody country, its lofty rocks and trees, and the playful, mischievous monkeys, whose tricks excited many a hearty laugh: but never, not even at Pooree, did I see human beings more debased and grovelling—more lost to every sense of shame. It is a rare thing to hear an unconverted man speak a word of anger, even to his son, without it being of the vilest and most licentious character. What need there is for exertion for every nerve and faculty to be employed to its utmost tension, to work and labour for the salvation of this benighted land! Blessed, powerful, and holy is that gospel which can transform the vilest into a miracle of grace, and a fit temple for the Holy Spirit.'

HINDOOISM.—There is not about the Hindoo system any idea of holiness. It is true the elements of sin exist in all countries, but in your country there are also the elements of holiness. In the lowest depths of London, people know that there are holier and better men than themselves existing, and though they are low down in the deep darkness, they can see the light shining above them. But in India all is bad; the gods are bad; holy men even are wicked; all around are wicked; all is one putrescent mass throwing out miasma, and malaria, and death all around—just like your Thames last summer. The nearest approach to a character amongst the Hindoo is included in the one word *merit*. There are certain actions meritorious, such as bathing in the Ganges, gifts to Brahmins, gifts to religious beggars. Let a man abandon his home, gather around him every element of misery, and banish every element of holiness, and be as unhuman and wretched as he can, and that is a source of great merit. There is another source of merit; that is, to hear religious books read. Now, it is said in one of their books: There was a man that had a cow—not an unusual thing; but this was a wonderful cow. A large army came near, and this wonderful cow supplied that army with all manner of provisions; in fact, she proved a valuable commissariat. When the army was going away, the king said to the cow, “Now, I want you; I can’t part with you.” The cow went to the owner and said, “What am I to do? They want to take me away.” The man said, “I can’t help it; you must do the best you can.” So the cow went and assailed armed men of all descriptions, and annihilated that army. Now, what is the sequel? It is actually said, that if a man reads this and believes this, he will have wealth, and honour, and greatness, and happiness beyond the grave. Was there ever a greater outrage on the intelligence of men than that? Well, then, inseparably connected with the doctrine of merit is that of transmigration. In proportion to the amount of merit will be the amount of repose in heaven, the amount of happiness in after birth. Now, in all this there is no morality, no recognition of Providence, no gratitude to God or man. Whatever a Hindoo has, he feels that he has deserved it all in a former birth. The tendency of all this is to develope and strengthen the very essence of sin, and that is selfishness. Let a man be guilty of as many crimes as he likes, if he only has merit enough, money enough, to put

in the other scale, that will preponderate all. Again: in connection with these doctrines of merit and transmigration, the Hindoo has before his mind not the idea of eternal life, but nothing but a continued succession of births, being whirled and driven all through the revolution of ages like a feather on the mountain torrent. The end of all Hindooism is absorption into the Deity—the loss of individual consciousness.

BRAHMINISM ON THE DECLINE.—There is a considerable amount of scepticism abroad in reference to Brahminical power. The Brahmin says, “I will keep off the cholera, or small-pox;” but one or the other comes and takes away the eldest boy. The Brahmin profess to cure disease by charms; but there is his wife, she had been ill for the last ten years, and he cannot cure her. He promises to give rain, but the drought continues. All these things have gone on for a great number of years, but we have gone amongst the people and created a doubt amongst them. Now they come and ask,—“Can the Brahmin curse? Can the Brahmin send a snake into the house? Can the Brahmin give us a blessing? Are we to be afraid of him?”

I went to a market once for the first time, where no missionary had ever been; and there were hundreds of people there, and all of them came and prostrated themselves before the Brahmins, and they took the water pots, and collected all the dust off the Brahmins’ feet, and put it in and drank it. That is a meritorious act which I forgot to tell you. I think that is the first time I went to that market. At four o’clock in the Afternoon I was surrounded by about 300 men, in the very same market, and they said, “The Brahmins are all cheats; the Brahmins are all impostors; they are a proud, wicked race. We shall not honour the Brahmins; we will worship God and honour God ourselves; because God is our Father as well as the Father of the Brahmin.” Yea, my friends, the poor Brahmins—I am not dead to all feeling—come to me and say, “Sir, why do you diminish our influence? We are really hard up. Often we cannot eat more than once a day. Why do you tell the people not to give us anything? You are a padre, and so am I. We are brethren; we are gentlemen together; and it is very improper for you to do that.” But I am obliged to tell them, “I am a man, and profess to be a man, and teach the people: you profess to be gods, and tell falsehoods, and the people have found you out.—*Rev. T. Morgan, of Howrah.*”

NATIVE WORSHIP IN INDIA.—Petitions having been presented by certain zealous

"missionaries" in India, the one praying for a repeal of the regulations of the Bengal and Madras codes, vesting the superintendence of land granted for the support of mosques and temples of religion in officers of Government; the other praying for the suppression of the cruel and inhuman practices at the great Hindoo festival of the Churruck Poojah. Lord Stanley, the Secretary of State, has addressed the Governor-General of India in Council, instructing him to bring the first point under the consideration of the Legislative Council. As regards the second, the Government do not press any immediate legislative interference in the matter, but suggest that the practice be discountenance by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal as far as possible.

NINE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES FOR INDIA.—The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, last November, authorised the sending out of six mission families to reinforce our mission in India. In less than five months they were all appointed by the bishops. These nine missionaries are the Revs. C. W. Judd and wife, E. W. Parker and wife, J. C. Waugh and wife, J. R. Downey and wife, and James M. Thoburn.—*New York Christian Advocate*.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY BAZAAR AT THE APPROACHING ASSOCIATION.—The Derby Committee wish to remind the friends of the Foreign Mission, that whatever they intend to do for the Bazaar, must now be attended to at once; the committee specially request that all articles for the bazaar should be forwarded as early as possible in this month, and would name as the latest day the 15th; also, that every article should be marked with a price the donor wishes it to be sold for. If the carriage be paid the better, but if this be not convenient, probably in most cases, the carriage may be paid as far as the Railway Company will book the package, addressed to either Mrs. Josiah G. Pike, St. Mary's Gate; or to Mrs. George Wilkins, Queen Street, Derby. The gifts from the abundance of the rich as well as the offerings of the poor, will alike be thankfully received. The special pressing claims of the Foreign Mission have been repeatedly brought to bear upon the thoughtful generosity of our churches in this matter. The Derby Acting Committee are now, therefore, hopefully waiting for numerous pleasingly liberal responses to these appeals. They suggest that the Foreign Mission is the common cause of every church in the connection, and that it is alike the duty and the privilege of every one able to do anything to help, to the utmost of their

power, in this special effort for the mission at our now rapidly approaching annual gathering. M. S. W.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The annual meeting was held on Thursday, May 5, in Exeter Hall, which was filled on the occasion by a large audience, including a great number of ministers. The chair was taken at ten o'clock by the Lord Mayor who was, however, too much indisposed to address the meeting. The Rev. Dr. Tidman, the foreign secretary of the Society, read the report, which commenced by stating that the year just gone by was the most eventful and auspicious that had yet passed over the Society. The interior of South Africa, the extremities of India, China, and the Japanese Islands, were now opened to the labours of the missionary. The financial report of the Society showed that the subscriptions, donations, legacies, &c., amounted to £54,799, being an increase over the same items of last year of £2,713. It was, indeed, gratifying to learn that there had been an increase in the receipts of the last year in every item beyond the amounts of the previous year. The total income from the ordinary sources amounted to £73,288; the expenditure was £67,803; showing an excess of income over expenditure of about £6,000. The total receipts of the year amounted to £92,641 including extraordinary sources. Thirteen new missionaries had been sent forth during the past year, exclusive of 600 native agents of every class. The total number of missionaries employed was 154. The expenditure for special missions to India was £11,084; and for China, £7,507. The missionary students numbered twenty-one, but at least double that number would be required for new missions before their term of study was completed. The report, which was of considerable length, entered into a variety of details, showing the operations of the Society in India, China, and various other parts of the world. The Rev. J. Graham, E. Corderoy, Esq., the Rev. Canon Miller, Sir. Morton, Peto, M.P., the Rev. E. Storrow, the Rev. E. Dale, Dr. Cumming, and Dr. Legge, successively addressed the meeting.

MISSIONARY SERVICES.—On Lord's-day, May 8th, the annual sermons for the mission were preached at Berkhamstead and Chesham by Revs. H. Wilkinson, J. Lawton, and I. Preston. Deeply interesting missionary meetings were held at Berkhamstead on Monday evening, at Chesham on Tuesday evening, at Ford on Wednesday; sermon in the afternoon, and meeting in the evening; meeting at Wendover on Thursday evening, and at

Tring on Friday evening, The missionary was assisted at each of the meetings by the ministers of the neighbourhood. Collections and subscriptions at Berkhamstead, £21 11s. 1d.; at Chesham, £62 15s. 3d., at Ford, £17 10s. 0d. Amount collected at Wendover and Tring not known to the writer.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The treasurers and secretaries of auxiliaries, and friends having monies to remit, are reminded that the financial year of the Society is considered as closing on May 31st. It is desirable that all remittances should be forwarded during the first week of the present month, so that the accounts may be completed for the annual meeting.

Foreign Letters Received.

BERHAMPTON.—W. Bailey, March 17th,
April 3rd, 4th.
DITTO.—J. O. Goadby, April 3rd.
DITTO.—Mrs. Goadby, "
DITTO.—W. Hill, "

UTTACK.—W. Brooks, April 2nd.
DITTO.—J. Buckley, March 17th, April 1st
DITTO.—Miss Butler, April 2nd.
PIPLEE.—G. Taylor, April 1st.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

From April 20th to May 20th, 1859.

	£.	s.	d.
A Friend, for Scarlet Cloth for Native Preachers ..	0	5	0
BERKHAMSTEAD.			
Collections & Contributions ..	20	15	1
BILLESDON.			
Collections & Contributions ..	11	10	6
BIRMINGHAM.			
Lombard-street Chapel ..	32	1	5
Collected by the Misses Hawkes ..	22	11	4
BURTON-ON-TRENT.			
Collections & Contributions ..	18	9	3
CASTLE DONINGTON.			
Cash on account ..	10	0	0
CHESHAM.			
Collections & Contributions ..	62	0	3
CONINGSBY.			
Cash on account ..	15	0	0
CRICH.			
A Friend to Indian Missions, per Rev. H. Wilkinson ..	1	0	0
DERBY.			
Mary's-gate.—Public Coll. ..	32	2	3
FORD.			
Collections & Contributions ..	17	10	0
GOSBERTON.			
Collections and Contributions ..	12	0	3
ILKESTON.			
Collections and Contributions ..	15	14	3
KILLINGHOLME.			
Collections & Contributions ...	3	11	6
LEAKE & WYMESWOLD.			
Collection & Contributions ..	22	17	10
LEEDS.			
Call-lane ..	2	9	6

	£.	s.	d.
LEICESTER.			
Carley-street—			
Collections and Contributions ..	23	0	10
LONDON.			
R. Wilkinson, Esq., Tottenham Park ..	1	1	0
New Church-street Chapel, Paddington.—Collections and Contributions ..	23	11	1
LONG SUTTON.			
Cash on account ..	9	6	8
LOUTH.			
North-gate.—W.D. Ditchett, Esq. ..	2	0	0
MARCH.			
Cash on account ..	10	13	8
OLD BASFORD.			
Collections & Contributions ..	4	17	9
PETERBOROUGH.			
Collections and Contributions ..	20	0	0
PINCHBECK.			
Collection & Contributions ..	5	9	0
ROCESTER.			
Collection and Contribution ..	2	3	6
SUTTON BONINGTON AND NORMANTON.			
Collections and Contributions ..	5	9	6
TRING.			
Collection & Contributions ..	3	10	9
WENDOVER.			
Collection and Contributions ..	6	12	1
WHITTLESEA.			
Collection and Contributions ..	4	0	10
WISBECH.			
Cash on account ..	32	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg Esq., Derby, Treasurer; by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Quorndon, near Loughborough, Secretary; and by the Revs. H. Wilkinson, and W. Miller, engaged, during their sojourn, in England, as Travelling Agents for the Society.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES.

JULY, 1859.

No. 67.

RELIGION TESTED.

EVERY Christian must expect that his religion will be put to the proof. It may have been tried already. If not, a time of trial will come; a time when its real character will appear, when it will be seen what hold it has upon his mind, and what it will do for him. Till this trial come, we can know but little of ourselves. Almost any religion will stand, when there is nothing to put it severely to the test. It is persecution, temptation, the changes of life, the approach of death and eternity;—these are the things which shew us what manner of persons we are, and often fill us with shame and confusion by the discovery which they make.

It is laid down as a principle in the Divine record, having all the force of an axiom that, "They who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." We can never be sufficiently grateful to God for the religious freedom we enjoy in our favoured land. Sitting under "our own vine and fig tree," none may dare "to make us afraid:" the attempt is perilous. Yet the lapse of years, and the adoption of the wisest political regulations can effect no change in human nature.

The flesh still does, and ever will, war against the spirit; these are contrary the one to the other. Opposites can never harmonize. The sword of persecution may rest and rust in its scabbard; but the spirit of enmity in the carnal mind never slumbers or sleeps. Men, as fallen creatures, abhor sanctity, because it is the reflection of God's image; and their language is, "Cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us." A certain kind and degree of persecution is in constant and too successful operation even now. When the children of this world wish to fix a stigma upon a man's character, they say, with a sneer, that he is "a saint," or "among the saints." When young persons are beginning to set their faces toward the heavenly city, how often is it said, "What, are you about to be numbered with the saints?" The finger of reproach is still pointed against the new convert; even now, the generation of the serpent hisseth against the seed of the woman; they "sport themselves," they "make a wide mouth," they "draw out the tongue" in derision. Peter was forewarned of his peril from a method of assault not less despicable than this. "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted

strengthen thy brethren. And he said unto him, Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison and to death. And he said, I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me." What an affecting comment does the record of Peter's conduct afford to this premonition! This strong man, who a little before had talked so loftily, trembled under the scrutiny of a woman; and, forgetting his faith, his duty, and his love, affirms at last, with oaths and curses, "I know not the man." Oh, what a blot then fell upon his noble name! Better by far that he too had fled with his more timid brethren, than have followed to give utterance to that awful disavowal which the beloved disciple must have heard with astonishment and horror, and which immediately afterwards pierced his own soul with keenest sorrow. Happily, Peter was recovered; though he fell most awfully, he found out a certain way of rising again; but how many insincere characters are thus proved and found as the chaff which the wind driveth away. The present day is fruitful in such instances.

Many persons reared in comparative obscurity, exposed to but little peril, guarded and restrained by early associations and gracious influences, have *appeared* to be truly pious; but by change of scene and circumstances they have been led into society, where the speech of the Galilean would betray them to contempt and a sneer, and they have soon learned to cast aside almost every restraint: they have by these means been sifted as wheat, and, to the bitter disappointment of ministers who had exulted over them in the Lord, and of parents who had said, "We have no greater joy than to see our children walk in truth,"—they have acted out their real dispositions, have appeared light and worthless as chaff; and, unless like Peter they are restored, must be cast into unquenchable fire. And who shall dare to laugh to scorn such blasts of persecution even as this? Who has not been held back from the performance of known duties, by the inquiry, "What will my friends think of me? Or what will the world say?" We are in greatest danger from like things. "Be not high-minded, but fear." "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." Our misery and danger in the present world arise from the fact that we are in a state of temptation. Our pains, our griefs, our privations, are not the greatest of evils; on the contrary, if they are sanctified, they are blessings for which we shall have to be thankful through eternity. It is only when not sanctified: when as temptations, they have been the means of leading us into sin; that they must be regarded as evils. Temptations are as various as our circumstances, ages, dispositions, or peculiar situation in life. It may be some time before the particular trial, best adapted to reach our case may occur. Poverty has proved a snare to many; prosperity to more. "Elisha settled his countenance steadfastly on Hazeal until he was ashamed. And Hazeal said, Why weepeth my lord? And he answered, Because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel. And Hazeal said, But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" He was then sincere in these feelings, for he was a private individual; but, says, Elisha, "The Lord hath shown me that thou wilt be king of Syria;" and the change of condition produced the dreaded change of character;

he became all that he had execrated, perpetrated all the atrocities and cruelties which made the prophet to mourn; and, notwithstanding his loud professions, was found wanting and worthless.

There are temptations which chiefly affect the mind—Satanic assaults, which can be referred to intelligently by such only as have known “the hour and power of darkness;” the inward conflict, “not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, with the rulers of the darkness of this world, with spiritual wickedness in high places.” In this warfare many strong men have fallen. He who tempted our Lord will not shrink from the encounter with us his feeble servants.

The experimental christian can revert to seasons of woe, when the waters of a full cup were wrung out to him; the bitterness of the worm-wood and the gall his soul has still in remembrance. The enemy came in as a flood; terrors assailed him on every side; his iniquities went over his head; *He* whom he expected would have comforted him seemed to be far away: it was indeed *dark*, and Jesus was not come to him; oppressed with corporeal infirmity, bowed down with mental dejection, and overwhelmed with spiritual distress, he was at his wit's end. Peter's lot was his—“Satan desired to have him, that he might sift him as wheat;” and unless the intercession of his Lord had prevailed, the result had been the same.

Adverse occurrences are a marvellous test of piety. Trouble, to which man is born, is a great trial of religious principle. *Personal* adversity is a touchstone of character. “As for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped. For I was envious at the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.” “Behold, these are the ungodly who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. Verily, I have cleansed my hands in vain, and washed my hands in innocency. For all the day have I been plagued and chastened every morning. If I say, I will speak thus; behold I should offend against the generation of thy children. When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end.” A wound which brings a domestic animal to our feet, will make the wild fly into the thickest recesses of the forest. One and the same occurrence and address induced Orpah to leave the disconsolate Naomi; and Ruth to say, “Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.” Of two persons who were joined in the tenderest bonds, adversity carried one by the violence of its blasts, so far as to say, “Curse God and die:” while the other rested on the Lord and declared, “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.”

How powerfully is character tested at the period of death, the last and greatest extremity. The form of godliness may do in life and health, but nothing less than the power will be of any avail when death is at hand. Eternal and invisible realities are then beheld as near; the things not seen are looked at: and all the perishing concerns of this passing state, retire and disappear. The actual entrance of the unclothed spirit into the Divine presence, is about to take place: and where is the man who realizes the fact, but trembles at the thought?

“Where—where—for shelter shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?”

It frequently happens that the final conflict in which a christian is

engaged, is the fiercest. Other contests have been with the footmen; this with the chariots: former difficulties have been as rivulets; this as the swellings of Jordan. The pilgrim who vanquished Apollyon in the valley of humiliation, was nearly lost in crossing the black waters of death. The corporeal frame less able to sustain the agitations of the spirit,—the painful intrusions of all that is dear in the charities of life,—the remembrance of early and more recent transgressions,—the vigorous assaults of the great adversary,—and the supposed absence of the good shepherd, whose rod and staff are the only support and defence in the dreaded valley; these, in their separate or combined influence, often excite the most distressing apprehensions, and cause the dying believer to exclaim “Woe is me, woe is me! I perish! I perish!” But the Lord command, his loving kindness in the day of our trial; and in the night is our song to the God of our life. The dying Christian may be severely harrassed, but the severity of the trial may be so sanctified as to lead to more of that single and entire dependence on the Saviour, which is so essential to his relief and comfort. He *must* have immediate consolation. But where is he to find it? He looks back, but he cannot derive it from a well-spent life. He looks inward, but he cannot derive it from a sense of present worthiness. He therefore says, with a feeling he never experienced before,—

A guilty, weak, and worthless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

THE HISTORY AND MEANING OF THE TERMS HEBREW, JEW, AND ISRAELITE.

Language, says Dean Trench, is fossil history. The graceful fern, the chambered ammonite, and the finely vertebrated fish-lizard, are chronicles in stone of distinct eras in the history of creation. In like manner, many words that have come down to us from ages long since passed away, contain, in themselves, permanent records. The starting points in national history, the revolutions peculiar to certain periods, or extraordinary incidents inseparably bound up with the character of a people, have a lasting memorial in some significant word. The English language is rich in illustrations of these remarks. Saxon manners and life, feudal customs, and Norman tyranny have left behind them, in the words of our mother tongue, their own indestructible histories. But, however tempting the quotation of these, we pass on to notice, by the aid of the learned author, with whose words we began, illustrations to be found in the Holy Scriptures, especially in the three words Hebrew, Jew, and Israelite.

The first word, *Hebrew*, takes us back to the times of the patriarchs, to the very cradle of the chosen race, at least four thousand years from the present day. One who had been living at Mesopotamia, who feared the living God, in obedience to a divine command, *came across* the river Euphrates into Canaan. To describe that fact, and to distinguish him from their own people, the Phœnicians, among whom he came, called him Abram the *Hebrew*. It should be carefully observed,

however, that this name is not one by which the chosen people knew themselves, but one by which others knew them; not one which they have taken, but which others have imposed on them. This will be found true in the use of the word through all the Old Testament. In every case Hebrew is (1) either a title by which *Foreigners* designate the people of God, as when Joseph is called by Potiphar's wife, "the Hebrew," Gen. xxxix. 14, 17; when Pharaoh speaks to the "Hebrew midwives," Ex. i. 16, 19; when the Philistines hear the shouting in the "Hebrew Camp," 1 Sam. iv. 6; when the same people speak of Hebrews making swords and spears, chap. xiii. 19; and when their princes asked Achish, "What do these Hebrews here? chap. xxix. 3; or (2) a title by which *they designate themselves to Foreigners*; as when Joseph declares to the Egyptian King that "he was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews," Gen. xl. 15; when Moses' sister said to the daughter of Pharaoh, "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women?" Ex. ii. 7; when Moses is commissioned to say to the King of Egypt, "The Lord God of the Hebrews has met with us," Ex. iii. 18; when Jonah makes the avowal to the shipmaster and the crew, "I am a Hebrew," Jonah i. 9; or (3) by which they speak of themselves *in tacit opposition to other nations*; as when Moses describes Joseph's entertainment to his brethren, and eating by himself, "because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for what is an abomination to the Egyptians," Gen. xliii. 32; when Samuel narrates the destruction of the Philistine garrison of Geba, and Saul blowing, afterwards, on the trumpet throughout all the land, saying, "Let the Hebrews hear. And all Israel heard that Saul had smitten a garrison of the Philistines, and that Israel, also, was had in abomination with the Philistines," 1 Sam. xiii. 3, 4. The word Hebrew, indeed, is never used by the chosen people, without such an antagonism as we have referred to, either latent or expressed.

When, however, the name *Jew* arose, as it did in later periods of Jewish history, (the precise time will be presently considered,) Hebrew was no longer used exactly as hitherto it had been. Nothing is more frequent with words than to retire into narrower limits, occupying a part only of that meaning whereof once they occupied the whole; when, through the coming up of some new term, they are no longer needed in all their former extent; and at the same time, through the unfolding of some new relation, it is no longer desirable that they should retain it. It was exactly thus with *Hebrew*. According to the usage of the word in the New Testament, the point of view external to the nation, which it once always implied, exist no longer; neither is every Jew a Hebrew now; but only those who, whether dwelling in Palestine or elsewhere, have retained the sacred Hebrew tongue as their native language; the true compliment and antithesis of Hebrew being Hellenist, a word first occurring in the New Testament, and used to designate the Jew who has unlearned his own language, and now speaks Greek, and reads the Scriptures in the Septuagint version.

This distinction first appears in Acts vi. 1. "There arose a murmuring of the Grecians (Greek, *Hellenists*, that is Greek-speaking Hebrews), against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration;" and is probably intended in the two other

passages, though these are not without their difficulties, where *Hebrew* occurs, (2 Cor. xi. 22; Phil. iii. 5;) as well as in the superscription, on whatsoever authority it rests, of the epistle to the Hebrews. It is important to keep in mind that in *language*, not in place of habitation, lay the point of difference between Hebrew and Hellenist. He was a Hebrew, wherever domiciled, who retained the use of the language of his fathers. Thus Paul, though settled in Tarsus, a Greek city in Asia Minor, can affirm of himself that he was a Hebrew, and of Hebrew parents, (Phil. iii. 5,) though it is certainly possible that he may mean by these assertions no more than in a general way to set an emphasis on his Judaism. Doubtless, the greater number of Hebrews, in this sense, were resident in Palestine; yet still it was not this fact, but their language which constituted them such.

At the same time it will be good to keep in mind, that this distinction and opposition of Hebrew and Hellenist, as a distinction *within the nation*, and not of that nation *with other nations*, which is clear from Acts vi. 1., and probably is intended at Phil. iii. 5; 2 Cor. xi. 22, is hardly, if at all, recognized by later Christian writers, not at all by Jewish and Heathen. With them Hebrew is simply equivalent to Jew, as may be seen in Plutarch and Pausanias; while Eusebius, the Christian historian, speaking of Philo, an Alexandrian Jew, who had been but once in his life to Jerusalem, and who wrote exclusively in Greek, expresses himself in this language, ("He [Philo] was a descendant of the Hebrews." Ecclesiastical History, book ii., chap. 4;) and Clement, of Alexandria, as quoted by Eusebius, (book vi. chap. 14,) makes continually the antithesis to Hebrew not Hellenist, but Greek or Gentile. Neither in Josephus nor in Philo do any traces exist of the New Testament distinction between Hellenist and Hebrew. Only this much of it is recognised, that Hebrew, though otherwise a much rarer word than Jew, is always employed when it is intended to designate the people on the side of their language; a rule which Jewish, Heathen, and Christian writers alike consent to observe, and which still survives in the fact, that we speak to the present day of the *Jewish nation*, but of the *Hebrew tongue*.

This name *Jew* is of much later origin than Hebrew. It keeps a lasting record of the period of national disruption and decline. It arose, and could only have arisen, with the separation of the tribes. Then, inasmuch as the ten tribes, though with the worst right, assumed Israel as a title to themselves, the two drew their designation from the chiefest of them, and of Judah came the name *Jew*. Josephus never employs it in telling the earlier history of his people. The first occasion of its use by him is in reference to Daniel and his young companions (Antiq. x., 10, 1.) Here, however, if his own account of the upcoming of the name were correct, he must have used it by anticipation—his statement being that it first arose *after* the return from Babylon, and out of the fact that the earliest colony of those who returned were of that tribe: "The Jews:—that is the name they were called by from the day that they came up from Babylon, from the tribe of Judah, which came first to these places, and thence both they and the country gained that appellation." (Antiq. book xi., chap. v., sec. 7.) But in this Josephus is clearly in error. We meet with the word *Jews* in books

anterior to the captivity, used in them as a designation of those who pertain to the smaller section of the tribes, the Kingdom of Judah: as for instance, in 2 Kings xvi., 6, "At that time Rezin, King of Syria, recovered Elath to Syria, and drave the Jews from Elath;" and also in three instances in Jeremiah: chap. xxxii. 12, "I gave the evidence of the purchase . . . before all the Jews that sat in the court of the prison;" in chap. xxxiv. 9. "Every man should let his man-servant, and every man his maid-servant, being a Hebrew or Hebrewess, go free; that none should serve himself of them, to wit, of a Jew his brother;" and in chap. xxxviii. 19; "And Zedekiah, the King, said unto Jeremiah, I am afraid of the Jews that are fallen to the Chaldeans." This word Jew is not first used in Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther, as we have seen, though doubtless of much more frequent occurrence in them, especially in the last.

It is not hard to perceive how the name extended to the whole nation. When the ten tribes were carried into Assyria, and disappeared from the world's stage, that smaller section which remained henceforth represented the whole nation; and thus it was only natural that *Jew* should express, as it now came to do, not one of the kingdom of Judah, as distinguished from that of Israel, but any member of the nation, a Jew in this wider sense, as opposed to a Gentile. In fact, the word Jew underwent a process exactly the reverse of that which Hebrew had undergone. For Hebrew belonging first to the whole nation, came afterwards to belong only to a part; while Jew, designating at first only the member of a part, ended by designating the whole. It now, in its later, like Hebrew in its earlier, stage of meaning, was a title with which the descendant of Abraham designated himself, when he would bring out the national distinction between himself and other people (Rom. ii. 9, 10); thus "*Jew and Gentile*," never "*Israelite and Gentile*;" which others used about him, when they had in view this same fact; for example, the Eastern Wise Men inquired, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" (Matt. ii. 2), testifying by the form of this question that they were Gentiles, for they would certainly have asked for the *King of Israel*, could they have claimed any nearer part or share in Him: as again, the Roman soldiers and the Roman governor gave to Jesus this mocking title, "*King of the Jews*," (Matt. xxvii. 29, 37) but his own countrymen, the high priests, challenge Him to prove, by coming down from the cross, that he is, "*King of Israel*" (Matt. xxvii. 42).

The absolute name, that which expresses the whole dignity and glory of a member of the theocratic nation, of the people in peculiar covenant with God, was *Israelite*. It is a title of unfrequent occurrence in the Septuagint, but often used by Josephus in his earlier history, as convertible with Hebrew (Antiq. i., 9, 12), in the middle period of it to designate a member of the ten tribes (viii. 8, 3, ix., 14, 1); and towards the end as equivalent to Jew (xi., 5, 4.) It is only in its relation of likeness and difference to this last that we have to consider it here. It was the Jews' badge and title of honour. To be descendants of Abraham, this honour must be shared with Ishmaelite and Edomite; but none except themselves were the seed of Jacob, such as in this name of Israelite they were declared to be: nor this only, but more honourable still, their descent was herein traced up to him, not as he was Jacob, but as he was

Israel, who as a Prince had had power with God and with men, and had prevailed (Gen. xxxii. 28). That this title was accounted the noblest, we have ample proof. Thus, when the ten tribes threw off their allegiance to the house of David, they claimed in their pride and pretension the name of "the kingdom of *Israel*" for the new kingdom they had set up; the kingdom, as the name was intended to imply, in which the line of the promises, the true succession of the early patriarchs ran. So, too, there is no noble title with which the Lord can adorn Nathaniel than that of "an *Israelite* indeed," John i. 47, one in whom all which the name involved might be indeed found. And when Peter, and again, when Paul, would obtain a hearing from the men of their nation, they address them with the name most welcome to their ears, "*Ye men of Israel.*" Acts ii. 22; iii. 12; xiii. 16.

When, then, we limit ourselves to the employment in the *New Testament* of these three words, Hebrew, Jew, and Israelite, we may say that (1) *Hebrew* is a Hebrew-speaking as contrasted with Greek-speaking, or Hellenizing, Jew; what in our version we have well called a "Grecian," (Hellenist) as distinguished from Hellen, a veritable Greek or other Gentile; (2) *Jew* is a Jew in his national distinction from a Gentile; (3) while *Israelite*, the augustest title of all, is a Jew as he is a member of theocracy, and thus an heir of the promises. In the first is predominantly note his *language*, in the second his *nationality*, in the third his *religious privileges*, and glorious vocation.

DEATH'S GREATEST VICTIM AND VICTOR.

IN one of the boldest flights of fancy, Isaiah sets forth the destruction of the Babyionian monarchy. He sees a mighty king descending into the grave, breaking its awful silence. His footsteps disturb the dead: they raise themselves in their coffins; and as he enters alone the dark domain of a monarch mightier than himself, on his ear fall the voices of kings long buried, muttering, "Art thou also become as we? Art thou become like unto us?" When we die, we sink into the grave, like rain-drops into the sea, as snow-flakes alight on the water; for, however man's death may for a little agitate some living circles, it never stirs the dead. But Jesus Christ, being the Lord of Glory, the Fountain of Life, the Creator of the sun that darkened over his cross, and of the moon that shed her silver light on his lonely sepulchre, his descent into the tomb, was an event which might well be set forth in the prophet's magnificent imagery. I can fancy all the dead astonished at his coming; and that as he enters the domain of the grave, a spirit-voice breaks its silence, saying, "It is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, 'Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?'"

Fancy some great, good, brave, patriotic monarch bound in chains, and after being ignominiously paraded through the public streets, thrust into the common jail, to exchange the glory of a palace for the gloom and shame of a dungeon. How would such an event impress the spectators

with the mutability of earthly greatness? And were such a reverse of fortune borne out of love to his subjects, how would it win their admiration? How would it move their love as well as pity? Yet what were such an event to that which, unnoticed by the world, is passing in your Garden, where, by the waning light of day, two men, and a group of weeping women, amid silence, broken only by sobs and soft whispers, are carrying a dead body on a hurried prepared bed of spices! nor man's nor angel's eyes had ever looked on a scene so wonderful. Solomon had said, "Will God, in every deed, dwell with men on the earth?" But what would Solomon have said had he seen the young child in the manger; still more had he seen the lonely tenant of that tomb, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, here a sepulchre holds. Repulsive to the eye as are these skulls and mouldering bones, the grave boasts of having held some nights within its chambers, one who, while he honoured lonely cottagers with his visits, was greater than any whom palaces have opened to receive. The language of the prophet is literally accomplished. The regions of the dead were moved at Jesus coming. Never before, and never since, has the opening of these gates awakened those within. They sleep too sound for that. How unmoved do parents lie when their children are laid by side; the mother never flings her arms about the dear babe that death restores to her bosom; and to the cry of room, room, the unmannerly beggar stirs not to make way for a King. They neither revere the good nor respect the great. They feel no love there; and, unlike the burst of joy, the rushing into each others embrace, the smiles, the tears, when the loving and long parted meet again on earth, how cold and dreary the reunions of the grave, these silent meetings of the dead!

But Christ's descent into the tomb roused death from its deepest apathy, that awoke those who are heedless of the shock of earthquakes. The dead were moved at his coming. The graves were opened. The inspired poet's fancy became a literal fact; and, waiting for him to lead the way, many dead saints left the tomb on the morning of his resurrection. In them he led captivity captive, and was followed by the strangest train that ever graced the triumph of a returning conqueror. If we should certainly conclude that the jailor has been beaten and bound, when we see the captives pouring from the open prison, how plainly do those yawning tombs, untouched by mortal hand, and these dead men, who return alive to Jerusalem, show that the long reign of death is drawing to a close, and the oldest of earth's kingdoms tottering to its fall. Their escape plainly proved that death had received from Christ's hand, what no other hand could deal,—a mortal blow. Thus, all the circumstances that signalized alike our Lord's descent into the tomb, and his triumphant resurrection, proclaim him, as with the sound of royal trumpets, the first and greatest of the dead.*

THE FIRST AMERICAN MARTYR.

ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY.

At the present time, when the attention of enlightened and liberal minds is fixed upon the new phase of the American Slave Question—the struggle between the slave-holding and free states—a few particulars of the life of

* "The Saints' Inheritance," by Dr. Guthrie.

one who was the first white man who died in the cause of the slave, and the first American Martyr in history, may not be inopportune. There is something in his life and heroism that must command reverence in all time, but now when, we trust, there are many as able penmen in the same cause, if there are some whom gold has bribed and prejudice has impelled, to write down the liberties and consciences of the negro, we claim for them an especial interest.

The early incidents in the life of Lovejoy shew the influences which operated in his growth, and the nascent virtues afterwards so strongly developed. Born in the town of Albion, in Maine, November 9, 1802, he grew up amidst scenes of beauty and grandeur that awakened the poetry of his youthful mind. Huge woods were around, still retaining part of their primeval magnificence, and hard by was a lake some five miles in circumference, which mirrored the heavens and glassed the tempest. He wrote many tender and enthusiastic poems. These were no unhealthy product. He could wield the axe and guide the plough as well as any; was noted alike for his diligence in school and his daring out; could swim the lake and dive to its bottom with the expertest of his playmates. A passion for knowledge early shewed itself, and at the age of eighteen he left home-culture for a more extended arena in the Academy at Monmouth, and the College at Waterville. In both these places his assiduity, marvellous memory, and linguistic talents gained him eminence. He graduated in the latter place, in 1826, and in the following year removed to St. Louis, in Missouri, where he commenced an academy. Here politics occupied his scanty leisure, and he soon became editor of a newspaper called the "Times," strongly advocating Henry Clay's claims to the Presidency. For five years his mind and pen were at work on this paper, and there seemed to be an opening for him into Congress. A religious revival diverted his thoughts, poured the sunshine of God's grace into his heart, and turned him towards ministerial labours. With characteristic integrity and manliness, he waved his more ambitious projects, and entered as a student the Theological Seminary of New Jersey.

The letters written during his studies there to his parents and his sisters Sybil and Elizabeth, do not contain much of his actual life, but are full of unaffected piety, and the mingled depth and earnestness of his mind. In April, 1833, he received a license to preach, and several months were passed by him in supplying the pulpits of Newport and New York. While at the latter place, his father, the hale man of fifty-eight, is stricken with death. But he had lived long enough to see the clearing of forests, the cultivation of valleys, and the peopling of slopes; he had himself laboured so to clear and till the garden of the Lord, and had rejoiced to see his son succeeding him. The stream of Elijah's life is deepening and broadening; his patriotism, zeal, and philanthropy are quickened by the influences around him. The friends at St. Louis call him impatiently, and he says, "I must go."

On the 22nd of November, 1833, the religious weekly newspaper his friends had been so solicitous for him to edit, commenced. We transcribe its opening paragraph, so like Lovejoy in every sentiment and word:—"The first number of the *Observer* appears to-day: we send it forth with our most cordial greetings to all its expecting friends, and with the hope that it will succeed in obtaining the good will of all before whom it may

appear. It comes with no sinister motive; it appeals to no bad passion; and it asks a welcome in every home, that in a spirit of meekness it may plead the cause of Him who came from heaven to proclaim 'peace on earth and good will toward men.' It will not temporize as it goes: it will seek no controversy and decline none. Truth is its object—divine truth in all its severity as well as its loveliness." For two years his mind poured forth its richness with lavish prodigality. The range of his editorial vision was no mean and circumscribed one. He was equally at home in domestic matters as in discussing the state of Europe and the false philosophy and disguised efforts of modern scepticism. He had provoked no enemies until he came to treat of transubstantiation and Popish doctrines generally, when his bold, outspoken language brought down upon him the denunciations of the *Argus*, a Jesuitical newspaper, which did not rest until it had stirred all the viler passions of the people.

The question of slavery had up to this time occasionally occupied his pen, and he now with much deliberation entered more ardently upon it. His articles increased the prevailing excitement. Several incidents, which took place in the city, fanned the flame, called forth the comments of the *Observer*, and turned the bitter malignity of the enemies of freedom and righteousness upon its editor. The main incident was this, as we find it in one of his own articles:—An affray broke out between two sailors, who were arrested by the authorities, when a mulatto, named M'Intosh, set upon them and liberated the prisoners. He was then secured, committed to gaol, and was on his way thither when he broke loose and murdered the Deputy Sheriff. He was, however, lodged safely in gaol, but was seized by the excited populace, who burst open the doors, and burnt him alive. For his comments upon this, wherein he owned the man "deserved to die, but not so to die," Lovejoy was marked out by the anti-abolitionists for all the insults and indignities they could give. This was in May, and even so late as September he narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered by two men who watched for him half a day. Handbills were printed, calling upon the mob to destroy the *Observer* office, and the *Missouri Argus* hounded them on in real Jesuit style. Lovejoy was absent when the excitement was deepening, having gone to attend a religious synod, sixty miles away. The proprietors of the *Observer*, fearing the threatened violence in his absence, made concessions to the mob, and promised that no more articles should appear upon slavery.

The synod over, Lovejoy returned homewards. His friends urged him to stay, and sickness delayed him several days on the road. He reached St. Charles, twenty miles from the city, where he had left his wife with her parents. Her maiden name was Celia Ann French, and he had married her from thence in the preceding March. She was a fitting helpmeet for so undaunted a man. She said to him, "Go, if you think duty calls you;" and he went. He found the agitation unabated, and the people clamorous. He was unmoved, and with all his tender marital yearnings wrote to his brother afterwards and said, "I think I could have gone to the stake, and not a nerve have trembled, nor a lip quivered." The friends and subscribers wished him to forego the free speech they had guaranteed him in the outset, and the citizens resolved in a public meeting that such a privilege was denied by the Constitution as far as it touched upon slavery, and that slavery itself was eminently biblical and heaven-approved. It was then

he sent forth his glorious appeal:—"To my Fellow Citizens," in his paper for November 5th, 1835, from which we extract the following:—"I deem it, therefore, my duty to take my stand upon the Constitution. Here is firm ground—I feel it to be such. And I do most respectfully, yet decidedly declare to you my fixed determination to maintain this ground. We have slaves, it is true, but *I* am not one. I am a free citizen of these United States, a citizen of Missouri, freeborn; and, having never forfeited the inestimable privileges attached to such a condition, I cannot consent to surrender them. But while I maintain them, I hope to do it with all that meekness and humility which become a Christian, and especially a Christian minister. I am ready, not to fight, but to suffer, and if need be, to die for them. Kindred blood to that which flows in my veins flowed freely to water the tree of Christian liberty, planted on the rugged soil of New England. It flowed as freely on the plains of Lexington, the heights of Bunker's Hill, and fields of Saratoga. And freely, too, shall mine flow, yea as freely as if it were so much water, ere I surrender my right to plead the cause of truth and righteousness, before my fellow citizens, and in the face of all their opposers."

The proprietors yielded to the storm, and requested him to give up the editorship and materials—compel him they could not by their own bond. He acquiesced, but found in the owner of a note on the property an unexpected friend. As possessor of the type and property, he re-instated him in the editorial office. It was thought advisable to move it to Alton in Illinois. Here the press was no sooner landed from the steamboat than a plan was projected for its destruction. It was broken up by five ruffians on the morning of July 21, 1836. A second one is sent for to Cincinnati, and the *Observer* is once more disseminating broadcast its obnoxious truths. Public meetings for, and against him, are constantly being held, and one night he narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered as he is bringing medicine home to his sick wife. A second time the press and type are destroyed, and on being informed of it, and the loss of some of their furniture with it, his heroic wife said, "No matter what they have destroyed since they have not hurt you." A third press landed in September, is destroyed under the very eyes of the mayor, who declared "*That he had never witnessed a more quiet and gentlemanly mob.*" They break into his house, beat him with their fists, and would have stabbed him but for his wife running and flinging herself between them. Several times they return the same night; the wife insensible, and raving, and the husband alarmed, and in agony, but still firm. But we must hurry on. It is Monday evening, the 7th of November, and a fourth press is expected. Its arrival is announced by the mob blowing horns throughout the city. A volunteer guard, headed by a constable, are in a large warehouse close by the river, and the mayor, this time doing his duty, goes out, giving orders for the thirty men, who were well armed, to fire on the mob if commanded by him, and the press is safely stowed in the building. Meanwhile, Lovejoy is guarded at home by a few friends. A second mob assembles round the store on the Tuesday night, intent on demolishing either the press, or building, or both. They demand the press,—are refused, the guard intimating their authority from the mayor to defend it with their lives. They break all the windows, and fire several shots which are returned, and one of their number is wounded. "Burn them out, burn them out," is the

cry raised upon every side. The alarm has reached the city, and the church bells are dancing wildly in the midnight air. Crowds of citizens collect and remain, shame to tell, inactive spectators of the scene. The suspense to those within the store is most agonizing. Lovejoy is there, firm and moveless in his moral heroism. The black crowds are now lit up with the light of torches, and surge to and fro ere they decide to do so terrible a deed. At last up go the ladders, and a fire soon crackles on the roof. Five of the guard rush out, fire upon the incendiary, and drive him away. The mob waver, and a demonstration on the part of the spectators might end the affair without bloodshed. The guard return, and re-load, and Lovejoy, surrounded by a few friends, looks out from the open door towards the infuriated masses. A few of the mob are ensconced behind some lumber; they see him, and fire. Three balls enter his breast, he turns and runs into the counting house, and falls dead, exclaiming, "O God, I am shot, I am shot!" Horror-stricken and confused, the guard lay down their arms and retire. The fire is put out; the building entered; the press thrown out of the window, and broken into pieces, while the murdered victim of their fury, unmolested on his rude bed, smiles sweetly upon them.

A number of the mob are apprehended, tried, and pronounced "Not guilty," but the curse cannot be removed from the city. Public meetings are held everywhere, and if one press is silent, many voices speak the praise of the dead and extol his cause. The newspaper press, in tones of thunder, denounces both murderer and mayor. All agree in their admiration of the first American martyr, and in branding the citizens of Alton—those who helped to destroy, and those who would not help to save—with eternal shame and ignominy. It seemed as if the soul of Lovejoy had been shivered into a thousand pieces by his murder, and scattered everywhere, so universal was the enthusiasm. Alas! it subsided too soon to bring about what he lived, prayed, and wrote for—the emancipation of the negro.

The sentiments of Lovejoy upon slavery were strong, his arguments sound, his illustrations apt and vigorous. He at first hesitated to decide in favour of abolition, and strove earnestly, while exposing the sin of slavery, to advocate a gradual emancipation. "Hayti and Southampton," he writes, "have written their lessons of warning in lines of blood." But he found the two impracticable in argument; his fervid nature was so impressed with the miseries and wrongs of the down-trodden African, and the necessity of strenuous efforts to mitigate and remove them, that, after much prayer and forethought, he stood forth for immediate abolition. Throughout the whole of his career, there is a boldness, honesty, and noble heroism that wins our reverence and love; and when we see him undaunted before his persecutors, we are reminded of a Paul before Festus, and a Luther at Worms. Duty was his watchword, and like our own Wellington, his whole life bears witness to its discharge. He was a true and manly Christian, and in this we find the secret of his martyr spirit. His firm religious faith triumphed over all his ardent natural affection, and his wife, "the one string"—to use his own words—"tugging at his heart," he could have left behind without a murmur, rather than have sacrificed what he knew to be eternally right and just.

Such was Lovejoy, a man nobly endowed and brave of heart, from whose history may be learned many a life-lesson, and whose memory it

behoves the friends of justice, truth, and the liberty of the press to cherish Anthony Benezet, in Pennsylvania; and Granville Sharpe, and Wilberforce, in England, had done wonders as philanthropists, in the cause of negro liberty, but Lovejoy has the distinguished honour of being the first uncoloured man who died upon its altar. It would be well if our transatlantic cousins generally, and the northern and southern editors in particular, would remember him, and shrink neither from following his example, nor doing their own duty.

E.

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE.

LOT had no business to be in Sodom. It was such a wicked city, that God burned it off his earth, and rolled the Dead Sea over its ruins. Lot himself narrowly escaped. The angels had enough to do to get him away in time. He was like a brand plucked out of the fire. As it was, he suffered a heavy loss. His married daughters would not leave the place. His wife turned back after she left, and was overwhelmed with the flood of destruction. The two daughters he brought away with him carried Sodom in their hearts.

Our Lord tells us that Sodom was not so bad, in some respects, as Jerusalem. I fear neither of them were worse than our cities. There is enough of wickedness in this city to make it blaze like gunpowder, if the spark of God's judgment were thrown in. We are spared as a city, because God has some precious souls here, that are like salt, restraining the corruption from going to utter dissolution. But there are many Lots with their families, living amidst the wickedness of this city, without fleeing from the wrath to come;—many Lots that were religiously brought up, who have once been much in Abraham's company; but since they have parted with God's people, far from ordinances, forgetful of God, of his day, of his word, listening unmoved to the filthy conversation of the wicked around them, they have sunk deep in the society of Sodom, and are like to perish with the wicked. The fire of hell is as sure to come as the fire of Sodom.

Our Lord tells us to remember Lot's wife. She is among the few women that speak in the Church. She has but one warning word, but she is kept constantly repeating it: "*Our God is a consuming fire.*" She is like the wreck that can still be seen above the waves—the wreck that burned and sunk. This is a word especially for wives and mothers who are living without God in the world. Perhaps, like Lot's wife, they still remember when they set out on the journey with Abraham to the promised land. Perhaps they look back sometimes with tears to the sad day they parted and turned away, and pitched their tent towards Sodom; when they began to love the world, forget their Bible, give up prayer, stay at home, or work or visit on the Sabbath, instead of going to the house of God. Their children have been brought up within sight of wickedness almost every day: they have heard in the street, and at their father's door, the filthy talk of Sodom. I know they may have grieved over this; they may have tried to bring up their children decently; they may not themselves have taken part in all the wickedness around them;—but they have been friends with the wicked, and *not* friends with God; their children are companions with the children of Sodom, and will likely

marry among them, and share their doom. O mothers! how will ye answer God for the children he has given you? What will ye answer your children, when they meet you in the fire? Let me speak a few words more, in order that I may help you to remember Lot's wife.

Remember, she was a religious professor. She was not a heathen. She was not a harlot. She was a decent woman, a dutiful wife, an affectionate mother, a kindly neighbour,—altogether, as we say, a most respectable woman. But she perished after all, with the very worst in Sodom. She did not flee when she was commanded; she did flee, but *not far enough, not long enough*,—she turned back unto perdition.

Remember, she was brought up in a religious family, and had a pious husband. She had truly pious friends. She had a faithful God. Even when her husband was saved, and began to flee, she went a little way with him. Perhaps she went with her husband to warn her sons-in-law, and try to take them with her. O how many have I seen begin well, and end ill! How many have I seen zealous to save others with themselves, who have turned back and never been saved at all!

Remember, she was graciously kept from much evil in Sodom. We are told that Lot's righteous soul was vexed in Sodom. Perhaps he would have left it long ago, if he had not become entangled with family ties. How little did the mother think, when she married her girls, that she was putting their hands into the hand of Death! After all, she could still be counted among those, that although in Sodom, were not altogether *with* Sodom. The misery was, she at last cast in her lot with them. Lot sinned, after all, as she never did; but *Lot fled for refuge*. What a difference between a *lost* sinner and a *saved* sinner!

Remember, God sent deliverance, and she was ALMOST saved. The brand was plucked from the fire, but it burned notwithstanding, and was left to burn. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," is not nearly enough. "I pray thee have me excused," is polite madness. Many get to the door of heaven, but *not till it is shut*.

Remember, how she was lost. **SHE TURNED BACK.** What a conversion was that! Her face would not have turned to Sodom, if her heart was not there all the time. And yet how much could be said for her poor heart—yearning over her daughters and their husbands, and her little grandchildren, that she perhaps loved better than her own children! Yet the fire had no heart and no power to spare when it once reached her. Now in what direction are you turned? Where is your heart looking? Are you lingering on the way to heaven, and looking back? Remember Lot's wife. If *she* was not spared, why do *you* hope? There is no hope rightly held out till you are safe in the Refuge. Haste for your life; tarry not in all the plain. Escape to the mountain lest you be consumed.

Remember, how desolate was her death. She was alone in her misery. Thousands perished in the same fire. Her children suffered the same death. But, O! each was alone. *She* could not run a step to them, nor *they* to her. Nothing was round her but the fire, boiling and hissing like a flood, and falling in thick, blinding showers like rain! And that judgment was eternal. No gospel has ever since been preached to her.

Now this is a very solemn warning for you and me. We must not think that God forgets this city, or does not see the Sodom in it. The angels are now among us, gathering out every man, woman, and child that shall be saved. They are hurrying us to Christ—that eternal moun-

tain that looks down on Sodom with its safe refuge from all the fire. Will you run? Come with us. We will help you as we can. You are troubled, perhaps, with this word to-day; do not let it go. Do not get back into your old peace of mind, which is mere stupidity. Seek the Lord. Cry out for his salvation.

"BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED, AND THY HOUSE.—Acts xvi. 31.

QUOTATIONS FROM LIVING PREACHERS.

"IN HEAVINESS."—While the Christian is prospered outwardly, and contending with spiritual wickedness in high places, he comes suddenly, often, upon great and wounding disappointments, utter reverses, and turnings back of life. Sometimes it is in one's own person, in the form of sickness and pain; sometimes it is long uselessness, in which one is entirely dependent upon others. The natural man revolts at such a condition; but, regarded as the lot which Christ has chosen for him, how easy it becomes! Christ comes to the soul and says, "Wilt thou not take that lot and bear it for my sake, who gave it? Wilt thou not watch with me one hour? Wilt thou stand up in thy disappointments and exhibit my grace by thy contentment, until men shall say, Who hath given this man such power? Wilt thou, restless, zealous man, yield thy limbs to the crutch, or thy back to the pallet for months or years, and with such peacefulness, such gentleness, such patience, such heavenly conversation, such radiant hope, that men shall know of a surety that it is I that give thee such strange and blessed dispositions?" Sometimes Christ asks, "Lovest thou me more than these?" and if we answer, "Yea, Lord," he makes the heart rich by saying, "Feed my lambs! Keep them; fold them; feed them!" But again he comes and says, "Lovest thou me more than these?" "Yea, Lord, thou knowest." Then he stretches forth his hand and takes away the lambs. Beware, O soul! thou art in perilous places! Now, with thy heart aching; now, with thy yearnings that burn like fires; now, with multitudes of memories coming back in suffocating crowds;—now, what wilt thou say to thy Master? Now, when morning comes, but not the lark-like notes that used to waken thee; now, when every room raises remembrances, and fairy faces shine out from every corner and chair; now, when no hand any longer plucks the forbidden buds from the flowers, or carries tiny mischief to thy table or thy work; now, when every child's voice sounds in thine ear like a trumpet, and every little traveller in the street calls up a memory out of the grave;—now, what wilt thou say to thy Master? Christ saith, "O my beloved one! dost thou not know me behind this affliction? Wilt thou not stand forth and let my grace so work upon thee that all men may see that I have delivered thee in this pass—that thy strength is not wilfulness nor sullen firmness, but that it is my hand beneath thee, my arm about thee, and my love within thee, that giveth thee this victory!" To whom the soul replies, "O Master, I can endure all things, if thou wilt go with me; but nothing, nothing can I bear, if thou leavest me!" * * *

Or it may be that we have stored our life and garnered our heart in some companion. Out of loneliness we came into a harmony which made our daily life like a procession of music. Hours flew away, and days and years it may be, in a companionship which left nothing to be desired, and

filled all the deep places of our nature, and wrought wondrous growth in all our inward life; for a true and right loving is to the disposition what summer is to the patient earth. The heart overhangs one's life as the sun overhangs the soil, and ten million flowers cover the surface; and when, by long loving, one comes to have no separate life, but lives double, twining tastes with tastes, thoughts with thoughts, affections with affections until there is no longer a separate and undivided life,—then at length, in the hour of great trial, in the hour of amazement and confounding, one awakes and is alone! Alone! The world is what it was, yet is all changed! Life is struck at its root. All is paralysis. The sun comes up—the same sun—but where is its light? The morning is as fresh, as dewy, as full of bird warbles; but what ails the ear, that none of these sounds enter? and what ails the senses, that none of those influences that used to rejoice have any power? Bright days and dark ones are all alike—day and night are both night. Joy is dead. The soul is dead. Nay, not so. While we stand looking up into heaven, as the disciples did when their Master was caught up, we, like them, see angels in white, who say, “Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?” For, as they have departed, so shall they appear again, in renewed and radiant life. Christ shall give them back to thee. Thou shalt have victory through him.—*H. W. Beecher.*

“HE SAVETH UNTO THE UTTERMOST.”—It is easy to save one who has fallen into the flood some distance above the cataract, where the river, not yet hurrying to the fall, flows placidly on its way. But further down, the difficulty becomes great, every foot further down, the greater; for the current moves with faster speed and growing force, till at length it shoots forward with arrowy flight, and, reaching the brink, leaps headlong into a boiling gulf. Now, away among the mountains, I know such a place, where once three shepherds, brothers, where to leap, as they had often done, from rock to rock, across the narrow chasm through which the swollen waters rushed onward to their fall. Bold mountaineers, and looking with careless eye on a sight which had turned others dizzy, one bounded over like a red deer; another followed—but, alas! his foot slipping on the smoothly treacherous ledge, he staggered, reeled, and falling back, rolled over with a sullen plunge into the jaws of the abyss. Quick as lightning, his brother sprang forward—down to a point—where the waters issue into a more open space, just above the crag, over which they throw themselves into the black, rock-girdled, boiling cavern. There, standing on the verge of death, he eyes the body coming; he bends—his arm is out—thank God, he has him in his powerful grasp. Bravely, brotherly done! Alas! it is done in vain. The third brother, sad spectator of the scene, saw him swept from his slippery footing; and, in their death not divided, as of old they had lain in their childhood, locked in each others arms they went over, horribly whelmed in the depths of the swirling pool. Not so perished our elder Brother, and the thief he stretched out his hand to save. He plucked him from the brink of hell, he saved him on the dizzy edge of the dreadful pit. Poor wretch, ah! he hangs above the gulf; he is half over; just then he turns a dying eye on a dying Saviour, and utters but one cry for help. The arm of mercy seizes him; he is saved; now heaven holds him crowned in glory! What a revelation of Jesus as the express image of him who has power to save at the very uttermost! What an encouragement to you, though the chief of sinners, to cast yourselves at Jesus' feet! Do it. Do it now. May

heaven help you to do it now ! Another moment and you may be beyond the reach of mercy. Another moment may be a whole eternity too late.
—*Guthrie*.

REST IN JESUS.—“No man cometh unto the Father but by Him.” The way, else untrodden and impassable, between earth and heaven, between the region of selfishness and sin and the pure region of eternal calm and rest, Jesus hath consecrated by the shedding of his precious blood, so that all who will may have boldness to enter in. It is no mere local distance, no outward or material obstacle, that separates the sinful soul from its true home and rest in God. If it were, if the “rest that remaineth for the people of God” were only some far-off scene of outward bliss and beauty, Jesus would not be the Saviour we need. A mere mechanical exercise of power, a mere material omnipotence, might translate us from life’s toil and sorrow to such a rest. But not such is the transition we need. No local change could bring us nearer to Him in whom every spirit lives and moves, and has its being. The heaven which God’s presence brings is already in local contiguity to saint and sinner alike. What keeps the sinner out of it is not material but moral barriers : break down these, and heaven’s sweet rest would stream into the spirit. Guilt and sin separate the soul from God as the widest wastes of untravelled space could never separate. Remove these, and the distance is at once annihilated. A purified soul flies instantly, as by an inevitable and resistless affinity, to its rest in the bosom of God. And guilt and sin Jesus alone can remove. From that sense of demerit, that painful consciousness of evil, which makes it terrible for a human soul to face the Infinite Parity, there is no escape but in Him whose blood cleanses from all sin. From that dread selfishness that kills in man’s heart all nobler, diviner affections and aspirations, and makes the sinful soul shrink from God as the diseased eye from light, there is no deliverance but in that mighty Restorer, himself incarnate love, who revives within the heart its lost susceptibilities of goodness. Clothing it with an innocence that is but the reflection of his own, kindling in it a love that is pure as the heaven from whence its fire is caught, Jesus brings the finite soul again into holiest, sweetest union with the Infinite, opens to it heaven’s door and bids it go in and find in God its true joy and rest. Who would not yield the soul into this divine Saviour’s hands ? Who would not listen and respond to the invitation, while still, as of old—infinite pathos in his pleading voice—he offers pardon to the guilty, purity to the defiled, peace, joy, hope, heaven, to the wretched, or that which includes them all—that strange, unearthly blessing—*rest* to the weary and heavy-laden soul ?
—*Rev. John Caird*.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.—It is getting to be a great hope of our time, that society is going to slide into something better by a course of natural progress,—by the advance of education, by great public reforms, by courses of self-culture and philanthropic practice. We have a kind of new gospel that corresponds ; a gospel which preaches not so much a faith in God’s salvation as a faith in human nature ; an attenuated, moralising gospel, that proposes development, not regeneration ; showing men how to grow better, how to cultivate their amiable instincts, how to be rational in their own light and govern themselves by their own power. Sometimes it is given as the true problem, how to reform the shape and reconstruct the style of their heads ; and even this it is expected they will certainly be able to do ! Alas ! that we are taken, or can be, with so great

folly ! How plain it is that no such gospel meets our wants ! What can it do for us but turn us away, more and more fatally, from that gospel of the Son of God, which is our only hope ? Man as a ruin, going after development, and progress, and philanthropy, and social culture, and, by this fire-fly glimmer, to make a day of glory ! And this is the doctrine that proposes shortly to restore society, to settle the passion, regenerate the affection, re-glorify the thought, fill the aspiration of a desiring and disjointed world ! As if any being but God had power to grapple with these human disorders ; as if man, or society, crazed and maddened by the demoniacal frenzy of sin, were going to rebuild the state of order, and reconstruct the shattered harmony of nature, by such kind of desultory counsel and unsteady application as it can manage to enforce in its own cause ; going to do this miracle by its science, its compacts, and self-executed reforms ! As soon will the desolations of Karnac gather up their fragments and reconstruct the proportions out of which they have fallen. No, it is not progress, not reforms, that are wanted, as any principal thing. Nothing meets our case but to come unto God and be healed by him ; to be born of God, and so, by his regenerative power, to be set in heaven's own order. He alone can rebuild the ruin, he alone set up the glorious temple of the mind ; and those divine affinities in us that raven with immortal hunger—he alone can satisfy them in the bestowment of himself.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

PRAYER FOR MINISTERS.—How vast the range of blessing your prayers may take ! Who can tell the history or trace the wanderings of yon cloud that sails in light and glory across the sky, or indicate from what source its bosom was filled with the vapours it is yet to shed back upon the earth ? Perhaps, though now wandering over the tilled field and the peopled village, its stores were drawn from some shaded fountain in the deep forest, where the eye of man has scarce ever penetrated. In silent obscurity that fountain yielded its pittance, and did its work of preparing to bless the far-off lands that shall yet be glad for it. And even thus it is with the descending Spirit. Little do we know often of the secret origin of the dews of blessing that descend on the churches of God. In the recesses of some lowly cottage, in the depths of some humble heart, may be going on the work of pious intercession ; in answer to which the grace of Heaven descends on us and on our children, on the labours of the wondering and joyful pastor, and on the hearts of the far heathen, until the wilderness and the solitary place are glad for them. The time is to come when from every home, brethren, such prayer shall arise. Let us sustain and swell, in our day, the ascending volume of supplication that is yet to roll around the globe, and never to fail, until over a world regenerated and purified the morning stars shall again shout for joy, and the earth, emerging from her long and disastrous eclipse of sin and wrath, shall yet again walk the heavens in her unsullied brightness—a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Till then we have no reason, no right, to intermit our supplications ; and it is only when, in the final accomplishment of David's prayer, his greater Son shall have come to reign king over all lands, and to have dominion from sea to sea—it is not until that prayer shall have been made for him continually, and he shall daily have been praised, that the believer remaining on earth will be warranted to adopt to his own lips the touching and triumphant close appended to the supplications of the crowned Singer of Israel.—“THE PRAYERS OF DAVID THE SON OF JESSE ARE ENDED.”—*W. R. Williams, D.D.*

Poetry.

DIES IRÆ (DAY OF WRATH).

God takes our dearest,—ever so ;
The reason why, we cannot know ;
Helpless He leaves us, crushed with woe.

“ Oh, Father ! anything but this ;
Oh ! blot not our life’s sole bliss,—
So cry we ; yet we pray amiss.

For answer comes not to the prayer,—
No word, no comfort anywhere ;
And we lie struck with mute despair.

To see our *dearest* pass away ;
To know we cannot bid him stay ;
To feel our loss grow, day by day ;—

Oh ! ’tis the sharpest pang of pain
That He to mortals doth ordain ;
The bitterest cup our lips must drain.

Ne’er was, nor shall be, human heart,
But it must bear that bitter smart,—
Must with its own, its *dearest*, part.

The idol set up on the throne
Where God should be, and God alone,—
The idol must be overthrown.

“ Father,” from out the depth doth rise,
“ Ask of me other sacrifice,—
This thing is dearest in my eyes.”

He seems as if He heard thee not,
Yet is no child by him forgot,
No loneliness where He is not.

Yet is He *Father*, and would bind
Thee nearer to Him, heart and mind ;
His chastisements are ever kind.

Thy Dies Iræ, dark and drear,
Shall open out in sunlight clear,—
Though cloud-veiled, still the sun is near.

Thy love so true may meet with scorn ;
Thy friend may leave thy heart forlorn ;
Thy darling from thy home be borne !—

Yet love, in every day of dread,
Is shining, sun-like, over-head ;—
Thou shalt have blessing from thy dead !

ANON.

THE SABBATH.

When fiercest storms have spent their wrath,
And God’s bright arrows have gone forth ;
And thunders loud have ceased :
How sweet to see the cloudless sky !
And landscape in the sunshine lie,—
To every eye a feast !

So when the world’s six days are o’er ;
Their cares, their toil, their din no more,
How sweet the Sabbath day !
Far from our minds all worldly thoughts,
With joy we tread God’s hallow’d courts,—
To feast, adore, and pray !

Oh ! welcome day ; Oh ! happy day ;
Bright type of blest eternity,
Sweet earnest of it too !
Thy sacred quiet soothes the soul ;
Thy holy hours with blessings roll ;
Thou bringest heaven to view !

The King keeps open house to-day,
And feasts His guests right royally,
With “ fat things, milk, and wine :”
“ Eat, Oh ! my friends,” to all His cry,
And “ drink, yea drink abundantly”—
“ Welcome to fare divine.”

We bless Thee for the banquet, Lord ;
The rich provisions of Thy board
Revive each fainting soul ;
Strengthened by such sustaining food,
May we press on the heavenly road,
And reach the blissful goal.

Then, in the upper “ inner” court,
Lord, we shall worship as we ought,
In the great Sabbath day !
And feast upon celestial fruits ;
And join in heaven’s high pursuits
Throughout eternity.

Bourne.

J. SMITH.

ANNIVERSARIES OF RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—On Tuesday morning, May 3rd, the annual meeting of this Society was held at Exeter Hall. The Earl of Chichester occupied the chair. The report stated that the income of the Society was rising, and had amounted during the past year to £122,088. That was the largest amount of income which the Society had ever received, excepting that of last year, of which it fell short by £8,698, but last year there was an extraordinary donation to the extent of £10,000. The sum of £24,287 had also been raised for the Special Indian Fund. The number of missionaries actually employed at the present time were not more than it was last year; but there was a large number of candidates in course of preparation for the missionary work, amongst whom were fifteen young men from Cambridge. The report referred to Sierra Leone, where all was prospering in connection with the mission, and the only painful fact was, that the Roman Catholics had a bishop, a number of priests, and several sisters of mercy, and, presuming on the toleration of our Government, had taken up a position, and established schools, although the Protestant Mission was fully adequate for the wants of the colony. But, while the Roman Catholics took advantage of our toleration, at Fernando Po, they had turned out the Protestant missionary, and forbidden the exercise of the Protestant religion in the island. The report then referred to the opening of a mission at Lucknow, and the provision of ministers for three native congregations. An independent native church had been formed of Christian fugitives, who had assembled on the estates of Christian gentlemen during the revolt. The gentlemen invited them to settle there as agriculturists, and they had done so, being joined from time to time by other native Christians, and thus an interesting native Christian community had been formed, and the Society had supplied them with an ordained native catechist. Various native communities would probably be formed in different parts of India on similar principles. The condition of the missions to the Santhals was reported as being highly prosperous, the most encouraging account having been received. The missionary who had been sent to Lucknow, met with a most cordial reception from the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Montgomery, and on the 24th September, the eve of the anniversary of the death of Havelock, the mission was fully inaugurated. The

report then went on to give interesting details of the work among the Affghans. With respect to Southern India and Ceylon, it stated that more than 100,000 persons had abandoned idolatry and were gathered into congregations, for the purpose of receiving Christian instruction; 65,000 persons had been baptized into the name of Christ; more than 15,000 persons had been received as communicants; more than 500 natives, exclusive of schoolmasters, were employed in imparting Christian instruction to their fellow-countrymen, and they were generally devoted and successful, in their labours. More than 41,000 boys and 11,000 girls were under instruction. In China, the prospects of the mission were very encouraging, according to the report of the Bishop of Victoria; but the right reverend prelate regretted that the opium question was kept out of sight. The converts made in this mission were very intellectual, and seemed fitting at once to instruct their countrymen. The strongest hopes were entertained for the future of China in consequence of the influence which was now being exercised upon that wonderful nation, by the free circulation of the Sacred Scriptures and Christian teaching. New Zealand was the subject of gratitude for the past, but of anxiety for the future. The report then referred to the missions in North America, and spoke of encouragements amid difficulties. It was hoped that the red man might yet be saved by means of an open Bible, native agency, and prayer. The following are the statistics of the missions of the Society:

	1856.	1857.	1858.	1859.
Stations ...	128	136	138	141
Clergymen: English	119	122	130	132
Foreigners	54	50	50	49
Natives and East				
Indians ...	30	46	47	51
Total number of				
Clergymen	203	218	227	232
European Laymen, Schoolmasters, Lay Agents, Printers, &c.	...	...	...	37
European Female Teachers (exclusive of Missionaries' Wives)	...	...	...	12
Native and Country-born Catechists and Teachers of all classes	...	...	...	2,100
Number of Communicants (1856), 18,730; (1857), 18,787; (1858), 18,371; (1859), 18,560				
From the finance account it appeared that the total income of the Society was £146,376 9s. 1d.: the receipts for the				

Special Indian Fund were £49,005 8s. 2d., which, after all expenditure for the object of the fund, left a disposable balance of £41,097 8s. 2d. A letter from Sir John Lawrence was read, apologising for absence, and accepting the office of Vice-President of the Society, which they had urged on him to accept. He enclosed a check for £50 as his contribution to the funds of the Society.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

—The 57th anniversary of this society was held May 4th, in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was supported by the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Bishop of Cashel, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, the Hon. A. Kinnaid, Sir Culling Eardley, Mr. T. Farmer, Mr. J. Thornton, the Revs. N. M'Leod, W. M. Pnushon, W. Arthur, J. Stoughton, F. Tucker, &c. The noble chairman, in opening the proceedings, said, that on every succeeding meeting of the society he was more and more impressed with the solemn magnitude of its importance—not of the reality of that importance, but of its singular adaptation to the times and circumstances of the present day. He desired, in the first place, to refer to the importance of obtaining, from the ruling powers of this country, an affirmation which should remove the ban of exclusion which now rested upon the Word of God (cheers)—the decree of non-admission, whether actual or virtual, of the Bible into the schools established in India, by public money. This was a very simple and clear request. They asked no more, and they would be satisfied with no less. He next referred to the state of things on the Continent, and said he had never concealed his sympathies upon the subject. He might not have alluded to them, however, upon this occasion, had not the letter which he had addressed to the editors of some of the public papers been grievously misrepresented, and his consistency as the president of that society somewhat called in question. He was charged with defending, by implication, at least, the conduct of the Emperor of the French, in the strictures which he had made upon the conduct of Austria. He denied that any just inference of the kind could be deduced from that letter. He had intentionally avoided all mention of the Emperor of the French in that letter. If any one would take the trouble to read the letter he would see that he (the Chairman) had shown that it was a contrast between the empire of Austria and the kingdom of Sardinia, between merit and demerit, weakness and strength,

liberty of conscience and the intolerable servitude of the Austrian Concordat. He mainly pressed the claims which Sardinia had on our sympathy. If he had been called upon to say anything in favour of the Emperor of the French, it would be that the Word of God had free circulation throughout the whole of his empire. He (the chairman) had not made that appeal to the friends of religious liberty without meeting, already, with a response from the Continent. Immediately upon the arrival of his letter at Turin, the pastor Meille, of the Waldensian Church, called together his congregation and offered up special prayer for the welfare of the Government under which he lived, and of the English people who had expressed their sympathy in its cause; and he (the chairman) maintained that it was no small thing for the kingdom of Sardinia, to enjoy the prayers of such a church, and that it was equally good for England to enjoy its prayers. He believed that God would not forget Sardinia in the hour of her necessity, for the protection she had given to that ancient and persecuted church; and it was the privilege and duty of English Christians to send the Bible freely into that country. There did not exist a body of men more eager to receive the Scriptures than the Piedmontese soldiers. Let them pour the Word of God freely upon that land, and they would yet realize the prophecy of Bishop Latimer, and light such a candle in Italy as, by the blessing of God, should never be put out. The secretary then read the annual report, from which it appeared that the receipts of the year had exceeded those of any preceding year, exclusive of special funds. The amount applicable to the general purposes of the society was £78,047 1s., and the amount received for Bibles and Testaments £76,859 5s. 1d., making the total receipts, from the ordinary sources of income, £154,906 6s. 1d., being £5,597 19s. more than in any former year. To the above was added the sum of £823 17s. 6d. for the Chinese New Testament Fund, and £4,332 15s. 9d. for the Special Fund for India, making a grand total of £160,062 19s. 4d. The issues of the society for the year were as follows:—From the dépôt at home, 989,287; from dépôts abroad, 636,698—1,625,985 copies, being an increase of 23,798 copies over those of any preceding year. The total issues of the society amounted to 35,609,931 copies. The ordinary payments had amounted to £153,590 7s. 9d., and the payments on account of the Jubilee and Chinese New Testament Funds to £5,052 7s. 3d., making

the total expenditure of the year £168,642 15s., being £5,465 10s. 4d. more than in any former year. The society was under engagements to the extent of £87,576 16s. 9d. On the motion of the Bishop of London, seconded by the Rev. Dr. McLeod, the report was adopted unanimously. Among the remaining speakers were the Bishop of Carlisle, the Rev. Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Josiah Foster. Several resolutions having been agreed to, the proceedings terminated in the usual manner.

LONDON CITY MISSION.—On Thursday, May 5th, the 24th annual meeting of the friends of this Society was held in Exeter Hall; Mr. J. Pemberton Plumptree in the chair. Mr. Garwood, secretary to the Society, read the report of the committee, from which it appeared that during the past year the income of the Society amounted to £35,798., being an increase of £3,567 over the income of the preceding year. This was the largest increase yet received in any single year, and one which, as it arose from an increase in the receipts from Associations, might be considered to be of a permanent character. In addition to this £568 12s. 6d. had been received for the Disabled Missionary Fund. It was stated at the last anniversary of the Society that the expenditure of that year had exceeded the income, but the committee now reported with thankfulness that the receipts and expenditure had been equalised, and the increase in the funds had enabled the committee to make an addition of twelve missionaries to the former staff, and six others would be appointed as soon as they could be found. This would make the present number 362, which, when the vacant districts had been filled up would be increased to 368. Missionaries had been appointed to the St. Pancras Workhouse, and to the East and West India Docks. By the efforts of the missionaries 1,247 persons have been added to the Church during the year, giving an accession of more than 100 communicants by means of the Society to every monthly sacrament. The number of families regularly visited was 211,811; of visits paid, 1,670,223; of Scriptures given away 3,899; of religious tracts given away, 2,401,346; of books lent, 62,186; of meetings and Bible classes held, 35,898; of readings of Scripture in visitation, 541,298; of adults induced to attend public worship, 4,115; of children sent to schools, 10,479; of unmarried couples induced to marry, 332. There had been a meeting of cabmen recently held, at which a resolution was come to, that

measures should be taken for the establishment of reading rooms, of a provident fund, of a penny bank, and of Sunday services. A deputation of twelve of the meeting waited upon one of the missionaries of the Society for aid in carrying out these objects, and a committee had been formed, and a room opened for the purpose by Lord Shaftesbury. The first Sunday evening meeting was conducted sometime since by the author of "English Hearts and English Homes," and the meeting was attended by large numbers of cab-drivers, desirous of improving their condition, physical, moral, and religious. The Earl of Cavan moved, and the Rev. J. Patterson seconded the adoption of the report, which was agreed to unanimously. Other resolutions expressing the objects of the Society and its claims upon public support, were afterwards proposed and carried, and the proceedings terminated by a vote of thanks to the chairman.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The annual meeting of this institution was held on Thursday evening, May 5th, at Exeter Hall, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, in the chair, and was very numerously attended. In the report read by the secretary (Mr. W. H. Watson) it was stated that the claims made on the committee for grants of lending libraries had much increased, but had been cheerfully met. The number of libraries granted had amounted to 304. The schools thus assisted contained 60,745 scholars, of whom 37,903 were Scripture readers. The libraries supplied would have cost at the retail prices £1,878 16s. 9d. but the schools only paid the sum of £638 18s. 9d. for them. The total number of such libraries granted to the present time amounted to £4,252. The sales in fifteen months amounted to £18,455 3s., showing an increase of £3,000 over the sales of the corresponding period previously; and, as so large an addition to the business of the Union rendered an augmentation of the capital indispensable, the committee had resolved to appropriate to that purpose the sum of £750 out of the profits of the year. The report was adopted, and several resolutions bearing on the object of the Union were subsequently passed.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.—The sixtieth annual meeting of this Society was held on Friday evening, May 6th, at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Lord Kinnaird. Mr. G. H. Davis, the secretary, read a brief abstract of the report, which stated that the present year completed the sixth decade of the Society's existence; and in the review of

its course increased evidence was furnished both of the admirable adaptation of the institution to the changing events of successive periods of time, and of its progressive character. After noticing the Society's prize essays for the working classes, its resistance of Romish oppression, its connection with Lord's day observance, book-hawking, emigration, &c., it proceeded to give a variety of interesting particulars connected with the Christian press in various parts of the world. Numerous tracts were announced as having been printed during the year, besides volumes and other publications of a useful character adapted for adults and the young in different ranks of life. Upwards of thirteen millions of tracts and more than five millions of handbills had been put into circulation in twelve months while the annual issue of periodicals had exceeded eleven millions. The total number of new publications amounted to 292, and the issues from the depository were 37,174,843, making the total for fifty-nine years 819,000,000. The attention of the friends of the Society was directed to the large report for a detailed account of tract distribution in Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, the Mediterranean, Turkey, Palestine, the East Indies, Ceylon, China, North America, the South Seas, and the West Indies. The benevolent income was £9,033., while the grants were £12,801. The legacies amounted to £2,028., the sales of the year to £76,223., and the total receipts to £97,898. The report concluded with an appeal for increased support, on the grounds of the great work in which the Society was engaged, and the openings presented in the Divine Providence for the diffusion of Christian truth. On the motion of the Rev. Canon Miller, seconded by the Rev. John Graham, the report was adopted unanimously.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.—The 15th annual meeting of this Society was held on Monday evening, May 9th in Exeter Hall, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. In opening the proceedings, the noble chairman congratulated the meeting on the position at present attained by the Ragged School movement. There were now 23,000 children in the schools, 160 edifices, 369 paid teachers, 360 paid monitors, 4,000 children in the industrial classes, and 326 shoe blacks, whose earnings amounted to about £4,000. During the last year 1,740 scholars had been put out to domestic service or other employment, and 568 had been rewarded for

having continued 12 months in the same situation, and brought certificates of good character. His lordship expressed his conviction that but for the efforts of the promoters of Ragged Schools, London could not now be kept in order by the largest standing army; yet he believed that no class, when properly cared for, would yield a larger harvest of honest, sober, moral citizens than the inmates of these schools. He regretted that the number of voluntary teachers had fallen off, and appealed to the friends of the movement to give their personal attendance and assistance at the schools. The report, read by the honorary secretary, Mr. Locke, gave a variety of details, in addition to those mentioned by the chairman, respecting the results of the past year's operations. The total sums raised by the various schools and refuges during the last year was stated to be £28,600, in addition to £4,640 the receipts of the Union, making a total of £33,240. The penny banks in connection with the schools were 64 in number, and had received during the year £4,300. In one school a farthing bank had been established, in which 96 boys had deposited £12, all collected in farthings. The report was unanimously adopted, and resolutions commending the Society's operations were agreed to by the meeting.

CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION SOCIETY.—The annual meeting was held on Tuesday evening, May 3rd at the Poultry Chapel, the Lord Mayor, in the chair. It appeared from the report that there are now seventy-five self supporting auxiliaries to the Society. Last March printed papers were circulated by the Society, among the Congregational and Baptist churches of London, asking for statistical returns in reference to Christian instruction work, with a view to its methodizing and increase. Out of seventy-five Associations, only twenty-two made returns. They possess 491 visitors, and have under their care 11,558 families, giving an average to each church of 525 families. They had been instrumental in prevailing upon 290 persons regularly to attend the house of God, and had relieved 1,241 distressed persons. Now, there were in and around London 311 Congregational and Baptist churches; if, therefore, each of these churches visited the families round about them in the same ratio as the twenty-two, and God blessed their efforts in the same measure—and who shall say He would not?—there would then be under the care of these two Christian bodies 163,275 families, or one-fourth of the families of the metropolis, and they would be the

means of inducing 5,000 persons to attend the house of God additional every year. It appeared from the financial statement that the year was begun with £226 in hand, that that sum was increased to £381 17s. 1d. and that there is now a balance in hand of £146. Addresses were delivered by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Charles Reed, the Rev. W. Tyler, Rev. J. H. Wilson, of Aberdeen, Rev. W. O'Neil, Rev. F. Willis, Rev. Mr. Madgin, Rev. R. Ashton, Rev. S. March, and Mr. Woodhouse.

CHRISTIAN VERNACULAR EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR INDIA.—The first annual meeting of this Society took place on Tuesday afternoon, May 17th, at the Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen-street, London. The Lord Bishop of Ripon, Sir John Lawrence, Bart., G.C.B., and J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., who were announced as speakers in support of the Society, were all unfortunately absent from illness. Sir John Lawrence, in his letter, intimating that his medical advisers had strictly prohibited his attendance, enclosed £10 as his contribution, for the year 1859. There was a numerous gathering of the friends of the Society. The Hon. Arthur F. Kinnaird, M.P., occupied the chair. The secretary read the report. The object of the Society was to aid in giving a Christian education to the 180,000,000 of our fellow-subjects in India, by training teachers and preparing Christian books in the mother tongue for the use of the natives of India. The report stated that an arrangement had been made with the secretaries of the Church, Wesleyan, London, Baptist, and Moravian Missionary Societies, to select a certain number of their best established schools in various parts of India, as Vernacular Training Institutions. In virtue of this arrangement such institutions will be open to pupils of good character who may be willing to avail themselves of the training afforded there, at the charge of the Christian Vernacular Education Society, irrespective of their religious sentiments, on the honourable understanding, in the case of Christians of different denominations, that no influence is to be used prejudicial to the interests of any particular society or denomination. By thus working through existing agencies, the Society will be enabled, without any delay, to set in motion a very extensive machinery for providing a native agency, and will, at

the same time, draw closer the bonds of Christian love and co-operation throughout the missions and the future native Christian churches of India. The Bishop of Cashel, the Rev. C. Knox, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Hon. and Rev. B. Noel, and the Rev. W. Arthur, were the speakers.

CHINESE EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY.—

The annual meeting of this Society was held on Friday, May 20th, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street. Sir Culling E. Eardley, Bart., presided. The business of the meeting was opened by a speech of the chairman, of a highly interesting and impressive character, after which the report was read by Mr. J. A. Merrington, one of the honorary secretaries. The report alluded particularly to the beneficial results which have followed the labours of the medical missionaries connected with the Society, and also the importance of promoting a native agency. The Rev. Dr. Legge, of the London Missionary Society, then addressed the meeting, in doing which he expressed an earnest desire and hope that before long, the Protestant Church would be as much alive to missionary operations as the Romish Church. He alluded to the fact that there was a family of four young men, the sons of an Italian nobleman, who had given themselves up entirely to the work of the mission in China, two of whom are still labouring there, the other two having died while engaged in the work. Dr. de la Porte, a missionary from China, bore a very warm and hearty testimony to the value of the labours of one of the medical missionaries connected with the Society, whom he described as spending and being spent in the great and arduous work of the mission. Dr. Hirschbeg, formerly a missionary in China, bore testimony to the value of medical missionaries of the class which this Society usually sends out. The chairman stated that a proposal had been made by a gentleman in Denmark, much interested in missions to China, that a conference should be held of those who are engaged in labouring in that country, for the purpose of devising the best means of carrying on operations there. After some discussion it was agreed to leave the matter in the hands of the chairman and the secretaries. The proceedings of the meeting, which were of a very interesting and encouraging character, were closed by prayer.

THE ANNUAL ASSOCIATION.

THE Ninetieth Annual Association of the New Connexion of the General Baptists was held on the 20th of June, and the three following days, in the Baptist Chapel, St. Mary's-gate, Derby. The majority of the General Baptist churches being in the midland counties, and the weather proving propitious, great numbers availed themselves of the opportunity of renewing their christian and fraternal intercourse; and the various public services and meetings for the transaction of connexional business were well attended.

On Monday evening, June 20th, a devotional meeting was held, to implore the Divine blessing on the engagements of the ensuing week. Revs. T. Barrass, of Peterboro', T. D. Matthias, of Halifax, G. Hester, of Long Sutton, H. Ollard, F.S.A., (Independent) of Derby, and T. Watts, of Wisbeach, took part in the religious exercises. The occasion was one of peculiar spiritual refreshment and profit.

On Tuesday morning, June 21, after the appointment of Rev. G. Cheatle, of Birmingham, and W. Newman, Esq., of Louth, as moderators, Rev. W. Orton, of Louth, and Rev. T. Gill, of Melbourne, as assistant secretaries, the chairman, Rev. J. Burns, D.D., of London, delivered his opening address. After presenting his christian salutation to the brethren assembled, he insisted that these yearly gatherings ought not to come and pass away without leaving traces of their being and influence upon us. "They are," he said, "so many milestones indicating our annual progress, so many halting places in our upward path to the city of the heavenly Jerusalem." He then very impressively alluded to the striking changes and ever fresh aspects which distinguish each successive Association, admonishing us, not only that the fashion of the world, but the scenes of the churches, are passing away. Since his connection with the General Baptists in 1836, he stated, that forty-eight ministers had finished their course at home, and two missionaries abroad. Especial allusion was made to the recent decease of the Rev. J. Goadby, of Loughborough, whose learning and talents had been interwoven with the monthly periodical of the denomination for so many years. After referring to these losses, the chairman continued, "But the rock of our salvation, the Head of the Church ever liveth, and is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Well may we take up the

memorable saying of one of the sainted founders of another section of the church, The best of all, "God is with us." "We have His gospel in our pulpits, His Spirit in our churches, His gracious presence with us this day in our Association." He then very happily explained what he considered should be the great object of these annual gatherings. "It is well known, he said, "that we meet, not to legislate for the government of the churches; recognising as we do the thorough independence of each congregation. We meet, not to establish priestly power or lordly authority, being believers in the one priesthood and divine authority of the Lord Jesus, and in the common equality and fraternity of of all christian brethren. We meet, not for mere sectarian glorification, as though we were holier than the other tribes of the Lord's spiritual Israel; for nowhere would the benediction be more heartily pronounced than here, 'Grace be withall who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' As brethren in common with independent Christian churches, we assemble for mutual Christian intercourse, for mutual counsel, and for united co-operation—more especially for sustaining and extending the public institutions of the churches, such as missions to the heathen, and among our home population, and in the education of young men for the exercise of the Christian ministry. Other objects may be mentioned as including general sympathy with each other, and counsel and aid, as far as practicable, to the weaker churches, and that we may take decided action in the great moral, and ecclesiastical, and benevolent questions of the day." The chairman then proceeded to show that the Association ought to tell in a threefold respect for good: on those convened together, in exciting and promoting Christian love and sympathy; on the town and churches where the meeting is held, that the influence of each minister and representative there be felt for good, and the savour of it remain behind him; and on the churches represented by their respective ministers and deputies, which ought to receive some reflex influence for good from our Associations. Important counsel was given in conclusion on the exhibition in all our meetings of Christian courtesy and kindness. The address, of which we have given only a sketch, was powerful and effective, and in every way suited to the occasion.

One of the most interesting circum-

stances connected with the meeting on Tuesday morning was, the introduction to the associated brethren of Mr. Thomas Cooper, the Chartist poet, and now celebrated lecturer on Christianity. He was presented to the meeting by his friend and fellow-townsmen, Rev. J. F. Winks, with whose church he has lately united. His reception was cordial and sympathetic, the whole assembly simultaneously rising. Mr. Cooper was overwhelmed by the feeling manifested on his behalf, and with deep emotion, responded in an address which touched every heart and drew tears from every eye. The Rev. H. Hunter then offered a most fervent and appropriate prayer, that his connection with the denomination might prove a mutual blessing, and that he might long be preserved to maintain and defend the faith which he had once sought to destroy.

On Tuesday evening a large meeting was held on behalf of the General Baptist Home Missionary Society, W. Newman, Esq., of Louth, in the chair. The Rev. E. Bott, of Barton, prayed, and the chairman delivered an appropriate address on "The claims of our home population upon Christian efforts." The several reports of the Yorkshire, Derby and Castle Donington, Eastern, Nottingham and Loughborough, and the Cheshire districts of the Home Mission, were presented by Revs. R. Ingham, of Halifax, T. Gill, of Melbourne, T. Barrass, of Peterboro', Thos. Hill, Esq., of Nottingham, and Rev. J. Maden, of Macclesfield, after which, Rev. H. Hunter read the report of the general Home Missionary Committee. From these reports it appeared that valuable assistance had been rendered to the various stations and churches connected with the Society at Todmorden, Leeds, Holbeach, Peterboro', Sheffield, and other places. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Rev. W. Gray, of Ashby, Mr. Thos. Cooper, and Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M. A., of Nottingham, classical tutor of our college. The spirit-stirring address of Mr. Thos. Cooper, in which he gave some reasons for his recent union with the General Baptist body, and urged, in the strongest terms, the necessity and importance of Home Missionary efforts, was listened to with marked attention, and produced a powerful effect.

On Wednesday, the College Committee assembled after breakfast. The attendance was good, and the business important. At eleven o'clock the public service began. Rev. I. Preston, of Chesbam, read and prayed; and Rev. J. Harecourt, of London, preached the Association ser-

mon from Acts ii. 47. The sermon, which was on the subject of the revival of religion, and Christian progress in our churches, was well adapted to the occasion; and it is hoped that the gracious effect of it will be long remembered and felt. In the evening, the annual Foreign Missionary Meeting was held, J. Heard, Esq., of Nottingham, in the chair. Very warm and excellent addresses were delivered by Rev. I. Preston, of Chesbam, Rev. I. Stubbins, recently returned from Orissa; Mr. Thos. Cooper, Rev. W. Jones, of Sacheverell-street, Derby, and our other missionary brethren, Revs. H. Wilkinson, and W. Miller. The attendance was very large, and the interest excited afresh in all hearts in our mission, deep, and we hope, abiding.

On Thursday morning, at six o'clock, a special public service was conducted by Mr. Cooper. After an able exposition of the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, he preached a forcible and impressive sermon from the last verse of the chapter. On the morning of the same day, various important business was transacted. After the report of the Academy and the Hymn Book Committee, the report from the brethren appointed to confer on the future of this Magazine, was given. An animated and good tempered discussion ensued; at the close of which, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—"That the Association accept the offer of the Rev. J. J. Goadby, to conduct the Magazine for the ensuing year on the same terms as the late Editor; and that the Secretary of the Foreign Mission be the Editor of the Missionary Observer." Mr. J. Liggins, of London, then read the annual circular letter "On the Relations of Professing Christians to the State or Civil Government." The reading of the letter occupied more than an hour, and excited a long but friendly discussion on the principles therein enunciated. The letter displayed great power of thought and high literary excellence. It is difficult to give even a synopsis of the whole. Perhaps the closing sentences of the paper will serve to indicate its general tone and purport. "We have endeavoured," said the writer, "to place clearly before you the great leading principle by which your conduct in relation to the state, as in all other relations, should be regulated; and by reference to some prominent aspects of Christian citizenship, to indicate how that principle should be carried into practical effect. You will all agree that the question is one of immense importance to every individual Christian, to the church, and to the community at large; and that

by the general body of professors, it has been by far too lightly regarded. We are satisfied that a simple and faithful adherence to the authority of Christ, on the part of his professed followers, with regard to the affairs of Government, could not fail to produce an impression on the minds of the ungodly, as to the majestic, unselfish, purity of the gospel morality, of which at present we can form no adequate idea. May we indulge the hope that a closer allusion to the subject than you have been accustomed to give it may, under the Divine blessing, conduce to this result? It would, of course, be idle to expect that the supreme law of unquestioning obedience to the will of the Master should be carried out in the political conduct of those who do not faithfully observe it in the common transactions of their daily life. To how great an extent that law is dishonoured by professors of religion is matter of standing complaint, and deep lamentation and sorrow, among the true disciples of the Saviour. In proportion as the members of our churches, in their private relations, stand manifestly free from all worldly contamination, will they be prepared to act in a manner, consistent with their profession in their public capacity. Personal holiness is the essential requisite in both departments, the devotion, in grateful love, of the entire man to Him who gave himself for us."

During the Association, the various reports from the churches were read, from which it appeared that the number of

members at present connected with the denomination is 19,362, and the clear increase during the year 602.

The following, among other subjects, engaged the attention of the assembled brethren; a memorial in favour of the abolition of the Bible monopoly, agreed to; the National Society for Aged and Infirm Baptist Ministers, after its objects were explained by Rev. Jos. Burton, of Birmingham recommended to the ministers and churches;* a petition to Parliament, in favour of Mr. Dilwyn's Endowed Schools Bill, adopted; and monument, at the suggestion of the Foreign Missionary Society, to be erected in the Derby cemetery, over the mortal remains of the late Rev. J. G. Pike.

The sittings of the Association were closed on Thursday evening. The meetings were very numerous attended throughout, and the Association was regarded, both by the chairman and all present, as the most harmonious ever yet held. A spirit of Christian concession and charity pervaded the discussions, and the hallowed influence shed forth by the devotional services impressed all hearts alike.

The next Association will be held at Wisbeach, Rev. W. Orton, of Louth, and Mr. Thomas Cooper, to preach, and Rev. J. Salisbury to write the letter to the churches.

* Mr. Burton desires us to remind those ministers wishing to unite with this Society, of the desirableness and advantages of entering during the present month.—ED.

THE BIBLE IN INDIA.

LORD STANLEY, in his recent despatch of April 7th, 1859, says that all the measures of Government "have been based on the principle of perfect religious neutrality," and "on the exclusion of religious teaching from the Government schools. As a necessary part of this policy, the Holy Scriptures have been excluded from the course of teaching; but the Bible has a place in the school libraries, and the pupils are at liberty to study it, and to obtain instruction from their Masters as to its facts and doctrines, *out of school hours*, if they expressly desire it." "The proclamation of Her Majesty, on assuming the direct control of the Government of India, plainly declared, that no interference with the religion of the people, or with their habits and usages, was to take place. Now, though in this country there might seem but a slight difference between the liberty enjoyed by the pupils to consult their teachers *out of*

school hours, with regard to the teaching of the Bible, and the formation of a class for affording such instruction *in school hours* to such as might choose to attend it, it is to be feared, that the change would seem by no means a slight one to the natives of India, and that the proposed measure might, in a political point of view, be objectionable and dangerous, as tending to shake the confidence of the native community in the assurances of a strict adherence to past policy in respect to religious neutrality, which Her Majesty has been pleased to put forth." "Her Majesty's Government are unable, therefore, to sanction any modification of the rule of strict religious neutrality as it has hitherto been enforced in the Government schools."

Religious Neutrality is quite a different thing from *complete Toleration*. The latter is a wise, just, intelligible, and perfectly feasible policy. The former, in India,

is simply impossible. We cannot, even if we wished it, be absolutely "neutral" in dealing with the religions of India; for they are so intimately blended with false science, and false morality, that we cannot teach the simplest lessons of true science and true morality, without contradicting the false science and ethics of their religious books, and so far far proving the religions themselves to be false. We have thus already infringed "neutrality" by the secular instruction in Geography, Astronomy, and Physics, which has sapped all faith in the native religions; and we have done so still more by a course of legislation which has interfered with the sacred laws of Caste, Inheritance, and Re-marriage of Widows, and has rendered punishable many rites and usages, such as Suttee, the Saugor and Meria sacrifices, and Dhurna, which are not only sanctioned, but are even represented as meritorious by the native religion.

Upon what ground do we thus interfere with religious usages? We cannot plead to a Hindoo, as Lord Stanley would suggest, that we act upon abstract principles of justice and humanity antecedent to all existing forms of belief. The proper reason for a Christian nation to assign for thus introducing a new standard of right and wrong is, that

the practices so rendered punishable are condemned by God's Word. It is only upon this ground that Government can properly come between a Hindoo and his performance of acts which he, far from considering criminal and inhuman, believes to be acceptable to his divinities. Surely, then, it is unjust to withhold from him, and interdict in the Government schools, the Book by which we condemn him? To place a ban on the Bible is to lay an obstacle in the way of the Gospel, and dishonour our God and our national religion before the heathen.

A Paper is now in circulation, with suggestions as to a Petition to Parliament to the following effect, that,—

"We, the undersigned, humbly pray your Honourable House to take measures for removing the authoritative exclusion of the Word of God from the system of education in Government Schools in India, so that none who may be willing be interdicted from the hearing, or reading, of the Bible in School-hours."

It is believed the present ministry will yield the Bible question in answer to a clear demand from the country. It is important that the question should be agitated immediately, and petitions sent forthwith to the House of Commons. Should any further information be needed, the Secretary of our Missionary Society will be happy to furnish it.

Obituary.

ANN WILCOX, of Sawley, was the youngest surviving daughter of Thos and Hannah Elliott. She was born Sept. 26, 1790. Until her seventeenth year she lived in a state of carelessness about her eternal interests. At that period she was visited with a serious illness, during which time she resolved to consecrate herself to the service of God. On her recovery she became a teacher in the Sunday School; and in the month of June 1808, was baptized in the river Trent, by the Rev. W. Pickering, and received into the fellowship of the church. After her marriage she was disconnected with the church for a short time, but, in the year 1821, she again sought its fellowship, and honourably maintained her profession until the day of her death. For the last ten years of her life she laboured under a painful disease, which prevented her from attending the public means of grace. During this prolonged affliction, she maintained a calm and unshaken confidence in God. As she drew near the close of life, the Saviour became in-

creasingly precious to her heart, and frequently did she express an earnest wish "to depart and be with Christ." Her death was sudden, and at the time it occurred, somewhat unexpected. Her son, as was usual, went to her at an early hour in the morning, and to his great surprise found that she had breathed her last. Her death was improved on Lord's-day, February 6, 1859. The discourse was founded upon 2 Timothy, iv. 6, 7, 8, a text which she had chosen some years before. How desirable to keep in mind the exhortation of our Lord, "Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." G.N.

JOHN WEBBER.—On Thursday, June 3rd, 1859, John Webber, a member of the General Baptist Church, Isleham, was removed by death, from our fellowship and communion to join the society of the redeemed in heaven, leaving a wife and eight children to sorrow for his loss. Our departed brother was baptized and united with the church at Isleham, on the 3rd of

August, 1841, and for nearly eighteen years his life has been such as becometh the Gospel of Christ.

On the same day, and within about an hour of the same time, **LYDIA JOHNSON**, another member of the same church, departed this life for a better. On Lord's-day, June the 12th, their deaths were

improved by our pastor, the Rev. T. Mee, to a very large congregation, from the 39th Psalm and 9th verse, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth because thou didst it." May these repeated visits lead us, as a church, to seek for a deeper tone of piety, that we may stand prepared when the master calls.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE MIDLAND CONFERENCE met at Sawley, on Whit-Tuesday, June 14th, 1859. It is just twenty-four years since a similar gathering in this village, when the late Rev. R. Ingham opened the morning service, and the venerable Rev. W. Pickering preached on "Christian steadfastness." Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A., of Derby, read the scriptures and prayed; and Rev. W. Gray, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, preached from Hebrews x. 12, 13. The weather was propitious, and the attendance good. Rev. W. Underwood presided over the afternoon meeting, and Rev. T. Stevenson, of Leicester, prayed. One hundred and thirty-four were reported as baptized since the Easter Meeting, seven weeks ago, eleven had been restored to fellowship, and sixty-three remain as candidates. After the minutes of the last Conference had been read, the following business was attended to:—

1.—*Northampton Chapel Property.* The report of the deputation was given. Resolved: That the best thanks of the Conference be given to the deputation, and that they respectfully recommend to the Association, the propriety of disposing as soon as practicable of the Chapel property at Northampton.

2.—*Case from Ilkeston.* A requisition, signed by fifty members of the Church at Ilkeston, was received, asking for the appointment, by the Conference, of a small committee to investigate the recent arbitrary dismission, as they thought, of their late minister, Rev. T. R. Stevenson, and to advise with the friends, so as to effect, if possible, an amicable adjustment of existing dissensions. After a warm discussion, the following brethren were requested to act as that committee:—Rev. W. Underwood, Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., Mr. Thomas Hill, Mr. R. Seals, and Mr. J. Ferneyhough.

According to the plan of holding the Conference for five years, agreed to at Derby, in January, 1856, the next meeting should have been held at Hinckley,

but the distance, and the inconvenience of getting to the place lead to a discussion as to the desirableness of changing this part of the plan. It was ultimately agreed: That the next Conference be held at *Archleacon-lane, Leicester*, on the third Tuesday in September, (20th,) and that Rev. W. Jones, of Sacheverel-street, Derby, be requested to preach. Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A., of Mansfield-road, Nottingham, preached in the Evening.

J. J. GOADBY, *Secretary.*

THE LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Peterborough, on Thursday, June 9th. In the morning, brother Cotton read and prayed, and brother Orton preached from Jude 3.

In the afternoon the reports from the churches were read, and were of an encouraging character; thirty having been baptized since the last Conference, and twenty-four remaining candidates for baptism.

The Treasurer of the Home Mission brought forward the accounts for the past year, and reported a balance in hand of £40, occasioned partly by a legacy recently bequeathed by the late Miss Temple, of Coningsby. After a long and earnest conversation it was decided that the balance should be disposed of forthwith, in the following manner:—

1.—That £20 be given for the reduction of *Peterborough Chapel debt*, on condition that the friends there raise £30 in the next twelve months, which they pledged themselves to do. The debt will then be £150.

2.—That £20 be given for the reduction of *Castleacre Chapel debt*, on condition that the friends there raise £10 in the next twelve months. A pledge was given, on their behalf, that this amount shall be raised. The debt will then be £70.

It was considered that this disposal of the balance would be a permanent benefit to the funds of the Home Mission.

The following grants were then voted for the ensuing year:—To Castleacre £10. Peterborough £15; Holbeach £12 10; Whittlesea £10, on condition that they procure a minister during the year. Resolved:—

1.—That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the treasurer, Mr. R. Wherry, and that he be requested to continue in office during another year.

2.—That the friends of Whittlesea be again advised to use their utmost endeavours to obtain a suitable minister, and, meanwhile, to labour prayerfully and unitedly, and obtain the best ministerial supplies they may be able.

3.—That this Conference earnestly recommends the churches in this district to forward petitions to both Houses of Parliament, in support of Mr. Dilwyn's Bill relating to Trustees of endowed schools.

4.—That the next Conference be held at Boston, on Thursday, September 8th; and that Brother Watts, of Wisbeach, be requested to preach in the morning.

An interesting meeting was held in the evening, when addresses were delivered by brethren Cotton, Orton, Colman, and the Secretary.

THOMAS BARRASS, *Secretary*.

OPENINGS.

CEMETERY-ROAD CHAPEL, SHEFFIELD.

—This place of worship was opened for divine service on Thursday, May 12th, when two powerful sermons were preached by the Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool. On Lord's-day, May 15th, the Rev. W. Underwood, of Nottingham, preached impressive and appropriate discourses; and, on the following sabbath, the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Paddington, delivered two very stirring sermons. On Monday, May 23rd, the opening services were brought to a close by a tea meeting, which was attended by nearly 400 persons. The public services were all well attended, and the collections and subscriptions amounted to upwards of £300. The chapel, which is in the Romanesque style of architecture, is greatly admired for its chaste elegance, extremely convenient arrangement, ample accommodation, and small cost. It has a noble front elevation,

with a wheel window, open porch, and arches, and turrets rising to a height of 56 feet. The seats in the chapel are low but spacious. Over the centre porch is a children's gallery, capable of holding some two hundred children, and underneath the whole chapel is a large and airy school-room, in which 600 children may be taught. Altogether this is one of the most complete, comfortable, and elegant chapels in Sheffield, and its entire cost (apart from the land, which is lease-hold) will not be more than £2,600.

BEESTON.—After being closed for repairing, cleaning, and painting, our chapel was re-opened on May 29th; when two sermons were preached by Mr. Clarke, student of G. B. College, Nottingham. Collections amounted to £9 5s. The expenses incurred have amounted to about £25, the greater part of which we have been enabled to pay off

T. N.

BAPTISMS.

ASHBY AND PACKINGTON.—On Lord's-day afternoon, March the 20th, 1859, three young friends were baptized at Packington, and they were added to the church on the first Lord's-day in April. The attendance was large on both occasions.

On Sabbath morning, June the 5th, the Rev. I. Stubbins opened the service at Ashby, and the minister of the place preached on the "Baptism of Christ," after which he baptized six persons on a profession of faith in Jesus. They were received into the church in the afternoon of the same day, at Packington. At this service Bro. Stubbins again kindly rendered his assistance by addressing the newly-baptized in a most solemn and impressive manner. The congregations were very large at both places.

W. G. A.

MANSFIELD-ROAD, NOTTINGHAM.—Six persons were baptized on Lord's-day, June 5th, 1859, after a sermon by the junior pastor, Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B. A.

NEW LENTON.—On June 5th, four persons were baptized by the minister, Rev. J. J. Goadby. Two of the candidates were sisters.

CASTLE DONINGTON.—Sixteen persons were baptized on the first Lord's-day in June.

DERBY, MARY'S-GATE. — Forty-four believers were baptized on 5th of June.

HINCKLEY.—Nine persons were added to us, by baptism, on 5th of June. Seven of these friends were teachers in the Sabbath-school.

HUGGLESCOTE.—We have added nine persons to our church by baptism. The rite was administered on 5th of June.

LEICESTER, ARCHDEACON-LANE.—Thirteen believers were added to our communion by baptism on the 5th of June.

LEICESTER, FRIAR-LANE.—Four friends were baptized on the first Sunday in June.

CARLEY-STREET.—On 12th of June, Mr. Thomas Cooper, the well-known Chartist poet and lecturer, was baptized at Friar-lane Chapel, at seven o'clock in the morning, by Rev. J. F. Winks. We heartily welcome our brother into our connexion. His labours as a Christian advocate have already been eminently successful in all parts of the country. May his life long be spared, and his heart greatly cheered by the presence and blessing of Almighty God.

LOUGHBOROUGH, WOOD-GATE.—We added, by baptism, four believers on 5th of June.

MANSFIELD.—Twelve persons were baptized on the first Sabbath in June.

SHEFFIELD, BARKER POOL.—On the 5th of June three persons were baptized at the public bath, and, with one received

by dismissal and another restored, were added to the fellowship of the church.

ROTLEY.—On the 5th of June, three persons were baptized.

PETERBOROUGH.—On Lord's-day, June 5th, five persons were baptized, and received into the church.

BARTON-IN-THE-BEANS.—On the second Sunday in June, after a sermon by Rev. E. Bott, from Ex. xii. 26, Rev. J. Holroyd baptized seven candidates. They were received into fellowship in the afternoon.

J. W. CEMETERY-ROAD CHAPEL, SHEFFIELD.—On Lord's-day, June 19th, our new sanctuary was well filled. Rev. H. Ashberry preached a sermon from John ii., part of the 5th verse, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it;" after which he baptized five friends, in our new baptistry. The writer never remembers seeing a more attentive and orderly congregation. The ordinance was administered with the greatest seriousness and decorum. No confusion. Four of the candidates are married, and one of them is upwards of sixty years of age.

C.A.

ANNIVERSARIES.

BEESTON.—Sabbath School Anniversary.—On Lord's-day, April 24th, two sermons were preached, and an address delivered in the afternoon in the General Baptist Chapel, Beeston, by Mr. T. W. Marshall, of Loughborough. Suitable pieces were recited by the children during the services. In the afternoon and evening, the Congregations were very good. Our collections were £13 18s. 10d. T.N.

CASTLE DONINGTON.—School Anniversary.—On the 29th May, two sermons were preached by the Rev. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough, the congregations were large, and collections (£17), in advance of previous years. It is a pleasing fact, alike encouraging to Sunday-school teachers, and subscribers, that we have

at this time (amongst others) 14 serious enquirers, exclusive of six others, recently baptized, who have been taught in the Sabbath-school. J.B.

DENHOLME, YORKSHIRE.—On Lord's-day, June 5th, the school anniversary sermons were preached by Rev. E. W. Garner, Independent Minister in this village. We had crowded audiences, eloquent and evangelical sermons, and collections surpassing several previous years, amounting to about £10.

BIRCHCLIFFE, HEBDEN BRIDGE.—On Lord's-day, June 5th, our Sabbath School Sermons were preached by the Rev. E. Bott, of Barton. Collections £37 1s. 4d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW LENTON.—On Easter Sunday Evening we made a collection towards paying for our new harmonium; and on the following day held a tea meeting and sacred concert for the same object. The pieces were selected with great taste by the leader of the choir, and executed with spirit and appreciation. The proceeds, including the liberal donations of two friends, amounted to £22, the cost of the instrument.

ISLEHAM.—Having expended about £50 in building some new pews in the chapel, and in improvements to the

Minister's house, two Sermons were preached on Lord's-day, May 22nd, by the Rev. J. Cotton, our former pastor; and on Monday, May 23rd, we had a tea meeting, after which addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Richardson, (P.B.) of Barton Mills; W. A. Claxton, of West Row, Missionary to Madras; J. Cotton, Holbeach; D. L. Matheson, B.A., Independent of Soham; and J. E. Cullen, of Fordham. Collections towards the reduction of the debt upwards of £10.

Missionary Observer.

JOURNEY OF REV. W. BAILEY.

To the Rev. J. C. Pike.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I now sit down to furnish you with a detailed account of one of the most interesting missionary journeys I ever remember to have taken. My companions in labour were the Rev. W. Hill and native preachers Balagi, Tama, and Mathew, and our encamping places were Conchoor, Coruala, Path-pore, Sana Kimediy, Degapunda, Nuaparda, Suringa, Chicketi, Pratapore, Jarada, and Toonpore, Dec. 28, 1858. Left home very early this morning, and on my way to Conchoor, accompanied Miss P—— and Miss D—— as far as our new village. These two ladies have seen something of missionary life in Bengal, and I was anxious for them to spend a day at our location. On our arrival we found this village in beautiful order, and after a careful inspection of every home, my friends assured me that the social condition of our Christian community was superior to that of the native Christians in Bengal. After settling several worldly matters, I continued my journey to Conchoor. A visit to this place brings back many agreeable reminiscences in my history. My first missionary journey was taken to this place thirteen years ago, and this reminds me how large a portion of my missionary life is past. Oh that I were more sensible to the rapid flight of time and more determined to labour with unwearied zeal for the conversion of the heathen to Christ.

DEC. 29. We now fairly commenced our work, and as we have a strong party, we can divide our strength to advantage and visit five or six villages during the day. This morning I went in company with Tama to Saru. In addressing the people, I reminded them of former visits—that it was a pleasure to me to see them again—that the village was beautifully situated, on rising ground, the homes airy and healthy—the village well supplied with water—and the land exceedingly fertile. These preliminary remarks arrested the attention, and a large gathering listened with great seriousness while I addressed them on the goodness of God.

In the evening, went to Kontia Koli, a weaver village. We had a somewhat noisy congregation. Bro. Hill spoke first I commenced with a *sluk* (stanza) from

the shastras, "A man went through a field of hemp, and as he gazed on the beautiful yellow flowers, thought he had found a field of gold. He carefully tied up a large bundle of the plants, and carried them home. For a number of days he was greatly elated, thinking how suddenly he had become rich! but on going to look at his treasure, the golden tints had all disappeared—that which he esteemed beyond all price was perfectly worthless—and he exclaimed with sorrow, how deluded is this world, my wealth is all a dream." So it is with all your external performances; you may be zealous in the repeating of mantras, you may keep every feast, attend every festival, and offer every requisite sacrifice, but your toil will be without reward, and your labour without fruit—all will end in delusion. Byasidabe, the greatest sage that Hindooism ever knew, says, "that in works alone the heart can never be made pure, and while the heart remains impure all is impure;" and does not another of your sages affirm, "that as the fragrant sandal wood is powerless in destroying the strong scented garlick, so are works in changing the heart, and in the destruction of evil propensities?" Why then do you trust in them? Forsake these lying refuges; go to Christ; he died to save you, and though "your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool."

A few years ago a weaver died in this village, who had carefully read our books; his caste people called him their "village preacher," and from all I have been able to learn concerning him, I believe he died in the faith and hope of the gospel. I made some enquiries concerning his family, and found that according to Hindoo custom, the children were under the care of the next of kin to the deceased.

While in the village, I happened to look at a boil on a man's knee, and the people instantly caught the idea that I must have some knowledge of medicine, and in a few minutes I was literally besieged with applicants. One man brought his son covered with "ring-worms," and he was certain that "if I would cure him, I should obtain eternal honour." Another

suffering from a diseased mouth came with me to a native shop, where I procured some alum and gave him directions how to use it. I much regretted that I had not brought with me a larger stock of medicines, for next to the proclamation of the gospel there is nothing that I delight in so much as the relieving of suffering humanity.

Went afterwards into Conchoor town, and found the native preachers earnestly engaged with a Vedantist, who maintained that the destruction of any life was a sin.

30th. Arose this morning very early in order that our tent might be taken down for our expected journey to Coruala and Pathpore. On our way we called at Makara Jal, a fine open village. We ascended a large stone near a temple of Balva gopal (one of the worst forms of Krushnoo.) A goodly number of interesting people came round us, and as our time was limited, we at once commenced our work. I inquired if there were any of our books in the village, and the reply was given by several in the affirmative. One man said, "I have the 'Confuter of Caste.'" I requested him to let me see it, and he soon brought a well-worn copy of the tract. On our way from the village I noticed a solitary rock standing out of a field, and on enquiring whether there was any legend concerning it, was told that it was one of the stones that the monkey god Hanooman brought from the Himalayas, when he built the bridge Cape Cormorin to Ceylon, but that becoming wearied with his burden, he let this rock fall, and there it had remained ever since.

We arrived at Coruala about ten a.m., and staid in our old encamping ground. We had many visitors during the day—several came only to spend an idle hour. With the more intelligent, Bro. Hill and I carried on several discussions—one young man was called to by some one in the distance to come away, and he shouted with great vehemence, "*Don't you know that I am stopping here to go to heaven!*" Little indeed he thought of heaven or hell! Coruala is a very large town, and had we more native preachers, would make an admirable out-station.

About three p.m., we continued our journey from Coruala to Pathpore. The Coruala valley is, without exception, the most fertile valley I have ever seen, fruit-

ful, I would almost say, even as "the garden of the Lord." As we looked at the extensive sugar-cane plantations, and the almost endless variety of oil-seeds which were then in flower, and other cereals, one could not but sigh that the occupants of such a soil should be stupid idolaters. Around this valley are mountains of every form and shape, but how little do the inhabitants think of Him "Who, being guided with power, setteth fast the mountains," and though they are so dependent on the mountain stream, they never give thanks to Him "Who watereth the hills from His chambers, and sendeth the springs into the valleys." Were this valley in the possession of an enterprising European, the whole might be covered with cane.

About midway between Coruala and Pathpore we called at a populous village on the banks of the river, and as the people ran out to meet us, we seated ourselves at the foot of a large peepul tree. I addressed them with some freedom for a time, and then Tama and Bro. Hill followed. An instance occurred here which often occurs when the natives are crowded together. A well-made, well-dressed, respectable man, came near to listen to our message, and a tempest of wrath was soon poured upon him; the only reason was, that he was a low caste man, and the poor fellow, though his social condition ought to have been equal to any of his accusers, was made to stand in the distance.

During the day I saw a young Brahmin who had lost his brother by death, and in consequence had been unclean for eleven days. He had in his hand several leaves from the Jack fruit-tree to be used according to the Hindoo ceremonial law in purification—he said, that during the days of his separation no one would eat with him or associate with him, but that after his purification, he should be privileged to enjoy his position in Hindoo society.

Ere we had reached our encamping ground, the shades of evening were coming on, and our tent did not arrive until it was quite dark. We kindled a fire, and by its light succeeded in partially pitching it. We breakfasted at ten a.m., and dined about eight p.m. During our travels in the country we rarely take more than two meals a day.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SECUNDRÁ CHRISTIANS.

THE Mission work at Agra, at the time of the outbreak, embraced two stations, that at the Kuttra in the city, and at the Secundra, at some distance from the city. At the Secundra is the tomb of the great Mogul Emperor, Akbar, by whom, in 1556, the city of Agra was founded, and after whom it is often called by the natives Akbarabad. The tomb is a magnificent pile, bearing on its highest story, on the very top, a spot paved with perfectly white and polished marble, on which is inscribed "Akbar."

Near this pile stood two other large tombs, one of them said to be that of Akbar's Christian wife. These had been fitted up, many years ago, as orphan refuges. In these the orphans, boys and girls, were lodged, and taught, and trained; and as they grew up, a Christian village was formed round the boys' refuge, consisting of four wide streets, corresponding with the four sides of the central building. The girls' refuge stood in the midst of a garden, enclosed by a wall. At the time of the outbreak there resided at this spot 428 native Christians, the largest flock of converts in North-west India. A printing press of a very superior kind was chiefly the means of giving them support.

Some few more particulars of what these poor people suffered at the time of the outbreak may not be uninteresting. Great alarm was felt at the Secundra during the month of May. A European lady, engaged in teaching the girls, has given some details. One night she was sitting "outside the press, to which, as it was a strong building, they all looked for a refuge in case of an attack, then hourly expected. The Christians took it by turn to go out in companys and keep watch for two hours at a time. It was a most interesting sight to see this little band, about ninety in number, all dressed in white cloths, with twenty Europeans and East Indians, who acted as officers, drawn up in four companies in the centre of the square, with their uncovered heads, bent in devotion, and muskets lowered, while Stephen, the catechist, prayed with them, and then united all in the Lord's Prayer.

At one time it was thought the attack had commenced, and the lady went across the square to speak to the women, and beg of them to make no noise by crying; but although going with a desire to comfort others, she found them better able to comfort her. She was pale and trembling, but was met by the assuring words from one of the women, 'Cheer up, Missie, don't fear. By God's grace we have been

hitherto preserved, and He will still protect us.'*

It was so. On the memorable July 5th, 1857, when the European troops were compelled to retire into the fort from the overwhelming numbers of the mutineers, the Secundra Christians were admitted, but not until one of the Missionaries had declared, that if this were not done, he would go out to them, and his blood should flow with theirs. The women and children, about 240 in number, were first given entrance, and finally the men. They soon showed that they would prove no encumbrance, but a valuable help. They at once saved the medical stores from a house a mile distant from the fort, and supplied the place of above a thousand Hindu and Mohammedan servants, who, thinking the fort was about to be taken, had fled during the battle. The Christians were in continued request." Some baked the bread, some had charge of the guns, some were set over the workmen, and others were employed as carpenters. Poor people! during the first days of their stay in the fort, they were very badly off, scarcely a place to live in, with scanty food, all their little property being left behind, and lost. Such as were sickly and weak felt very keenly the loss of the comforts they had once enjoyed; others become ill from exertion and anxieties. But after a time, as the men obtained employment as family servants, or in the militia, their condition became more comfortable.

It should be mentioned that two of the Secundra families were obliged to remain in their houses. On the day when the church, schools, village, press-buildings, and dwellings were plundered and destroyed, they sought shelter in the neighbouring villages, and after some days, succeeded in getting to the fort. The one family was Abel's, the teacher, and the other Daniel's, the native doctor.

During the six months of weary confinement in the fort, the Missionaries continued to collect the native flock for divine service on Sundays. A convenient place, however, could not be had, and they were constrained to gather under a tree, or, in unfavourable weather, in a verandah. Since tranquillity has been restored, and the Kuttra church repaired from the injuries it had sustained, the Secundra Christians, to be near the church and schools, have taken lodgings close at hand.

There is an outstation to the Mission

* Mrs. Weitbrecht's *Missionary Sketches in North India*, pp. 54, 55.

called Runkutta. This little Mission, with its two Christian families, remained untouched by the hands of the wicked, during the time of the mutiny, while, in the surrounding villages, quarrels, fightings, and bloodshed were prevailing. The village is close to the high road, leading from Agra to Muttra, ten miles distant from the former. Several times bands of armed rebels were encamping near Runkutta, or passing through it, but no harm was done to our Christians. In the village itself there were many Mussulmans, chiefly butchers, residing, who were not friendly to our people, and had often threatened them that they would plunder and kill them. The heathen population, especially the most respectable zemindars, however, behaved nobly towards our Christian

families: they guarded their houses, restrained the Mussulmans from violence, and would not allow them to leave the village, but promised to defend them if they should be attacked, to hide them or retreat with them if necessary. Thanks to the Lord, our people thus escaped. During the most disturbed time they could not venture to visit the surrounding villages, but limited their labours to Runkutta. The school continued to be visited by a few boys. As soon as the country became more settled, they extended their preaching excursions to the villages again, and were never molested by the people: the message of peace was, perhaps, heard with greater attention by many than before. —*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

[In his volume on Madagascar, Mr. Ellis relates the following striking incident. He had embarked in the *England* steamer from Mauritius on the 13th January, 1857.]

A FEW days after we had left the Island, we experienced as severe a gale and as high a sea as I remember ever to have witnessed, either off Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. We could only show canvass enough to keep the ship steady, and yet were driven along at a fearful rate, while the sea broke in cascades, first over one side of the bulwarks and then the other; and rolling like a torrent fore and aft, as the ship rose or sunk with the waves, swept away everything that was not secured by fastenings. Our captain regarded it as the tail of a hurricane, more especially as the wind changed rapidly to opposite quarters. After the second day, however, the weather became moderate, and we pursued our voyage without inconvenience.

Two days afterwards, viz., on the 21st of January, while sitting in the captain's state-room, waiting for him to mark our position on the chart, I took from his shelves a book, in which I soon became interested. When we had looked at the chart, I remarked that I had met with an old friend whom I did not expect to find on board the *England*, and held up "The Loss of the Winterton, East Indiaman," by the late Mr. Buchan, of Kelloc, observing that I knew the author, from whom I had, many years ago, received a copy of his book.

Captain Dundas replied that Mr. Buchan was related to his mother, and that the

captain of the *Winterton* was his grandfather. I then recollected that Dundas was the name of the captain who had perished in the wreck. After remarking that we were not far from the place where the wreck occurred, Captain Dundas went on deck. In a few moments I heard the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!" and hastening to the poop, saw on the larboard bow a small flag or signal of blue cloth, distinct among the tops of the waves, and about two miles off. In a few minutes more I discerned a sort of raft, with two figures, a white man and a man of colour, sitting upon it, up to the waist in the sea.

The flag of the *England* had been hoisted—symbol of help and deliverance—to signal to the castaways that they were seen, and the ship's course was altered. Meanwhile one of the boats was lowered, and manned by five stout, willing hands, was pushed off towards the raft. While the oars rattled with each stroke, and the light boat seemed to spring over the waves, with our tall, stout, second officer, Mr. Peters, standing with the steer-oar in the stern, every eye on board was stretched towards the same point; the sailors leaning over the fore-castle and fore-rigging; the officers and passengers straining over the bulwarks of the poop; ladies, with their children, all gazing with the most intense interest as our boat approached the raft. No one moved: not a word was uttered: even breathing seemed difficult: but when the first man, and then the second—stiff, benumbed, and swollen with the water—had been safely lifted into the boat, the pent-up feeling found utterance in the almost simultaneous exclamation, "*They are*

saved!" which was heard from stern to stern along the side of our ship. Some persons near me wept, others seemed ready to faint under emotions of sympathy and joy.

Our boat was soon alongside, and, swollen, bruised, and bleeding, the men were helped over the ship's side into the cabin. Not wishing to add to the pressing crowd, I remained on deck. A few moments afterwards I heard the captain call, "Mr. Ellis! here is a Sandwich Islander. Come and speak to him." I went into the cabin, where the two men were sitting on the deck. The white man was the captain of a ship which had been upset in the violent gale two days before, when every one on board, twenty-two in number, except the two just rescued, had perished. The islander, a young man, was one of the crew; and having made no answer to the questions addressed to him by our humane captain, I had been called down.

The man was sitting on the deck, his head bent down, and his long, black, and dripping hair hanging over his eyes and down his face. Looking at him, I said, "Aroha ehaoine, aroha—Salutation, dear friend, affection." The man lifted up his head, swept, with his hand his long black hair to one side of his forehead, and, looking earnestly at me, like one to whom consciousness was but just returning, and, startled by the sound of his native language, returned my salutation. In answer to a few inquiries, he told me he was a native of Oahu, the island on which I had at one time resided. He said he was up aloft furling sail, when the ship suddenly went over, and all in an instant were plunged into the deep; that there were other islanders on board, but they soon sank. The doctor of our ship then gave the men a little suitable refreshment, and they were wrapped in flannels and put to bed. Captain Dundas took the raft, a very fragile affair, and brought it

to England, intending to deposit it in the Crystal Palace.

The next day I went down to the berth where the Sandwich islander was lying, and found him very much revived. After conversing with him about the wreck, and the loss of all his shipmates, I said, "God has very mercifully preserved you. You must remember His goodness and pray to Him." He said, "I did pray to Him in the night, when I was in the sea. I did pray to God in the morning, when I saw the captain; I prayed that we might be saved. And God sent away death, and sent your ship, and we are here." I said, "I am glad you prayed to God. You must be thankful to God, and serve Him and love Him. You must try to praise God in your future life."

I then repeated the first two lines of a hymn,—among the first ever composed in the language of the Sandwich Islands, when I was a missionary in that country. The lines are these:—

"He Akua homolele.

Ke Akua no kakou."

"A God of perfection or goodness is our God."

The man's countenance brightened as I repeated these lines, and as soon as I had ceased he took up the strain where I had left off, repeating the two concluding lines and the remaining verses with evident satisfaction. I said, "Where did you learn that hymn?" He replied, "In the school of the missionaries at Oahu." That was the island in which I resided. I then said, "I wrote that hymn many years ago, when I lived in the Sandwich Islands." He looked at me with still greater astonishment, and said, "Who are you?" I said, "I am 'Mika Elik' (the native pronunciation of my name,) and I was a missionary at Oahu, with Mr. Bingham, Mr. Thurston, and others." He seemed surprised and pleased; said he knew the missionaries who were now at the Islands; that his brother was a native teacher in the Sandwich Islands, and his sister a Christian.

NATIVE TEA MEETING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Rev. F. Mason, Wesleyan Missionary at Maritzburg, Natal, in a recent letter says:—"The native tea-meeting was held on Monday last, January 3rd. This is an annual gathering, and usually takes place about the new year. About two hundred and fifty of Africa's swarthy sons and daughters came together on the occasion; some of them from long distances. This tea-meeting is always anticipated with eager expectations by the natives, who

enter into it with as much spirit and delight as is manifested in your great assemblies at home. It is really astonishing what a social power there is in a good tea-meeting. It loosens the tongue; it lights up the eye; it melts icy reserve, and, by diffusing a genial warmth of feeling, gives opportunity for friendly intercourse. On this occasion the people came, male and female, dressed cleanly and respectably. If there was room for

complaint, it was that some of them were too *gaudily* attired—the females especially; for if I, a bachelor, may be allowed to say so, the ladies among the native tribes exhibit the same general tendencies as their sisters of fairer hue. Among them was a profusion of red, in the shape of dresses, ribbons, trimmings, and such like. This was, however, the least interesting feature in the assembly. Here was a company of people, but a few years reclaimed from Heathenism, through the blessing of God, upon the labours of your Missionaries, met beneath the shelter of their own sanctuary, clothed, and in their right mind; rejoicing in the blessings of civilization, and, above all, in the blessings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It was no gathering for war and blood, for the wild song, or the frantic dance: these are old things which have passed away. After tea there was, as there commonly is, a long round of speechifying. One or

two English friends addressed the meeting; but the chief speakers were the natives themselves. I could understand what the Hottentots said, as they spoke in Dutch; but I could only here and there catch the meaning of the Kaffirs, who, I would observe, are by far the best speakers. While listening to one of them in particular, I could not help thinking that a high degree of civilization is not essential to oratory, any more than to poetry. His readiness of utterance, variety of tone, vivacity of wit, and energy of action, were most remarkable. While sitting and listening there, I could not but wish that the friends of Missions at home were favoured with an opportunity of witnessing such an assembly as this, gathered out of the darkness of Heathenism, blessed with the knowledge of the Gospel, by means of their money and prayers.

RECAPTURED SLAVES AT ST. HELENA.

THE United States' steamer "Powhattan," on her voyage to Japan, the latter end of last year, touched at St. Helena. A short time previously a slave-ship was captured by the British steam schooner "Alecto," and brought into St. Helena. She was not taken until after a hard chase of thirteen hours, and repeated shots from the "Alecto," and, even then, such was her great sailing power, that she would have escaped but for a calm. She had made eleven successful voyages, and was captured on the twelfth.

Now our readers may not be aware that there is an establishment at St. Helena for the reception of recaptured negroes. Slavery existed at St. Helena some fifty years ago, as in other British dependencies; and, as early as 1800, a fund was established for the relief of aged and infirm slaves. In 1825, the benefit of this fund was extended to all classes and colours on an improved plan. In 1832, the East India Company purchased the freedom of all the slaves on the island, 644 in number. In 1840, slaves recaptured on the coast of Africa were brought to St. Helena, and an establishment organized for their reception in Rupert's Valley. This establishment, with its inmates, the negroes recaptured by the "Alecto," is thus described by an individual on board the "Powhattan":—

A boat, dashing along under the impulse of strong arms, was soon at Rupert's Valley, and I was among the Africans.

A strong wall is carried across the valley close down to the shore, behind which batteries are erected, while two mountain ridges enclose the narrow valley, not above a quarter of a mile wide; and Longwood, the house in which Napoleon lived and died, appears high up at the head. Upon reaching the top of the wall by a flight of steps, strange scenes all at once broke upon the eye—the negro houses, considerable in size, neat within and without; the long one-story hospitals; and, more than all, at that very moment, all the Africans drawn up in three ranks, according to age and sex, for muster and inspection. The superintendent of the establishment had the roll-call in his hands, from which he called the names in the language of the Africans, sometimes, as I observed, making a mistake, or unable to pronounce them, when a sturdy negro came up who understood both African and English, and relieved him by calling out the names in a loud voice. I walked among them; I scrutinized them; and though they were uncivilized and semi-barbarous negroes, brought to Congo from the regions of the interior; though I saw thick lips, and noses almost sunk to a level with the face, and skins very black, I did not see, with a single exception, one face which indicated ill-nature. All were decently and comfortably dressed, each one having two good blankets and two suitable suits of clothes given by the English Government

when brought to the island. They are fed as well as the soldiers of the garrison, and have masters to teach them English. The hospital was a long, clean, and well-ventilated structure, and, as I was glad to see, nearly unoccupied. About 150 died on board the slaver before it was taken, and the physician assured me that hardly one would have been found alive a fortnight later, if the vessel had not been captured. Dysentery is the fatal disease of the slave-ship, from which few, when attacked, recover.

When the slaver left the coast of Africa, she had on board 650 slaves, of whom about 500 were brought to St. Helena, the remainder having sickened and died on the passage. Above 300 of the recaptured Africans were located in this place, some having been taken as domestics by inhabitants of the island. I did not see an old man, or woman, or more than one or two, who had reached middle age. *All nearly were children*, or youths between fourteen and eighteen years of age. The

young are bought with avidity by the slave-dealers for the reason that they occupy less space in the ship, and are more likely to live, and bring better prices. Seventy-seven of those I saw were females, of whom thirty were young girls. Some of them covered their faces, and one laughed in my face; while a touching sight was seen in a little girl, a child even, who threw her arms around the neck of another of her own age, and seemed to be weeping. When the muster broke up, I was startled by sudden and strange noises; and, looking round, saw the crowd throwing up their caps, screaming, jumping, and scampering in all directions, with every expression of buoyant and happy spirits. The superintendent said the scene of misery could not be described as presented by the slaver when she arrived, or the wretchedness of these same neat and happy individuals we now saw when they were first brought to Rupert's Valley.

THE HOME OF THE AFRICAN PILGRIM FATHERS.

Last year Mr. Saker and his friends, connected with the Baptist Mission in the Island of Fernando Po, were banished by the intolerant edict of the new Spanish governor and the Jesuits. He lost no time in seeking a home for freedom. A few days after he visited the shores of the continent, opposite to the north-east corner of Fernando Po. In his perilous journey of exploration, Divine Providence conducted him to a retired and uninhabited cove, hitherto unknown to navigators, lying embosomed at the bottom of Amboises Bay, shut in by a jetty of rock from the swell of the Atlantic Ocean, rendered salubrious by the sea breeze, and the still more welcome zephyrs, which during the day, descend from the lofty peaks of the Cameroons mountains rising a few miles behind. An open space of nearly two miles in length along a fine sandy beach, by a mile-and-a-half in

breadth, watered by a copious and deep mountain stream, with the country inland clothed with forests, but inhabited by numerous tribes of Negroes, was a fitting spot upon which to found a colony of African Pilgrim fathers, where the true worship of God may freely and uninterruptedly be observed, the rights of conscience secured from the intrusion of Romish intolerance, and a new pharos of spiritual light erected for the illumination of the surrounding tribes. The property in the soil was quickly secured from the chief of Bimbia, measures were taken to clear away the jungle, to mark out allotments, and already two or three houses have been erected where the banished missionaries have found a home; and gradually the cottages of the poor people, whom love for liberty and for divine truth may prompt to follow, will rise around the new house of prayer.

MUTINY IN INDIA AMONG THE EUROPEAN TROOPS.

Mr. GREGSON, writing from Agra on the 5th of May last, to the *Freeman*, says:—This mail will convey to England the rather startling intelligence that another mutiny has broken out in Meerut, and this too among the European troops. Ever since the transfer of the government of this country from the late East India Company to the Queen was resolved upon,

the European regiments who enlisted to serve the Company have been expecting to receive their discharge, and to be allowed to return home, or to receive a liberal bounty on their re-enlisting. They say they did not enlist to serve the Queen, but the Company, and that now the Company is defunct their obligations to it are annulled, and they feel particularly indig-

nant at being treated as so many goods and chattels, and transferred from one owner to another without the least regard to their own claims and feelings. Their disappointment is all the greater, because just before Lord Palmerston's retirement from office he held out the hope that they would be discharged. On Lord Palmerston being questioned in the House of Commons as to what would be done with the Company's troops on the transference of the government of India to the Queen, he is reported to have replied that he thought they ought to receive their discharge. They were thus living in the hope of being offered a large bounty to re-enlist, or of being at once sent home to their friends in England. No sooner was the proclamation issued in November last, than the utmost dissatisfaction was felt by the late Company's troops. In that proclamation not the least encouragement was given to the hopes they so warmly cherished, but it rather treated them as part and parcel of the vast empire which had been transferred to the Queen. Their disappointment was consequently great, and soon unmistakably manifested itself. On the 1st of November last, in all military stations the troops were paraded to hear the proclamation read, and at the close three cheers were called for for the Queen. It was then remarked how reluctantly the Company's troops responded. In this station it amounted to a feeble Hip, hip, hurrah! scarcely louder than a whisper. Immediately after this the question was publicly mooted. Letters poured in upon the newspapers expressing discontent, and some breathing a most rebellious spirit. It was not, however, until about a fortnight ago that all hope of obtaining their release was destroyed. At that time a Government notification appeared in *The Gazette*, to the effect that all who enlisted to serve the Company were bound to obey the Queen. This at once put an end to all hope of obtaining either their discharge or a bounty. This has brought matters to a crisis, and we shall probably not have to wait long for the result.

At Meerut mutiny has already appeared. This is the largest military station in the North-west Provinces. It is about 130 miles from Agra, and not forty miles from Delhi. At present it contains the head-quarters of the late Company's artillery, who muster very strong, and also a regiment or a part of a regiment of the late Company's cavalry.

At Meerut, then, the very station in which exactly two years ago the mutiny amongst the native troops first broke out,

the late Company's European troops have become insubordinate. On the 1st of the month a private of artillery informed his officer that the artillerymen had that very morning held a meeting to discuss their grievances, and that another meeting was to be held in the evening. The evening meeting was allowed to take place; but on the following morning the brigadier with his staff, in order to test the men, went to the lines occupied by the artillery, and ordered all loyal and true men to come to the front. Only three men responded. He therefore ordered the men to confine themselves to their barracks, and immediately sent off a messenger to the commander-in-chief, who has gone to rusticate in the hills. Up to the 3rd instant the men are said to have continued perfectly respectful. This is the mildest version of the affair. Other accounts state that the cavalry have fraternised with the artillery, and that the 71st Queen's regiment refused to coerce them. The latter part of this statement I do not credit; but it is certain that on the evening of the 3rd the carabineers were very suddenly ordered off from Agra to Meerut by forced marches.

It is impossible at present to predict what the result may be. It may pass over in quietness, and be hushed up as other mutinies in this country have been, or it may lead to the most disastrous results. The European troops who enlisted under the late Company must number about 15,000 men. They include twelve regiments of the line, three cavalry regiments, and a large force of artillery. Among the whole of these men, deep, and I believe, *universal* dissatisfaction exists at the way in which they have been treated. Should the artillery at Meerut continue refractory, I know of no force which could coerce them. Even if such extreme measures were deemed advisable, I cannot think that the Queen's troops would attempt it; and to put the Sikhs or native levies against them, to say nothing about the uncertainty of the result, would madden the whole European army of this country. But I cannot think they will resort to extreme measures, and yet if the mutiny is not checked, it must spread throughout the whole of the late Company's troops, and then to punish them would be impossible, and to yield to their demands, under such circumstances, would be subversive of all military authority. I cannot but look upon the crisis as a very grave one—one that will tax to the utmost all the wisdom of our rulers.

T H E
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES.

AUGUST, 1859.

No. 68.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN RICHARDSON.

MORAL excellence and intellectual distinction, while not inimical to each other, are very different things, and they are too rarely found associated in the same individual. Some are great by their talents and attainments, but they have so little true goodness as to command no respect from real Christians. Religious biography must select its subjects from the holy rather than from the learned; and when a good man dies it is the duty of those who knew his worth to cherish his memory, and to portray his character for the benefit of others who never witnessed his living example. The subject of this short sketch was an eminently good man. When the writer first became intimately connected with him, his virtues appeared to him almost superhuman, and his very countenance was often beheld "as it had been the face of an angel."

John Richardson was a native of Ticknall, Derbyshire. He was born in 1791, and was left fatherless when about six years old. To relieve his pious mother of the burden of a large family, an uncle took charge of John; and with this relative he remained until 1819. While yet a boy he became a disciple of Christ, and was baptized at Melbourne, by Mr. E. Whittaker, when only fourteen years of age. "A young saint, an old devil," is a slander devised by Satan himself, and which none but slanderers would ever seriously repeat. "Sometimes," said Bishop Hall, "young devils have proved old saints, never the contrary. True saints in youth do always form angels in their age. I will strive to be ever good: but if I should not find myself best at last, I should fear I was never good at all."

In his earliest youth, John Richardson evinced his sterling piety by his active efforts to do good. He became a teacher in the Sunday-school, and a leader at prayer meetings. These efforts prepared him for others of a more public nature. While a lad of seventeen he began to preach in the villages. His stature, tall for his years—his features, then as in later life, radiant with cheerfulness and beaming with benevolence—his simple, easy, and earnest manner of speaking—and his manifest desire for usefulness, made him not merely acceptable, but attractive and popular. His occasional services were much in request among the churches of the midland district; and at length he was persuaded to settle as the regular

minister of the church at Wirksworth and Shottle. The General Baptist cause had been introduced into that part of Derbyshire by Mr. Barrow, another uncle of our deceased friend, who, while peculiarly fitted to be a Christian pioneer, felt himself unequal to the duties of the stated ministry. Believing that his nephew was well adapted to occupy that new and extensive sphere of labour, Mr. Barrow introduced him to the people, and was gratified to see him received in the Lord with all gladness. Mr. Richardson removed to Wirksworth in the spring of 1820, and such was the success with which his efforts were crowned, that in this and the two following years exactly one hundred persons were added to the church by baptism! This rate of progress was not maintained in subsequent years; still the church grew under his affectionate care, and his pastoral connexion continued with unabated attachment until 1836.

It may be stated here, that while Mr. Richardson preached three times on the Lord's-day he derived only a small part of his maintenance from the ministry. For several years he carried on a business in the town of Wirksworth. Suffering to a serious extent from bad debts which his customers were too poor or too unprincipled to discharge, and which he was too lax or too lenient to recover, he relinquished his trade, and took a farm at Hillcliffe Lane, four miles from the town. His distance, together with the claims of his agricultural pursuits, rendered it impossible to sustain aright the care of a widely-scattered church. His proposals to resign the pastorate were accepted, and the writer of this notice became his successor. The correspondence and most of the arrangements relative to this succession were conducted by Mr. Richardson, and when completed, his services as a supply of the pulpits, and a fellow-worker unto the kingdom of God, were freely rendered and highly appreciated. His attachment to the people seemed as ardent as before; and his treatment of their inexperienced minister was such as never to inflict a wound or even to suggest a complaint. In the capacity of deacon he took an important part in all the meetings and acts of the church; while the administration of baptism—a service in which his soul delighted—invariably devolved on him. If anything could allay the fears of timid candidates for that ordinance, or confirm the answer of a good conscience toward God in observing it, the benignant aspect, the assuring words, and the happy manner of him who went down with them into the water, were peculiarly fitted to produce that effect.

After being twenty-four years in fellowship with the church at Wirksworth and Shottle, sixteen as pastor, and eight as deacon, his connection with it was dissolved by a change of residence. He had long felt the inconvenience of his isolated dwelling at Hillcliffe Lane; and the death of his two interesting daughters, Mary and Martha, added painfully to the solitariness of his situation there. An opportunity of settling in the immediate neighbourhood of Derby was embraced in 1844, and at Thorn Hill Farm he passed the remainder of his life. He united with the church in St. Mary's Gate, and for some years he occupied the pulpit in the afternoon of the Lord's-day. In 1853 he was elected a deacon of the church. Soon after this, failing health compelled him to desist from preaching, but in other ways he continued his active efforts to promote the work of the Lord.

His last illness was very short, and he died even more happily than he

had lived. That he lived happily was obvious to every one who saw him often, either at home or abroad. To spend a day with him was like basking in the warm sunshine of social life. While listening to his conversation one felt it to be a true testimony that "pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones." "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the *sweetness of a man's friend* make his voice gracious."* Naturally cheerful in his disposition, and deeply imbued with the influence of religion, his ordinary state of being was "as the days of heaven upon earth." Favoured with such prelibations of celestial bliss during life, we were not surprised to learn that his experience in death approximated towards the extatic. When asked by a visitor if he was happy? his instantaneous exclamation was, "Happy! O *delightfully* happy!" He repeatedly spoke of his "blest estate," and declared that he would not change his condition for that of the Queen on the throne. Among his last utterances were the words of the anthem:—

"Lend, lend your wings, I mount! I fly!"

expressed with such a peculiar action of the body, and in such characteristic tones of the voice, as made them affecting in the highest degree to those who were present. This holy and happy man entered into the joy of his Lord, Feb. 17, 1859, in the 68th year of his age.

If a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold, John Richardson had something entitled to our preference and worthy of general pursuit. He was a "man greatly beloved." One of his oldest acquaintances said he ever thought that brother R. came into the world to *please people and to do them good*. And another said his only fear for brother R. was lest he should fall under the woe of having all men speak well of him.

Forbearing to specify the more striking traits of his most amiable character the writer merely adds that he scarcely expects to meet with a more perfect man until admitted, by "exceeding grace," to the company of those who are "without fault before the throne of God."

Sherwood Rise.

W. U.

* Marginal Reading.

HOW MANKIND FIRST CAME TO WRITE.

ONE of the most interesting subjects of human enquiry is that of the origin and progress of language into written forms. Philology may lead us back to the nomadic life of our forefathers, before the great separation of mankind had taken place, which in the bright colouring of romance constitutes the golden age of almost every nation, from the cultivated Greek of Europe, to the rude Texcuan of South America. It may tell us that the word daughter originally meant milkmaid, that being their general office, and that son is synonymous with protector, the males acting as shepherds, and having the general oversight of the cattle. It may thus open to us sweet visions into that simple pastoral life; of its snowy tents, its songful shepherds, and bleating flocks. It may do all in this, & tell us that paper came from *papyrus*, the Linnæan name for the

Egyptian water-reed; parchment from *Pergamus*, from its invention there; volume, from the rolling of leaves on a staff; book, from the Saxon word *buch*, or beech, applied first to the smooth bars of beechen wood used as Runic staves; pen, from the Latin *penna* a quill; but it serves in nowise to satisfy that restless curiosity, that searching after the sources of whatever has contributed to our enlightenment and civilization which is innate in the human mind. We are given to digging at the roots of things, and diving to the bottom of that well, wherein, if old fables be credited, truth herself is hidden. The question, how came it? is the will-o'-the-wisp that leads on the scholar through dubious inscriptions, mouldy manuscripts, and dusty volumes.

How, then, did mankind first acquire the power of commemorating heroic actions, of putting on record individual lives, and embodying thought in a non-vocal and less perishable form? This is a question, growing naturally out of the human mind, but which has not received in all its branches a satisfactory answer. Wreaths of mist hang over the early arts of mankind, and although many enthusiastic scholars have projected into them their glimmering rays, no one of them has yet proved an all-conquering, cloud-compelling sun. Much, however, has already been done. Abundant materials, the rich spoils of a Cham-pollion, a Young, a Rawlinson, and a Layard, await the arrangement and philosophic intellect of a man like Hugh Miller; we ourselves would only indicate their existence, and by a few dashes of our pen, label and ticket as it were, some of these *spolia maxima*, that the subject may be seen in rough but attractive outline. Confining ourselves for the present to the probable origin of the art of writing, in our next, we purpose tracing its onward progress, and in future papers giving some account of the four pictorial systems.

Language itself is inseparable from man. With a mind so beautifully constructed, wreathed with so many delicate and harplike strings, receiving from the eye so many varying pictures, from the ear and hand so many volatile impressions, his earliest efforts would be to give these sensations form and expression. In the infancy of the human mind, as in the infancy of individuals, such expressions were necessarily vague and obscure. Sufficient language, however, for the ordinary purposes of life would soon be obtained, the representation of scenes, things, and ideas in visible forms would follow, and from this the advance would be made to figures which conveying no definite picture to the eye, still readily suggested to the tutored mind both ideas and sounds. So much by way of indicating our track.

The earliest form of writing, Bishop Warburton, in his "*Divine Legation*," has very beautifully called "picture-writing." The desire and groping after immortality is co-eval with the mind itself. It has given birth to all the divine in art; to the songs of the bard, the fair shapes of the sculptor, and the grand piles of the architect. Man could trust his own memory so long as it remained in full vigour, but he felt that there must be something which should be an ever living and universal memory. His son might kindle into poetry over the glorious narrative, as he recounted it to his children, and they in their turn, might repeat them until they wove themselves into the heart-fibres of every generation. But this form of life-embalming was of too precarious a nature to be

trusted, even in conjunction with the olden pile of stones bearing his name ;* for he might say with Absalom, when he reared his in the king's dale, "I have no son to keep my name in remembrance."† Memory had already large demands made upon her. She might preserve the sayings of a patriarch fresh and sweet as the petals of a rose, but they must have something which would constantly retouch and recall the past, something that would give a broad conception, increasing and filling as the eye and memory dwelt upon it. Here we have the imitative power of the mind at once brought into free play. It would be observed that the eye received perfect impressions of outward things, that the quiet waters mirrored the blue sky, and its cloudy argosies, the figure of the human form on its brink, and the overhanging flower, gazing amorously on its own image. Imitation, nourished and impelled by so divine a desire, would eagerly seize upon the first raw materials at hand—the inner bark of a tree, the skin of an animal, and different coloured earths—and endeavour to reproduce the scenes themselves. Skill and accuracy would come with experience, and their artificial preservation, and the proper locality for such pictures, were matters sure of decision, by the same astute goddess. Gums and resinous substances would at once suggest themselves for the first ; for the second, what more fitting place could be found than the hero's tomb, where relatives and those who revered his memory often lingered ? The more public places were suitable for kings and prominent historical events, but for minor heroes with which common life always teems, the choice was strikingly apparent. Here, undisturbed by the shock and clamour of the crowd, contemplation might brood in stillest silence, and sympathy and feeling gush forth in utter unrestrainedness, alternating between the wail of a dirge, the exultation of a pœan, and the mad tramp of a dithyrambic dance. The graves of men were a collection of national pictures—of history, in what Coleridge called its essence, "innumerable biographies,"—living, perfect, but heterogeneous.

Thus do we account for the many pictorial representations, discovered by an eminent Frenchman, M. Marriot, in the immense cemetery belonging to the city of Noph, or Memphis, on the banks of the Nile. Preserved beneath successive layers of fine sand, blown upon them by the simoom—the 'swift cloud' of Isaiah‡—and covered with some kind of varnish, they are now as perfect as when painted in the earliest ages of the world ; for the remains brought to light, at different times and by different excavators, prove this city to have been one of the oldest, most populous, and magnificent cities of the ancient world. Even modern London, in magnitude and population, pales before this gigantic city in the calculations of antiquarians.

There are representations of all kinds on these tombs ; of the occupations of men, their children, wealth, cattle, achievements, and funerals. There are scenes from domestic life side by side with transcriptions from national history ; here a well-known hero, there an unnamed demigod. To the Egyptian these monuments were of the most sacred character. The Saxon traveller threw a stone, with a murmured blessing, at the

* See Rachel's pillar. Genesis xxxv. 20.

† 2 Samuel xviii. 18.

‡ Isaiah xix. 1.

barrow of a hero; the Egyptian one, coming from the desert, paused, wondering and charmed, amidst these rich memorials; and to the Memphian, they were as one gigantic illuminated page, each picture a study, the whole too massive for mental grasp.

So also was it with the North American Indians, in whom we have an admirable study for observing the self-development of mind. Their battles and scalping excursions are rudely drawn upon the skins of animals; but it is to the scenical inscriptions of their graveposts, robes, and tunics, that we must resort to find anything like a continuous history. Each picture, whether upon skin, bark, or post, is but a bright fragment of a brilliant historical mosaic.

A question here suggests itself as to the pictures found by Rawlinson, Layard, and others, in Nineveh, and elsewhere. We refer to the supposed historical ones, accompanied by writing in the cuneiform character. Are these sculptured tablets remnants of this primeval scenical writing, in an improved and more durable form, and designed to fill up in the mind what the inscriptions cannot wholly supply? Or, are they merely given to ensure a more rapid, magnificent, and popular insight into the lives of the men with whom they are conjoined?

Amongst several races in their early ages, knots of string have been used in general intercourse, arithmetical calculation, and as aids to memory; and these knots, if impressed into any clayey substance, or imitated in carving, would bare a strong resemblance to the cuneiform writing in its many variations, comprehended in the terms, arrow-headed, nail-headed (*tête-à-clou*), and the like. By the Chinese and Persians these knots were extensively used, prior to the introduction of symbol or picture-writing, and the entire system of the ancient Peruvians was based upon the same principle. There is a similarity in the Persian term *kupos*, and the Peruvian *quipus*, both applied to these knotted strings, which would indicate the same likeness generally. The latter consisted of a cord two feet long, from which different-coloured threads were suspended, and was used to keep all the statistical records of the empire; the district officers, who furnished the government with information of various kinds through its channel, being called *quipucamayacs*, or keepers of the quipus. This contrivance suggested to the mind as many abstract ideas as they could find colours, and was indispensable to their wise men and bards in preserving their legends and songs intact from generation to generation. A sort of quipus is still used by the Peruvian shepherds, and the Indian wampum-belts of shells and beads are in every sense analogous to these knotted threads.

Now, if a radical connection could be proved between the quipus-knots and the cuneiform characters, while triumphantly confirming one great primeval race and language, it would hint at the use of a similar system to the Persian and Peruvian one amongst the Assyrians, anterior to the earliest monumental inscription hitherto discovered—that on the first palace at Nimroud, bearing the name of king Ninus, placed by Clinton, B.C., 2182. It would also indicate the employment of sculptured figures, as helping to convey in a broader manner the subjects of which the materials were roughly given in the inscriptions. But such a connection cannot be clearly demonstrated. Our present knowledge is too insufficient for any severely critical exegesis of so remote and complicated a subject, but it is

a question deserving of the minutest investigation. For ourselves, we cannot but regard the similarity as of a most rare and truthful kind, while the sturdiest dissentient must at least acknowledge it as a most singular coincidence in the history of the human mind, when moved by the same impulse, although under different and modifying circumstances.

There are three things, however, which somewhat militate against the identity of the simple kipsos and the cuneiform writing, although a common origin is almost certain, and all the difference may be but a higher and unexplained development in the Assyrian one. 1. The discovery of the phonetic properties of the latter character, which the original quipus-knots do not seem to have possessed. 2. Their use alone in commemorative tablets, as in one of the two marble columns Darius erected on the shores of the Bosphorus. 3. The perfect sense of Rawlinson's translations. Admitting, then, the primary importance of the writing, these bas-reliefs do not seem to have been used as necessary adjuncts, but as mere artistical displays, as, in fact, we employ modern engravings. To the Assyrian, these monuments were what the scriptural paintings and illuminations on the church walls were to the people of the middle ages. The one incited earthly admiration; the other heavenly devotion; and both gave to the mind a broad idea of the past, in which whatever was dim assisted in the magnitude of the impression.

A word or two on a second form of Assyrian writing. Used on a smaller scale for private documents, and stamped upon bricks and cylindrical tiles,* it was called *cursive*, from its running flow, and *hieratic*, from its exclusive use by the priests. Unlike the cuneiform, it was written from right to left, in this respect resembling the Arabic and Hebrew. It was written very minutely, and even Layard himself had some trouble in deciphering it. There can be no doubt that reference is made to it in the book of Ezra (iv. 7), some 500 years B.C. We there learn that the adversaries of the building of the temple wrote to Artaxerxes to stop it, "and the writing of the letter was written in the Syrian tongue, and interpreted in the Syrian tongue." E.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM.—Luke xvi. 22, 23.

THERE WAS no name which conveyed to the Jews the same associations as that of Abraham. "To be with Abraham" implied with them, to share the same felicity in the other world; and "To be in Abraham's bosom," meant to be in repose and happiness with him. The latter phrase is obviously derived from the custom of sitting or reclining at table, which prevailed among the Jews, in and before the time of Christ. By this arrangement, the head of the person was necessarily brought almost into the bosom of the one who sat above him, or at the top of the *triclinium*, or couch that ran round three sides of a table; and the guests were so arranged that the most favoured were placed so as to bring them into that situation with respect to the host, (compare

* Pictures were also impressed upon tiles. Hence Ezekiel iv. 1. "Take thou a tile" and portray upon it the city, Jerusalem."

John xiii. 23 ; xxi. 20.) It was quite usual with the Jews to describe a just person as being with Abraham, or lying on Abraham's bosom ; and as such images were unobjectionable, Jesus accommodated his speech to them, to render himself the more intelligible by familiar notions, where, in the beautiful parable of the rich man and Lazarus, he describes the condition of the latter after death under these conditions.—*Kitto*.

The phrase, "Abraham's bosom," says Dean Trench, adopting another mode of exposition, has sometimes been explained as though Lazarus was brought into the *chiefest* place of honour and felicity, such as the sons of Zebedee asked for themselves, (Matt. xx. 23) that he was admitted, not merely to sit down with Abraham in the kingdom of heaven, at the heavenly festival, whereunto all the faithful should be admitted, but to lean on his bosom,—an honour of which only one could partake, as John, the beloved disciple, leaned on Jesus' bosom at the paschal supper. This explanation, however, starts altogether from a wrong assumption, since the image underlying "Abraham's bosom" is not that of a feast at all. This passage is not parallel to Matt. viii. 11 ; Luke xiii. 29, 30 ; but rather is to find its explanation from John i. 18, where the only begotten Son is declared to be in the bosom of the Father : it is a figurative phrase to express the deep quiet of an innermost communion. Besides, the Jews, from whom the phrase is borrowed, spoke of all true believers as going to Abraham as being received into his bosom. To be in Abraham's bosom was equivalent with them to the being "in the garden of Eden," or "under the throne of glory," the being gathered into the general receptacle of happy, but waiting spirits. (See Wisd. iii. 1—3) Language already existing among them received here the sanction and the seal of Christ and has come thus to be accepted by the church, which was understood by it in like manner the state of painless expectation, of blissful repose, which shall intervene between the death of the faithful in Christ Jesus, and their perfect consummation and bliss at his coming in his kingdom. It is "the Paradise" of Luke xxiii. 43 ; the place of the souls under the altar, (Rev. vi. 9) ; it is, as some distinguish it, blessedness, but not glory. Hither, to this haven of rest and consolation, Lazarus, after all his troubles was safely borne.

GABBATHA.—John xix. 13.

John tells us in this verse that Pontius Pilate, alarmed at last in his attempts to save Jesus, by the artful insinuation of the Jews, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend," went into the *prætorium* again, and "brought Jesus forth, and set him down in the judgment seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in Hebrew, Gabbatha." The Greek word, signifying literally *stone-paved*, is an adjective, and is generally used as such by the Greek writers. It is also frequently used to denote a pavement formed of ornamental stones of various colours, commonly called a *tessalated* or *Mosaic* pavement. The partiality of the Romans for this kind of pavement is well known. It is stated by Pliny, that after the time of Sylla, the Romans decorated their houses with such pavements. They also introduced them into the provinces. Suetonius relates that Julius Cæsar, in his military

expeditions, took with him the materials of tessalated pavements, ready prepared, that wherever he encamped, they might lay down the prætorium, (the general's tent, or official residence of the governor.) From these facts it has been inferred by many eminent writers that "the pavement," or place where Pilate's tribunal was set on this occasion, was covered by a tessalated pavement, which, as a piece of Roman magnificence, was appended to the prætorium at Jerusalem. The emphatic manner in which John speaks of it agrees with this conjecture. It further appears, from his narrative, that it was *outside* the prætorium; for Pilate is said to have "come out" to the Jews, who, for ceremonial reasons, did not go into it, on this as well as on other occasions. (John xviii. 28, 29, 38; xix. 4, 13.) Besides which, the Roman governors, although they tried causes and conferred with their council (Acts xxv. 12,) *within* the prætorium, always pronounced sentence in the open air. May not then this tessalated pavement, on which the tribunal was now placed, have been inlaid on some part of the terrace, running along one side of the prætorium, and overlooking the area where the Jews were assembled, or upon a landing-place of the stairs, immediately before the grand entrance?

It is not certain that St. John intends the Greek word rendered in our version "the pavement," as a translation or interpretation of Gabbatha. He may simply mean that the same place was called by these two names in Greek and Hebrew respectively.—*Denham*

THE MUSTARD-SEED.—Matt. xiii. 32.

Irby and Mangles, in their travels, mention a tree which they suppose to be the mustard tree of Scripture. They met with it while advancing towards Kerek, from the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. It bore fruit in bunches resembling the currant, and the seeds had a pleasant, though strongly aromatic taste, nearly resembling mustard. They say, "We think it possible that this is the tree our Saviour alluded to in the parable of the mustard seed, and not the mustard plant we have in the North, and which, even when growing large, can never be called a tree; whereas the other is really such, and birds might easily, and actually do, take shelter under its shadow."

In hot countries, as in Judea, the mustard tree attains a size which it is never known to reach in our colder latitudes, sometimes so great as to allow a man to climb up into its branches, or to ride on horseback under them, as a traveller in Chili mentions that he has done. Maldonatus assures us, that in Spain he has himself seen great ovens heated with its branches. He mentions further, that birds are exceedingly partial to the seed, so that when it is advancing to ripeness, he has often seen them lighting in very great numbers on its boughs, which, however, were strong enough to sustain the weight without being broken.—*Trench*.

"Small as a grain of mustard seed" was a *proverbial expression* among the Jews for something exceedingly minute; and Christ was ever ready to avail himself of such proverbs. The Rabbins call the mustard seed only sort of seed. "Like a mustard seed" is proverbial with them for any very small thing. Maimonides (*in More Nebachim*) contrasts the circle of the heavens with the mustard seed, as the smallest possible thing

Many accounts are to be found in their writings of the occasionally great size of the mustard plant in the East. One tree is mentioned with three branches, another covered a potter's tent, and a third was so large that the owner climbed up into it as into a fig-tree.

The expression "least of all seeds," says Sir Thomas Browne, "will not appear strange, if we recollect that one mustard seed, though it be not simply and in itself the smallest of seeds, yet may very well be believed to be the smallest of such as are apt to grow into a ligneous substance, and become a kind of tree."

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL ASSOCIATION.*

BELOVED CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,—At this, the Ninetieth Annual Association of the Ministers and Representatives of the General Baptist New Connexion, my heart presents unto you Christian salutation.

These yearly gatherings ought not to come and pass away without leaving traces of their being and influence upon us. If we are wise and thoughtful they cannot do so. They are as so many milestones, indicating our annual progress—so many halting places in our upward pathway to the city of our Heavenly Jerusalem. However much one Association may resemble another, yet there are striking changes, and ever fresh aspects to distinguish the present from all preceding ones. We visit the same towns, and meet in the same places of worship, and there is much of the past ever with us, but how strikingly we are admonished, that not only the fashion of the world, but the scenes of the churches are passing away. Whether as we advance in life this thought is more present with us I know not, but I feel myself deeply impressed with it this morning. With three exceptions, I have been present at each Association for the last twenty-three years. At Bourne, in 1826, I was first privileged to meet with the brethren. I had then been a recognized minister with you for one year. I was then in my thirtieth year. As a stranger, I was deeply interested in the doings of that Association. I saw many faces for the first time. It was then that a large code of rules, for the government of the body, was introduced, and earnestly discussed. But how changed the whole Connexion since then. Only some ten or eleven ministers occupy the same spheres of labour. Some forty-eight ministerial brethren have finished their course at home, and two of our illustrious missionary brethren abroad. All the active influential spirits of the Association at Bourne, with few exceptions, are gone,—the chairman, Mr. Ingham,—the deputy-chairman, Mr. Wallis,—the preachers and the moderators—brethren Ingham; Bissil, of Sutterton; Goadby, of Ashby, &c. The writer of the Association letter, Mr. Jarrom, too feeble to read it himself, the then vigorous active reader of it, Mr. Joseph Goadby—all gone. All the ministers who preached, or presided, or were officers of the next Association, in 1837, are also deceased. So, also, those who officiated

* At our request Dr. Burns has kindly handed the above admirable address to us for publication.—*Ed.*

in 1838. In these removals, what eminent men have fallen. What fathers and leaders of the people are no more with us. The main founder of the Foreign Mission, so long the honoured pastor of this church, and the Richard Baxter of the denomination, Mr. Pike. The earlier missionaries too, Lacey, Peggs, Sutton, and the successive tutors of the schools of the prophets, Jarrom, Stevenson, Wallis, &c. And within the last year, two brethren, whose spirits and labours were eminently connexional, and who were ever found at the service of the body, brethren Judd and Goadby—the latter of whom had been the active mind, whose learning and talents had been interwoven with the monthly periodical of the denomination for so many years. O yes, these are our losses, the losses of the churches and of the world, over which we may well shed the tear of fraternal sympathy and affection. But the denomination exists—the churches survive—our Association is still extant. But the Rock of our Salvation, the Head of the Church, ever liveth, and is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Well may we take up the memorable saying of one of the sainted founders of another Christian section of the church, the best of all, “God is with us.” We have His gospel in our pulpits—His Spirit in our churches—His gracious presence with us this day, in our Association. The theme on which I would dwell for a few moments is the Association itself. No doubt this annual meeting has ever, on the whole, accomplished its mission. But it may not be unnecessary to ask, has it effected this to the fullest extent? Has it done it in the most effective way? Such gatherings are interesting, very interesting: but are they profitable, useful, and to such an extent as is possible?

It is well known we meet, *not to legislate* for the government of the churches, recognizing, as we do, the thorough independency of each congregation. We meet, not to *exhibit priestly power*, or lordly authority, being believers in the one priesthood and divine authority of the Lord Jesus, and in the common and equal fraternity of all Christian brethren. We meet, not for *mere sectarian glorification*, as though we were holier than the other tribes of the Lord's spiritual Israel, for no where, I trust, would the benediction be more heartily pronounced than here, “Grace be with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.” But as brethren in common with independent Christian churches, we assemble for mutual counsel, and for united co-operation, more especially for sustaining and extending the public institutions of the churches—such as missions to the heathen and among our home population, and the education of young men, for the exercise of the Christian ministry. Other objects may be summed up as including general sympathy with each other, and counsel and aid, as far as practicable, to the weaker churches, and that we may take decided action in the great moral and ecclesiastical and benevolent questions of the day. Here, evidently, is our Associational standing. And it should never be forgotten, that this position is one in which should be carried out to the utmost liberty, equality, fraternity. The chairman, and moderators, and scribes, and other officiating brethren are merely called more prominently forth, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. A remembrance of this would influence us in our discussions, and lead us to avoid all that would have the semblance of personal pre-eminence, or dictatorial assumption.

Now I venture to affirm that our Association ought to tell in a threefold respect greatly for good. *On ourselves* convened together—may we not learn from each other? May we not be useful in exciting and provoking one another to love and good works? May we not see in every brother some feature of Christian excellency, that may cause us to love him more, and to glorify God on his account? May we not receive and reciprocate Christian salutations, compare notes of progress, and really be the better for our mutual gathering?

But should not the *town* and *church*, where we meet be benefited too? They are put to considerable expense and inconvenience to provide and exhibit the rites of hospitality towards us. And what is to be the return they shall have? If they give us of their carnal things, shall we not minister to them in spiritual things? Shall not each minister and representative feel that his influence for good shall be felt, and the savour of it remain behind him? Shall we board and lodge in Christian families, and shall there be no holy traces of our intercourse? Our churches in the town, and every family we enter, should be the better for our presence; or brethren, rely on it, they will be the worse for it. The very children should remember our visit, and talk of it with delight for years to come. I will not indicate how this may be secured, and I need not tell how it cannot be realized. We come to the Association, not merely as gentlemen who know how to conduct ourselves, but as Christians who are to convey to others a true portraiture of what real godliness is. We have the opportunity in our conversation, spirit, and general demeanour, to do much on these occasions for the honor and cause of Christ.

Allow me to say that while our public meetings ought to be fraught with good, I do not think that *one* public proclamation of the glorious gospel should be deemed sufficient for the Annual Association. I think we should have more preaching and not less. No other Christian body in the kingdom would be satisfied to have only *one* sermon on such a public occasion. My private conviction is that we are totally wrong in this matter. We spend hours in listening to tedious, verbose, and often most prosy accounts of churches, written in many cases by most incompetent scribes; and yet that Divine agency for the salvation of the world, a preached gospel, only occupies one short service. I would that the town should be the better for our gathering together. In provincial towns like Derby, it may be so, it ought to be extensively so.

But *our churches*, whose deputies we are, ought to have some reflex good from our Association. If we return home in a better spirit: enlivened, quickened, stirred up, more inflamed with Christ's love, or burning more with holy zeal, they will be the better. If we have good news to tell them, or if we have useful hints to impart, or wise suggestions to make, they must be the better. I do hope that we shall so conduct the usual business matters this year, with such brevity of speech-making, with such unbroken order, with such courtesy and kindness, and with such promptness and hearty good will, that we shall have one effective concluding sitting for free and mutual conversation, as to the best method for securing prosperity to our churches, and a revival of religion in all our borders.

Forgive these observations, if deemed too long, and may the Lord God of our fathers bless us, and make us a thousand times as many more as we are, as he hath promised.

A NIGHT IN THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

IN the year 1798, shortly after the first entrance into Rome of the French Republican army, under General Berthier, a large party was formed to visit the catacombs. The party was arranged in after-dinner merriment and frolic, at a house of public entertainment, near the Piazza de Spagna, and it consisted principally of thoughtless young officers and clerks of the commissariat. Determined to be merry where all was gloomy and sad, they conveyed with them abundant provisions, and hampers of wine and bottles of brandy. They scared the monks who occupied a house and church near the mouth of the catacomb they had chosen to visit, and they perplexed and terrified the poor *custodi* and guides. But what could these poor people do? The French were masters of Rome; and, of the burghers of that city, many had declared themselves as Jacobins, Republicans, and passionate admirers of the new order of things, not excepting, in that order, the gospel according to Voltaire or Rousseau. The young Frenchmen, who had all been educated in these doctrines, and who had been hardened by witnessing the orgies of the great revolution, and the blasphemous excesses of the Herberts and Chaumettes, after taking a short turn in the crypts, and laughing at everything they saw, set themselves down in one of the oratories, and began a carouse which did not end until they thought the wine and the liquor were consumed, and every one of them was more or less inebriated.

They sang lewd love-songs, and Bacchanalian choruses among the ancient Christian dead buried in those catacombs; they played at bowls with the skulls; they rummaged the open graves; they made jokes and puns of the inscriptions; they committed every imaginable act of irreverence and impiety. They were mad with drink, and they had received a mad schooling.

In this state they renewed their exploration of the crypts, descending one tier after another, until they had reached the lowest, and betting who would venture the furthest into the darkness and mystery of the yawning graves.

But where all were mad, the maddest was a young cavalry officer, a fire-eater, *un crane*, one who feared not God nor devil, for he believed in neither; one who courted danger with more assiduity than common mortals woo quiet and safety. Brave he assuredly was, though a very braggadocio. He would go farther than anybody; he would never leave the crypts until he had visited them all, and seen what was in them; and, breaking away, with a lighted torch in his hand, but without a guide, he plunged into one of the side passages, and was followed for a space by the jeers, shouts, and loud laughter of his comrades. He did indeed go farther than any of them; he penetrated so far, and through such obstructed and difficult crypts, that much time was consumed, and his torch began to burn low. He then retraced his steps, and with great difficulty found his way back to the place where he had left, or where he believed he had left, his party. Not a soul was there. He shouted, and none answered; his torch was now nearly extinguished; he was seized with a shuddering. But he had a second torch with him, and this he lighted in time. After many mistakes, he found the steps which led to the second tier of crypts. Here he expected to find his companions, but no

voice replied to his call. He shuddered more than he had done before. But he thought that his friends were only playing him a trick, and that they were hiding in some of the passages and watching him. He said to himself, "They must not see that I am disturbed and nervous;" and then he shouted, "Come out, you ambuscaders! leave off this game! show your lights! let us begone! we shall be too late for the billiard-table! I have a rendezvous at the coffee-house! I am burning and dying of thirst! I have swallowed earth and dust enough to bury a grenadier! I want wine and water! iced water! iced water!" But still no reply, no sound, no appearance of another light. He shouted again and again, until he was horrified by the sound and the echoes of his own voice. He now seriously took himself to task for his fool-hardiness; yet he could not believe but that he should find his comrades in the upper crypts, or waiting for him at the gates; and he proceeded hastily and yet carefully in search of the other flight of steps. With all his care he could not find the direct passage, nor anything like it; and he stumbled and fell more than once, to the great danger of extinguishing his light. But at length he saw the broad steps before him, and these he quickly ascended, singing a trooper's song, to prove to his companions how perfect was his self-possession, and how little his nerves had been affected by his long, gloomy ramble. But nobody joined in the chorus, nor replied to his renewed calls. No living creature besides himself was now in that crypt. He made what speed he could to the mouth of the catacomb. The gates were closed, and no voice, either within or without, answered. Believing that at least some of his comrades must have remained near at hand, he cried, that this was carrying the joke too far; that he was choked, and dying of thirst, and must be let out. Still no answer. He looked at his watch, and saw that it was nearly nine o'clock at night. He clutched up a heavy fragment of a tombstone, and beat furiously upon the gate; but the gate was strong and opened inwards. He shouted again; he became frantic, and screamed, and screamed until his dry tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

It was now clear that there was nobody who could, or that would hear him, and come to his relief. His thirst was agonizing, and his second torch had scarcely an inch to burn. But by the gate he found some remains of torches, which his companions had extinguished and thrown upon the ground at their exit; and these he lighted one after another. When the last remnant was rapidly consuming, he thought he would retrace his steps to the oratory in which they had kept their carousal; for there, at least, was an aperture opening to the sky, and admitting air and light. On his way he fell, and his torch being extinguished, he was left in total darkness. As he groped his way, he slipped through a chasm. The fall was inconsiderable, the chamber beneath being so very full; but he fell among dried, clattering, crackling bones; and his flesh crept on his own bones, his blood turned cold, and his head became giddy. His mind, which had been wandering before, from the double effects of wine and fright, was still further unsettled by this shock; but he made an effort, disengaged himself from that horrible chamber, and regained the crypt above. Prone to the earth he crawled along, feeling the way with his outstretched hands, until he came to the oratory, where he sat down on the floor, with his back leaning against the slabs of graves. The

aperture which faced him afforded entrance to a narrow flood of light, proceeding from the brilliant moon at its full, and the cool night air which came in with the light, afforded a temporary refreshment and relief. Fatigued, and well-nigh exhausted, he thought he might sleep quietly until the morning. He summoned reason, and such philosophy, as he possessed, to his aid. What had he to fear, unless some living brigands or marauders should find him there? and of this there was little probability. What harm had the remains of the dead ever done to the living? "It was only the dead who never returned to trouble us," was a revolutionary dogma; and what was death itself but an eternal sleep? Had not every cemetery in France borne the inscription, "*La Mort est un Sommeil Eternel*?" Had not the philosophers of France been proving for more than a quarter of a century, that the soul of man perished with his body, and that the existence of a future world, and the system of rewards and punishments, were things invented for the benefit of priests and imposters? He recalled the sarcasms of Voltaire, the mathematical demonstrations of d'Alembert, and the dogmas of the atheist manual, "*Le Systeme de la Nature*;" "that the idea of immortality is only an illusion of the brain;" "the fears of death are vain illusions;" "even the great legislator of the Jews has recorded in Genesis, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return;'"—but all would not avail him, nor quiet his fluttering nerves; insensibly the teachings of his childhood, the Christian lessons of the mother who had borne him, came back upon his mind, and with them came thronging even the superstitions of nurses and country servants, and the spectral tales of old village crones. He shuddered, he longed, he almost prayed, but it was only for the morning, which would surely bring him liberation. He looked at his watch, and could see by the moonlight that it was close upon the midnight hour. His thirst was now more than even intolerable. He would have given a good year's pay for one draught of cool water. Something glittered on the ground near the stone altar. What was it? A bottle. But the bottle contained not water; it was two-thirds filled with ardent spirit, with cognac brandy, which had been forgotten and left behind. He seized it, and eagerly drank of it, in the hope that it might dispel his horror and awe, and send him to sleep. He repeated his draughts until he had drained the bottle; and then was completed the insane furor which for some hours had been gathering in his mind. Horrible visions flitted before his eyes, which sleep could not close; he lay motionless, and utterly incapable of motion, on the dusty earth; but his pulse raced like the torrent of a cataract, and his brain worked, and incessantly presented one spectrum more awful than the other. The void sockets of the skulls lying opposite to him were suddenly filled up with glaring ghastly eyes, that gazed upon him, and from which he could not detach his own gaze. He heard woful sighs and moans, groans and shrieks, as of souls in torture. He heard a loud whispering, as if proceeding from many thousands of concealed beings. He heard a clapping of hands, and the loud, dismal tone of a bell. Yet all the sounds that could possibly have reached his ear proceeded from the night breeze, which rustled among the weeds and bushes outside, and feebly murmured as it entered the chasm; from owls, or other hooting nocturnal birds; from the tinkling of the bells of

some sheep in a fold on the slope of a hill at a short distance ; or from the bell of a distant monastery, ringing to call the monks of some austere order to midnight prayer, or very early matins.

But the young Frenchman was now incapable of deduction, or of any reasoning process whatever. To his ears, that loud awful bell tolled again, and a voice, louder than thunder, echoed through the dreary vaults, and three several times were repeated these words :—"Caverns, show forth your dead ! The muster-roll is calling ! Let there be a death-parade !" To his wild eyes, the black crypt, in its whole extent, was suddenly illuminated by a dazzling and supernatural light, as if the dry atmosphere itself had taken fire and was in a blaze with spontaneous combustion ; and the bones of the dead, which lay scattered on the ground, or were piled up indiscriminately in great heaps, became endued with the power of motion, and moved, and joined, and adhered together, and perfect skeletons arose and stood bolt upright, waving their arm-bones to and fro, as if in impatience, or anger, or pain ; and the graves, tier above tier, flew open, and their tenants descended from them ; and a wide chasm opened underfoot ; and through it, from the lowest recesses, came trooping other skeletons, of all forms and sizes, from that of the man of gigantic stature to that of the tiny infant who had died on the day of its birth ; and falling into rank or line with the rest, these bare blanched bones marched slowly through the crypt, shaking their unfleshed hands at the Frenchman as they passed him. And there was no end to the mustering and marching of the dead from the regions below through that chasm. They seemed to be flowing on for ever like a river.

This was the last vision, or the last of which any recollection was preserved. At no very late hour in the morning the catacombs were re-opened to admit other French visitors, and the young officer was found by the guides in a state of stupor and unconsciousness. He was carried into Rome, and consigned to his friends and to the military hospital. In their wild intoxication, some of them had taken it into their heads that it was time to correct his boasting habit and foolhardiness, and that it would indeed be a good joke to leave him behind. The narrator of the story said that it was probable that the guides, who were Italians and understood no French, and who had been drinking with the officers, did not miss him out of so large a company ; but that it was equally probable that if the guides had missed him, they would have put themselves to no inconvenience on his account, but would have thought his rampant impiety, profligacy, and audacity, properly punished by a night's confinement in the catacombs. The joke was rued when it had been carried too far. The young man suffered a brain fever of the worst and most violent kind. He raved on his sick bed, "Take away those skulls ! Remove those horrible bones ! Shut up those graves ; or deprive me of sight !" Every object converted itself in his eye to a skeleton or a spectre ; in his ear every sound was the tolling of that awful bell, or the more awful spoken words :—"Caverns, show forth your dead ! The muster-roll is calling ! Let there be a death-parade !"

The lancet, medicine, and skilful treatment, and assiduous care, slowly restored him to reason and to health ; but from that time forward he was an altered, serious, reverential man. He had interred his last scoff and impious jest in the Roman catacomb. He could no longer laugh at

death, or that which is beyond this brief and troublous life. The awe which had penetrated him, had filled him, and had overthrown his reason, did not all depart with the restoration of his reasoning faculties. He burned his "*Système de la Nature*," and betook himself to the study of very different books. His comrades rallied him, but they could not change him. Some seven years afterwards, when killed in a battle in Calabria, a copy of the Evangelists was found in his pocket.*

STRAY LESSONS FROM THE MODERN PULPIT.

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.—Never complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if only you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hinderances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! a truce to all such impatience! Choke that devilish envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or, rather, bring it up to receive God's will and do his work, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations; and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but really consistent with it. Hence it was that an Apostle required his converts to abide each one in that calling wherein he was called,—to fill his place till He opens a way, by filling it, to some other; the bondman to fill his house of bondage with love and duty, the labourer to labour, the woman to be a woman, the men to show themselves men,—all to acknowledge God's hand in their lot, and seek to co-operate with that good design which he most assuredly cherishes for them.

There must be a complete renunciation of self-will. God and religion must be practically first; and the testimony that we please God must be the element of our peace. And such a disciple I have never known who did not have it for his joy that God was leading him on, shaping his life for him, bringing him along out of one moment into the next, year by year.

How sacred, how strong in its repose, how majestic, how nearly divine is a life thus ordered! The simple thought of a life which is to be the unfolding, in this manner, of a divine plan, is too beautiful, too captivating, to suffer one indifferent or heedless moment. Living in this manner, every turn of your experience will be a discovery to you of God,—every change a token of his fatherly counsel. Whatever obscurity, darkness, trial, suffering falls upon you; your defeats, losses, injuries; your outward state, employment, relations; what seems hard, unaccountable, severe, or, as nature might say, vexatious,—all these you will see are parts or constitutive elements in God's beautiful and good plan for you, and, as such, are to be accepted with a smile. Trust God! have an implicit trust in God! and these very things will impart the highest zest to life. If you were in your own will, you could not bear them; and if you

* *The Catacombs of Rome.* By Charles Marjariand. Routledge, London.

fall, at any time, into your own will, they will break you down. But the glory of your condition, as a Christian, is that you are in the mighty and good will of God. Hence it was that Bunyan called his hero Great Heart; for no heart can be weak that is in the confidence of God. See how it was with Paul: counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge; enduring, with sublime patience, unspeakable sufferings; casting everything behind him, and following on to apprehend that for which he was apprehended. He had a great and mighty will, but no self-will: therefore he was strong—a true lion of the faith. Away, then, with all feeble complaints, all meagre and mean anxieties! Take your duty, and be strong in it, as God will make you strong. The harder it is, the stronger, in fact, you will be. Understand, also, that the great question here is, not what you will get, but what you will become. The greatest wealth you can ever get will be in yourself. Take your burdens, and troubles, and losses, and wrongs, if come they must and will, as your opportunities, knowing that God has girded you for greater things than these. Oh! to live out such a life as God appoints, how great a thing it is!—to do the duties, make the sacrifices, bear the adversities, finish the plan, and then to say, with Christ—who of us will be able?—“It is finished!”—*Dr. Bushnell.*

THE MOURNER'S FRIEND.—By the confession of the world's own poet, “Christianity is the religion of the sorrowful.” Nothing can be truer. Christ is indeed the mourner's friend. Christ's word is the “Afflicted Man's Companion.” And if any humane spirit would like to mitigate the distresses of his brethren,—if you would fain be a son of consolation to the sons of sorrow,—the kindest thing you can do is to conduct them to this source of perennial comfort. The world is full of sufferers; and if you do not meet them in the streets, city missionaries and others will soon direct you to their dwellings. There, or in the public hospital, you will find them, bed-ridden, consumptive, palsy-stricken, blind, wasting away in direful diseases! and what can you do for them? What can philosophy do? What can mere human philanthropy do? The one would discourse on the pain-conquering power of a resolute will, or would expatiate on the lot of mortality,—as if writhing anguish could be mesmerized by Stoic saws, or a fever could be cured by fatalism. And the other, wiser and kinder, would seek for the tossing sufferer better attendance, or a purer air, or a less uneasy couch; but it is a short limit to which, when humanity has gone, it can go no farther. The best skill cannot cure old age; the rarest cordial cannot tempt the sickly palate; the purest air, the softest couch, the kindest nursing cannot conjure into health those that are doomed to die. But in his mercy God has provided an assuagement for such misery,—an effectual antidote to the worst ingredient in the cup of woe. Visiting your poor neighbour, you will probably find that antidote already in the house, but its value is still unknown. It is your privilege to be the ministering angel, and to point out to the dying Hagar the hidden well. Putting into the words as much of Christ's own tenderness and kindness as you can, you read or repeat some appropriate passage; and, just as the scanty strength can bear it, you add here a little and there a little, and renew your visits, till, in an arrested ear and opening heart, God crowns your love and answers your prayers. And those only who have seen it, can tell the difference between the sick-chamber where there is no hope, and one lit up with immortality

—between the dull endurance or the rebellious resistance of the stricken transgressor, and the patient cheerfulness and prophetic joy of a Lazarus, whose sorry couch is spread in glory's vestibule. So that next to his highest service who pre-occupies with Scriptural principle a healthful youthful neighbour, and who thus secures for society a Christian citizen, as well as for heaven a meet inheritor,—is his visit of mercy who carries to the abodes of wretchedness the tidings of great joy, and who, with the help of the Holy Spirit, reveals the secret which makes the worst pain tolerable, and the sorest affliction joyful,—which beguiles with songs the longest night, and teaches the man of sorrow always to triumph through Jesus Christ.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

ANGER DEFERRED.—The best practical specific for the treatment of anger against persons is, to “defer it.” Its nature presses for instant vengeance, and the appetite should be starved. A wise man may indeed experience the heat, but he will do nothing till he cools again. When your clothes outside are on fire, you wrap yourself in a blanket, if you can, and so smother the flame: in like manner, when your heart within has caught the fire of anger, your first business is to get the flame extinguished. Thereafter you will be in a better position to form a righteous judgment, and follow a safe course. “To pass over a transgression” is a man’s “glory.” This is like the doctrine of Jesus, but not like the manners of the world. It is a note in unison with the sermon on the mount, and at variance therefore with most of our modern codes of honour. It has often been remarked that the Bible proves itself divine by the knowledge of man which it displays; but perhaps its opposition to the main currents of a human heart is as clear a mark of its heavenly origin as its discovery of what these currents are. The vessel which moves up the strong stream of men’s desires does not get from that stream its motive impulse. The breath of heaven gives it direction and urges it on. The best law on that subject which springs on earth makes it a man’s glory to obtain satisfaction, and counts it his disgrace to pass an injury unavenged. We may discover here how little civilization by itself can do for man. The rule regarding injuries which prevailed throughout Europe in the generation now passing away coincides precisely with the sentiment of savage tribes. The principle of the duel reigned so imperiously till of late, in military and semi-military circles, that the man who dared to pass over an injury was, by a very vulgar species of persecution, driven from his post and his profession. This sentiment, which happily is passing away in our day, neither marked the Christian nor made the gentleman. The same sentiment prevailed among the Highland clans of Scotland before the Bible reached their hearts, or roads led soldiers and sheriffs to their fastnesses. The most savage communities and the most refined stood, in the matter of the duel, nearly on the same level, and both were opposed alike to Scripture and Reason. “Looking unto Jesus” is, after all, the grand specific for anger in both its aspects, as a sin and as a suffering. Its dangerous and tormenting fire, when it is kindled in a human breast, may be extinguished best by letting in upon it the love wherewith he loved us. Let Faith arise and make haste and open the doors of an angry heart to the compassions which flow in Christ crucified: the incipient tumult will be quenched like a spark beneath a flowing stream. If you abide in him, sinful anger will be kept or cast out, and that which remains, being like his own, will neither trouble you nor hurt a brother.—*Arnol.*

Poetry.

HERS WAS A MOTHER'S HEART.

HERS was a mother's heart, That poor Egyptian's, when she drew Because she would not see [apart Her child beloved in its last agony ; When her sad load she laid, In her despair, beneath the scanty shade In the wild waste, and stepped Aside, and long and passionately wept. Yet higher, more sublime, How many a mother since that ancient Has shown the mighty power [time Of love divine, in such another hour !	Oh ! higher love to wait Fast by the sufferer in his worst estate, Nor from the eyes to hide One pang, but aye in courage to abide. And though no angel bring In that dark hour unto a living spring Of gladness—as was sent, Still her voice of turbulent lament— Oh ! higher faith to show Out of what depths of anguish and of woe The heart is strong to raise To an all-loving Father hymns of praise.

Trench

BEARING THE CROSS.

THE heavier cross, the nearer heaven ;
No cross without, no God within.
Death, judgment, from the heart are driven,
Amidst the world's false glare and din.
O ! happy he, with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the cross !

The heavier cross, the better Christian,—
This is the touchstone God applies ;
How many a garden would lie wasting,
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes !
The gold by fire is purified ;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

The heavier cross, the stronger faith ;
The loaded palm strikes deeper root ;
The vine juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clustered fruit.
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea-foam.

The heavier cross, the heartier prayer ;
The bruised herbs most fragrant are.
If wind and sky were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star ;
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung,
If grief his heart had never wrung.

The heavier cross, the more aspiring ;
From vales we climb to mountain crest ;
The pilgrim, of the desert tiring,
Longs for the Canaan of his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

The heavier cross, the easier dying,
Death is a friendlier face to see ;
To life's decay one bids defying.—
From life's distress one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To him who triumphed over death.

Thou crucified ! The cross I carry,—
The longer may it dearer be ;
And, lest I faint whilst here I tarry,
Implant thou such a heart in me,
That faith, hope, love may flourish there,
Till for my cross the crown I wear !

From the German of Schmutz.

Brief Notices.

LIFE OF JABEZ BUNTING, D.D., *with notices of contemporary persons and events.* By his son, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. Vol. I., foolscap 8vo. cloth, pp. 438. London: Longman and Co., Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

JOHN WESLEY was an old man of seventy-six, when Jabez Bunting was born in Manchester in 1779. The venerable apostle of Methodism is associated with one simple fact in the infancy of Bunting, "the only one which has been preserved." Jabez was taken by his mother to Oldham-street chapel, presented to Wesley, and devoutly blessed by him. "There was nothing unusual in this circumstance; for little children were commonly taken to Wesley, as he travelled through the land. But the blessing was a rich one. The child himself cherished it; and in later years, often told how he used to hear Wesley preach, frequently on Easter Sundays, and at six o'clock on the following mornings; and, these early services ended, to watch his departure, in his carriage, on the accustomed round of labour. He saw him so depart, for the last time, in 1790." The following year Wesley was called to his reward.

The life of Bunting, from his birth to his thirty-second year, is all that the volume before us embraces. His childhood, school-days, conversion, medical education under Dr. Percival, religious and intellectual progress, training for the service of Methodism, call to the ministry, labours in the Oldham and Macclesfield circuits, and early ministry in London, Manchester, Sheffield, and Liverpool, are detailed. Very much is said about contemporary men, and not a little of the charm of this volume depends on these lives within a life. The volume is enriched by a portrait of Jabez Bunting, and a very fine medallion. We shall return again to this biography by and by.

BIBLE HISTORY, *in connection with the General History of the World, with Notices of Scripture localities, and sketches of social and religious life.* By the REV. W. G. BLAIR, M.A., Author of "David, King of Israel." Crown 8vo. cloth, pp. 470. London: Nelson and Son.

This is a very useful history. It follows the great outline of the Bible narrative, arranging and classifying the leading facts, makes use of recent Biblical illustration to throw life into the narrative,

glances at parallel history, and sketches, in a very admirable way, the progress of religious knowledge and the state at different periods of social and spiritual life. As a compendium of well-arranged Biblical facts, it will be of great service to our lay-brethren who are engaged in occasional preaching, and will be equally useful to all who are employed in the Sabbath-school. The sixteen chapters are devoted respectively to the creation and fall, the flood, the dispersion, the pilgrimage to Canaan, Egypt, the wilderness of Sinai, Joshua and the Conquest of Canaan, the judges, the united kingdom, Saul, David, Solomon, the kingdom of Israel, or the ten tribes, the kingdom of Judah, the captivity, the restoration, interval between the Old Testament and the New, gospel history, and apostolic history. At the end of the volume we have a gazetteer of Bible localities, a good general index, and very fair maps illustrative of the journey of the Israelites from Egypt, and their captivity, Canaan, Palestine, and the travels of St. Paul. It is no small advantage to find dates given in good black figures, easily distinguishable, and a brief table of the leading events put at the end of each period sketched in the several chapters.

THE GOSPEL OF THE GRACE OF GOD, *illustrated in a series of meditations.* By BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A. Eighth thousand. London: Nisbet & Co.

A concise view of some important truths of the gospel. The plan is good. Meditations, by the estimable author, are given on various texts, and the whole is written in the first person. Well adapted to be useful.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARIS EVANGELIST. London: W. Yapp, Old Cavendish-street.

Very pleasing instances are given in this unpretending little book of successful efforts among Roman Catholics in Paris.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS: A short account of a Blind Deaf-Mute. London: Nisbet & Co.

A very interesting story of one Eliza Cooter, of Brighton, and of conversations with her during several visits by the writer. It will not fail to awaken a deeper interest in similar cases. The patience, and Christian meekness of poor Eliza Cooter are well described.

Correspondence.

SALTED WITH FIRE.

Another view of Mark ix. 49.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I venture to oppugn the exposition of this passage, quoted in your number for June, and respectfully to submit the following as a more truthful exposition of the meaning of our Lord's words.

The disciples of our Divine Master, having as yet but very imperfectly apprehended His heavenly humility, and His self-denying purpose of becoming a sacrifice and atonement for the sins of the world, had, with singular unsuitableness been "disputing which of them should be the greatest" Mark ix. 31—34. Conscience told them that this selfish ambition and vain-glory was wrong; and so when Jesus asked them the occasion of their disputation, shame made them silent. Knowing what was in their heart, he took occasion to renew his instructions concerning child-like humility and inoffensiveness, self-sacrificing generosity and brotherly love, concluding with these words, "Have salt in or among yourselves and have peace one with another."

The scope and tendency of the passage thus seems so very clear, that one should have thought, no reader, with ordinary attention, would have formed any serious misapprehension of its meaning.

That principle of interpretation called parallelism, generally acknowledged among biblical critics as true, would evince that the two clauses of this sentence are tantamount, and so the phrase "Have salt in, or among, yourselves," would mean the same as "Have peace one with the other." Thus "salt" signifies the spirit of peace, brotherly love, —friendship.

If this be allowed, all difficulty, I think, vanishes. And it may very well be allowed; for the salt is here said to be a "good" thing—so good indeed, that without it nothing can be properly seasoned; and especially not any sacrifice offered to God. (v. 49, compared with Lev. ii. 13.) This good quality may justly be predicated of peace and brotherly love; but not, (as that other comment would teach us), of the damnation of hell. Our Saviour teaches us that "Every one shall be salted with fire," but he surely does not teach us that *we must all* go to hell; that *that* salt is good, and that to be acceptable to God we must all be salted with it. But He *does* here teach us that rather than sin against God or our fellow men, we must *sacrifice* our

very limbs and eyes. Indeed the New Testament generally teaches us to "present our bodies as living sacrifices, holy and acceptable to God." And He does tell us of a *fire* in which these sacrifices must be presented—even the living and loving Spirit of God; that "*eternal* Spirit in which Jesus offered himself without spot to God," and in which "our offering up may also be acceptable; being sanctified by the Holy Ghost." Romans xii. 1, 15, 16.; Heb. ix. 14. And he, therefore, also most appropriately tells us of a *salt* with which every such sacrifice must, in order to its acceptance, be seasoned. "For," as under the former dispensation, every Jew must necessarily present to God, through the priest, sacrifices for sin, and peace offerings "made by *fire* to the Lord;" so under the present dispensation, must every Christian, through Jesus the High Priest, and by the fire of the Holy Ghost, be offered up to God a consecrated and self-devoted sacrifice. But as no sacrifice among the Jews would be accepted by God without salt, so no religious or religious service of ours will be pleasing to our Heavenly Father, unless accompanied with brotherly love. "Therefore, (saith our Saviour, Matthew v. 23-25) if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought—hath some ground of complaint—against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother—confess thy fault to him, do thy best to repair it, obtain the salt of peace with him,—and then come and offer thy gift." And He then adds a word just equivalent to the context in Mark ix. saying, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, lest thou be cast into prison."

What a church, and speedily, what a world we should have, if this salt of peace and brotherly love were present, or were really believed essentially necessary to all our religious exercises! And how indispensable it is, we may see in the Divine rejection of the religion of those of whom we read in Psalm i. 16, 20; Isaiah i. 15, 51, i. 11; Mal. iii. 4, 5; and 1. Cor. xi. 17, 22. (See also Church of England Catechism, the last answer).

This is the salt of the "*Covenant of God*," as it is called Lev. ii. 13, the Covenant of Friendship with God, and with all our fellow men. The same idea is contained in the phrase "*Covenant of*

salt," employed in Numbers xviii. 19, and 2, Chron. xiii. 5.

This idea of salt as the emblem of friendship, has in all ages, pervaded the eastern world. (See Horne's Introduction, vol. 2, p. 192). An Arab, when he has once eaten salt with you, deems himself bound to act the part of a friend to you for ever. "Because we are salted with the salt of the palace, it is not meat for us to see the king's dishonour"—so said the servants of Artaxerxes. Ezra iv. 14. And thus many of the Sepoys, overcome in the late Indian mutiny, used this very word in this very sense, and said, the reason all went against them was, that they had "eaten our salt" and yet afterwards fought against us. Theodoret, (quoted by Parkhurst) says, "It is usual even with Barbarians, after eating with their enemies, to keep peace inviolate, remembering the salt." The expression seems now-a-days, in our current literature, to be growing into a household word among us. Perhaps our Saviour availed himself of this prevalent notion, when, in order to show the special baseness of the coming treachery "He dipped the sop and gave it to Judas Iscariot."

In the same spirit He, in this 9th of Mark, warns us, that if, instead of being self-denyingly offered up to God with the fire of the Holy Spirit, and being seasoned with the salt of brotherly love and peace, we, in our self-seeking vanity, quarrel with another, and thus inevitably present a stumbling-block in the way of even the feeblest of mankind, we shall be unfit for the kingdom of heaven—the home of the God of Love, and must, unavoidably, be cast into the miseries of hell.

This is as plain as it is solemn; and, dear sir, your readers will, it may be hoped, prefer it to the interpretation given in your 215th page—an interpretation, which with some appearance of ingenuity, nevertheless violates, I think, the propriety of the images it attempts to expound, by confusing the fire with the salt; makes the *good* salt to signify the worst of all imaginable evils—an interpretation which perpetuates the bad theology of attributing the immortality of at least some human souls to the wrath of their Creator: (as to which compare Isaiah lvii. 16.) and presents the horrible idea of a God of infinite wisdom and love counteracting the laws he had himself imposed on his own creation; and by an endless series of numberless miracles, preserving his miserable and sinful creatures from "*annihilation*," for "no other purpose" than that they may continue to endure the tortures which infinite power inflicts.

Let your readers judge in themselves, which of these two interpretations, with most authority, claims the tribute of their *conscience*; which of them most tends to glorify their Father in heaven; and for which of them, supposing it to be true, they could most heartily and thoroughly thank and adore their Saviour God.

In the remaining passages "Ye are the salt of the earth," and "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt;" the idea of peace and friendship seems to afford a very good sense—indeed a better sense than any other which fairly and readily presents itself in the emblem.

I am, dear sir,

Faithfully yours,

T. W. M.

MISSIONARY BAZAAR AT THE ANNUAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having written both for the pages of this Magazine, and also to private individuals, numerous and urgent appeals for contributions to our Missionary Bazaar, I feel it not only a duty, but also a great pleasure, to lay before your readers a statement of the results, which will, I feel sure, be read with great satisfaction. I would also most heartily thank all those who so kindly helped in this good cause, expressing the joy and thankfulness I felt to Him who alone maketh His people "able to offer so willingly after this sort." Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee and praise Thy glorious name, for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee,

RECEIPTS.

	£.	s.	d.
Subscriptions to provide materials	6	15	8
Admission at door and sales at Bazaar	140	8	5
Cash and sales since	11	6	11
H. W. Ditchett, Esq., Bristol ..	2	0	0
A Friend at Hebden Bridge, by Rev. C. Springthorpe ..	1	0	0
	£161	11	0
Paid to R. Pegg, Esq. ..	18	16	0
Balance ..	£142	15	0

PAYMENTS.			£	s.	d.
Materials, carriage, postage, printing, &c.	...	...	6	13	6
Wood-work	...	...	1	11	0
Pink calico and ottoman	...	...	1	7	6
Commission goods	..	..	9	4	0

£18 16 0

Besides this, the juvenile stalls realized the handsome sum of £19 4s., making a total of £162 1s.

The appearance of the Bazaar seemed to give very great satisfaction, and the attendance was good. On the third evening of course it was crowded by those who came not out of love to the cause surely! but with the hope of obtaining cheap bargains. The committee, however, adhered as much as possible to their previous determination,

not materially to lower prices, especially of those articles which were at all likely to sell in India. After the Bazaar was over, the committee presented to Mrs. Miller a parcel of articles which would be useful in providing her family's outfit, feeling assured that this would meet with the cordial approbation of all. By far the larger part of the goods remaining unsold are being packed up for India; and with the few which it was not deemed advisable to send, a stall will be set out at some tea meeting or any other appropriate time which may present itself. Again thanking all who have contributed anything, whether much or little,

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

MARY S. WILKINS.

CORNELIUS.

In reply to a Query.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—The honest and earnest inquirer after truth is worthy of the most careful instruction; and if one of God's children has been enabled to see clearly when another sees but dimly or not at all, it will be felt a duty and a pleasure to communicate as fully as possible the greater light received. On these accounts I regret that the inquiry of your correspondent on the above subject, which appeared in the Magazine for May, has been, in the two subsequent numbers, unanswered. With your permission, therefore, and without at all assuming that I belong to that class of your correspondents to which "Querist" refers as "mighty in the Scriptures," I venture to offer him such assistance as I am able.

The difficulty of your correspondent seems to be the apparent discordance between the two distinct records of Cornelius's state—the one seeming to represent him as "*accepted of God*," "*devout*," &c., and the other as *unsaved*. That Cornelius was in the latter state previous to his interview with Peter, there is not much reason to doubt; in the passage Acts xi, 14, therefore, there is nothing perplexing. The difficulty, if we take our stand here,—which we must—lies in the two other passages referred to, Acts x, 1, 4, 35; how to reconcile such statements with the fact that he was not already saved.

As to the *secular* position of Cornelius, indicated in ver. 1, any remark would be superfluous. On this point all are agreed. His *religious* position, as intimated in ver. 2, is the point that demands consideration; and on this opinions differ. Many gifted men are convinced that he was a *Jewish proselyte*—having become dissatisfied with the Gentile religions and become a worshipper of the true God, according to the

Jewish mode. Of such, the term "One that fears God" was the usual designation. To this view the objection is made, why did the Jewish Christians in Jerusalem, after Peter had taken food with Cornelius, charge him with having eaten with the uncircumcised? (xi. 2-3.) It may be replied, that there were two classes of proselytes—those of the gate and those of righteousness—the latter receiving circumcision, and being formally admitted into the Jewish church; the former not submitting to the Jewish rite, and consequently regarded by the Jews as still unclean. To this class, if the affirmation be correct at all, Cornelius must belong. Amongst the advocates of this view are Neander, in his "Planting," &c. (vol. I. p. 66-75, Bohn,) and Olshausen, Whitby, and Clarke, in their Commentaries.

With this however many do not agree, though the difference of opinion is chiefly, if not entirely, not with regard to the true moral state, or actual religious position of Cornelius, but with regard to his supposed external relationship to the Jewish church. Those who maintain that he was a proselyte, and those who maintain that he was not, agree in all essential points; viz., that he had adopted (at least in principle) the Jewish religion, that he observed several Jewish customs, read their Scriptures, was a worshipper of the true God, and if not a proselyte *formally*, was one *practically*. The difference is scarcely worth contending for. Amongst the writers on the non-proselyte side of the question may be mentioned, Doddridge, in his Exposition; Barnes, in his Notes; and J. F. Denham, in Kitto's Cyclop. art. Cornelius.

From the passage under consideration, however, one thing is evident—that Cor-

nellius was an earnest, devout seeker after the truth. Much light had already dawned upon his mind, but he was conscious that much darkness yet remained, and longed for more light. He had heard of Christianity, and was unable satisfactorily to decide whether he should receive it as true or reject it as false. He was thus disturbed and anxious, and longed to have the conflict brought to a right issue. For this purpose, doubtless, he "prayed to God always;" for though this intimates, (as also ver. 30. "at the ninth hour I prayed in my house,") that he observed the usual Jewish hours of prayer, the supposition cannot be entertained, that, in doing so, he was characterized by the prevailing Pharisaic formalism. He was truly and deeply sincere; and the earnest cries of such will enter acceptably the Divine ear. Nor was his sincerity destitute of truth. The Pharisees devoured widows' houses, and for a pretence made long prayers; but the prayerfulness of Cornelius was accompanied by a steady and extensive liberality, for "he gave much alms to the people." He acted indeed, according to the light he had received; but this, now the claims of the new religion had been presented to his mind, did not, could not satisfy his inward cravings, and he asked for more. In the teachings of x. 1-4, therefore rightly understood, there is nothing inconsistent with xi. 14. His position, as there indicated, is nothing more than an earnest and anxious enquirer. With this view agree those of Olshausen, (comp. Acts x. 1, 8, 37.) and Neander, ("Planting" &c., vol. I. p. 69.)

But it will be asked, if this was the true internal position of Cornelius, how could Peter use the language in ver. 35, which seems to intimate that he was already divinely accepted and truly a worker of righteousness? It is here where the real difficulty is met with. That "Querist" feels this is plain from the latter part of his query. His expression, however, is not accurate. He is not represented "as fearing God and consequently being accepted with him." All that is meant by the term "he that feareth God" is perfectly compatible with the absence of a consciousness of pardon, and the Divine favour through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. To this Paul's discourse at Antioch bears abundant testimony. "Men and brethren" he says, "children of the stock of Abraham, and whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent." And again: "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that *through this man* is preached unto you the forgiveness

of sins." (Acts xiii. 26, 38.)—The term in fact, as already stated, was the usual designation of proselytes. Whatever Peter meant by the phrase "accepted of God," taking the passage as it now stands, it was not employed in reference to Cornelius as one that feared God only, but also as one that worked righteousness.

This passage, thus taken, has been considered by some as an evidence of the superfluousness of the gospel, and the sufficiency of mere morality or virtue to secure, here and hereafter, the Divine approval. That such misunderstand and pervert the apostle's meaning is satisfactorily shown by the connexion in which the words were used; for in this he immediately proceeded to unfold the gospel scheme, and to show the necessity of faith in a crucified Saviour. "To him give all the prophets witness," said he, "that, through his name, *whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins*" (v. 43). This shows that Peter could not have given utterance to any such sentiment as these self-righteous moralists profound. By detaching an author's expressions formed from the connexion in which they stand, he may be made to support the wildest theories; but the unjustness of such a course is obvious. Only by such a course, which every honest mind would scorn to adopt, can there be found even an apparent basis for his self-righteous theory.

But this notion is not only disproved by the connexion: it is also shown to be false by the *circumstances of the case and the language employed*. Peter was a Jew, and it is evident that his Jewish prepossessions had, up to this time, been very strong. The notions he had derived from Judaism had obscured his views of Christianity. God, by a remarkable vision, had just shown him the wrongness of one injurious prejudice. Just as the vision had passed away, and as he was anxiously pondering over its import, the messengers sent by Cornelius arrived, and he was directed by the Spirit to accompany them. Accordingly, having for the rest of that day entertained them at his lodgings and listened to their account, the next day they started for Cæsarea. On the second day of the journey they arrived at Cornelius's residence, and then Peter (v. 28,) acknowledged the prejudice he had cherished, and said how he had been shown by this vision that it was wrong. Cornelius then described the vision with which he had been visited, and how by that he had been led to send for Peter that he might give him the instruction he required. It was not till then that the lesson Peter had been taught fully flashed

upon his mind. The combined evidence of the two visions was so irresistible in its force that his Jewish predilection was utterly swept away, and he at once involuntarily exclaimed: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." "Evidently" says Neander, "Peter spoke in opposition to the Jewish nationalism. God judgeth men not according to their descent or non-descent from the theoretic nation, but according to their disposition."

The very expressions employed also, though here I would speak with diffidence, are, it seems to me, unfavourable to the weak notion of the sufficiency of virtue. Olshausen speaks of the expressions "To fear God" and "to work righteousness," as denoting devoutness and righteousness, of a legal kind; so that the "righteousness" would not be such as is acknowledged to be genuine in the Divine Word. But this, so far as our version is concerned, does not help us out of the difficulty; for, whether genuine or not, according to that version, and taking the passage by itself, it was such in its character as led Peter to say of the worker of it he was "accepted of God." It must be observed, however, that the term *righteousness* on which the moralist builds his self-complacency and his hopes, is the translation of a term which has a wider range of meaning than its English representative. Like the corresponding Hebrew word *tzedek*, *δικαιοσύνη* does not invariably signify the moral character or general uprightness and integrity of conduct. For some of the various meanings of the word, the reader may consult Robinson's Greek Lexicon; Campbell on the Gospels, especially his notes on Matt. iii. 15; vi. 1; xxi. 32; and chap. xvi. of Taylor's "Key to the Apostolic Writings" prefixed to his "Paraphrase, and Notes on the Romans." By consulting these it will be found that amongst the various meanings of this word is that of *generosity* or *liberality*; and that the word itself is sometimes put for *alms*. Now we are expressly told that Cornelius was a man of very liberal disposition, and "gave much *alms* to the people" (v. 2); and when Cornelius was narrating the circumstances of his vision to Peter he told him an angel appeared unto him and said, "Thy prayer is heard, and thine *alms* are had in remembrance in the sight of God", (v. 31), which statement agrees with the one previously made in v. 4. There is nothing unreasonable, therefore, or improbable in

the inference, on the contrary it is perfectly natural, that by the term here rendered righteousness, Peter meant nothing more than liberality or alms-giving. Where then is the notion of the sufficiency of virtue? The passage contains no allusion to virtue. But then the difficulty remains, how could Cornelius be said, on such accounts, granting the correctness of this new rendering, to be "accepted with God?" Does not the passage thus make devoutness and generosity *grounds* of acceptance? That Cornelius was *not* accepted, in the sense in which that term is now usually understood, and that it was impossible for him to be so, is plain from other portions of God's Word, "Though I bestow *all my goods* to feed the poor . . . and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing," 1st Cor. xiii. 3. The liberal man, therefore, even when his liberality is manifested to the greatest possible extent, does not meet with the Divine approval and *CANNOT*, when it is associated with a wrong state of the heart. How then must the passage be understood?

It may be of some service to remark that the term rendered *accepted*, would be with equal correctness and greater propriety translated *acceptable*, and has been thus translated by several distinguished men. But this, of itself, would not remove the difficulty. Let it then be observed, that, as Olshausen has well remarked, in order to get at the true sense of v. 35, it must be taken in connexion with v. 36. The sense in this way educed by him has thus been expressed: "he is acceptable to him in reference to the word which God sent to the Israelites, that is, so as to have part in this word." What Peter meant therefore was, that the promises and provisions made known in God's Word, were not, as he had hitherto thought, intended only for the Jews, and those who formally identified themselves with the Jewish church and passed through its various ceremonies as preparatory steps; but that they were intended for the men in all nations who had the right dispositions, altogether independent of Judaism. In perfect and beautiful accordance with this, Peter at once proceeds to preach to Cornelius the gospel.

Trusting this will be of some service to "Querist," and praying that God would raise up many such devout, liberal, truth-seeking men as Cornelius,

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. SHAKESPEARE

Belper, July, 1859.

THE YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE AND REV. W. BAILEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—At our last Conference, a letter received from brother Bailey, and addressed to the ministers and representatives, was read, and excited considerable interest. By the insertion of the following extracts, I indulge the hope that the Christian solicitude evinced in our Foreign Mission operations on that occasion, will be evidenced and perpetuated.

Having unburdened his heart in cordial greetings and pleasant memories, brother Bailey thus writes:—"You are all aware that the province of Orissa has been consigned by the common consent of the Church of God to the General Baptist Missionary Society, and a more suitable field for the agents of this Society would not be found on the whole continent of India.

"I have often wondered that this, the Palestine of India, should have been given to one of the smallest tribes of the Israel of God. One would have thought that this stronghold of idolatry should have been assailed by one of the more powerful battalions of the army of Immanuel. Truly God's ways are not as our ways. Now as of olden time he can make the weak victorious over the strong." Comparing the paucity of labourers with the vastness of the field, our brother says, "Hundreds of thousands must die without ever hearing the message of salvation. In Berhampore and its suburbs there cannot be less than 60,000 souls, and in the district, the population, not including the hill tribes, exceeds a million. For two missionaries and four native preachers, to convey the gospel to such masses, they need all to have a voice like Boanerges, and to possess the physical energies of Samson. Oft have you heard the plaintive cry from your missionaries abroad: 'The harvest, truly, is plenteous, and the labourers are few,' and with tenfold energy we would beseech you, 'Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into His harvest.'

"The system we are called to attack is an ancient and complicated one. Hindooism is not the mere worship of idols, or the offering of a lamb or goat from the flocks, or the taking of pilgrimages; but something which weaves itself into every event and circumstance of life. It has been called Satan's master-piece, and well may it be thus styled, for it has enslaved directly or indirectly, two thirds of

the population of the entire world. Of its antiquity much might be said, for long before David sang his plaintive melodies, or Isaiah breathed forth his poetic effusions of the life and sorrows of Jesus, the Hindoos had their sages, shastras, and priests.

"We are thankful that you take such a deep interest in the Redeemer's cause in this land, and my object in writing is to urge upon you the importance of increased zeal and devotedness to the missionary enterprise. Let me ask you, wherever it is practicable, to have a *Juvenile Missionary Association*. I believe these institutions have been productive of incalculable good in the Wesleyan, Independent, and Baptist Missionary Societies."

Having urged the formation of these youthful auxiliaries, Mr. Bailey continues, "There are special reasons why Lancashire and Yorkshire should do much for India, for I know of no other counties in England that are so indebted to this country. Come with me to this Berhampore bazaar, and I will take you amongst the native merchants, and you shall there see bales on bales of Manchester goods. Cotton and calicoes are sent hither in such quantities, that it is impossible for the Indian weavers to obtain anything like a respectable maintenance. And what I tell you now is a positive fact, that the weavers of the town (and there are many) will sell you goods much cheaper that have been made of English spun cotton yarn, than they will of cotton spun by the hand in Berhampore. Thus it appears that cotton in the raw state, can be taken from this country and exported to England; can there be prepared, shipped back again, and after being sent to this place, 400 miles from Calcutta, can actually be made up cheaper than cotton grown and spun on the spot. Hundreds of natives in this district are clothed with fine Manchester calicoes, and it is not improbable that Indian weaving will in a few years come to an end. Are you aware how much you are indebted to India for cotton? Yes; in 1857, India supplied two-fifths of the amount of cotton received from America, and more than a fourth of the entire supply received in Great Britain. I would have every cotton lord and every artizan in Lancashire and Yorkshire remember that they are indebted to India for their wealth and power. Of what use would all the factories and steam-power, and looms be; without the raw material? India is the home of the cotton

plant, and the idea of calico weaving came from India. If India, then, has done so much for these counties, let them in return try and benefit its people. But I cannot forget that I am appealing to the ministers and office-bearers in the Church of Christ, and the greatest incentive I can bring before you is the love of Christ. If that constrain you, then will you labour and pray for India. May you and all the churches at home be baptized with a missionary spirit, a spirit of love and compassion for guilty ruined man. Were we more under the influence of the Spirit of Him who gave His life for the world, you would be more successful at home, and we more successful abroad."

My desire and prayer to God is, that the churches composing the Yorkshire Conference will ponder well and truly the facts and reasonings contained in the above extractions from Mr. Bailey's

letter. Much, very much, depends upon the ministers of our churches.

"My dear brethren in the work of the Lord, suffer me to urge upon your immediate attention the suggestion of Mr. Bailey, to organize Juvenile Missionary Associations, where none exist. Teach the young to love the cause of Christian Missions, and you enrich their souls with thoughts, sympathies, and aims of the noblest kind. Our responsibilities in relation to this question are solemn and weighty. Oh, that each may have grace so to discharge them, that the Master may hereafter say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Praying, Mr. Editor, that a double portion of your sainted father's spirit may rest upon you in your pastoral and editorial duties,

I remain, yours very cordially,

C. SPRINGTHORPE.

Heptonstall Slack, July 6th, 1859.

WEEKLY OFFERING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—At the risk of wearying some of your readers on the subject of the Weekly Offering, I wish just to observe, that we find the second quarter of its adoption equally satisfactory with the first. We have by it not only met all our claims, but we have in addition, paid off an arrear of £15, which was due on our yearly current account at Christmas last. We have had no collections, seat rents, or monthly subscriptions; notwithstanding this, I am, as treasurer, in the pleasant position of having several pounds in hand, and we are hoping gradually to remove our chapel and school debts without the usual anniversary collections. I feel no hesitancy in saying, I believe the plan, if

properly carried out, would greatly promote the interests of all our churches.

Should any of your readers wish for any particulars as to the mode of carrying out the system, I shall be happy to answer any enquiries.

I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN EARP.

Melbourne, July 15th, 1859.

P.S.—I know of several churches who have adopted the Weekly Offering, with equal success. Byron-street, Leeds, one; and an Independent minister of Towcester, writes me word that the plan in the church there has realized an increase of 90 per cent. on their former income.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCE.

THE YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE met at the new chapel, Todmorden, on Tuesday, June 14th, 1859.

The secretary read the Scriptures and prayed, and Mr. Walters, of Halifax, preached from John xvii. 16:—"They are not of the world."

Mr. Matthias opened the business meeting in the afternoon, and Mr. Thomas Horsfield presided.

It was reported that thirty-seven had been baptized since the last Conference, and that sixteen remained as candidates.

Resolutions passed:—

1.—That the Home Mission Report, read by bro. Hardy, be adopted.

2.—That brethren Wilson and Oakes, of Halifax, audit the Home Mission Accounts for the current year.

3.—That the treasurer pay the balance he has in hand to bro. Horsfield, the secretary of the building committee.

4.—That the letter addressed to the Conference, by our estimable missionary bro. Bailey, be now read by the secretary.

5.—That we very cordially thank bro. Bailey for his kind and interesting epistle,

and request our secretary to reply to it.
6.—That bro. Hardy be thanked for his services as secretary of our Home Mission, and continue in office the ensuing year.

7.—That the thanks of the Conference be given to bro. Springthorpe in retiring from office, and that bro. Thos. Horsfield, of Vale, be secretary of the Conference for the coming year.

A spontaneous effort was made to augment the funds of the Home Mission.

Mr. Sutcliffe concluded with prayer. Mr. Walters preached in the evening on behalf of the new chapel.

The next Conference will be at Allerton, on Tuesday, August 30th, Mr. Horsfield, of Shore to be the preacher; service in the morning.

C. SPRINGTHORPE, Secretary.

OPENINGS.

POLESWORTH, near Tamworth.—The Baptist chapel, closed for repairs, painting, &c. was re-opened on June 26th, 1859. Rev. R. J. Langridge, of Nuneaton, preached two sermons. Collections above £5. On Monday, July 4th, a public tea was provided, about 150 persons were present. After which, a public meeting was held, Mr. Williams, in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Barker, Wesleyan, Wetherhead, and R. J. Langridge. The proceeds go towards paying the expenses incurred in improving the chapel. The friends are happy to state that nearly the whole expense is cleared off.

DAYBROOK, near Nottingham.—The new chapel, erected in connection with Broad-

street church, Nottingham, was opened for Divine Worship, on Lords'-day, July 3rd. The Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., preached in the morning; and Rev. H. Hunter, in the evening; on Lords'-day, July 10th, in the morning, Rev. J. J. Goadby; and in the evening, Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A. A tea meeting was held on 4th of July. The services were well attended, and the collections encouraging. Much good has been done in this village by the self-denying efforts of friends from Nottingham, and by the blessing of God on them. We earnestly pray that this sanctuary may become a great blessing to the neighbourhood.

ORDINATION.

BRADFORD, Tetley-street.—On Whit-Monday, June 13th, Rev. B. Wood was solemnly set apart to the pastoral office, before a large company of church members and other friends. Rev. J. Taylor, of Allerton, read the Scriptures and prayed; Rev. R. Hardy, of Queenshead, gave the address on the constitution of the apostolic churches; Rev. J. Taylor proposed the questions; Rev. R. J. Sutcliffe, of Staleybridge, offered prayer, and Rev. J. Batey, of Rochdale, gave the charge to

the minister from Ephesians iv., and 12 v. "The Work of the Ministry." In the evening, Rev. J. Sutcliffe read the Scriptures and prayed; Rev. J. Tunnicliffe, of Leeds, addressed the church from Exodus xvii. 12 and 13 v. The services were deeply interesting. A hallowed feeling pervaded the people, and all seemed highly gratified. We hope the union thus formed will prove a blessing both to pastor and people.

BAPTISMS.

BROUGHTON.—On Lords'-day, June 26th, 1859, the ordinance of believers' baptism was administered to three persons. May they be faithful unto death.

W. U.

HEPTONSTALL SLACK.—On Saturday June 11th, twelve persons were baptized and added to the church.

C. S.

FORNCETT.—1st June, we baptized

five persons in our new baptistry. We have several more candidates.

NUNEATON, July 3rd, 1859, after a sermon on the 1st John, v. 3, the minister, R. J. Langridge, baptized five persons, who were received the same day into church-fellowship. A large number of members and spectators were present.

R. J. L.

ANNIVERSARIES.

BARTON DAY SCHOOL.—On Whit Thursday, June 16th, the sixteenth anniversary of our day school was held. The

weather was fine, the attendance quite equal to former years, and the examination in the afternoon very satisfactory

A public meeting was held in the evening, and upwards of £30 were realized by the tea and collection, for the use of the school.

BARLESTONE SUNDAY SCHOOL.—On the 26th of June, two useful sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Barrass, of Peterborough. The chapel was crowded, and collections quite as good as usual.

R. H.

FORNCETT.—We had our annual tea meeting June 13, the largest and best we ever had. The same week we had a tea meeting at Moulton, one of our preaching places. The new chapel, opened March 13, and large tent, were crowded, more than 500 taking tea. The clergyman has done all his power to hinder us, but our prospects are encouraging.

G. M.

CEMETERY ROAD, Sheffield.—On Sunday, July 17th, two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., of Nottingham, in aid of our

Sabbath schools. In the afternoon an address was delivered by Mr. T. Wilkinson, of this town, to parents and children. Collections £12 10s.

J. H. A.

BURNLEY, EBENEZER CHAPEL.—On Lord's-day, June 26th, two sermons were preached in the above chapel, by the Rev. H. Ashberry, of Sheffield. Collections were made on behalf of the sabbath school amounting to £40 10s. 6d. We are glad to learn that the friends connected with the above place intend to build a new chapel. They have had an offer of land adjoining the premises by the executors of the late Colonel Hargreaves, and are now treating for the same. It is intended to pull down the school rooms and build a new chapel on the site, and to make the old chapel into school rooms. We hope they will soon be able to carry out their intention in the erection of a neat, substantial, and commodious place of worship.—*Burnley Advertiser.*

MISCELLANEOUS

ILKESTON.—Testimonial Tea Meeting.—The friends of the Rev. T. R. Stevenson having resolved to present him with some testimonial of their sympathy and esteem, it was decided to hold a tea meeting, on Monday, June 27th. Having obtained possession of the old chapel on the morning of that day, it was at once decided to hold it in that place, where a platform was speedily erected, and the chapel tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens, obtained from the gardens of the neighbourhood. A very large number of Christian friends of all denominations attended. In the evening, a public meeting was held, when the chapel was crowded with sympathizers of the rev. gentleman. About seven o'clock, Mr. Bishop, of Nottingham, was called upon to preside, and opened the meeting by some appropriate remarks as to the circumstances which had called them together, and was rejoiced to see such a meeting expressive of confidence and sympathy with his friend. The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. J. Stevenson, B.A., of Nottingham, in a very eloquent speech, after which, Mr. Armstrong, of Ilkeston, in the name of the friends of Mr. Stevenson, presented him with a purse containing fifteen guineas, voluntarily subscribed by the working classes of Ilkeston, of whom it may be said, *they heard him gladly.* The Rev. T. R. Stevenson responded in an address full of feeling, referring to the fact of its being just one year since they were all rejoicing together, at the opening of this

new chapel, little thinking that in the short space of twelve months, they would meet under such circumstances as the present. He expressed his feelings towards the working classes of the town who had stood by him—for their love of honesty and fair play—and in reference to the future, assured them he thought it would not be the part of wisdom to stay permanently amongst them, but he should look back to his ministry at Ilkeston as a blessed, happy time, believing his labours had been acceptable. He could assure them he should not forget their happy faces, and thanked them for their present—not simply for its value, but because it was a display of their affection and esteem—and assured them he should ever, in whatever sphere he should be called to labour, strive to benefit the people, and stand up for those principles of eternal truth which must ultimately prevail against all sin and errors. Addresses were afterwards delivered by Rev. J. Goadby, Lenton; R. Murray, Esq., Ilkeston; Mr. J. Spray, New Basford; J. Truman, Esq., and Mr. W. Stevenson. Apologies were made on behalf of several ministers of the town who were unavoidably absent. The meeting throughout was of a most enthusiastic kind, and towards the close the audience audibly expressed themselves as to what they considered the unjust treatment Mr. Stevenson had received at the hands of those who ought to have supported him in his labours. After a vote of thanks to the ladies for tea, and the chairman for presiding, the

meeting terminate about ten o'clock. Our friend will leave the town and neighbourhood of Ilkeston with the good wishes and prayers of the Christian public, that his life may be long and happy, and that he may be eminently useful in the discharge of the duties of a Christian minister.

H. C.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, ILKESTON.—A meeting of the trustees was held in the vestry of the Old Chapel, on Tuesday, July 5th, 1859. Present, brethren Lambert Small West, Nottingham; James Orchard, Christopher Harrison, and James Hithersay, of Ilkeston; Job Ellis, Old Lenton; Thomas Roberts, Nottingham; Thomas Cresswell, Smalley; and William Wilkins, Derby, (chairman).

Resolved, I.—That the following deeds of the chapel be read at the meeting:—

No. 1. Relating to the Land (copyhold), dated August 6th, 1784. 2. Relating to the burial ground, dated April 9th, 1833. And No. 3. Conveyance of the chapel from John Orchard, the only survivor of

the late trustees, to the new trustees now present.

II.—That the deeds be deposited in the hands of our friend Thomas Cresswell, of Smalley, being one of the trustees.

III.—That the trustees let the premises for a chapel and school, at a rental of £20 per annum, and that preference be given to the friends about to separate from the present church.

IV.—That the rent of £20, when obtained, be paid over to the deacons of the church meeting in the new chapel, in Queen-street, Ilkeston.

V.—That the keys be placed in the hands of Mr. Matthew Hobson, gentleman, of Ilkeston, and that he hold them during the pleasure of trustees, and that he give them up when desired by a majority of the trustees, and that he be empowered to receive the rent of the cottage, and also of the chapel and school, when let.

VI.—That the particulars of this meeting be inserted in the General Baptist Magazine.

W. W.

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

CHURCH dignitaries have strange notions. Canon Wordsworth told the convocation of the province of Canterbury, at their meeting, in June, that he regarded church-rates, as "a royalty to Christ, founded by him for the propagation of true doctrine and true religion." The heads of the English hierarchy have surely been sleeping since the days of Queen Anne to talk in this antiquated style. But the House of Commons will awake them before long. We turn with a sense of relief from this subject to notice the laudable efforts of the clergy in the metropolis. The incumbent of St. Paul's, Bermondsey, preached for the fourth time in front of his church, on the last Sunday in June. Six hundred people assembled to hear the zealous preacher. The same day a novel scene took place in the parish church of Trevechin, in Wales. Rev. J. Davies administered the ordinance of baptism to one adult, a young girl about thirteen, and ten children. Two were baptized by immersion, and eleven by pouring! Dr. Hook has had a purse of 2,000 guineas presented to him by the people of Leeds, and Mrs. Hook a purse of £270.—Mr. Golightly has lost his case, and had to pay costs. The Popish rector of Woollavington, in Sussex, found a friend in the bishop of

Chichester.—Out-door services have been held in Covent-garden Market. Revs. S. Thornton, H. Hutton, and others, have preached there to attentive audiences of a thousand persons. Rev. T. Richardson has also preached in front of the Royal Exchange, London.—The special services in Westminster Abbey were brought to a close last month. A church paper called the first evening service, "a rough and imperfect success."

On Whit-Monday, about five thousand Romanists went on pilgrimage to the shrines of Cuthbert, Bede, and Goderic. Finchale Dale, near Durham, the supposed site of Goderic's hermitage, attracted the greatest number of devotees.—A deputation of Roman Catholics waited last month on the Premier to ask for the appointment of chaplains of their own faith in jails and workhouses. Lord Palmerston gave them encouragement to hope for compliance with their wishes.—Prayers have been presented in English and Irish churches to the Virgin Mary and all the saints for the protection of the Pope.—At Marseilles the statue of Notre Dame de la Garde has been paraded through the streets. Many penitents walked bare foot in the procession; but the greatest point of attraction was, a bull carrying a little child to personify St. John! Popery

is always the same when she dares to show her face.

Mr. Henry, one of the first missionaries to the South Seas, died recently in Australia at the advanced age of eighty-four. He went out in the *Duff* in 1796, and Captain Wilson, the commander, was one of the survivors of the Black Hole, at Calcutta.—Mr. Spurgeon preached on the second Sunday afternoon last month, under a tree in Clapham Common, where a man was killed by lightning. 10,000 persons were present. More than £27 were afterwards collected for the widow and family.

GENERAL.

The Abolition of Church Rates' Bill has obtained a majority of seventy for its second reading. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell spoke in favour of it.—The King of the Belgians has been on a visit to the Queen. He is an astute politician, and his visits always indicate some move on the continental chess-board.—Since this was written, the peace, that has startled every body, has been announced. Despotism understand one another. France has gained in this conquest, and Popery too. The honorary presidency of the Pope over the new Italian Confederation bodes no good. With priestcraft and despotism hand and glove, Italy will be less free than ever. The four great fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, Verona, and Legnano, forming the celebrated quadrangle, remain in the hands of the Austrians; and

with Austria as chief of the Confederation, instead of losing power she has strengthened her position. Alarmists predict fearful things. With France, Russia, and Austria in league, they see imminent danger to the liberties of Europe. But "the Lord sitteth upon the flood; the Lord reigneth."

Poor Kossuth is again doomed to bitter disappointment. His manifestoes to the Hungarians will now be useless. It may be that Francis Joseph had the threat of Nationalities breathed into his ears by Louis Napoleon in their secret conference at Villafranca.

The first railway in Cape Colony has been commenced.—The Portuguese government are about to establish a military colony at Tete, on the Zambesi, where Livingstone left his faithful Makalolo on his return to England, and where he found sixty of them anxiously waiting his arrival. The government of Don Pedro has very handsomely maintained these men during the great missionary's sojourn in England.

The Handel Festival this year realized the enormous sum of £35,000.—The Royal Literary Fund has held its sixtieth anniversary meeting. More than £26,000 have been distributed during the last twenty years to necessitous authors.—The Society of Arts have deferred for the present the proposed exhibition.—The total amount of gold coined in the mint last year was £1,231,023.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

June 11th, at South-parade chapel, Leeds, by the Rev. J. Tunnicliffe, of Call-lane chapel. Mr. N. Halliwell, to Mary, daughter of Mr. J. Whittaker, of New Wortley.

June 24th, at South-parade chapel, Leeds, by the Rev. C. Bailhache, the Rev. Philip Bailhache, Baptist minister, Salisbury, to Rachel Aspin, eldest daughter of Mr. Heaton, publisher, Leeds.

June 21st, at St. James's church, Paddington, A. Leland Noel, Esq., third son of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, to Ella, third daughter of the Rev. Capel Molyneux.

July 5th, at the General Baptist chapel, Mansfield-road, Nottingham, by the Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A., Mr. John Truman, of Alma-terrace, to Ruth Maria, youngest daughter of the late Mr. K. Gamble, of Ilkeston.

July 3rd, at Baxter-gate chapel, Loughborough, Mr. James Crooks, to Sarah Wildbore, both of East Leake.

DEATHS.

June 13th, Rev. J. Morison, D.D., many years editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*, aged 68.

July 4th, at the house of her father, Mr. T. Ashby, Braunstone-gate, Leicester, Susan, the beloved wife of Rev. C. Burrows, General Baptist Minister, Walsall, Staffordshire.

July 10th, at Glasgow, Martha, last surviving daughter of Rev. J. Paterson, D.D., of Hope-street Baptist chapel, Glasgow.

July 12th, at Bath, Rev. W. H. Murch, D.D., formerly president and theological tutor of Stepney College, London, in his 76th year.

Missionary Observer.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of our Foreign Missionary Society was held at Mary's Gate Chapel, Derby, on Wednesday evening, June 23rd. The spacious chapel was crowded, and the proceedings were conducted with unflagging interest to the end of the meeting.

The chair was taken by John Heard, Esq., of Nottingham, who in a brief and appropriate address, introduced the business of the evening. Mr. Heard expressed the pleasure with which he had acceded to the request of the committee to preside on that occasion; he also referred to the necessity there was for such Societies, and to the duty of christians to unite their efforts for the spread of the gospel, since from every quarter of the world there might be heard the call for instruction in its truths.

The Rev. J. C. Pike, the Secretary, then read an abstract of the report. While there had not been during the year extraordinary numerical increase, there was ample evidence of steady progress, and much to encourage the supporters of the Mission at home.

Robert Pegg, Esq., the Treasurer, read the statement of the Society's accounts for the year, from which it appeared that the total income had been £3048 19s., but the total expenditure, £3306 16s. 11d., leaving a balance due to the treasurer of £257 17s. 11d. It may be here stated that the bazaar, kindly arranged by the friends at Derby, will materially aid in the reduction of this balance, but it is extremely desirable that by a general rise in the scale of contributions, even if but a small one, this interesting Mission may be able to pursue its work of love unfettered by debt; and the more so inasmuch as the serious rise, for several years past in the prices of nearly all articles of consumption throughout India, will render unavoidable a somewhat increased expenditure for the support of our valued missionaries and native preachers. They have grappled with the difficulty, as best they could, for the last four or five years, in the hope that things might take a more favourable turn; but despairing of this, have been compelled to lay the case before the Committee and friends at home. An additional farthing per week from each weekly subscriber, or an average increase of one shilling per annum from each present supporter of the mission, whether weekly, monthly, or otherwise, would immensely relieve the anxieties of the Committee, and help on the good cause. Surely the thing is practicable. Shall it be attempted? Are there not thousands of friends in our churches and congregations, and of children in our families and schools, who would gladly, if solicited, give a penny per month for this object?

The Rev. ISAAC PRESTON, of Chesham, moved the first resolution, which was as follows:—

“That the report of the Society for the past year, of which an abstract has been read, be received, and printed under the direction of the Committee. The meeting rejoices in the steady progress of the mission, as evidenced by the facts detailed in the report, and in the many tokens of God’s favour vouchsafed to the missionaries and their converts in India.”

He confessed that the pleasure with which he moved that resolution was tainted in some degree with melancholy; as he could not put from himself the thought that such a resolution as that had been submitted to successive yearly meetings, by a dear and valued friend and brother, whose voice had been silenced by death. But their encouragement was, “The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.” There was no need that the arm of Uzzah should be put forth to support the ark of God, which, though it might seem to totter, could not fall. In Him they had the fullest confidence that this work must prosper. The resolution said they hailed with satisfaction the success of the work, which, under God’s blessing, had been secured in India, and they had upon the platform missionaries who were fully conversant with its effects. Yet they were told that missions to India have proved a failure. He had read such a statement, and he felt, and they would all feel, that Lord Shaftesbury correctly described the man who made it when he said, “He speaks more like a rajah than a Christian.” He remembered a similar statement made by a popular lecturer at Brighton, to such an audience as probably Brighton could alone produce, who dismissed this mighty and important question with the flippant remark, “The whole thing has proved a failure.” A missionary who was present, asked to be allowed to put a question or two to the lecturer upon that matter in order to test his knowledge of the subject. The questions were put, and were such as were quite sufficient to fill him with dismay and confusion, and to convince the audience that he knew nothing at all about the matter. Their missionaries told them that their exertions had been successful, and they had the fullest confidence in them and in their statements. They tell us, and we believe them, that the gospel in India is the power of God to all who believe. They circulate the word of God, and they tell us that the knowledge of God’s word giveth understanding to the simple, and in India, as in England, “out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God ordains praise.”

The Rev. ISAAC STUBBINS, from Cuttack, on rising, was heartily cheered. He said, —It would have been exceedingly gratifying to my feelings if I could have been excused addressing you this evening, as I am not strong, and my nervous system is not strong. But, friends, I am affected by the remembrance of your kindness to me and mine, when we were in England before, and my thoughts are carried back to fourteen years ago, when I bade you all adieu at Leicester. God has permitted me since that time to labour in the field of your adoption for nearly fourteen years. I have suffered much; but I do not regret it, and I am ready to suffer again. To me it was not a matter of choice to return, but a matter of necessity, as all efforts to restore my health in India had failed. I seem to have been poisoned there with allopathy, dosed with homœopathy, and drowned with hydro-pathy. Still we determined not to return till God opened the way, although we had been kindly invited to do so by your Committee sometime before. Especially were we unwilling to return to England, as two other missionaries were absent from the field of labour at that time. However, I am here now; I am glad to see you all, and I know that you are all glad to see me. There is another subject to which I must refer; I did expect to see here men whom I see not, and shall never see again till we meet in heaven.—Reference has been made to the progress of the missionary cause in India, and though there has been great success we take no credit to ourselves, we would give God all the glory; but if this congregation could have witnessed the audience at our last service at Cuttack, there is not one among you that would not have been moved, as I was moved, to tears at the scene. The chapel was crowded by our native friends, and the verandahs were filled by crowds of Hindoos who were anxiously listening to the Word of God.—Mr. Stubbins then referred to the liberal aid afforded to the Society in India, from christian gentlemen, both in the civil and military service; these were many of them members of the Established Church, and even the chaplain at the station was a regular subscriber of one pound per month; and proceeded—I tell you these things in order that you may know how our labours are appreciated by those who are observers of them. From these, and from similar sources, we receive great aid; we are thankful for the amount, and we are also thankful for the evidence it affords, that our work is not failing in the Lord. We

have been told that the Brahmins have petitioned for the deportation of the missionaries. I am glad the devil begins to wince at last—he feels much now, and will feel more yet, for we have sworn before God that we will not quit the spot till the foul system of idolatry is overthrown. For God's work we have received from home money and prayers; we are thankful for the money, and we are thankful more than all for the prayers. Those prayers preserved us during the awful mutiny; and when we cast our eyes over the sea to dear old England, we thought we saw you all bowing down before God in our behalf, and we rejoiced in the assurance that the care of the Almighty would be imparted to us in Orissa. Let the Brahmins petition, we do not care for that; we know the source from whence their petitions spring, and we know that thousands of them live by the infernal system of idolatry. Shall we abstain from preaching the gospel to the people who love us, simply because the Brahmins and the Pundits ask for our deportation? No! we have been there, and we shall go again; and though we may be smeared with cow dung as we have been, we will go again and again and tell the people that there is no hope for them in their idolatry, but that there is hope for them in Christ, who died for the whole world. The report refers in one part to the recent ordination of native preachers, and one of those, the son of a native christian, I saw and heard declare in open court—"This man," referring to his father, "is not my father; he is dead; and, if you compel me to acknowledge him, I will dash out my brains on the floor;" and, in order to show that he was in earnest, he flung himself down, and would have done himself some injury if he had not been seized. He was given up to his father, he has been thoroughly trained in our academy, is now an ordained minister of the gospel, and I never heard anything more elegant and eloquent than the sermons that proceed from his lips. That is one of our converts; but there is another named Paul, who was rescued from a sect that would have sacrificed him, and long ago he would have been cut into pieces, had he not been rescued and brought to Christ. He, too, received his training under us, and he, also, has been ordained a minister of the gospel. Then there is Jaganath, who was one of the converts of my brother Wilkinson—he is also a trained minister. We could refer to many such who have thus been brought under the blessed light of Christianity, but I will just tell you a little

story as an illustration of the love the people bear to us. One of our native preachers was on a preaching excursion, and among one of his congregations was an old female devotee; while in eloquent words, he told them of the dying love of Christ, the poor old woman became enraptured, and rushing from her seat, she flung her arms round his neck, and implanted upon his cheek, perhaps, the warmest kiss he ever received and cried out, "From this day I will worship Jesus Christ." We hear many of these things. The Word of God is travelling far and wide; millions of tracts have been put into circulation during the last twenty years, and more than 100,000 copies of God's word have been sent among the people, and during the last twenty years I know that a marked change has been produced. Some of the Pundits can't bear us; I know, however, that the millions, not only respect us, but they love us, and in their hearts they love God's Holy Word. We have been delighted to receive their thanks and their love, and we have been thankful to know that they will receive the gospel. Let us, my brethren, with one heart, one mind, and one soul, unite altogether in this great and glorious object. I cordially second the resolution.

Mr. THOMAS COOPER, who was received with cheers, then addressed the meeting in an animated speech. After a few introductory remarks, Mr. Cooper, said he had listened to one of the sublimest things he had ever heard, and that from the last speaker, when he said, "I have suffered, but do not regret it, and I am ready to suffer again." Ready to suffer for what? Ready to suffer to add another province to the many England already possesses? No (perhaps she had too many of them), but to make one province what it ought to have been long ago. Christianity has not done all which it might have been expected to do. Why? Because the Government would not allow its free exercise. Did not the Government almost break the heart of Middleton? Did they not throw cold water upon the mission of the great Carey? Was there any truth in the reports that had reached old England's shores of the discouragement everywhere shown to the pioneers of Christianity? Was it true that the first soldier that embraced the religion of Christ in the city of the mutiny, Meerut, was drummed out of the regiment? Truly had their brother Stubbins said that the missionaries live in the hearts of the million. There was no doubt of it. The

hatred was in the hearts of the Brahmins and Pundits; but why were they petted and spoiled? Thank God that system has broken down. And we are not to be surprised that Queen Victoria glories in the Christian religion, for he hoped that she was a good Christian woman. He had heard some of his sceptical brethren, when he was a sceptic, say, "You have no right to go to India and interfere with the native religion," but though he was a sceptic, he always contended that they had a right. Tell him that he had no right there? Had we no right to interfere with the religion that condemns the widow to be burnt after the death of her husband? Had we no right to interfere with men holding a religion like that? Was it true that infanticide on the banks of the Ganges immolated thousands of children? If it was, had we no right to prevent men holding a religion like that? He thought it right to put down bull-baiting, bear-fighting, and cock-fighting in England, and surely he had a right to demand that men should be taught better than to throw themselves by thousands under the wheels of the car of idolatry? But when men are opposed to Christ, they take hold of any kind of argument. The greatest encouragement to the former state of things had been given by persons in high office, and he hoped that state of things was at an end, and that it would not be allowed under the mild sway of Queen Victoria. Whilst he was there surrounded by their blessed missionaries he could not help calling to mind that in his boyhood he had read the history of Henry Martyn, and he had then a great thirst to go out as a missionary to India. But he quenched that thirst. To all who thought of going out he would say, think of India, a country undoubtedly given to them by God in order that they might introduce Christianity therein. There was something ennobling in the country itself. It was not a vulgar field of labour, but a field full of enterprise, great associations, and full of hard, self-denying work. He wished he could do anything to urge them on in their great work. Let them all pray that God would put it into the hearts of young men to go to India. One of the passages in the report expressed the opinion of an intelligent Hindoo, that eventually idolatry would give way to infidelity. He had no fear of that, and the only difficulty was to convince the heathen that Christianity was true. St. Paul, in preaching to the Jews, was successful because he had God's Spirit with him; and that existed

yet, and with it they would destroy all the pomp, the pageantry, and the power of paganism. Mr. Cooper concluded by cordially supporting the resolution, which was then put and carried.

The Rev. W. JONES, of Derby, moved the following resolution:—

"That this meeting hails the change that has taken place, during the year, in the Government of India. It regards the transference of the supreme authority from the East India Company to the Queen and her Parliament as likely to be fraught with immense good to the people of that country, and recognizes the new and sacred obligation, thereby imposed on all British Christians to labour for the evangelization of the two hundred millions of idolaters in India, who have now become their fellow-subjects."

Mr. JONES said, that he did hail with very great satisfaction the change that had taken place in the Government of India. All Englishmen, and especially the friends of the missionary societies, wanted to know what was going on in India, and they all objected to middle men; they objected to them in churches, in the State, and, above all, they did not approve them in the Government of a country like India. Therefore, he was glad that the East India Company had been swept away, standing as they did between Christianity and the people. Wherever the noble heart of the British people had forced an expression, the people were elevated and benefitted, but the East India Company had checked all that. True, the Christian missionaries had found a footing in India, but how did they get there? They got there by stealth. The obstacles had to be overcome by dodges of all kinds, and Marshman, in his history, said they had to submit themselves to all sorts of shifts, and that their situation there was a constant source of disappointment to them, obliged as they were to send their missionaries to America and smuggle them into India in American ships, and yet they often got into great difficulties. He was glad that all that had passed away; he was glad that there was now a chance of bringing to bear upon the House of Commons the interests and requirements of the people of India, and he thought that such things as had occurred under the late Company were never likely to occur again. When it was proposed by Carey that a body of missionaries should proceed on their labours, he was told, "Sit down, young man, when God means to convert the world he will do so without your aid or mine." Something similar had been since experienced, but all that has passed way, and they now saw that they had only to press themselves into the work to realize the greatest successes in mis-

gionary labours. What had they done? Why, they had translated the Bible into almost every known tongue in the world, and no man could extinguish that. He would have liked to have seen that man at Brighton, who said the missions had been a failure. He must be the last of his species, and ought to be preserved and stuffed, and sent up to the Baptist Mission House in Moorgate-street. He must certainly have been related to that man who went down to the Ganges and made mud gods. Mr. Cooper had taken exception to the remark that when the natives had done with Hindooism they would take up infidelity. It was remarkable that Taylor had said the same thing; but he had no fear of the result if they all buckled on their armour, and then they could fight that down too. If they did so, and preached the gospel to the people who had never heard it yet, he did not fear that they would fall into the moonshiney belief that others were afraid of. They will say, here are the truths by which we must all live; and they will find out that it was the power of God, the demonstration of God, that pulls down the work of Satan, and erects upon its site the temple of Christianity. He thought the work was a grand one, and he did not expect that it would be done without great self-denying labour, but he had faith that God would raise up the men to do it, and they were not going to surrender their ground in India. God had done great things by them in India, and he would do greater yet. When they had done the best they could, their energies began to flag till God gave them some great proof that His Spirit does not slumber, and His Spirit brightens upon the people; then they rose up with renewed vigour. There were 200,000,000 of human beings in India, stretching out their hands for the bread of life to the missionary societies of England; and the country was given to them that they should do this work, not that we might alone draw enormous resources from India, but God had given that land to the British people to test the faith of the Church, and in the happy days when the reckoning came their Society would not be passed over, but would be abundantly blessed.

Mr. HEARD, who was obliged to leave by an early train, then vacated the chair, which was taken by R. Pegg, Esq., and a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Heard for his kindness in presiding during the earlier portion of the meeting.

The Rev. H. WILKINSON then addressed the meeting, and on rising was

loudly cheered. He said,—My Christian brethren and friends, I am not going to make a long speech; it is too late for that; and understanding that our Brother Miller will not be here again for some years, and perhaps not at all, I think it will be better for me to make my remarks as brief as possible, and give place to him, before he goes to that land where he seeks for labour and where he will find it to his heart's content. You have already heard the resolution, and there are many strong points in it that remind me of the scenes we witnessed and the emotions we felt in India during the mutiny. Above all we were most anxious to know what you in England thought of the dreadful situation we were placed in; and every day when the mail was due, we were constantly asking each other "Is there any news from home?" "What do they think?" but at last the mail came, and the first English publication we got was the facetious *Punch*. We turned hastily to its pages, and there we saw, with what feeling I shall never forget, the picture in which was seen an English mother lying with a helpless infant on the ground, whilst the artist had portrayed standing over them the horrid Bengal tiger. In the distance we saw the British lion rushing down, and under it the words, "The British lion going to attack the Bengal tiger." Well, the lion came; he shook his mane, and we heard his roar; the tiger trembled, and as the roar of cannon was heard, the tiger shrunk away and at last hid himself in the jungle, appearing every now and then, but always retreating before the roar of the British lion. We are happy to tell you to-night that the name of that tiger was mutiny, and that he has not only been attacked, but defeated. But, my friends, we have got another tiger whose name is idolatry. On the soil of India now you may see the marks of its footsteps, and for years it has been gloating itself, not upon English ladies it is true, but upon the souls of our fellow-creatures. Now, then, we want another British lion, but not one whose teeth are bayonets, and whose roar is the cannon's rattle, but one related to the lion of the tribe of Judah. We want a lion that goes to preach the gospel, to tell all men that there is a Saviour for them; and when that lion shall be heard, the tiger of idolatry will hide its head, and the masses of the people will become the loyal subjects of the Prince of Peace. Brother Miller, who is shortly about to return to India, has been one of our most

successful missionaries in that country. His station was a very solitary one, but he had the happiness of forming a Christian church, which he was unfortunately compelled to leave through sickness. So sick, indeed, was he, that I was much afraid that he would never reach England; and, considering myself a bit of a doctor, I told my wife that I was afraid poor Miller would never get over it. However, I am glad to say that he has been pulling up every day. He suffered much in his body and in his family; and, as I know more of him than most of you, I will tell you something of what he has suffered. He had a little child very sick, and at length it was determined by Mrs. Miller that she would carry the child in her arms to the nearest European doctor, about twenty-five miles from their station. Mrs. Miller started on the way, and, as she proceeded, the child became worse, till it died in her arms, and she was compelled, stricken in heart, to carry the little corpse back to her home. Well, when she arrived there, Brother Miller, much grieved, buried it in a neat little coffin, and was observed by the natives, who, supposing that it was some property that had been hid, dug it up at night and scattered its contents; and, on the following day, some small remnants of bones were all that could be restored to the grave. After that too, soon after, Brother Miller had to stand by the death-bed of his wife, so that indeed he has suffered, but he is ready to suffer again. I was much pleased to hear Mr. Cooper say that he had once a thirst for going to India, and I am sorry that he did not, for he is just the sort of man to match the Brahmins. In that country your missionaries have laboured for thirty-seven years, and we cannot look back without being thankful for what has been done.

The Rev. W. MILLER was received with warm applause, and when it had subsided he said,—My friends, in rising to address you I feel that I am under some disadvantage, as I expected to have spoken at an earlier period of the meeting, and although I recognize that my duty has been discharged much more efficiently than I could have done it, yet I have been, as it were, deprived of my speech. Brother Wilkinson has unduly raised your expectations, both in regard to my speech, and to the objects I shall be able to send you from India. I hope to be able to send home portraits of our native preachers, but I cannot, I am afraid, send you views of our chapels, because I have not lenses large enough for the purpose. I am reminded that the time of my sojourn is drawing to a close, as I have taken a

passage in the *Agamemnon*, which will sail on the 20th of August, so that in a few weeks I shall be journeying to the land of my labour, yea, perhaps the land of my death and my grave. I thank God that in spirit and in body I have been much benefitted by the change I have had. I know something of the life of a missionary in India, yet I do not regret, and I feel that I would not exchange my situation to hold a sceptre or wear a crown. I have now to request that in your prayers you will do me some service, and I assure you that amid the difficulties and sorrows which we have to meet in India, the knowledge that we have an interest in your prayers is a source of unspeakable consolation. Let us have your prayers that the Word of the Lord may have a free course in India. I now tender you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the hospitality and kindness I have received in every part of the Connexion. I shall cherish the remembrance of them as long as I live. I shall often look back upon those happy scenes, and I shall pray more earnestly for your happiness and constant prosperity.

The Rev. J. F. WINKS moved the last resolution:—

“That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the committee, treasurer, and secretary, to the beloved missionary brethren who have travelled in behalf of the Society, and to all its other active friends, not forgetting those who have so kindly interested themselves for the bazaar which is now being held for the benefit of the mission.”

The last time they were assembled there, their beloved Secretary was with them, but blessed be God who removes His servant but carries on His cause.—During the year they had lost many whom they should never see or hear again.—He never gave up their dear friend Cooper, and now that he had come again to the fold, might the Lord spare him many years to aid in the spread of the gospel of Christ.

WILLIAM HEATON, Esq., seconded the resolution in an eloquent speech. He joined in all the expressions of thankfulness and gratification that had been used in reference to his friend Mr. Cooper. He was glad to meet him on that platform and to invoke on his behalf the prayers of the Christian church. He was gratified also to meet their honoured missionaries, and to hear their accounts of what had so properly been called a sublime work. Might he be permitted also to express his pleasure at standing on the same platform with his honoured friend Mr. Winks? Many years had he been a reader of Mr. Winks's publications, and years ago, when but a boy, he had been a contributor

and a "prize essayist" in Mr. Wink's "Children's Magazine." He was glad now thankfully and publicly to recognize all Mr. Wink's services to the denomination and the cause of Christ. As to the Society in whose service they had met, he could not but express his interest in its operations. The report and the speeches they had heard both proved how it had been blessed. With respect to missionary work generally, it appeared to him to

increase in interest and importance daily. How many doors were opening before them! From how many lands did there come the cry, — Come over and help us! God grant that we might be strengthened for the work which He had honoured us by intrusting to us; and that with all His gifts He might give us the best, that of increasing faithfulness in His service, and greater love for His cause.

ORDINATION OF JAGOO ROUL.

The following is a translation of a portion of the answers given by Jagoo Roul to the questions proposed to him at his ordination:—

NEARLY seventeen years ago I was by the grace of God born again. I was born in the pergunnah of Olassa, in the village of Khosalpore, in the year of Messiah, 1828, and on the 18th day of the month of June. When I was about nine or ten years of age, and while in the midst of idolators, I first heard the dear name of Jesus Christ. I several times heard my father sing a poetic tract called "Mental Reflections,"* and, as I heard it, I thought it very interesting; but I did not then understand it, nor had I capacity to do so. Some time after this, Sebo Sahu, and some other of my father's companions, became christians. Then I heard much reviling of the christian religion. Many also said concerning my father, "Why he will become a christian too." When he sang, as he often did, christian hymns, many forbade him, and said, that there was a charm, a bewitching power, in the very letters, so that when a person saw them and read them, they laid hold of the mind, and at last he entered the house of the lowest, vilest outcast. On this account his caste-mates, relatives, and friends reviled and hated him much, often treating him with contempt and scorn. Many, too, of the Rajah's people were much opposed to my father; but at length, by God's grace, in the year 1839 he fully embraced christianity. When he came to fetch his family, by the advice of the Rajah's people and the inhabitants of the village, we had concealed ourselves. Mr. Lacey and several of the native brethren came with my father, and the people of the village, assisted by the Rajah's people, assaulted and beat them, so that they were obliged to go away. After this, a complaint was lodged with the magistrate respecting the assault, and a petition presented that my father's family might be restored to him. By order of the magistrate, I was seized and

taken with my mother to his office; there, in open court, I beat my head against the ground, and said many reproachful and abominable things. I feel now greatly ashamed, as I refer before you all to what I then said, and I abhor myself on account of it. In short, I positively refused to go with my father, and returned with my mother from Cuttack to my native place. Soon after, Mr. Sutton came with the darogah, or head of police, to a village near, and sought to take us; but I threw away my clothes, and in his presence beat my head against a stone, and positively declared that I would not go with my father. Then he tried to seize me; but I swore several times by the sahib's name that I would not go, and cried with a loud voice. My father, seeing that there was no prospect of my going with him, went back to Khundittur with Mr. Sutton, full of sorrow. By the advice of the people, we now left our own village and rajuary, and hid ourselves for several days in the rajuary of Dhakanal, but the officers of government found us there, and seized us. When punishment was inflicted on the Rajah's people for the outrage on Mr. Lacey and the native preachers, our relatives were afraid any longer to favour us, and we, with hiding here and there, and wandering about so much, were wearied out and dispirited; so we consented to live with my father. My mother on this went to Khundittur. I went with my father to Cuttack, and having promised before the magistrate that I would remain with him, went back to Khundittur.

Some time after this, my father placed me in Mr. Sutton's school at Cuttack, that I might obtain learning. I sought to make advancement in learning, and at first read the little tracts. I also heard the discourses of the missionaries, but it was especially by a sermon on the prodigal son that I heard Mr. Sutton preach, that the Holy Spirit graciously opened

* This tract was composed by John Chamberlain.

the eyes of my understanding. Some time afterward, Mr. Lacey preached from Acts xvi., 30 31, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved," &c. As I heard this sermon, I felt that the work of grace was really begun in my soul, and that I had chosen the Lord's service. With some of my companions in the school, I gave my name to the church; but they were received, and by baptism entered the church before me. This led me to be still more earnest in religion; and a sermon preached by my beloved teacher, Mr. Sutton, from the words, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again," &c., still more powerfully attracted me to the way of holiness. By prayer, also, I obtained much help from the Lord. At length, when I was fourteen years of age, on the first day of the month of May, in the year 1842, I was by the grace of God, admitted by baptism into the church, and I have been preserved by his goodness for now nearly seventeen years in the way of righteousness. For this, I give a thousand thousand thanks to His holy name; and now with confidence in Him, I pray for grace and strength that I may be steadfast, and may persevere in the path of holiness as long as I live.

After enumerating the doctrines he believed and intended to preach, Jagoo Roul observed, "most of all, the doctrine of Christ crucified will be my theme. How can sinful men be reconciled to God? By the cross of Christ; and on this account Paul was determined to preach this. Moreover, the Apostle Peter preached this doctrine, and in one day three thousand were converted; and, surely, the stubborn hearts of sinners will be broken by that which rent the rocks." In illustration of this point Jagoo referred to the failure of the missionaries in Greenland, until they told the people of the sufferings and the death of Christ, and proceeded:—In like manner, the missionaries went to labour among the Aboriginal Indians of North America, but their labour was in vain. At length, a missionary brother who went to that country, entered the mud cottage of one of the chiefs, who was a very wicked man, and spoke to him concerning the love of Christ. When he had done speaking, as he was very wearied, he laid himself down and slept in this bad man's house. Seeing this, the heathen man thought, What manner of man is this? If I were to kill him, no

one would know; but, free from fear, he he has laid himself down in peace and fallen asleep. And then, what words has he spoken to me! I never heard anything like these words before. Other padres have come from his country and spoken to me. One said, There is a God: serve Him. I said, Do not I know that? go back again. Another said, Do not get drunk; do not commit adultery, &c. I said, Do not I know that? Go and teach this to your own people. But this man's words have cut me to the heart. The Lord gave Himself for me. In this way he reasoned with himself, and was led to embrace the gospel. Afterwards he said to the missionary,—If you seek the conversion of the Indians, it must not be by preaching the law; make known the love of Christ.

We see and hear the like of this even in this country. If sometimes we take a sentiment or sloke (i.e. verse) from the Hindoo Shastres, and discourse upon it, they say,—"Ah! this is from our Shastres! What else can they say? True, they seek to destroy our caste; nevertheless, they speak words derived from our Shastres." So if we preach on the Ten Commandments they will say, "Are not these written in our Shastres? Is it you only that know these things? Do not we know too that stealing, adultery, lying, &c., are sins?" But if we preach the cross of Christ, that is, if we preach concerning His love, His compassion, His grace, His sufferings, &c., and invite sinners to come to Him, one and another may be inconsiderate, or even may revile, but many will know this to be the only way of mercy, and have good thoughts concerning it in their minds; for example, they will say, "Who among our gods like Jesus Christ gave himself for the salvation of others? Not one." From this we see, therefore, that though there are other truths which from time to time we must preach, yet the essence of our preaching is Christ and Him crucified; for only in this doctrine is there rest found for the weary, a refuge for the distressed, help for the sinner, and life for the dead. "Neither is there salvation in any other." The love of Christ is most wonderful. His love exceeds all other loves, and more wonderful than all other wonderful things is His love; therefore, the theme of my preaching beyond, yea, exceeding abundantly beyond, all other subjects shall be Christ and Him crucified.

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the Society will be received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Quorn, near Loughborough, Secretary; from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

No. 69.

CHRIST'S APPEAL TO THE LUKEWARM.

THE words addressed to the Laodicean church, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," are frequently taken as an appeal to the unconverted, and not improperly. By His self-denying and self-sacrificing love; by His Providence, now prospering and now crossing the purposes of men; by His gospel, with its overtures of mercy, rich promises, and fearful threatenings; by the occasional and unaccountable solicitations of conscience—Christ does appeal to men: He stands at the door of their hearts and knocks, and whilst he knocks, like the midnight visitor, he *speaks* too, assuring the proprietors that no unfriendly errand has brought Him to their dwellings. Not to curse, but to bless, does He stand at their door. Addressed to sinners in general the appeal lays down principles which it will be well for us to remember, and which we might illustrate more fully than the limits of our present paper will permit, as a word to the church of Christ. These principles we will briefly indicate: that religion is primarily between Christ and the sinner—you have no right to go to the friend of your neighbour, and ask the purpose of his visit to the home of your neighbour; that is an affair between your neighbour and his friend, with which you have no right, authoritatively, to interfere; that the first movement in religion is on the part of Christ; and that it is the duty of man to yield to Christ's solicitation. Christ *knocks*, man must listen to His voice and open. Thus, in conversion, there are two parts—Christ's part and man's part, and both are necessary to the great change. Moreover, in true religion, there is a mysterious and delightful experience of the heart: what is meant by "supping with Christ," none but the believer can understand, and even he cannot fully explain.

But this appeal, whilst properly addressed to men in general, was specially addressed to the members of a Christian church, and no doubt is still a word to the churches. As there are churches, and members of churches, in a spiritual condition resembling that of the Laodicean church, it cannot be improper to address to them words which were primarily intended for the Laodiceans. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Christ's dissatisfaction with the present state of the church is here

indicated. This is a visit extraordinary on the part of Christ. He sees wrong in the church; he comes to correct it, or to punish the church for it.

There were two things in the Laodicean church which offended the Saviour, lukewarmness and pride. The church was neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm. It was not directly and professedly opposed to Him, but neither was it in earnest for Him. It did not with the lip deny Him, but neither did it with the heart embrace Him. It did not scoff at Him, but neither did it adore Him. It did not wilfully throw obstacles in the way of the gospel's advancement, but neither did it zealously aid its progress. It did not aim at driving souls to perdition, but neither did it labour to snatch them as brands from the burning. There was no *feeling* in the church: "it had a name to live, but was dead."

That this was not a state of real, though apparent, neutrality, is manifest from Christ's deep aversion to it—preferring to it a state of decided and avowed opposition—"I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Tepid water produces nausea—a tepid religion produces nausea in the mind of Christ—and unless it be altered, rejection, we are assured, shall follow.

A lukewarm state is to be dreaded and abhorred; yet is it not more common than we sometimes suppose? After the novelty of religion has worn off, and our first love to Christ comes into contact with the chills of worldliness amongst professors, we are apt to lose our native fire and energy, and ultimately sink into a state of indifference. We are converted, and we are saved: the great point is settled—so we think; and we give ourselves up to listlessness and indolence.

Associated with this lukewarmness was another offensive feature of spiritual declension—*pride*. Living in an opulent city, and perhaps themselves rich, they were full of self-sufficiency. They were rich and increased in goods, and had need of nothing; so they thought. How different was their Master's estimate, according to which they were blind, and naked, and pitiable. They neither had true wealth, true beauty, nor true wisdom, in the eyes of Christ. A proud, lukewarm church; who can wonder that such a church should be regarded by the Saviour with concern approaching aversion?

And is the reader in the deplorable condition of the Laodiceans? Behold, says Christ, I stand at the door, and knock. A half-hearted indifference can never satisfy me. I call upon you to reform. Let thy indifference be changed for fervour or aversion. Be against me or for me. Anything is better than this cool and dishonourable indifference. If thou art an enemy, have courage to be one manifestly; throw away the outer garb of profession, and show thyself. If thou art a friend, show a friend's affection, a friend's courage, a friend's zeal. Lukewarm church, lukewarm professor, Behold, I stand at the door, and knock!

The imagery of this appeal, if we apprehend it rightly, has a very striking suitability to the case in hand. It is not derived from the visit of a man in the broad light of day, when the inmate may be supposed to be wide awake. The visitor in this case is like the one in the parable, a nocturnal one. The church is in a state of slumber; if not actually dead, in a state resembling death. Christ comes for the avowed purpose of

disturbing its slumbers; for safe and refreshing as sleep may be in nature, it is not admissible in religion. It is offensive, useless, fatal. To the sleeping church, and the sleeping Christian, Christ here makes His appeal. His object is to arouse ;—" Behold, sleeper, I stand at thy door, and knock."

By this appeal Christ not only indicates their defects, but shows them likewise the cause. They were lukewarm and proud, and why? Because they had lost Christ from their hearts. They were not rightly affected towards Christ, and hence their deplorable condition. For unhealthiness in the church, or in the soul, as well as an unhealthy state of body—there is always a cause. This cause it is the part of Christian men to ascertain. Lukewarmness and pride, two mischievous spiritual maladies, have a cause. What is that cause? Neglect of private devotion, of reading the Bible, of public ordinances, of Christian society. These may have had their influence—but are they not in many cases the symptoms, rather than the cause of the disease? The real cause of spiritual declension is this, that Christ is not regarded by us as he once was. A young convert is invariably marked by fervour and humility. He has a burning zeal for God, though it may not always be according to knowledge, and he is willing to be anything or nothing, so that his Master may be glorified. Whence has he derived these feelings but from the cross of Christ? He has seen himself to be a lost and miserable sinner, and has found Christ to be a Divine and all-sufficient Saviour. At this discovery his heart overflows with grateful love ; and adoringly bending before the cross, he feels the love of Christ constraining him not to live to himself, but to Christ, who died for him. But, anon, he perhaps begins to speculate in religion : he deserts the exalted ground of faith for the moving sands of controversy. His heart grows colder than it once was. He begins to be vainly puffed up with a fleshly mind ; and the reason is, that he does not look to Christ with that simple, reliant, and adoring faith, with which he once beheld Him.

Let us be impressed with this fact—that we cannot learn too much of Christ as a living indwelling Saviour, and as the one grand object of faith in our religion. It is when for Christ we substitute *man*—dependence on the eulogium of a favourite minister, or trust to the guidance of a wise teacher ; or when for *faith* as a simple principle of union with Christ, we substitute ceremony : it is then we get wrong, that our hearts become cold, and our minds lifted up with pride. Lukewarmness then takes the place of fervour, indifference the place of zeal, and vain merit supersedes humility. The way to keep our religion right, is to keep Christ enthroned in the heart, to make Him our all in all.

While, however, the cause is explicitly stated, the remedy of the evil is also indicated. Christ discovers to the Laodiceans their lukewarmness, their pride, but he also tells them how they were to recover themselves from their miserable condition : " Be zealous and repent." In one word, Reform ! But, do you ask, how is this to be done ? As if anticipating the question, Christ goes on to say,—“ Behold, I stand at the door, and knock : if any man will hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.” The remedy, as if Christ had said, is communion with me. Open the door of your heart and sup with me. Renew your communion with me. This, Christian, is the grand remedy for spiritual evils, communion with Christ.

This remedy points to the cross, and bids you view your Saviour there in all the grace of His heart, bleeding for you. It is there your heart was first effectually moved towards Him, and thither in lowly faith you must again return. This remedy points to the table of the Lord, whilst it echoes the words which warrant and enjoin this feast of faith, and flow of soul, "Do this in remembrance of Me." This remedy points to the throne of grace,—that throne on which Christ sits as King, not, however, to issue judgments, and proclaim His gracious will, but to give audience to His people. This remedy points to the Bible. "Search the Scriptures, for they are they that testify of Me." The Bible is the most wonderful book in the world. Here is poetry, compared with which, the verses of the uninspired bard are tame indeed; here is history more wonderful, considering it as true, than you will find anywhere else; and, passing through its pages, you fall every now and then on pictures, historical and domestic, which gently move your best affections; whilst over all is thrown a Divine air of sublimity, which tells you where this book derived its origin. But, remember that the grand design running through the history, the odes, the pastorals, and the parables, the glowing songs, and stately narratives of the book is—the *testimony of Jesus*. In perusing a book, it is due to the writer and yourself to inquire, What is its main design? The main design of the Bible is, to reveal Christ; and to know more of Christ, should ever be our aim in its perusal.

Thus let us commune with Christ; let us sup with Him, and feast with Him, so shall we lose our lukewarmness and our self-sufficiency, and be satisfied with His grace, and prove it to be sufficient for us.

The appeal gives, also, prominence to individual responsibility. We are frequently told that one of the great evils of organization which so eminently marks the present age, since we have associations for almost every conceivable object is, its tendency to hide our individuality. But whatever may be the tendency of organizations in this respect, the appeal of Christ strictly guards against its error. Though addressed to a church, it does not overlook the individuals of that church. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if *any man* hear my voice, and open the door I will come into *him* and sup with him," independently of the rest. Christ does not make a general reform the condition of a personal acceptance. But, appealing to the conscience and heart of each member, He bids each reform, and promises each that he shall be accepted. When we join a church, we are apt to think, "Well, now, what the church is, I must be, shall be, in the eyes of others." But in the eyes of Christ, you are what you are in yourself, and you will be neither praised by Him for their virtues, nor punished for their offences.

But you, a member of a lukewarm church, may say, "Of what use is it my being warm-hearted and zealous, when all is cold around me? What can my poor torch do to illuminate the darkness, and melt the snows of such a wintry night?" Hush! murmurer! Is it nothing to sup with Christ, to be accepted of Him? It is a privilege to commune with Christ, even in such a scene.

But you are mistaken—for you cannot be improved yourself without improving others. Be quickened, and you shall also quicken. Be warmed, and you shall also warm. Be humble, and you shall abase your brother's pride. Be zealous, and you shall shame your brother

into activity. To use your own figure, light afresh your own torch—others shall come and light theirs at thine ; and instead of there being one poor light as a flaming signal of distress, a thousand torches will fill the vast expanse of darkness and desolation with a blaze of glory.

This is just Christ's way, not to sweep the mass before Him, but gently to move them by the sanctified powers of individuals. When he wants His gospel to be preached to the Gentiles, he does not cause an angel to trumpet it forth to them all by a solitary blast from mid-heaven, but he says to Paul, Bear my name far hence, unto the Gentiles. When He wants a reformation, He does not give the commission to an army of princes, but lifts up from obscurity a solitary monk to do the work. When he wants a revival in a church, he does not let loose upon it a thousand mighty agencies, but he goes to a cottage in some out of the way place, and stirs up some poor widow's heart to pray. Thus has it beep ; thus, no doubt, will it be. Let us, then, never forget our individual power and responsibility.

But to conclude. What is the hope of the lukewarm church and the lukewarm Christian ? It is this : that Christ is at your *door*. This should be our grief, and this our joy ; our grief, that he should be *only* at the door, on the threshold, when He might be in us the hope of glory. We have turned Christ out of our hearts, if we are in the condition of the Laodiceans. But, how thankful should we be that Christ has not gone away and left us. Backslider, be comforted ; thy Master has come once more to you—asks you again for your heart—O give it him afresh. "*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.*"

"In the silent midnight watches, List—thy bosom door !
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh—knocketh evermore !
Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating : 'tis thy heart of sin ;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks and crieth—Rise, and let me in !

Death comes on with reckless footsteps, to the hall and hut :
Think you, death will tarry knocking, where the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth, but the door is fast ;
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth ; death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating Christ to let thee in
At the gate of heaven beating, waiting for thy sin.
Nay—alas, thou guilty creature ! Hast thou then forgot ?
Jesus waited long to know thee, now he knows thee not."

Sheffield.

H. A.

THE PROGRESS OF WRITING INTO A SYSTEM.

In our last we left mankind in the first stage of picture-writing, endeavouring to relieve memory of her load by a suggestive transcription of scenes in miniature, and interpreting individual lives by the mute eloquence of painted tombstones.

How long this vivid portraiture of life continued, no Clinton can calculate, no philosopher can guess. The gathering of a man to his fathers in the peaceful completion of family biography by the brush of the painter, instead of the scrawls of the genealogist, might have continued for ages. But we can have no hesitation in tracing its first progressive inclinations. Surprised and elated at the success he had

achieved, man would insensibly seek to bring the same principle into minuter action. He would take a group of different objects into pieces, and a man, a tree, an arrow, or an ox would immediately assume a large representative power. This would give him the materials for the narration of events in a simpler and more extended manner. The figures used would gradually need to be less crowded and complex. A bodiless head would indicate a victory; a single arrow, war; a ladder, a siege; a clasped hand, an armistice; and the more familiar objects of life would have even still simpler symbols. In this manner, a large number of symbolic figures were acquired, easily read, and requiring only a slight mental effort to connect them. But before any perfection could be obtained in pictorial narration, the imagination, with a rude people ever the predominant mental power, must be still farther appealed to, through the eye, to express abstractions. The phantasmata of the awakened mind was necessarily dim and obscure. Their comprehension of such things as light, darkness, death, time and space, were as cloudy and ill-defined as the men like trees walking, seen by the blind man restored to sight. Still they strove to express them by appropriate symbols, and one by one their ideas found shape and form. Their powers thus enlarged, their common feelings and sentiments admitting of description, an almost boundless field, around which the mind had long hovered, was opened and extended on all sides. A thrill of pride must have ran through the hearts of men, as they thus struggled with themselves and became conquerors of time, and have stimulated them on to the last and greatest change of all—phonetic writing.

The constant use of hieroglyphics, demanding so much elaboration, and defying all rapid writing, could not continue long without some attempts at abbreviation and improvement in such an advancing civilization. Two objects would suggest themselves, that of making the sign represent a common sound, and of abbreviating the sign itself. Now, the number of hieroglyphics being so great, certain sounds used in interpreting them by the voice, as well as in common converse, would be observed to occur frequently. To express these, two plans were available. In the first place, to generalize the *object* expressed by the sign; in the second, to generalize the *sign* itself. The first course we find adopted by the Chinese, and the second by the Egyptians. For the present, we confine ourselves to the latter. Fixing upon a common sign, immediately suggestive of some common word, they employed it to indicate the sound of its initial letter. Thus the figure of an eagle, the word being in the Egyptian language *ahom*, expressed its initial letter and sound *a*; that of a censer, *berbe*, the letter *b*; that of a knee, *keli*, *k*, or *c*; and so on. At first sight this would seem to give them little scope for phonetic purposes, but the contrary is soon evident. A considerable number of objects and words having the same initial sound, were all expressed by the same signs, but so copious an alphabet occasioning confusion, the number of hieroglyphics to which one sign could be the key-note, required consideration. The greatest known number assignable to any one is nineteen, but with some it was as low as two or three. In the use, therefore, of these signs, great nicety was required, and the different shades of meaning

capable of expression by the same figures, opened an extensive arena for wit, ridicule, and satire, in covert and recondite forms. Who knows how much humour, caricature, and subtlety of thought—what Egyptian *charivaries*, where Pharaohs, Ptolemies, and their ministers, figure after a comic sort, unexplored and undiscoverable, face the traveller as he stumbles in their ruins, or are for ever buried beneath the desert sands. An example or two will help to illustrate their manner of proceeding, and show what an amount of appropriateness there is in some of their selections. The goose, in the Egyptian *chenalopez*, is found symbolizing the letter *s*, of the word *si* for son, from that animal's love for its offspring; the ram stands for *b*, in the name of Chnubis, from its being sacred to that god and his general symbol; the eagle was frequently used for *a*, in the names of the Roman emperors, from its figuring on their standards, and perhaps, also, from the strength and swiftness exhibited in their conquests; and the lion for *l*, in the names of Ptolemy and Alexander, to indicate their power and bravery.

An alphabet was thus readily framed, each sign giving to the mind some inflexion of the voice. But before these hieroglyphics, thus selected for phonetic purposes, were toned down into more arbitrary signs, they underwent considerable modification. This was the result of a loose, flowing style of writing, called variously epistolographic, from its use in correspondence, enchorial from its being the character of the country, and demotic from its popular use. In this writing, the signs less and less resembled their originals, angles were rounded off, and extended flourishes diminished, until the letters stood forth bare and naked signs. Still they bore some trifling resemblance to their forerunners, perhaps only discoverable by the learned observer. A cursory glance, however, into the Arabic, Hebrew, and Sanskrit, still reveals something of the symbolical virtues of their letters, and indicates the same process of development as the Egyptian one. In some of these, when the key is secured, the result is very amusing. Take, for instance, one from the Chinese class of combinations. The mother of a family is the person represented, and a broom is given, industrially we should suppose, for the characteristic sign. A straight stick, with a cross-bar at the top thickening at the ends, is the broom, and above it the hand is loosely placed like the figure of a three-pronged fork. On the left hand is the representation of the woman. An oval body, the outer lines of which diverge upwards and downwards for arms and legs, and a thick stroke surmounting it, intended for the head and neck, completes the picture. This is bad enough itself, but in rapid writing, a few irregular dashes of the camel-hair pencil replace even these rude outlines, and when still farther reduced, alphabetically, both woman and broom disappear.

So far, in describing the first use of phonetic signs, we have mainly adhered to the theory propounded by a learned Frenchman, M. Champollion,* eminent for his investigations in the Coptic (Egyptian written in Greek characters), adopted by the Egyptians on their conversion to Christianity. The general reader may doubt its intelligibility, in spite of our efforts to render it rather more

* In his "*Preces du Systeme Hieroglyphics des Anciens Egyptiens*."—Paris; 1824.

lucid, and lurking in his own mind there may be a thought of the uselessness of endeavouring to unravel such a Gordian knot. Hard heads, however, will knock against hard things, and so long everything vague and half-revealed will have a fascination peculiarly its own, and men, muttering their incantations, will stride round a few *disjecta membra*, in the hope of raising some fair, living, and perfect form.

For ourselves, while acknowledging the debt due to Champollion's learning and assiduity, we would confess a lingering attachment to the tone of the various legends which have gathered around this question. All agree in impressing the alphabet with a Divine origin, and directly, or indirectly, in tracing it to the Egyptians or Assyrians. The Egyptians were supposed to have received it from *Thoth*, or *Taut* (Mercury), their god of letters, but another account ascribes their knowledge of it to their intercourse with the ancient Hebrews. The Greeks had two accounts of their possession of it. In the first, Cadmus brought them from Phœnicia some sixteen letters, B.C., 1473, to which, subsequently both Palamedes and Simonides added four others. The second, although little noticed, ascribes it to Prometheus, who brought them from heaven with his other gifts. In Æschylus' tragedy on the subject of his punishment in consequence, Prometheus himself is made to say :—

“The rich train of marshalled numbers
I taught them, and the meet array of letters.”

A sacred feeling has from all time been associated with them. The word hieroglyphic, means sacred writing, from their use and supposed origin amongst the priests of Ammon, Ptha, and Osiris; the Indian Brahmins are venerated as the holiest of men, from their knowledge of writing and care of the sacred books; the fierce conquerors of Mexico looked upon the Aztec pictures as possessing a magic and unearthly power, when their eyes, used to a more improved form of writing, first wandered over their brilliant colours; the followers of Mohammed had a great reverence for all letters, especially the four, *a, l, m, and s*, which prefixed *al araf*, or the seventh book of the Koran; the Jews were very marked in their regard for letters, and so holy were those which composed the name Jehovah, that they deemed it profanity even to write them, without first pausing in deep reverence and washing their pens; and wherever the alphabet has been introduced and explained to an uncivilized people, they have either been delirious with delight, dumb with wonder, or ready to fall down and worship the bringer as a god.

This sacred sentiment is an universal and natural one. There is something in its beautiful simplicity—in its almost boundless multiplication in words—in its embodiment of so many delicate and various sounds—in its greatness as an acquisition, medium, and conservator of mind, that shows a puissance which cannot be human, and a radiance which must be Divine. It might have come in a flash of God-given inspiration, to some solitary aspiring mind; it might have sprung from the empyreal glory of Sinai, cast down and despised; the prayer of Job might have been answered when he cried that his words might be written in a book, and engraved with a pen of iron and lead in the rock for ever; yea, the finger of God Himself, writing His lightning scrolls in the heavens

with volumes of sound, might have broken upon mankind the glory of so matchless a blessing ! So whispers imagination, ever building heavenward her bright towers, and spanning with rainbow-arch mysterious voids. Science, poetical but demonstrative, will prove it otherwise ; but even if these traditionary and imaginative gropings be the merest signments of poesy, there is at least in them a noble and redeeming aspiration. E.

BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY IN ENGLAND.

A SCENE IN 1662.

It was August 24th. The morning opened heavily. Until nearly noon-tide, the mists were lingering near the earth. At length the sun chased them all away, and never did he light the pathway of truer heroes than on that memorable day. This was the birthday of nonconformity. It was on the 24th August, 1662, that two thousand godly ministers of the Church of England forsook all and commenced a movement, which has proved an inestimable blessing to our country and the world.

I wish it were possible to give you, gentle reader, a photograph of the times. You are quite up, however, in the history of that period, and a rough outline, therefore, is all you require. Cromwell was dead. Not many years had passed away since that kingly man was gathered to his fathers. Everybody remembered his sweeping reforms. He dismissed the parliament ; he surrounded himself with competent advisers ; he put the best men in the most eminent posts in the army and the navy ; he found the church, as by law established, in a state of woful corruption and resolved to effect a radical improvement ; and it was fresh in the memory of all how he sent the lazy bishops from their sees, dismissed the sporting clergy, and appointed ministers who were loved for their deep learning and their holy lives, so that never was the gospel preached throughout the land with greater faithfulness and power.

This promising state of things, however, was not permitted to continue. The Protector died. Royalty was restored. The voluptuous Charles ascended the throne. - A new parliament was convened ; many of the acts of the former reign were rescinded. The bishops were brought back to their palaces and their thrones ; many who were newly re-invested with power, began to show a spirit of bitterness and persecution, and the godly ministers of the church soon perceived that a time of trial was at hand.

Persons high in power said, "The church is in confusion ; the ancient ceremonies are neglected. It may be true that the gospel is faithfully preached, and that true prayer is offered in our assemblies, but it is not in the old form, and at any cost we must enforce the customs of olden times." There were many godly ministers who replied, "Such ceremonies are useless. They were not practised by our Lord and His apostles. What are they but vile imitations of a corrupt church ? We see no advantage in bowing to the east ; we do not perceive that a surplice can aid our devotions. We cannot comprehend how the baptism of a child can make it a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the

kingdom of heaven. We cannot heartily pronounce to men the absolution of sins, nor can we with a good conscience consign to the grave in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life, persons who have lived in sin and died without the signs of penitence; you will surely never insist, therefore, that the former ceremonies of the church shall be restored."

An appeal was made to the king; on him these earnest men felt they had special claim. It was partly through their influence he was now on the throne; he had given them fair promises; they could even point to his hand and seal. There was nothing naturally unkind about Charles, and he seemed inclined to be their friend. He said, "I know you are learned men; your lives are holy, your doctrines are pure, your ministrations have been successful. The manners of the people are greatly improved through your labours; your flocks love you as they love their own lives. It would be a shame to drive you from your churches; I propose this plan:—Let there be a conference of the clergy; twenty-one of your number shall meet twenty-one of those who wish to restore the ancient order, and let such alterations be made as all shall approve. The changes which you agree upon shall be laid before parliament for their sanction, and then there can be no reason why you may not as before remain with your flocks." At the king's desire, a conference was held; many days were spent in discussion. The more powerful party could not see why the others should not conform; they affected not to understand the scruples of their brethren, and would agree to no material change, so that the conference broke up and nothing was done.

At the very time when this conference was sitting, the matters in dispute were being discussed elsewhere. The two houses of convocation had assembled; grave and reverend divines discussed earnestly the question of church reform. Here also the ruling party determined not to yield; they would scarcely listen to the conscientious scruples of their brethren, and took measures for the full enforcement of their ecclesiastical system. "Indeed," says one, "they introduced alterations into the book of common prayer, which seemed to be intended only to exasperate. It was known, for example, that many of the ministers objected to saint days. The bishops increased their number. It was known that they disliked the Apocryphal lessons. The bishops, therefore, added another, containing the story of Bel and the Dragon." And such was the prevailing animus, that it was evident to these good men that the bishops and many of the clergy were bent on driving them out of the church.

The matter was now laid before parliament; the minutes of convocation were read; and among other provisions were the following:—

Re-ordination of every minister who had not been episcopally ordained before; a declaration of unfeigned assent and consent to everything in the book of common prayer; to take the oath of obedience to ecclesiastical superiors, and of course to the King as head of the church, in all matters of religion; to abjure the lawfulness of taking arms against the King, or any commissioned by him, under any pretence whatever.

At the close of the reading, one of the members proposed that the provisions agreed upon by convocation become the law of the land. He spoke warmly in favour of the measure. Another rose to reply, and

then a second, and a third. It was urged that many of the ministers could not conform, that some of the holiest men in the church had conscientious scruples—that those who would be affected by it were among the most useful men that ever adorned the pulpits of our land; that if the house decided in favour of convocation, it would for ever exclude such men as Baxter, Owen, Bates, Charnock, Philip Henry, and hundreds more. The debate closed; the speaker rose, the question was put, the votes were taken, the bill was declared passed, and on the 14th of January the notorious “act of uniformity” became the law of the land. The matter was now clear, only two paths were open to these men; either they must conform, or be thrust out from their livings, and cast upon the wide world. There was little time to deliberate. One of the stipulations was, that whoever refused to come to the terms proposed should quit his living not later than Bartholomew’s day. What must they do? The question was a serious one. Where could they find new homes? Who was to provide for their wants? How could their families be clothed and fed? Who was to care for their flocks, who had been for years the burden of their prayers, and were endeared to them by a thousand ties? On the other hand, could they conform? Had they not been scripturally ordained? Could they say that they gave their assent and consent to everything in the book of common prayer? Could they declare that the child was regenerated by baptism, or that the wicked man was buried in sure and certain hope? And should they dissemble, could they surrender their consciences to any human authority? Could they bring themselves to smother their honest convictions, and be hypocrites in the service of God? No, never; and with the spirit of apostles they determined to obey God rather than man, and to suffer all things rather than hinder the gospel of Christ. Severe though the struggle was between the truth and their worldly interests, they resolved not to conform.

The resolution of one of these noble men is worthy of being preserved. On his bended knee he said to Him that seeth in secret, “I am at Thy footstool, I may not do evil that good may come, I may not do this great sin against my God, and the dictates of my conscience; I therefore surrender myself, my soul, my ministry, my people, my place, my wife, my children, and whatsoever else is herein concerned, into Thy hand from whom I received them. Lord have mercy upon me, and assist me for ever to keep faith and a good conscience.”

And now the 24th of August dawned. Too soon had the appointed day arrived. Even the sun seemed unwilling to shine too early upon it. Pleasant homes must be forsaken; the spots endeared by the memories of loved ones must be the resort of strangers. The yellow harvest was waving in the fields that had been theirs; but they must not gather the fruit of their own toil. That morning their closets listened to many deep sighs; their family altars were bedewed with many tears, and with slow and solemn steps, and with swollen hearts, they went for the last time to their houses of prayer. Everything they saw wore a sadder aspect than it had ever done before. They looked down with mournful hearts on the steps of the sanctuary that were worn thin by the footsteps of their fathers. Their petitions in the great congregation had unwonted fervour. They preached as if, when the sermons closed, they must stand before the judgment seat of Christ. A holy unction descended upon them; as they

uttered their farewell, they could not refrain from weeping, and their congregations were bathed in tears. The benediction was pronounced, and the doors of the churches closed against these faithful men for ever.

Louth.

W.O.

EXTRAORDINARY REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

DURING the last few months, events of no ordinary character have transpired in Ireland. The counties of Antrim, Londonderry, Tyrone, and Fermanagh, in the province of Ulster, the northern portion of the island, have been the scene of a great religious revival. It is too early to predict, with any certainty, what may be its ultimate effects; but it cannot be without interest to all our readers to receive a word or two about its apparently insignificant origin; to say the least, its startling physical phenomena, and its precious and gladdening fruits. We are, moreover, the more readily inclined to give this general survey, since the movement, as a whole, serves to confirm the general principle of true "religious revival" laid down in an article in our May number. We shall make use of Dr. Massie's admirable pamphlet* as affording the best account hitherto published in England of this remarkable religious awakening.

The origin is traced by ministers and others living in the province to several private and unostentatious causes. The Rev. W. Carker, of Carrickfergus, mentions especially the efforts of a lady, who visited the neighbourhood of Ballymena, in Antrim, two years ago. Interested in the spiritual condition of an elderly man named Mac ———, she read, prayed, and conversed with him. God blessed her pious zeal. The man began to pray for himself, and "rejoiced, believing in God." He now sought his wife's conversion. Twelve months passed away, and at the end of that time his prayer was heard. Glad at heart, and too much so, to keep his joy locked up within himself, he called together his friends and acquaintance, that they might hear and rejoice with him. They also began to pray in their own dwellings for themselves. Special meetings were held; churches and chapels began to fill; the Spirit of God was poured out upon them; and the whole district seemed suddenly awakened up into newness of life. The converts from this region were invited, or, in the ardour of a new-born love, had gone unasked to other districts. The springs, concealed for a time in the mountains of Antrim, burst forth into a mighty stream; and, after sweeping over the whole county, from end to end, from Port Rush, in the north, to Belfast, in the south, the ever-gathering and ever-swelling waters rolled westward, with rapid tides, and the counties of Derry, Tyrone, and Fermanagh began to feel their bracing and fertilizing power.

The revival has been accompanied with most extraordinary physical phenomena, especially when the character and advantages of the people among whom the present movement has occurred, and the simple means employed—are considered. In Ulster, the inhabitants are grave and sober to a proverb. Descendants, in very many cases, from old Covenanters, they differ widely from the impulsive Celt of Munster and Connaught. They are less emotional, less fanatical, and less superstitious.

* REVIVAL IN IRELAND. *Facts, Documents, and Correspondence.* By J. W. MASSIE, D.D., LL.D. London: Snow, Paternoster-row.

For generations they have had a talented, faithful, and energetic ministry—none more so in Ireland. They were already well established from their infancy in a thoroughly sound and well-understood basis of doctrine. There has been no use of what the Americans call “new measures,” no ecclesiastical irregularity, and no elaborate machinery of effort. Meetings for religious instruction and prayer were held first from house to house; afterwards in chapels; and, anon, when these were too small, out in the open-air. There was no “getting up” of a revival. It grew as the palm tree grows, from within outward.

Notwithstanding all this, so-called “bodily manifestations,” of an unusual kind, have occurred. The masses of the people speak of them as though they were the effects of a contagious disease, or prevalent epidemic. “He took it,” “he caught it,” and such-like phrases are very commonly heard. Those who are better informed describe the subjects of them as “stricken,” and narrate “severe cases,” marking “different stages in their operation,” and refer also to “cases of a milder class.” Many cases are described in Dr. Massie’s pamphlet, and all by eye-witnesses. The “stricken,” these gentlemen say, “fall prone on the earth, as if they were in a partial stupor,” or “as if they were dead;” in one, “the muscles of the face twitched convulsively,” in another, “every muscle shuddered, indicating excruciating torture,” in a third, the convulsion extended from head to foot;” in this person “the eye dilated, and stared wildly and vacantly,” in that, “the eyelids were firmly closed, except when partially raised by a convulsive paroxysm, and even then no part of the eye was visible, except a narrow line of white;” in some instances, “they remained for a long time speechless,” and “were so engrossed with their own feelings as not to listen when addressed;” in others, “they were roused into occasional feeling of mental agony, depicted in heart-rending expressions of the countenance, and deep low wailings of terrible despair;” or “offered impulsive prayer;” or, “cried aloud in frenzied supplication.” The Rev. Hugh Hunter, of Bellaghy, says, “The physical phenomena are very startling. Some waste to a shadow: some are speechless for twelve hours; some are fearfully wrought in their bodies, though not convulsively. I have seen some that would have dashed out their brains: my own servant, for instance.” The severest case mentioned took place at Ballymena. Its symptoms, in the first stages, were not unlike those produced in poisoning by strychnine. A large meeting had assembled for united prayer in a grass park to the west of the Galgorm road. Many people were “stricken.” Little groups were formed around these sufferers, often eleven in one group, and administered religious consolation. “In one of these circles we noticed a case of terrible severity—one in which visions of unspeakable horror must have been pictured to the imagination of the unhappy sufferer. A young woman lay extended at full length—her eyes closed, her hands clasped and elevated, and her body curved in a spasm so violent that it appeared to rest arch-like upon her heels and the back portion of her head. In that position she lay without speech or motion for several minutes. Suddenly she uttered a terrific scream, and tore handsfull of hair from her uncovered head. Extending her open hands in a repelling attitude of the most appalling terror, she exclaimed, ‘Oh that fearful pit! Lord Jesus, save me!’ ‘I am a sinner, a most un-

worthy sinner—but, O Lord, take *him* away, take *him* away!’ ‘O, Christ, come—come quickly!’ ‘O Saviour of sinners, remove *him* from my sight.’ During this paroxysm, three strong men were hardly able to restrain her. She extended her arms on either side, clutched spasmodically at the grass, shuddering with terror, and shrinking from some fearful inward vision; but she ultimately fell back exhausted, nerveless, and apparently insensible. How long she remained in that condition we are unable to say; but we understand that she was treated with Christian sympathy, and removed from the field in safety before midnight. Three days afterwards she was visited by a Christian friend who had witnessed her agony. He found her weak in body, but her mind was thoroughly composed. She was a new creature. The light of peace and love was beaming from her countenance, and joy reflected in her eyes as she told him of her perfect reconciliation with God, and her unwavering faith in the Redeemer.” This after-calmness and visible joy are specially noted in every instance.

Severe as the above case was, such paroxysms were by no means confined to women. Out of a vast crowd gathered in the Drumachose churchyard, Newton Limavady, some three thousand persons being present, only *strong men* were affected. Cases occurred, too, and that very frequently, away from the excitement of public meetings, and in places the least expected. On the high road, as “one was counting his money, he was stricken down as if with a sun-stroke, and his money was scattered on the road.” In the field, in the street, in the factory, in a railway carriage, in an ale-house, and even at a wedding-party, men, women, and children were thus affected. One tells us that music had a soothing influence on some during the earlier stage of the paroxysm, but only sacred music. “A working man, residing in Belfast, received a powerful impression, and was in deep distress of mind. Some mischievous person sent a fiddler to the house, who commenced to play. This wanton and cruel joke threw the poor man into paroxysms. He was afterwards visited by a clergyman, under whose consolations he soon recovered and found peace.” Even in “milder cases,” characterized by copious weeping and temporary stupor, great prostration of body followed, and persons were “incapacitated for the slightest physical exertion.” The Editor of the *Coleraine Chronicle*, who has supplied a weekly account of the progress of the revival in his own district, apologizes for the delay in the issue of his paper, “because three of his compositors had been prostrated;” and Messrs. Ewart’s mill, Belfast, was kindly closed one day by the owners, “because nearly twenty girls were stricken down in an instant, and became insensible, and great excitement, and no little alarm prevailed.” At a monster meeting in the Botanical Gardens, Belfast, “It was a striking thing,” says Mr. Drummond, of Stirling, who was present, “to see as the service proceeded, one and another struck down and carried off, just like soldiers cut down in a battle-field.”

Various explanations of these remarkable occurrences have been offered. Some ascribe them to hysteria, and declare “that the religion of hysterics prevails in India as well as England—among Hindoos as well as Christians; that these same physical prostrations have occurred in ancient Greece and Rome, and in almost every form of heathenism as well as Christianity.” Mesmerists think they are pure cases of electro-

biology; Papists, that drink and Satan have very much to do with them; Mr. Geo. Gilfillan, "that they are an authentic working of the devil;" and friends of the religious awakening, that they are the direct work of the Holy Spirit, and only to be paralleled with the wonders of Pentecost. It is only fair to state that while persons of all ranks, classes, and ages, are deeply and sincerely affected by the truth in a way they never were before, that these cases of prostration, according to so great a friend of the revival as the Rev. Dr. Wilson, "often occurred in persons very ignorant of religion, and of very limited education; that several young females were simply labouring under hysteria; and that the conduct of others had already shown 'that bodily exercise profiteth little.'" An eminent medical man from Armagh, present at the meeting in the gardens referred to above, gave it as his opinion that it was no bodily affection which troubled those who fell down, but an affection of the mind, which no doubt affected the body also. Dr. Wallace, a physician of Randalston, so far from regarding these physical manifestations as supernatural, thinks that they may be classified among known disordered conditions of the human economy, arising from disease, from mental emotion, involuntary imitation, or intense expectation of their occurrence. These "cases become multiplied, till what may be called an epidemic constitution, has pervaded society; so that all who are susceptible come to be affected independently of mental emotion altogether. I regard these manifestations as accidents of the revival, not as integral parts of it. They might, I believe, have taken place in connexion with the propagation of religious delusions—Papist, Irvingite, and Mormon."

Granting all the limitations suggested in a scientific estimate of these singular phenomena, and making all the deductions, frankly acknowledged by friends in the midst of this religious fervour, the effects that still remain are extraordinary in kind and degree, and are matter for devout thanksgiving to Almighty God. Churches and chapels are crowded with eager listeners, not only on the Lord's-day, but sometimes during five successive services on the week-day, and often during two or three. A deep religious feeling pervades all classes of the people, while "bodily manifestations are evidently on the decline." Christian men of every name meet together for prayer and praise,—a very unusual assembly of this kind numbering fifty-four ministers. Nightly vigils have well-nigh exhausted some pastors, and hourly visits to penitents in the day, and incessant meetings, have worn down the strength of others. A Town Hall has been opened in Derry with a prayer-meeting instead of a ball. Thieves have grown honest men. Magdalenes sit weeping at the feet of the Merciful One. Places once noted for debauchery and drunkenness resound with the sweet voices of prayer and thanksgiving. "In Lisburn the mill operatives seem quite a changed people; and, if the impression lasts, the employers of labourers will have much cause of rejoicing over the revival of 1859." "In Sandy-row, Belfast,—the former scene of riot and mischief,—the policemen say there is now no trouble of any kind." The constable's office at Coleraine is fast becoming a sinecure. Ballymena, with one hundred and twenty public-houses, in a population of seven thousand people, has become a sober place. Distillery travellers

declare it to be of no use going into *that* county, for "the people will neither drink whiskey nor buy it." Ahoghill, "the worst wee place in the world," said the resident policeman, is totally changed. No drunkenness, no swearing, no fighting, no riot, *and the lock-up empty after a funeral!* Whiskey shops are everywhere deserted. One man, who has received the truth, has taken down his sign, and washed his hands of the trade, and converted his house into a Bethel. Another, once noted for his intemperance, assures a large audience that the work is not the devil's, "for Satan never put him from drinking whiskey." A third, a car-driver, shrewdly says: "Catholics say it's the work of the devil; but I always say, would the devil teach people to pray? Sure, if it was the devil, or glamoury, that was put on the people, it's drinking and swearing they would be, and not praying and doing good." At Creaghrock, a cock-pit has been turned into a sanctuary. Papists that "came to mock, remained to pray." Many have broken their rosaries, and one old lady hesitated about burning her missal because it had some precious words of Scripture in it, and eased her conscience by burying it deep down in the earth. Scoffers and sceptics have felt the power of redeeming love. Many young men in Belfast, "the scamps of the town," have professed to feel its influence, and are now labouring earnestly to bring others to the cross. Dr. Carson, a medical gentleman of some note in Ireland, says, "that more good has been done than a person might have expected in the ordinary way in a quarter of a century. Already the face of society seems altered, and crime and vice arrested."

Such are the present effects of this great religious awakening in the province of Ulster, as recorded by eye-witnesses. When much of the present excitement shall have passed away, as it assuredly will—for human weakness can neither bear the present tension without weariness, nor devise any effective means for its permanent continuance—every Christian will rejoice to hear that "fruits," such as we have pointed out, everywhere "remain." Meanwhile, we cannot fail to be impressed with what has so often been taught, and so often, at any rate in actual life, been commonly forgotten, that every Christian, no matter how obscure his lot, or how few his talents, may yet accomplish great things for God; that the strongest and best motive for Christian activity is that Divine Love which Paul felt "constraining" him; and that, instead of the meeting for supplication and prayer being held in light esteem and systematically neglected, it should be more worthily honoured and more vigorously sustained, for in these days, as in the olden time, "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.

"AND THEY TOOK THE BODY OF JESUS, AND WOUND IT IN LINEN CLOTHES, WITH THE SPICES, AS THE MANNER OF THE JEWS IS TO BURY."—John xix. 40.

THE Hebrews swathed the corpse round with numerous folds of linen, and sometimes of a variety of stuffs, and anointed it with a mixture of aromatic substances, of which aloes and myrrh were the chief ingredients. A sparing use of spices on such occasions was reckoned

a misplaced and discreditable economy; and few higher tokens of respect could be paid to the remains of a departed friend than a profuse application of costly perfumes. Thus the writers of the Talmud tell us that not less than eighty pounds weight of spices were used at the funeral of Rabbi Gamaliel, an elder; and Josephus mentions in his *Antiquities* the fact that in the splendid funeral of Herod, five hundred of his servants attended as spice-bearers. Thus, too, after the crucifixion, Nicodemus, and Joseph of Arimathea, two men of wealth, testified their regard for the sacred body of the Saviour by bringing "a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pounds weight," John xix. 39; while, unknown to them, the two Marys, together with their associates, were prepared to render the same office of friendship on the dawn of the first day of the week, Luke xxiv. 1. Whatever cavils the Jewish doctors have made at their extravagance, and the unnecessary waste in lavishing such a quantity of costly perfumes on a person in the circumstances of Jesus, the liberality of those pious disciples in the performance of the rites of their country was unquestionably dictated by the profound veneration which they cherished for the memory of their Lord.

THE DIAL OF AHAZ.—Isaiah xxxviii. 8.

AHAZ was a man of taste, ready to adopt foreign improvements, as appears from his admiration of the altar at Damascus, and his sending Urijah, the priest, "the fashion of it, and the pattern of it, according to all the workmanship thereof" (2 Kings, xvi. 10). The dial, also, which was called after his name, was probably an importation from Babylon. Different conjectures have been formed as to the construction of this instrument, the first for keeping time mentioned in the Scriptures. The difficulty is, to understand what is meant by "the steps or degrees of Ahaz," as the Hebrew words literally mean. They may mean lines or figures on a dial-plate, or on a pavement, or the steps of the palace of Ahaz, or some steps or staircase he had erected elsewhere. Hence some have thought that the dial was simply a staircase, so constructed that the shadows of the steps showed the hours. Others suppose it to be a pillar erected in the middle of a smooth pavement on which the hours were engraved. Grotius describes it as a concave hemisphere, and in the midst a globe, the shadow of which fell on different lines engraven in the hollow part of the hemisphere, and that these lines were twenty-eight in number. The most probable supposition is, that the dial of Ahaz was a distinct contrivance, of considerable size, erected in the middle court of the house, since Hezekiah saw the miracle from his couch in the palace. A dial was discovered some time ago in Delhi, whose construction would well suit the circumstances recorded of the dial of Ahaz. It appeared to be made to serve the double purpose of a dial and an observatory. The following explanation may serve to describe this dial at Delhi: a wall was found whose top was built in a semi-circular form, along which were accurately marked degrees. Cutting this wall right across the middle was a high staircase, upon the top step of which was placed the gnomon or style of the great dial. According to the shadow of the gnomon as it fell on the semicircular wall, the sun's progress before or after noon was indicated.

The miracle has been the occasion of endless controversy. Some think, as the Jews, and some modern writers, that the miracle was wrought upon the sun, and that all the heavenly bodies went back, as much being taken from the next night as was added to this day. Others regard the miracle as wrought on the dial only, especially as no mention is made of any time lost to the inhabitants of the world generally, and the deputation from Babylon came to enquire concerning the wonder wrought "in the land." The *shadow*, it is urged, went back by miraculous agency, but not the sun. Both contend for the reality of the miracle. They only differ as to the mode in which it was accomplished.

BETHANY.—Luke xxiv. 50.

BETHANY was a small hamlet situated on the eastern base of the Mount of Olives. It was not more than two miles from Jerusalem, and gave name to a district of Mount Olivet, adjoining the town. Hence, while Luke says in his gospel that Jesus ascended from Bethany, he tells us with the most perfect consistency in the Acts, that the ascension took place from the Mount of Olives. In the house of Martha, at Bethany, for Luke (x. 38) speaks of her as if alone mistress of the house, the Lord had often found an hospitable reception; and not in the house only; he had found too a place in the hearts of the united and happy family, which abode under that roof; and he loved with a distinguishing human affection "Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." It was to Bethany, after the day's task was over in the hostile city, that, probably, he was often wont to retire for the night (Mark xi. 11, 19); its immediate nearness to the city allowing him to return thither betimes in the morning. And in the circle of this family, with Mary, who "sat at his feet and heard his word," with Martha, who was only, we may believe, hindered from the same assiduous hearing by her desire to pay as much outward observance as she could to her Divine guest, with Lazarus, his "friend," we may think of him as often wont to find rest and refreshment, after a day spent amid the contradiction of sinners, and among the men who daily mistook and wrested his words.

Dr. Robinson reached Bethany in three-quarter's of an hour from the Damascus-gate of Jerusalem; which gives the distance corresponding to the fifteen furlongs (stadia) of the evangelist. It is now a poor village of about twenty families, and the only marks of antiquity are some hewn stones, from more ancient buildings, found in the walls of some of the houses. The monks show the house of Mary and Martha, and of Simon, the leper, and also the sepulchre of Lazarus. Dr. Robinson thinks that there is not the slightest probability of its ever having been the tomb of Lazarus. The form is unlike the ancient sepulchres, and the site does not accord with the New Testament account, which implies that the tomb was outside the town, John xi. 31, 38. The present Arab name of the village is el-Azirezeh, from el-Azir, the Arabic form of Lazarus.

Messrs. Bonar and M'Cheyne thus describe their visit to Bethany:—"We found this ever-memorable village to be very like what we could have imagined it. It lies almost hidden in a small ravine of Mount Olivet; so much so, that from the height it cannot be seen. It is embosomed in fruit trees, especially figs and almonds, olives and pomegranates. The ravine, in which it lies, is terraced, and the terraces are

covered either with fruit trees, or waving grain. . . . Perhaps there was no scene in the Holy Land which afforded us more unmingled enjoyment;—we even fancied that the curse that everywhere rested so visibly upon the land had fallen lightly here. In point of situation, nothing could have come up more completely to our previous imagination of the place to which Jesus delighted to retire at evening from the bustle of the city, and the vexations of unbelieving multitudes—sometimes traversing the road by which we came, and perhaps oftener still coming up the face of the hill, by the foot path that passes on the north of Gethsemane. What a peaceful scene! Amidst these trees, or in that grassy field, he may often have been seen in deep communion with the Father; and in sight of this verdant spot it was that he took his last farewell of the disciples, and went upward to resume the deep unbroken fellowship of 'his God and our God,' uttering blessings, even the moment when he began to be parted from them. And it was here that the two angels stood by them in white apparel, and left us this glorious message, 'This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.'"

Poetry.

THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

No mother's eye beside thee wakes to-night,
 No taper burns beside thy lonely bed,
 Darkling thou liest, hidden out of sight,
 And none are near thee but the silent dead.
 How cheerly glows this hearth, yet glows in vain,
 For we uncheered beside it sit alone,
 And listen to the wild and beating rain
 In angry gusts against our casement blown.
 And though we nothing speak, yet well I know
 That both our hearts are there, where thou dost keep
 Within thy narrow chamber far below,
 For the first time unwatched, thy lonely sleep.
 Oh! no, not thou!—and we our faith deny,
 This thought allowing: thou, removed from harms,
 In Abraham's bosom dost securely lie,
 Oh, not in Abraham's, in a Saviour's arms—
 In that dear Lord's, who in thy worst distress,
 Thy bitterest anguish, gave thee, dearest child,
 Still to abide in perfect gentleness,
 And like an angel to be meek and mild.
 Sweet corn of wheat! committed to the ground
 To die, and live, and bear more precious ear,
 While in the heart of earth thy Saviour found
 His place of rest, for thee we will not fear.
 Sleep softly, till that blessed rain and dew,
 Down lighting upon earth, such change shall bring
 That all its fields of death shall laugh anew—
 Yea, with a living harvest laugh and sing.

Trench.

CLAUDE CLIFTON'S STORY OF HIS LIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

"Learn to be wise and practise how to think,
That would I have thee do. * * *
I'd have you sober and contain yourself;
Nor let your sail be bigger than your boat.

Ben Johnson.

I will now continue the story of my first cruise in life. It would be impossible to recall the conversation I had with my old school-fellow, Charles Merle, after my arrival at Guysmore, and if it were possible the conversation was too rambling and desultory to repeat in an autobiography. I am anxious to condense the story as much as I can, and at the same time to weave it into something like a narrative. A critical reader, should these pages meet the eye of so formidable a personage, may complain of the clumsiness with which I wield my pen, and the total absence of dramatic surprises that there is in the story; but I cannot help it. Clumsy I am, I doubt not, in the use of the grey goose-quill, and altogether unpractised in the construction of a tale. But it must be remembered that I am not, and never was, a professional writer, and that as to criticism I do not concern myself at all about it, for when these pages see the light I shall be dead and gone, far removed from the pain of censure or the pleasure of applause, and my poor mouldering dust will not be disturbed even should newspaper editors, able reviewers, and other enlighteners of a discerning public, sit in judgment upon me, over my very tomb. But I am not so vain as to expect anybody will trouble so much about me. And now I am on this subject I may say, moreover, that should any one remark the unevenness and inequalities of my style and language, he may as well bear in mind that some parts of my story were written in the days of youthful vigour and enthusiasm, while other parts are the composition of later years. Sometimes indeed the slowness and prattle of age may peep out where they are least expected, for in transferring a paragraph from my old journals to this narrative, I may think it necessary to connect it to the story by a few sentences, and at such times may not be able to resist a very natural tendency to be somewhat prosy and tedious, and may feel, in the words of my quaint old friend, George Herbert,

"If I have more to spinne
The wheel shall go."

I found my former dress no disadvantage to me as a street fruit-seller. The old Jew disparaged the coat very much when I wanted to dispose of it, he set a far higher value upon it when I wanted to buy it back again, and it was certainly much more decent and respectable than the one he had given in exchange. Appearances go a great way in business; people soon began to notice me in my new array, and I became known as "that tidy-looking young man who comes so early." To get talked about is an advertisement, and with such gratuitous and unsolicited advertising as this, I found my customers gradually increase. Indeed, so numerous did they become, and so freely did they purchase of me, that by Christmas the necessities of my trade obliged me, and the profits of my trade enabled me, to set up a hand-cart, and even to venture to launch into the foreign fruit department when home fruits became scarce and dear. It was in this way that I first began to "feel my legs" in business, and I grew satisfied that I should soon "walk" pretty well, and perhaps advance to a position of competence and wealth. Of course I did not expect to do much by hawking fruit in the streets. This was merely a start in life, and I was ever on the lookout for employment more likely to introduce me into a sphere of enterprise in which my early dreams could be realized. But I was never ashamed of my calling. It was an honest one, and that was enough for me. I would have swept crossings or chimneys rather than have done nothing. I wanted to make a beginning, and I made one. I knew I should never reach the goal unless I bestirred myself to start. Some persons think they cannot do better than wait and starve until a sudden revolution of the wheel of fortune turns up a golden opportunity; I did not think so. To me it seemed the best course to work and watch until, by industry and perseverance, I should turn up an opportunity, and by patient self-culture be prepared at once to avail myself of it. Life is not a game of chances or a lottery; fortunes rarely

come in windfalls; they are made, not found.

The winter came and went, and I was still plying my itinerant trade. It was a winter of much suffering and trial to me, though not without its pleasures. I grew home-sick. City life wearied me as soon as I became familiar with it. I sighed for the free woods and breezy hills of Guysmore. The first letter I received from my mother melted me to tears. I thought of her, a widow, and alone in the home of my childhood, of poor Jessie in the green churchyard, of my brothers over the sea, of the many pleasant hours I had spent by that hearth, now so lonely, and I more than half regretted that I had ventured so soon and so far away all alone upon the great world. I felt as a ship-boy feels on his first voyage, when the first dangers have been passed and the novelty of a sea-faring life has worn off as he muses alone on the high and giddy mast with only the blue sky above, and only the wide waste of waters around; I thought of home and wept. But to this day I feel no shame in the remembrance of those tears. They were not unmanly tears. They were shed, not because of difficulties and hardships that had befallen me, but because of my loneliness. I had no time to weep while poverty and want stared me in the face; I had no disposition to weep until they were combated. It was in the painful, silent solitariness that followed the first successful struggle that I pined for home. The brave heart is ever the stoutest in the storms of adversity; it melts with tenderness in the peaceful meditative calm that follows, awakening bright memories of the past.

What I wanted in order to relieve the wretched and miserable feeling of isolation that so saddened me was, the sympathy of a generous, genial, and true-hearted friend. But I had no friends, and I could make none. The little shrivelled Jew had told me all that I could learn about Peter Clifton. Kidd Weldon, so far as I could ascertain, on repeated enquiries, had never returned to London. The people I met with in Covent-garden Market were most of them coarse in their manners, vulgar in their tastes, and vicious in their propensities. A seat on the ale-bench, with unlimited supplies of beer, was the highest point to which their ambition aspired. I was repelled to coldness and disgust by their low habits and profane conversation, rather than attracted to intimacy. No one at the church I attended on Sunday took the slightest notice of me. The gowned

priest droned through the service as if he were half asleep, and the ladies and gentlemen were more intent upon displaying their fine dresses, so I thought, and quizzing each other through eyeglasses than upon joining in the responses, or listening to the sermon. If Mr. Bluntspeech, the village preacher, who was the great favourite at the meeting-house at Guysmore, could have mounted the pulpit for five minutes he would have startled them into attention, and might have thrown some of the fashionable ladies into hysterics, by his plain, honest homethrusts. And Mr. Bluntspeech had a kind heart, and would not have passed without word or look the solitary stranger on the back benches. I went to this church because it was nearest, and I thought others might be no better. Very often I should have stopped away altogether, but my mother's words would keep ringing in my head on the Sunday morning,

"Sundays observe; think when the bells do
'Tis angels' music." [chime.

Nor did I forget when I got to church what the same favourite writer, George Herbert, says about judging preachers;

"The worst speaks something good: if all
God takes a text and preacheth patience." [want sense.

"He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his
[pains."

However I gained no friends by visiting that place of worship. The coffee-shops and tap-rooms of public-houses I could not persuade myself to enter; and places of amusement, I had promised my mother carefully to avoid, and I kept my promise. As to the people I lived with, the landlady was old enough to be my grandmother, and as deaf as an adder, and her husband sat all day long, in a large odd-looking chair with an angular seat and a low circular back to it, and smoked his pipe, and told stories of the "Darby rebels," and told them so often that I had not been at the house a month before I had heard them all at least a dozen times over. Had I been of a strong political turn, I believe I could have found plenty of "People's Rights Societies", and made friends and companions enough from them. But though working men were complaining, as I think justly, of Pitt's oppressive taxation, and were clamouring for Fox and Reform, yet the remembrance of what Kidd Weldon had told me of his cousin Job, and the vivid recollection I had of the disappointment I saw on my father's face on coming away from the meeting which

Job Weldon addressed, and of the silence my father observed ever after, led me to look suspiciously upon the whole class of popular agitators. And, moreover, I half perceived then, what I have become fully convinced of since, that when God has emancipated the people from ignorance, lust, and sin, no power on earth can prevent them attaining their political freedom. But I am anticipating. I only half and very dimly saw this great truth at that time, though I saw it sufficiently to feel no desire to fraternise with the followers of Tom Paine and the advocate of the divine rights of the people. Something there might be, too, in the reaction of feeling I experienced, naturally enough, after having been wearied out with politics when a child, owing to my father's harangues on the green; and something there might be also in my mother's disapprobation of my father's rebellious spirit, as well as in the fact that I was by nature of a quiet and contemplative temperament and little disposed to mix myself up in the noise and uproar of popular assemblies. However it was, somehow or other, I was kept then as, thank God, I have been kept ever since, away from the troubled waters of political agitation. Having thus no opportunities of forming any friendships, I was much alone. In the evening, in the summer, I used to walk out in St. George's Fields or towards Kennington Common, but in the winter I usually went to my lodgings in St. Olave's Street, and shut myself up in my narrow chamber to write, or read, or think, of home. No wonder, then, that I sometimes grew melancholy. The chamber was dull enough. There was a moth-eaten bedstead in the corner, and a broken chair and rickety stand beside it; there was only a thin strip of old faded carpet on the floor; and through the dingy skylight no star-ray ever twinkled, and only an odd moonbeam or two, when the moon was bold and in the full, dared to venture. But I was duller than the room. An orphan, without friends, in the midst of noisy, busy London, shut up in a garret, and poring over letters from his lone and widowed mother miles away, was not likely to be very cheerful.

Nevertheless, I soon began to find society and companionship in this solitary room. The stirring times in which I lived, and the life of the great world upon which I had thrown myself, perhaps recklessly, at so early an age, awoke the slumbering mind within me. I felt the deficiencies of my education, I thirsted for knowledge and mental culture, and

resolved to make up forlost time. Youth-like I bought an arithmetic and an English grammar, and set to work in good earnest. One day, in calling upon the old Jew with the hope of inducing him to trade with me, the crafty son of Abraham pushed off a second-hand book upon me instead of hard cash. It was the first volume of Addison's *Spectator*. I thanked the Jew for it afterwards; the quiet mirth, the easy flowing style, the humorous anecdotes, the philosophical spirit of the essays enchanted me. Another day I got Pope's "Essay on Man," and also his translation of "Homer's Iliad," together with Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," and Milton's "Paradise Lost," and a well-thumbed copy of "Euclid's Elements." These I paid for by instalments of a shilling per week, the old Jew assuring me that next to Isaiah and David, Homer and Pope were the greatest poets of the world. Thus, in my solitary chamber, I found companionship in books, and society in the mighty dead. The reading of these books, and I had read them all except Euclid, which I could not master, before the next summer, was a new era in my life. It was as if a new soul had been created within me. I saw there was other wealth in the world besides silver and gold, and I thirsted and pined for wisdom and understanding. Upon those days when first the world of literature opened up upon me, and I roamed in it as in a newly discovered land, I look back with the most intense pleasure. The friendship I failed to find among the living, I found among the dead.

But I did not neglect my fruit-selling. In February when, as I heard, there was a great run upon the provincial banks, capitalists and tradesmen dreading invasion, and thinking the banks would be the first places to be plundered, and when the Bank of England was obliged to suspend cash payments because of the panic, I had saved three pounds and transmitted them to my mother in clean pound notes, they being the general medium of circulation at the time. I wanted the old family furniture to be bought back as soon as possible lest it should be gone from us for ever. The whole sum necessary was but about ten pounds, and I managed to make it up before the summer had passed. The letter my mother sent me afterwards was full of devout thankfulness to God that He had given her so dutiful and faithful a son, and that He had granted him success on his first entrance upon life. There was also in the letter an expression of sympathy with me in my

studies, and some news in which my mother knew I should be interested. The Gracefords had returned to Laurelton, having left the Isle of Wight in a hurry, owing to the panic. Old Dame Farlock had given up her school, and the wife of my grim Sunday school teacher had taken to it, assisted occasionally by her husband; in consequence of whose assistance the school dwindled down to half-a-dozen rough lads, whom no terrors could appal. The wonderful and mysterious clock had stopped again, and next morning the poor old tortoise-shell cat was found dead! This letter, which was the most cheerful and interesting letter my mother had sent me, I lost somewhere on the day after receiving it, and was much grieved about the loss, little thinking that a watchful Providence could overrule even that for my ultimate benefit.

Towards the autumn I got rather impatient to abandon my street fruit-selling business. I had been plying it for upwards of a year. But I saw no prospect of obtaining a situation as clerk, assistant, or anything else, anywhere. Trade was bad, provisions were at war prices, money was scarce, and there seemed to be nothing before me but another winter of itinerancy in oranges and nuts. One evening, however, at the close of a bright warm day in September, my landlady came creeping into my room holding in her hand a bill, which she said her daughter-in-law, who lived at the Dog and Duck, on Lambeth-road, had that morning received on making some purchases at Ledbury, Dale, & Co., Cabinet-makers and Upholsterers, Whitechapel. There was a signature of a "P. Clifton" upon it. She thought, she said, it might be "the relation I had lost." I thanked her, copied the address, and went on with my reading. Next morning I sallied forth to Whitechapel. I went with a light step and a hopeful heart, for I felt sure I should find my long lost relative. On entering the shop a pale-faced, hungry-looking man, with rather hollow cheeks, keen profile, and very prominent teeth, came up to me and said, somewhat sharply I thought, "Well, young man, what is it?" I began to speak in rather tremulous tone of the account I had seen the night before with the signature of "P. Clifton" upon it.

"To be sure—six chairs, stand, and looking-glass: Dog and Duck—yes, quite right, paid."

I explained as well as I could that I wanted to see Mr. P. Clifton, that my name was Clifton, that I come from

Guysmore, that my father was dead and my mother left alone, and that I was thrown upon the world, and looking out for employment in some respectable trade. The pale-faced man stared, started back, paused, asked questions about Guysmore, paused again, asked questions about me; paused again. At last, in rapid hasty style, as if time were too valuable to waste in so profitless a thing as making sentences, and in sharp snappish tones he said, "Found me at last, then—very glad—bookseller no relation—didn't know him—have heard of you—quiet lad—father might have made something out—politics, Claude, politics and books—ruin anybody. Oranges and apples, eh?—poor business—low—small profits—will see what I can do for you—good trade—respectable—fortune soon got. Must learn making—in workshop—wages, board and lodging—managing my department—Ledbury, money—Dale, timber—I, brains, eh?"—and he followed up his curt sentences with a curt chuckle of self-approbation, and a very curt smile for me. I thought him a singular man, and scarcely knew what to make of his quick, curt speech. It might be business-like to talk so, I did not know, I had that to learn; but the tone certainly chilled my feeling of joy very much at the moment, and seemed to go through me like an east wind. I agreed to accept his offer and place myself under his instruction; as he was the managing partner he knew the whole business and could teach it to me. I was to work in the workshop the first part of the day, and to assist in the show-room and counting-house in the evening, that I might learn the whole business as soon as possible. My wages were to be low the first year, but I was to have an increase afterwards. I was delighted to think that my opportunity was now come, and that I was ready for it. But I left my little chamber almost with tears; I had become attached to it. The good old landlady said she did not like parting with me, I was the most quiet lodger she had had in her life; still she wished me success, and was glad she had helped a poor orphan to find a friend. *A friend?*

One cold night about six months afterwards, when the winter and spring wrestled together in the blustering month of March, I sat again in that narrow chamber, faint and exhausted, my face pale and haggard, my eyes swollen with tears. There was a sparkle of fire glimmering in a small stove, and the good landlady was waiting upon me with all the agility she possessed and all the sympathy she could command.

As she moved about she talked to herself, and said, "Poor thing, he's starved, a brute he to ill-use a poor orphan in that way. But the Lord'll punish him." The fact was, and I will soon close this part of my story because it is painful to me to dwell upon it, I had stayed with Mr. P. Clifton until I could stay with him no longer. To speak as generously as I can of him, he expected too much of me. I had to work from five in the morning, when the workmen came, until ten at night, when the shop was closed. I had to subsist on scanty fare and sleep on the hardest of boards, my relative and master lived at a villa in the suburbs, I lived with a surly over-looker at the shop. I could bear this without a murmur, but other things I could not bear. I had none but the most vicious shopmates to associate with. Their influence over me gradually increased from the day I ceased to tremble at their profanity. I began to grow sceptical, and even to question, with them, the existence of God. I first shuddered, then grieved, then laughed at the ribaldry and obscenity in which they indulged. I never fairly joined in it, though I was sometimes inclined to do. Once I went to a tap-room on Sunday evening, and came back reeling and staggering. It was but once; I never went again. The pursuits of my leisure in the little garret of St. Olave's-street I could not follow. I had no leisure. The surly over-looker snatched the book out of my hand if ever he caught me reading, and banged it across the room. Mr. Clifton tore up Pope, which he found in the shop, and burnt Milton, angrily exclaiming, "Books, Claude, ruin you—business men don't want books—father, poor as a rat—books and politics ruined him—shan't have books—I'll burn them all." I could not bear this any longer. I had borne it long enough. I had lost character, peace of mind, self-respect,

health of body, in my master's service; my mother had noticed what a different spirit my letters began to breathe, and I no longer felt any pleasure in writing to her; I knew it was chiefly arbitrary and cruel treatment that had done it all; so one evening I gave utterance to my suppressed feelings, in a tempest of indignation as surprising to myself as to my master. He fired up at once. "Cruel?" he said, "hard hearted, after what I've done? you, apple-monger—picked up in the streets—not worth a penny—brought up as my own son—learning trade for nothing—cruel? ungrateful, thankless dog—repent some day of this, that you will." I said nothing. I had made up my mind what to do. At night I packed up a bundle of clothes, let myself down from the window of the show-room, and made the best of my way to St. Olave's street. The old landlady was pleased to see me; and in my little chamber I sat down and burst into tears. My dreams that night were of the past. I went back to the old hearth at home, and saw the prodigal on the wall coming out of the shadow and staring upon me, and I heard my mother say "I would rather you were poor all your life than like your uncle. God will give you wealth if you are diligent, but I would rather you asked him for wisdom than worth." And I went back also to the wharf by the way side, saw again the shaggy features of Kidd Weldon, caught the flash of his eyes and the earnestness of his voice as he said, "Don't you go to trust to relations. They'll break under you like dry bull-rushes, if you do." When I awoke in the morning, the morning had far advanced. A rough voice below startled me: I knew it again at once. In five minutes I was up and dressed and down stairs, and felt the bonest grip of Kidd Weldon's hard and horny hand.

Brief Notices.

ON PREACHING: *A Sermon preached at Bloomsbury chapel, London, on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society.* By J. H. HINTON, M.A. London: Houlston and Wright.

Mr. HINTON dedicates this sermon to the friends and supporters of Christian missions, as probably his last public testimony to the cause he has loved and served for nearly fifty years. Clear, logical, and *ad rem*, it was sure to be,

from the known character of its gifted author. The text is 1 Cor. i. 21, "For after that, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Having defined what preaching is (not the less necessary from its frequent and familiar occurrence), being neither an ecclesiastical act, presupposing office, nor a formal act, imploring order; but simply a name for

any oral mode of making known evangelical truth; and as descriptive of a divine institution, denotes an appointed service of religious instruction; Mr. Hinton observes briefly (1), that preaching was not from the beginning; (2), that the period antecedent to the institution of preaching, was one of deplorable darkness; (3), that the darkness which prevailed during the period antecedent to the institution of preaching, was for wise ends permitted; and (4), and more at large, that, in this crisis of our race, God mercifully interposed for its welfare by a system of active religious instruction. Of divine institution; founded on the occurrence of new facts, that made a farther manifestation of God's character, and by means of which God prepared a more powerful appeal to man's heart; it bore to those facts a relation of appropriateness and wisdom. The bearing of the whole subject on those who have, and those who have not heard the gospel is then glanced at. The obligation of Christians to "make full proof of their ministry," is noticed as the obligation that, however remotely, connects them with the heathen world. Mr. Hinton urges with great reason that the missionary motto should be, "Every convert a preacher."

We heartily thank our brother for his sermon, and shall rejoice to hear that it is widely circulated among Christian men of all denominations.

AN APPEAL TO EVANGELICAL CLERGYMEN AND CHURCHMEN. *London: W. Yapp.*

A letter, sensible and pointed, showing the danger of the Anglican church from

its unscriptural practice in baptizing infants, and the easy way in which from adopting this, men slide into Puseyism.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION: its principles, necessity, and effects. A Series of Papers. By REV. J. A. JAMES. *London: John Snow, Paternoster-row.*

AN American gentleman addressed a lengthy letter to Mr. James on the subject of American Revivals. This pamphlet contains that letter and several papers by Mr. James upon it. They are entitled American peculiarities and persevering prayer, American society favourable to religious sympathy, lessons on the American revival, appeal to Christian ministers, and appeal to Christian churches. They are catholic in their spirit, earnest, and well worthy of attention; especially when viewed in the light of the more recent religious change in Ireland.

THE BAPTIST MANUAL for 1859. *London: Houlston and Wright.*

The usual contents of the manual are now familiar to all our readers. They will feel a melancholy pleasure this year in "the Memoirs of Baptist Ministers deceased." One whose hand for many years announced the publication of the Manual in this Magazine now occupies a place in that sad list. "Death loves a shining mark," says an old divine, and many will find from that catalogue how true this is.

TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR; or Good Preaching not the only Want of the Age. By the REV. R. H. LUNDIE, M.A., *Birkenhead. London: Nisbet & Co.* Plain, pithy, and practical.

Obituary.

MR. JNO. COWPER was a member of the General Baptist Church, Archdeacon-lane, Leicester. Like most who have been distinguished by religious activity and usefulness, he became a follower of Christ in early life. From the time of his baptism our brother was a teacher in the Sunday-school, and sustained this relation until the claims of his family and the delicate state of his health constrained him to give it up; but he ever retained his interest in these institutions, and his sense of their importance in connexion with the prosperity of Christian churches. For several years, the tract society num-

bered him with their distributors, and during the period of its most extended and successful operations, he laboured most patiently and cheerfully in the practical management and superintendence of this institution. Being a man of strong sense, of energy and piety, when it became needful to make a fresh choice of deacons, brother Cowper was elected to this office, and discharged its duties with general acceptance and efficiency.

He was staunch as a nonconformist, and rigid in carrying out his convictions of propriety, of scriptural order, and discipline; and it is probable that his

tenacity of purpose in these respects sometimes led him into error of feeling or judgment with reference to brethren who differed from him. Though to those of us who observed his career from first to last—it seems to have been but short,—it was full of service. Most of the improvements in the chapel and school rooms, and in conducting the cause which during his term of office (fourteen years) had presented themselves to the minds of the brethren, he lived to see accomplished.

The lingering and grievous affliction which broke up the constitution of our brother, and brought him to the grave at the age of forty-eight, for many months prevented his regular attendance on divine worship, and disabled him for the ordinary duties of his office. At this trying period one of his sons gave decisive evidence of conversion, and with a considerable number of other young persons, was received into fellowship. Though unable to attend the services, and keenly sensitive to the rapid decline of his strength, our departed brother shared freely in the joy and gratitude of that day. The fatal tendency of his illness he clearly perceived, and sometimes strong emotion was awakened by the thought of speedy separation from those to whom he was so tenderly and intensely attached; for he was a kind indulgent father, and a loving husband; but faith maintained its ascendancy. Usually, he was tranquil and cheerful; never distressed or much discouraged. His trust in the Rock of Ages was simple and strong, and gave a tone of assurance to his kind and wholesome counsels. During the last two or three weeks his sufferings and feebleness prevented frequent conversation, but he was patient, and it was evident that the peace of God ruled in his heart. The occasional advices and prayers of this trying crisis we have reason to believe were very beneficial to his beloved family. His death occurred on the 18th September, 1858. The funeral took place on the following Friday, and on the succeeding Lord's-day was improved to a large congregation by his pastor, from *Thess. i. 4, 13*. The children of our late brother give indications of seriousness and piety, and we hope will be a comfort to the surviving widow.

MR. W. M. CULY.—The church at Holbeach has sustained a serious loss in the death of Mr. William Culy, one of its members. His health had not been good for some time, but he was able to attend to business, and July 13th was spent with a party of friends at the sea. The next

day he was found to be ill with inflammation of the chest and lungs. Medical aid was procured, and at times it was thought that he would recover. But God ordered it otherwise. He died on the 30th July, at the early age of twenty-nine.

The grace of God in him appeared in his entire reliance upon Christ for salvation—in his love for Christ—in the concern which he manifested for the salvation of souls—in his delight in the service and people of God, and in the general holiness of his life. All who knew him believed him to be a good man; but no one could be further from relying upon his goodness than he was.

“Nothing in my hands bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, look to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die,”—

were words, which, as they were repeated to him in his last illness, expressed exactly the feelings and sentiments of his heart.

He had also a great love for prayer, and set a high value on the prayer meetings and on family worship; esteeming it a privilege to attend to them. In his business as a miller, he was frequently up all night, but, when the time came, he would leave the mill to conduct worship in the family, and he had his reward in it. The exercises of religion were seasons of pleasure and profit to his soul.

And yet his life was a chequered one, shewing that “whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.” The illness and death of his wife, a most excellent woman, were severe trials, and led to his removal from Elton to Holbeach. He did not murmur at the will of God, but feeling that his home without her had lost its attraction, he broke it up and came to reside here.

His baptism and reception into the church—which would have taken place before, but for a previous change of residence—took place on the 1st November, 1857; and it is with gratitude to God that we say he so lived as to die generally regretted. We all feel that we have sustained a loss. His pastor, the teachers and scholars of the school, the members of the church, and his family, all loved him, and all mourn for him, while bowing submissively to the divine will, and glorifying God in him.

The state of his mind in the brief but severe affliction which terminated in his death, was all that could be desired. The serious nature of the attack did not

disconcert him in the least. His heart was fixed, trusting in God. The great work of life was done. "And what," said he "what could I do now if it was not? They make a great mistake who put off religion until sickness come." The last interview which the writer had with him was a very affecting one. "It is hard work," he said, speaking of his bodily suffering. But he had hardly given utterance to the words when he exclaimed in broken accents, "Jesus, I love Thy charming name." "Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!" "I think, perhaps, I shall be gone before morning." And so he was. A few minutes were spent in prayer, in which he heartily joined; and, in little more than an hour he passed away peacefully into eternity.

The last words which he uttered were words of solemn, earnest counsel and entreaty to some of those who were the most dear unto him. May they remember them and act upon them so as to meet him in heaven. May his widowed mother, and all his relations and friends, find peace and joy in believing in the same Saviour. And may the church which has thus been visited, listen to the voice of its Lord, and be increased with men as with a flock.

A sermon to improve the event was preached by his pastor to a large congregation on the first Sabbath in August, from Matt. xxiv. 44, "Therefore, be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

J.C.H.

MR. THOMAS GREEN.—On the 30th of April, 1859, at Loughborough, died Mr. Thos. Green, amidst the deep regret of a large circle of Christian friends. It was the great advantage of our departed friend that he had a pious parentage. His father, the Rev. Jno. Green, was minister of the General Baptist church, Long Whetton. While young, our lamented brother removed to Kegworth, where he enjoyed the opportunity of sitting under the ministry of the late Rev. W. Felkin, during which time he became deeply serious, and ultimately realized the peace of pardon and the joy of Divine acceptance. Being near to Long Whetton he offered himself to the church there, and was baptized and received into fellowship by his honoured father. While at Kegworth he was connected with the Sabbath school as a

teacher. Some short time after this he removed to Loughborough, and was dismissed to the church under the pastoral care of the late Rev. T. Stevenson. There again our brother devoted himself to the Sabbath school, with which he continued till a few weeks before his death. For his steadiness and perseverance in this department of evangelical labour he may be said to have been a model. He filled the office of deacon for many years, and in that capacity purchased to himself a good degree and boldness. Our brother was singularly diligent and indefatigable in the execution of the duties of his office. In the relations of life he was faithful and tenderly affectionate. Amongst his Christian friends he was much beloved; his constancy and sympathy endeared him to all who knew him. He took a prominent and very active part in conducting the singing, and he may be truly held up as a pattern to all who share the same labours in *this respect*, that wherever misunderstandings or offences arose, as they are apt to do in our choirs, he never was known to desert his post, and the writer has more than once seen him alone in the singing gallery. The closing scenes of our brother's earthly career were marked by great trial and suffering. Disease of the heart was the immediate cause of his death. The impeded action of this vital organ resulted in such a degree of flatulency and effusion that his breathing became distressingly difficult; but amidst all he was very patient, and though ten or twelve nights before his death he never could lie down or even have the relief of being undressed, yet he never complained, and uniformly expressed himself as being resigned to the Divine will, having a firm reliance on the Saviour, and a confidence that all was right for the future. The funeral of our friend took place at Loughborough cemetery; a large number of persons being gathered to witness the solemn scene. His death was improved by his beloved pastor on the following Lord's-day evening, in the Baxter-gate chapel, when that large and commodious building was filled by a deeply interested and sympathetic audience. To express their respect for his memory members of the various choirs in the town, both of the church and nonconformists, assembled in the orchestra with our own singers, and performed a funeral anthem adapted to the words "Vital Spark, &c."

Intelligence.

CONFERENCE.

THE NORTH DERBYSHIRE CONFERENCE met at Smalley, on Monday, Aug. 1st, 1859. The weather was favourable, but the attendance was not good. In the absence of a stated minister, the Rev. T. Yates, of Wirksworth, was chosen to preside. Only *four* churches reported, including the one where the conference was held. From the reports it appeared that seventeen have been baptized since last conference, and that there were sixteen candidates. These were. Belper 1 baptized, 2 candidates; Ripley 3 baptized, 8 candidates; Wirksworth 13 baptized, 6 candidates. After singing the doxology, business was proceeded with.

1.—Brother Yates, who was appointed at the last conference to collect the sum necessary to constitute a minister a life-member of the "Widows' Fund," reported that he had obtained nearly the whole sum, and had the promise of the remainder; and it was resolved: That Brother Yates convey the sum to the proper officer of the fund, and that he be appointed by this conference to receive the life-membership.

2.—The secretary, as appointed, had prepared a new list of places for meetings of the conference, which was presented and adopted. The following will be the order for the next five years.—

1860.—Good Friday, Kirkby; August, Duffield.

1861.—Good Friday, Belper; August, Sutton-in-Ashfield.

1862.—Good Friday, Hucknall; August, Langley Mill.

1863.—Good Friday, Wirksworth; August, Crich.

1864.—Good Friday, Smalley; August, Ripley.

3.—That as a conference, we see the desirableness of establishing, if possible,

an "Aged Ministers' Fund;" but defer any decision on the subject until next conference.

4.—That this conference bring before the attention of the churches connected with it, the increased importance of regular and systematic Home Missionary effort, and earnestly request each church to make an annual collection for Home Missionary purposes; that brother Bembridge of Ripley, be respectfully requested to act as treasurer, and that the amount collected be sent to him before the Good Friday Conference in each year.

5.—As seven churches out of the eleven included in this conference sent neither representatives nor reports, it was charitably supposed that there must have been some misunderstanding as to the time of its meeting, or that the meeting itself had been forgotten; and it was resolved: That it shall be the duty of the secretary henceforth to write to each church in the conference a short time before the conference meets, stating the time and place of meeting, and requesting them to send either delegates or written reports.

6.—The next conference will be held at Kirkby Woodhouse, on Good Friday, 1860, to commence at two o'clock. A revival meeting will be held in the evening.

7.—After tea an out-door service was held, in which the Revs. T. Yates and G. Needham took part; and it is hoped some good impressions were made.

At seven o'clock an animated and useful revival meeting was held in the chapel, when the meeting was addressed by the only ministers in the conference—the Revs. T. Yates, G. Needham, and W. Shakspeare. Mr. Townsend of Smalley, opened the meeting with prayer.

W. SHAKSPEARE, Secretary.

BAPTISMS.

CROWLE, *Lincolnshire*.—The cause here is in a prosperous state. The Rev. T. Lovkin has accepted a unanimous invitation to become our pastor. Since his residence amongst us four persons have been received into the church by baptism. One of these was a local preacher amongst the Primitive Methodists, and is now usefully employed with us. Another was an itinerant preacher amongst the Wesleyans. He has since been received

on the usual probation as a student into our college at Nottingham.

NOTTINGHAM, *Stoney-street*.—On Lord's-day, August 7th, we baptized eighteen friends, some of whom had been waiting some time in consequence of the alteration and enlargement of our chapel. In the afternoon they were received into the fellowship of the church. Brethren Stubbins and Miller were also present—the former for the first time, and the latter for

the last, for at least, a considerable period, and the solemnity of the service was increased by the welcome given to the one, and the solemn farewell to the other.

B.Y.

PETERBORO'.—On Lord's-day, July 3rd, two candidates were baptized in the General Baptist chapel, and were received into church fellowship.

BEESTON.—On Sunday, July 3rd, after a sermon by Mr. W. Richardson, three persons were baptized by Mr. J. Newstead; one was a member of the Wesleyan Reformers, and still remains with that people.

H.C.

LONDON, Borough Road.—The ordinance of believers' baptism was administered on the evening of August 1, to seven persons, four females, and three males. One was from our Sabbath-school. Others are waiting to follow their Lord's command.

W.M.M.

LONG WHATTON.—On Lord's-day, July 17th, after a sermon by Mr. Allsop, of Castle Donington, two persons were baptized.

W.W.

BAXTER-GATE, Loughborough.—We added ten by baptism the first Sabbath in July.

RE-OPENING.

RE-OPENING.—*Stoney-street, Nottingham.*—The re-opening services connected with our chapel were held on July 26th. The Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A., of Birmingham, co-pastor with the Rev. John Angel James, preached morning and evening. The Rev. H. Hunter, who has now entered upon the thirtieth year of his ministry amongst us, opened the service by prayer, and Rev. James Lewitt, co-pastor, read the hymns. On Lord's-day, July 31, the Rev. Jas. Edwards, of George street, Nottingham, preached in the morning; and the Rev. W. Underwood, theological tutor of the college, in the evening. These services were well attended—particularly the latter. On Monday, Aug. 8, we had a public tea meeting, in the Mechanic's Hall. About 670 persons were present and took tea. By the kind liberality of our friends, 152 trays had been gratuitously furnished. The total amount realized by these services, including the profit from the tea, was £149 2s. 2d. After tea, we adjourned to the chapel, and the Rev. J. K. Little

opened the service by prayer. The Rev. H. Hunter presided. The chairman referred to the history of the chapel in its various alterations, as well as to some of the circumstances connected with the church's rise and progress. He was followed by the Revs. J. Edwards, J. Matheson, B.A., J. F. Stevenson, B.A., S. McAll, and J. S. Withington. Besides those ministers who spoke, there were present the Revs. W. Underwood, E. Cecil, J. Goadby, and I. Stubbins. Our sanctuary had been closed for seventeen weeks. The alterations and enlargement consist in part of a pew round the entire front of the gallery, new vestries, two good classrooms, an organ gallery and an organ, new platform, pulpit, and accommodation near it for additional sittings, and the whole lighted, heated, and ventilated afresh. The total cost will be, we expect, about £1,500; and when the amounts which have been promised are all paid, we shall be left with a debt of about £900.

B. Y.

ANNIVERSARIES.

BELPER SCHOOL SERMONS.—On Lord's-day, August 7th, 1859, two sermons were preached in the Baptist chapel, by the Rev. G. Needham, of Ripley. The weather was extremely unfavourable, the rain falling incessantly, and often very heavily through the whole day. The afternoon congregation suffered, but the evening congregation was very large. Collections £7 5s.

LINCOLNSHIRE AND CAMBRIDGE GENERAL BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' UNION.—The thirty-first anniversary of this Union was held in the General Baptist chapel, Long Sutton,

on Thursday, July 28, 1859. At seven in the morning a prayer meeting was held. At ten o'clock the chair was taken by the minister of the place, and the reports of the schools read, which on the whole were encouraging. At eleven, the public service was opened by reading and prayer by the Rev. F. Chamberlain, of Fleet, after which the Rev. T. W. Mathews, of Boston, preached from Ecclesiastes xi. 6. At half-past two the friends again assembled, when the Rev. J. Cotton, of Holbeach, was elected chairman for the remainder of the day. 1. The school at Ge lney, Broadgate, was received into the union. 2. Inquiries were made respecting

the correspondence between the schools during the past year, and a committee formed consisting of teachers from each school present to make arrangements for the coming year. The following is their arrangement:—Coningsby to correspond with Fleet; Boston with Gedney Broadgate; Spalding with Long Sutton; Gosberton with Tydd St. Giles; Holbeach with Pinchbeck; Sutterton with Witham Green. 3. The next annual meeting to be held at Coningsby, the last Thursday in July, 1860; or if the friends there cannot entertain it, at Spalding. 4. That the Rev. G. Hester, of Long Sutton, be the preacher, or in case of failure, the Rev. J. H. Wood, of Sutterton. 5. The thanks of the meeting were presented to brother Mathews for his sermon, the substance of which he was requested to send to the editor of the General Baptist Magazine for insertion in that periodical. 6. Two queries from Fleet were discussed at some length. 1. What are the best methods we could adopt to induce the children to think for themselves? 2. What course would you advise us to take to secure an acquaintance with the children of our charge? In reply to those queries many useful suggestions were made. 7. The thanks of this meeting be given to the friends at Long Sutton for their kindness in providing for the friends on this occasion. In the evening at half-past six o'clock, the public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by the following brethren:—T. W. Mathews, J. Perry, of Boston; W. Green, T. Sharman, Spalding; F. Chamberlain, E. R. Kemp, Fleet; J. Richardson, Gosberton; G. Hester, and W. Little, Long Sutton. Each service was opened and concluded with prayer. The following brethren conducted the devotions:—Hester, Green, Cotton, Kemp, and Starbuck. The whole of the services were well attended. Breakfast, dinner, and tea, were provided in the Corn Exchange; about 120 partook of dinner, and 400 of tea.

BAGWORTH AND THORNTON.—Two sermons were preached in the above chapel

on the 24th of July, by the Rev. T. Gill, of Melbourn. The congregations were large, and the collections £12 12s. 1d.

R.H.

BARTON SUNDAY SCHOOL.—On the 14th of August, two sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., of Coventry. Collections, £21 5s. 6d.

R.H.

BEESTON.—On Lord's-day, August 13th, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Clifford, of London, and on the following Monday, a public tea party was held in the school-room adjoining. About 200 were present. Trays were furnished gratuitously by the friends. A public meeting was held after tea in the chapel. Stirring addresses were delivered on the spirit of revival, by the Rev. J. Clifford chairman, Mr. J. Taylor (student of the Baptist College), Mr. J. Gardner, Nottingham, and Mr. W. Richardson, of Radford. At the close of each service, collections were made to the amount of £18 13s. towards liquidating the debt on the chapel.

H.C.

ISLEHAM.—On Lord's-day, July the 31st, our annual school sermons were preached, in the afternoon, by our pastor, from Proverbs xxx. 24, and in the evening by the Rev. W. W. Cantlow, Isleham, from 2 Chronicles, chap. xxv. 9. Our chapel was crowded, and the collections were in advance of any former ones for the last seventeen years.

LONG WHATTON.—On Lord's-day, July 10th, two sermons were preached in our chapel by brother Cholerton, of Coalville. Collections £7 2s. 6d.

NETHERSEAL.—On Lord's-day, August 14th, 1859, two sermons were preached in the General Baptist chapel in this village, by Rev. W. Shakspeare, of Belper. Collections, on behalf of the chapel debt, larger than several previous years.

N.S.J.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELPER.—*Presentation to Superintendent of Sunday School*—On Tuesday, July 5th, 1859, the day of the children's annual treat, Mr. Tomlinson, the superintendent, was presented with a large and handsome Bible, with the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. J. Tomlin-

son by the teachers and scholars of the General Baptist Sabbath School, Belper, as an expression of their esteem for him, and their appreciation of his services as superintendent of the school, which office he has diligently maintained for the period of thirty-three years, together with the

prayer that his life may be spared and his health continued for yet many years, and that the truths and principles of that Word he has so long assisted in teaching to others, may exert within himself, throughout the remainder of his life, an increased

transforming and supporting power." Acts xx. 32. The presentation was made in behalf of the teachers, by the Rev. W. Shakespeare, minister of the place, and feelingly acknowledged by Mr. Tomlinson.

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Wesleyans of the old connexion have just closed their Conference, which met this year in Manchester. The sittings lasted nine days. Rev. S. D. Waddy was appointed president, and the Rev. T. Farrar, secretary. Three thousand six hundred clear increase was reported; ninety ministers had died during the year, and three missionaries; eighty-six preachers were on trial; and eighteen candidates for the ministry were ordained, as is usual, during the Conference. More than one hundred and forty thousand pounds had been raised on account of their chapels. They have four hundred and forty-five day schools, and more than fifty-nine thousand scholars. A noble instance of Christian liberality was mentioned. Evan Evans, Esq. has built a chapel, day-school, and minister's house, at Bangor, at a cost of £8,500, and presented them to the Conference, as a token of his attachment to Methodism, and thankfulness for the blessings enjoyed through its ministrations.

Rev. T. Binney has been again pressed to stay in Anstralia, but has positively declined. Four new chapels have recently been opened by the Baptists: at Berwick-on-Tweed, Pinner, near Watford, Newbury, and Grosvenor-street, Commercial-road, London; and the foundation-stones laid of three others, Pembroke, Rotherhithe, and Newington. The last, Mr. Spurgeon's, took place on the 16th of August, Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., officiating. It will be one-third larger than the Surrey Music Hall, and will cost £25,000. £3,000 were laid on the stone by Mr. Inskip, from an invalid gentleman of Bristol, who has also promised £2,000 more if twenty gentlemen would make up a corresponding sum. The story of the legacy said to be left to Mr. Spurgeon, turns out to be a newspaper hoax.

At last, the Welsh Episcopalians, at Bangor, are satisfied. Their bishop, though a Scotchman, can preach in

Welsh. Rev. Charles Kingsley is one of the new chaplains in ordinary to the Queen. The Dean of Carlisle is advocating the appointment of a man of colour as bishop of Sierra Leone. The Bishop of Derry expresses his great satisfaction at the results of the revival in his diocese. He says that the candidates for confirmation are both more numerous and better prepared, the churches in excellent condition, the worshippers devout, and the clergy earnest and active. At a recent open-air service in London, a clergyman preached, a city missionary held over him an umbrella to screen off the sun, a Baptist stood on one side the speaker, a Swedish clergyman on the other, and a Wesleyan in front raised the tune.

Popery in Italy is getting more unpalatable than ever, especially in the Northern parts. Priests in Milan are in jeopardy. Jesuits in Belgium are exasperating the people by abominable tortures on the children in their schools. Ultramontanists in France are already alarmed for the spiritual condition of Lombardy, and weep over letters from Geneva that tell them how many Protestant missionaries, Bibles, and Testaments, are about to be poured into the country. It is a source of rejoicing to them, on the other hand, that a Jesuit colony has been planted in Edinburgh. The Irish members that voted for the abolition of church rates, have been soundly rated by Papist newspapers for their pains, and are told, what we do not learn for the first time, that dissenters are their most determined enemies.

GENERAL.

Parliament was prorogued on Saturday, August 12. The two months' session, under its present leaders, shows some gain to liberalism. More will yet follow before the country is satisfied. Mr. Cobden has visited Rochdale at last. He utters his protest a second time against the fear of French invasion, declares that corrupt practices at elections will never be put

down with the present system, and assures us that but for his dissent from Palmerston's foreign policy, he would have accepted the seat offered him in the Cabinet. Newspaper writers may have exaggerated the causes for alarm about our high-spirited neighbours; but England, as Lyndhurst well said, is too great a nation to live on sufferance. Let each disarm in good faith, and for ever put an end to these periodical panics. The harvest has come suddenly upon us. The unusually hot weather of July ripened all grain alike. Harvest-men are scarce. Croakers predicted much damage to the crops from the severe hailstorms that have swept over the country; but at present their prophecies have not been fulfilled. The harvest, generally, is pronounced good and abundant. The buildiers are still on strike.

The French have given us another illustration of their mode of spending Sunday. A grand fete has been held to celebrate the victories of their dictator. Flushed with recent conquest, Louis Napoleon can afford to be liberal. A full amnesty is proclaimed to all political offenders, though whether those in Cayenne and Algeria are included is not stated.

It is only in bad deeds that the Emperor of the French lets not his right hand know what his left hand does. All others are announced with a grand flourish of trumpets. His reasons for the war and for the peace are equally flimsy. To us he seems the incarnation of supreme selfishness.

Italy remains in a ferment. The duchies are summoning representative assemblies, and openly declare their determination not to receive back their old rulers. The people everywhere are arming. Garibaldi is again a-foot, and Mazzini sounds his note of alarm. No Zurich Conference will ever quiet the seething agitation. Thousands of lives have been lost, and tens of thousands left widows and orphans, and all—for the peace of Villafranca!

The Queen of Portugal, cousin of Queen Victoria, is dead. Maharajah Cashmere has sent, or is sending, a valuable present to our beloved sovereign—a shawl tent and bedstead of solid gold, worth some £150,000. The "Great Eastern" is complete, and has probably started on her first voyage ere this. She will proceed first to Cherbourg, where the French are already making preparations for her visit.

Marrriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

April 26, at Hoönkow, in the chapel of the American Episcopal mission, by the Rev. K. C. Wong, Mr. Wong Kwan-yuen, to Miss Sie King-meh.

June 29, at Hoönkow, at the chapel of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, by Pwan Echun, native pastor, Mr. Wang Chun-oo, to Miss Choo Que-zee. These marriages are the first celebrated among the Chinese after the manner of the "Western barbarians."

July 12, at Hanover chapel, Peckham, Helen, daughter of the late Henry and Helen Sturge, of Bewdley, Worcester-shire, to the Rev. G. E. Appia, pastor of the Vaudois church, Pignerol, Piedmont.

Aug. 16, at the General Baptist Chapel, Mary-gate, Derby, by Rev. G. Cheate, of Birmingham, Mr. M. Green, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. J. Chambers, both of Derby.

DEATHS.

May 19, at Kuruman, South Africa, Mary, wife of Rev. W. Sykes, of the London Missionary Society.

June 7, at Free Town, Sierra Leone, Ann, wife of Rev. J. Trotter, superintendent of Lady Huntingdon's African Mission.

July 10, at Philadelphia, U. S., the Rev. Dr. Beecher, aged 67. He was born in Birmingham, laboured after his call to the ministry for twenty years in this country, and thence proceeded to America. His end was peace.

July 27, Rev. Dr. Erskine, Dean of Ripon, in his 73rd year.

Aug. 9, at Market Harborough, Rev. Henry Toller, in the 47th year of his age.

Aug. 16, at Upper Holloway, Mr. Josiah Bartlett, aged 75. He was in the service of the British and Foreign Bible Society for nearly fifty years.

August 17th, at Halifax, Mr. Miles Bentley, aged 65, for twenty-nine years a highly valued deacon of the church at Birchcliffe.

Missionary Observer.

VALEDICTORY SERVICES OF MR. AND MRS. MILLER.

THESE services were held in the General Baptist Chapel, Northgate, Louth, on Tuesday, August 2nd. Shortly after ten o'clock the people began to assemble. The day had been anticipated with unusual pleasure, and many passed from their closets to the place where they would breathe their final farewell.

At half-past ten the hymn was sung, commencing "Kindred in Christ for His dear sake." The Rev. Isaac Stubbins read suitable scriptures, and offered fervent prayer. The Rev. James Lewitt delivered the introductory discourse. The text was Ezekiel xlvii. 1—13, and from this ancient prophecy the preacher illustrated the rise, progress, and ultimate glory of Christianity. The Rev. J. C. Pike proposed the usual questions. In doing so, he alluded tenderly to Mr. Miller's past trials and labours, and assured him of the entire confidence reposed in him as "the messenger of the churches." The replies given were eminently satisfactory. The missionary unhesitatingly declared his willingness to consecrate himself afresh to the work of preaching the gospel to the heathen. He said, "I devoted myself in my youth to the missionary cause, took the vows of consecration in the presence of an assembly similar to the one I now see before me. The vows then taken I regard as still binding upon me. I have seen the deep necessities of the heathen, and know how few there are to care for their souls. I have lived amongst the people, have acquired their language, have become familiar with their habits and modes of thought. My constitution, also, seems adapted to the climate of the country. These qualifications I regard as a sacred trust, laying me under special obligation to labour for their spiritual welfare. There are many, too, in that distant land who regard me as their spiritual father. To them I promised to return, and must not be unfaithful to my word. The bodies of a beloved wife and two dear children are sleeping there, and give a peculiar sacredness to the very soil. So numerous are the attractions for me in Orissa, that it seems to be invested with nearly all the charms of my fatherland, and is now regarded as my home. I know something of the dangers of the deep, the unfriendliness of the climate, the sad and dreary solitude I must sometimes feel, and the hard and perilous labours to be endured; yet I am present cheerfully and heartily to give myself afresh to the work of evangelizing the heathen." The audience were bathed in tears. Mr. Pike then said, "You have listened, my Christian friends, to our dear brother, and heard what solemn responsibility he has taken on himself this day. Will you pray for him when you see his face no more?" Instantly every hand was raised. The Rev. J. Sutcliffe, of Stalybridge, offered the valedictory prayer, and many hearts joined in the earnest intercessions that then ascended to heaven. Rev. J. B. Pike rose to give the farewell address, and announced Matt. xxviii. 20, as the passage on which his remarks would be founded. "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The discourse contained a thrilling reference to the circumstances under which the precious promise was first delivered, and was eminently adapted to animate the heart of our

departing brother, by assuring him of the continual presence of his Lord. The Rev. H. Wilkinson closed with prayer. The meeting continued about three hours-and-a-half; but so varied was the service, and so efficiently was every part sustained, that the interest was continued to the close.

At half-past two dinner was announced. The cloth was laid in the school-room adjoining the chapel which served as a handsome dining-room. The table was tastefully arranged, and nearly all the delicacies of the season were supplied. About a hundred persons were present. After the cloth was drawn the company were enlivened by sentiments like these, "Christian Unity," "Our Mission," "Our Oriental Visitors," "Our Native Ministers," "The Good people of Louth," &c., and addresses responding to these sentiments were delivered by the Revs. J. T. Barker, T. W. Mathews, Isaac Stubbins, H. Wilkinson, and others. The afternoon was an unusually pleasant one. At five o'clock, tea and coffee were served.

In the evening, the chapel was crowded; the past or, Rev. W. Orton, presided. The Rev. J. Kiddall delivered the opening address. Mr. Miller gave a sketch of his route to India, and the scenes he expected to witness there. Mr. Stubbins gave an impressive description of the miseries of idolatry, and the peculiar difficulties and trials of a missionary's life. Mr. Wilkinson made an earnest and telling appeal to christians for their sympathies and prayers, and Mr. Carey Pike concluded with an admirable address, well fitted to arouse the audience to increased exertion in the missionary work.

The day was a deeply interesting one; everything was well arranged. The two churches with their pastors co-operated with delightful harmony. An increased attachment was excited towards the missionaries, and the work in which they are employed, and the recollection of the services will be cherished amongst the most hallowed memories to the close of the present generation.

JOURNAL OF REV. W. BAILEY.

(Continued from page 274.)

Dec. 31st.—Went this morning to Path-pore; brother Hill, with Tama and Balaji, visited the upper part of the town, and I and Matthew the lower. Our congregation was not large, and the hearers not over intelligent. One young man was rather loquacious, and tried to extol the merits of Rama's worshippers.

During the day we had several visitors, and among them four snake charmers. It was really astonishing to see how they played with these dangerous reptiles. I believe there is an idea prevalent in England that these "charmers" in the east have such an influence over the snakes as to make them perfectly harmless; this is entirely a mistake. When the snakes are first caught the "charmers" extract their teeth, and when the teeth are gone there is no danger whatever. In the after part of the day a brahmin came to see us who had accompanied Col.

Campbell and Capt. Frye into the Khond country. He gave us a long account of the treatment the ryots received under native rule. In the state in which he lived, he said that nominally, the land was let at the same rate as under British rule, but that there were so many extras, that none but those intimately connected with native government could know.

1st. Every householder had to pay a tax of one rupee a year.

2nd. At every marriage two rupees had to be paid.

3rd. Every person cutting wood in the forests, four rupees a year.

4th. For farming a certain quantity of land, twenty rupees a year.

5th. For the Rajah's "asking" (I simply give the translation of the Oriya word), four rupees a year.

There were several other taxes mentioned that I have forgotten; my informant

assured me that in many cases the ryots did not obtain more than one-fourth of the produce of the land. When we take into consideration the expense of culture and seed corn, what a miserable pittance these poor farmers must receive. When the rajah is in pecuniary difficulty he will seize the head men of the village and insist upon their paying him any sum any day he may appoint. Should they refuse, they are instantly dismissed from their posts and reduced to beggary. Should a ryot ever resist the demands of the rajah an armed force is sent in the time of harvest, and the entire crop of the ryot is taken away. The zemindars in Bengal have done this again and again with the crops of the native christians to the south of Calcutta. The christians there could, of course, appeal to the English magistrate, but to a certainty they would gain nothing, as the zemindar could bring any amount of false witnesses to swear by all the gods above and demons below, that the christians had never been molested, and that their charge was utterly without foundation.

I said to the brahmins, suppose, now, the English should relinquish their hold upon this country, what would be the consequence? "Why, every cruelty would be resorted to by those in authority to crush the wealth out of the people, and there would be no security either for life or property." I said, then you think that British rule is preferred to native rule? "Of course it is, for however much the natives may dislike foreigners and their customs, they do most thoroughly appreciate the justice they administer, and the peace they have given."

On our return from a village in the evening we visited a temple of Seeb, built on the same plan as the large temple of Jinga Rajah, at Bhobaneswara. A miserable-looking half-starved man from a distance, who was suffering from leprosy, was there, and he told us that he had been there for six months crying to the god to heal him of this foul malady. He seemed to have reached a state of careless indifference, but he told us that he had resolved to die there if the god would not restore him. The object of his daily and hourly adoration was nought but a piece of granite that had been fashioned by the mason into a shape too indelicate to be described. The life of this god, as described by the sages of Hindooism, is so filled with low debasing crimes that one shudders to read it; yet it is read by millions; and Seeb, though a monster of vice, has millions on millions of worshippers.

JAN. 1st.—Went this morning to a small brahmin Sasun. I was instantly recognised as the sahib that had visited them four years ago. Our congregation was composed almost entirely of brahmins. In commencing my address the brahminial power was referred to by several of the audience, so I resolved to show them that according to their own shastras there were no brahmins now—they were compelled to confess that the "ten works" of a brahmin were not kept, and as an excuse said, that this was the "age of vice;" "that it was the fault of the age, and not of themselves." The opportunity was a very profitless one. The ignorance of the brahmins was really wonderful, and to discuss any point of doctrine with them was a most heartless task. It is really astonishing how some of them will shift their ground; in fact, it is far more difficult to keep them to the point in discussion than to refute to their arguments.

In the evening went to Gungapore. Congregation very small. Brother Hill spoke first, then Matthew, and I closed with an address on the folly and wickedness of idolatry. At the close a goldsmith told us that he had read the "Epitome of True Religion," one of our best poetical tracts; I suspected while I was speaking that he had some knowledge of our books, for he quoted a part of a stanza from one of them, in confirmation of what I had said. We were happy to learn from him that he had quite a stock in his possession; he made especial mention of a bound volume of the New Testament. He promised to visit us at our tent the next day. We expected, this evening, a cooley with supplies from Berhampore; but alas! for us, no cooley came; our supply of bread was all gone, so we commenced the year without even the staff of life. As a substitute for bread we had a dish of rice and milk. As a rule you get most miserable milk, (if, indeed, milk it can be called in the country), so dirty and so smoked that it is worse than useless. On this occasion, however, we obtained, through the assistance of our official, an abundance of very good; and but for this we should have been in a very sad plight.

2nd.—This morning went to Dengardi, a large village about four miles from the tent. We were somewhat late before we reached it, not knowing the direct road. Though it was the Sabbath morning, when so many in christian lands were hastening to the sanctuary, the heathen were at work as usual, neither knowing

nor heeding the solemn obligations of this sacred day.

On entering the village we saw a brahmin seated in the portico of a temple, very busy with his accounts of land, rent, &c.—too busy with the affairs of this world to think or care about the world to come. We sang that beautiful hymn, composed by Gunga Dhor, "O foolish, sinful soul." A goodly number came near us, and brother Hill spoke with some freedom, and his address was perfectly understood. While I was speaking, an old man was very anxious to be enlightened about the transmigration of the soul. This is considered by all missionaries a very difficult question. Though none of the Hindoo sages have written treatises on this subject, it is to be found in every shastre, and in fact, underlies the whole system of Hindooism. This is a most awful doctrine, as it entirely takes away the idea of man's responsibility; every affliction, accident, or misfortune is said to be the result of some sin committed in a former birth; hence, when some calamity overtakes a believer in this doctrine he immediately sits down in despair, says that it is useless to endeavour to extricate himself, that everything written on his forehead by the finger of fate must inevitably come to pass. Heaven and hell to the followers of this system are meaningless terms, for they affirm that there is no heaven to be desired more than the wealth and luxury of this world can give, and no hell to be dreaded more than suffering or poverty. This doctrine was believed by the Jews in the time of Christ, and it seems probable that the disciples were not entirely free from it when they asked the question, "Who did sin; this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

How different when he comes to die is the hope of a Hindoo to that of the Christian! The Hindoo, if he be read in the shastras, knows that when he loses human birth he will have to pass through 8,000,000 of inferior births before he can regain the dignity of manhood, but the Christian knows "that absent from the body he is present with the Lord." The gospel of the Hindoo, with all its poetic description of the heaven of Vishnoo, leaves him in doubt and dismay, but the gospel of the Christian brings to him "life and immortality."

The attention was very marked during the whole of our stay in the village. While speaking on the uncertainty of human life, I said, should I visit them again ten or twenty years hence I should inquire for Nurri Hurri, Damodar Sahu, Bhag-

aban Das, Sarthi, and Madhu, and what would be the reply? That they were all gone. This seemed to divert the attention considerably, as the names I mentioned happened to be the names of some present. The books were well received. As it was getting late we left Matthew and Balaji to preach in another part of the town. On our return we called at a brahmin Sasun. As we were riding down the main street a brahmin accosted us, saying, that it was highly improper to ride down the street of so sacred a place, where the Gyatri, Sabatro, and other muntras were repeated. Their villages are generally clean, and so far as the houses are concerned, have a somewhat respectable appearance, but the inhabitants are often miserably poor. We have heard many speak of the "well fed, sleek, brahmin;" I know there are such to be seen now, but in this district they are not so numerous as formerly, and their power is evidently on the wane. I have ever found it difficult to preach to a congregation of brahmins; "they are holy men;" "the gods delight to do them honour;" "they have power to bless with eternal happiness, or curse with eternal death;" "in their sacred hands is the fire of Brumha, which destroys all sin;" "they have power to give divine life even to shapeless blocks of wood and stone;" "no temple can be built without them;" "no name can be given to achid without them;" "no ceremony performed without them;" "no betrothal, no marriage, no purification can take place without their presence." No pharisee could ever appear more sanctimonious than they. Can it be wondered, then, that we should meet with opposition when the solemn but truthful announcement is made, that all men are sinners; can it be wondered, when we give the lie to the whole Hindoo Pantheon by affirming that an idol is nothing in the world, that the brahmins should storm and rage, and when told that without repentance and faith in Christ they must be lost, can we wonder that they should curse us? It requires a most determined front to preach to such a people, and but little heed must be given to their broken quotations from their shastras, or you will never preach at all.

In the evening went to Pathpore; Balaji spoke first, and I followed on the evidences of a true religion. They all agreed that mercy, love, and truth, were evidences of a true religion. I then showed them that neither amongst the gods nor the people could these evidences be found. Many times the hearers ex-

claimed, "how true it is;" "how true it is." Brother Hill closed. During the day we had crowds of patients; almost all the diseases to which humanity is subject, have been brought to our notice. A brahmin came for something to relieve his wife, who was suffering from tooth-ache. I told him that I had a tincture with me which might, perhaps, relieve her, but that I must see the tooth, and to

my surprise, without any ceremony at all, he took me into his house, introduced me to the lady, and she allowed me to place the tincture in the cavity of the tooth. I know of nothing so likely to give you influence amongst the heathen as a knowledge of medicine, and a disposition on the part of the missionary to relieve the suffering.

LETTER FROM THE REV. J. BUCKLEY TO THE SECRETARY.

Cuttack, May 25th, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER,—This is the hottest part of the hot weather: the season has thus far been unusually mild, owing to frequent storms of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning; but the last few days the heat has been exceedingly trying, and the feeling of languor great. We shall probably have it very trying for at least a fortnight to come; and then there will be a delightful change:—the rains will set in, the face of nature will wear a very lovely appearance and we shall all renew our strength: but I have to be thankful that with heavier duties I have had strength and vigour for the discharge of them; and that our congregations, both Oriya and English, are as good as they have ever been.

I cannot forget that my last letter intended for the *Observer* was written to a beloved and honoured brother who was in his grave before it reached England. How much I have felt his departure! And with what tender and sorrowful emotions have I thought of interviews that can never be renewed amid earthly scenes! Personally I was probably more indebted to him than any of my brethren in the ministry, or any of my beloved colleagues in the mission; and we all know that besides what he was as a minister and pastor, and as an active public man in all connexional matters, he was for 30 years one of the warmest friends and ablest advocates of the mission: but he is gone: his work is done, he has entered into rest; and it is ours to gird ourselves afresh for holy service till the summons shall be sent for us to cross the dark river of death. One thought always cheers my mind when I hear of fathers in the ministry or older brethren being called home. The Servant dies but the Master lives. How

cheering the words first heard on that barren Patmos rock—"Behold I am alive for evermore." Christ lives to carry on the cause with you and with us. The gospel is not buried in the grave of its faithful ministers: they do not carry the bible out of the world with them: the truths which made them what they were on earth, and which have now perfected them in holiness and bliss, remain in all their fulness and power with us. "The Word of our God shall stand for ever." Another thought which I like to indulge in such cases is, that though life is so short and uncertain, the effect of christian labour is not limited by its transient bound, but is lasting as eternity. Oh, that we may all be earnest and faithful in our Master's service to the end.

Six months ago I gave in these pages my free thoughts on the Queen's Proclamation, and expressed my high approval of her avowal of the truth of christianity and my strong objection to two or three clauses, which it appeared to me were written under bad influences, and intended to serve bigoted and intolerant purposes. It was then a question of opinion, but is now fast passing into the region of history. I have had my eyes and ears open to all I could read or hear about the Proclamation since it was promulgated; and it seems to me that there cannot now be a question that the clauses complained of, have in *every part of India*, done immense mischief. In Orissa they were understood to mean that missionary preaching and tract distribution would be suppressed by authority. The same impression prevailed in the North of India, and in different parts of the Madras Presidency; and you must all have heard of the shameful persecution of the Shanar chris-

tians in Tinnevely,* and how the Proclamation was referred to as a justification. I believe the Tinnevely question has been settled in a way satisfactory to those who wish to see the progress of truth, justice, and freedom; and as here, and in other places, the people see that we preach and distribute our books as before, and that no man in authority forbids us, they will soon learn that they were in error, and the mischievous impression made by the clauses in question will die away; but I am sure that the Queen never wished such an impression to be produced. Happily, increased interest is felt in Indian questions at home, and all who wish to understand the relation of the government in this heathen country to the propagation of christianity, should carefully study Sir John Lawrence's despatch, published about the same time as the Proclamation. It is a most masterly paper, and marked by great sobriety of judgment. You see at once that the writer is an enlightened christian and a profound statesman, a thoroughly practical man. I have not met with anything on this question so satisfactory and comprehensive as his despatch.

It will interest our friends to know that Orissa has its full proportion (indeed I may say more than its proportion) of the native christian Deputy Magistrates, who have recently been appointed. I believe Mr. Halliday, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, whose term of office expired on the 1st inst., appointed eight native christians to this responsible and important office: three of them are in Orissa, and two of them are baptists. In a former communication I referred to the appointment of our native deacon, Babu Sadannd Jachek. He and his family have recently removed to Jajipore, and I am delighted to find that his official superior, Mr. Shore, the able and energetic magistrate of Cuttack, has borne honourable testimony to his merits, describing him as "steady, pains-taking, and thoroughly conscientious." Another of those appointed is, Babu Koilas

Chundra Ghosh, who is at present at Cuttack. He was educated in the Free Church Institution, Calcutta, and was brought to know Christ while there. He has a very good knowledge of English. A highly satisfactory report is given of his diligence and efficiency in the discharge of his new duties, and he is very exemplary in his attendance on the means of grace, and very consistent as a christian. The third is Babu Shem Chundra Nath, who is at Midnapore. He is connected with our baptist brethren in Calcutta, and twelve or thirteen years ago was the assistant tutor in our academy. I knew him well, but for several years past have had no opportunity of observing his course. I do not know what our Ex-Lieutenant Governor's personal convictions may be on the subject of religion, but he is worthy of honour for his treatment of Hindoo Christians, and his minute on Education is written with great ability and is a withering, crushing reply, to the fallacies of Lord Ellenborough's despatch. His successor is Mr. John Peter Grant, of the Supreme Council. We shall see how he conducts himself in this important post; he is, I believe, of the old Indian school on matters relating to missions; but though such men, when in high places often do mischief, the power of enlightened public opinion in England restrains them from doing many things to which their inclinations would prompt them; and there is one higher than the highest who overrules even their actions to the establishment and increase of a kingdom which cannot be moved.

You will all retain a lively remembrance of our most merciful deliverance from the 53rd Bengal Native Infantry by their removal from Cuttack a few months before the mutiny, and none of you can be ignorant of the bloody deeds they subsequently perpetrated at Cawnpore. Some of these murderers came to an awful end when the British power was re-established in Cawnpore, but most of them at that time escaped; their hands, however, were full of blood, and they have recently received the due reward of their deeds.

* The inhabitants of Tinnevely and the southern part of Travancore are, with few exceptions, of a single tribe, and are called Shanars. It is supposed that they came originally from Ceylon, which, if the reader examine the map, he will see lies immediately opposite to Tinnevely. Not being Hindoos they are not bound by the laws of caste, and this is no doubt one reason why so many have embraced christianity. It is estimated that the Shanar tribe numbers half a million of souls, and that one-tenth of them, or 50,000, are under christian instruction. In one district of the mission, that of South Travancore, it was found on extensive inquiry that more than 20,000 devil images and pyramids had been destroyed.—For a full and interesting account of this people see "Missions in South India," by Rev. Joseph Mullens.

I give an extract from the *Delhi Gazette* relating to them, only remarking that the 1st and 56th regiments who united with the 53rd in the horrid atrocities at Cawnpore perished with them. The battle was fought in Oude, between Fyzabad and Gonda, on the 13th of April.

"The 53rd were seen marching along down the banks of a nullah (river) in columns of sections, as on parade, with their Commandant in the centre, also their colours. The 1st Sikh Irregular Cavalry, splendidly led by Major Jones, their commandant, availing themselves of an open space on this nullah, most gallantly charged, and when about a hundred yards off received a volley from the Sepoys. On they went, however, and were on them before they could re-load; then a scene ensued one can hardly imagine, for the Sepoys, throwing away their muskets, took to their tulwars (swords) and fought well, but were driven into the water. The Irregulars followed, cutting them up in fine style. *Few escaped, and few asked for mercy, but fought to the last.*" In this engagement two of our men were killed and fifteen wounded. We can never forget the wonderful mercy of God in delivering us from the hands of these bloody men, and as this is the last notice we are likely to read of them, it seems desirable to record it for the information of our friends.

In some particulars given of the Thugs in one of our Quarterly Papers (July, 1855), it was stated that, while many believed that the awful practice had been entirely abolished; others better acquainted with the Hindoo character were not without fears that it might be still secretly practised, or that it would appear at some future time in some other form. This has been verified; it has recently been discovered that it has come into renewed existence in Oude; and, sad to say, the horrid Meriah rite has been renewed in Goomsoor, where it was first suppressed, and where all supposed that there was no reason to fear its renewal. I saw a notice two days ago, in a Calcutta paper, to the effect that four years since there was reason to fear that sacrifices had been offered, but sufficient evidence to convict could not be obtained. It is now, however, proved that in the sacrificing season, December, 1857, or January, 1858, three victims were offered at the shrine of the bloody goddess of the Khonds. It is satisfactory to state that the agent has seized the infamous wretches who first stole and then sold the victims, and that they will be severely punished—imprisonment, I believe, for ten years, with

hard labour. The price at which one of the victims was sold was 60 rupees, of another 68 rupees, and of another 80 rupees (£6, £6 16s. and £8). The present agent, Captain MacNeill, is spoken of as an able officer. I do not hear much of what is doing in the suppression of infanticide in some parts of Goomsoor, and other parts of the Khond country. Infanticide is, as you are aware, a different rite from the Meriah sacrifice. When I last heard the account was unsatisfactory. It was found that the evil prevailed to a dreadful extent in Suradah. The charge had been proved against twelve persons, and could have been as easily substantiated against hundreds. As they knew the will of the Government, and had solemnly promised to bring up their female children, they were to be severely dealt with for breaking their engagement; they were to be flogged and to work in irons. In many villages there were no female children, and in others the disproportion was very great. I have no doubt of the untiring zeal and diligence with which the suppression of these inhuman practices has been prosecuted by the Government; but infanticide is a most difficult evil to root out, as in all parts of India, where the horrid rite prevails, *mothers are the murderers of their female offspring.* Alas! for poor human nature. But the most startling and awful fact ever disclosed in connection with infanticide was brought to light some years ago by the census of the North West Provinces. It was found that the population was 30,271,885; but mark, the deficiency in the proportion of the female sex was more than 2,000,000.* How could it be accounted for? The most experienced officers were convinced that, to say the least, one main cause was the deliberate murder, by extensive communities, of female infants. Let thinking men ponder a fact like this, and say whether India does not need the Gospel.

I must now turn to a different subject. I was surprised and amused the other day to learn that the Rajah of Sohpore (who knows a little English) had among his books the "Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons, by a London Minister." As I heard that the Rajah did not possess an English Bible I sent him one, thinking that he would not make much sense of the "Sketches" without the Bible. The author little expected that one of his books would get to such an out-of-the-world place. Sohpore is on our great river, the Mahanuddee, a much greater

* To be exact, it was 2069,193.

river. I may add, than the Ganges, though in the dry season the Ganges has much more water.

It will interest those dear friends who, four years ago accompanied us to the ship to know that Hannah, the little Caffre girl, whom they will remember to have seen, has recently died. Her end was peace. She is described as a most interesting character, peculiarly amiable and humble-minded. When she was dying, she called in her little sister and the other school children, and after affectionately looking on them said, that she hoped Jesus would wash them all in his blood. She then closed her eyes, and sweetly slept in Jesus.

I cannot close without expressing my hope that you will all petition against the proposed doubling of the newspaper rates between England and India. It is to take effect from the 1st of Jan. next, and is surely a great deal too bad. We have borne with exemplary patience the infliction of the recent Tariff, though no doubt missionaries will feel the inconvenience of it more than any other class of Europeans in India: but in these days of railway, and electric telegraph, and reform, and with war—terrible war—im-

pending, to stop our newspapers unless we pay double for the postage is what, I hope, the good sense, hearty sympathy, and stern determination of the people of England will say, shall not be. I know if the question be understood at home the increase will not be allowed. How shamefully inconsistent to tell the select few who are rich and can afford to pay the higher rates of the Marseilles route that *they* shall not pay more! The burden, of course, must be imposed on those who are least able to bear it, but who cannot give up their newspapers. Peaceable as I am—and I do desire the portion of those who dwell peaceably and quietly in the land—I should like the authors of such measures first of all to receive a castigation—not physical, but such as the free press of a great and free country can inflict—a castigation proportioned to the magnitude of their offence against exiles from English homes, and then I should like them to stand by and let honest and better men take their places. This increase must not be allowed.

Yours, affectionately,
JOHN BUCKLEY.

SINGULAR FACT.—The "Persuasives to Early Piety" has been translated into Tamil, by a native female, and of course a christian. Her name is Nina Diba Ammal, and she resides at Tanjore. This fact was stated in an "Essay on Female Education," read before a Conference of Missionaries at Ootacamund.

The Friend of India, of May 19th, announces the death of the Rev. William Smith, of Benares, at the advanced age of 78. Mr. Smith was baptized by John Peter, at Balasore, in 1810. Of his

latter years the writer of this notice knows nothing; but Mrs. Rennell, an aged member of the church at Cuttack, (a Portuguese,) bears a pleasing testimony to his holy consistency and zeal at the commencement of his course. Mrs. R. was baptized about the same time, and is probably the only person now living who was acquainted with Mr. Smith at the time of his baptism.—See a notice of Mr. Smith in the Repository for 1852, p. 62—64 in an article entitled "Early Labourers in Orissa."

It is gratifying to add that of the two brethren on their way to India from the Baptist Missionary Society,—the Revs. J. Williams and T. R. Craig,—one of them will be settled at Delhi. It is most encouraging to find the seed sown by the late apostolic Thompson germinating and giving promise of a harvest of souls. The christian missionary must sow by all waters, and we shall find that the seed he sows is incorruptible seed, which "liveth and abideth for ever."

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Derby, Treasurer, and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Quorndon, near Loughborough, Secretary, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

T H E
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES. OCTOBER, 1859.

No. 70.

“SHEW ME THY GLORY.”*

THIS is a very singular and suggestive prayer. It was offered by Moses under peculiar circumstances. While he was in the mount with God, receiving instructions as to the worship and its forms to be observed by the people, they, though they had heard the voice of God, amid the thunder, giving the law, and though “the glory of God” was still visible on the mount “as a devouring fire,”—fell into the most perverse and wicked idolatry. For their great sin, Moses was sent down to rebuke them; the chief sinners were slain; the tabernacle of God was removed out of the camp; and God threatened to abandon them altogether. The people, however, were brought to a sense of their great error, and Moses entreated the Lord for them. His prayers were heard; and, as one after another, his requests were granted, he was emboldened to ask for a greater favour:—“I beseech Thee, shew me thy glory.”

Among the various ideas attached to the phrase, “the glory of the Lord,” there are perhaps two which were present to the mind of Moses: that which related to a display of visible splendour, and that which involved a revelation of the Divine perfections. He had seen the visible “glory of the Lord” in the cloudy pillar, and on the mount; but he wished for a fuller display even than this. He had received just conceptions of the perfections of God; but he wished that these might be enlarged. He felt that all he had seen and known was, as it were, but a feeble and inadequate manifestation of God; and, hence, as a special favour, he desired this display. So it is with all good men. Having known and seen a little of God, they desire that their knowledge may be enlarged and extended. Many of the prayers of the saints give this idea. “Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth,” *Psa. lxxx. 1.* “My soul thirsteth after thee, to see thy power and glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary,” *Psa. lxxiii. 1, 2.* Desires after the fuller display of God, the gracious revelation of him—

* Notes of a sermon preached by the late Rev. J. Goadby, of Loughborough, on the morning of Jan. 30, 1859. The subject and the discourse possess a peculiar interest from the short time that elapsed between the delivery of the sermon and his death.—ED.

self to the soul, are common to good men of all times. The fulness of these desires can only be realized in heaven.

The motive which prompted a desire like this may be contemplated in various aspects, all according with a devout spirit. It was so in Moses, and it is so in us. One aspect of this desire was, that he might know more of God. This, as we have already intimated, was a natural desire both to Moses and to all devout men. Favoured with some considerable knowledge of God, of his manifestations and perfections, they feel that the subject is vast and illimitable. The knowledge of God is most excellent knowledge, and to desire to have more of it—higher views of his glory, and wider and juster conceptions of his nature and perfections, is natural and proper. And this can only be obtained and realized by the help of God and his Spirit, and by God's own gracious condescension. Another part of this motive was, that he might feel more of God. The desire of Moses was not a merely intellectual gratification. He did not wish that his imagination only might be filled with lofty and noble conceptions of God; but that these conceptions should affect and influence his heart, that every right emotion and feeling toward God might be deepened, strengthened, and perfected. "Let me know more of thy majesty, thy power, and thy purity, that I may reverence thee more. Let me see more of thy beneficence and excellence, that I may love thee more. Thou art infinite: as far as may be, help me to grasp thy infinity: as far as may be, shew me the glory of thy name, that my soul, filled with thee, may be the subject of all the high, holy, and reverent emotions due to so great a Being." Is not this a suitable desire for good men? Another part of his motive was, that he might enjoy more of God. The highest, noblest, and most refined enjoyment of which the soul is capable, is that which arises from communion with God, and a sense of his favour to us. To this the Psalmist alludes; "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" &c. Having once sipped at the stream, he desires to plunge into it. Having once tasted of this, earthly joys become valueless and insipid as the chief end of being. So the good man, having enjoyed a sense of Divine favour, desires its increase and continuance. "There be many that say, who will shew us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us." That Moses might serve God better, more constantly, and fully, was another part of his motive. The principle of obedience is intimately connected with knowledge. We must know God before we can serve him; and, other things being equal, the more perfectly we know, the more perfectly we shall serve God. The majesty, power, excellence, goodness, and authority of God, in proportion as they are impressed on the man's heart, induce the spirit of obedience. Moses was a faithful servant. He wished always to be so, and hence his request for this display of God; that an obedient spirit might always be present to him. "Shew me thy glory," that I may never wander, falter, or hesitate in my obedience to thy will. So with the devout Christian. Moses, lastly, desired this gracious manifestation of God, that he might have a kind of pledge of God's continual favour and of his guidance through life. Moses had just felt that he himself and his people were in a position of danger. He asked for this favour as if in confirmation of all God's gracious promises to him. Let there be some signal revelation

of thyself to me in this time of extremity. So, in times of peculiar danger and trial, the Christian, by special supplications, seeks for special grace, for some peculiar and gracious manifestation of God, that he may have strength, light, and favour given him. God is faithful, and he who teaches us to pray, has promised to manifest himself to his people as he does not to the world.

The manner and spirit of the prayer of Moses must not be forgotten. He offered it when he was in the best frame of mind. He had been some time in converse with God. He was near to God, and had received gracious answers. Lifted up in his heart to God, filled with high and holy thoughts of his excellence, majesty, and goodness, he uttered the prayer, "I beseech thee, shew me thy glory." The Christian too, at the best seasons, when nearest to God, will most cherish this desire. It was an earnest prayer. The terms and the circumstances show this. "Shew me, I beseech thee." Above all things I desire this, that I may know, love, serve, and enjoy thee. True Christians are importunate in their desires after God. It was an humble prayer. Moses felt his own littleness. His prayer was submissive. I desire to know more of thee, if it please thee. God will be "had in reverence by all them that are round about him." It was a believing prayer. Moses knew and had evidence that God was "the hearer of prayer." He prayed with confidence that God would now in some way meet his desires. God encourages his people "to ask, believing." "He that cometh to God, must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him." "Let us draw near, with a true heart, in full assurance of faith." It was a successful prayer. God did, as far as might be, and in a wonderful and gracious way, answer the prayer of Moses. The development of this we reserve for another exercise. But, it may be remarked generally, that true and sincere prayers, offered to God, all receive answers, if not as we expect, yet as God pleases, and as he sees best.

From this subject we learn to estimate the limited knowledge we have of God in the present state. Here, at best, "we see in part." Our capacities are but unfolding. After every display God gives of himself, in his works, or his word, we know him but imperfectly. "Canst thou, by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is high as heaven: what canst thou do? deeper than hades: what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea," How glorious is heaven! There all shadows and imperfections will be removed. God will be near. His glory will then be revealed. Bound to his throne by the display of his glory, and by infinite and eternal obligations, his people will love and glorify him for ever. How important the object of Moses' prayer—to know, enjoy, and serve God more—to have God nearer to us. Fix your desires on this end, and seek after God that he may be with you, and that you may serve him in holiness and righteousness all the days of your life. Let us examine ourselves by this test. Do we follow hard after God? Do we desire him? Do we pray that we may know him more? Is our religion in the heart, or is it only in form? "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart." Amen.

THE TWO ANCIENT SYSTEMS OF PICTURE WRITING.

THESE are the Egyptian and the Chinese, and although each may claim precedence, we will begin with the former. This was divided into four distinct classes. In the first division are placed those signs which set forth an object by a precise image of it. These were very simple and natural, and were frequently combined with others in determining their peculiar sense or import, in such a manner that the Egyptian scholar could give different shades of meaning to one and the same thing. As a rule, a near approach was given to visible objects themselves, but when so familiar as not to need it, a part was given which readily suggested the whole. These have been called, conventional hieroglyphics.

The second division consisted of pure symbols. The use of metaphorical language is common in every early age, and materially assists the mind in dealing with abstractions. The very first literary efforts resolve themselves into symbols. The poet defines what may either be old or uncommon by vigorous images drawn from the universe around; by a lion, he expresses boldness; by a king, nobility; by a maiden, purity. Still he is but the singer of the people. He is in advance of them it is true, but as his ideal is only a collection of all human graces, so he is himself but the embodiment of many human attributes, informed with a fire and power of his own. All men are naturally poets, creators and centres of imagery—it may be of a homely proverbial sort, but still it is not the less imagery—only he who has a larger nature, a brighter soul, and a manlier life leaping in his heart, can sing and paint for humanity at large, and show the spirituality of man gleaming through the ragged robes of his earthliness, and what a race of kingly poet-men would have lifted their broad brows to heaven, if sin had never dimmed, bespattered, and dwarfed our natural glory. The picture-writing of the Egyptians clothed this nascent poetry in a visible form, and gave it a lively expression. Their inscriptions and memorials were bright and fragmentary poems, revered and loved by child-like minds. Mentally in their boyhood, they had the boys' attachment for pictorial scenes and things—for this huge, unrhymed, unworded poetry of theirs, which moved and exalted without the sweep of a harp or the venerable presence of a bard.

As pure metaphors, the bee communicated the idea of an obedient, king-loving people; a hawk on the wing, signified the wind; an asp, power of life and death; and a crocodile, rapacity. There are instances of the use of other figures of speech. The synecdoche is shewn, where two arms stretching up to heaven indicate the word offering; a stream of water flowing from a jug, libation; a censer with some grains of incense, adoration; and a man throwing arrows, tumult. The metonymy is seen in a crescent with its horn bent down for the word month; a pencil and a palette, or reed and inkstand, for writer, writing, or a letter. Several of the gods are represented by the animals sacred to them. Thus the figure of a man, surmounted with a ram's head, was Jupiter Ammon; with a hawk's head, Phre, and a jackal's, Anubis. But these were compound, some were even simpler. Thus the simple hawk with a circle round its head, signified Phre; a ram with a circle round its

horns, Chnubis. The ibis, or sacred bird of the Egyptians, worshipped as the household deity, thus represented the god Thoth, or Taut. "By this metaphor," writes Plutarch, "the Egyptians ascribe to this most wise Deity, care, watchfulness, and discernment, as Plato says." In more modern times, the use of animals as symbolical of saints was very common in painting, and as an hieroglyphical representation of the triune God, a triangle, with an eye in the centre to express omniscience, is still found on the organs and over the altars of most of the continental European churches.

Of the third, or phonetic class of signs, we have already spoken. A fourth class have been called by Champollion enigmatical. This division includes the allegorical and mythical sculptures which fill the Egyptian temples, the key to them being zealously preserved as one of the mysteries of the priesthood. These are now undecipherable, but are commonly supposed to embody some of the higher and grander truths of the ancient religion. The colossal sphinxes which looked down from the cemetery over the city of Memphis, and the huge rows of them leading to the entrances of the temple of the bull Apis, seem naturally to group themselves into these sacred enigmas. These four forms of writing were all combined in general use, and hence the difficulty of deciphering them, and the many versions and amusing tilts of learned and enthusiastic men. The figures were, in the earliest instances, placed one under the other in columns, but afterwards they are found to be horizontal, or otherwise, as circumstances required, and whether read from the right or the left hand, the figures were always made to face in those directions.

We come now to the Chinese. The two emperors, Fo-hi, and Hwan-ti, have both the honour attributed them of substituting painted characters for the knotted strings, already mentioned as in use amongst them in an early age. We cannot pretend, since of other than celestial origin, to determine their relative claims, but the fact of both flourishing 3,000 B.C. (about the time of Noah) will give some idea of the antiquity of their system. Their first pictures were marked by the same rude simplicity which everywhere characterizes early art, and an analysis of their language at once indicates the successive stages of its growth.

First, then, we have the elementary signs, or images (*Sy-ang-hing*). These, some two hundred in number, mostly consist of natural objects, and, served for scenical representation, but little else. The eye immediately recognized in them the originals, but the immense labour and space required in depicting a lengthy narrative, the great number of signs necessary where each object had a distinct symbol, and the effort of mind demanded to fuse and interpret the whole, led them to devise a very clever remedy. Giving a large representative power to some of the more important signs, the addition of other slight marks enabled them at once to detect their different shades of meaning. Thus a copious supply of compound signs were manufactured, capable of expressing ideas, abstractions, and sounds, and multiplying their elementary list until it reached as many as forty thousand characters. The second class exhibits the first step in this rapid improvement. It was called, *hwei-i*, meaning combinations. In this class are abstract nouns, general ideas made pertinent by peculiar signs, and examples of one or two kinds of

metaphor. Thus, a bird and a mouth signified a song; a man on mountain tops, a hermit; a woman, hand, and broom, the mother of a family; the sun and moon, light; and drops of water near an eye, tears, weeping, and sorrow. *Chi-se*, the third class, indicates the position of objects not expressible by a figure of the objects themselves. For instance, a dot on the top of the line, means above; at the bottom, below; and a straight line through the figure of an ancient harp, the middle. The fourth class, *chwan-chu*, contains inverted forms of known and common signs used in the modification of ideas. A staved three-pronged fork—one wonders how many fingers the celestials originally had—specified left or right as it curved inwards like a human arm from its appropriate side; and two upright legs, and two partially recumbent ones, were intended to set forth the two opposites, living and dead men. In the fifth class we have some admirable specimens of Chinese wit. Its figures were called *k'yd-tsyei*, borrowed, or devised, from their non-resemblance to the objects, except by some remote link of association. A house thus designates a man, and a single room, a woman; a hand, an artificer; two men, face to face, salutation; back to back, separation; one behind the other, the verb, follow, and perhaps, subjection, and imitation. A heart beneath a slave denotes passion, and two pearls side by side very beautifully symbolize a friend, or the abstract noun, friendship. The sixth and last class exhibits the acme of Chinese picture-writing. This undertook by means of compounds, to give a sign implying the nature of the object, and an independent symbol which should convey the sound, or pronunciation of its name. The figure of a fish, *yu*, followed by another representing the Chinese *li*, an itinerary measure, serves phonetically to indicate *Li*, or the fish called carp; and a cypress-tree, *Pe*, is expressed by the outline of a tree, and a figure which means white, (i.e.) *pe*.

All these forms are now in use in the Chinese language, although so abridged and altered as to require much assiduity and learning to trace in them any resemblance to natural things, much less make out the radicals of the multitudinous combinations. As a rule, however, the radical is placed to the left hand, and written larger than the rest of the compounds; but the Chinese habit of writing with camel-hair pencils, and their utter carelessness in disconnecting the various characters, render their separation a matter of persevering labour. But those who, interested in what has been here given, would study the picture-writing in an interesting form, cannot do better than make a study of an empty willow-pattern dinner-plate. Bystanders may deem you a dyspeptic, glaring at an aerial meal in perspective, or the ghost of one that has been: but heed them. There is a pathos and a moral in the story which shall enable you to bear all manner of puns, gibes, and laughter. Chang and Koong-see shall look upon you with the dewy eyes of doves, and you may learn a truth which faces alike rich and poor, preaching the same love and constancy. Here is a poem in its pure elementary form, as born in the brain of a poet-painter, and he who wills and cons it best may give to it the highest and noblest interpretation. E.

THE BELEAGUERED CASTLE.

AN ALLEGORY.

THE night was drawing on as I sat musing beside a gurgling fountain. I retired thither at the sunset hour, and as I watched the streamlet flowing rapidly, I allowed imagination to exert her sovereignty over me. As I discerned the last rays of the sun glimmering through the trees, and listened to the rustling leaves of the grove, I gradually sank away into dream-land.

Suddenly, a beautiful landscape stretched out before me. The western hills, somewhat abrupt and precipitate, were clad with verdure almost to their summit, and a meandering river, like a silver thread, flowed through the valley. The east presented to my view fine undulating slopes studded with trees, whose waving branches bowed gracefully before the breeze. The scene towards the north was limited in extent, bounded by a rocky cliff, on which stood a majestic castle, whose appearance indicated that it must have long withstood the ravages of time. Situated at the head of a valley several miles in extent, its aspect was peculiarly romantic.

A person suddenly appeared, who offered himself as my instructor and guide. "You are attracted," he said, "by the appearance of that castle. Let me tell you that it has a strange history. It has withstood many sieges, and no enemies have yet succeeded in taking it, though they are always making the attempt. Approach with me, now, still nearer, and you will perhaps discern some spies lurking about it, or some foes lying in ambush near it, or some enemies in the disguise of friends endeavouring to obtain admission under false pretences." I approached. As I drew nigh I saw a soldier well armed upon the battlements, his armour glistening in the rays of the sun, his eye ever intent and watchful, and his trumpet in his hand, ready to be raised to his mouth whenever great danger was apprehended.

"Stand on this favourable spot," said my attendant, "and learn the various lessons which the successive events you witness shall teach. You will surely gather something you will do well to think on daily as long as earth's pilgrimage shall last. This castle, and the enemies by whom it is continually assailed, will suggest many important thoughts in reference to the Christian life and conflicts. How firm and solid is the rock on which it is built! How elevated and conspicuous its position! How well the regions around it are watered by the streams from the hill country! How suitably are the windows disposed in order to receive, on every side, the light of heaven! How admirably it is situated for resistance! Its defence is 'the munition of rocks,' and infinite resources are available when it is attacked by enemies. The view, also, which it commands on a clear day, is even more enchanting than that which was witnessed by the venerable Moses when he stood on the heights of Pisgah, and beheld with his dying eyes, the land flowing with milk and honey."

The discourse of my companion was interrupted by the voice of melody which proceeded from a grove in the distance. Pleasure was coming forth arrayed in all her meretricious attractions. Her aspect

was seductive and voluptuous. A chaplet of flowers encircled her brow. Her dress was sumptuous and glittering with jewels. Her maidens sang in her praise the most lively airs, and as she proceeded from her retreat, resolved, if possible, to obtain, by stealth, an entrance into the castle; her votaries, as I could perceive from their looks, wished her success. She pursued her way through circuitous by-paths, and labyrinthine mazes, till she had almost reached the entrance, when one withering look from the owner compelled her to flee with the utmost precipitation, and we speedily lost sight of her. We did not wait long in suspense before our eyes lighted on an old man with haggard, care-worn countenance, carrying heavy burdens upon his shoulders. "This," I was told, "is the messenger of Mammon. For thousands of years he has been engaged in erecting temples to his honour, and zealously inviting and pressing worshippers of every age, clime, and nation, to present offerings and incense at his shrine. He even spares not his importunity with those who are the King's faithful subjects, and on his back he bears a heavy bribe, intending to cast it at the castle door, that, by this means, he may withdraw the owner from his rightful allegiance." I saw him go up to the entrance, and, O how loudly he knocked, how passionately he spake, and how greatly he boasted of the intrinsic value of his treasures! But the master of the castle was invulnerable to his attacks, and read to the vile tempter out of a holy book, one or two passages which caught our ear, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" At that moment a resplendent ray from the sun fell upon the old man's golden ingots and revealed their worthlessness. He gathered them together as quickly as possible, and fled. "Who can that be" said I, "who is approaching on yonder thickly shaded walk? His mien is exceedingly stately; his brow is wrinkled; his face is 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;' his look is knowing, like one who understands all mysteries; and he treads the earth so firmly that his very step indicates his intense self-confidence." "This man's name," said my instructor, "is science (falsely so called.) He has large possessions in various parts of the world, chiefly consisting of splendid houses built upon the sand which continue gradually to crumble away, yet are repaired, re-modelled, or re-built with astonishing pertinacity. These, his possessions, are all situated in dark valleys, into which the sun scarcely ever penetrates, and whose inhabitants are only lighted with the feebly glimmering lamps of human reason." Whilst my guide was proceeding with his discourse the stately personage alluded to had already reached the castle entrance, and, catching the eye of the master who was looking down upon him from one of the high windows, he instantly assumed the air of a grave teacher, and for the edification of his hearer, delivered a bombastic oration. I can only call to mind a few sentences; they will suffice. "I am the solver," he said, "of all mental and moral doubts and difficulties. My theories, which have been thought out with protracted attention and logical precision, will solve every intricate question which may be propounded in reference to God, man, and the universe. I have already succeeded in giving

satisfaction to multitudes of perplexed ones. Be not afraid. I would not set aside that holy book you read with so much interest, and profess so ardently to love; but I invite you to accept of my peculiar philosophic system, that, by this light, you may test and prove the truth, consistency and harmony of its truths, doctrines and precepts." I could perceive a cloud of indignation gather upon the face of the listener, and at length I heard him sternly exclaim, "Avaunt! child of hell, seducer of the souls of men! What? Will *your* system, at the best a poor feeble glimmering taper, enable me to discern more clearly the light specially revealed from heaven?" After some parleying the vaunting philosopher hastened away, unable to succeed in taking his prey.

I also saw other persons continually coming up out of the valley below, with evil designs. They are too numerous even to mention, though my attendant acquainted me with the names and characters of most of them. I was much struck, however, with this fact, that all of them had a down-cast look, and even when they assumed the appearance of buoyancy and happiness, they were unable to lift up their eyes to heaven. As my friend significantly said, "They are of the earth, earthy." I must not forget to acquaint the reader with the resolute attempt made by two brothers who had come from a gloomy region, sent on a special errand by their evil ruler. Their names were Doubt and Despair. I could perceive they were plotting some wicked design, and, on looking on them with increased attention I saw that each of them carried a heavy club under his garments, which was occasionally exposed to view as they paced onwards. They were evidently both intent on foul murder. Impelled by curiosity, I stole away from my guide, and hiding myself in a bush, which they were passing, I overheard them conversing with each other. "Brother Doubt," said Despair, "I beg you will go up first, and rap very gently, by no means too loud, at the castle door. Only be careful, and you will effect an entrance. If the door should be opened, plant your foot firmly against it to prevent it from being closed again, and I will come up bravely behind. With our giant might we are sure to take possession." "My good brother," said Doubt, in reply, "I have always found you bold and ready. You will not deceive me again in the hour of conflict. We must both do our very best, and the work will be accomplished." Doubt acted as his brother Despair suggested. His gentle rap at the door could scarcely be heard. "Who's there?" said a voice from within. Doubt rapped again, speaking in an undertone, and saying nothing distinctly. Again the voice was heard, "Who's there?" I was, however, amazed, nay, terrified, when I saw the door gently open. The moment was most critical. Doubt availed himself, at once, of the means of ingress, and Despair followed closely behind. They were only able to secure a temporary lodgment. After many loud cries, struggles, and contests, I at length saw both the traitors hurled forth by the giant hand of Faith, the keeper of the fortress, who in this emergency had come to the rescue. After lying for sometime, maimed and bleeding, they crept stealthily away, mourning over their ignominious defeat. Immediately afterwards I heard, within the castle, one singing with all his might, "Trust ye in the Lord Jehovah, for in the Lord Jehovah is

everlasting strength." "At what time, I am afraid, I will trust in thee: they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever."

During my continuance in the neighbourhood of the castle, I observed several messengers, who evidently came from the Great King, resolutely go up to the door, open it and enter. Their admission could not be prevented. One of them was called Affliction. I was told by my guide that his visits often led the master to much self-searching, but he was generally the better for them. He then had free access to a treasury of promises "exceeding great and precious." There was always a rich supply of heavenly cordials at hand, very costly, but very freely dispensed by the Great Physician. It frequently happened too, that when Affliction paid her visits, the light would shine most gloriously into every room of the mansion, and Faith would come to the help of the tried one, and point out to him in the distance a beautiful city (whose pinnacles were often visible on a clear day), telling him that city would be his future and everlasting home.

Bereavement, Loss and various other members of the numerous family of Sorrow, all clad in the garb of mourning, demanded admission. I need only hint that, though their sojourn was generally brief, they were all busily occupied with setting the house in order, and each of them had his appointed work allotted him by the Great King.

Whilst intently gazing on the castle, and marking its position, beauty, and capability of resisting attack, my friend told me that, at various times, the Prince of Darkness had violently besieged the place, marshalling his most formidable hosts, bringing against it his heaviest artillery, employing his most deadly weapons, and bringing into exercise his most wily strategic arts. He depicted to me, very graphically, various battle scenes, in which the existence of the place was fearfully threatened, and the enemy was determined to carry out his fixed resolution—to raze it even to the foundation. He further told me how that in seasons of the greatest extremity Faith fought with undaunted valour, and the Prince of Peace, watching the contest with the deepest interest, so incessantly furnished the castle with weapons and provisions, and inspired its possessor with courage and confidence that the enemy, full of rage and chagrin, was obliged to withdraw and confess that his efforts were entirely unavailing.

Thus busied in conversation, I at length witnessed the approach of a strange assailant. As soon as I fixed my gaze on him, trembling seized me, from which, however, I speedily recovered. "Who is this?" said I, as I gazed on the mysterious stranger. He is evidently about to engage in a destructive work, and carries with him deadly weapons. I then averted my eyes from him, for a moment, and turned them to the castle. I saw the owner looking through the window with thoughtful and anxious, but steady gaze. The walls of the building began to totter. Every approaching step of the new visitant shook it to its base. Yet its inhabitant was undismayed, joy filled his breast, hope beamed in his eye, angel guards stood round him, and his Prince himself graciously afforded him some sweet and refreshing glimpses of the glory soon to be revealed. At length the stranger (his name was Death) came up to the castle, and the moment he stretched forth his hand and touched it—it fell, and the earth swallowed it up. At that solemn moment I

heard shouts of victory and triumphal anthems. This was the burden of the songs of angels as they bore away an emancipated spirit :—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" The ransomed one rapturously responded, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—Then I awoke.

Barrowden.

J.S.

THE MOTHER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

THE story of the mother of St. Augustine has been told once and again; yet it can scarcely be too often told; "It ripens by repetition, sweeter still." It will breathe music into the baldest words. No pen however ill-wielded can quite rob it of its holy and singular grace, as no unsightly setting can darken the diamond, or spoil the pale beauty of the pearl. The lustrous meaning of that saintly biography will never grow dim. It is in the highest and the heavenliest sense, a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever. It will touch, and thrill, and purify, and sublimiate, so long as there be eyes to moisten with sensibility, or souls to swell with aspiration.

She was born of Christian parents, at Tagasta, a small town of Numidia, in the year of our Lord 332, and married in the sweet young dawn of womanhood, to an idolater, a straightforward honourable man, but fiery of temper, and licentious, whom she sought to win by her patient sweetness and the pureness of her life, to holier ways and the diviner faith; and the beautiful light of her saintly example did not shine in vain for him.

St. Augustine was their eldest son, and born in the year 354. He was liberally educated in the literature and eloquence of the period, and the brilliant promise of his budding genius impelled his parents to do their utmost in bringing within his reach all the choicest appliances of learning and culture. Yet amid all her maternal delight and pride, Monica, with true womanly instinct, saw peril in the very strength and richness of these noble capacities. She knew right well what temptations there were for that aspiring intellect in the pretentious systems of heathen philosophy, and what debasing seductions for that sensitive, ardent, impetuous heart in the gay life of the great Carthaginian capital whither he repaired to complete his studies. And very earnestly, and with wondrous pathos in her pleading eyes, (those eyes that beam for us with such a pensive depth and sweetness from Ary Scheffer's immortal picture) she implored of him, who listened with impatience, to hold fast the faith, and keep himself unspotted from the world. But she pleaded in vain. He became a Manichean, and plunged with the passionate zest of youth into the pleasures of sin. Nine years the saintly mother prayed for the sinful son—and it seemed in vain. All human means that could be used for his recovery seemed to have been exhausted, and her frequent personal appeals were lost upon him, for she saw him often as he was now teaching a school of grammar and rhetoric in his native Tagasta. Monica besought a certain bishop that he would come and argue with him; but the bishop (a wise man, who clearly thought that

controversy seldom converts,) declined, saying that he would complete the circle, and come in the end to find himself believing the true faith he left at the first. And yet Monica persisted and implored aid; the bishop but replied, "Continue as you have begun; surely the son of so many tears cannot perish." These words struck up a new light in the mother's despairing soul; she accepted them as prophecy, and importuned no more.

Now it came to pass that these words were fulfilled, the words of the preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem: "And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour: and this was the portion of all my labour. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." This world-old tale of disenchantment,—the soul awaking when the sense is sated! The golden apples turned to ashes on the lips. The shell of the guilty love was broken. The dearest died. The high-placed refulgent fame so eagerly panted after seemed poor and dim when won. And the proud heart of Augustine withdrew gloomily into its own desolate solitude, to brood over baffled hopes, and the unreality and treachery of sense, and the shivering of many a splendid dream. He cannot rest. He will have change and novelty. He will travel—leave Africa for Rome. Monica hears with distress of his intent—follows him to the sea-side, hoping to induce him to remain, or take her too. And, to avoid doing either, he must delude the love he cannot alienate. He goes on board, he says, to bid a friend farewell. The distrustful mother weeps and clings to him,—but is at length prevailed upon to pass the night in a little chapel on the beach near the place when the vessel rode off anchor. When she looked in the blue dawn of day, the ship was far away upon the waters. Oh sweet, sad, weeping, eyes that looked so wistfully across that morning sea, ye shall be made glad with the shining of your "heart's desire," ere long!

Rome St. Augustine left for Milan, and was joined here by his mother, who had traversed the sea alone to hover about him still. (Fairest mortal image, be it reverently whispered, of that patient Spirit of God, whose wing of pity and mercy is close after us in all our wanderings, and will never leave us nor forsake us, while yet there lingers within our hearts one unbroken or unjarred string wherefrom the breath of its rapture may evoke a tone of sympathy, or the feeblest quiver of pure desire.) And, now Monica found this blessed answer to her long years of prayer. The Manichean had become a Christian, and the lover of pleasure a lover of God. His world-sated heart found in God through Christ Jesus our Lord, the peace that passeth understanding; and the soaring inquisitive intellect satisfaction in the Christlike wisdom, which believes and loves that it may know; and the proud imperial imagination worthier room wherein to range amid visions like unto them which drew from the harp of Isaiah tones of such triumphant ecstasy, and passed with panoramic vividness and pomp, before the gifted eye of St. John the divine. Ah! blessed is it when the greatest become the godliest too! Thrice blessed would it be for this country—for all countries—if those sovereign minds that seek in their conscious prodigality of

endowment, to comprehend all truth, would likewise learn to be humble, and adore and bow like the lowly women at the foot of the Cross!

And St. Augustine will now give up city life and public teaching; and they go away together to a country house, lent by a friend—he and the blessed mother, his brother, two of his late pupils, and some other few congenial spirits. And the sweet season of the vintage passes in happy social intercourse, and the pursuits of literature, and those “means of grace” which do fortify and brighten “the hope of glory.” And, by and by, the thoughts of all begin to point southwesterly, and they yearn, as with the heart of one, for the old native shore. And they have reached Ostia in the prosecution of this purpose of establishing themselves together in Africa, when Monica suddenly sickened, and, after a short illness, died. “I closed her eyes,” writes St. Augustine, “and there flowed withal a mighty sorrow into my heart.”

We know no writing of the kind at once so sublime and tender as the pages in which the last days of Monica are related by her son. “The day now approaching” he says, “wherein she was to depart this life, it came to pass that she and I stood alone in a certain window, which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay at Ostia; and where, removed from the din of men, we were recruiting from the fatigues of a long journey for the voyage. We were discoursing there together, alone, very sweetly; and forgetting the past in the future, we were inquiring between ourselves of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. But yet we longed with all our hearts after those heavenly streams of the fountain of life, that we might in some sort meditate upon so high a mystery. And then our discourse was brought to that point, that the very highest delights of the earthly senses, in the very purest material light, were, in respect of the sweetness of that life, not only not worthy of comparison, but not even of mention. Raising ourselves with a more fervent affection towards the Eternal, we passed by degrees through all corporeal things; even the very heavens, whence sun, and moon, and stars shine upon the earth: yea, we were soaring higher yet, by inward musing and discourse, and admiring of Thy works; and we came to our own minds, and went beyond them, that we might arrive at that region of never-failing plenty, where Thou feedest Israel for ever with the food of truth. As we spake, this world with all its delights became contemptible to us. My mother said, ‘Son, for mine own part, I have no further delight in anything in this life. What I do here any longer, and to what end I am here, I know not, now that my hopes in this world are accomplished. One thing there was for which I desired to linger for a while in this life—that I might see thee a Catholic Christian before I died. My God hath done this for me, and more; since I now see thee despising earthly happiness and become his servant; what then ‘do I here?’”

Beautiful exemplification of the inexhaustible efficaciousness and final victory of goodness! Fair, feminine, long-suffering, persistently tender and hopeful life, wherein we read again the consoling lesson once writ for us ripplingly by the sweetest singer of old, “They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.” Let it not be said of any work done in piety and wisdom, however resultless-looking, that it is done in vain! Let it

not be said that any holy prayer, or any kindest caution, or any just remonstrance, or any father's counsel, or the troubled look from a mother's imploring eyes, or the long silent, significant pressure of a pure sister's hand,—can be in vain! It is impossible that these things can be *all* in vain. All these are good. And good is embodied truth,—truth working through conscience and sympathy. Truth is immortal. Truth is of God. Truth is life, and falsehood is death. It is active, you say: it is the activity of putrescence. Lord Lindsay tells us that he took a dry, dead-looking bulbous root out of the hand of a mummy in one of the pyramids, which he planted afresh. And lo! it sucked again the immortal juices from the breast of mother earth, and sprang into the upper air, and sprouted vigorously, and clothed itself with exuberant greenery, and blossomed forth into a resplendent flower. Emblem this of the perennial vitality of truth! Neither individuals nor nations may with impunity trifle with truth, or can evade eventually its destinating energy. If unseen and unheard it still is near and beside them, keeping pace with all their movements in stealthy mysterious steps. It may have been unheeded in the race for glory, and in the rush for gold; and while the syren voices of pleasure poured over the soul the spells of their enchantment; but it will assuredly reappear with “powerful trouble” in some grave and breathless crisis of being—perhaps in that terrible time when reputations and riches take wings and flee, and the fashion of this world passeth away: or its visit may be made in some gentler manner, while for repentance there yet is room, when some sudden memory of purity and tenderness is opening the heart as an olden hymn steals through the air, or the chime of church bells is heard over the twilight fields. Unholy laws may have gagged it, and the mailed hosts of successive despotisms may have trampled it into a numbness like unto that of death; but the triumphant voice of truth will one day ring full and fierce in the rallying cry of some righteous and sublime rebellion. It may have lain stifled beneath a gigantic accumulation of priestly impostures and papal corruptions, but the smouldering truth will at last blaze out in indignant reformations, glorious with the ghastly lights of a thousand immortal martyrdoms.

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded writhes in vain,
And dies amid her worshippers.”

EUSTATIUS.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.

PATMOS.—Rev. i. 9.

COMMON tradition points to a small rocky island in the *Ægean* Sea, as the place to which the apostle John was banished. It is situated on the western coast of lesser Asia, about twenty miles south of Samos, and is now known as Patino, or Palmosa. A more bleak and desolate spot cannot well be imagined. The island is a continuous rock, presenting, when approached from the sea, a succession of capes. It is

twelve miles in length from end to end, and about six across at its broadest part. Several excellent harbours exist on the north-west coast, but one only is used. The town of Palmosa is situated on a rocky eminence rising abruptly from the sea; and this, with a few dwellings at La Scala, or the landing-place, forms the only inhabited site on the island. In the middle of the town, and on the highest part of it stands the monastery of St. John, built by the emperor of Constantinople, Alexis Comnenus, in the eleventh century, probably after the crusaders, gathered by Peter the Hermit, had passed through his dominions. It is a massive building, flanked with towers, and looks like a fortress. About half way up the mountain, between La Scala and the town, is a natural grotto in the rock, where, say the natives, John saw his visions and wrote his Apocalypse. In and around it is a small church, with which a school is connected, where ancient Greek literature is said to be well taught. There are not more than five thousand inhabitants on the island. Maize and barley are cultivated in the few fertile spots, though the islanders depend mainly for grain on the neighbouring continent. The grapes of Palmosa are celebrated, and produce the strongest and best flavoured wines of any in the Greek islands.

“OINTMENT OF SPIKENARD, VERY COSTLY.”—John xii. 3.

THE Greek word *nardos*, the synonyme of the Hebrew *nard*, is translated uniformly in our version of the Scriptures, “spikenard.” It rightly indicates a peculiar kind of nard, so called from the many spikes that grow out of its one root, from which is extracted a perfume highly esteemed in the east. The plant itself has only been identified by botanists in very recent times. It does not grow in Palestine, but is a native of Hindostan, and found principally in the district over which the gigantic shadows of the Himalayas are cast. Considerable quantities are brought down yearly to the plains as an article of commerce, especially from the region north of Delhi. Solomon classes it in this catalogue of spices (Song of Songs, chap. iv. 14.) with the most valued aromatics known to the ancients, all of which, with one exception, must have been brought into the country by foreign traders, just as Egypt was once supplied from Gilead by Midianitish merchants, “with spicery, balm, and myrrh,” Gen. xxxvii. 25. By the same means nard afterwards found its way into Judea, and even to Italy. Considering, then, the slow means of transit in those early times; the distance from which the nard was brought, from Hindostan, in all probability, or at nearest, from Persia; the insecurity of travelling; and the high profits successful merchants obtained when risks were so great, we can readily see how the essential oil of the plant, “the ointment of spikenard,” came to be, as described by the evangelist, “very costly.” Moreover, when Mary poured the ointment upon “the head” (Mark xiv. 3.) and “feet of Jesus,” Judas cried out against what he pretended to think a great waste, “Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence?” a sum at that time equal to the wages earned by a labourer in Palestine after a whole year’s toil, and much more than the pay of a Roman soldier during the same period.

Collateral evidence of its costliness is also furnished by an allusion in the writings of one of the Latin poets of the Augustine era. The jovial Horace addresses Virgil in one of his odes, and invites him to come and enjoy, in his company, the beautiful spring. He has some excellent wine, but if Virgil means to share it, he must bring with him some of this precious ointment. A little onyx of nard will draw out for him a *cadus* of wine, that is, about eight gallons and a half.

The evangelist Mark describes the vessel containing the perfume as "an alabaster box," xiv. 3. At Alabastron, in Egypt, there was a manufactory for small pots and vessels for holding perfume, made from a stone found in the neighbouring mountains. The Greeks first gave the name of this city to the vessels themselves, afterwards to the stone out of which they were made, and at length to all vessels of perfume, no matter of what materials. The real alabastron, however, was still generally preferred. This stone was also called by the Greeks onyx, from its resemblance to the human finger nail; and as alabastra grew into common use as a term for all caskets used for perfumes, so onyx came afterwards to be employed. Hence the use of the word by Horace, "*nardi parvus onyx*," "a little onyx of nard," in the illustration already given.

"She brake the box," says Mark, chap. xiv. 3. The vessel was probably shaped somewhat like a Florence oil-flask, with a long and narrow neck; and the mouth being curiously and firmly sealed up, and the stone easily broken, the usual and readiest way of getting at the contents was, to break off the upper part of the neck.

THE SYNAGOGUE OF THE LIBERTINES.—Acts vi. 3.

Two explanations of this term, *Libertines*, have found support among learned men. One is derived from the name of a city, the other from the state or condition of a people. The *first* may thus be briefly stated. Synagogues were very numerous in Jerusalem in the days of the apostles; one Rabbi asserting that there were at least four hundred and eighty, which seems an exaggeration. The Jews who came from different provinces of the Roman empire, or even from different cities, when they were numerous enough, had each a synagogue of their own, for the use of such as resided in Jerusalem, or might visit that city during the great festivals. Thus the Jews from the provinces of Cilicia and Proconsular Asia, as well as those who came from the cities of Cyrene and Alexandria, had built houses of prayer at their own charge. Now as the *Libertines* are mentioned in the same connection with the Cyrenians and Alexandrians, they were probably Jews from a city called *Libertus* or *Libertina*, situated somewhere in Africa Proper, near Carthage. In proof that there was such a city in that neighbourhood, the advocates of this explanation refer to the acts of the celebrated conference with the Donatists, held at Carthage, in the year 411, where allusion is made to Victor as at that time bishop of the church of *Libertina*; and also to the acts of the Lateran council, held in the year 649, wherein is mentioned one "*Janarius gratia Dei episcopus sancta ecclesiæ Libertinensis*," "*Janarius*, by the grace of God, bishop of the holy church at *Libertina*." The *second* explanation re-

guards the word as of Roman origin ; and to be explained with reference to Roman customs. A *Libertinus* was the Latin designation of one who was either the son of a *Libertus*, (one who had been a slave, and obtained his freedom ;) or one who was not born free, but acquired his freedom by an act of grace on the part of his masters, as was the case with many captives taken in war. Tacitus tells us that four thousand *Libertini* of " the Jewish superstition " were banished by Tiberius into Sardinia, and the rest commanded to quit Italy if they did not abjure their faith by a certain day ; and Suetonius and Josephus mention the same fact. Philo also speaks of the city of Rome beyond the Tiber as inhabited by Jews, mostly *Libertini*. Jewish freed men were then, at one time, numerous in Rome. Love of country, trade, or desire for religious privileges, had brought many of this class back again to Jerusalem ; and now, having grown numerous enough, they built a synagogue, which, from their character as freed captives, was called—the Synagogue of the *Libertines*.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS.

" NO DISCHARGE IN THIS WAR."—There is a great fortress and line of siege confronting every homestead, and commanding every group of our people—a line whose pointed musketry we are, perforce, sooner or later, all of us to face—and into the very mouth of whose death-dealing batteries we are steadily marching. Sabbath by sabbath—day by day—hour by hour—moment by moment, with each heaving of the lungs, and with each winking of the eyelash—the young, the old, the rich, the poor, the thoughtless and the gloomy, the ignorant and the scholarly, are walking up, in one inevitable procession, with the intermingled tramp of manhood's heavy foot, and the patter of childhood's footfall,—into the flaming range of these terrible bastions. " THERE IS NO DISCHARGE IN THIS WAR." You fall here : I fall there. The rattling hail of death is among us at this instant. Sure as the daylight now shines, so sure is it that we must all bide this summoning, and must brook this conflict. I might go from bench to bench in the Sunday-school, and from pew to pew here, and without the least hazard of mistake, say to every one,— " And you, too, must die." " IT IS APPOINTED UNTO MEN ONCE TO DIE "—appointed by an All-knowing One, of whom there is no cheating,—an Omnipresent One, whom there is no shunning—an Almighty One, whom there is no resisting. No skill, nor craft, no force, no tears, no outcries, no affection can baffle the stroke. No heaps of golden ore, no ranges of widest empire can purchase exemption from the confiscations of death. To-day, the capitalist stalks the exchange, wielding his own large fortune, and it may be that of many another household than his own ; to-day, the king rules his myriads of subjects, and all the cabinets and courts watch with solicitude the turns of his policy. The war of death comes on ; and by to-morrow the grim invader and destroyer has handed over the fortune of the millionaire to greedy heirs, and the keys of the bank to other office-holders ; and has tossed the diadem and sceptre of a dead Cæsar, perchance, into an infant's feeble and quivering hands. None pillages like death, with such sweep-

ing forfeitures ; his victims "carry nothing away." None hunts like death, never losing his scent or missing his game. None aims like death, with a shaft that always strikes. Is there no flying—no bribing—no pleading—no reasoning—no treating with the enemy ? No. "There is no discharge in this war."

If death takes you away as you are, and without Christ, your soul is lost beyond a doubt. Will God let the destroyer hurry you away thus unprepared ? Why not, if God's book explicitly warns you that "the wicked is driven away in his wickedness ?" Why not, if our text most plainly says, rounding out the words we first chose, with this addition : "Neither shall wickedness deliver those that are given to it ?" Why not borne away unprepared, if the fault, as to want of preparation, is all your own ? You have been familiar with the gospel ; you have lived in a land of Bibles and Sabbaths, and have had your personal warnings from Providence, and your own secret strivings of the Holy Ghost. When this great, dread war, to which you were born, and of which every cemetery, every tolling bell, every funeral notice, every passing hearse, every ache in your own person, and every ailment, warned you—this war, so long foreknown, and so terribly fatal—calls you, the reluctant and the truant, to take yourself the front place—what show of reason is there in your pleading want of preparation as a discharge ? For what was life given but to know God ? And knowing God, as in Christ he most graciously revealed himself to be known by you, you would have been prepared. Why have you forborne to know your Saviour ? why refused to acknowledge his gracious claims, and been ashamed to wear his blessed livery ? He shrunk not from ignominy, or any pain, or any loss, that he might reach and rescue you. Why have you withholden the heart that he asked ? and why clung to the sins and the idols that he denounced ? and why rejected the love, and peace, and the heaven that he proffered freely—proffered sincerely—proffered often—and is proffering you even now,—but as yet has proffered to you all in vain ?

It is, indeed, a terrible lot, from a land of light and revivals, to go down, unprepared and unforgiven, to an eternal sorrow. The death of one dying without Christ is a fearful sight to behold : and the departure of such a spirit on quitting the body, is a journey that fancy may well shudder to follow, and faint as she attempts to depict it. But how many have so died ! And if death comes for us thus found unready, we may tremble and recoil ; but the terrible sacrifice, and the hopeless doom that are before us as we go, are to the grim, pale King of Terrors no discharge.

"Not ready !" he may exclaim ; "and after all this time—after twenty years, thirty years, fifty years, or even seventy years, not ready ? When would you be ? Come with me, then, as you are ! If you have loitered, I, the messenger of a holy law and a just God, am no loiterer : here is my warrant, and it demands you, body and soul !"

The smoke of the torment of the wilfully impenitent will go up day and night, by the purpose of a just and justly incensed Jehovah. But, in this the day of opportunity and of repentance, there is proclaimed to us who yet survive, One mightier than is either death or hell. It is the Prince of Life and the Lord of Glory. He came to destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil. But Jesus, the captain of our

salvation, in bringing rescue, must himself "taste of death"—must not only meet the common lot, but must bear upon himself the common and concentrated guilt of our race. Doing it, he tore from death its sting; and to them that believe he is become the author of life everlasting.

To them that receive Christ, the war, though fierce, has lost its main terror, and is stripped of its perils. To him, mortality loses its ghastliness, and puts on already hopefulness and promise. The grave is like the wet and cold March day brooding over our heads and miring our streets. Of darker hue, and moister, chiller air, indeed, than he might have chosen; but behind all this gloom, and behind all this damp, lie the treasures of bursting spring, and the glories of refulgent summer. The light afflictions, that are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. To the saint, death changes many of his offices. Does pain walk at his side? But is he not also the queller of strife, and the calmer of care? The aching head throbs no more; the swollen heart fetches no more sighs. The weary are at rest. He is, in one sense, the destroyer; but he is also the restorer. He brings back, through Christ's victorious grace, the lost innocence and peace of Eden. Is he the divider, sundering the nearest ties, and riving asunder the household bands? But he is also the re-uniter, gathering me to my dead who sleep in Jesus, and to "the general assembly of the first-born." Is he the curse of the law? Is he not also, through our blessed Master, who magnified and satisfied that law, become to us who believe the end of sin, the gate of paradise, and the guardeon of a new, à better, and an unending life?—*W. A. Williams, D.D.*

THE PRIDE OF UNBELIEF.—To be a Christian, to be given up to the Spirit of God and carefully offered to his holy guidance,—how many look on it as a weakness, a loss of dignity, a thing which only the tamer and less manly souls can descend to? I know not anything else that exhibits the folly and conceit of man like this pride;—as if it were some loss or abatement, to have the inspiration of the Almighty, to receive a higher nature and life in the eternal life and impulse of God. It is as if the world of matter were to be ashamed of the sun, and shrink with inward mortification from the state of day! What is God but our day, the sun of our eternity, the light of our light; without whom, as the light of our seeing, the universe of nature were a mere phosphorescence of fate, unintelligent and cold, life a driblet of vanity, and eternity itself a protracted and amplified nothingness? Oh, my friends, this pride you have against religion will sometime be inverted, and you will be overwhelmed by the discovery of its true merit. You have read these powerful words, "Shame and everlasting contempt." And what do you think is their meaning? It is to look on the saints in the glory of their resurrection, and see them visibly perfected and ennobled by the inhabitation of God, and remember that such was the honour you rejected; to wither and mentally die in the sense of your own little separated speck of vanity, when surrounded with holy myriads, gloriously transfigured by the light of God upon them,—this is shame and everlasting contempt.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

MY FATHER.—In a storm at sea, when the danger pressed, and the deep seemed ready to devour the voyagers, one man stood composed and cheerful amidst the agitated throng. They asked him eagerly why he feared not,—was he an experienced seaman, and did he see

reason to expect that the ship would ride the tempest through? No; he was not an expert sailor, but he was a trustful Christian. He was not sure that the ship would swim; but he knew that its sinking could do him no harm. His answer was, "Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father's hand, for he holds all these waters there!" The story of that disciple's faith triumphing in a stormy sea presents a pleasant picture to those who read it on the solid land; but if they in safety are strangers to his faith, they will not in trouble partake of his consolation. The idea is beautiful; but a human soul, in its extremity, cannot play with a beautiful idea. If the heart do not feel the truth firm to lean upon, the eye will not long be satisfied with its symmetry to look at. Strangers may speak of Providence, but only the children love it. If they would tell the truth, those who are alienated from God in their hearts, do not like to be so completely in His power. It is when I am satisfied with His mercy, that I rejoice to lie in His hand.—*Arnot.*

Poetry.

SPEAK TO ME, O MY SAVIOUR!

SPEAK to me, O my Saviour! low and sweet,
 From out the hallelujahs—sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so,
 Who art not missed where faithful hearts entreat.
 Speak to me, as to Mary at Thy feet;
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
 My tears fall fast, as amber. Let me go
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete.
 With humanest affection, there, in sooth,
 To lose the sense of losing! as a child,
 Its song-bird being lost, fled evermore,
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;
 Till sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Lord, many times I am aweary quite
 Of my own self, my sin and vanity;
 Yet be not thou, or I am lost outright,
 Weary of me.
 And hate against myself I often bear,
 And enter with myself in fierce debate;—
 Take thou my part against myself, nor share
 In that just hate.
 Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
 We know of our ourselves they also knew;—
 Lo.d, Holy One! if thou, who knowest worse,
 Shouldst loathe us too!

Trench.

Brief Notice.

THE PEERAGE OF POVERTY: or *Learners and Workers in Fields, Farms, and Factories*. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. 1st series, 3rd edition, crown 8vo, pp 235. London: Judd and Glass, New Bridge-street.

The "Peerage of Poverty" is a very healthy book. Pleasant and chatty, too, with much to provoke further inquiry. Mr. Hood's purpose is not a new one, but it is none the less needed, as the "fine gentlemen notions" one hears from many young men, too abundantly prove. "The idea floats about, that it is elegant to be idle, to appear full-dressed, to walk through the world as through a ball-room, or a saloon: that it is most inelegant to plead guilty to the crime of dirty fingers, or hard hands, or to any acquaintance with forges, factories, or threshing-floors. Now, before any man can be a true man, he must be cured of this insanity; he must learn that the dishonourable thing is to endeavour to skulk through the world without working;" and the attempt of this little book is to shew that mental labour may very frequently combine nobly with manly labour; and that, in illustration of this, it is noticeable that there have been many men confined to the loom, to the flail, and the hammer,

whose intellectual attainments have been amazing; and who, from the various departments they have worthily filled, have added to the stores and treasures of their country's genius and intellectual worth." Nine chapters are devoted to the working out of this plan. Mr. Hood touches on the divinity of labour; the mind, and the hand, and the productiveness of mental labour; and the characteristics of humble genius. The stories of Leyden, the learned Scotchman, the son of a small farmer; of Cedmon, the ancient Saxon ploughman poet; of Felix Peretti, who sprang from a swine-herd to be Pope Sextus V.; of Pallisy, the French potter; of Bowditch, the American arithmetician; of Nichol, "Scotland's second Burns;" and of Clare, the bard of Northamptonshire, are told with spirit. The two chapters on Nichol and Clare are the longest in the book, and are, evidently, a labour of love. Of the four episodes given at the end of the first, second, fourth, and ninth chapters, the one on the "order of vagabonds" is the least satisfactory, and the one on "the home of taste" is the most worthy of attention. The first is mere rhapsody, but the second should be read by every working-man in the United Kingdom.

Correspondence.

SALTED WITH FIRE.

FURTHER REMARKS ON MARK IX. 49.

SIR,—When the serious and devout mind contemplates the teachings of the Scriptures, it will often pause to preserve itself from mistakes in its conceptions of truth. Especially may this be when it meditates on the declared effect of final unbelief and impenitence. We can easily understand and readily admit the declaration that God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works; with much of similar import in his holy word; but, how can this consist with the assurance that the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God, and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on Him? Contemplating the world lying in wickedness, we either turn aside from the prospect, or seek for some means to avoid the awful conclusion. We ask, is this really the doctrine of Scripture? Can it be that the Almighty Creator, the benevolent Father

of mankind, who is declared to be love, will, under any circumstances, retain his anger for ever, against any of the human family, and allow them to abide under His wrath? We cannot wonder if the sensitive mind questions this conclusion, and looks again at the correctness of its foundation. Still, here is the Bible which teaches, in the plainest terms, that the impenitent unbeliever is without hope, as he is without God in the world; and this doctrine seems to run through all its teachings. Let us not then explain it away from some fancied necessity to harmonize it with, perhaps, an exclusive or perverted aspect of the love of God. This can do no good. The fact will not become different whoever may refuse to look at it. Let God be true, though every man be a liar. Far better will it be to look the truth in the face, and endeavour to exhibit it in the clearest light, than to attempt to conceal any fancied deformity

which may render it unwelcome. If the Bible teaches that the unbeliever in the gospel dies without hope, and must abide under the wrath of God for ever, let us proclaim this, though with fearful eyes and with quivering lips. If this is a truth, as it appears to be, it is one truth that Divine *mercy* has made known to warn men of the fearful abyss, that they may be induced to flee for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before them; and it will surely be no kindness, by any means, to divert their attention from this truth.

The Great Teacher who came down from heaven, so full of benevolence and love to man as to die, to open for him a way to happiness, did not withhold the awful truth, that the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment. The impenitent and disobedient, who neglect the great salvation provided by infinite mercy, and made known in the gospel for the obedience of faith, have, according to this doctrine, a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. Such, too, we suppose to be the import of this solemn and emphatic admonition in the close of the ninth chapter of the Gospel by Mark. Let the reader turn to the place and carefully review it. See the affectionate and beloved apostle John expressing a forward and mistaken zeal in the Master's cause, receiving a mild rebuke instead of commendation. The Saviour resuming the discourse, which John had slightly interrupted, adds, as the counterpart of verse 37, "And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea." Then he warns against retaining a hand, or a foot, or an eye, that might offend by causing its possessor to offend or ensnare any one. The peculiar solemnity with which our Lord gives this warning should receive special attention. He urges the resolution to part with the offending member, by the thrice repeated declaration, that it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands, or two eyes, to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. Then, as if by anticipation, to obviate an objection that might arise from the unquenchableness of the fire, from the annihilation of the fuel, he adds, "For every one," evidently of those that may be so unhappy as to dwell in these everlasting burnings, "shall be salted, or seasoned, with fire, as every sacrifice is seasoned with salt." Having thus referred to the conservative quality of salt, our Lord adds, salt is good: but if the salt have lost its saltiness, wherewith

will ye season it? If men become insipid and vain in their conversation, and have in them no preserving principles of true goodness from becoming more and more corrupt in themselves, they tend to corrupt all around them, and are fitting themselves only to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire. But as to you, preserve salt in yourselves, and maintain peace one with another. Compare Eph. iv. 22, Gal. iv. 6.

Such appears to be the import of our Lord's discourse, in Mark ix. 42, 50. Doubtless, it is an awful representation of the states of the scoffing infidel, who derides true religion, and endeavours to ensnare the souls of humble, fearful disciples, that circumspectly follow Christ—the little ones that believe in him; and of the impenitent and unbelieving who will not have Christ to reign over them. But, is it, in reality, more awful than the general representations of Scripture, against persons of such character, though in terms more appalling? And if the Lord has been pleased, in mercy, to excite our fears, and stimulate our zeal to snatch sinners as brands from the fire, let us tremble to explain away his doctrine and pervert his merciful design. God will assuredly take care that his own glory shall be vindicated, as a just God and Saviour, and we shall be in most entire harmony with this, while we fear before him, and reverently receive his word, and prayerfully endeavour to understand it.

"The other view of Mark ix. 49," at page 302, in your number for August, no doubt contains some true and proper statements, on the figurative import of the word *salt*, as used in the Holy Scriptures; but, as a professed exhibition of our Lord's meaning here, I cannot receive it, (1) because, though salt may, in verse 50, mean the Christian grace of meekness, or spirituality, this does not appear to be its meaning in verse 49, and it cannot, therefore, be allowed to remove all difficulty from the passage. In the former verse, allusion seems to be made to the known natural antiseptic quality of salt, or its tendency to preserve from putrefaction. And, in the 50th verse this same quality appears to be applied figuratively, to a Christian spirit and deportment. Hence, this good quality may be predicated of salt, either literally or figuratively, and in either sense it may be affirmed *salt is good*.

I cannot receive it, (2) because, by an unnatural turn of our Lord's words, it seeks to prejudice the reader against the former "exposition," rather

rather than to convince him that it is erroneous. "Our Saviour," says the writer, "teaches that every one shall be salted with fire, but he surely does not teach that *we must all go to hell*." Certainly not: to prevent this, and to teach and persuade us all to be reconciled to God and go to heaven, was the end for which he became incarnate, and was obedient unto death. And, I ask, could this insinuation, that his words will admit of this idea, be, for a moment, entertained, but by a disingenuous omission of his preceding words? The proposition, though general, must, in all reason, be limited by its subject. See 2 Kings, xix. 35, and many other places.

I cannot receive it, as an exposition of our Lord's meaning, (3) because it does accord not with his preceding words, which it almost entirely passes over, as if they had no existence. In the interpretation of any passage of Scripture, and, indeed, of any other writing, the immediate connexion is surely of more importance than parallelism, which, in the didactic and epistolary parts of the Bible, is often quite fanciful. Now, in this connexion, our Lord had thrice reiterated the awful truth, that in hell "their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched:" then, apparently, as a confirmation of this fearful declaration, he adds, "for every one shall be salted or preserved with fire." If this is confounding the fire with the salt, I ask, who is it that makes this confusion? It should be borne in mind that the God of infinite wisdom and love is also the God of

infinite holiness and justice; and that to harmonize these glorious perfections in the salvation of man, he spared not his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Man is now, by nature, in a perishing condition, without this provision of divine mercy, and if any neglect this great salvation, what must inevitably be the consequence on persons constituted immortal by the blessed Creator? To preserve them from everlasting wrath, would seem to require the counteraction of the laws that he has himself imposed on his creature man. Many miracles of mercy he has wrought to prevent man going down into perdition; but if these be disregarded, it would seem to require another of a different order to prevent the natural result of wilful disobedience.

Whether this is bad divinity, or good, depends on the degree of its accordance with the Scriptures of truth. The Bible, and not human passions, is the true standard of divinity. By our sensitive emotions we may easily be induced to desire that no creature should endure pain, and least of all, the pains of everlasting banishment from the favour of God; but these emotions are not the test of true divinity, nor of what is consistent with the glory of God, in reference to intelligent creatures, who perversely turn away from the only appointed medium of divine mercy. The Judge of all the earth will do right; and let us fear to determine, without the authority of inspired truth, that any plan is not right. J. M.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE REV. J. G. PIKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I beg respectfully, through you, to inform all subscribers to the *Monument* to the late Rev. John Gregory Pike that their contributions will be duly announced in the November number of this Magazine. The committee are anxious those friends who have not yet

responded to their call, should do so at once, in order that the resolution of the Association may be carried into effect before the close of the year.

On behalf of the Committee,

CHARLES STEVENSON, *Treasurer*.

Derby, 22nd Sep. 1859.

APPEAL FOR A NEW CHAPEL AT BERKHAMSTEAD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly permit me in your space for correspondence to make a little addition to the information given in another column, with regard to our effort for the obtainment of a new place of worship.

We have purchased an eligible piece of land, at a reasonable cost, and shall

be glad when we have sufficient means, prudently, to "arise and build."

The time, however, must be at a considerable distance, unless our own efforts be aided by the kind help of our friends in other parts of the denomination.

The amount required, in addition to the sum which may be allowed for the

materials of our present chapel, will be about £1,300 or £1,400. Our intention is to obtain the promise of *half* before we build.

May I now, through the medium of this communication, solicit the generous aid of those, whom a kind Providence has blest with the ability, to help us. Donations of only a few *postage* stamps will be gratefully accepted.

Contributions to the building fund may be sent to the treasurer, Mr. Sanders, or to myself.

Allow me further to add, that the ladies who have been appointed as a committee to manage the bazaar, which it is proposed to have next midsummer, will be thankful

for any fancy or useful articles which may be kindly sent to aid them in their department of labour; these also may be directed to me.

Our friends have commenced operations, and evidently have "a mind to work."

Hoping that this appeal will be successful in bringing a little aid to those who are willing to help themselves, and thanking you for the favour of its insertion in your pages,

I am, dear sir,

Yours most cordially,

J. LAWTON.

Berkhamstead, Herts.,

Sept. 17th, 1859.

Obituary.

JABEZ BURNS SMITH, second son of the Rev. F. Smith, pastor of the General Baptist church, Downton, Wilts., was born in the village of Beeston, near Nottingham, on the 8th of August, 1838.

When about five years of age, circumstances transpired which induced his parents to remove to the town of Sevenoaks, in Kent.

During the period of his boyhood he evinced a shrewdness, a sedateness, and a thirst for the acquisition of knowledge, that hopes were indulged, if his life were spared, he might, under the Divine blessing, become a pious, intelligent, and useful member of society; and the sequel of his short, but honoured career, sufficiently justified the most sanguine expectations.

His happy and inoffensive disposition, combined with an aptness for learning, gained him the universal good-will and admiration of his schoolfellows, and of many other juveniles in the same locality.

Agreeably to his own request, he was permitted to leave home, for London, at the very early age of eleven years, to pursue a secular occupation which presented itself, and which was in unison with his own inclination.

Doubtless, the moral and religious training to which he was accustomed while at home, restrained him from those follies into which many youths, placed in less favoured circumstances have, unhappily, fallen. Nevertheless, his nature was yet depraved; his heart unrenewed, and his character undecided for God. Thus he continued, until the year 1853, when, under the pastoral care and instruction of the Rev. Dr. Burns, his mind

became impressed with enlightened convictions of his fallen and depraved humanity, the necessity of pardon and acceptance through faith in the Redeemer, the renovation of his heart by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and of an unreserved consecration of his life to the service of his Creator.

These convictions deepened with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, until they happily resulted in a Divine transformation, accompanied with an enjoyment pure, spiritual, and abiding. Early in the year 1854 he was admitted, by baptism, into fellowship with the church worshipping in New Church-street, Paddington.

Regarding religion as a vital operative principle, instead of mere form and empty parade, he resolved to make the will of God the only standard of life; and therefore, without delay, essayed to identify himself with the various religious movements connected with the church of which he was a member.

As a devout Christian, a diligent and affectionate sabbath-school teacher, and an occasional and acceptable preacher of the Divine word, he pursued the noiseless and undeviating tenor of his upright way until he became, by affliction, physically incapacitated for all active service.

In the midsummer of last year he shewed symptoms of declining health; and to restore his exhausted energy, he spent a few weeks in Northamptonshire, but the change failed to produce the desired and anticipated effect. In November, he spent a few weeks with his parents at their residence in Wiltshire. He was then a confirmed invalid, and his malady

was discovered to be one of a most dangerous tendency—"diabetes." He availed himself of the best medical aid the locality afforded; and, after a few weeks' treatment, thinking himself much better, would return to his situation in town. He however, gradually, and almost imperceptibly, became weaker, until, at the very urgent solicitations of his friends in London, was induced to proceed early last spring to Matlock, in Derbyshire, to try the hydropathic treatment.

Having remained there for six or seven weeks, without any abatement of his malady, he returned once more to his home, thinking that the pure air of the Wiltshire Downs, and a course of medical treatment, might conduce to his recovery.

His emaciated appearance was truly distressing, and his disease was making more rapid inroads on his otherwise fine constitution.

At the expiration of a few weeks his physician succeeded in materially checking his complaint. Fond hopes were then entertained that he would yet get better. The extreme appetite and thirst, peculiar to his affliction, were corrected, and other symptoms were considerably changed for the better. Although his primary disease had been evidently counteracted, it assumed another form, and one equally dangerous—dropsy. His feet and legs began to swell, and continued to increase until, ultimately, deprived of their use. In addition to the swelling of the legs, there was an extreme debility of the system, a violent and distressing cough, and a difficulty of breathing when in a reclining posture, so that, for weeks, he could neither rest nor sleep but in an upright position. And yet he was always cheerful, and was never heard to utter one word or syllable of impatience or complaint.

On one occasion I said to him, "My dear, the very precarious state of your health will, doubtless, at times, occupy your most serious thoughts, mingled, perhaps, with a degree of painful apprehension. Under such circumstances it will be wise to commit your body, soul, and spirit, into the care and keeping of Him who does all things well, and for his own glory; that under the most disquieting fears, and the most gloomy forebodings, light may arise in your darkness, and great peace and comfort may spring from His promise, who says "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." He replied, Father, I feel assured that all that concerns me will be overruled for the best. At times I do feel cast down, but

on the whole I know that God strengthens me, and wonderfully sustains me. Although afflicted, I have much to be thankful for, and I pray that I may have grace to bear and to endure whatsoever the Lord in his infinite wisdom may see fit to appoint.

On another occasion, I said "My dear, it appears that everything which human ingenuity could suggest has not been wanting in your case, but without the least success. I would, therefore, advise you to dismiss all thoughts of recovery from your mind, and commit yourself fully into the hand of God, that by his grace you may be prepared for an event which appears to be inevitable and not far distant." Undismayed by this address, he answered in a tone of calm tranquillity, "Father, I believe there is no prospect of recovery. I have done as you have suggested—committed myself to God. It is all right."

He loved the house of God, he enjoyed its ordinances, and when no longer able to walk to chapel, he would be taken there in a Bath chair till within a few days of his death.

He was most exemplary in his closet exercises. The Bible was his constant companion by night and by day.

On the last Sunday evening his mother sang a couple of stanzas from Watts' beautiful hymn, commencing with those words, "There is a land of pure delight, &c." The words so inspired him that he requested her to sing a few more verses, little thinking perhaps, that he would be so soon called to enter the blissful region.

Next morning, August 1st., he was much worse; the hectic flush assumed a deeper hue; the breathing was shorter, and the pulsation feebler and more rapid. His medical adviser having left home that morning, it was thought advisable to call in another. He pronounced his case to be hopeless; that besides the water being in the system, his lungs were ulcerated, that he could give him but temporary relief, and that he would not be long here. The presence of a strange doctor caused Jabez to be a little tremulous, but he soon regained his usual composure, was placed comfortably on his couch, talked cheerfully to us, partook of some refreshment, which he said he enjoyed very much, and then read a portion of scripture, after which he took up the "Devotional Christian," and from the page appearing to be very recently turned down, the theme on which he was evidently meditating was, "The Christian triumphing in the approach of death." In a few minutes afterwards, while mother

and I were engaged in the back-yard, his sister came out in haste, and called us to run in to Jabez. We ran in immediately, and I exclaimed "It is death." Yes, the hour of his departure had come. The messenger arrived, but touched him very gently, yet quickly. We had only time to say "Lord Jesus receive his spirit." It was the work of not more than a minute; consciousness continued until the last, although articulation had ceased. A tear strolled down his cheek. He threw himself back in his chair, raised his eyes to heaven, and with his hands crossed fell sweetly and tranquilly asleep in Jesus.

His remains were interred in our chapel yard, on the Friday following, the Rev. J. C. Collier conducting the funeral service; in the course of which he delivered a very appropriate and encouraging address, and on the Sunday evening following, his death was improved to a very full and attentive congregation by Mr. T. Read, Wesleyan, from "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

As a son he was most dutiful and affectionate, his counsel and assistance were ever ready in seasons of trial and difficulty.

As a Christian, his unimpeachable integrity; his unaffected modesty, his swiftness of manner; his tenderness of the reputation of others; in a word, his uniform Christian consistency, endeared him to all who knew him.

Since his death several friends in their letters of sympathy and condolence have testified to the excellence of his character.

One writing from Middleton, Northampton, says, "We may mourn, but we lament not; glory to God be given, who sent him like the radiant bow, across the threatening storm to glow, then vanished into heaven." I esteemed him on account of his simplicity of style and behaviour, and consistency of character, which I admired very much. Those of my friends who knew him both here and at Leicester, are very sorry for the death of one so young and so full of promise.

Another writes, "It is with feelings of unfeigned sympathy I received the painful tidings of your son's death, and pray that you may be divinely supported under the trial, in the sure and certain hope that he is at rest, where there is no sickness nor death. Yours is the great consolation that Jabez is not dead, but liveth, and is only gone before to that rest which remains for the people of God."

Mr. Robinson, his late employer says, "We felt a great interest in your late

son's state of health, and sincerely respected him as did all in our house; his sterling Christian worth was felt and acknowledged by all who knew anything of him. When one considers, Is it a loss to have one so dear to us in heaven? Flesh and blood perhaps faintly say Yes! but the inner man says No! and adds "Bless the Lord O my soul, and all within me bless his holy name."

Another highly esteemed friend, Mrs. Balfour, says, "Late last night to my great grief I heard of your severe affliction in the loss of your dear and estimable son. It is certainly one of those mysteries which try our faith when one so fitted to promote his Lord's work on earth, and so earnest to do his heavenly Master's bidding, is called away in the prime of early manhood; and yet I know, that however fit to do his Lord's will here, he was as fit to enter the assembly of the just made perfect in heaven. We all loved him and honoured him as a lovely instance of piety, and intelligence, and prayed that a long career of usefulness might be before him. But he ran the race so swiftly, no wonder that he so soon reached the shining goal. If life be measured by the way talents are employed, your dear son's life has neither been short, nor incomplete. He attained all that the longest life could secure to its possessor—holiness here—glory there."

Thus lived and thus died our dear departed son, in the twenty-first year of his age; and with all his imperfections I cannot but say in the review of his short but triumphant career, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

F. SMITH.

P.S. Allow me to add to this statement that I never knew a more exemplary, devoted, youthful Christian than Jabez B. Smith. From his profession of religion to the day of his death, he was one source of joy to my soul. I had hoped that he would have been spared to be an eminent minister of the gospel, of which he gave such bright and cheering indications; but as "ripe fruit" he has been gathered to appear before the Lord, in the upper sanctuary. I rejoice to hear that a younger brother is following in his steps, both of personal piety and Christian usefulness.

His sun how brightly it did shine,
With light so heavenly and divine;
But lo! it goeth down so soon,
And disappears before 'tis noon;
It sets on this our mortal shore
To rise in heaven, and set no more;
'Mid kindred suns in cloudless light
It now shines forth more pure, more bright.
J. Buans, D.D.

SARAH BENTLEY was the third daughter of Mr. Miles Bentley, one of the deacons of the General Baptist Church, Birchcliffe; she was born at Rose House in Wadsworth, Oct. 9th, 1827. Circumstances in her case were favourable for religious impressions; her parents were both pious, by whom she was early instructed in the fear of the Lord. When able, was sent to the Sabbath school, and there had the privilege of listening to the counsels and exhortations of the late Rev. H. Hollinrake, who, every Lord's-day morning, was accustomed to address the children, and give them some passage of scripture to be used as their prayer for the ensuing week, and upon which they were questioned the following Sabbath; to which practice many ascribed their conversion, and every year additions more or less were made from the Sabbath-school to the church. The circumstances in which she were placed were, therefore, favourable for the reception of the truth—hence in her experience to the church, she said, "My privileges have been greater and more numerous than many enjoy at my age; my parents have long been members with you, so that I have been brought up in the way that I should go, and have been kept from the path of the wicked." When about fourteen years of age, two of her sisters began to attend the "experience meeting," and though younger than they, she felt a desire to go with them, but being of a modest retiring disposition, had not the courage to make her wishes known, but ultimately, through the earnest exhortations of her pastor, she, with others of her companions in the same school, agreed to attend the "experience meeting," and was afterwards baptized when about sixteen years old; from that period to the time of her departure from this life, she conducted herself as became a disciple of the Lord Jesus. She brought no disgrace on her profession; she caused no uneasiness of mind to the church by a disorderly walk and conversation. While discipline had to be exercised upon some, it was never necessary for her; and though not without imperfections, yet an early reception of the truth secured her from the contraction of those habits, which many who seek religion in later years find so hard and difficult to overcome; the means of grace were much enjoyed by her; and, however weary and fatigued by the labours of the day, she was ever forward to attend the meetings for prayer and spiritual instruction, and to quote her own words, "often returned home rejoicing." As a member of the church

she took a deep interest in its welfare, and as a teacher in the Sabbath-school, made herself useful in the cause of Christ. As a daughter, she was dutiful and affectionate, diligent and industrious, a lover of home. Instead of being a source of grief and anxiety and care to her parents, she was a source of comfort and consolation. In her vocation she secured the respect and esteem of her employer who said, "she was one who was diligent at her work and minded well her own business." About five years before her death, she with her parents removed to Halifax, but still retained her connexion with the Birchcliffe church, under the pastorate of the Rev. J. B. Lockwood, by whose ministrations, as well as those of his predecessor she had profited, and as long as health permitted, sat down with her brethren and sisters at that place, to commemorate the dying love of the Saviour. For the last few years her health began to decline, and ultimately symptoms of consumption made their appearance; gradually she became weaker and weaker, and at times her sufferings were very great, but she bore all with Christian fortitude and resignation; no murmuring escaped from her lips. It was her prayer that she might be supported in her affliction, and she did not pray in vain, for she was enabled to exclaim,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

and again, "The Lord is my shepherd," "Heaven is my home," "Come, Lord Jesus, and fetch my soul away," "My Jesus has done all things well." Before her departure, she earnestly requested her brothers and sisters to meet her in heaven, and on June 25th, 1859, sweetly fell asleep, in the thirty-second year of her age, having adorned her Christian profession for the space of sixteen years. Her death was improved by her pastor, July 10, 18..9, from Phil. i. 23.

WILLIAM BAMFORD, the son of Abraham Bamford, was born at Brown Hill, near Burnley, in April, 1789. In early life he came to reside in the town of Burnley, when he commenced business, and by great industry and good management, obtained a competency for old age. He attended the ministry of the Rev. T. Gill, and was baptized by him, March 17th, 1839. He was a consistent, useful, and esteemed member of the church for twenty years. He died in Jesus, April 19th, 1859, and was interred at the Burnley cemetery, April 23rd. His

funeral sermon was preached by his pastor. from Rev. xiv. 13

AGNES BAMFORD was the daughter of William Kirkham, and wife of the above. She was born June 2nd, 1789. She was baptized by the Rev. H. Asten, Sept. 18th, 1831, and was a beloved member of the

church twenty-seven years. She died on June 11th, 1859, only surviving her husband seven weeks, and was interred at the Burnley cemetery, June 14th. Her death was improved by her minister from the words, "But then shall I know, even as also I am known;" 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE met at Cinder Bank, Netherton, on Monday, September 12th, 1859. From the reports received it appeared that seven had been baptized since the last Conference. The business in the afternoon related chiefly to the church at Cradley Heath. The secretary stated that, in accordance with the resolution passed at the last Conference, he had written to Cradley Heath to inquire what was the nature of the transference in contemplation, and what were the provisions of the trust-deed of the chapel, but as yet he had received no reply. Several friends present gave information upon the question. No steps, it seemed, had ever been taken by the church of Cradley Heath, or by any one with the authority, or at the request of the church at Cradley Heath, to transfer the chapel to the other section of the Baptists. There had been some talk of such a step in consequence of a secession by a number of persons from a Particular Baptist church in the neighbourhood, but it was found that the trustees held the chapel on behalf of the General Baptists, and that the sanction of the denomination, as well as the trustees, would be necessary to such a transference. The friends at Cradley are few and not wealthy. The chapel debt is £270; and the interest of £12 15s., with other expenses, they find it difficult to pay. The Netherton friends are at present assisting them. Cradley Heath is a populous neighbourhood, and it was thought it would be a pity that the chapel should be closed. Since the Netherton friends had taken the matter in hand the congregations had somewhat increased, and the school now numbers upwards of fifty scholars.

It was resolved:—That the church at Cradley Heath be recommended to continue to avail themselves of the help of the friends at Netherton, both in respect to the services of the Sabbath, and the

general management of their affairs. An interesting conversation then took place upon the subjects which are to come before the Special Connexion Meeting, at Leicester, on the day after the Midland Conference.

It was agreed to hold the next Conference at Walsall, on the second Monday in January, 1860, and the Rev. W. Chapman, of Longford was appointed to preach.

But few of the churches were represented at this Conference, but the attendance of the Netherton friends was as large as could be expected. The secretary was the only delegate present from any church not in the "black country." The secretary was the only minister present from all the churches. The secretary preached in the morning, and presided at the business meeting in the afternoon. The secretary closed the Conference with prayer.

THOMAS GOADBY, Secretary.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Boston, on Thursday, September 8th, 1859. In the morning, brother Shaw (Independent) read and prayed, and brother Hester preached from Acts iv. chap. 31, 32. In the afternoon, from the written or verbal reports that were presented from some of the churches, we learned that twenty-eight had been baptized since the last Conference, and that twenty-four remained candidates for baptism.

It was a matter of regret that an unusual number of churches did not send either reports or representatives.

The friends at Whittlesea, having again sought the advice of the Conference, it was resolved:—That we still advise them to obtain a suitable minister as soon as possible; and meanwhile, to procure the best supplies they can; and that we request the secretary of the Conference to assist them in their endeavours to procure supplies. Several of the brethren present

engaged to preach for them one Sabbath each, during the ensuing quarter.

Resolved:—That the following list of places, at which it is proposed the Conference shall be holden, be printed in the Magazine, and that it be adopted or amended at the next Conference.

1860. Bourne, March, Long Sutton, Wisbeach.

1861. Holbeach, Spalding, Gosberton, Fleet.

1862. Pinchbeck, Peterborough, Tydd-St. Giles, Whittlesea.

A question having been asked as to whether the church at Lincoln is actually

extinct, it was resolved:—That the secretary be requested to write to Mr. Mitton, of Lincoln, to ascertain the precise state of the General Baptist church in that city.

That the next Conference be held at Sutterton, on Thursday, December 8th, and that brother Mathews be requested to preach in the morning.

In the evening, a deeply interesting Home Missionary Meeting was held, in which brethren Wood, Boyden, (Methodist,) J. A. Jones, Hester, and the secretary, took part.

THOMAS BARRASS, Secretary.

BAPTISMS.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Lord's-day evening, August 28th, Mr. Cheate baptized four persons, who were added to the church on the following Sabbath. Two of the candidates were teachers, and two were scholars in our Sunday schools.

J. S. C.

LOUTH, Northgate—Five persons were baptized in this place on Sunday, August 28th. An appropriate sermon was preached by the pastor, after which Mr. Burton offered fervent prayer, and administered the sacred ordinance.

PETERBORO'.—On Lord's-day, Sept. 4th, three candidates were baptized in the General Baptist Chapel, Peterboro', and were all received into the church.

LONGTON, First Church.—Sept. 15th four persons were baptized by the Rev. J. W. Freckleton, at Stoke-on-Trent.

RUSHALL, Wilts.—On Sunday, Sept. 4th, a baptism of two persons took place in the river Avon, running through a meadow adjoining the chapel, and kindly lent for the purpose. After a suitable discourse by Mr. White, the minister, from Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, he immersed the candidates, man and wife, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The greatest decorum prevailed. We have several hopeful inquirers. The newly baptized "were admitted to communion with the church in the afternoon. May the good Lord still send prosperity.

J. D.

CROWLE, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. Thos. Lovekin baptized three persons here during the past month; two of them reside at Belton, a small village four miles from here. Our meetings are very full, and the Lord is blessing His work amongst us.

SAWLEY.—On Lord's-day, Sept. 11th, six persons were baptized in the river Trent, by Mr. Stenson. An appropriate baptismal sermon was preached in the morning, previous to the rite being administered, by the Rev. W. Underwood, tutor of the college. In the afternoon, the newly-baptized were received into fellowship. May they be faithful to their high calling.

RIPLEY, Derbyshire.—On Lord's-day, June 5th, three candidates were baptized and received into church fellowship; the oldest of these more than eighty years of age, and the youngest seventeen.—On Lord's-day, Sept. 4th, eight more were baptized and received into church fellowship; five of these are young men from our Sabbath-school.

R. A.

MACCLESFIELD.—On Lord's-day, May 1st, eight persons publicly put on Christ, by baptism; and Sept. 4th, three more followed their Lord through the baptismal waters, after an appropriate and convincing sermon by our pastor, founded on Psalm cxix. 32, to a numerous and attentive audience; all the baptized, with two others restored, have been received into the church. May they continue to the end.

J. H.

OPENINGS.

OPENING OF WELLINGTON-ROAD CHAPEL, TOWNMORDEN.—On Whit-Tuesday, June 14th, 1859, two sermons were preached in the General Baptist Chapel, Wellington-road, by the Rev. W. Walters, of Halifax. On the following Lord's-day, June 19th,

three sermons were preached in the above chapel: in the morning by the Rev. T. Smith, of Belper; and in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. John Batey, of Rochdale.

ROCHDALE.—*Opening of Harriott-street Chapel.*—On Lord's day, August 28th, 1859, three sermons were preached on the above occasion, in the morning, by the Rev. W. F. Burchell, (P.B.) in the afternoon, by the Rev. E. C. Lewis, of Lady Huntingdon's connexion, and in the evening, by the Rev. J. Batey, minister of the place. A fourth sermon was preached on the Tuesday evening following, by the Rev. C. Garrett, Wesleyan. The chapel is a neat brick edifice, measuring 16 yards by

11, and is capable, without galleries, or accommodating upwards of 300 people. It has a baptistry in front of the pulpit, and in the rear of the chancel there are vestries for baptismal and other purposes. The total cost, exclusive of the ground, will be about £400. The congregations were all good, and the collections exceeded our expectations. A Sabbath school was opened on September 3rd, with about 100 scholars. May it prove a nursery to this infant cause. J. B. R.

ANNIVERSARIES.

NEW FLETON.—On Lord's day, September 11th, the anniversary services of the General Baptist Chapel, New Fletton, near Peterborough, were holden, when Mr. Murray Independent, preached in the afternoon, and Mr. Barrass, in the evening. On the following Tuesday 100 persons sat down to tea, the trays being gratuitously furnished. After tea a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by Mr. Murray, Mr. Ashworth, Primitive Methodist, Mr. Rendell, Reform Methodist, and Mr. Barrass. The amount realized by collections and tea was £12, thus reducing the debt to £225.

FORNCETT.—We had our harvest thanksgiving tea meeting, Sept. 5th. Very large attendance in the afternoon, and a crowded chapel in the evening. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Sturtard, from Castleacre, and other brethren. On Thursday, Sept. 8th, we had a similar gathering at Moulton; Mr. Lee, from Yarmouth, and other brethren, addressed the meeting; it was the best of the kind we have had. Good is doing. We shall have a baptism soon. G. M.

STALYBRIDGE.—On Sept. 3rd, we held our ninth annual tea meeting, for the liquidation of the debt on our chapel. The profits of the tea, together with donations, amounted to £24 11s. 6d., making the total sum realised from these meet-

ings over £300. After tea our esteemed pastor, the Rev. John Sutcliffe, took the chair, and delivered a most affectionate and encouraging address; calling to remembrance the many solemn changes which have taken place since the commencement of his labours amongst us, in the year 1844. Some were deeply affected, and all were forcibly reminded that "part of" our "host have crossed the flood." Upon the least reference to our late beloved friend, Mr. J. Brooks, many were moved to tears, for he was a great man, and a prince amongst us; the valued and attached friend of his pastor and people, and an incessantly active Christian man for 38 years; but, being fully prepared for holier society than ours, his Master took him to enjoy it. Several of the brethren afterwards addressed the audience. The meeting was one of the most interesting we have ever held. J. H.

WOLVEY.—On the 21st of August, the fifty-fifth anniversary of this school was held—a day of holy pleasure and enjoyment. Rev. C. Burrows, of Walsall, preached. Congregations large: many were unable to gain admittance. Collections, £17 7s. 9d. J. K.

[Rev. C. Burrows is open to an engagement with any other General Baptist Church, his connection with the church at Walsall having ceased.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT BERKHAMSTEAD.—On Tuesday, August 23rd, a tea meeting was held to inaugurate the movement for the erection of a new place of worship in connection with the General Baptist cause in this town. After tea a public meeting was held, and encouragement was given to the project in addresses by the Revs. C. Bailhache, W. Emery, T. D. Jones,

A. Dyson, W. Hodge, J. J. Steinitz, and J. Lawton. By a combination of changes the locality of the present chapel, never a very good one, has, for some time past, been getting worse, and is at times unhealthy and offensive; even on the day of the meeting the thing spoke for itself, so as to lead some of the brethren to express themselves very decidedly as to

the necessity of the change proposed. More school accommodation is also greatly needed, but the friends have, for some time, felt that they would not be justified in making additional room by building on the present site. These, with other considerations, have led the church to decide upon an attempt to erect, on a better site, a more commodious chapel,

and larger school-rooms. Subscriptions have been promised by a few leading friends. Collecting cards have been issued, and it is also proposed to have a bazaar; to prepare for which a Ladies' Working Society is in active operation, and to superintend which, a committee of management has been appointed.

L. J. B.

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

"THE whirligig time brings round its revenges," or rather, Providence, that moves the whirligig. More than three centuries and a half ago, Pope Alexander the Sixth, in a fit of singular generosity, issued bulls, wherein it was pompously announced that he gave the new world (not yet known as South America,) and all its inhabitants to the Catholic sovereign of Castile, Ferdinand, and Isabella, and to their heirs for ever! Now we read in Mexican newspapers, that Juarez, like another "bluff Hall," has decreed the confiscation of the entire property of the Romish church, in that part of South America; the sale of all the convents, a hundred and fifty, to the highest bidder, and the dispersion of their inmates! But Popery never rests. Beaten in Mexico, she is planting her system in the isles of the Pacific. Hawaii has just been visited by ten nuns, the nucleus of a conventional establishment, who belong, forsooth, to the "order of the sacred heart of Jesus!" Meanwhile, the Italian Wolsey is deposed from his office, and the police in Rome are busy tearing placards from the walls detailing Antonelli's villanies; and nearer home, the Irish bishop of Kerry employs his leisure in "blessing bells." What a popish farce.

English clergymen are breaking through Episcopal proprieties with a vengeance. In St. George's, East, London, the curate of Stepney, a Mr. Jennings, officiates for the Puseyite rector, Bryan King, and wears a large black beard and moustache; while in Leicester, a clergyman of the neighbourhood preaches for a Calvinistic Baptist chapel in the New Hall; and another in Wales preaches in a chapel of the Calvinist Methodist's, his curate opening the service; and the bishop of London, after preaching in an omnibus yard,

officiates in a workhouse. Notable men, all of them, each in their own way.

The two most prominent events among the congregational dissenters are, the opening of the new Baptist College, at Rawden, near Bradford, Stowell Brown and Baptist Noel assisting at the inauguration, and the autumnal meeting of the Independents at Aberdare, in Wales, of which Dr. Legge, of Leicester, was chairman.

The revival is spreading. Ireland no longer enjoys a monopoly. Western Scotland and Wales have caught the religious fervour, and reproduce some of its excrescences. Shame to the men who stimulate the popular craving for "physical manifestations," and so help the devil to destroy God's work. Hysteria may affect weak women; but the world will be converted by far different weapons, "the words of truth and soberness."

GENERAL.

The new Chinese war and the explosion on board the Great Eastern, startled England from her quietness on the same day. It is evident the Chinese have no great preference for John Bull, and that the treaty was never meant to be kept. Why not try some other way with the Celestials? Punished they must be, for their perfidy; but let justice be tempered with mercy, and England will surely be the gainer. Six lives have been sacrificed on board the Great Eastern, to what was everybody's business and nobody's. Universal regret now follows close upon the heels of universal triumph; and, to add deeper tinge to our sadness, the great Brunel, whose ingenious brain planned the Leviathan, is stricken down in death by overwork, before he could witness the first successful voyage of his monster ship.—Bradford and Gloucester have been passing through the excitement of great musical festivals.—The respite of the no-

torious convict, Smethurst, is a great relief to the public mind, not because he is not verily guilty, but because his guilt is "not proven."—The British Association has been held at Aberdeen—Two literary sars have fallen, and are now quenched in darkness. Leigh Hunt and Sir James Stephen: the first, a contemporary with Byron, Shelley, Charles Lamb, and Coleridge, and a personal friend of all; and the second, well-known as the professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge, and author of "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography," and "Lectures on the History of France." We shall rejoice to hear that other lectures are found among Sir James' papers sufficiently matured to warrant publication.

The great French conjurer, Louis Napoleon, has played no new trick; but the conference between Leopold and he, two reserved and wily men, may yet startle us with some political legerdemain, and the Chinese disaster will very likely be made a fresh means of regaining favour with Britain by rivalry in arms. Louis Blanc and Victor Hugo refuse the amnesty offered. They know full well that their return to a country shorn of its liberty, will only be like thrusting their heads in the lion's mouth.—The people of the Italian duchies have shown themselves worthy of freedom. Order, constitutionalism, and liberty they

will have—not their Austrian rulers.—Cape colony is robbed of a popular and valuable governor, Sir George Grey, by the unblushing nepotism of Lord Derby. We shall never have done with this nefarious conduct in otherwise great men till the voice of the people rings with a clearer note in the hall of St. Stephen's. All honour to the Manchester school, who amid obloquy and temporary disgrace, have kept on in their patriotic endeavours to secure this desirable consummation.—Abdul Medjid, the Sublime Porte, has been in danger from the hand of an assassin; and, ("tell it not in Gath!") his seraglio holds one less than formerly, for an opera-singer has eloped with the Sultan's eight hundredth wife!

The harvest does not appear so generally abundant as was at first anticipated; but cheap bread is still possible for the winter. Harvests have been unusually heavy in the Canadas and the United States. Irish papers deny that the potato disease has again made its appearance, and declare that the crops were never better and never healthier. The disastrous war in Lombardy has done such injury to mulberry-trees, that many years will transpire before Italian silk will become plentiful and cheap; and Greek currants, familiarly known as "grocers' currants," will be scarce, the heavy rains having nearly destroyed the crops.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 6th, at Broad-street chapel, Nottingham, by Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., Mr. Rupert Baldwin, grocer, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of Henry Mallet, Esq., lace manufacturer, Sherwood Rise.

Sept. 8th, at Islington chapel, by Rev. B. S. Hollis, assisted by Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., of Coventry, Cromwell C. Goadby, Esq., of 20, Thornhill-square, London, to Clarissa Ann, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Spiers, Esq.

Sept. 15th, at Northgate Chapel, Louth, by Rev. W. Orton, assisted by Rev. J. Burton, Mr. S. R. Ebbet, youngest son of Capt. Ebbet, to Mary, oldest daughter of the late Geo. Middleton, Esq.

Sept. 16th, at the Baptist Chapel, Bourne, Mr. W. H. Smith, to Sarah Measures, of Deeping St James; and at the same time, Mr. J. Smith, to Mary Ann Measures.

DEATHS.

July 8th, at Calcutta, of abscess of the liver, Rev. A. F. Lacroix, for thirty-eight years a most devoted, useful, and honoured missionary of the London Missionary Society.

July 28th, suddenly, at Kirkee, Bombay, the Venerable the Archdeacon Francis C. S. Reynolds, after a cheerful and most devoted service in the presidency, aged 44.

Aug. 22nd, at Spalding, aged 58, Mrs. Mary Thompson, widow of the late Rev. J. Thompson, minister of Market Harb'ro'. Her last affliction was painful, mentally and bodily; but through her faith in Jesus, she is now "inheriting the promises."

Sept. 3rd, after a few hours' illness, Ann, the beloved wife of Mr. Robert Seals, lace manufacturer, Nottingham, aged 43.

Sept. 4th, at Glasgow, Rev. J. C. George, late missionary in India, after a long and severe illness, aged 56.

Missionary Observer.

DELIVERANCE ACKNOWLEDGED.

From the Friend of India, July 28.

AFFLAVIT DEUS ET DISSIPATI SUNT.—From a hundred restored churches and a thousand rescued homes there rises to-day a thanksgiving to God for a mercy such as history has rarely to record. Never, certainly, since the Armada shattered itself to pieces on the Orkneys, has God so visibly wrought deliverance for men of English strain. The Indian world recognizes the valour and the strength of Sir John Lawrence, Sir Robert Montgomery, Colonel Edwardes, General Nicholson, and fifty others, by whose agency the empire and its rulers were alike preserved, and the recognition is just and wise. But credit, as they have been the first to acknowledge, is due to them as instruments alone. The task to be accomplished was beyond the power of man. Scarcely two years ago, a ruling race, numbering soldier and citizen less than twenty thousand men, found itself on trial for its life. Against them were a hundred thousand of their own trained soldiers, and fifty thousand of their allies. Around them were forty millions of Pagans craving for slaughter, ripping up children, proclaiming in word and act that victory was valueless unless secured by extermination. All the defensible cities of the region had been lost. All the accessible arsenals were in the insurgents' hands. All means of communication, save by armies or by spies, were at an end. The rulers of the land had been and remained stricken with foolishness. No great soldier was present to guide or concentrate their feeble strength. No help from without could be expected for five long months. Within there was no ally save Him to whom to-day we turn in thankfulness. To all eyes not blinded, or cleared by faith in the protection of the Almighty, it seemed that the British rule in the North West was about to be wiped out in blood. And still without help from the ruling power, without any one change in circumstances, while the hate of the soldiery remained as inveterate as ever, and the people were still eager for plunder and blood, the expectant victims were delivered. Man after man started up able to cope with the events around, because willing to ascribe to God the glory of success. A ruler careless of all that God-fearing Englishmen love, gave abso-

lute power to Puritans. A race of heathen but just conquered, replanted the christian power. Mussulman mountaineers, never quiet since Alexander's retreat, became docile soldiers for the sovereign they were educated to defy. Wherever a leader was wanted he appeared. Wherever time was all important, the few hours essential to victory were given. Had Delhi fallen a week later, or had Sir Colin Campbell delayed his return to Cawnpore by a single day? The trained courage of the sepoy so often vaunted by Englishmen was turned to cowardice. His inscrutable guile seemed throughout the contest simple foolishness. Never once did a native force remain victors on the field. Never once was a native plan successful for aught but the murder of the defenceless. Amidst millions in arms not one great leader was permitted to arise. Amidst catastrophes, continued daily for six months, not one was permitted to affect the vitals of our power. And now, after two years of incessant battle, the empire is regained. There is again security through all the provinces of India. Enemies almost countless have disappeared. Every army sent against us has been destroyed. Every kingdom in insurrection has been subdued. Every town lost has been retaken. Every fortress seized is reoccupied by British soldiers. Our power to do and to omit is tripled; and the course of civilization, barred for a moment, is once more made clear. If these things be not of God, under whose rule is earth?

It may be well to recall to-day our position in July, 1857, if only to repress that feeling of hopelessness which is creeping over the land. The aspect of affairs may be dark enough. There is weakness in all high places, and class hatred among all below. Precaution for the future is despised as much as gratitude for the past. Every opportunity offered is missed, every mischief subverted is set up once more. Every evil is tolerated if it can but plead that it is also idolatrous, that it is as offensive to God as injurious to man. Still nothing is worse than in 1857. It is hard amidst all we see to possess our souls in patience, but it is not more impossible now that India should be wisely governed, than it was in 1857, that India should be saved.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT CUTTACK.

THURSDAY, the 28th of July, was appointed by the Government of India as a day for "a solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the restoration of peace and tranquillity to the Queen's dominions in India," and "His Excellency in Council invited all Her Majesty's christian subjects to join in a humble offering of gratitude and praise to Almighty God, for the many mercies vouchsafed to them." We all strongly felt the propriety and importance of such an observance: for we called upon God, in the day of our adversity, and blessed be His name, He did not turn away our prayer, nor His mercy from us. Such signal mercies and protection as we have enjoyed can never be forgotten, but will, to our dying day, be remembered with warmest emotions of thankfulness. It was to us at Cuttack a very exciting and interesting day; and I trust we could say that the Lord was with us of a truth. In the morning we attended the Church service. I had not been to Church for about twelve years, but I must say, that it appeared to me exceedingly becoming that such mercies as we had received in common should be *unitedly* acknowledged, and it appeared in the same light to the other brethren. I believe it would have a good effect on the natives. It was gratifying to see so large an attendance. Some of the prayers were very suitable.

"And now, O Lord, give us grace, not to forget Thy visitation, but to labour more zealously for Thy glory in this land to which Thou hast called us. Teach us that we are here not to seek our own advantage, but to shew forth Thy glory, and to impart to others the blessings which we have received from Thee. Save us from indolence and luxury, from selfishness and arrogance, from covetousness and hardness of heart, from lukewarmness and indifference in our christian calling."

One petition was thought by some to be objectionable, "O Lord forgive the sins which we *and our forefathers have committed*," and such a prayer is no doubt liable to be misapprehended; but I should understand it in the same sense as such a text as Leviticus xxvi. 39, 40. When God punishes for sin *in this life*, he often visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, when the children pursue the same wicked course. All could heartily join in the prayer,

"May those who know the Lord Jesus Christ, be filled with the fruits of righteousness, and may those who know Him not be brought to hear His voice, that there may be one fold and one shepherd."

The sermon by the Rev. H. H. Harington, chaplain of the station, was founded on Isaiah lii. 7. "How beautiful upon the mountains," &c., and contained many appropriate and excellent remarks.

In the afternoon, we had a thanksgiving service for our native christians, and the attendance was unusually large. Three of the native preachers, Rama Chuudra, Jagoo Roul, and Thoma offered thanksgiving and prayer, and I delivered a short address from Psalm cxvi. 7, and 12. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul," &c. It was a very pleasing service, and the native brethren acquitted themselves exceedingly well. Gunga would have taken part, but was suffering at the time from fever. He is now better. A very appropriate hymn composed by Makunda Das, on the duty of christians to the government, was sung with a good deal of spirit. It was founded on Rom. xiii., and designed to shew that the chief ruler was the minister of God to us for good. Orissa's condition under former rulers and under a christian government was contrasted, and reference made to the perfect religious liberty we enjoy. I assure you we *did* sing one verse

"God be gracious to our governors,
Long live the great Queen Victoria!
May her kingdom prosper and be in peace."

And the hymn closed most fitly with "Orissa's prayer for the increase of Christ's kingdom. "Prayer also shall be made for Him, and daily shall He be praised."

We had English service in the evening, and it was very encouraging to see so large a congregation, and to notice some who had never been to the mission chapel before. I preached from Psalm xcvi. and xcix. 1. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble." These words were much on my mind in those days of adversity and peril which have happily passed away; and I endeavoured from them to expound the solemn lessons suggested by the terrible events through which we have passed. The attention was very marked. Such was the thanksgiving-day at Cuttack. J. B.

LETTER FROM MISS BUTLER TO REV. G. CHEATLE, OF BIRMINGHAM.

THE object of my writing is to give some information regarding the little girl Rebecca, supported by you in the Cuttack female school. You are perhaps aware that she was picked up in the Piplee bazaar, when an infant, by one of the Piplee christians, and subsequently brought to the asylum. She is now about nine years of age, interesting and amiable of disposition. She is progressing satisfactorily in reading and writing. I do not think there is a child in the school, her age, who recites her lessons with more accuracy, or who retains a greater portion of the Sabbath's sermons for repetition at school on the Monday morning. Her attention is very pleasing. When I have opportunity to take her class, her little black eyes sparkle with delight, and she fixes them upon me apparently afraid of losing a word. She delights to hear of Jesus and His love to children, and I trust she will be early brought to confide in Him for salvation. It encourages us to know that the patrons of our charge pray for their salvation. I hope those who contribute to the support of Rebecca do this, and that they will be rewarded by her growing up a pious and devoted girl. I must add that she sews and knits nicely.

I trust the mission cause enjoys a large

share of the sympathy and interest of your church. I have heard it remarked that the missionary spirit is the best spirit that can pervade a church. That when there is a feeling of anxiety for the salvation of souls abroad, there is a greater earnestness for the salvation of souls at home. This is a natural result. "He that watereth others, shall be watered himself." I am writing from Pooree—the head-quarters of satan. My object in coming was to enjoy rest and relaxation from duty, and have the benefit of the cool refreshing sea-breezes during this most trying month. The festival in honor of bathing the idol—the great Jagannath—is now being held; it lasts twenty-one days. Mr. Taylor has attended daily, accompanied by several of the native preachers and witnessed for Christ. Frequently have they returned exhausted with the efforts they have made to be heard above the shouts and opposing abuse of their congregations. Sometimes Mr. Taylor has appeared quite overcome by the opposition they have met with, and by the scornful conduct of the brahmins, as they have turned and said, "Jesus Christ, who is he?" Oh that they may soon know who he is, not as the avenging judge, but as the loving Saviour, who came to seek and save the lost.

DEATH OF THE REV. A. F. LACROIX, OF CALCUTTA.

THE visit paid by the Rev. A. F. Lacroix and his son-in-law, the Rev. Joseph Mullens, to the stations in Orissa, about ten years ago, has often been spoken of with special interest; and owing to it, their names have become familiar to the supporters of our mission. Intelligence has been recently received of the decease of Mr. Lacroix. The following announcement of the mournful event is taken from the *Patriot*.

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of this eminent missionary, who, after an illness of two months' duration, finished his earthly course at Calcutta, on the 8th of July, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was the oldest missionary in Northern India, having gone out there in connexion with the Netherlands Missionary Society in 1821; and seven years afterwards, when that Society determined on confining their operations to the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and abandoned their station

at Chinsurah, Mr. Lacroix—having made himself master of Bengali—expressed a wish to remain, and joined the London Missionary Society with the entire approval of the Dutch committee. His labours were exclusively in the vernacular. He is allowed on all hands to have been for thirty years the best Bengali preacher in the whole country; and his discourses both to christians and heathens have contributed immensely to spread the large amount of christian knowledge which prevails throughout the province of Beu-

gal. His personal religious character was of the highest order, and acquired universal respect. His large-hearted catholicity led him to seek friendship and christian-communion with believers, and especially missionaries of various denominations; and both by example and precept he did much to increase and maintain the practical union existing between the agents and members of the several missionary societies in India. He was trusted, honoured, and beloved amongst them all, and the high regard in which the London Missionary Society is held in Northern India, was built, to a large extent, upon the high character which he, its oldest missionary, maintained so long. His alarming illness, which began at the end of May, excited universal sympathy, and called forth unceasing prayers in every church and chapel of every denomination. His dying interviews with old friends—as Dr. Duff, Mr. Wenger, Mr. Wylie, and others—were affecting in the extreme; and strong men left his room weeping like children, “sorrowing most for the words that he spoke, that they should see his face no more.” His funeral was the largest which the city of Calcutta has seen for many years. Christians of all churches, including the Bishop of Calcutta, Archdeacon Pratt, and numerous ministers and missionaries, with a large number of the native christians from the society’s stations, gathered round his grave. The Rev. T. Hardman, chaplain of the Scotch church, the Rev. Dr. Duff, and the Rev. J. Wenger, of the Baptist Mission, undertook the burial service, reading the scriptures, and offering prayer in the English and native tongues. The death of Mr. Lacroix is a great loss to the Society and to the Mission, in which his eminently wise judgment, his warm affection, and his devoted zeal, have had great influence for many years. He leaves a widow and two daughters in Calcutta; his eldest daughter, Mrs. Mullens, being at present in England.

The Calcutta correspondent of *The News of the Churches*, under date of July 9th, writes—

I spoke in my last letter of the dangerous illness of our much-loved and greatly honoured missionary, the Rev. A. F. Lacroix. It pleased Him, whose he was, and whom he served, to take him to his rest yesterday. He passed away without suffering, conscious almost to the last, the object of universal love and admiration, the very model of a faithful christian missionary. I have known many die in this field of labour, some of them

very eminent men, like the late venerable Bishop; and others in the midst of life and usefulness, like Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Weitbrecht; but I have never known any one whose death excited deeper sorrow. It may be said of Mr. Lacroix emphatically, that he “finished his course with joy.” Some men have outlived usefulness, influence, and reputation; but he, to the last, had “a good report of all men, and of the truth itself;” and to the hour of his fatal seizure, was engaged with cheerful alacrity in his accustomed labour. With rare powers of mind he had equally rare simplicity; while his unaffected kindness, his sagacity in counsel, his extensive knowledge of the people, his long experience as a missionary of thirty-eight years’ almost uninterrupted service, his unequalled gifts as a vernacular preacher, his lively charity, his genuine piety, his zeal, his faith, his holiness, constrained all men to love and to respect him.

Several times during his illness I was reminded of a remarkable passage in the sermon of Andrew Fuller, on one of the best and brightest examples of holiness England ever saw—Samuel Pearce, of Birmingham—and it has struck me as singularly applicable to the beloved friend who has now been taken from us: “By the grace of God he was what he was, and to the honour of grace, and not to the glory of a sinful worm, be it recorded. Like all other men he was the subject of a depraved nature. He felt it, and he lamented it, and longed to depart that he might be free from it; but, certainly, we have seldom seen a character, taking him altogether, whose excellencies were so many and so uniform, and whose imperfections were so few. We have seen men rise high in contemplation who have abounded but little in action; we have seen zeal mingled with bitterness, and candour degenerate into indifference; experimental religion mixed with a large portion of enthusiasm, and what is called rational religion, void of everything that interests the heart of man; we have seen splendid talents tarnished with insufferable pride, seriousness with melancholy, cheerfulness with levity, and great attainments in religion with uncharitable consciousness towards brethren of low degree; but we have not seen these things in our brother Pearce.” This is a true picture. It represents him who has gone, and a character more attractive of affection, more honourable to the christian profession, more adapted to secure influence, more conspicuously illustrative of the power of the gospel, cannot be conceived.

LETTER FROM REV. W. BAILEY.

Berhampore, June 22, 1859.

THIS is the time of your annual convocation, and as this is Wednesday, the day on which your attention will be especially turned to India, you will not be surprised when I tell you that home thoughts, associations, and affections are predominant with us to-day. How grateful would it be to us, after a year's labour and toil, in this land of cruelty and darkness, could we appear in your midst as the representatives from the churches in the East! As you meet this year at Derby, I have no doubt you will have a *glorious meeting*, for Derby is famed in the annals of General Baptist history for its large and interesting Associations. May you have much of the Divine presence in all your deliberations; and may ministers, elders, and deacons, return to their homes with a greater determination than ever to spend their strength in the service of Jesus, and to spread the doctrines of our Israel in the world! With such a creed, and such authority, surely there should be no lack of zeal in preaching the gospel to every creature.

A week ago, we were groaning with the intense heat; the rainy season however has now commenced, and the change is delightful, beyond description. Though the hot season has been unusually mild, we have had some very trying days and nights. On Saturday night last, we had what the natives call the "fiery wind," and during its continuance it is almost as terrible as the simoom or pestilential blast of the desert. Our beds were as though they had been scorched by a furnace, and though we were so much in need of

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

we were compelled to pass the night in tossing to and fro. On Sunday morning our ears were gladdened with the sound of rain; the thermometer in a few hours sank nearly twenty degrees. And now, thanks be unto Him who "changeth the seasons," we have delightful weather.

Our labours during the hot weather have been confined to Berhampore, and the surrounding villages, but as we have within an area of five or six miles a population of at least sixty thousand, we have found abundance of work.

We have a large market on Saturday, which we invariably attend. A few weeks ago, on reaching our preaching stand, I found Balagi explaining to a number of strangers, the first verse in the first chapter of the gospel of John. I was rather

amused and pleased with his exposition; but I began to wonder what could be the reason of his explaining this scripture! After waiting a time, I was delighted to find, that the strangers above referred to, had read the gospel of John. When Balagi had finished his address I entered into a conversation with them, and their knowledge of Christ quite surprised me. I invited them to come and see me the next day, but one of them replied, saying, "Sunday is your day for worship, and shall you be able to receive visitors?" "O yes! I can receive all visitors that come to converse upon religious subjects." Accordingly they came; my conversation was carried on with the leader of the party—and I will now give you the results of our interview in the form of question and answer.

Q. Who was Jesus Christ?

A. "The Saviour of the world."

Q. When he became incarnate what form did he assume?

A. "The form of a man."

Q. Whose son was he?

A. "The son of Mary and Joseph."

Q. Where was he born?

A. "In Bethlehem of Judea." (He then described accurately the geographical position of Judea. This knowledge he said he did not get from the New Testament, but from an Oriya geography he had in his possession.)

Q. Can you tell me any events that happened in Judea, about the time of Christ's birth?

A. "About the time of Christ's birth a new star appeared in the heavens, and guided by its light, wise men laden with presents from the east came to see and worship Christ. Herod, the king, sought to destroy the life of Christ; and to do this, he slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and surrounding region that were under two years of age." He went on to describe the character of Herod, and did not hesitate to call him a "wretch and a vagabond"!!

Q. Was he successful in taking away the life of Christ?

A. "No! Joseph was warned by the angel of the Lord in a dream to take the young child, and flee into Egypt."

Q. How long did Christ stay in Egypt, think you?

A. "I don't know exactly, but I should think about twelve years; however they did not come back until Herod was dead."

Q. Can you tell me anything about the preaching and miracles of Christ?

A. "With the preaching of Christ he was not so familiar, but the miracles of Christ had made an indelible impression upon his mind, and he went on for a long time, describing miracle after miracle. He gave a most graphic account of the blind man (John ix.) being restored to sight, and he sat down and showed me, as he thought, how Christ sat on the ground and made clay of the spittle &c."

He would not wait for my questions, but went on to describe the scenes and circumstances under which Christ died—his resurrection and ascension. He had evidently read the Acts as well as the gospels. Before he left me, he said, I know something about "the creation, the fall, and flood." I gave him a number of books, and he said, "I shall go home and write a poem in Oriya; I shall begin with Adam and finish with Jesus Christ." I was deeply interested with the interview, and could not but rejoice that a heathen native, living far away from any missionary or native preacher, should have received so much religious light. Who shall say that bible distribution is a failure?

On the second sabbath in this month, we received a young man into the church. He had been a candidate for some time, Mr. Goadby baptized. Last Sunday, Mr. Goadby and I went to the "new village." I am very happy to tell you that our young brother conducted the whole of the service; his text was 1 John, iv. 19. The whole of the sermon was written (not by a native pundit) but with his own hand in Oriya. His pronunciation was very good indeed, and the mistakes he made were very few. I have since looked over the manuscript, and I have been very pleased with the correctness in the orthography and the idiom. When we left England together I endeavoured to impress upon his mind the importance of writing the language, and I am very glad that he has taken my advice. He preaches again on Sunday next, so that you may now fairly consider our brother to have entered upon his work. May a kind providence watch over him, and make him as eminent in this land, as his now sainted father was in our Connexion at home.

LETTER FROM REV. J. BUCKLEY.

I CANNOT forget that this is the great day of the Association, and that while I am writing, in all probability, the Committee are deliberating on the affairs of the Mission. I am separated from you "in presence, not in heart." The love of Christ knits our hearts together: and very sweet to us is the hope of meeting at last in our heavenly home. Oceans cannot divide those whom the precious bond of the Saviour's love has made one. Pursuing my daily toil, I feel the unspeakable sweetness of the christian's hope. I sometimes wish that my hope were clearer and brighter; but I would not be without it for ten thousand worlds.

I must now give you a little information on what has taken place since I last wrote. And first, I am very thankful to say that Miss Butler, after spending six weeks at Pooree, has returned in decidedly better health, which I trust it will please the Lord to preserve. We have also had the pleasure of welcoming amongst us brother and sister Hill, from Berhampore, and have no doubt that their coming amongst us is in accordance with the will of God, and will be followed by His blessing.

Dear old Gunga seems to be renewing his youth; he is looking much better,

and appears in every respect stronger and better than he has been for several years past. He has been to Pooree, for two or three weeks, to help brother Taylor and the native brethren with him; and on his return, hearing of a festival at a little distance from Khoorda (thirty miles south of Cuttack), he was very anxious to go as it had never been visited, so I encouraged him and Thoma to go. The account they gave of their journey was very pleasing. It was computed that there were nine thousand persons on the principal day. The people from Khoorda, who had often heard the gospel, were disposed to revile, but many others hearing their discourses, and seeing the books they had to distribute, were very much astonished, and said, What new thing is this? We never heard such words as these before: they are very good words. One man said, that a sahib had been to his village three years ago, and had spoken just the same words as they did, referring no doubt to a visit of brother Stubbins; but to a large number the message was altogether new. One or two persons remained with them several hours and heard them explain the word of the Lord more fully. They also met with a youth in the government school

well acquainted with our books. Oh! that the Spirit's power may render the word successful. I may add that there are 200,000 souls in the Khoorda district. The care of the Lord over our two brethren was remarkably manifested. When they had reached the other side of the Katjuri river, on their return, they saw a boat, which had been overloaded, upset in the middle of the stream, and several were drowned. They had thought of crossing in the same boat but were prevented, no doubt by the gracious care of Him who numbers the hairs of our heads.

I am sorry to say that Sebo Patra has been laid aside from his work by fever, for five weeks; he seems somewhat better now, though not strong. Sebo has an extensive knowledge of the Hindoo system, and can generally silence any brahmin by arguments from the Hindoo shastres: he has laboured long and laboriously, but would have been a more useful man if he had been less under the influence of his wife, who has not walked consistently. The patriarch had a special revelation, "In all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice;" but ordinary servants of God, not being thus favoured, are expected to exercise their own understanding and judgment. This is, I think, the weak point in Sebo's character.

Rama Chundra went a few days since to visit his son, who is deputy magistrate at Jajipore. I was delighted with the anxiety he evinced to make his journey, as much as possible, a preaching one; and I was more than delighted to hear, as I did a little time since, that the people at Jajipore, bigoted heathens though they are, so far from being displeased that a native christian had been appointed deputy magistrate, expressed their satisfaction at the appointment, and said that they should now have justice done them. This is an important testimony to the practical effects of christianity, the more worthy of attention as coming from the lips of idolaters. I cannot but repeat the hope expressed in a former communication, that the dispersion of some of our native christians will be for the furtherance of the gospel.

I was much gratified with an incident which I heard recently from Makunda Das, one of our members who is at the False Point lighthouse, on the bay of Bengal. The only Europeans there are the superintendent of the lighthouse and his wife. She became very ill of fever, and was very anxious and troubled in spirit, but no minister could be obtained. She wept much; and at length appealed to him. Could he not read to her, and

pray with her? Could he not say a word to comfort her troubled spirit? He took the English bible and read the 14th chap. of John; and she was evidently comforted and refreshed by these precious words of Christ. He then knelt down and offered prayer for her. This was, of course, in Oriya. I thought it an interesting and touching circumstance that a native christian, employed on the establishment, should be the means of communicating spiritual instruction and consolation to one of another race at a time when it was so much needed. I referred some time ago to a temple for the worship of Jaganath being built at the False Point by a European gentleman, now deceased, whose name I will not mention. It has recently been pulled down by order of government.

I am glad to learn that the home authorities have recently written to India respecting the suppression of the detestable swinging festival; and the local officers have been applied to for their opinions; though the official letter was written in a very cautious strain, and the measures suggested were such as perhaps might be effectual a century or two since. *It may be put down with perfect safety at once.* This has been done in Bombay; and I feel certain that, so far as Orissa is concerned, all that is required is an official order for its suppression. There is not the smallest reason for apprehending danger. This is simply an affair of getting money. It may seem strange to English people that any should be so silly as to be swung round a post with hooks in their backs, to have their tongues slit, and to walk on trenches of fire for a few pice; nevertheless, it is so. We see them after the festival going about begging, taking the hooks with them. Two years ago, two of the brethren (Mr. Stubbins and Mr. Brooks) went to a festival of this kind at Banki, when, besides the hook swinging, they saw several whose tongues were slit; they also saw as many as four hundred of these trenches of fire, and at a given signal, as many persons walked over them. The scene seemed more like hell than earth. It is high time that this cruel and demoralizing practice was put down by the strong arm of the law. If the people choose to have a little fun, and to collect a little money from those who are spectators, let it be done in some other form, and no one will object. I have good reasons for expressing an opinion that the last festival of this kind, two months ago, will be the last in Orissa.

J. BUCKLEY.

Foreign Letters Received.

BERHAMPORE.—W. Bailey, April 18th, 28th, June 22nd.	CUTTACK.—Mrs. Buckley, April 15th. —W. Hill, August 1st.
CUTTACK.—W. Brooks, Ap. 18th, Aug. 2nd.	GOPALPORE.—W. Hill, April 30th.
—J. Buckley, April 18th, May 12th, 27th, June 25th, August 2nd.	JELLASORE.—E. C. B. Hallam, June 22nd.
	PIPLEE.—G. Taylor, April 14th.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

From June 20th to September 20th, 1859.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
From E. A. W.	10	10	0	DERBY.—MARY'S-GATE.			
ALLERTON.				Collection at Annual Meeting 23	9	0	
Public Collection	1	11	0	Proceeds of Bazaar, on acct. 142	15	0	
Subscriptions.							
John Taylor	0	10	6		166	4	0
Samuel White	0	10	0				
Bairstow Mortimer	0	5	0	LOUTH.—NORTH-GATE.			
Alice White... ..	0	5	0	Ladies' Working Society ..	3	0	0
Eliza White	0	5	0	Collections at Valedictory			
				Services of Rev. W. Miller	15	10	9
	3	6	6		18	10	9
BARTON, BARLESTONE, &c.				Less expenses	4	18	9
Public Collections, Barton ..	7	13	10½	NOTTINGHAM.			
„ Barlestone 2	2	10		T. Carver, Esq.	10	0	0
„ Bosworth 1	10	6		QUEENSHHEAD.			
„ Bagworth 2	0	0		Public Collections	4	3	1
„ Congerstone 1	1	0		Mr. M. Stocks, sen.	1	0	0
For Two Orphans				By Mrs. Hardy.			
From Sunday Schools	5	0	0	Mr. Joseph Robertshaw ..	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Truman ...	0	11	0	Mr. James Field	0	5	0
„ Miss Hackett	0	15	0	Mr. N. Firth... ..	0	5	0
	20	14	2½	Mr. M. Stocks, jun.	0	5	0
BRADFORD.—TETLEY-STREET.				Small Sums	1	0	7½
Juvenile Missionary Society	4	9	10	By J. H. Hardy.			
Missionary Collection	1	5	0	Rev. R. Hardy	0	5	0
Rev. B. Wood	0	5	0	Small Sums	0	11	3
	5	19	10		8	4	11½
INFIRMARY-STREET.				Less expenses	0	4	11½
Two years' Collections	4	13	3½	SEVENOAKS.			
Mr. Jas. Rhodes	1	1	0	Public Collections	3	13	8
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Miss Rhodes	0	5	0	Sabbath School	0	3	0
A Friend, by J. Rhodes	0	5	0				
United Missionary Meeting...	3	13	8½		5	4	2
	10	8	6				
Less expenses	0	10	0				

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T H E
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES. NOVEMBER, 1859.

No. 71.

“HE WAS BUT A YOUTH.”*

1. Samuel, 17—42.

By REV. JABEZ BURNS, D.D.

THE text refers to one of the most illustrious persons that ever lived—David, the most magnanimous of men, the most illustrious of kings, the most sublime of prophets, and one of the sweetest of poets. His great career of holy distinction began early, and was continued during a long and extraordinary life. We select the text, however, as a motto, and affix it to one whom we have recently lost, and whose character and life we are met this evening to review. The words of the text express no moral quality, or spiritual distinction, but they will enable us to connect with them the leading traits in the religious career of our late beloved friend, Jabez Burns Smith. Yes, the words of the text express only the one idea of his youth. Even when his course on earth was ended, how true it was, that “he was but a youth.” Observe—

I.—THOUGH BUT A YOUTH, YET HE WAS THE SUBJECT OF NATURAL DEPRAVITY AND PERSONAL GUILT.

The moral difference of persons naturally is immense. No doubt all persons are more or less the subjects of circumstances. Temperament, and constitutional tendencies make a great difference. So, also, education and parental influences. Much, too, depends on the restraining grace of God. Some are extremely vicious in early life. Others are moral, and well conducted, like the young man who came to Christ, exhibiting much that is unblameable and lovely. So it was with our young friend. His life and behaviour before conversion were distinguished by great propriety and natural goodness: yet he was of the common depraved stock—had an evil heart, a carnal mind, and his spirit and life were not subject to the law of God. Remember, external morality is not inward holiness, nor amiableness true religion. The testimony of Scripture, as well as the conclusions of our own experience, testify that all have sinned, and that all have gone astray, every one in his own way, and

* Outlines of a discourse, delivered in New Church-street Chapel, Edgware-road, London, on the death of Jabez Burns Smith.

that there is none righteous, no, not one. If this is not true, Divine grace is unnecessary.

II.—THOUGH BUT A YOUTH, HE WAS THE SUBJECT OF THE CONVERTING AND RENEWING GRACE OF GOD.

To Divine grace there are no limits, either as to character, or condition, or age. Very young persons have been converted. Such are constantly being saved. Scripture refers us to many such. It was so, happily, with our friend. At the age of about fifteen he became enlightened, and savingly impressed, and his convictions soon terminated in a sound conversion of heart and life to God. He then put on the Lord Jesus Christ by baptism, made an open profession of religion, and became at once an honourable member of this Christian church. His personal piety possessed many beautiful traits. It was decided. He put his hand earnestly to the gospel plough. It was modest and humble—no exhibition of self or ostentation—no vain display. It was uniform. His path was like that of the opening morning, and his course was steady and onward, and upward, shining more and more unto perfect day. It was practical. His fear of God was apparent. His equity and truthfulness, and uprightness were conspicuous. His conversation was wise and profitable—never given to silly and untimely mirth, or vapid jesting, or levity. His religion was benevolent and benignant—goodness and kindness ruled his spirit. I never knew him to utter one railing accusation, or make one envious or uncharitable remark of any one. He was pre-eminently distinguished for the charity that thinketh no evil. It was firm and decisive. He never dreamed of being half-hearted, or looking back—his resolve was, let others do as they may, I will serve the Lord. Free from dogmatizing, or suspicion of others, yet he was clear and decided, and thorough as to his own creed and principles. He was a lover of all good men, and breathed the atmosphere of the catholic and kind spirit of his Divine Master.

III.—THOUGH BUT A YOUTH, YET HE HAD MADE CONSIDERABLE PROGRESS IN THE ATTAINMENT OF KNOWLEDGE AND SELF CULTIVATION.

His opportunities were not numerous, nor his position in life very favourable, but he made the most of them. He read some of the best books on evangelical truth and practical piety; but especially he went to the great, deep mine of God's Word, and so read and studied and meditated therein, that he grew in the knowledge of God, and possessed the wisdom that is better than rubies.

His theological stores were considerable, and he had a correct view of truth in its beautiful harmony and just proportions. He held no distorted or eccentric notions. By his wise use of time, and his diligence in self improvement, he added to his talents other talents, and thus was a model to young men.

IV.—THOUGH BUT A YOUTH, HE ENTERED ON VARIOUS BENEVOLENT AND PIOUS COURSES OF ACTIVITY.

For his own sake, and to be an example to others, he early became a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks. I have no doubt this was a great help to his other studies and engagements.

For years he was an earnest and regular teacher in the Sabbath school. His labours in this field were eminently faithful and kind, and he was devoutly anxious for the salvation of the young. He early became

a very acceptable preacher of the gospel. In this work he evinced great modesty, and gave full proof, if life had been spared, that he would have been both attractive and useful. Not only did he often assist me in the usual services here, and preach to you, but for a considerable period he was the afternoon preacher of a neighbouring congregation. I had felt anxious that he should have had the advantage of a collegiate course of education for the work, but God evidently designed him to minister in the holier sanctuary above.

V.—THOUGH BUT A YOUTH, YET HE WAS THE SUBJECT OF SEVERE PHYSICAL AFFLICTION.

We usually connect youth with vigor and health, but it is not always so. For years he appeared the picture of handsome manly strength—a good form, a well-developed head, a pleasing countenance, and of active habits. All seemed to indicate a long and healthy life; but like the rapidly grown gourd of Jonah, there was the worm of disease at the root. My attention was soon drawn to the change in his appearance. His form became wasted, his face thin, and his whole aspect that of one rapidly hastening to the house appointed for all living. I invited him to come and converse with me, and I was almost overwhelmed when he told me his disease was pronounced to be "diabetes." I consulted with friends, and we agreed that he ought to try the hydropathic system. We cheerfully aided him to avail himself of the establishment and the invigorating air of Matlock; and here he stayed for several weeks. But alas! it was all in vain. There were temporary signs of improvement, but no abiding benefit, and he now sought to return to the bosom of his dear home, where he would have the kindly care of his beloved, and devoted, and pious parents. Thus the last months of his afflicted course were spent at Downton, Wilts., where it was still hoped that the salubrious air might yet benefit him.

VI.—THOUGH BUT A YOUTH, YET HE BECAME THE PREY OF THE MORTAL ENEMY.

Ah, death claims all ages for his victims! the old and the young—the decrepit and the hale—the infirm and the blooming youth. How true, "Sixteen's as mortal as fourscore." Yes, death had sent before him his troops of invaders to sap the foundation, and to besiege the citadel; and now these having been battered and shaken, he came in person and took possession.

With respect to his death, I notice: 1.—The death of our dear friend was easy; the pains, and infirmities, and weakness of many months, had prepared the way for the last stroke. 2.—His death, after all, was sudden. It was thought he might linger on for months; and I had even anticipated seeing him in November next, but death came as a thief, stealthily, and when not expected. He had been worse for some days, but that day he had taken his morning meal, which he much enjoyed. He then reclined in an easy chair, and took up a book—the "Devotional Christian,"—and turned to the subject, "The Christian triumphing in the approach of death." His parents were in the rear of the house, when his sister called them to come in at once. They did so, but he was unable to speak to them. He leaned back in the chair; a tear stole down his cheek; he raised his eyes upwards, and, with his hands crossed fell sweetly into the arms of Jesus. Thus lived and died our beloved friend,

to whose end of earthly life and conflict we append the text, "He was but a youth." 3.—His death was safe, if true and earnest piety could make it so; if faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who has abolished death, could make it so: if a devoted useful life, and patient enduring of affliction could make it so; if resting on the Rock of Ages, and looking only to an Almighty Saviour, could make it so. O yes, he lived a life of faith in Christ. He lived to the Lord; so that, doubtless, living and dying, he was the Lord's.

And, now for the application of the subject to the living. Being dead, he yet speaks to us. 1.—As to the importance of early piety. To seek God betimes; to remember the Creator in the days of youth; to be young disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ.

2.—He speaks to us of the sufficiency of the grace of God. To save the young; to preserve the young; to bless the young with gifts and graces, and to endow them with a useful spirit; to labour for God, and do good even in early life. Young Christians, labour to be blessings to others, and thus serve both God and your generation.

3.—He warns us of the deceitfulness and vanity of this life. How obvious that there is no dependence on appearances, health, or vigor. Every man at his best estate is vanity—man is like a flower of the field.

4.—And now, let his death, so early, admonish all. Be ready—evangelically, by faith in Christ alone; practically, by obedience and devotedness to God; spiritually, by holiness of heart and life. Be ready, every one; be ready in every place, and at all times, for we know not when the Son of Man may come.

THE TWO MODERN SYSTEMS OF PICTURE-WRITING.

THESE are the Aztec, or Mexican, and the North American Indian. The memorials we have of the first are of the most interesting description, but at the same time unhappily imperfect. Considering the many adventures the Mexican manuscripts have been the subjects of, the wonder is we have a single vestige of importance left. Surely no collection of documents ever met with so many misfortunes, was ever so pertinaciously doomed to destruction, ever manifested so much tenacity of life. The wild eyes of the Spaniards singled them out as soon as they entered the country. Their vividness attracted attention, their mystery excited suspicion, and perhaps the fondness shewn by the natives for them determined their destruction. Don Juan de Zumarraga, the first archbishop of Mexico, took the initiative in the work of destruction. Collecting all the choicest national treasures, he piled them in a heap in the market-place of Tlatelolco, and burnt them in triumph. The flames of that huge fire lit the eyes as well as the hearts of the soldiery with the passion for destruction; and wherever they could get at them, these literary memorials were barbarously desecrated and destroyed. The charts were sold for waste paper to tradesmen, and their total annihilation seemed inevitable. Some private person, however, whose name, had we the good fortune to know it, were, as deserving of immortal honour, as Zumarraga's of eternal execration, mourning the loss and mutilation of

these documents, collected a large number and deposited them in the national archives. But for this unknown hero, Aztec civilization would have been as mythical as that of early Greece.

One manuscript, the Mendoza Codex, seems to have remained entire notwithstanding all these perils; but a chequered fate was in store for it. Sent by the Marques de Mondejar, the Viceroy Mendoza, to Charles V., a few years subsequent to the conquest, the vessel that contained it was captured by a French cruiser, and the manuscript transferred to Paris. Hakluyt, then chaplain of the English embassy in that city, purchased it, and from him it passed to the learned antiquary Purchas, was engraved by him in the third volume of his *Pilgrimage*, and soon after mysteriously disappeared. Robertson, the American historian, could find no trace of it, and something like a century from the time of its disappearance, it was turned up in the Bodleian library. Other copies—it was itself only a rough copy on coarse paper—and engravings are in existence, so that now we may fairly suppose its adventures to be terminated.

All our knowledge of Aztec picture-writing is derived from this Mendoza Codex. A second one, the Dresden Codex, several times attempted to be destroyed by fire by the children of the Giustiniani, its earliest possessors, exhibits an entirely different description of characters. They are unlike both the general Aztec paintings, and the bas-reliefs of the Palanque palaces; and although pronounced by Humboldt to be of Aztec origin, their interpretation is a matter of difficulty and uncertainty.

The same destructive causes which attended the MSS. themselves, as relentlessly as the Furies followed Orestes in Greek fable, did not entirely pass by the key to these pictures. A hundred years after the conquest a Texcucan historian could only find two old persons who could interpret them. Later still, not a single clue could be found as to their meaning. Borunda, however, aptly called by Prescott, the Mexican Champollion, eventually discovered the key to the entire system. It was carried to Spain in 1795, and is reported to be still in existence in that country, although no one seems to know where. We could have wished for its discovery on purely historical grounds. It might have assisted in forming a more reasonable theory of the origin of the Aztecs than that of their Hebrew descent, so enthusiastically grasped, and sturdily maintained by Lord Kingsborough, in his splendid work on Mexican Antiquities. But antiquarian industry has already made out amply sufficient to enable us, after this lengthy, but somewhat necessary preamble, to give a little insight into their pictorial system.

A Mexican manuscript is a collection of pictures in gaudy colours, containing the most grotesque and distorted figures conceivable, chiefly of human bodies, each picture seemingly, but not really, perfect in itself. Little skill is observable in the way of outline and finish; they have all the rough angularity of primitive art. The larger portion of these hieroglyphics necessarily consist of elementary signs, but with these are mixed many conventional ones, pure symbols, and occasional phonetic ones. Illustrations of all these classes will be seen as we proceed.

The Mendoza Codex is divided into three parts. The first records the history of Mexico; the second is a tribute-roll, containing an account of the taxes paid into the royal treasury by conquered cities; and the

third embraces civil law and domestic polity. Each of their kings—for we will begin with the first part—has a different emblem indicative of his name, and around it his deeds are represented by appropriate pictures. A conqueror has a target near him ornamented with darts, and the rude outlines of a house still farther from him, signify that he has subdued as many towns, or peoples, if there be human beings instead, as there are lances in the target. In the latter case, if he had put to death the chiefs of these tribes, their heads would be placed before him, each one being marked with the same signs, generally phonetic, as served to mark the name of his tribe. In each of these cases the date was indicated by their clever system of chronology. The individual life of the king was set forth in the decorations of his person. A band or sash across his chest, according to its length, breadth, and the peculiar signs upon it, not yet clearly made out, gave the number of his wives, and that of his children, with their sexes. Other pictures added the civil portion of his history, and any natural phenomenon of moment, as a plague, an earthquake, or a comet. To mark the commencement of his reign, the king and his distinguishing sign are placed opposite the particular year of which the hieroglyphic is enclosed in a square. On the margin numerous other squares and figures tell the length of his reign, and the year of the cycle in which he died. Their very admirable chronology enabled them not only to make a special distinction for the year, but to group the years into periods. A year, we premise, in the Aztec calendar, consisted of eighteen months of four weeks, or twenty days each, both months and days having proper hieroglyphical signs. This arrangement leaving over five days and six hours, these waste days, as they were called, being considered unlucky either for labour or religion, were spent in festivity and idleness, and the six hours were allowed to run for fifty-two years, when, as we insert the 29th of February in leap year, they intercalated twelve-and-a-half days. Beginning from a date soon after their migration from Aztlan, calculated as A.D. 1091, they determined upon fifty-two years as a cycle. This they set forth hieroglyphically by a number of reeds bound by a string, from which the cycles were called sheafs or bundles. But this allowing them no minuter chronology, they seized upon four and thirteen as the factors of fifty-two, dividing the cycle into four smaller ones, each of which was again divided into thirteen parts. Each of these smaller cycles was distinguished by the figures of a rabbit, a reed, a flint, and a house, symbolical, it is supposed, of the four elements, air, water, fire, and earth. These figures were also repeated time after time in each period, and dots were used alongside them to assist in the distinction, beginning in each period at one, and continuing regularly up to thirteen. No two number of dots were thus prefixed to the same hieroglyphics, and by this excellent method, each year in a cycle had its particular number of dots, and to the experienced Aztec the accompanying sign at once determined the number of its division. Thus the rabbit, prefixed by one dot, specified the first year in the first smaller cycle, and the number of dots increasing gradually, and the four figures repeating themselves, this sign stood for the fifth, ninth, and thirteenth years. In the second indication the reed was the first, and indicated the same years as the rabbit in the previous one. In the third and fourth divisions the flint and the house were each initial, and followed in the same order as

their predecessors. Thus the rabbit prefixed to one dot denoted the first year, the reed the fourteenth, the flint the twenty-seventh, and the house the fortieth, in the greater cycle.

Their arithmetic, too, was ingenious. The first twenty numbers were represented by dots, of which the first five, the tenth, and the fifteenth had specific names, and were used in forming compounds. Something in appearance like a pine-apple stood for five, and a circle for ten. The hieroglyphic of twenty was a flag; that of its square, four hundred, a plume; and that of its cube, eight thousand, a purse or sack.

In the tax-roll are mostly elementary signs, descriptive of the various objects of tribute. An obelisk in the palace of Nimroud at Nineveh, is sculptured with Bactrian camels and other animals, demonstrating that Ninus and Semiramis subdued and obtained tribute from India; and in like manner these South American paintings, consisting of selected and representative objects, narrate in their own vivacious way a concise account of the natural wealth and features of the different people and places from which they were contributed. The lapse of time has, of course, rendered all attempts at distinguishing these impossible, but the enumeration of a few articles may assist the reader in forming some idea of Aztec civilization, and of the lively effect such things must have in their manuscripts. There were mantles and suits of armour, mostly constructed of feathers, tiger skins, vases, and plates of gold, gold dust, crystal goblets, shells, diadems, bracelets, copper vessels, lip jewels of amber, and jars of liquid amber, bells of all kinds, war hatchets, canes for darts, reams of paper; and amongst natural products were baskets of cacao meal, chests of chocolate, beans, and maize, fruits of various kinds, timber, wool, honey, and numerous other things. In this receipt of tribute in kind, as indeed in other points of Aztec polity, we are strongly reminded of the feudalism of our own middle ages.

In the part of the Codex relating to their civil life, a man, be he priest, paterfamilias, or pedagogue, is always painted sitting on a low stool with his knees up to his breast, and a woman may always be known by her crouching posture, thus indicating her subjection and inferiority, although the wife was uniformly well treated and esteemed in domestic life. A child is more slightly drawn, but the circles above the head immediately give the age. The figure of an old woman whom they called *Amantesa*, or marriage broker, with a woman on her back, expressed the word bride. A man on a stool, fastened by the corner of his garment, to a woman sitting on her knees near him, with the smoke of incense ascending from a vessel, signified marriage by the actual ceremony, of which the carrying of the bride was the great preliminary feature. A table, with two old men and women seated round it, one at each corner, and the right hand of one lifted up, the others folding their arms, gives us the marriage oration. One is giving the newly and literally *tied* couple some safe counsels for their future conduct, and the remainder are biding their time.

For the years, months, days, elements, and other things, the Aztecs had mostly arbitrary symbols. A footprint, gave the idea of travelling; a tongue, that of speaking; and a man lying on the ground, that of an earthquake. In their names of places they employed semi-phonetic signs and images which made up an hieroglyphical rebus. The place,

Macuilxochitl, or city of five flowers (the Mexicans were then, as they are still, passionately fond of flowers), was depicted by a flower placed over five points; Ajaxacatl, or face of water, by a symbol of water and a human countenance; Cimatlan, consisting of the words *cimatl*, a root, and *tlán* near, Tlaxcallan, the place of bread, and Huexotzinco, a place surrounded by willows, would thus have both name and sound expressed by similar signs.

The picture-writing of the North American Indians has but little system in it; as yet it is but in its elementary stage. Longfellow has very beautifully made his Hiawatha the discoverer and first promulgator of their picture-writing; and the details given in his poem must be our excuse for not entering more fully into them, and our want of space for not transferring some passages to our pages. The only instance wherein we can find any progress from the mere rude representations of their lives and deeds upon tent skins, grave-posts, and buffalo robes, is the one recorded by the enthusiastic Catlin, in his letters and notes on their manners and customs—of a Kickapoo chief, commonly called the Shawnee Prophet. This man was a devoted Christian, and laboured hard in preaching amongst his own tribe, having learnt his mode and doctrine from a Methodist missionary he had drawn aside into his tent when he came amongst his people. He instituted a brief prayer for his subjects, and carved it on a maple stick in characters “resembling Chinese letters.” Every man, woman, and child, repeated this night and morning. Beginning at the top of the stick, and putting their right fore-finger on each character, they repeated the sentence it suggested in a humming tone, and continued the process until they reached the bottom of the stick. One cannot help preferring even this prayer-stick to a Tartar praying machine. The Kickapoos were very devout in their way, and doubtless, had they seen a man reading a newspaper, or a book, would have pronounced it, as did the Minatarees, to be “*medicine cloth for sore eyes*,” everything they cannot comprehend being medicine, and their notions of reading thus crude and infantile. E.

OLD MORTALITY'S SUNDAY SCHOOL DAYS.*

I WELL remember the first day I went to Sunday School. I was not quite fifteen years old, still I went as a teacher. The reader will undoubtedly think it was young enough indeed, probably so; though, without reference to my own case, I may say that I have observed many of the best teachers I have known to be those who became accustomed to the routine of the school at an early age. The day on which I went was what was called quarter-day. It was the Sunday on which an account was given of the attendance of all the teachers and

* Every reader will join with us in hearty congratulations to our venerable contributor, Old Mortality. After a severe and protracted illness, extending over many months, he has been restored to hale and vigorous health, and has kindly given us all good proof of it by once more resuming his pen. We rejoice to be able to say, that as often as the many claimants for his wisdom, and the growing infirmities of age will allow, the genial and suggestive papers of “the old man eloquent,” will again enrich the pages of this Magazine.—ED.]

scholars, and when scholars and teachers were removed from one class to another (which we called being "promoted,") and when fresh ones were admitted "on probation." The school was a large one. It rarely contained so few as six hundred scholars, and sometimes the number rose to eight hundred, while the body of teachers numbered from eighty to a hundred. It was conducted in a meeting-house, which had been formerly occupied by the congregation with which the school was connected, and when it was assembled for the devotional exercise with which the school was always opened and closed, it formed of itself a respectable congregation. When I first went in, the buzz and din, not so loud as universal, possessed me with a feeling of confusion which disconcerted me very much. The "visitor," as the superintendent of division was called, placed me in a class of words with four letters, which were taught from a board called a "telegraph." I had to keep turning this board round so as to present a word through the niche in it to every boy in succession. For a long time I felt much more as though I was under examination by the scholars than they by me, and every pause or mistake by a boy made me blush and sweat, from the thought of having to interfere to correct or guide him. By the afternoon, however, I felt a little better; and as my duties on *that* afternoon were limited to keeping the class in order, while we listened to the statistical account of the school read out by the secretary, followed by an address from the pastor, I got through very well, and felt bolder for the engagements of the next Sunday. Thus, by small increments of courage, I grew familiar with the duties of a junior teacher; passed from being "on probation" to become a "regular" teacher; rose from four letters to syllables, from reading to writing, and eventually, to teach for several years the oldest class of boys, or rather of youths, in the school.

It is not my intention to pass over this long period of my life—for it occupied twenty years of it—with a mere statement of my order of progress up to this point. For many good reasons. One is, it was the happiest time I have enjoyed on earth; and another, that what I saw and felt there had as much, perhaps more influence, in the formation of my character than any other portion of my experience. Beyond this, there were matters of remark in this wide field of observation suggestive of instructive and profitable reflection to those connected with Sunday schools.

The regularity with which the account of our attendance was taken stimulated us to punctuality. Any teacher who had failed more than one-third of the full number of times to be at his post, was rejected; while the comparative excellence of all those who came above the required proportion was openly stated to the teachers' meeting, and "distinguished consideration" rendered to those who had never been absent *or late*. This account was taken and rendered quarterly. An eventful crisis in the history of the young teacher was the day on which he was transformed from a probationary to a regular teacher. This was done by vote at the teachers' meeting on quarter-day, and depended chiefly on his attendance. When "received" he was permitted to attend the teachers' meetings; and, however much it may savor of "little Pedlington" to say so, I must confess that the proceedings of

this body, with its numbers, its organization, the variety of its officers and its debates, gave almost the air of a parliament in miniature to its meetings. How often has my heart palpitated when the secretary came to my name in the catalogue of teachers, and how nervously anxious I was that the attendance might not turn out disgracefully bad. The discussions, too, were very interesting, and often instructive. The secretary was a clever and most efficient officer; the president, remarkable for the talents of adaptation to his post, and by his conciliatory address for his tact in the accommodation of his purpose to the prepossessions of the assembly, by whose votes alone it could become law, while many of the other teachers were men of superior intelligence and taste, and by their age and character had acquired considerable and deserved influence. In such a meeting the young teacher, speaking for the first time, felt afraid to hear the sound of his own voice; while the unfailing ordeal of objection and controversy to which every proposition was subjected, and with which every speaker had to contend, rendered it no despicable school for self-culture, in which ample opportunities were given for forming a just estimate of your own powers, and for the improvement of those powers in the practice of business, of counsel, or of persuasion. Oh! those teachers' meetings. What oratory, what excitement, what intense conflict of opinion, what triumph and what discomfiture have I not witnessed there. If sometimes youthful vanity or veteran obstinacy carried us somewhat out of the line of discussion, or a transient ebullition of feeling left in the minds of the more eager combatants a temporary soreness, it was soon over; and was as nothing compared with the benefit of mental sharpening and social discipline we all received. Happy days! never, never to return.

In a year or two after my entrance into the school, occurred the Sunday School Jubilee. I mean the jubilee of the establishment of Sunday Schools by Raikes. Like most other schools in the country, those of our town celebrated this national event by a united procession and public meeting. For the ceremonial of procession we were already pretty well prepared, having to march in order every Sunday from the old to the new meeting-house. Nor can I forget the emotion of pride which I perhaps ought to be ashamed to say I felt every Sunday morning, when our long extended ranks were drawn out in order, and at every street corner and bend of the road, showed themselves in goodly array and neat attire to the admiring gaze of the townsfolk, as they stretched from street to street, nearly from one place of worship to the other. After much consultation and bustle the arrangements were made. The day came. It was brilliantly fine. The inhabitants turned out *en masse* to behold us. From the various meeting-houses and schools the streams of pupils and teachers set in, and converging, met in the market-place. There the whole body of children and teachers was formed into a large circle, and in the centre was a temporary platform on which the ministers, the friend who led the singing, and two wealthy gentlemen of the town, who took great interest in the proceedings of the day, took their stand. All the windows round were crowded with spectators; some were decorated. The number of scholars and teachers was about three thousand, and that of the crowd

fully as large. At a given signal the singing commenced. Never shall I forget the thrill which the sound of those thousands of voices, in the good old tune of "Suffolk," swelling into the dazzling welkin above us, produced in my mind. The hymns, one by Montgomery the other by Mrs. Gilbert, appointed to be sung, were gone through an address was given, and our venerable leaders stepped down from their place to conduct us to our meeting-house for some refreshment. Alas! where are all those endeared friends whose countenances beamed upon us on that day of joy? The pastor, not yet forgotten, the gentleman who led the tunes and beat time, the two wealthy manufacturers who patronized our festival—where are they? All dead.

The remaining proceedings of the day much resembled those of such days generally. At a public meeting in the evening, however, at which speeches were made, one impressed me very much; not for its genius, nor its beauty, poetical or otherwise, though it assumed that ambitious guise; but for the invaluable practical sentiment it contained. It was made by the Primitive Methodist minister. He said he thought the occasion worthy of a poem, and he had been all day trying to compose one, and after many failures he thought he had at last succeeded. It was only one verse of a hymn—common metre. It was this—

"Go on, go on, go on, go on,
 "Go on, go on, go on;
 "Go on, go on, go on, go on,
 "Go on, go on, go on."

It passed at the time as a joke. But many a time have I since reflected what a weight of practical wisdom it contains. How much do we want to be invigorated in this monotonous but essential virtue—the plain, homely virtue of perseverance—so oft neglected, so sure to reward those who are loyal to it. By it how many fortunes have been made, how many lives have been saved, how many grand characters have been formed,—how many noble achievements have been realized. For want of it, how many splendid beginnings have sunk in darkness, what magnificent talents have been squandered, what sublime designs have left to the world only wrecks, which have strengthened ridicule, and discouraged the ardor of the good and brave.

I feel the garrulity of the old man stealing upon me, and I therefore will not go on to narrate every trifle which took place in twenty years, and which would probably interest no one at all in the way in which it interested me. (For, Mr. Editor, I think memory may be accused of using the magnifying glass, as well as her rival, hope.) But I will press forward to the period at which change of residence dissolved my connection with this enchanted ground of Christian friendship and useful toil. For several years, seven or eight, I taught "the first class." I felt it an honour. I feel it so now. Sixteen, eighteen, or twenty youths often constituted my charge. I know I did not do my duty. But sometimes I tried. I thank God I can say this. I can now look round in life, and see many young men in useful and honourable positions in society who have been among the number of my pupils. And I would fain hope that some of that love of intelligence, that self respect, that power of character, which I so much admire in some of them may have drawn some nourish-

ment from the conversations and the lessons of those happy Sundays. To some of them I was, while yet a teacher, called to pay the visit of a religious friend when death had, by illness, made his approach to their couch. More than one instance I can recollect in which the young and blooming were called to surrender the promise of life, with all its enticements, and to pace the "dark valley." But I am happy to add that in several of those cases the pilgrim could assure us, he did not, in facing its horrors, find himself alone. He had "a rod" and "a staff" in which he trusted; and I trust when "mortality shall put on immortality" I shall meet them again, and many more whom "I wot not of."

There is one fact, however, I must mention. And in this lies the most valuable moral of my story. When I left the class I was succeeded by a friend of whom I shall ever speak with great respect. "His name was John," and much like the apostle whose name he bore, he was remarkable for meekness, for patience, for faith in his Master, and for love to the souls of those committed to his care. For some time before I left there had been no addition from my class to the church. This made me grieve. Before a twelvemonth had elapsed after my friend John had taken charge of the class, I believe *seven* young men had given in their names as candidates. Now how was this? John had, I think, no more ability, no more address, certainly no more learning than I. But one secret explained it. He had *more piety*.

Teachers! ponder this well.

O. M.

TIDINGS OF A LOST HERO.

"Twice seven times the sunny laughing Spring
Shook violets on the fields of chrysoprase;
And Summer floated on her fragrant cloud
Over our land; and Autumn from wreathed horn
Hung nectarine and peach; and winter rolled,
Rolled silver-axled o'er the flowerless fields;
But where are they?"

"The dim and blinding tears
Gush to mine eyes. I cannot see them more.
Dead are they, tombed upon the bleaching ice."

THERE is no longer any doubt or uncertainty as to the fate of Sir John Franklin, the gallant hero of the Arctic seas. Fourteen years ago, then a veteran voyager, he left the shores of England to make a further attempt to discover a north-west passage by sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans. The vessels fitted out for the service were of the most approved construction, and had before withstood the dangers of the frozen seas. The crews conjointly amounted to a hundred and thirty souls, all of whom had caught more or less the ardent hopefulness and enthusiasm of their leader. Every plan that former experience could suggest for the safety and preservation of the expedition was adopted, and the most sanguine anticipations were formed of the approximation to something like a successful issue of an enterprise so amply furnished and so gallantly conducted. Early in the summer of 1845, the "Erebus" and "Terror" left the shores of England. In three years, or at most in

four, Sir John hoped to return to his native land. Little did he think when he bade

"Farewell to mossy vale, and sapphire sky,
Green earth, and golden wood, and silver wave,
The lily, and the zephyr, and the rose,"

and went forth into perilous polar seas, where

"The red meteor arches span the sky,
And o'er the dreary waste the shattered ice
Clashes its horrid cymbals,"

that neither he nor any of his associates would ever see again the daisied fields of old England!

Yet so it has happened. The expedition sailed, as we have said, in the early part of the summer of 1845. In the July of the same year, it reached the coast of New Greenland, and anchored in a narrow channel between the Whalefish Islands. Letters and despatches announcing their arrival at that point were forwarded to England. The officers and crews were then in the highest spirits; and cheerfully anticipated the rigors and perils of an Arctic voyage. The gallant captain had already gained even more than the esteem and admiration of the whole of his brave companions. "Sir John Franklin," wrote one of the lieutenants, "has won not only the respect, but the love of every person on board by his amiable manner and kindness to all. He is in much better health than when we left England, and really looks ten years younger. He takes an active part in everything that goes on." A private letter from Sir John himself, written on the 9th of July, says, "I hope my dear wife and daughter will not be over anxious if we should not return by the time they have fixed upon." An official despatch, dated three days after, tells of the completion of all necessary preparations and supplies for three years, and of indications of a speedy and safe voyage to the point where the researches were to commence. About a fortnight afterwards the two ships were seen by Captain Dannett of the "Prince of Wales", a whaler. They were then moored to an iceberg, in Baffin's Bay, about two hundred miles from the entrance to Lancaster Sound, and were waiting a favourable opportunity to proceed on their way. An invitation to dine with Sir John Franklin on board the "Erebus," on the following day, was sent to Captain Dannett, but a favourable breeze springing up in the meantime, it was thought prudent to take advantage of it, and the invitation was declined. The ships separated, and no more was seen or heard of Sir John Franklin; a mystery dark and sorrowful hung over his fate. For years we have been accustomed to say, that was the last sight obtained of him and his ships. Since then fourteen long winters have come and gone; expedition after expedition has been sent out in vain in search of him; upwards of thirty vessels have been equipped and manned, and have gone upon hazardous voyages in the hope of finding him; all that the love of a devoted wife, the wealth of a generous government, and the enterprise of a brave people could do has been done; the north-west passage has itself been discovered; and public anxiety having reached its highest point of expectation, has relapsed into mournful and hopeless despair; but for these long years of toil and research, until last month no definite results could be shown, and from the faint traces of this noble band of adventurers that unwearying

and continuous exertion could discover, dark and terrible surmises as to their fate were all that Lady Franklin and a sympathising community were warranted to indulge in.

"The princely barques winged their dread journey to the desolate main,
Seeking the lost ones, but they found them not!
Though here and there on sheets of shuddering ice,
They found the ashes of deserted fires,
And scattered relics of their former homes."

At length certain intelligence has been received, and the fate of the missing heroes has been ascertained. The final expedition, sent out by the unquenchable love and undying hope of Lady Franklin has met with complete success. Amid the storms and icebergs, and on the cold barren shores of a polar solitude, Captain M'Clintock, who undertook the command of this last and almost forlorn hope, has found memorials of the brave Sir John, and his ill-fated associates. First of all, as he tells us in his report, published a few weeks back, he hears of a ship crushed by the ice, several years ago, off the north shore of King William's Island, the crew of which landed safely, and went away to the Great Fish River, where they died. Then going forth again in a sledge drawn by four men, having an auxiliary sledge drawn by six dogs, he hears of a second ship drifting ashore on the same island, in the fall of the same year. No traces of either of the wrecks could be found; but many relics, and much valuable information were obtained. The "white men," having abandoned the ships, made for the main land, and "dropped" one by one on the way, leaving their bones to bleach upon the snow. Here was found a pocket-book containing a few letters, the contents of which are yet decipherable; there a whitened skeleton with fragments of European clothing lying around it. In one place were three small tents, empty and deserted, with blankets, clothing, and other relics close by; at another was a long boat, mounted upon a sledge, wherein were found a large quantity of clothing and two human skeletons. "One of these skeletons," says the melancholy story, "lay in the after part of the boat under a pile of clothing; the other, which was more disturbed, probably by animals, was found in the bow. Five pocket watches, a quantity of silver spoons and forks, and a few religious books were also found, but no journals, pocket-books, or even names upon any article of clothing. Two double-barrelled guns stood upright against the boat's side, precisely as they had been placed eleven years before. One barrel in each was loaded and cocked." But the great discovery was made upon Point Victory. Lying amongst some loose stones which had fallen from the top of a cairn was found a small tin case containing a record, which stated that the cairn was built by the Franklin expedition, and gave a summary of the history of the expedition up to that time. The *Erebus* and *Terror*, it appears, wintered at Beechy Island, in 1845, were beset in 1846, not far from the place where the cairn was built, lost their captain, Sir John Franklin, by death, on June 11th, 1847, and were abandoned by their crews in 1848. Of the hundred and thirty who went out, only a hundred and five then survived; and these fell one by one from cold, or famine, or fatigue, on their way to the Great Fish River.

The fate of the gallant captain and his companions is now placed beyond the region of speculation and doubt. The dreams of his safety

some so fondly cherished are for ever dispelled; and all hope of his again treading the shores of his native land, his bereaved wife and daughter must for ever abandon. Sir John Franklin has been dead for more than twelve years. Before the first expedition was sent out to his relief he had already gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. He died, probably, before the supplies of provisions were exhausted, and before much suffering and privation had been experienced by the crews. The record does not tell us of the cause and manner of his departure. Yet as we read it, and the narrative of Captain M'Clintock, we cannot refrain from asking, did that small pocket Bible found in the boat, and said to be interlined in many places, and to contain numerous references written in the margin, belong to the noble captain? From that Holy Book did he find consolation in his last hours, and by that blessed chart did he steer safely into the haven of eternal rest? These things, however, we must leave. God alone knows how and with what feelings the gallant chief of that ill-fated band passed away to his reward. Enough for us to be assured that he had near him at the hour of his death so precious a comforter as the Book of God. Sir John Franklin is gone; his devoted wife and daughter will see him no more. But his name, with the names of his brave comrades, will be henceforth surrounded with imperishable lustre. He takes his rank with the noble army of martyrs of which science may proudly boast. His fame will be glorious as long as the human race honours the memory of Columbus, of Galileo, of Cabot, and of Cook. He did not breathe his last on the bloody battle-field; he did not emulate the deeds of a Nelson or a Drake; but he was a true hero. Bravely he fought and fell in the pathway of progress, and for the interests of his countrymen. The frozen and silent solitudes of the Polar seas become sacred since they form the sepulchre of so self-denying a patriot, so intrepid a commander, and so noble a man.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.

CARMEL.

Two Carmels are mentioned in the Old Testament. One was among the mountains of Judah, in the wilderness of Maon, about fifteen miles east of the Dead Sea, and twenty miles south of Jerusalem. This is mentioned in the books of Joshua (chap. xv. 55), and Samuel (1 Sam. xv. 12; xxv. 2). Here Saul set up the trophy of his victory over Amelek, and Nabal was shearing his sheep when the affair took place between this churlish man and David, in which Abigail bore so conspicuous a part. Dr. Robinson identified this place under the modern name of Kurmul, and has given, in his *Biblical Researches*, a minute description of its ruins. The other Carmel is a name applied, in a restricted sense, to the only great promontory on the coast of Palestine; and more largely, to the chain of hills to which that mountain belongs. The promontory forms the southern point of the beautiful bay of modern Acre, and rises about fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. The chain of hills runs in a south-easterly direction from the cape, six or eight miles towards the plain of Jezrel, and is skirted on the north, for a short distance, by the ancient river Kishon.

Quaint old George Sandys, who visited Palestine when the pedant James the First was monarch of this country, and dedicated his "Relation of a Journey," &c., to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles the First, thus speaks of Carmel: "He stretcheth from east to west, and hath his utmost basis washed by the sea; steepest toward the north, and of different altitude; rich in olives and vines, when husbanded; and abounding with several sorts of fruits and herbs, both medicinal and fragrant, though now much over-grown with woods of sweet savour." Mariti describes it as a delightful region, and says that the good quality of the soil is apparent from the fact that many odoriferous plants and flowers, as hyacinths, jonquils, tazettos, anemones, &c., grow wild upon the mountains. "Mount Carmel," says Otto von Richter, "is entirely covered with verdure. On its summit are pines and oaks, and further down, olives and laurel trees, everywhere plentifully watered. It gives rise to a multitude of crystal brooks, the largest of which issues from the so-called fountain of Elijah; and they all hurry along, between banks thickly over-grown with bushes, to the Kishon. Every species of tillage succeeds admirably under this mild and cheerful sky. The prospect from the summit of the mountain over the gulf of Acre and its fertile shores, and over the blue heights of Lebanon and the white cape, is enchanting." "In the cool of the evening," writes Messrs. Bonar and M'Cheyne, "we ascended Mount Carmel by a deep and rocky ravine, a little way to the south. We conversed together on Elijah's wonderful answer to prayer obtained on this mountain, and felt that we could well spend the evening of the holy day in such a place. Having soon reached the summit, a considerable way above the Latin convent, we sat down at a point commanding a full view of the sea to the west and the north. The sun was going down beyond the sea, the air was cool and delightfully pure; scarcely a breath of wind stirred the leaves, yet the fragrant shrubs diffused their pleasant odours on every side. A true sabbath stillness rested on the sea and on the hill. The sea washes the hill on each side, and stretches out full in front, till lost in the distance. To the east and north-east lies that extension of the splendid plain of Esdraelon (Jezreel) which reaches to the white walls of Acre. To the south is seen the narrow plain between the mountains and the sea, which afterwards expands into the plain of Sharon; and along the ridge of Mount Carmel itself is a range of eminences, extending many miles to the south-east, all of them presenting a surface of table-land on the top, sometimes bare and rocky, and sometimes covered with mountain shrubs. The view we obtained that evening on Mount Carmel can never be forgotten. No scene we had witnessed surpassed its magnificence, and the features of it are still as fresh in our memory as if we had gazed on it but yesterday." When the vast extent of fruitful hills, running nearly eight miles in the country, was covered over with vineyards, olive-groves, and orchards of figs and almonds, not on the sides only, but also along the table-land of its summit—would not Carmel, (the fruitful field, the country of vineyards,) appear an immense hanging garden in the midst of the land? "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel," is the beautiful simile of Solomon when describing the bride, with her jewellery, ornaments, and coronal of flowers (Song of Songs, vii. 5). "The excellency (splendid ornaments) of Carmel and Sharon" shall be given unto "the wilderness and solitary place," is the suggestive

figure of the prophet Isaiah when depicting the triumphs of Christianity in the earth. But the Carmel of modern times as compared with what it was in those days is bare and unfruitful; "its top has withered," (Amos i. 2;) and only in the spring or early summer does it present any image of its former loveliness.

The mountain is of compact limestone, and contains nearly a thousand caverns. In one tract, called the Monk's Cavern, there are as many as four hundred caves, near to each other, with rude windows, and sleeping places hewn in the rock. The entrances are too narrow to admit of more than one person creeping in at a time, and are so crooked that once in, one is out of sight immediately, except closely followed. This gives a clearer idea of what is meant in Amos ix. 3, than the more commonly received notion about "Hiding under embowering vines and shady fig-trees." "Though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel," says the Lord, of those who endeavoured to escape his punishment, "I will search and take them out." The husbandry-loving King of Judah, Uzziah, "had vine-dressers in Carmel." But few vines are now cultivated on the slopes of the mountain.

A large cave, a little below the Monk's Cavern, on the eastern side of Carmel, is shown as the cave of Elijah; and a Latin monastery, belonging to the Carmelites, who take their name from this mountain, stands on the site where Elijah's sacrifice was supposed to have been offered.

CANDACE, QUEEN OF THE ETHIOPIANS.—Acts viii. 27.

Candace, or more properly Kandake, was the general name applied to female sovereigns of Ethiopia, as Pomare among the modern Tahitians; or as Pharaoh and Ptolemy to the kings of Egypt, and Cæsar to the emperors of Rome. Not only do Strabo and Pliny mention the fact of female sovereigns reigning in Ethiopia, with whose forces ancient Roman legionaries came into deadly conflict; not only does Eusebius, who lived in the fourth century, say that then the queens of Ethiopia continued to be called Kandake; but monuments still existing confirm the curious fact of femalesovereignty. On a large sepulchral pyramid near Assour, the ancient Meroë, a female warrior is depicted, with the royal ensigns on her head, dragging forward a number of captives as offerings to the gods. On another compartment she appears in a warlike habit, about to destroy the same group. Heeren, after describing the monuments at Naga, or Nak, south-east of Shendy, says, "It is evident that these representations possess many peculiarities, and that they are not pure Egyptian. The most remarkable difference appears in the persons offering. The queens appear with the kings; and not merely as presenting offerings, but as heroines and conquerors. Nothing of this kind has yet been discovered on the Egyptian reliefs, either in Egypt or Nubia. It may, therefore, with certainty be concluded that they are subjects peculiar to Ethiopia. Among the Ethiopians, says Strabo, the women also are armed. Herodotus mentions a Nitocris among the ancient queens of Ethiopia. Upon the relief of the monument at Kalabshe, representing the conquest of Ethiopia by Sesostris, there is a queen, with her sons, who appears before him as a captive." When Bruce was at Shendy, the government of the district was in the hands of a female called Sittina, or the lady.

Irenæus and Eusebius ascribe to Kadake's minister, whom ecclesiastical tradition has called Judich, the conversion of his queen to Christianity, and the promulgation of the gospel throughout her kingdom. Popular Abyssinian rumour agrees with the same tradition.

THE CRETANS.—Titus i. 12.

The base character of the ancient inhabitants of the isle of Crete was proverbial. The Cretans, or Kretans, are one of the three K's against whose unfaithfulness the Greek proverb was intended as a caution, Kappadokia, and Kilikia, being the other two. Epimenides, from whom the apostle's quotation is taken, was an epic poet of Crete, and flourished when Solon was legislator of Athens, and no less than five inspired prophets were uttering their "burdens:" Jeremiah, Zephaniah, Habakkuk, Ezekiel, and Daniel. Many fabulous things are told of Epimenides: his sleeping fifty-seven years in a cave, and living more than two centuries and a half, are a sample of the rest. Plutarch speaks of him as one of the seven wise men of Greece, at least so esteemed by those would not admit Periander into the number.

Three explanations have been given of the meaning of the term "prophet" as applied by the apostle Paul and to Epimenides; that the names of poet and prophet were convertible; that Epimenides had earned the title of prophet; and that it was given to him in this instance as having delivered a description of Cretan character, which the future state of morals among them verified. "The Cretans are eternal liars, brutes, and gabbellies." They united, says a celebrated commentator, the subtlety of the fox, the venom of the serpent, or the fierceness of wolves and tigers, with the greediness and inactivity of swine.

GLEANINGS FROM GUTHRIE.

MARGARET WILSON, SCOTLAND'S MAIDEN MARTYR.—Some two hundred years ago there was a dark period of suffering in this land, when deeds of bloody cruelty were committed on God's people, not outdone by Indian butcheries. One day the tide is flowing in the Solway Firth, rushing like a race horse with snowy mane to the shore. It is occupied by groups of weeping spectators. They keep their eyes fixed on two objects out upon the wet sands. There, two women, each tied fast by their arms and limbs to a stake, stand within the sea mark, and many an earnest prayer is going up to heaven that Christ, who bends from his throne to the sight, would help them now in their dreadful hour of need. The elder of the two is staked farthest out. Margaret, the young martyr, stands bound, a fair sacrifice, near by the shore. Well, on the big billows come, hissing to their naked feet, on, and further on they come, death riding on the top of the waves, and eyed by these tender women with unflinching courage. The waters rise and rise, till, amid a scream and cry of horror from the shore, the lessening form of her that had death first to face, is lost in the foam of the surging wave. It recedes, but only to return; and now, the sufferer gasping for breath, her death-struggle is begun; and now, for Margaret's trial and her noble answer. "What see you yonder," said their murderers, as, while the water rose cold on her own limbs, they pointed her attention to her fellow-confessor

in the suffocating agonies of a protracted death. Response full of the boldest faith, and brightest hope, and all the divine unfathomed consolation of my text to you, she firmly answered, "I see Christ suffering in one of his own members." Brave and glorious words! borrowed in that hour from the precious language of my text, and leading us to the apostle's most comforting and sublime conclusion, "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. Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH.—Ere autumn has tinted the woodlands, or the corn-fields are falling to the reaper's song, or hoary hill-tops, like grey hairs on an aged head, give warning of winter's approach, I have seen the swallows brood pruning their feathers, and putting their long wings to the proof, and though they might return to their nests in the window eaves, or alight again on the house-tops, they darted away in the direction of sunny lands. Thus they showed that they were birds bound for a foreign clime, and that the period of their migration from the scene of their birth was nigh at hand. Grace has also its prognostics. They are infallible as those of nature. So when the soul, filled with longings to be gone, is often darting away to glory, and soaring upward, rises on the wings of faith, till this great world, from her sublime elevation looks a little thing; God's people know that they have the earnest of the spirit. These are the pledges of heaven—a sure sign that their "redemption draweth nigh." Such devout feelings afford the most blessed evidence that, with Christ by the helm, and "the wind" that "bloweth where it listeth," in our swelling sails, we are drawing nigh to the land that is afar off; even as the reeds and leaves, and fruits that float upon the briny waves, as the birds of strange and gorgeous plumage that fly round his ship and alight upon its yards, as the sweet-scented odours which the wind wafts out to sea, assure the weary mariner that ere long he shall drop his anchor and end his voyage in the desired haven.

"OH! BRING US HOME AT LAST."

Oh! bring us home at last,
Thou who didst guide us when our morn was bright!
Darkness is falling fast,
Gather thy children home before the night.

Oh! bring us home at last!
The evening mists steal o'er us, damp and chill,
While autumn's moaning blast
Sweeps in sad music over vale and hill.

Oh! bring us home at last!
Have we much farther through the night to go?
Have we not almost past
The wilderness? Thou wilt not leave us so!

Oh! bring us home at last
Our Father! Bid our weary wanderings cease!
Uplift the veil o'ercast
Between our spirits and Thy home of peace.

Maude.

CLAUDE CLIFTON'S STORY OF HIS LIFE

CHAPTER IX.

I GET INTO SAFER SEAS.

"I have a paper
Which I would show thee, friend."

"Sure 'tis the hand of Heaven that leads me thus,
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
In a dark corner of my tell I found
This paper."

"The care of Providence sure left it there."

CONGRÈVE.

It is by no means an easy task to describe the various emotions and feelings that seem suddenly to take possession of us in the moment of excitement and surprise. We do not remain in such a state long enough to be accurate and truthful critics of ourselves; and afterwards a precise representation of what then passed within us, memory cannot yield, and language must ever fail to produce. When I heard Kidd Weldon's voice in earnest conversation in the room below, when Kidd Weldon himself rose to meet me as I entered, when he clasped my hand, and looked at me with those keen grey eyes of his, whether it was astonishment, or delight, or thankfulness, or hope, or self-reproach, or what, that most predominated in my bosom I cannot tell; but, notwithstanding the difficulties in which I again found myself, and the need I had for some friendly counsel and advice, I do not think I felt so glad at seeing my old friend as I should have felt had I met with him when I first arrived in London two years before. Perhaps, I thought, he would be disappointed in finding that I had not displayed so much natural ability, and succeeded so well as he expected I should, and that he would have a lower opinion of me now than he expressed then. My conscience, too, was not very easy. I could not, upon reflection, approve of many things I had done at Whitechapel, and my hasty and clandestine flight did not seem to me a very honest and straightforward affair. Moreover I anticipated a lecture of great severity for giving myself up so freely and so eagerly to the service and superintendence of my relative, when I had been advised against it, and there was no absolute necessity for it. I did not, therefore, meet the searching ferret-like glance of Kidd Weldon without something of embarrassment, but the

generous sympathy of his kind heart soon reassured me.

"Well my lad," he said, after an interchange of brief and common-place enquiries, 'you've made what I call a poor do of it to my thinkin, but it'll all come right and all be for the best in the end, I dare say. You wouldn't take my word for it, as it was best not to trust to relations. You thought it a fine thing for a poor friendless lad to what I call throw himself on a well-to-do cousin, or whatever he is, but you see it's a mistake, and always will be a mistake, to my thinkin'. Relations as have to do with orphans mostly want to rule 'em as a father docs, and be obeyed as a father should be, while they haven't the heart of a father, and they can't have, and don't feel for 'em as a father must for his own flesh and blood. But I don't blame 'em so much, perhaps I should do the same myself. And I can't blame you, my lad. Your running away will do you no good, but I suppose you was druv to it. You see, both of you, as is always the case in such things, both of you, what I call, made for an expected too much of each other. You wanted to find a good, kind, fatherly friend in your relation, and you didn't; and he wanted a servant as would do as he told him, and do it all the more from his being a relative, but you wouldn't; and so you've parted. Well, you must make it up and part friends. It's an ill thing for a lad to fight wi' his own kith and kin. But I'm not going to blame you, I should ha done the same myself. But, you see, you're like many more, you live and learn by what I call rough handlin'; it's what we all do, an them's often the wisest in the end as has the most and the worst of it at first. Solomon said, he as increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow, and he said it because he saw plain enough that most folks are fools till

they've been taught wisdom by what I call the knocks and blows, the mishaps and misfortuns of life. But cheer up, my lad, you'll soon get over your trouble. Do you know this?"

Here he handed me a letter, the handwriting of which I recognized at first sight. It was a letter from my mother. On turning it over I found it was the identical letter I had lost. I asked in astonishment how he had come by it.

"O," he replied, "in what I call a curus and mysteerus way. When I got into Lunnun yesterday, I asked the head clerk at the wharf if a lad named Claude Clifton had been after me. He said not lately he thought. Somebody had asked about me several times a year or two ago, but he had not been for months, an he didn't know anything about him, an had not heard of him since. While we were talkin' up came a young man as had just been taken on as junior clerk, and hearin' the name Claude Clifton he stood bolt still as if he'd been shot, an looked surprised, and said he knew somethin' about that name, an then he told us a tale as I could hardly take in at first. He said, said he, as when he was at Mr. Stirlins, the tea merchant, on Ludgate Hill, a letter had been dropped by somebody in their shop, an the master picked it up, an as there was no direction on it, he read it to see if he could find out whose it was. It began 'My dear son,' and ended 'Your affectionate mother, E. Clifton'; an it said in the letter something as led Mr. Stirlin' to say as it was wrote to a very good lad, a orphan, who had helped his poor widder mother to buy back some old family furniture as she'd been obliged to sell. An from the note he said, did Mr. Stirlin', as his name was Claude as it was wrote to, an his mother's name was Clifton; an there was somethin' in it about lodgings in a street, which the name of it began with a saint, but he didn't remember, didn't the clerk, what saint it was, but he was quite sure it wasn't a common saint like George or John; but, said he, my master said as he shouldn't like the young man to lose the letter, an so he ordered the letter to be sent to the person as it was wrote to, if he could be found in that street as was mentioned. 'But,' says the clerk, 'I didn't send that day, for I thought I should like to read the letter myself, an so I put it away somewhere to be safe an handy, an from that day to the day I left, though I looked for it high an low, I could never find it again. But I remember as the

name in it was Claude Clifton; but what street it was he lived in I can't call to mind.'

"But my part of the story," continued Kidd Weldon, pulling up and drawing his breath as if for a fresh surprise, "my part of the story is still more mysteerus and curus, for I went up to Mr. Stirlins' last night and told him what I'd been told, and asked him whether they'd seen anything of it. He said as it was what he called a remarkable coincidence, 'for yesterday,' said Mr. Stirlin', 'as we'd been a makin' the shop bigger an a puttin' a new winder in, an had nearly done, we had the counter up to move it a little backuder, an what should we find but that letter a stickin' up endways on the floor behind one of the drawers inside the counter; an here it is,' said he, givin' me the letter."

"And that's how I come by the letter," continued Kidd Weldon, perceiving my astonishment, and perhaps anxious to get it up to the highest pitch at once, "and what's more I have, I think, come in for a situation for you, for he says, says Mr. Stirlin', 'I am in wants of a man just now to travel, and get orders, and take out goods in the van, an if he'll come an try his hand at it I'll make it a good thing for him. He's a good son I see by the letter, an I think he'll make a good servant.'"

If Kidd Weldon was staggered at the part of story which the clerk at the wharf had told him, I was more staggered at the story altogether. But there the letter was, there was no mistake about it, and one could not deny it; and here was Kidd Weldon who had found me, an obscure unit in thousand-peopled London, and had found me with no other clue than that letter had afforded him. And, moreover, I was in great straits, and his visits and the tidings he brought me, seemed a merciful interposition on my behalf. When my astonishment and surprise had sobered down into thankfulness and joy I said,

"What a remarkable coincidence, as Mr. Stirling says, it is altogether, and how much indebted I am to you for your kindness."

"It's more nar a coincidence to my thinkin'," said Kidd Weldon emphatically in reply, "it's a good deal more, it's what I call a plain clean providence. The more I think on it the more I see it so. I aint no patience wi' people as talks so much about accidents, an coincidences, an luck, an all that, as if it were Chance as ruled i' this world, an nobody else. To my thinkin' we're all

in God's hands, every one of us, and he does wi' us as he thinks fit, an he can make the least and the worst of what people call misfortins, and what I call misfortins sometimes, turn out for our good; an he can bring the greatest success to nothing."

Kidd Weldon said this in a grave, serious tone, as if he were speaking from his better nature upon the most solemn and weighty of themes, and as if he were speaking also from his own deep experience. He went on,

"Don't say as ye're indebted to me, it's to One as is higher and wiser than me that ye'r indebted. I couldn't ha found you. But the Lord has led me to you. Aint there a special promise for the orphans? Didn't you come to Lunnun to try to make your way in the world, and didn't a widder's heart go with you, and didn't a widder's prayers rise up to Heaven for you? And hasn't Him as is the husband of the widder, and the father of the fatherless been a fencin' you round, and a leadin' you on, and a openin' the way before you? Now you're fit for a good situation, an have proved steady, an sober, an industrious, an have had what I call rough handlin' in the streets, an rough handlin' in the shop an are ready,—isn't He a overrulin' things for you, an a preparin' the way that you may walk in it? It has seemed to me lately, an I've thought a good deal of these things as I've steered my barge on the element, that it is wi' the most favoured of God's child'n now as it was in the times as the Bible tells us about, we have to go up an down, up an down, in the wilderness a good while, an put up wi' a good many things as isn't pleasant, an have what I call rough handlin', and we find as things we trust in fail us, an our great hope dies, as Moses did, an then we go straight into Canaan at once, an we feel that it's a clean providence that is a takin' us, the Lord alone is a leadin' us, an there is no one else with Him. But come, get on with your breakfast, and let us be off."

In about half an hour we were on our way to Ledbury, Dale, and Co's, Whitechapel. My heart beat flurriedly as we crossed the road opposite the shop, and could see Mr. P. Clifton coming to the door and looking intently at me, as if he recognized his runaway servant. My protector and friend was a strong, heavy-built, muscular man, and could fairly have matched three or four Peter Clifton's, so I knew I had nothing to fear from force; but I began to

suspect, as I saw the fierce and sullen anger that gathered on the face of my relative and master, that another and more furious storm was ready to burst upon my head. When we entered the shop, to my great surprise, Mr. Peter said nothing; but half in doubt as to who Kidd Weldon could be, and what was the real nature of his errand, and half in fear perhaps from that strong frame, and the accompanying strong will, and also from those keen bright eyes that were at once fixed upon him, he waited until the object of the visit had been explained.

"I'm not accustomed to be dictated to in matters of business by any one," said Mr. Peter, quite as sharply, but not quite so curtly as usual; passion made him more human and less after his ideal of an automatical man of business; "I know nothing of you, and can have nothing to say to you if you come to interfere and dictate to me about one over whom, by my relationship, I have naturally authority and power. As to you Claude—did intend to prosecute you—left the premises like a burglar at midnight—window of the show-room open all night—but it's not worth while. Would have made a tradesman of you—put you in the way to get your fortune—but books, Claude, books will beggar you as they beggared your father. By all means go, if you can't stay with me and fall in with business ways; get employment under a master who will let you do as you like—but mind, Claude, you are missing your chance—you are missing your chance—and I'm sorry for you."

As soon as he had done speaking, Kidd Weldon saw that it would be of no use attempting to say more to one who treated an honest boatman so contemptuously, and wishing Mr. Peter "a very good morning" we left the shop. I was glad enough to get off the premises altogether, for when I perceived how patiently Mr. Peter listened while Kidd Weldon told him his business, and when I heard Mr. Peter talk of prosecution, I grew afraid that somehow I might not be able to get off at present.

"He seems to ha' no notion of any thing except goods and bank notes," said my honest hearted friend as we came away. "He thinks neither time, nor brains, nor soul's of any use if they aint worked up into chairs and tables, and then turned into gold. I could make as good a man as he is any day out of chips, bank notes, and buckram."

We found Mr. Stirling, upon whom

we called next, as unlike Mr. P. Clifton as possible. A stout portly gentleman, somewhat elderly and venerable in appearance, with a genial open countenance and a mild benignant smile ever playing over it,—I felt I could trust him the moment I saw him. Kidd Weldon said, as we were going,—“The Lord Almighty has written honest on his brow, an has given him a large heart. It's his nature to be generous and kind, an he can no more help it than the sun can help shinin'.” Kidd Weldon was right, and he was likely to be. A good judge of character always, almost infallible in his estimate of a man after an interview of a few minutes, he had long acquaintance to aid him in this case. He had known Mr. Stirling for several years; they had met often before, both in town and country. Mr. Stirling was the principal manager in connexion with the Canal Company, on whose waters Kidd had first sailed; and he had taken a great interest in “the captain,” as he usually called him, ever since he had first met him, which was about a dozen years before. He considered him to be a man of character, of good natural parts, and thorough honesty, though rough and unpolished withal. As soon as I saw Mr. S., I also seemed to know him. His face was familiar to me. It turned out that he was the elderly commercial gentleman, with whom I had ridden on the top of the coach, from the “Shepherd and Shepherdess” to London, and who had spoken of the revolutionary bookseller shouting and pelting at the king. When I reminded him of the subject of conversation he recollected the whole journey very well, and remembered distinctly how explosive the colouel was, and how strongly he advocated severe measures in times of popular excitement. As to myself, he had only a dim remembrance of my getting up at Corleigh; but he could not help noticing, and did most distinctly remember, the eagerness with which I seemed to drink in everything that was said about political agitation in the country, and the great demonstration near Copenhagen House, and the riot which followed.

Our interview with him was perfectly satisfactory to me. It was agreed that I should for three months “serve” behind the counter, in the retail department, to get accustomed to the business; that at the end of that time I should go into the other department, and take any post that was vacant, or that I should be considered qualified to fill; that I should not live upon the premises except for

the first three months, when I should board there and lodge out. I was to commence my new duties on Monday. When my good friend Weldon and I got back to St. Olaves' street for dinner, I felt a burden gone off my mind that had long depressed me, and new hopes infused into my soul. I almost wept for joy. That morning was one of the most important of my life. From that time almost every day was an advance, and every enterprise a success. The crisis of my business life was passed, and every step henceforth “led on to fortune.” Little did I think that another crisis was near; a crisis of more solemn moment, and of far greater influence upon my present and eternal destiny.

There was something in Kidd Weldon that struck me as altogether different from what I had seen before. The adviser and friend who had that day piloted me into safer seas stood before me invested with a new, if not a sacred character. It might, I thought, be only the effect of an excited imagination, or it might be the result of a more profound insight. I might look upon him as sent to me charged with a special and divine mission, or I might have grown more thoughtful and serious, and from close and subtle sympathy, might discover in his character a depth and earnestness, which though present when I first met him, I had failed to detect. But so it was that I could not but regard him as in some respects changed. His voice was as rough and deep, but there was a tone of solemnity in it that I did not remember to have noticed before; his features were the same, but the repulsiveness of his countenance was softened, and a milder expression often beamed from his eyes; his manners were still rude and unpolished, and yet there was a gentleness and a grace about him that indicated a latent spirit of refinement. We spent the day together in pleasant social converse; my impression deepened the more I saw of him. I felt sure, moreover, that he had yet something to disclose to me; and something of a deeply solemn and affecting nature. My secret presentiments were at length shewn to be correct. After dusk, when we had come in from a ramble in St. George's Fields, and were seated in my little room by ourselves, he began to talk about preachers, and Sundays, and what we should do with ourselves on the coming day.

“I've told you,” he said, “as I haven't been up to Lunnun for about two years because business kept me in the country,

but I've not told you all about it. When poor Job died, an he died soon after I first saw you, he suffered very much, an was very wretched in his mind, because he had not led a better life. He told me he had all along known better, but he had never acted up to his knowledge, an that made his case worse. He said he had sinned against light an knowledge, an had grieved the good Spirit, an drowned good thoughts in drink, an neglected his duty to himself an his family, an been a very reprobate, an there was no hope for him. He had spoke about the rights of man, an the laws of nature, all the while he was forgettin' the rights of his wife an child'n, an breaking the laws of God; an he should be measured by the measure he had meted out to others, an judged by the judgment he had passed upon others, an he couldn't stand before God's bar. He said as he wasn't fit to die, an he felt as if he couldn't die. A good man, a Methodist, came to see him, an prayed by his bedside, an talked an read to him about the Saviour as was able to save to the uttermost, but it was a no use. When he was gone, poor Job was worse than ever, an cried out as he was lost, an it was too late, an the death that never dies was a layin' hold upon him, an the fires of hell a ragin' in his soul. His shrieks an groans were awful; I couldn't get 'em out of my head for weeks, an the're not out yet; an his wrestlin' an agony was such as I never saw the like of. I was miserable for days after, for I felt I might come to such a end as I wasn't, though a different man, a bit more fit to die. But the devil came an tempted me, an made me easier again. He said to me, in his whisperin' way, 'yer honest, aint ye? Ye pay yer way, don't you? Ye don't do anybody any harm, do ye? Ye can wish everybody well, can't ye? What more do ye want then? An so I began to trust in dead works again, thinkin' as it would be all right at last. But the Lord wouldn't let me go in that way. Sittin' in my boat one day, I heard a noise as if somebody was a preachin', an I got out an went up the bank, an in a field close by I saw a great crowd of people, an a man talkin' to 'em. I felt as if I must go an hear; an I'm thankful to God I did. He was a preachin' about salvation, the man was, an he said we had all sinned, all of us, sinned much, an we could be saved only in one way—by faith in Him as loved us, an gave himself for us, an was able to redeem us from all sin. Good works wont save

you now, any more than bein' honest to day, will keep you out o' prison for bein' a thief yesterday, or any more than payin' for things as ye have 'em this week will wipe out the old debts as you've been runnin' up for months. An then he told us of what Christ had gone through to cancel the debt, an how much he loved us all, bad as we had been, an how free an wide his mercy was, an how poor heart-broken sinners were never sent empty away when they came to Him, but were filled with heavenly gifts of mercy and love. An as he went on I could bear it no longer, the tears rolled down my cheeks, an my heart was melted within me. I went back to my boat, but the words about the Saviour wouldn't leave me, an I got a New Testament an read it, an read it, an prayed over it, an wept over it, an light came to me, an a sweet peace and comfort filled my soul, an I thought the Lord gave me this as a sure token that I was His. I aint been like the same man since."

My conscience smote me as he spoke. The rude boatman with all his disadvantages was a better Christian than I was. He saw I was moved, and he said no more till just as he was going away. When I shook hands with him, he held my hand firmly in his and said; "You'll think about what I've been a speakin' of, wont ye? The preacher as I heard is now in Lunnun, I suppose; will you go with me to his meetin'-house to-morrow?" Of course I promised him I should be most happy so to do.

The meeting-house to which we went on the following day, was a plain and old fashioned edifice, and hid its head modestly among more lofty buildings half way down a narrow, dingy lane in Whitechapel. An air of antiquity pervaded the place. There was an old oaken pulpit there with a large and lofty sounding board over it of the same substance. The pews were some of them square, and some of them triangular, and some of them oblong, but all odd looking, and so deep and so high you seemed buried in them, and could scarcely see over the tops at all without standing up on the seats. There was a heavy lumbering gallery over the entrance with a clock on its polished oaken front, the face of which looked as old and wrinkled as the face of Father Time himself, who stood upon the summit of the dial, with his scythe over his shoulder, and his hour glass in his hand, a calm and silent monitor to preacher and people. The walls were covered with

tablets and gravestones, and the windows were both small and few. As the preacher ascended the carved stairs of the pulpit, and took his seat under the sounding-board, I perceived that he was no ordinary man. He was of about the middle age, with broad shoulders and full chest, and features expressive of manliness and force of character. He wore a wig of singular shape, peaked over his high and massive forehead, and rolled up round his ears in two parallel lines of curls. The service, which was conducted as the service at Guysmore meeting-house used to be, impressed me with its heartiness and fervour, and was quite unlike what I had observed in other places in London. The sermon, which was upon the Christian's portion, was remarkable for its strong clear sense, and the thorough scripturalness of its sentiments. The voice of the preacher was sonorous and distinct, and the masculine vigour and depth of the discourse were heightened in their effect by a powerful and animated delivery. Kidd Weldon came away in raptures of delight. "It was," he said "worth comin' up to Luunon on purpose for, to have such a feast of good strong meat." In the evening we went again. There were many young people present, and the subject of the sermon was, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." The preacher dwelt chiefly upon man's foolish inversion of Christ's injunction, upon his seeking first and chiefly business, wealth, learning, pleasure, reputation, anything, and afterwards, and as if it were but of secondary moment, proposing to add piety, godliness, faith; the consequence of which often was that he lost all,—both this world and the world to come. "Follow Christ's order," he said, "and you will secure both; 'all these things shall be added unto you.' Follow the world's order, and neither character, nor means, nor pleasures, are safe; there is no safety for any of us but in putting God, Christ, and eternity first and foremost in our hearts and our life." Then he made a most pathetic and stirring appeal to the half-hearted and the wavering. Every word of the discourse, in my case at least, struck home. Memory and conscience were aroused, my past life, my past follies, and misdeeds, and indecision, my mother's sweet fire-side sermons which I had well-nigh forgotten—all came freshly to my mind. I went away awakened and penitent. Whether it was a conversion

for the first time, or a restoration, I sometimes find myself questioning; it is enough to know it was the crisis of my spiritual life. On my bended knees, that very night, in secret and alone, I gave myself, body, soul, and spirit to God, as my Heavenly Father, to Christ, as my brother and Saviour, and to the Blessed Spirit, as my light and inspiration. On the morrow I went forth to the business of life calm and strong, and the hand of the Lord was upon me. I am now an old man, and my brow is furrowed with years; I have circumnavigated the great globe of social and individual experience; I have touched at many a port, and torn from thence rich freights of happiness and pleasure; but I look back upon no event of my life with so much pure and holy joy, as upon my sincere repentance that night of all my worldly and selfish desires, and upon my full and unreserved consecration of myself at that time to my Saviour and my God. When Kidd Weldon left me he was heart-full of delight, and his last words were, "Stick to *that* text, my lad," (meaning the text of the Sunday evening's discourse) "an ye'll do."

By far the happiest part of my life in London now began. I enjoyed my work, my leisure, and my Sabbaths. I loved my new master as a father. To his service I devoted myself with unwearied diligence. Everything I did for him I tried to do conscientiously. In this I found my own interest "added unto me." I soon obtained the sole management of the suburban family trade, and it grew under my hand to an importance and worth it never before attained, while my own salary was thereby enlarged. The pursuits I had formerly followed in my leisure I re-commenced. My library was increased, and my delight in literature, and my relish and appreciation of its pleasures and advantages, increased also. My companions were few. With the good minister whose services had been so beneficial to me, I formed a close, and I hope an eternal friendship; he became henceforth my spiritual guide and pastor. But books were still my chief associates in my unoccupied moments; and correspondence with my widowed mother was one of my fondest pleasures.

After about three years, Mr. Stirling, to my great regret, announced his intentions of giving up business, and retiring into the country. "His health had of late failed," he said, "and he was getting weary of the bustle of trade." The business was advertized for sale; a purchaser was found; and I was dis-

missed from my post, to make way for the son and heir of the new proprietor. Mr. Stirling grieved as much as I did that the circumstances which made it advisable, and even necessary for him to dispose of his business, would once more launch me upon the wide world; and he showed his regard for me by doing his best to obtain me a lucrative and responsible situation in the establishment of his friends, "Forbay and Torbay."

who since the renewal of the charter of the East India Company in 1793, had traded on their own account direct with Hindostan. His efforts were successful; and it was on a confidential mission to their agent in Calcutta, that I was expecting to go when I left London for Guysmore, whither a few chapters ago I led my reader, and to which place in my next I shall return.

Brief Notice.

TALES OF THE MARTYRS OF THE FIRST TWO CENTURIES. BY REV. B. H. COWPER. London: *The Book Society*, 89, *Paternoster Row*.

A pithy and well digested account of the martyrs of the first two centuries. Three kinds of martyrs are mentioned. 1st, Those who are such in will and in deed, as Stephen, who cheerfully laid down his life for Christ. 2nd, Those who were martyrs in will but not in deed, like John the Apostle, who exposed himself to peril of death, but after all, died in a natural manner. 3rd, Those who were martyrs in deed, but not in will, as the children slain by Herod. For two reasons only those of the first two centuries are noticed. The author wishes to illustrate the constancy and faith of the first Christians, and he does not purpose anything more than to introduce the reader to the history of that long line of men whose sufferings are memorable in the church. Brief accounts are given of the apostles, and more detailed narratives of the martyrdom of four celebrated fathers, Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, and Irenæus. Besides these, we have the story of Symphorina and her seven sons; of Felicitas and her seven sons; of the persecutions at Lyons and Vienne, and others. We give one quotation Attalus, among other Christians at Lyons, was destined for the amphitheatre, and a special day was set apart for this public exhibition of pagan cruelty. Maturus and Sanctus had perished. Attalus was called for by the assembled crowd "He was a man excellent alike by birth and character. He came into the arena with great cheerfulness. They began by leading him round the amphitheatre, with a small banner carried before him, inscribed in letters of blood, in the Latin language, — HIC EST ATTALVS CHRISTIANVS, 'This is Attalus the Christian.' The impatient throng clamoured loudly for his death, but it having reached the

ears of the governor that he was a Roman he, and some others similarly circumstanced, were ordered back to prison, until further instructions in regard to them had been received from the emperor. The delay which ensued was profitable both to themselves and others. Not a few dead and dying members of the church were revived by those who were living, and such as had fallen were greatly helped by those who were faithful, so that some even desired another opportunity of confessing Christ. At length, the reply of Cæsar arrived; it ordained that those who confessed Christ should be at once put to death, but that those who renounced him should be set free." Just at this season of the year, the commencement of August, there was an annual fair at Lyons, and many people were gathered together. The Christians were again brought forth, and questioned. Those who confessed Christ were beheaded, if Roman citizens: if they were not, were thrown to wild beasts. Nearly every one was faithful. "While the examination was proceeding, one Alexander, a physician, a native of Phrygia, and well known for his excellence of character, was detected encouraging by signs those who were before the judge. On him, therefore, was laid the blame of their constancy; an outcry was raised, and he was seized and brought before the governor. 'Who, and what are you?' said the governor. 'I am a Christian,' said Alexander. So, without further ceremony, he was condemned to the wild beasts. The next day he was brought up again with Attalus, and to gratify the populace, the president had decided to expose him to the lions. They both endured all the customary tortures, and were then devoured. Alexander neither spoke nor groaned, but Attalus exhorted the people even from the dreadful iron chain, heated red-hot."

Correspondence.

MONUMENT TO LATE REV. J. G. PIKE.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to inform the subscribers to Mr. Pike's monument, that owing to the list being far from complete, and feeling assured many friends will wish to join in this testimonial, who have not yet sent in the amount of their contributions, it is resolved to postpone,

for the present, the publication of the list of subscribers.

On behalf of the committee,
CHARLES STEVENSON,
Treasurer.

Derby, Oct. 14, 1859.

QUERY.—A practice has prevailed of late, having, as I imagine, an injurious tendency, for churches in want of a minister to write to pastors who are comfortably settled, and where there is peace and growing prosperity. An instance of the kind has just occurred in this neighbourhood, where applications from three congregations have been made to a pastor who is beloved by his flock, highly esteemed by the townspeople, and where the cause is in a very flourishing state, and the pastor is every way comfortable, and receives a very liberal salary. I wish to inquire from your intelligent correspondents whether such a course is either scriptural or defensible. An answer will oblige, yours, &c., WM. WHITE.

QUERY.—Some of the friends at the late meeting at Leicester complained of

the losing sight of so many of our young members as soon as they had joined the church. Might not this be greatly obviated by relinquishing the plan of dismissing them from our Sabbath schools?

A. N.

QUERY.—Is it consistent for a Christian to vote by ballot? Specially called as professing Christians are, to bear witness to the truth before the world, the above question becomes a very serious one in this temporizing age; and I should be very glad if our able friend, Mr. Liggins, (who is so well qualified to deal with it) or some other brother, who would take in its political as well as its religious aspects, would give us his opinion on a question which is no less important than new. Yours truly, on this point,

A SINCERE SCEPTIC.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE MIDLAND CONFERENCE met at Archdeacon-lane chapel, Leicester, on Tuesday, September 27th, 1859. The secretary read the Scriptures and prayed, and Rev. W. Jones, of Derby, preached from Phil. ii. 21, "For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." At the business meeting in the afternoon, Rev. T. Stevenson, minister of the place, presided, and Rev. H. Hunter, of Nottingham, prayed. From written or oral reports it appeared that one hundred and seventeen had been baptized since the Whitsuntide Conference, seven had been restored to church fellowship, and ninety-three were now candidates for baptism. The minutes of the last meeting were read, and the following matters of business attended to:—

1. *Ilkeston Case*—The secretary of the committee on this case appointed at the last Conference read a report of their proceedings. It was agreed—1. That the

report now read be received, and that the thanks of the Conference be presented to the committee for their attention to this case. Representatives of both parties cheerfully attested their appreciation of the gentlemanly fairness and Christian courtesy of the committee appointed to investigate the differences that have arisen at Ilkeston. Discussion arose as to the present condition of affairs. The seceders from the new chapel having still held back when invited to reunite, it was agreed—2. That this Conference being of opinion that it is undesirable to have two General Baptist churches in Ilkeston, request the committee to remain in office for the present, and if need be, pay a second visit to Ilkeston, with a view of effecting an amicable re-union of both sections of the church.

2. *Concerning building a Chapel at Swadlincote*.—The church at Burton-on-Trent having asked for the advice of the

Conference as to the propriety of building a chapel at the village of Swadlincote, where they have had preaching some time, and where there is a plot of ground belonging to the connexion, it was agreed:—That we most affectionately recommend the church at Burton to build a chapel at that village.

Rev. J. F. Winks, at this stage of the meeting, gave an outline of the business of the special meeting to be held the next day at Friar-lane chapel, the subjects of the papers, and the names of the writers. Several friends were present at this Conference from distant parts of the connexion, who had come to be present at, and take part in, the special meeting.

Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., of Nottingham, preached in the evening.

The next Conference will be held at Burton-on-Trent, on the last Tuesday in December (27th.) The Rev. T. Stevenson, of Leicester, is invited to preach.

J. J. GOADBY, Sec.

THE CHESHIRE CONFERENCE assembled at Stoke-upon-Trent, on Monday, Oct. 10th, 1859. In the morning the Rev. R. Pedley opened the service, and in the absence of the appointed preacher the secretary gave a discourse founded on Exodus xiv. 15. In the afternoon, the meeting for business began at two o'clock. The Rev. C. E. Pratt presided. The reports of the churches, though scarcely so encouraging as at the last Conference, still shew that considerable improvement has been made during the last six months. Bap. 15, resto. 2. Among the improvements effected of late, may be mentioned—first, the building of a new chapel and school-rooms by our brethren at Wheelock Heath. A very neat and commodious place of worship has been built at Wheelock, and was opened on Sunday, October 9th, 1859, by the affectionate and devoted pastor of the church, the Rev. R. Pedley. It is a pleasing fact that the new chapel has no debt upon it. The opening services were celebrated without any collection.

Congleton may also be mentioned with pleasure in consequence of the repairs in the chapel, which have been effected by an outlay of from forty to fifty pounds. The cause appears to be steadily improving under the pastorate of the Rev. J. Gardner. The collections for the Home Mission being handed to the treasurer, some inquiries were made in reference to the friends at Audlem, and it was agreed,

1. That the secretary correspond with the church at Audlem, and elicit an

answer, if possible, to the first minute of the last Conference.

After a protracted conversation in reference to the cause at Congleton, and the best means of rendering some assistance, it was agreed,

2. That there be one person appointed in each church to collect for the Home Mission.

3. That the secretary write an article to be read at our next Conference. Subject, "Our Conferences."

4. That the next Conference be held at Tarporley, on Easter Tuesday.

5. That the Rev. C. E. Pratt, of Stoke, be the preacher, and in case of failure, the Rev. R. Pedley, of Wheelock Heath.

6. That the thanks of this Conference be given to the secretary for his sermon in the morning.

7. That the thanks of the Conference be given to the friends at Stoke for the manner in which they have entertained the delegates.

The Rev. Mr. Page, of Newcastle, preached in the evening.

JAMES MADEN, Sec.

THE YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE met at Allerton, near Bradford, Aug. 30th, 1859. In the morning the Rev. C. Springthorpe opened the service, and the Rev. J. Horsfall preached from Hosea xiv. 5, "I will be as the dew unto Israel," &c. At the afternoon sitting bro. J. Taylor presided. From written or verbal reports that were presented we learned that seventeen had been baptized, and three remained as candidates. It was a matter of regret that an unusual number of churches did not send either reports or representatives.

The secretary of the Todmorden chapel building committee was instructed to call that committee together preparatory to the next Conference, and prepare a report of the building and its finances, to submit to the Conference. The church at Todmorden were also desired to present their financial statement at the same time, together with a plan for the reduction of their chapel debt. The secretary was also requested to read to the Christmas Conference annually a list of the churches in the Yorkshire district, together with the number of members in each, and the support rendered by each church to the general institutions of the body. Brethren Springthorpe and Hardy were appointed to visit those churches that have not contributed to the Home Mission, and bring in their report to the next Conference. It was agreed that the annual collection on behalf of the Conference Fund be made next Conference.

That the subject of the next Conference sermon be, "The best means of extending our denomination in this district." Rev. John Taylor the preacher.

That bro. Springthorpe be sent as our representative to the Leicester meeting

on the extension of the body. The next Conference will be held at Byron-street chapel, Leeds, on Tuesday, the 27th of December. The sermon in the evening.

THOMAS HORSFIELD, Secretary.

BAPTISMS.

CROWLE, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. Thomas Lovekin baptized two persons during the past month, who were received into the fellowship of the church. On the occasion many had to go away who were unable to obtain admission.

FORNCETT.—We baptized four men and one woman, Oct 2. The woman keeps a church day-school in an adjoining village and remains at her church. We expect another baptism soon. Two of the men are from a place recently opened for preaching. G. M.

LEICESTER, Dover-street.—On Sunday night, Sept. 18, three were baptized. Two of them were young men who had been scholars, but are now teachers in the Sunday-school. J. M.

NEW LENTON.—Five friends were baptized on the first Lord's-day in October.

BARTON.—On Lord's-day, Sept. 4th, seven candidates were baptized and received into the fellowship of the church.

STALYBRIDGE.—On Lord's-day, Sept. 25th, after preaching from Acts xxvi. 24, 29, Mr. Sutcliffe baptized three dear friends in the presence of a good congregation.

COALVILLE AND WHITWICK.—Additions to this church by baptism have been made, of two interesting youths, May 19, and two other friends Oct. 2nd.

ISLEHAM.—On Lord's-day, Oct. 2, five persons were baptized. The fact, that one of the candidates was our pastor's own daughter, greatly cheered his heart.

LOUTH, Walter-gate.—Four friends were baptized, Aug. 8. Bro. Wilkinson, from Orissa, preached and administered the ordinance. The congregation was large and attentive. The sermon was calculated to do much good. The above-named were received into the church the following day. Brother T. R. Stevenson, who has been supplying here most acceptably a few weeks, assisted in this service. J. K.

ANNIVERSARIES.

STALYBRIDGE.—Our annual missionary services were held here on Sunday, September 18th, 1859. The Rev. H. Wilkinson preached two very excellent sermons, and addressed the Sabbath scholars in the afternoon. The proceeds of the year amounted to nearly £28.

ILKESTON.—On Lord's-day, September 25th, the Rev. C. Springthorpe preached the first anniversary sermons in the new Baptist Chapel, Ilkeston. The congregations were good, and the collections amounted to £18 9s.

VALE CHAPEL, NEAR TODMORDEN.—On September 24th, the young people in connection with the Vale Chapel People's College, held their annual tea meeting. About 160 took tea, and were afterwards entertained and instructed by recitations and speeches till ten o'clock. A favourable report was given of the institution. The classes have commenced for the winter months with a full average attendance, and it is hoped that both teachers and pupils will spend their winter evenings pleasantly and profitably. The College Finances are in a good state.

TARPORLEY.—Two sermons were preached by the Rev. I. Stubbins, at Tarporley, on Lord's day, October 9th, in behalf of the Foreign Mission. The afternoon service was held in the town hall, which was comfortably filled, and the evening service in our chapel. On both occasions the audience were deeply interested. On the Monday evening the annual meeting was held in the hall, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. T. Williams, Presbyterian, the Rev. W. Shakespere, of Belper, Mr Dutton, and the missionary. The attendance was large, and the collections and subscriptions realised for the mission the sum of £60 9s. 10d.

BARTON, BARLESTONE, &c.—Our mission anniversary services were held on Lord's-day, Sept. 11th, and three following evenings. The Rev. I. Stubbins preached at Barton and Congerstone. Missionary meetings were held at Bosworth, on Monday evening; at Barton, on Tuesday evening; and on Wednesday, the scholars of our several schools, with their teachers and friends, assembled at Barlestone to hold their juvenile tea and missionary meeting. A number of friends

addressed the children, and a report of the funds was read by the secretary, shewing the society to be in a promising state, there being sufficient to pay for the support of two orphan children, and upwards of £4 in hand. Amount of sub-

scriptions and collections for the year, £45 4s. 11d. R. H.

WEST RETFORD.—On Lord's-day, Sept. 18, Rev. H. Ashbury, of Sheffield, advocated the claims of our sabbath-school. Collections £7 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COALVILLE.—New school rooms, which were much needed, have been erected in connection with the General Baptist Chapel, Coalville. Sermons were preached at the opening, July 19th and 24th, by the Revs. J. Malcolm, J. Barker, LL.B., of Leicester, and I. Preston, of Chesham, July 25th. A large number of friends met for tea, after which addresses were delivered by the pastor of the church, the Rev. J. Cholerton, who presided, and the Revs. I. Preston, J. Malcolm, T. Mays, G. Fisher, and Mr. T. E. Butler. The new rooms, which are capable of comfortably accommodating 400 children, are much admired. Very extensive alterations and improvements have also been made in the chapel by which it has been rendered very much more comfortable and commodious than it was before. Collections, donations, &c., including twenty pounds from the Whitwick colliery company, amount to about eighty pounds. We thank God, and take courage.

PRESENTATION.—A meeting was held in the General Baptist Sunday School, Tetley-street, Bradford, on Thursday, Sept. 22nd, on the occasion of presenting a testimonial of esteem and regard to Mrs. S. Townend, who is leaving the school, after having been connected with it as pupil and teacher for a period of sixteen years. During the time she has acted as teacher she has been one of the most efficient in the school, and has gained the respect and esteem, not only of her class, but of the other teachers and superintendents, for her general kindness to all, and the earnestness and devotion she has manifested in the performance of her duties. After tea, to which about seventy of the teachers and scholars sat down, Mr. J. Terry, one of the superintendents, made the presentation to Mrs. Townend, in the name of the class, bearing testimony to her usefulness as a teacher, she having been instrumental in the hands of Providence of bringing some of her scholars to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and of inducing them to become members of the church. He then presented to her, in the name of the class, an elegantly bound Bible, and a

handsome tea-pot. The former bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Mrs. Susannah Townend, by Mr. J. Terry, superintendent of the General Baptist School, Tetley-street, Bradford, on behalf of the fourth female Bible class, as a small token of respect and esteem for her untiring labours to promote their intellectual, spiritual, and eternal interests during a period of seven years. Signed by her scholars, September 22nd, 1859." The Rev. B. Wood returned thanks in appropriate terms on behalf of Mrs. Townend, and the proceedings soon afterwards terminated.

LEICESTER.—On Tuesday evening, Oct. 4th, the second session of the Dover-street mutual improvement class was opened by a most instructive, graphic, and eloquent lecture "On the Life, Character, and Death of General Havelock, the Christian warrior of India," by Mr. B. Baldwin, of Loughborough. The audience was large, and testified their gratitude to the lecturer by a hearty vote of thanks. J. M.

LEAKE.—On Sunday, Oct. 9, 1859, two sermons were preached by Mr. C. Clark, of the Baptist College, Nottingham. Collections were made towards the recent improvements made in the grave-yard by the erection of a substantial brick wall and iron gate. On the following day we had a public tea meeting. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Staples, Marshall, and Lockwood. Proceeds, about £14.

WYMESWOLD.—On Sunday, Oct. 16, 1859, two sermons were preached by the Rev. G. Staples. Collections were made on behalf of the improvements made in the chapel by the introduction of gas. On the Monday afternoon there was a social tea meeting, and in the evening a public service to recognize the settlement of Mr. Staples at Wymeswold, as pastor of the united church at Leake and Wymeswold; and also to recognize brethren G. Thirlby, E. Charles, and W. Corner as deacons. Addresses were delivered by Revs. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough, and J. Lockwood, of Birchcliff.

MAGDALEN AND STOWBRIDGE HARVEST HOME TEA MEETINGS.—On Thursday, Oct. 6th, about ninety persons took tea and engaged in friendly converse in the Stowbridge chapel. After the tea, the minister, Mr. A. S. Hart, presided, and appropriate addresses were given by Messrs. Bear, Gore, and G. Towler. At *Magdalen* a similar meeting was held on Oct. 13th, in a barn, kindly lent by

Mr. Butterwick. Upwards of a hundred sat down to tea, amidst the beautiful decorations of the place. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. A. S. Hart, King, and Dennis, from Lynn; G. Towler and S. Bear, of *Magdalen*. Our present congregations, at both chapels, are as good or better than at any former period of this church's history. G. T.

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

THE revival in Ulster is compelling more earnest attention. Lectures, speeches, pamphlets, letters in the daily press, and paragraphs in almost every newspaper have helped to spread information far and wide. Large attention was paid to the subject at the recent meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in Belfast, and three admirable papers on different aspects of the subject were read. The Baptist Irish Society appeal for aid to send over special help, and the Irish Evangelical Society has already bestirred itself. Gilfillan recalls his hasty speech about the revival being an authentic work of the devil, shields himself behind the chair of his Scottish forefathers, and then avows, what is not new to many, his firm belief in millenarianism.

The temporal throne of Pius IX. totters to its fall. The eldest son of the church, by whose bayonets it has been defended for ten years, declares his intention to withdraw the French army from Rome. Spain dare not send material help, and contents herself with letters of condolence. Austria has herself to care for, and Italians writhe to free themselves from priestly domination, and openly rejoice at the conflicts between the church and the civil power. Meanwhile, prayers are offered to the Virgin Mary for the pope's security. British Catholics are adjured by Romish organs, but adjured in vain, to express their grief at his ignoble position; and the poor pope is sick unto death. Indeed one papist declares that he will not live till Christmas. The loss of Romagna, a fertile territory on the Adriatic, is graven on his heart, says the same writer, as Mary Tudor affirmed Calais was when wrested from her crown. Others, with bad taste, liken Pío Nono

to the Crucified One; Louis Napoleon to Pontius Pilate; and Victor Immanuel to the impenitent thief.

Lutheran intolerance still rages against the Baptists in the duchies of Holstein, Schleswig, and Mecklenburg. The last mentioned state occupies in this dreary work a bad pre-eminence. All Baptists are forbidden to hold religious meetings, and every person detected at such meeting is to be mulct of ten dollars. Mr. Wegener, of Ladwiglust, is again sentenced. "For baptistical intrigues, and making proselytes, as well as for having administered the Lord's-supper to his members, this being an encroachment on the rights of the State Church, he is to suffer six weeks' hard imprisonment, half the time to have bread and water, and the remaining half warm food; and to pay all expenses of the inquisition." In our petitions to Almighty God, let us "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."

A paragraph has appeared in one of the daily papers, announcing a new movement among the evangelical clergy. It is stated that some sixty or seventy clergymen of the Establishment are about to secede and form a Free Church of England. Several popular preachers are among them. Part are leaving from an avowed dislike to state-churchism, and part, from the prevalence of Popery in the church, under the guise of Puseyism, at which heresy the bishops connive. We wish them God speed.

GENERAL.

The National Association for the Promotion of Social Science have recently held at Bradford, their third annual meeting. Brougham has avowed himself in favour of the Maine Liquor Law, and the Hon. W. Cowper, calls special atten-

tion to the fact that breathing impure air is as injurious as unwholesome food. It is surely time that more attention was paid to ventilation in private dwellings, and in buildings set apart for public assemblies. Other questions of great interest occupied the attention of the meetings.

Sir George Grey has done another noble act before his departure from the Cape. The Boers of the Transvaal Republic had trumped up a paltry charge against the venerable missionary Moffat, of having sold powder to the natives, and so violated the treaty formed between the Boers and the English. The real cause of their dislike seems to be, the effectual check put by the apostle of South Africa on the Boers' oppression of native tribes. Sir George Grey threw his shield over Moffat, and so frustrated the design of the Boers', who are nervously anxious for his removal. Livingstone has written to the same gentleman to say that he has discovered a lake vastly larger than Ngami.

The Italians in Romagna have freed themselves from the temporal power of

the Pope. A section of Garibaldi's army is now in possession of that fertile region, and an Englishman who passed through the whole territory this very month, from end to end, thus writes: "The Romagnese always carried a knife, with which to settle all disputes. Since the priests are gone, one wonders what has become of all the knives. The introduction, or even merely the hope, of fair equitable law and justice has brought on a millenium in Romagna. You never hear a cross word in the streets of what were once bloody Forlì and Faenza. You travel by night in perfect safety over roads where only three months ago you were robbed in broad daylight. The police agents have a sinecure, and even the beggars, though still their name is legion, are greatly reduced in numbers. The superior strength and spirit of the Romagnese have now a better scope than private law or revenge, or rebellious outlawry. They have been the worst—that is, the most restless, slaves of Italy; they are sure to make the best—that is, the most active and vigorous free citizens."

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 1st, at the General Baptist chapel, Crowle, by Rev. T. Lovekin, Rev. W. Sharman, of Coningsby, to Miss A. Isle, granddaughter of Mrs. Collinson, of Crowle.

Oct. 2nd, at Baxter-gate chapel, Loughborough, Mr. C. Wardle to Miss E. Lydall.

Also, on the same day, and at the same place, Mr. W. Hallam, to Miss S. White, of East Leake.

Oct. 2nd, at the Wood-gate, chapel, Loughborough, Mr. J. Greasley to Miss E. Harris.

Oct. 4th, at St. Andrews, Montpelier, Bristol, Mr. J. Truman, of Mapperley-road, Nottingham, to Eliza Jane, only daughter of W. R. Warren, Esq., Bristol, and eldest granddaughter of the late Rev. Robert Hall.

Oct. 4th, at the Congregational chapel, Houghton, Huntingdonshire, by Rev. J. Harcourt, Mr. H. Ellis, of London, son of Mr. J. Ellis, of Mountsorrel, to Miss Lucy J. Knighton, of Hartford, Hants.

Oct. 4th, at Salem chapel, Burton-on-Trent, by Rev. A. Pitt, assisted by Rev.

R. Kenney, Rev. A. W. Heritage, of Naunton, Gloucestershire, to Annie, daughter of the late Mr. J. Hunt, of Burton-on-Trent.

Oct. 13th, at Mary's-gate, Derby, by Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A., Mr. G. Bryer, of Markeaton-park, to Ruth, second daughter of Mr. W. Abel, Elm-tree House, near Derby.

DEATHS.

June 27th, on his voyage to India, Rev. J. C. Dick, B.A., Independent missionary to Benares.

Oct. 1st, Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, in the 75th year of his age, and the fifty-fifth year of his pastorate over the Congregational church at Carr's-lane.

Oct. 12th, at his residence, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park, London, the celebrated Robert Stephenson, in the 56th year of his age.

Oct. 13th, at Roundhay, near Leeds, Sir G. Goodman, late M.P. for the borough of Leeds, aged 67. He was a member of Great George-street Baptist chapel, Leeds.

Missionary Observer.

GOVERNMENT CONNECTION WITH IDOLATRY AT CUTTACK.

PARLIAMENTARY Papers relating to the connection of the Government of India with idolatry were published by order of the House of Commons on the 24th of July, 1858. As a large portion of these papers relates to Cuttack, it is proper to furnish the supporters of the Mission with a brief abstract of the information they contain. At the same time I shall endeavour to give the reader a more comprehensive view of the questions than he would derive simply from perusing the papers themselves.

The information given in these despatches relates to two different payments for the support of idolatry; the first is called the Annoochutter Fund. The word is here defined as a charitable food dispensary, from *Annoo* food, and *Chuttur*, or *Chuttra*, a shed on the wayside where travellers get shelter, and where the food is distributed. The amount paid on account of this fund from the public treasury has varied, though very inconsiderably, at different periods. The particulars of the present monthly payments are as follow:—

	rs.	an.	p.	
1. Allowance to 32 idols	103	4	5	(£10 7s)
2. Allowance to pensioners	67	7	4	
3. Expenses of hospital and food to the poor	297	12	0	
4. Savings on lapsed pensions.....	81	6	8	
	Rs. 549	14	5	

It is with the first of these items only that I have to do in this paper. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to relieve the wretched, to help the widow (and most of the pensioners were poor old widows) are works of mercy, which when done from right motives will be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. But to support, directly or indirectly, the abominable idolatries of the land must be abhorrent in the sight of God, and expose us to his righteous judgments.

The second payment described in these papers is for the support of a particular temple in Cuttack, called the Seetaram Thakoorbarree; and the annual payment by the state to this temple has been 522rs. 8an., or about £52 5s.

The plague-spot of the government of India has been from the beginning its connection with idolatry; and the history of these payments, which date from the conquest of Orissa, is a melancholy but instructive story. It shows how British rulers touched the accursed thing, not only without compunction, but evidently with great satisfaction, thinking that they were performing a very meritorious act. Orissa was conquered in 1803: and a board of commissioners was at once appointed to manage the affairs of the newly-subjugated province. The head of this board was Mr. Melville, a senior member of the Bengal civil service. A little story will illustrate this gentleman's character better than any lengthened description. When he reached Pooree, the priests of the temple, anxious to secure the favor of the great sabil, assured him that the success of the British arms was owing in no small degree to the power and grace of the mighty and world-renowned Juggernaut, whose devoted servants they were. With all gravity and assurance they informed him that thenight before the British army reached Pooree, they went into the sacred presence of the divine object of their worship, and there with appropriate solemnities asked the god whether he would remain under the protection of the Mahrattas or be under British protection? and that Juggernaut decided at once for the British. Gods, it seems, are as fickle and inconstant in their friendship as vulgar mortals. The Mahrattas were old friends of Juggernaut; but he cast them off in the day of their adversity, no doubt thinking it safe and politic to be on the winning side. But soberly speaking; it might have been supposed that an honest Englishman, hearing a story like this, would have laughed outright; or that disgusted at the fawning flattery of

the crafty priests, he would have said, as Queen Elizabeth once did, when in no very complacent mood, "What fools ye be!" Not so Mr. Melville. He heard it with satisfaction, even with delight; and thought it so important, that he despatched an express messenger to convey the silly story to the governor-general.*

It appeared to him that the priests of the temple regarded "their being placed under the protection of the British government as a blessing of Providence!" The reader will not be surprised that a board of commissioners, whose chief member was Mr. Melville, should be prepared to support Juggernaut, to feed thirty-two images, and to continue grants to any idolatrous shrine which former heathen rulers had sanctioned; but they did more: they attempted to justify the unhallowed connection between the ruling power, and the priests of idolatry. "A partial compliance with the religious opinions and prejudices of a newly subjugated people," the board stated, would "confirm their attachment, and add credit and stability to the British government!"

It should be distinctly stated that the proprietors of the thirty-two gods, and of the Seetaram temple, had no documents whatever to establish their claim to the payments mentioned. It was a purely voluntary donation from the rulers of the country to the priests of idolatry. This is admitted on all hands. But we read in scripture of "mischief" being "framed by a law;" and this was soon done in this case. Because pagan priests could not establish their claim to the allowance, their professedly christian masters passed an act binding themselves never to withhold these payments. The reader will be startled at this information, but the evidence cannot be questioned. Here is the clause of the act in question, which will be well remembered by those who have studied the Juggernaut question, as section 30, regulation 12, of 1805.

"Provided, also, that nothing herein contained shall be construed to authorize the resumption of the established donation for the support of the temple of Juggernaut, the charitable donation to the officers of certain Hindoo temples called Annoochutter, and the allowance granted for the support of the Hindoo temple at Cuttack called Seetaram Thakoorbarree."

* This anecdote has been sometimes connected with Mr. Hunter's name. The fact is that Mr. Melville was the commissioner, and Mr. Hunter his assistant.

"Woe unto them," says the scripture, "that draw iniquity with cords of iniquity, and sin as it were with a cart rope;"* that is, I apprehend, who add sin to sin, till by a long and presumptuous course of iniquity, they reach the highest degree of wickedness. Such sinners are compared to a rope-maker, who by adding new materials, increases and lengthens his rope till it becomes of great length and enormous thickness. Wicked law-makers are of this class: they draw sin, as it were, with a thick cart-rope, and the woe pronounced in this verse wears a terrible aspect towards them. If the reader has studied the history of India, he will mark the date of this iniquitous enactment—1805, remarkable as a year in which there were three governors-general; the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Cornwallis, and Sir George Barlow. The Marquis had left India which, in the main, he governed so well. His successor died two or three months after his arrival. It then came to pass that imbecility and bigotry in the person of a temporary governor-general, soon to be deposed from his exalted position, occupied the highest seat in India. Idolatry was patronized. Missionaries were frowned upon and persecuted. Enlightened legislation and progressive improvement were unknown. Principles and practices, now disapproved by all honest men, were rampant; and mischief was done that can never be repaired. Patriotic Englishmen read the records of such a period with shame and blushes. Such was the time when section 30 of regulation 12 guaranteed, so far at least as any enactment could do, that the British government should always be faithful to Juggernaut, should always feed the aforesaid thirty-two images, and should never withhold the grant from a certain Hindoo temple which the Maharratta ruler, Rughoo Jee Boonsta, had annually paid for the performance of certain idolatrous ceremonies. The reader will probably agree with the writer that the enactment was worthy of the men who enacted it, and of the time when it was promulgated.

These payments continue to the present time, though arrangements are in progress for the speedy termination of a connection so disgraceful to us as Britons and as christians; but before explaining the nature of these arrangements it seems desirable to advert to another circumstance narrated in these papers in which the mission is involved. In 1836

* Isaiah v. 18.

some East Indian lads were brought up at the English school connected with the mission at a cost of 40 rupees per mensem from the Annoochutter fund, but it should be distinctly stated that it was from the fourth item of this fund—"Savings on lapsed pensions"—and this item was perfectly separate and distinct from the allowance for the support of the idols which was a regular fixed sum.* The collector admitted that he doubted whether such an appropriation was in accordance with the purposes for which the donation was bestowed, but as these lads were destitute of the means of subsistence, he thought them "equally with the holy brahmin and the devout fakir worthy of compassion and support." It was only paid for a short time. In a heathen country where there are charitable funds, without being limited to any special appropriation, at the disposal of the state, it is, in my opinion, just and equitable that poor christians, whether Hindoo or East Indian, should have their fair share.

A clear and succinct history is furnished in these papers, by G. F. Cockburn, Esq., commissioner of Cuttack, both of the Annoochutter fund, and of the payment for the support of the Seetaram temple. In reference to the former, Mr. Cockburn remarks, "The allowance for the support of the idols being guaranteed by law, must, I think, be continued so long as the law remains unrescinded; but I see no reason why this step should not be taken at once, for it is discreditable to our own national character and religion that the government should go on year after year paying 1239rs. 7an. (£123 19s) for the direct support of the idolatry of the country." At the same time he proposed that the government should not, for the sake of its own reputation, appear to derive any pecuniary advantage, but that the amount should be devoted to charitable purposes. In reference to the other payment he observes with great propriety and truth, "So long as this allowance is continued, so long is the government in what seems to me the discreditable position of directly countenancing and supporting the idolatry and superstition of the country." It is much to be regretted that his just and enlightened recommendation was not acted upon; but it was not approved by the superior authorities in this country;

* I have not overlooked the fact that originally there were thirty-three idols, but one has strangely disappeared. The sum paid has slightly varied, owing to this circumstance, but the statement above given is strictly accurate.

and the honourable court (for it was before the abolition of the court that the orders were issued) in their despatch of the 13th of April, 1858, strictly forbid the summary resumption of the payments, on the alleged ground that it would involve a breach of faith. They direct, however, that communications be entered into with the managers of the endowments with a view to the adoption of some arrangements for disconnecting the government from periodical payments of this kind; but, it is said, that it must be consistently with the maintenance of good faith. I have recently learnt on good authority, that such an arrangement can be easily made, and that the terms are agreed to by all parties. As the managers of the thirty-two temples refuse to take land, the commissioner has proposed the repeal of the iniquitous section 30, regulation 12, of 1805, and compensation equal to an annuity in one sum; or to make over government papers bearing the proper interest to native trustees, who will draw the interest twice a year like the holders of all other government paper, and pay the several sums to the parties entitled to receive them. Thus for the present stands this very troublesome question. I must honestly say, that the proposed arrangement is not satisfactory; but the orders of the home authorities do not admit of any other course. The proprietors of the shrines in question will receive precisely the same support as they have for fifty-six years past, and will receive it from the government as they have heretofore done, but not in direct monthly payments. Unsatisfactory as, in my opinion, all impartial persons must pronounce this settlement, it is better than directly paying month by month from the treasury, fixed sums for the support of idolatry; and this is all that can be said in its favour.

Afraid of overtasking the reader's patience I will not enlarge on the information given in these papers of the other presidencies. It is stated that in the Madras presidency provision has been made for the entire disconnection of the government from the management of the lauded endowments belonging to idol temples, hitherto administered by their officers, and so far this is satisfactory; but the startling statement is added, that there are annual allowances in money payable to various hindoo and mahomedan temples on account of lands and endowments formerly resumed to the amount of ten lakhs of rupees (£100,000.) Much therefore remains to be done. The memorial

of the missionaries at Bombay is commented upon by the governor and council. Candour requires the admission that I cannot express entire concurrence in the prayer of this memorial. Abhorring idolatry as the greatest evil that has ever cursed mankind, I would not perpetrate the smallest injustice to the holders of property in idolatrous shrines. Truth, honour, justice, and religion forbid it. All I ask is that the government should not touch the accursed thing, and that compensation should only be given where the right to it can be fairly established.

One of the lessons which this narrative teaches, and which it will be well for all of us to ponder is—how much mischief men may do that will live when they are dead! Here is a case in which the government has for more than half a century supported idolatrous shrines that could lay no claim whatever to this support, except an enactment which outraged the higher law of God, and now in ostensibly terminating the connection, provision is made that the same support, though in a different form, shall be continued so long as British rule continues in India. Can no remedy be devised for such mischief as this? Is the evil done by former

legislation to be perpetuated through all time? Is it impossible to repeat enactments which have always been a disgrace to the statute book, dishonouring our name as Englishmen, and our profession as christians? Should not law makers as well as common folks "cease to do evil and learn to do well?" At all events the lesson which in laying down my pen I wish the reader to ponder is deeply important. Human life is frail and transitory—"a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away;" but not thus fleeting are the actions which make up life. They follow the actors into the eternal world, and influence others from generation to generation, even to the end of time. Works springing from love to Christ can never die, nor their effect ever be lost, and acts of rebellion against God and disregard of his supreme law can never be as if they had not been. It would have been better through all time and through all eternity if such conduct had not been pursued. It is as true of the wicked dead as of those who die in the Lord, that "their works do follow them."

JOHN BUCKLEY.

Cuttack, July 22, 1859.

AN ENCOURAGING FIELD.

Dr. Mason of the Toungoo Mission, writes as follows to Judge Wylie, of Calcutta:

"I was passing a day or two in a village some 4,000 or 5,000 feet above the plains, when looking out around me, I saw six or eight other christian villages in the glens and dells, or on the crags and knolls of the same Alpine region within half a day's walk of each other. No white man was ever here before; it has never been visited by Qua-la, and yet there is a christian population, in this village alone, of more than a hundred families, a school of seventy pupils, a large chapel with posts and framework of teak, in the midst of an acre of land, neatly enclosed with a bamboo fence. The teacher has a large house in the compound, and is well supported, although the people are wretchedly poor, and many die from diseases induced by an insufficiency of raiment in the cold weather. To produce these results, the work of two years only, the mission board has not expended a rupee,

and their missionaries have done no more than they did in planting the lofty pines that crest the mountains, or in painting these gorgeous rhododendrons that blossom in every nook and covert. The work is God's.

"On the other side of a dry ridge south of us, is another mountain basin, whence descends another tributary of the Salwen, in which we have three or four christian villages; and south of this again are the sources of the Yunsalen, where the assistants are just commencing work. Two stations are about to be occupied within a few days' walk of a point that Mr. Vinton and myself reached from Maulmain. During the twenty years that have since elapsed, no one has followed our steps; but when our brethren from Maulmain meet us on the Yunsalen, there will be an unbroken chain of christian villages from the Malay country on the south, to the vicinity of the Shan States on the north."

Poetry.

THERE'S NOTHING LOST.

There's nothing lost. The tiniest flower
 That grows within the darkest vale,
 Though lost to view, has still the power
 The rarest perfume to exhale ;
 That perfume, borne on zephyr's wings,
 May visit some lone sick one's bed,
 And like the balm affection brings,
 'Twill scatter gladness round her head.

There's nothing lost. The drop of dew
 That trembles in the rosebud's breast,
 Will seek its home of ether blue,
 And fall again as pure and blest,
 Perchance to revel in the spray,
 Or moisten the dry, parching sod,
 Or mingle in the fountain spray,
 Or sparkle in the bow of God.

There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast
 By careless hands upon the ground,
 Will yet take root, and may at last
 A green and glorious tree be found ;
 Beneath its shade, some pilgrim may
 Seek shelter from the heat at noon,
 While in its boughs the breezes play,
 And song-birds sing their sweetest tune.

There's nothing lost. The slightest tone
 Or whisper from a loved one's voice,
 May melt a heart of hardest stone,
 And make the saddened heart rejoice.
 And then, again, the careless word
 Our thoughtless lips too often speak,
 May touch a heart already stirred,
 And cause that troubled heart to break.

There's nothing lost. The faintest strain
 Of breathing from some dear one's lute,
 In memory's dream may come again,
 Tho' every mournful string be mute.
 The music of some happier hour—
 The harp that swells with love's own words
 May thrill the soul with deepest power,
 When still the hand that swept its chords.

LETTER FROM REV. J. O. GOADBY TO THE SECRETARY

Berhampore, near Ganjam, July 27th, 1859.

We have the wet season now in earnest. For several days the rain has been falling with but little intermission, consequently the roads around us—excepting well-made ones—are in a very poor state. Between Berhampore and Madras they are very bad. On this account I am writing earlier than the letter may have two or three days extra for its journey to Madras.

Sometime ago your kind letter of sympathy came to hand. It went round by Calcutta, or I might have received it before the one containing the saddening news of my beloved father's decease arrived from home. This was a mercy. Accept my dear brother my warmest thanks and those of my beloved wife for the above-mentioned letter of condolence, which you may rest assured was not the less valuable when we remembered you had suffered the same loss. In imagination my dear father still lives in the midst of his family, and although from almost every quarter I have received intimation of his decease, I find it very difficult to realize his sudden departure. But he is gone and now rests from his labours. My earnest prayer is, that I, by the grace of God, may be enabled to do as much for dark Orissa as he did for enlightened England.

Towards the end of last month brother Bailey and I paid a visit to the car festival of Jaganath at Pooree. The Cuttack committee had thought it advisable to hold a special conference at Pooree during the festival, that we might come to some definite conclusions respecting the fresh edition of the Oriya new testament. As the hot season had scarcely concluded, and the rains commenced, it was a peculiarly trying time for travelling. We left Berhampore on Monday evening, June 27, by Palky, for Rumbah. Arrangements had been made for getting a boat at the above-mentioned place, and then proceeding by water—crossing the Chilka Lake—to Manikpatna, taking our palkys with us, and then procuring bearers, direct to Pooree. We hoped to have reached the "Holy City" by Wednesday morning. Our desires, however, were not gratified.

We reached Rumbah on Tuesday morning early. At first we concluded to breakfast on the boat, but as the former was really and the latter not, we partook of our meal in the Bungalow. At nine

o'clock we had got our palkys on board and commenced crossing the lake. In the cold season a very pleasant journey, but in the hot far from pleasant. The scenery on the borders of the lake is most enchanting. Rocky islands rise out of its waters, and others hilly, are clothed with verdure from the water's edge to their summit. The borders of the lake are woody, and dotted here and there with villages, buried in the shade. Native boats may be seen sailing in every direction with their stiff mat sails, supported by strong bamboos, and laden with rice and other produce. Thousands of flamingoes, sea gulls, and other large birds, enliven the passage. In fact, while sailing across, I, for the first time, truly realized I was in India.

After getting our palkys on board we pushed off, and the wind being favourable, hoisted sail. I was much amused with the boats; they are of a very rude construction. I suppose the forefathers of this people, thousands of years back, used the same patterns. The stern and stem are both alike, and as broad as one's back, so there is not much chance of them cutting through the water at an extraordinary rate. You have no shelter from the heat excepting your palky, and in the middle of the day that is hot enough for anything. Sometimes a shelter is made with a spare sail, but this affords but little protection from the sun or heat, which in the middle of the day is intense. While the sun was low we found ample shade in the shadow of the spread sail, but as the day advanced we had to leave it and take to our umbrellas, and as the wind increased, these had to be cast aside for our palkys, or any other place available. In the forepart of the day we passed several boat loads of poor pilgrims in the charge of a proud Pundah or pilgrim hunter. Brother Bailey, as we passed within hailing of one, had a little chat with the Pundah, asking him where he was going, where he was taking the pilgrims, &c. The Pundah tried in vain to vindicate his conduct, and to show that it was through his great mercy to the poor deluded sons and daughters of Orissa that he was leading them to the shrine of Jaganath. Our boatmen laughed at him, and the pilgrims in spite of his frown, could not hide their merriment when they saw him mastered in the conflict. He

threatened to thrash them all round, but it was in vain, they would laugh. My heart felt very sad as I saw the poor creatures being led to eternal destruction by one of satan's successful emissaries. Several of them had come hundreds of miles, and in all human probability would never see their homes again, but friendless and moneyless leave Pooree and die by the way side. "Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another God" Towards three in the afternoon we had reached the middle of the lake, the wind was steady and strong, but the heat was intense. I was at the time almost driven distracted with prickly heat, and dare not go out of the wind. Brother Bailey got into his palky, the motion of the boat not suiting him. The lake was rough, and we pitched and rolled in grand style, and he found in the heat within, a counter irritant. I, however, dare not enter mine. The heat from the sun was bad enough, but the prickly heat was much worse, so I was compelled to keep

outside and shelter myself as well as I could, which, I assure you, was very scantily. The wind was too high to admit of the shade from an umbrella, and I had to be satisfied with the little the spread sail afforded. The bottom of the boat was hot, the top was hot, the palky was hot, everywhere was hot; and a burning eastern sun was shining overhead. My face and hands were burnt to such a degree that the pain was unbearable. Brother Bailey fared a little better, but he was pretty well scorched. The day, however, had an end, a storm concluded it; and we had to put into shore, as we saw the storm coming some hours before, and mooring the boat, waited until it had passed over. We were 14 miles from our destination, and had no other prospect of getting there but by being pushed along with poles by the boatmen at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. The wind was contrary. We had about an hour's sleep after the storm had passed over, and then got the man to start again. It was then 11 p.m.

(To be continued.)

Foreign Letters Received.

BERHAMPORE.—W. Bailey, August 15th.
 ————— J. O. Goadby, July 27th.
 CUTTACK.—W. Brooks, August 2nd.

CUTTACK.—J. Buckley, July 22d, Aug. 10'
 ————— W. Hill, Aug. 16th.
 PIPELEE.—G. Taylor, Aug. 13th.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

From September 20th to October 20th, 1859.

AUDLEM.		£	s.	d.
Public collections	...	2	0	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Miss J. Thursfield's Box	...	1	12	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Miss Davies' ditto	...	1	11	6
Master A. Rogers' ditto	...	1	8	0
		6	12	0
Less expenses	...	0	6	6
BROUGHTON.		£	s.	d.
Public collections	...	3	4	3
Collection at Willoughby	..	1	0	3
Mrs. Thos. Brown	...	0	10	0
Collected by—				
Miss Warraby	...	0	13	0
Hope Armstrong	...	0	4	4
Miss Kirby's Box	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Underwood's box	...	0	16	$7\frac{1}{2}$
Sunday School box	..	0	18	$10\frac{1}{2}$
A Friend to Missions	...	0	13	8
		8	11	0
Less expenses	...	0	3	6

BIRCHCLIFFE.		£	s.	d.
Public collections	...	8	10	4
Collected by Miss Lister—				
Mr. Lister	...	1	1	0
Miss Lister	...	0	5	0
Small sums	...	0	15	10
By Miss B. Stansfield—				
Rev. J. B. Lockwood	...	0	5	0
Small sums	...	1	16	4
By Miss B. Sutcliffe	...	1	0	9
By Mr. W. Greenwood	...	0	16	4
Mr. J. Ingham, Halifax	...	0	10	6
Mr. Whitham	...	0	2	6
Box in Boys' school	...	0	11	5
" Girls' school	...	0	7	5
		16	2	5
Less expenses	...	0	5	1

COVENTRY.

Collections and subscriptions 13 0 $3\frac{1}{2}$

	£	s.	d.
HEPTONSTALL SLACK.			
Public collections—			
Heptonstall Slack	7	16	6
Broadstone	1	7	6
Nazebottom	1	3	2½
	10	7	2½
Less expenses	0	3	2½

HERTFORD.

Mrs. J. R. Young, Broad Oak			
End	5	0	0

LONGFORD, UNION PLACE.

Collections and subscriptions	5	19	5

LOUGHBOROUGH.—WOOD-GATE.

Public collections	13	14	4

SHEFFIELD.

Public collections	13	0	8
Mr. Jos. Wilson (two years' subscription)	1	0	0
Mr. L. Hillier	1	0	0
Mr. G. Hillier	0	10	0
	15	10	8

STALYBRIDGE.

Public collections ..	11	17	11
Mr. W. Sutcliffe, surgeon ...	1	1	0
„ S. Woolley	1	1	0
„ J. Bradbury ..	0	10	6
„ A. Brooks	0	10	6
Mrs. Newton	0	10	0
Collected by			
Miss S. Schofield	2	17	1
„ Brooks	2	13	6
„ Sutcliffe	2	1	7
„ Hollingworth	1	16	1
Mr. James Shaw	1	5	0
„ Walter Thorpe	1	3	7
„ George Hopwood	0	10	6
	27	18	3
Less expenses ..	0	7	6

SMARDEN.

Public collections ..	2	11	0
Collected by—			
Halford Mills... ..	0	16	0
Miss Mills	0	5	0
Rev. T. Rofe	1	0	0
Mrs. Unicum	0	10	0
Master Unicum	0	10	0
	5	12	0

	£	s.	d.
SHOTTLE.			
Public collections	2	13	0

TARPORLEY.

Collection on Lord's-day, Oct 9th	7	17	0
Collection at the public meeting	8	10	0

Subscriptions—

Mr. Wm. Garnett, Walsall ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sherlock ...	0	10	6
„ Stephen Walley	2	0	0
Mrs. Hares, Newcastle ...	0	10	0
Mr. Thos. Bate, for orphan „ C. Bate (son & daughter) for orphan	2	10	0
Miss Oakden	0	5	0
Mr. Thos Bowers, Chester ...	1	1	0
„ Aldersey	0	5	0
„ T. Walley, sen.	1	0	0
„ T. Walley, jun.	1	0	0
„ and Mrs. Darlington ...	1	0	0
„ and Mrs Hassall	1	0	0
Miss Clifton ..	0	7	0
Mr Joseph Aston	3	0	0
Miss Aston	0	10	0
Mr. John Aston	2	0	0
Mrs. Aston, sen.	1	0	0
Mr. William Aston	1	0	0
„ Richard Aston	2	0	0
„ James Dickinson... ..	0	10	6
„ and Mrs. R. Bate	2	0	0
Mrs. Ewen, 10s, Alfred and Nellie Ewen, 10s	1	0	0
Mr. J. E. Ewen	1	1	0
Missionary Basket, Mrs Smith	2	10	1
Boxes—			
Miss Mary Collins ..	1	10	0½
Mrs. Dykes	3	16	0
Annie and Lizzy Aston ...	1	16	4
Miss Alice Cooper ..	0	11	4½
Sunday School—			
First class, boys	0	12	0
Second class, boys	0	4	4
Third ditto ditto	0	10	3
Fourth ditto ditto	0	3	0
Second class, girls	0	2	3
Third ditto ditto ..	0	3	0
Fourth ditto ditto	0	2	6
Collected by scholars—			
Sarah Ann Gill	0	17	4½
Emily Aldersey	1	1	0
Alice Cooper	0	2	8½
Annie Sheen	1	15	1

	63	2	4
Less expenses ...	2	6	6

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Derby, Treasurer, and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Quorndon, near Loughborough, Secretary, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

SPECIAL MEETING,

Held in Friar Lane Chapel, Leicester, on Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1859,

FOR THE

Extension of the General Baptist Connexion.

At the Annual Association held in Mary's Gate Chapel, Derby, in June last, this case was submitted from one of the churches—"Can any means be devised for improving and extending our Denomination?" The Association judging that the subject involved in the above question would require more time than could be afforded at an Association, it was resolved:—"That a meeting of ministers and other members of the churches be held in Leicester on the day after the next Midland Conference, to consider the best means of improving and extending our Denomination; and that the Leicester ministers be a Committee to convene the meeting and arrange the order of the deliberations."

The Leicester Committee met, and having selected subjects for papers to be read and the writers of them, forwarded a Circular to the churches of the Connexion by post, with a programme of the business, requesting them to take the matter into early consideration, and appoint their ministers and other friends to attend.

The subjects of the Papers to be read were as follow:—

- 1st. "*The comparative progress of the General Baptist Denomination.*"
- 2nd. "*Hindrances to our progress.*"
- 3rd. "*The adaptation of our present Home Missionary System to the accomplishment of its objects.*"
- 4th. "*Lay Agency, with special reference to the further efficiency of our Local Preachers.*"

Conversation to follow the reading of each paper.

At nine A.M. a Devotional Meeting was held in the body of the chapel, the Rev. T. STEVENSON, of Leicester, presiding; when several brethren engaged in humble and fervent supplication to the God of all grace, through the SON of his love, for the out-pouring of the HOLY SPIRIT upon us, and upon all men.

THE MORNING SITTING

Commenced at half-past ten, when the Rev. S. WIGG, pastor of the place, presided, assisted by Rev. R. KENNEY, of Burton-on-Trent, and JOHN EARP, Esq., of Melbourn, as Moderators. After singing, a suitable portion of Holy Scripture was read, and prayer offered. The Rev. T. YATES, of Wirksworth, then read the first paper, on

"THE COMPARATIVE PROGRESS OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST DENOMINATION."

WHEN an Englishman looks over the map of Europe (not to mention other parts of the globe) he may feel somewhat humbled, because of the limited extent of his own country and the numerical inferiority of its population. He perceives at once that France, Spain, Italy, Turkey, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, and Russia, can each boast a far more extensive range of territory, and several of them a vastly larger aggregate of souls. Notwithstanding this, however, he is not ashamed of his "native nook of earth," nor are his affections and preferences alienated from it. So far from that, the best sympathies and solitudes of his heart are bound up with the interests of his native land. Yes, England is "his home, his native isle." It is the land of his birth, the place of his fathers' sepulchrea. Strangers and foreigners may view it as they will, and disparage it as they please, but he has no hesitation in exclaiming,

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

Well, a real General Baptist may surely be permitted to entertain sentiments and partialities, somewhat analogous to the above, in relation to the religious denomination with which he is identified. But glancing at other English non-conforming communities he is painfully impressed with the fact, that the body to which he belongs is extremely diminutive and insignificant in comparison with several others which exist and flourish around. Independents, Particular Baptists, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists, have each attained a far more extensive diffusion, and enjoy a much more flattering notoriety. The machinery they have in operation is manifestly more multifarious and powerful, and the realized effects of its working are unquestionably more gratifying and promising.

But though he may blush for his own connexion on these accounts, will he suffer his affectionate preference for it to decline and die away? Shall he cherish serious misgivings in relation to the soundness of its principles, or gloomy forebodings concerning the certainty of its final triumphs? Shall he lose heart and hope in this way? Never, never! Assured that its doctrines are none other than "the truth of God;" that its spirit is identical with "the mind of Christ;" that its aims and hopes are in harmony with the purposes of Jehovah and with the requirements of the world—recollecting, too, that it has already gathered into its fellowship thousands of "the excellent of the earth," and into its ministry some of the wisest and best of men—remembering, further, that the leaven hidden in three measures of meal did not fail eventually to leaven the whole lump; and that it is expressly foretold "a little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation"—taking these and other things into grave and prayerful consideration, will he not

renew all his energies to promote the advancement of the sacred cause he has solemnly espoused?

Having ventured these preliminary observations, let us now proceed to contemplate the present state of the General Baptist denomination, and its comparative progress during the last quarter of a century. Recollecting that we have been in existence, as a body of christians, about ninety years, our present condition may be verily described as humiliating and affecting. Of the forty counties of England there are only twenty-one in which we have any footing at all, leaving nineteen others totally destitute of our presence and influence. Of those twenty-one there are four, in each of which we have only one society. There are three more, in each of which we have only two societies. There are two more, in each of which we have only three societies. And three more, in each of which we have only five societies. There are only four counties, in each of which we number 2000 members. And only nine in each of which our number of members exceeds 500. In Leicestershire, with its 196 parishes, we have only twenty-eight churches. In Nottinghamshire, with its 210 parishes, we have only eighteen churches. In Lincolnshire, with its 630 parishes, we have only eighteen churches. And in Yorkshire, with its 634 parishes, we have only seventeen churches. Of the 151 societies which appear on our list fifty-three are reported as destitute of pastors; and about forty-five, it seems, were not privileged to add a single soul to their fellowship by baptism during our last connexional year. Brethren! are not these facts humiliating and affecting?

But not to confine our attention too long just now to the sombrous aspects of the denomination, let our thoughts be briefly directed to some gratifying and hope-inspiring indications. We have somewhat progressed during the last quarter of a century; we should, therefore, "thank God and take courage." In 1834 the number of our churches was 113; it is now 151,—giving an increase of thirty-eight, or about one and a half per year. In the same year the number of our members was 11,735; it is now 18,680 (exclusive of our mission churches, and of the little society in the Isle of Wight); an increase of 6,945, or about 277 per year. In 1834 the number of our ministers was eighty-five; it is now 104,—an increase of nineteen, or about two in three years.

It may be interesting also to notice how decidedly our cause has advanced in some particular localities. In 1834 we had only seven churches in Nottinghamshire; we have now eighteen. In 1834 the two Derby churches reported 437 members; in 1859 they report 819: increase, 382, or rather over fifteen per annum. In 1834 the Leicester churches reported 807 members; in 1859, 1076: increase, 269, or nearly ten per annum. In 1834 the Nottingham churches reported 867 members; in 1859, 1610: increase, 743, or about twenty-nine per annum. In 1834 the London churches reported 325 members; in 1859, 1234: increase, 909, or about thirty-six per annum. In 1834 we had only one church in Staffordshire, consisting of sixty-six members; in 1859, six churches, consisting of 388 members: increase, 322, or nearly thirteen per annum. In 1834 we had one church in Bradford, with twenty-three members; in 1859, two churches, with 362 members: increase, 339, or from thirteen to fourteen per annum. In 1834 we had no church in Sheffield; in 1859, two churches, with 173 members. In 1834 no church in Leeds; in 1859, two churches, with 227 members. In 1834 no church in Todmorden, or

the Vale; in 1859, two churches, with 173 members. Here, then, without going further into details, are pleasing proofs of progress which demand grateful acknowledgments to our God and Saviour.

But, after all, the last twenty-five years of our history cannot be reviewed with any thing approaching to unalloyed satisfaction, for we find sad declension, and even death, as well as vitality and advancement. In 1834 we had several churches which are now extinct; and a longer list of churches have declined in the number of their members since 1834. Thus, while we have gratifying progress to report on the whole, we have also plenty to acknowledge and deplore of the opposite description; much more than many seem to imagine.

But the comparative progress of the General Baptist denomination should now be briefly contemplated. The writer of this paper is conscious of his inability to do justice to this part of his subject. Not having all the requisite documents he has not been able to make the comparisons which he would willingly have done; he may offer, however, a few general remarks.

1st. Shall we compare the increase of our church members with the increase of the population of our land? Alas! the two scarcely seem to admit of a comparison at all. The population of London alone increases by births only as much every three or four days as our whole connexion increases in the course of a year. Hence while we have added about 900 to our membership there, during the last quarter of a century, the mighty metropolis has added to its population not less, I suppose, than a million of souls. In 1834, Leicester numbered about 40,000 people. How much short of 70,000 does it number now? And yet our increase of members has only been 269. The same might be said of other places.

2nd. Shall we compare the increase of our church members with that of some other nonconforming communities? Here again I fear we might speak of contrasts rather than of comparisons. The Independents do not generally publish statistics, but we know something of the activity, zeal, and liberality they have displayed during the last twenty-five years. Their home missionary operations have been systematic and extensive; and may we not presume that they have realized a proportionate measure of success?

The Wesleyan Methodists report, for the last year only, an increase of 15,000 to their membership, and many thousands more as in a probationary position. Comparison with them, therefore, seems utterly out of the question. The Primitive Methodists in 1837 reported 65,277 members; in 1859 they report 123,863: increase, 58,586 in twenty-two years, or 2663 per annum. In 1837 they reported 470 travelling preachers; in 1859, 610: increase, 140, or rather over six per annum. In 1837 they reported 6,892 local preachers; in 1859, 10,838: increase, 3,946, or 179 per annum. In 1837 they had 939 chapels; in 1859, 2166: increase 1277 in twenty-two years, or fifty-five and upwards per annum, or more than one new chapel every week! Does not comparison with them even, though they are forty years younger than ourselves, seem altogether out of the question?

"God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee."

The Rev. JABEZ BURNS, D.D., of London, then read the second paper on

"HINDRANCES TO OUR PROGRESS."

THE advancement of our churches has been very considerable during the last twenty-three years in our large towns, both in the midland counties and also in the more northern parts, as well as in the metropolis, and in one instance in the south of England. In 1858, as contrasted with 1835, the following pleasing results are manifest :—

	1835.		1858.		Increase.
Nottingham	920		1584		664
Derby	463		750		287
Leicester	861		1062		201
Longford	260		468		208
Louth	120		248		128
Wisbeach	146		224		78
Boston	106		213		107
Bradford	30		358		328
Portsea	138		259		121
London	359		1297		958

During this period new interests have been formed: especially at Leeds, which in 1858 had 230 members, and at Sheffield 154.

But some churches seem to have decreased, taking the Minutes of 1835 and 1858 as our guides; and a few have become extinct.

Probably if the churches in large towns would unite, and support local missions in the vicinities of their respective places of worship, much larger additions would be witnessed; especially thus would they be able to gather up the neglected children and replenish our sabbath schools, as well as to take the gospel to the houses of the masses, who live in neglect of all religious ordinances. In the large towns, as a rule, we think the ministers are comfortably supported, and may be in the receipt of salaries equal to those of the Methodist preachers around them, but, at the same time, considerably below those of the pastors of Particular Baptist and Independent churches. Why this should be so we leave for the deacons and leading friends in our churches to explain. It may be that they are anxious that General Baptist churches should follow more directly in the line of true apostolic succession! With thankfulness for the increase in large towns generally, we have to lament the stationary or retrograde condition of our churches in the smaller towns and villages of the connexion. As a denomination, in these places, we are subject to two kinds of influence which must necessarily retard our progress.

1st. The Established Church possesses great power in such places, whether it be developed in Tractarian ceremonial zeal, or in devout evangelical effort. In both cases it tells against the success of all nonconformist bodies.

2nd. Then there is earnest Methodism, which adopts a system of holy labour alike in villages as large towns, and which, by a wise and skilful supervision, binds all together in one denominational phalanx, and which bids fair to elbow out of these places little congregational churches altogether. It may be said, "Well, if they supply a faithful gospel ministry, and save souls, what does it matter?" It does not matter very much I confess, and in their success we may well rejoice, and give God thanks. But if we are General Baptists from conscientious conviction and preference, believing our doctrinal system

as pure, and our ecclesiastical system and church order more scriptural, then we should be unfaithful to our trust, and recreant to the spirit of our forefathers, if we did not step forth to claim our full share of the goodly land which lies before us, and thus contribute our due share to the evangelization of our country.

3rd. The greatest of all our hindrances in small towns and villages has been the formation of small, and necessarily feeble, independent churches, which have been unable to sustain an efficient ministry, and have lacked almost, if not entirely, pastoral oversight and healthy discipline. In order to success, it is self-evident that not only must the word of life be acceptably preached, but the ordinances must be administered by accredited, respectable, and pious persons, and the whole business of the churches so conducted as to ensure the esteem and confidence of those who are without.

A deficiency in any of these particulars and such congregations must be stationary, if not absolutely retrograde and expire. Now it is the churches of this class which are evidently in the lowest condition, and which are every year becoming more feeble, and if something is not done for them a great proportion of them will be lost to the connexion.

The remedy we propose is to group two or three, or more, of such churches together. Let them be united under one pastor, collecting and applying to his aid all the local talent among the brethren for the efficient supply of pulpit labour. In many cases the Methodist circuit plan is the very best that can be devised. Let places near together be so connected that the minister may live in the centre of them, and where, without excessive toil, he may dispense the word of life to the whole, as well as sustain scriptural discipline, and the regular administration of the ordinances of the gospel.

With the adoption of this simple, common-sense plan we believe the country churches would yield as large a proportional increase as those in our larger towns. Besides, the connexion would have their united aid in supporting the institutions of the body, and an open door would be presented for the students to enter on finishing their academical course. We see the true wisdom of this plan, as well as its efficiency, by observing how it works in such places as unite for these mutual objects,—Barton and Barlestone, Castle Donington and Sawley, Ashby and Packington, Melbourn and Ticknall, Quorndon and Woodhouse, and other places; and what is to hinder this plan from being universally carried out? Why should not little churches, now powerless for good, assume, by uniting, a form more wise, more healthy, and assuredly more for their own comfort, honour, and wellbeing. Take as an instance—why should not Kirkby-Woodhouse, Kirkby, and Sutton, with their three good chapels, and a chapel-house out of debt, and within little more than a mile of each other, be united for all pastoral and spiritual purposes, and thus become a centre of co-operation and activity for the highest good to themselves and all around them.

To effect this, let a few of the brethren, having the confidence of the body, be deputed to visit all such places, preach the gospel to them, bring the good friends together, help them by their counsel and prayers, to adopt this system of union, and thus do both them and the denomination a lasting service. Let this be attended to at once, that this existing evil may be remedied, and our cause revived in the lesser towns and villages of our connexion.

In looking over the various denominations around us, the Methodist New

Connexion, in many of its phases, most resembles our own body. In England, at the last conference, they had 21,000 members; we about 19,000. But their admirable circuit system, well and skilfully carried out, leaves us at an immense distance in almost every important particular. They have 116 ministers; we 104. They have 342 chapels; we only 210. They have 54,000 Sunday school children; we only 26,000. They raise for missions between £4000 and £5000; we under £3000. They raise for weak churches £1000; we, I don't know how much! They raise for ministers' children £1485; we *nil*. They, for superannuated ministers and widows, £1900; we *nil*. They raise by book-room £500; we *nil*. So that their funds, for which we have no corresponding ones, are £3885 per annum, to which must be added £2000 for chapel debts, or £6000 altogether. Yet they are not wealthier than ourselves, but in all their small places the fragments are gathered up, so that nothing is lost; while with us, in our 154 churches, we have forty-two that do not contribute to our Foreign Mission, and one hundred, or two-thirds of the whole, that do not contribute at all to our Academical Institution.

Whether the connexion would not do well to elect some efficient brother to represent it among all the churches for Home extension, and for Collegiate purposes conjointly, I leave you to determine. But direct, systematical, and zealous effort is absolutely essential to keep up with the progress of the age, to meet the pressing claims of the times, and to secure, to an equal extent with other sections of the church of Christ, the enlargement and prosperity of our denomination.

AFTERNOON SITTING.

Rev. H. HUNTER, of Nottingham, in the chair. After singing, reading the Scriptures and prayer, the Rev. J. F. WINKS read the third Paper on

"THE ADAPTATION OF OUR PRESENT HOME MISSIONARY SYSTEM TO THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF ITS OBJECT."

BEFORE I proceed to offer a few remarks on this subject, permit me frankly to state, that when I met with my brethren, the ministers at Leicester, to assist in making arrangements for this special meeting, I voluntarily offered to undertake this service. If I did wrong, "forgive me this wrong;" and kindly bear with me if I further say, that coming from an ancient town where baptists were almost unknown, though, nearly 200 years before my own birth, it furnished, in the person of one of its Episcopal clergy, John Smyth,* the founder of the first English General Baptist church; and having myself, after several years anxious consideration, adopted your views of Divine truth, I felt when, now nearly forty years ago, I joined your connexion, a strong desire for the wider diffusion of your scriptural principles. And those of my elder brethren who are among you here this day will, I believe, cheerfully bear me testimony, that for this great object I have uniformly laboured ever since; and now as I am "such an one as Paul the aged," I shall esteem it a favour if you will hear from me of your clemency, what may be, a few parting words on this very important subject.

I need scarcely remind you, my brethren, that faithful adherence to Divine truth is the manifest and imperative duty of christians, and that in all ages

* See Wood's History, page 103

of this dispensation, even the darkest, there have been found those, their enemies and persecutors being witnesses, who have recognized this high principle, though thereby they suffered the loss of property, liberty, and life. And hence the noble army of martyrs and confessors.

In our own land, we have good reasons for believing—ages before Gregory sent Austin on his mischievous Romanizing mission—a purer faith, similar to your own, prevailed; and for ages afterwards, though its adherents were compelled to seek hiding-places in the mountain fastnesses of Wales or in the gloomy forests of England, we may yet trace its existence in the pages of British Ecclesiastical History. But no sooner had WILLIAM TYNDALE—to whom England is more indebted than to any other man who ever did or ever will tread her soil—sent over from Holland, at the price of his own life, the first printed copies of the bible in our language, than our countrymen began to read its sacred pages and judge for themselves. And once possessed of the word of God they never gave it up.

"Freedom to worship God," however, according to its dictates, was forbidden to our forefathers by the severest penalties. You know what sacrifices they made to secure that precious privilege during the reigns of the imperious Tudors and the intolerant Stuarts; and you know, too, that notwithstanding all opposition, churches, or congregations as they were then called, of your faith and order were gathered, and formed, and established, both in the metropolis and in many of the counties of England, and chiefly through the itinerating, or, as we might call them, home missionary labours, of such men as Thomas Grantham, and his companions in toil and tribulation. May God raise up from among us now such men as they were! For are we not under a reproach, perhaps too justly merited, that in many of our populous towns and cities, and in most of the counties of England, the General Baptists are unknown; while in London, with its millions of people, we have but four churches!

But liberty of public worship came at last, in 1688, with William of Nassau, and the treacherous Stuarts were disrowned and expelled the land for ever!

For a season the evangelical dissenting churches rejoiced in the light and liberty they enjoyed. It was only natural, after such an arduous and prolonged struggle, that they should "rest awhile." But they fell asleep; and "while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way." For now a blight of error, more fatal than the blasts of persecution, swept over the evangelical churches of all denominations,—the Presbyterian and the General Baptist suffering more than others.

The religious state of our country during the reigns of Anne and the first and second Georges' was awful. Infidelity and vice were rampant; both "churchman" and "dissenter" seemed paralysed. A few good men, in the "Church" and out of it, joined in the horror of the pious Doddridge, when he exclaimed, "My God, I shudder at the scene!" It was time for God to work, and he did. Whitefield and the Wesleys' were sent to prophesy to these dry bones; and you are familiar with the mighty results of their home-missionary labours.

Ninety years ago a new organization of the remaining evangelical General Baptist churches, with a few others which had spontaneously arisen in Leicestershire and Yorkshire, was formed.

This brief historical summary has been hastily sketched to remind you that long before what is called the "New Connexion" was formed, churches of our faith and order existed in this land, raised chiefly by the itinerating labours of devoted men.

I shall not attempt to furnish statistics of our original or present numbers, or of our rate of progress, beyond reminding you that although we profess to take the Great Commission in its entirety, "preaching the gospel to every creature, baptizing them," we have not advanced abreast with some who disavow the one or disown the other.

It may be asked, "Have we made no efforts?" We have; but they have been comparatively weak or powerless. Within little more than the period of our new organization, Wesleyan Methodism, with its divergent branches, has spread over the whole land; and, inasmuch as its preachers affirm that "Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man," "we do rejoice; yea, and we will rejoice." And "desperately baptistical" though his friend, Dr. Campbell, has pronounced the writer to be, he would rather give up 10,000 baptisms than that greatest truth in creation. Baptism is useless except the gospel be first preached and received by those who hear it.

But *what* have we done? and *how* have we done it? We have done something, though, as I just said, comparatively little; and as the result is little we had better not linger over it lest we be discouraged. Perhaps by considering *how* we have done what we have done we shall better ascertain why the results are so far from satisfactory.

Our mode of extension has been similar to that of other congregational denominations; viz., by one of our churches building a chapel in a village adjacent, to be supplied by local brethren; or by a number of churches uniting to open a room, or purchase or erect a chapel in some town, to which, it may be, some members of our churches had before removed, and then by sustaining a minister there for a season. The Independents, and the other sections of the baptist body, pursue the same mode; but our means being more limited, our progress has not been so great as we ought to desire. It is, however, only just and right to say, that although several of our first attempts in this way were not successful, in more recent cases they have been encouraging and satisfactory.

And yet, my brethren, if this is to be the only mode of extension we are to adopt, when shall we occupy the very "much land" that "remaineth yet to be possessed" in England alone, to say nothing of the Principality, the kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland, and our numerous colonies, with their rapidly-increasing populations? In the matter of England only, should one of you sit down and calculate by the Rule of Proportion, when, at our present rate of progress, we shall be found in every place whose population exceeds 1000, you would stand amazed at the distant date which would be the result of your calculations.

But why be concerned about that, some one may say; do not Methodists call upon all men everywhere to repent and believe the gospel? and does not the larger section of the baptist body bear its testimony with ours in favour of believers' baptism? They do. But we differ from the Methodist on baptism,

and from the Particular Baptist on the extent of the provision made for the salvation of men by the great atonement. Who among us is willing to give up either of these?

But some, though unwilling to give up these, might urge that we are a conservative body, set for the defence of these truths, and, conserving them, we discharge our appointed duty. Nay, verily, not if the Great Commission be yet in force. There it stands, unrepealed; and who among us would dare to say that we are at liberty to ignore or neglect it, or any part of it.

Be conservative, brethren, if you will, but be aggressive too. Take care of those whom you have already brought into your christian folds, but see you countless wanderers! and hasten after them. At our present rate of speed we are actually lagging far behind the proportionate increase of our population.

Hence it is evident that something more is necessary to be done by us in order that we may not only advance onward, but that we may sustain the position we occupy. For except we do, we fear that the present institutions of our body cannot be either sustained or improved in their efficiency.

May I, therefore, be permitted to make a few suggestions? Before doing so I am anxious to allay any apprehensions. I do not wish to propose any alteration of our present Home Mission districts, or wish to interfere with their operations. But we have lately formed a General Home Mission, in addition to the existing District Societies. This new, or rather revived, institution has not yet adopted any defined mode of operation, and I submit to your serious consideration whether it might not be adapted to a well-regulated system of itineracy.

We have already seen that the ancient General Baptists adopted the itinerating system with success, even in days of bitter persecution. In more recent times Wesley organized his itinerating plans, and, notwithstanding opposition and difficulties, met with wonderful success. But the Wesleyan system, being one of an ever-changing ministry, is not adapted to our independent congregational order. We could not, therefore, recommend its adoption.

But could we not adopt something like it for the purpose of gathering congregations? About forty years ago something of this kind was attempted. And yet it was scarcely of this kind, for it was only an interchange of pulpit services by the stated ministers, which was soon found to be impracticable.

What we want appears to be the setting apart of two gifted brethren, as the apostles did, to itinerating labours, marking out for them their spheres of operation, furnishing them with suitable tracts for dispersion, and requesting them to preach anywhere, and keep a journal of their proceedings for regular publication in our magazine. Before starting they might be furnished by our ministers with the names of any members who have removed to any of the towns which they design to visit, and whom, on arriving at such places, they might first consult.

Time and patience will be required in carrying out a scheme like this. These were given by Wesley, and he was well repaid. We say nothing now

about chapels or places to preach in ; these, as in the case of the Wesleyans, would doubtless be found as congregations were gathered.

What, above all things, we first want, is the man, or the men, for the work. And here let me quote the REV. HENRY ALFORD, B. D., who, in his Lecture on Saul of Tarsus, says, "For such a work we want a man of leaping heart and kindling sympathy—for such a work we want not dry precepts, but exhortations steeped in tears—for such a work we want a person whom men can love. For *every* such work—and here is one of our fatal mistakes in our doing good. When we want to do good, we frame our plan, our society, our rules, excellent perhaps and faultless—we construct our scheme, we build our church, we build our school, we build our hospital—but we forget that for any stirring, living good, engrafted, and growing and prospering, we must have *men*, first and above all, *men*, personal centres of love, and respect, and devotion ;—that a cause, however good—rules, however faultless—pleading, however earnest and sincere, will never win and set in motion the energies of many men—but that a loving, self-sacrificing, weeping, tender-hearted man will stir multitudes, even with a weak cause ; and that every great movement among mankind has, if not originated with, grouped itself about and centred in such a personal agent, round whom, and in sympathy with whom, others have gathered. If we are wisely pursuing our aim for church, schools, institutions of any kind to be effective, for such a man we shall pray, and search till we find him. And shall not the Head of the Church, who Himself set us the example by placing Himself in our humanity, as the source and centre of love, shall not He provide for this work one who can bind men's hearts together by love—who shall rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep—nay, will not such a person, seeing He ever works by human means, be essential to the founding and consolidating of His church ?" I have often wished that our energetic brother, Dr. Burns, had been set apart years ago to this service ; and ever since I baptized my old friend, Mr. Thomas Cooper, I have been revolving in my mind for what purpose God has sent him amongst us. At present I dare not venture to say. He has a wide sphere now, and I would not limit it for merely denominational purposes. I mention him, however, as the kind of man, if God preserve him, for such a work, associated with, as his companion, some brother experienced in our customs, and wise in their application.

To such an object the funds of our General Home Mission, at present unappropriated, might be devoted. And might we not expect that, for such an object, well worked out, special contributions would be forthcoming ? I should rejoice in being able to furnish such agents with suitable tracts gratuitously, as my contribution to the enterprise.

The first thing to be done is to discuss this subject more fully in the pages of our own magazine. Our people cannot be expected to move in this matter until they understand it. But seeing the necessity, practicability, and, more than all, the scriptural nature of the plan, they will then no doubt desire it ; and, desiring it, they will pray that God would raise up from amongst us the right men for the work, and dispose the hearts of our brethren to furnish the requisite means.

Much more might be said in favour of the plan now proposed. Obstacles may, on the face of it, present themselves ; but obstacles, we are told, only

make Englishmen more resolute. Objections, too, may be started, but they would promote discussion, and discussion would elicit consideration, and consideration action. Objections therefore ought not to be suppressed. Apathy is much more to be dreaded—that listless apathy which “careth for none of these things;” and which, unwilling to bestir itself, sees only lions in the way. We are left, however, to choose between these,—whether we will “ever live at this poor dying rate,” or whether we will at once arouse ourselves to more vigorous and resolute action:

And why should we not? Why give up adhesion to our distinguishing doctrines of Divine truth *now*? The death of the Son of God for the salvation of all men has now become a popular doctrine in our land; and notwithstanding the Surrey Gardens Music Hall has resounded with loud warnings against Arminianism, derogatory of the character and creed of one of the most pious and learned, and, I will add, the most persecuted of men, yet the most useful preachers in our land now, of every evangelical party, are those who call on all men everywhere to repent and believe the gospel. Calvinists, or Fullerites some may yet wish to call themselves, but as one of our American visitors facetiously told us a few years ago, “They all thrash with our machine.” Rather let us take the advice of a venerable minister of the other section of the baptist body, who, in conversation with the late Adam Taylor, said, “Stay where you are brother Taylor; we are all coming to you as fast as we can.”

And, my brethren, is it not worthy our observation, that “the spirit and manners of the age” are in our favour. Liberalism is now the order of the day in science, education, and politics. “We are all liberals now,” says the *Times*. Let us then take advantage of our position. We have “a little strength;” let us use it. Stand firm first, and then advance. The first great truth in creation is, that Jesus made an atonement for sin—the second is, that it was for *all* men. Let us hold fast by both, and never give them up; without the first we have no hope, and the second involves the salvation of millions not yet born.

And then with regard to believers’ baptism I need not detain you. Pious persons of all denominations are being more and yet more convinced that its supplanter, “infant sprinkling,” is only a tradition of men—“a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.”

Some of these remarks are made to meet another suggestion of which we have heard lately, and which may now be urged against our proposal, viz., the amalgamation of both sections of the baptist body into one. On that subject the writer does not wish to enter, beyond saying, that while we love and honour our more numerous brethren, we honour and love the truth more. Man is liable to err—the truth of God never.

“Life’s little day is past, and he is gone, while Truth appears
Flush’d with the bloom of youth thro’ Heavens’ eternal years.”

Let us rather, my brethren, do as we find our missionary brethren are doing with such success in Orissa. Let us have our “missionary tours” throughout the country, either by our stated ministers for three months in turn, or by two brethren who shall be wholly given to the work. Cannot we find, and cannot we spare them? I think we can—two in 100 might surely be found, and might safely be spared.

Bearing on this subject are some valuable remarks by HOWARD HINTON. I commend them to your notice, and to the notice of our young ministers especially; for to them we must look for the carrying out of any plans we may devise and adopt for the extension of our connexion. They occur in his recent sermon "On Preaching," and I give them, for they are as applicable to Britain as to India :—

"It is worthy of consideration whether, upon the principle thus laid down, some beneficial modification of the missionary work might not be effected, and whether some nearer approach to the scriptural model might not be arrived at. Far be my lips from uttering a single word depreciatory of any branch of missionary labour; but let me be permitted to suggest an inquiry, whether, since it is by preaching that God will save men, there might not scripturally, and therefore advantageously, be at least a class of missionaries who should be preachers only, passing, with more or less rapidity, but continually passing, over the ground declaring the glad tidings, and not detained by any of those occupations which compel a fixed and permanent residence. The crying necessities of the world appear to me to rebuke the sitting down of so large a number of missionaries as schoolmasters, translators, or pastors of churches; devoted to labours which, however important, may, in part at least, be confided to other hands, while the evangelist goes on to repeat the good news to the perishing multitudes beyond.

Let me illustrate the case by a comparison. The wreck of a noble vessel has thrown into the sea a large number of persons, now, of course, in peril of immediate destruction. You have been providentially permitted to come to the rescue, and, by means of the life-boat, you have already gathered on board your friendly bark a goodly company, safe from all further danger. What is your next step? To devote yourself assiduously to the refreshment of the rescued? By no means. You hastily say to them, 'Do you take care of one another now, while I hurry back to the help of those who are still struggling with the waves.'

Why should we not act on a similar principle in relation to the spiritual necessities of mankind? Should there be no force in Christ's own example, who, when the people of Capernaum 'stayed him, that he should not depart from them,' replied, 'I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also, for therefore am I sent?' What would have become of christianity in the Roman empire if Paul and Barnabas had, on the first missionary journey, settled down as pastors at Antioch and Lystra?"

Brethren, I have done. I leave these thoughts and suggestions with you. May the Lord the Spirit direct you to right conclusions! And "To God only wise"—"Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end."

EVENING SITTING.

Rev. T. STEVENSON, of Leicester, in the chair. After singing, reading the Scriptures and prayer, Mr. W. MARSHALL, of Loughborough, read the last Paper on

“LAY AGENCY, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE FURTHER EFFICIENCY OF OUR LOCAL PREACHERS.”

I AM sure, my christian brethren, I need not remind you that the present meeting is one upon which many members of our body look with considerable interest. The very fact that the Association appointed the meeting, and that so many have left their homes and travelled many miles for the purpose of attending it, is a clear indication that many are interested about it. And the events which have recently transpired in the religious world (and shall I not also say without the religious world?) are sufficient to awaken and keep alive this feeling. God, in his great goodness, has graciously and copiously poured out his Holy Spirit upon various portions of our fallen race. In different lands there has been a mighty movement amongst the dry bones; the blessed Spirit has breathed upon the dead; and many have heard the voice of the Son of God and sprung into life. And these mighty movements in America, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, have naturally attracted a considerable amount of attention; many eyes have been directed towards these various spots, and oftentimes we have been led to exclaim, What will the end be? and as the disciples of Jesus we have said, “The Lord is doing great things, whereof we are glad.” And whilst other regions are being thus visited, and other churches thus increased, we rejoice in their prosperity (for I trust we do all possess that catholicity of spirit which leads us to rejoice in the prosperity of all parts of Zion and the good of every section of Jerusalem); still I trust we all possess that amount of national sentiment and denominational feeling which leads us most intensely to desire that our *own* country may also be graciously visited, and our own churches graciously multiplied. And therefore whilst the religious press, and the secular press, aye, and even the great “Thunderer” itself, has thought it right to insert letters and statements, and even leading articles, about the revival, it is not unreasonable that the religious world, and we as a section of it, should feel some concern. True, we may be small amongst the thousands of Israel, but perhaps the very smallness of our number constitutes an additional reason why we should feel intense anxiety that our numbers should be increased and our churches multiplied. And, therefore, with intense desire, we may exclaim, “By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?”

To-day, my christian friends, you have had a variety of subjects, connected with this question, brought before your attention. Our brethren, who have addressed you, have presented a statement in reference to the progress of our body, and reminded you of the causes why we have not made greater progress. This afternoon our brother spoke concerning the adaptation of our present Home Missionary system to the accomplishment of its object; and this evening I have to speak concerning “Lay Agency, with special reference

to the further efficiency of our Local Preachers." The subject of "Lay Agency" certainly opens before us a very wide field for observation and remark. Here we have rushing up before us, in mighty phalanx, the office bearers in our various churches, the teachers in our sabbath schools, the distributors of our religious tracts, the agents of our *dorcas* and benevolent societies, the visitors of the sick and dying; in fact, all church members who do not sustain the pastoral office are, or ought to be, included in our list of lay agents. Lay agency is certainly of vast importance in connection with the church of Christ. When we think of the immense number of our fellow countrymen who are in an unconverted state, and who are consequently exposed to the curses of a broken law; and when we reflect upon the comparatively small number of our stated pastors, well may we exclaim "what are these among so many?" And as we sometimes say that if ever India is converted to God it must be mainly by native agency and not by European missionaries, so if all the inhabitants of our beloved old England are ever brought in their right mind to sit at the feet of Jesus, it must be accomplished by lay agency in connection with our stated pastors. And in the various events which have recently taken place God has taught us most plainly that his blessing is not by any means confined to the labours of those who sustain the pastoral office. The princely merchant, the wealthy manufacturer, the commercial traveller, the clerk from the counting house, the young man from the counter, the domestic house-wife, the girl from the factory, aye, and the little children too, have all been employed by the Head of the church for leading others to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. I think no one, therefore, will be disposed to frown upon, or to speak disparagingly concerning, "Lay Agency." And to those of you, my friends, who are engaged in any department of christian effort, let me say, Persevere. If you wish to be in any measure instrumental in improving and extending our denomination, go forward; be instant in season and out of season; and "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

But the programme of this meeting refers to one special branch of lay agency, and it is to that branch that I must now more especially direct your attention. Our paper refers to the further efficiency of our Local Preachers. And I must confess that, in my opinion, and I have no doubt in the opinion of most present, it would have appeared a much more appropriate course if one of our senior and judicious pastors—one who has had considerable experience in the work of the ministry, and who has a number of local preachers connected with his church—I say it would have been much better if such an one had been appointed to write the paper on this subject. But somehow we, the said local preachers, appear to be rather a formidable class, and no one is particularly anxious to encounter us; and hence your Committee tell me, that when they applied to several stated pastors these good gentlemen very politely declined to take up the subject, lest they should appear personal to their own local brethren, or, in other words, lest they should trample upon the toes of some of their own friends.

In speaking to you, then, concerning the further efficiency of our local preachers, I think there are three parties who may do something towards securing it.

1. The churches whence they go out.
2. The churches amongst whom they labour.
3. The local brethren themselves.

In speaking concerning the churches whence our local preachers go out, I would remark, that the first thought which commends itself to our attention is this: These churches should send forth the very best men they can produce. I mean they should look out those members who, by their natural talents, educational advantages, and social position, are best qualified for the office; and they should try and induce these individuals to go forth and preach amongst their fellow men the unsearchable riches of Christ. Now, my brethren, I think it is a fact which must have attracted the attention of most parties present, that the majority of our local preachers do not belong to the class to which we are now referring. We have amongst us, as a body, a considerable number of gentlemen who possess superior natural talents; in early life they had superior educational advantages; they possess well-selected libraries; they have more time than many other men for reading, and they occupy a respectable social position,—but how few of this class are employed as local preachers. Well, I don't think this ought so to be. I think Mr. A B the manufacturer, Mr. C D the solicitor, Mr. E F the grocer, and Mr. G H the draper, are as much indebted to Christ, and under as strong obligation to preach his gospel, as William Brown, the shoemaker; John Jones, the stocking maker; James Smith, the warehouse-man; or Henry Robinson, the porter. And, depend upon it, if the efficiency of our local preachers is to be increased, we must endeavour to improve our class of men. Send your comparatively illiterate men, who have had no educational advantages, who are pressed down by poverty, and who have scarcely a moment's time for preparation, and the effect will soon be apparent upon a congregation;—send your parties who are in more favourable circumstances, or send a mixture of the two, and you may then manage to keep alive your cause, and increase your church. Depend upon it, my friends, it is no use trying to ignore the fact, other things being equal, a man's social position will have an influence. If you grind down your village pastor so that he is obliged to work in a stocking-frame, or to sit at a cobbler's stall to get a little bread for his family, he is not likely to be so useful, or have that influence he would have, under more favourable circumstances; and so with your local preacher. If, then, the efficiency of our local preachers is to be increased as one means of improving and extending our denomination, I ask, is it not desirable that our churches should send forth the best men they have? And let me ask the gentlemen who occupy the position of which we have been speaking, to come forward and consecrate themselves to this important work. And then not only may the churches increase the efficiency of our local preachers by sending forth their best men, but they may also do many things to strengthen and encourage and improve those who do go forth.

For my own part, I certainly think it exceedingly desirable that all who go out as local preachers should have the approval of the churches of which they are members. I don't say that before a man *begins* to speak he should ask permission to do so. If this were necessary I apprehend many young men would never begin; because it unfortunately is the case, that there are senior members in our churches who are so much afraid a man should run before he is sent, that when they see a young disciple manifesting some

degree of life, and zeal, and activity, they say, "Ah! you must keep that young man back; he is sadly too forward." But when an individual has been speaking a number of times, and goes out tolerably frequently, it certainly seems desirable he should have the sanction of the church; and before the church can do this it must have some knowledge of his qualifications and of the doctrines he publishes. Perhaps it may not be convenient for him to preach at home; well, let some of your senior friends walk with him to the neighbouring village; it will do the village church good; and by their judicious remarks they may do the young man good. And then, I apprehend, it is desirable that some kind of examination should take place in reference to the young man's doctrines, and theological sentiments, and biblical knowledge. We require a confession of faith before a student is admitted to our College; and before our Wesleyan friends place the name of any one on their plan as an accredited local preacher, he has to pass through an examination; and certainly it seems desirable that our local preachers should submit to a similar ordeal. And then, after they have done so, if they are counted worthy, let them have the sanction and commendation of the church; and, having this, it will encourage and strengthen and stimulate them in their work of faith and labour of love.

And then the pastor of the church may do something considerable towards promoting the efficiency of his local brethren;—let him occasionally look over their manuscripts; let him suggest suitable subjects for study, and suitable books for perusal; and if he can occasionally get several of them together, let each one submit the outline of a sermon for criticism, and let each one offer his various remarks, and depend upon it this will be found most beneficial—at all events I think I have greatly profited by it. For several years it has been my privilege to be a member of the Loughborough Ministers' Meeting. One of the original rules of that meeting was, that the members should be pastors of churches; but, at the request of my late revered pastor, that rule, for my benefit, was set aside; and I take this opportunity of making this statement because I have understood that in some quarters, and especially in the neighbourhood of Leicester, there was an impression that our departed friend was unfriendly to, and looked with a suspicious eye upon, local preachers. I don't believe it. During the eleven years with which I was intimately associated with him, he always manifested a disposition to render me any assistance in his power; and if honour at any time was conferred upon the Woodgate local preachers, no one rejoiced in it more than the pastor of the church, and with me, at all events, the memory of Joseph Goadby will ever be fragrant.

2. We proceed to notice how the churches where the local preachers labour may increase their efficiency; and here I speak of local preachers as a class. And first I would remark, that as it appears desirable that churches who send out local preachers should send out their best men, so I think it desirable that churches which are supplied by local preachers should secure the best men they can obtain. This, however, is not always the plan pursued. It is sometimes the case that the officers of small churches, and the managers of branch churches, are indisposed to take any trouble in securing suitable supplies, but engage the very first that come to hand; and especially will they do so if the visit of the good brother involves comparatively little expense. There is Deacon

Prudence, for instance, he is very fond of going by the way of Cheapside, and he thinks that matters should be managed in connection with the church on the most economical principles. Well now there is Mr. A B a very acceptable local preacher, and his visits to the village are always satisfactory to the people; but he is a very delicate man, and he has rather a large family, and not a great deal to spare in the world; and if he were to walk some five or six miles out and preach twice, and then walk back, he would be unfit for business next day; and he cannot afford it. He does not wish to make a farthing profit by his Sunday labours, but it would require some five shillings for a conveyance. But then there is Mr. C D, a young man, who has just joined the church; he knows as much about theology as he does about anatomy; and is as well qualified to preach the gospel as he is to be Emperor of France; but he has a good constitution, is very fond of hearing himself talk, and he'll walk to this village and back with pleasure; and if, at the close of the evening service, Deacon Prudence gives him eighteenpence for his services, he is delighted with his day's excursion, and will be glad to go again as soon as opportunity offers. Well, but what is the result of it? Why the congregation is annoyed; the very children laugh; and one respectable family after another leave the place. There is Miss Prim, for instance, the daughter of farmer Thrifty, and she says, well, papa, if we are to have such preaching as this I shan't go to chapel much longer; the man makes such blunders in grammar, he misquotes scripture so frequently, and he so misapplies various passages, that I can't bear to hear him. And then there is Master John, who is very well disposed towards the people, and he has a kind of attachment to the old place; but he says, really, father, it is of no use; we have talked to Deacon Prudence so often, but he pays no attention, he either neglects it altogether, or else gets such poor creatures, that I think we had better leave them to themselves and go somewhere else; and then the congregation gradually decreases and disappears. And then the whole body of occasional preachers come in for a share of censure; and they say, Ah! its these locals; they cannot keep a cause together. But, I say, my local brethren, it is a gross libel upon us; we could do it if they would only let us have fair play, and not thrust into our ranks so many that are incompetent to the work. Let me ask those good friends, then, who have the management of these matters, to act with the greatest prudence, and, if possible, take care and have the right man in the right place; and in conducting the affairs of the church of Christ dont be penny wise and pound foolish. Hero, however, do not let it be thought I wish to discourage any one from labouring in the cause of Christ because of his social position, or because of his limited advantages. I would that all the Lord's people were prophets; and if you, my good brother, are prompted by the Spirit to labour in your master's cause, go forward; but if you would be useful you must do what you can to qualify yourself for the work; remember that talking nonsense, or prating about something you don't understand, is never likely to promote the glory of God or the good of his church.

And then for the purpose of assisting our friends in carrying out my previous recommendation, I would just remark, that it seems exceedingly desirable that they should engage such assistant preachers as are sanctioned and approved by the churches of which they are members. I believe there are some individuals who will preach for any body, but who are connected

with nobody. Brethren, I don't like such proceedings. And then there are some whose character does not stand very well in their own church; and there have been some who, even after their exclusion from christian fellowship, have continued their visits to the village churches. So long as such things are tolerated we cannot expect that we, as a body of locals, shall be very efficient. We all know that our success comes from God, but he is not likely to use unholy instruments in carrying out his own gracious, saving purposes. And if an Achan almost ruined Israel, may we not conclude that these unholy agents mar our work, and keep back good things from us. May I not then again ask our good friends, the deacons, to act with the greatest caution.

3. In the third place I intimated that another class who have a great deal to do with the efficiency of local preachers is the preachers themselves. And here, my friends, as I advance, I feel my difficulties increase—the ground upon which I tread becomes more delicate; and were I to say a great deal to you about the qualifications of local preachers, and what they ought to be, and what they ought to do, I apprehend you would think I was setting up myself as the *beau ideal*—the very model of perfection, and you would give me credit for possessing a very large share of egotism. Well, I do not wish to expose myself to that charge, and therefore shall not say very much upon the subject, still, I suppose, there are a few things which ought to be said. Well, then, my fellow-labourers in the work of the Lord, let me remind you that if you expect and desire that the church, I mean *your* church, should take an interest in you, you must take an interest in it. I don't like the idea of a local preacher being a stranger amongst his own brethren; depend upon it if you are they won't care much about you; if you are out on the sabbath, be at home at the prayer-meeting, the week-night lecture, and church-meeting, and let your brethren see that your connection with the church is not merely a nominal one; I am sure this will have a beneficial influence. And then if you wish your pastor to be kind, to smile upon and assist you, be you kind to your pastor. It has unfortunately happened that there has not always been the best of feeling between pastors and local preachers. If the men in office have admitted that their locals do belong to the house of Israel, still they are disposed to believe that they are much closer allied to the company of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, than to the sons of Aaron; and I apprehend pastors have sometimes had cause to cherish such feelings. I know one good brother, who is gone to a better world, used sometimes to say that the two most dangerous classes with which pastors could be brought into collision were singers and local preachers; and it has sometimes been the case, that our good friends who engage in this work have been somewhat like thorns in the sides of their pastor, they have done the church no good, and they have been perpetually complaining and finding fault. Well now, my friends, if you would be efficient local preachers you must not pursue this course, there are many ways in which it will tell to your disadvantage.

If we, as local preachers, wish to be efficient, we must confine our attention pretty closely to the great cardinal truths of the gospel, the fundamental points of our holy religion. Some brethren of our class seem very much disposed to dabble in mysteries—they talk about those secret things of God which the most profound minds cannot fathom; and if they possessed

that wonderful amount of knowledge which they take credit for, one might suppose that as the angels looked upon them they would really stand amazed. But whilst these individuals wish to be regarded as persons who can reveal secrets, and dissolve doubts, and explain the mysteries of redemption, we fear they often illustrate the statement of the poet,—

“Fools will rush in where angels fear to tread.”

But the popularity derived from this course is generally very short-lived, and the good these parties accomplish is generally very small. No, my brethren, if we would be useful, and wish to increase our efficiency, we must publish the great truths of the gospel—we must preach Christ and him crucified.

Again, if we wish to promote our own efficiency, and to be workmen who need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, we must be diligent, earnest, persevering students, and we must feel a great deal more interest in a good book than we do in a pipe or a glass; the time, I think, is for ever gone when an idle local preacher is likely to be an efficient one;—our congregations, we must remember, read, and occupy a very different position as regards their intelligence to what they did some fifty years ago; and if we would be useful we must keep pace with them, and, if possible, be somewhat ahead of them—we must give ourselves to reading and to the study of the word.

We must also be men of prayer; we must live in communion with the Holy One of Israel. If we would have power and prevail with men, we must first have power and prevail with God. In accordance with apostolic precedent we must give ourselves to meditation and prayer.

And, lastly, we must be consistent in our conduct, and by our lives as well as in the pulpit hold forth the word of life,—remember the command is, “Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord.” These, however, are subjects upon which you are all accustomed occasionally to dwell, and, therefore, I need not enlarge about them; but whilst, my brethren, you preach about them, be sure you also practice them.

Think, then, of the subjects which have this day engaged our attention—the improvement and enlargement of our denomination—let us think of the various means by which this object may be accomplished, and let us all do what we can for securing it; if we do, then depend upon it God will bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us. He will increase us with men and women as with a flock; and at some future general gathering we shall be constrained to say, “The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.” May God hasten the time, for the Redeemer’s sake!

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED AT THE VARIOUS SITTINGS.

1. That this meeting deeply laments the small increase of the Connexion generally during the last quarter of a century, and especially deplores the feebleness and absolute decrease of many of the churches in our smaller towns and villages. That while this meeting would recognize a high-toned personal piety as essential to church prosperity, they would also earnestly advise the union of small churches into one sphere, for ministerial and pastoral labours, spiritual edification, and discipline, together with zealous, liberal, and prayerful co-operation for the extension of religion in our Connexion. And would further recommend the appointment of a small central committee to visit or correspond with the lesser churches with a view to rectify the evils deplored. That this Committee comprise the following ministers, who shall be requested to act until the next Annual Association: H. HUNTER, JOHN STEVENSON, M.A., J. F. WINKS, W. R. STEVENSON, M.A., J. MALCOLM, with brethren T. HILL, and W. MARSHALL.

2. That the paper now read by MR. WINKS be submitted to the consideration of the Committee of the General Baptist Home Mission, and that they be earnestly requested to enter upon some immediate course of action.

3. That we desire to direct the attention of all the members of our churches who are actively engaged in promoting the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, to the paper now read by MR. MARSHALL; and recommend in every district the formation of a union of local preachers, pastors, and the officers of churches, with a view to the more efficient supply of the destitute churches of the district.

4. That Messrs. Winks, Malcolm, and the Editor of the *General Baptist Magazine*, be requested to prepare a report of the proceedings of this day, with the four papers which have been read, for publication.

5. That the report appear in the *General Baptist Magazine* for November; that the charge for that month be sixpence; and should any loss be sustained thereby, the Association be requested to make up the deficiency.

6. That the thanks of this meeting be presented to Messrs. Yates, Burns, Winks, and Marshall, for the valuable papers they have read.

Thanks were also voted to Mrs. Wigg and her friends, for providing refreshments, and to the friends at Leicester for their kind hospitality.

The following resolution was also proposed:—"That in taking into consideration the causes which have retarded the progress of our denomination, this meeting records its conviction, that one cause is the want of union or combination of effort, and Resolves, 'That, in our opinion, every church in the Connexion should be expected to make an annual public collection for all our Institutions; and in all cases where continual disregard to this rule is persevered in, such churches be regarded as cases for discipline.'"

On this resolution being submitted, it was moved that the words "all our Institutions," be left out, and the words, "our Home Missions," be substituted. But no decision was arrived at; several brethren, whilst expressing the same regret at the want of combination of effort, being reluctant to take any step which might have even the appearance of coercion.

The attendance of ministers and friends at this special meeting was considerable, affording satisfactory and encouraging evidence that its object was one which was regarded by the churches as necessary and important. Ministers were present from the various parts of the Connexion, most of whom took part in the devotional services, and the conversations which followed the reading of the various papers. The body of the chapel at Friar Lane was occupied, as at an Association, by ministers and other brethren, and visitors occupied the side sittings and the gallery. The following is a list of the ministers who attended :—

S. WIGG, ...	} <i>Leicester.</i>	G. STAPLES, ...	<i>Wymeswold.</i>
T. STEVENSON,		J. J. GOADBY, ...	<i>Lenton.</i>
J. F. WINKS, ...		J. BURNS, D.D.,...	<i>London.</i>
J. MALCOLM, ...		W. CHAPMAN, ...	<i>Longford.</i>
E. FOSTER, ...		E. STEVENSON, ...	<i>Loughborough.</i>
J. C. PIKE, ...	} <i>Nottingham.</i>	W. ORTON, ...	<i>Louth.</i>
H. HUNTER, ...		J. SALISBURY, ...	<i>Barrowden.</i>
W. R. STEVENSON		T. BARRASS, ...	<i>Peterborough.</i>
J. F. STEVENSON,		J. STADDON, ...	<i>Quorndon.</i>
W. UNDERWOOD,		G. NEEDHAM, ...	<i>Ripley.</i>
J. STEVENSON, ...	<i>Derby.</i>	H. ASHBURY, ...	<i>Sheffield.</i>
W. GRAY, ...	<i>Ashby-de-la-Zouch.</i>	C. T. CRATE, ...	<i>Wendover.</i>
E. BOTT, ...	} <i>Barton.</i>	T. YATES, ...	<i>Wirksworth.</i>
J. HOLROYD, ...		J. KNIGHT, ...	<i>Wolvey.</i>
J. B. LOCKWOOD,	<i>Birchcliffe.</i>	T. LOVEKIN, ...	<i>Crowle.</i>
R. KENNEY, ...	<i>Burton-on-Trent.</i>	O. HARGREAVES,	<i>Burnley Lane.</i>
J. CHOLERTON, ...	<i>Coalville.</i>	M. SHORE, ...	<i>Earl Shilton.</i>
T. GOADBY, ...	<i>Coventry.</i>	C. BURROWS, ...	<i>Walsall.</i>
F. CHAMBERLAIN,	<i>Fleet.</i>	T. R. STEVENSON,	<i>Burnley.</i>
C. SPRINGTHORPE,	<i>Heptonstall Slack.</i>	I. STUBBINS, ...	} <i>Missionaries.</i>
G. FISHER, ...	<i>Hugglescote.</i>	H. WILKINSON,	
J. TAYLOR, ...	<i>Kegworth.</i>	And several Local Preachers.	

At the morning sitting, before the commencement of business, MR. WINKS was requested to act as Secretary of the meeting to record the proceedings. In addition to noting these, Mr. W. made a few notes of the conversations which followed the reading of the papers. These will be found on the next pages. They must not be regarded as a full report of the conversations. Several other brethren beside those mentioned took part in them. They were conducted with order and propriety, and a good degree of brotherly feeling. One desire seemed to prevail, and that was, to promote the one object of the meeting—the improvement and extension of the Connexion.

CONVERSATIONS.

THE reading of the papers by brethren YATES and BURNS occupied the time until nearly twelve o'clock, when conversation followed until one.

REV. E. STEVENSON was much gratified with the papers now read. True, they furnished cause for humiliation. As a pastor of one of the declining churches he felt humbled by the statements produced. But individual churches had their seasons of depression and revival. It was so in other denominations. We must not be disheartened. Such a meeting as this must do good.

REV. H. HUNTER was also pleased with the papers. But it was hardly fair to compare our churches with Methodist Societies, which received all who express a desire to flee from the wrath to come. He had now 200 young people in that position under his care; and such are not numbered in our yearly reports.

REV. DR. BURNS again referred to small independent churches as our chief obstacle. Usually they arose from some Diotrephes, who loved to have the pre-eminence. He might be heard perhaps praying, Lord, make me anything or nothing, but that meant make me everything. Another hindrance was, our richer friends would not attend the prayer-meetings; that was notorious. He was lately preaching at Nottingham in a public hall, when JOHN HEARD, Esq., J. P., gave out the hymns. The influence of such men was valuable, but even that was often withheld. Again, we must preach more directly to men's hearts; and not be ashamed of being called vulgar fellows if we introduce religious subjects in company.

MR. JOHN EARP referred to his late visit to the North of Ireland, furnishing some pleasing facts of the amazing work of God in that country. Mr. E. also recommended the weekly offering system, which had succeeded well at Melbourn.

REV. J. F. WINKS directed special attention to the mother church at Barton, and the adjacent villages, which supported two respectable ministers, and generously supported all our Institutions. He could point to several separate village churches, covering about the same surface, each independent, doing nothing for the Connexion, and struggling for their own existence. Like scattered firebrands, they must be gathered in one, or die out.

A FRIEND from one of the village churches said, that there were two other villages close by, and all three might support a minister. Now they had supplies where they could find them. But it would be no use his going back and telling them what was said here. A deputation from the Conference might be regarded.

MR. THOMAS HILL reminded the meeting how often both Conferences and Associations had recommended improvements, and failed through want of some means of carrying them out—a minister's fund, for instance. The larger churches generally agreed, but the small ones would not, or could not. It was an invasion of their independence! So said some leading brother among them. If such churches would not amalgamate so as to help our denominational objects he did not see what use they were to the body. Ought they to enjoy its privileges if they will not share in its responsibilities?

MR. S. ALLSOP, and the CHAIRMAN, suggested an interchange of country and town ministers on week-days and on sabbath-days.

REV J. F. STEVENSON thought that would effect little. They did as much

as they could at Nottingham by preaching occasionally in the villages. But ought he to leave 600 in a town to preach to sixty in a village?

REV. W. CHAPMAN hoped that personal piety, among other things, would not be forgotten, as that must furnish the moving power to all effort. Many are doing nothing at all, and this is why they are not. Others don't know why they are General Baptists, and so have no denominational zeal. No wonder we are where we are.

MR. H. DENNIS. We at Hugglescote and Ibstock can support a minister. Neither Wesleyans nor Puseyites affect us. But if we were not united we should sink.

REV. F. CHAMBERLAIN would have all the members set to work in doing something for Christ. He was yet in favour of the independency of our churches, but not an isolated independency, incapable of action.

REV. J. MALCOLM. It was all very well to say let, let, let. Let ministers in towns go to villages, and all the rest of it. But ministers in towns had much to do of one kind or other. Let us not find fault with one another, but unite to attempt some practical good.

REV. T. BARRASS. My friends hoped much from this meeting. If we can only succeed in uniting small churches we shall do much. I know three such, and one of them is dying now. Cannot we appoint a delegation to such churches. This would be doing something.

REV. T. STEVENSON. We want more practical every-day piety, and sabbath piety too. How few of our more respectable members are at the week-night prayer-meetings. How few at the opening of service on sabbath mornings. And are not our friends less generous in giving than others. I fear we are too selfish. The generosity of the Methodist New Connexion ought to shame us.

REV. J. SALISBURY thought that domestic piety ought not to be forgotten. It was from thence, as well as from the sabbath school, that churches were to be replenished with pious devoted followers of Christ.

REV. T. ORTON observed that some of his friends thought that the new system of open communion had done us no good. The removals of ministers too was not always well managed. We wanted in our congregations more opportunities for religious conversation and prayer, and more zeal in our members for the propagation of the faith.

REV. J. C. PIKE. The fact is, brethren, we want more piety both in the pulpit and the pew. Ministers are powerless if secret, family, and social prayer be neglected, and conformity to the world indulged.

A BRIEF conversation followed the reading of the paper by MR. WINKS, in which Revs. W. Underwood, J. Lovekin, H. Ashbery, and other brethren, took part. The paper was referred to the Home Missionary Committee.

A PROLONGED and very interesting conversation followed the reading of MR. MARSHALL's paper. Beside several of those already mentioned, were the Rev. C. Springthorpe, Rev. S. Wigg, Rev. J. Cholerton, Rev. E. Foster; and Messrs. W. Stevenson, Narracott, Baldwin, and Allsop. Mr. Barradale gave an outline of the rules of the Nottingham Local Preacher's Association. The sitting closed before nine o'clock with praise and the benediction.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE,
Repository,
AND MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

VOL. 6.—NEW SERIES. DECEMBER, 1859.

No. 72.

• THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK.

EVERY church and congregation exist, not only for their own spiritual improvement ; not merely to afford consolation to each other amid the troubles of their earthly sojourn ; not simply to increase the amount, heighten the tone, and prolong the existence of their personal bliss ; but also and specially for saving the souls and bodies of the people in the neighbourhood in which they are located. They have a private object—the consolation and help of each other in the endeavour after spiritual manhood. They have a public object—the decrease of the evils of society, and the increase of individual and social good by the dissemination of the gospel of Christ. The mission of the sons of God is not completed when they have obtained “a good hope through grace of an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.” That mission is commensurate with ability and opportunity to bless. It compasses the possible effort of each saint ; allows of no overplus power ; and secures the believer on Christ in the entireness of his ability, wealth, and influence, as a worker for God and man. God makes each adopted son a minister of his manifold grace. He devolves on each the “care of souls.” Every true believer he anoints for membership in the “royal priesthood.” He constitutes each one a possible king over immortal spirits. Power has been given by the Lord “to teach and preach in the name of Jesus” to every believer in Christ. And, however much diversity, either in amount or character, there may be, nevertheless, the fact that each one is endowed with the ability, is unquestionable. Privilege is afforded by the Christian’s social position—for the home may be made the school of piety ; the workshop may become the theatre for self-sacrifice and holy effort ; companionship may be converted into a training class for heaven ; and the whole sphere of our existence may be filled with the fruits of righteousness and the glory of God. Excuse is therefore excluded. Pleas for exemption cannot avail. For the weakest may appropriate the joy, and realize the verity of the promise, “He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.” The aged saint, weary with the world’s care, but joyous in heaven’s prospect, may plead with God for men, and with men for God. The man of

business, often harassed and perplexed, may find in that business a call to this duty, rather than exemption therefrom. The youthful Christian may not be acquitted. Pleasures, however innocent, joys, however refreshing, will not form any valid reason for release from the participation of this higher joy, or the performance of this most imperative duty. No one can escape. Love to Christ begets, involves, and obligates love to man. And love to man demands effort for a progressive fitness in the evangelistic work, wisdom in the manner of its prosecution, and repeated prayer for its success.

This work, of endeavouring to save men, is one requiring continuous and considerable personal preparation for its wise and efficient execution. The mere existence of the desire to spread Christianity, however ardently it may burn, is not enough. There must be a daily acquisition of power over our hearts; an enlargement of God's kingdom within us, in order that we may have beneficial influence over our neighbours, and so extend the kingdom of heaven without us. The desire to save souls must shew itself first in personal discipline, then in training others; first in individual growth, and then in helping the needy; first in home-culture, and then in enterprise for the race. He who would be strong with his fellows must be mighty over himself. Earth's most potent men are found in the army of self-conquerors. They who are kings at home, in their own hearts, have the best title to rule their brethren. That man who daily invigorates his spiritual life by fellowship with God; who hourly endeavours to extend the sway of Christ over his entire being, by seeking out Christ's will and following Christ's precept; who purifies his conceptions of God, his views of man's duty, his ideas of the "plan of salvation" by prolonged meditation, and daily experience, will most effectively work in the church of Christ. His advice will be respected, for he knows whereof he affirms. His counsel will be followed, for it is the lesson of his own history. Ruling well his own heart, and fashioning truly his own life, he will thereby acquire power for extending the cause of truth and righteousness around him. And, moreover, during the very acquisition of this power, there will emanate from him a holy, transforming influence. Men will "see his good works," behold that his piety is real and soul-sufficing, a barrier to temptation, an inspirer to self-culture, a cheering companion in sorrow, a spring of pure and useful activity, and even a good that is infinite, embracing the highest blessedness here and lasting joy hereafter; and as they see they will "glorify our Father who is in heaven."

This labour, spent in securing personal fitness for this work, is itself a reward, since it involves a consistent example, which forms a fund of unceasing joy, as well as a source of moral power. For while you are seeking to be ready for every good word and work, you are actually adding to your character its noblest adornment, to your heart its truest joy, and to your word and act their mightiest force. 'A pure life is the glory of Christianity; the benefactor of man; the earnest of heaven; and the best way of honouring God. Its influence we cannot exaggerate. There is no method of preaching Christ equal to this. To every other plan it imparts a heavenly power. To every other endeavour it gives an almost resistless potency. As the sunshine and dew silently fertilize the earth, so a holy example makes the retired, noiseless, and gentle offices

of religion affect the hearts of men. To the more public actors it is nothing less than the secret of their success. Without it—zeal is an injury, advocacy causes suspicion, and the believer in, is an obstruction to, Christianity. With it, zeal is a blessing, advocacy is successful, and men are saved. Seeing, therefore, that if we pray and work for greater fitness to bless men, we shall create a pure example, ought we not to pay special and prolonged attention to this vital point? This is a matter too much neglected in these times. For things of inferior moment we say, thought and preparation are necessary. But do we pray that we may be made wise to win souls? Do we seek, as we ought, to adapt ourselves to our work? That we have the desire to communicate the gospel to others is not disputed. That we would gladly direct our brethren to assuage their thirst by repairing to the Fountain of living waters is fully admitted. That we wish to bring the dead ones around us to the only Life-giver, who “died for all,” is made patent to the observer’s eye. That we felt Christ “precious” to ourselves, because we have experienced his love, received his help, been inspired by his life and death, and “wish that all the world might taste and see the riches of his grace;” these things are known and believed; but yet it may be asked, do we seek the best fitness possible? Do we labour on ourselves in order that we may work more successfully for others? Have we devoted one hour per week in training ourselves to plead and argue with our friends? Do we think for it? Are we reading with the same intent, and praying for the same result? We are solemnly bound to Almighty God and immortal men, to leave nothing undone that would add to our usefulness; to spare no pains to make us fit in speech, feeling, and argument for this Christian work. Let each one be animated then, to quell the gush of evil passion, to restrain the hand from sin, to prevent the lips from speaking guile, to cultivate the heart’s tenderest sympathies, to find out acceptable words, and to offer believing prayers so that souls may be “born again.”

By such a personal preparation, you will learn to use great wisdom in your efforts. You will go about your work with thoughtfulness, endeavouring to adapt your counsel, and the way of giving it, to the especial need of the person for whose salvation you labour and pray. There will be previous consideration of the wisest “ways and means” for effecting the end in view. You will ask “which is the best way of securing his or her union with God? How shall I introduce the subject? Having introduced it, how shall I make it attractive? Is caution and wariness required; or fearlessness and courage? What aspect of the gospel of Christ would be most convincing? What is the especial deficiency of this or that person? Are the ideas of God and of Christ which are entertained partial and one-sided, or are they ‘according to the Scriptures?’” In all these and kindred questions, you must be guided chiefly by what you can ascertain of the character and state of your subject. The special point in which your wisdom may be employed is adaptation. The physician will not effect a cure unless he adapts his medicine to the disease, (and the stage of the disease) with which his patient is afflicted. Neither will the Christian healer be successful in God’s work, unless under the guidance of the great Physician, he prescribes properly for the sinner. And there is analogy further of significant importance. Just as the skill of the surgeon is not gained

so much from the medical lectures at the college, as from his direct, personal practice; so with you, my friends, your skill is not so much hinged upon hearing the wisest words uttered upon the principles and laws of Christian propagandism, as upon your wise and thoughtful contact with men, who are struggling with evil and asking for deliverance. Experience will be your best teacher. Quick and close observation your best helper, next to God and his book.

Some persons chiefly need persuasion. They do not demand conviction of the truth of the gospel. That they have had for months. They need no "Essays on Evidences," no sermons on doctrine. The intellect is gained for Christ. In his "four-sided" history they have unhesitating faith. In the general object of his mission they see that which pleases them. And in their own life there is beauty. Charming is their conversation. Their friends praise them for their "good dispositions and steadiness." Let us not be rash here. These are not far from the kingdom of God. Erroneous methods, though well-intended, may repel. It is true the heart is not changed, the soul is unsafe. Yet, "Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Say little yet of sin: they won't understand that as yet. To them there is no sin other than crime. Speak rather of the pure, sinless Jesus. Charm them by the picture of his immaculacy. Show them the unsullied brightness of his character. Bring them into communion with that loftiest of lives, and thereby you may beget in their minds a distrust of that morality which has encircled the dying soul, just as the garden weeds have entwined themselves about the fair flowers, only to destroy. Fix the eye on the "Sun of Righteousness," the centre and source of purity, and in its shining they will understand the prophet's words, "Our righteousness is as filthy rags," and the prayer will be offered, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

In such cases try your wisdom, test the power of your sympathy. Let your watching be angel-like. Let your solicitude be mother-like. Draw them to Christ, so that like Simon, they may shrink at their sinfulness, saying, "Depart from us, for we are sinful men, O Lord;" which shall be followed by the cheering words of Jesus, "Fear not, from henceforth you shall catch men."

Others need argument. Within them there is a love of truth, and a hate of intellectual serfdom. Their desire is to find out the right way. They say, "Let me see: take away the darkness from my eyes. Give me more light." They fear deception and enslavement. There is good intention, but mistaken view. Meet these with a perfect chain of convincing argument. Take them to the great facts and foundation principles of the gospel church. Centre their attention on the cardinal truths of Scripture. The apparent discrepancies of Scripture; the difficulties of a surface nature may be left. Go to wider ground—ascend to higher truth. Endeavour not to confine such spirits within the limits of a creed, but take them to the emancipating truth of Jesus. Show, with the manliest intellect and the most brotherly heart, that Christianity is not an abstract speculation, but a body of man-redeeming facts. Show that Christ Jesus was not a system, but a living, loving person, the "God manifest in the flesh." Never let them suppose, from your conversation, that Christianity is an opinion merely, about which different sects may controvert. This is their danger; make it evident that religion is belief

in and towards a person who is to be revered as God, loved as Redeemer, followed as Teacher, and obeyed as King.

These are only types of some of the different cases you may meet with. Taking all the possible varieties of character and state you may have to deal with, you will see the special need of wisdom. You will find it your duty to study your patient, and also your method of action, so that you may "be all things to all men, and thereby save some."

The Christian should do this work without precipitancy. Be not hasty in your mode of treatment, nor in anticipation of result. Expect growth and development, and you may find it. Expect immediate transformation and you may be disappointed. The acorn has not its abode in the shell one day and its position as an oaken support of a mansion the next. Nor will the souls of men immediately emerge from the darkness of sin to the light of holiness. Patiently and believingly, you must toil, and "the fruit will be seen after many days."

Be kind, yet firm. Let there be the grace of gentleness, and the power of decision. Blend together the sweetness and charm of persuasive look and word, with the dignity of profound conviction and unhesitating utterance. Bound by the potent chain of loving sympathy, and attached by the invincible conviction of all-engaging duty to Christ, we have no right to timidity, no guarantee for harshness. Nothing less than moral heroism is demanded from us; nothing stronger than affectionate entreaty can we employ. Nothing should be allowed to hinder us from combining these two features. Friends may not impede us. Affection may not preclude. Considerations of mere temporary pleasure or pain may not prevent. The solemn, deep, and profound conviction of duty to preach Christ as well as we can, must remove all these hindrances out of the way, and send us to our work with the irrepressible feeling, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel" in such a way as, by God's blessing, to cause men to receive and love it.

As you think of the personal fitness and wisdom required for this work, you may ask, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Verily, my friends, if we went alone, we should lose heart, but having the promise and help of the Most High, we may surely ask, "Of whom, or of what shall we be afraid?" "Our sufficiency is of God." He is our wisdom, and he will train us for this Christian work. He is our helper, and he will give strength to those that ask him, so that even the feeblest may overcome the strongest foe of God and man. Only let us commence, and prosecute our work with believing supplication for God's blessing, and we shall be successful. The reason why we have failed so much, and so often, is found in Mrs. Browning's words, "We surely made too small a part for God in these things." There has not been enough of faith in prayer, of dependence upon Divine aid, of seeking and looking out for Divine blessing. The work is God's own. He has only delegated it to man, and he who gives the work must give the strength to do it. "Without Him we can do nothing." Better let the farmer sow his seed where the sun shines not, and the rains never descend, than the Christian work without the sunshine of God's grace, and the dew of God's blessing. Go then to your work for man when you have been to get strength from God, and go from your work back again to God to secure his blessing upon the seed sown so that it may germinate and be fruitful. "Pray

without ceasing." And when you feel the tightening grasp of the precept, "Be not ashamed of the testimony of the Lord," then also remember that if you call upon him he will help you. When your work is difficult, your pathway dark and dreary, go to him who helpeth the needy and giveth light in darkness. The devotion of the closet is the first condition of successful witness-bearing for Christ. Let the people pray for and with the pastor, the teacher for and with his class, the visitor and tract distributor for those who receive his visits and read his tracts. Let the prayer meeting be well attended. Show as much anxiety to have a good congregation when prayer is the special feature as when preaching is the avowed object. Let each one thus pray for his own work, and the work of others, and God will hear and answer our prayers, for he has said, "Ask, and it shall be given." "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them." "He will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

In the name of Jesus Christ, then, "who died for all, that we who live, should not live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us and rose again," give yourselves unto this work of saving men with all your earnestness, wisdom, and prayers. Behold the dignity of your object—the restoration of the lost soul to God. See the loftiness of your aim—the honour of heaven's King. Think of the nobleness of the sacrifice—the only begotten Son of God. Meditate on the results following—souls united to God, earth made happier, and the gospel church made stronger. Remember the certainty of success arising from Jehovah's promise. Study the unspeakable love of Christ manifested in his self-abnegation and unceasing devotion to our redemption. Think on these things, and be constrained to the heartiest endeavour and holiest sacrifice, to prove to men the fitness and value of the religion of Christ.

Around us, and within us, below us, and above us, there are reasons for consecrated talent, for holy self-denial, and increased usefulness. Gratitude prompts, for surely "we love Him who first loved us." Duty binds, for "we have taken upon us the vows of God." Relationship impels, for they are all our brethren. Sympathy excites, for we perceive the danger of their condition. Precept enjoins, for we are commanded "to preach the gospel to every creature." Promise allures, for God has assured us His blessing. Heaven calls, for we have hope of its holy service and lasting joy. Hell warns, for we have read of its terrible doom and remediless woe. Stimulated by such reasons, urged by such motives, let us offer ourselves to God, "as living sacrifices, holy and acceptable, which is our reasonable service."

Christian brethren, seize every opportunity for direct conversation on the subject of the soul's salvation; or if there be none offering itself, then immediately seek one. Go not through the world a lover of the gospel, and yet not a worker for it. "Do something, do it soon." Delay not for a moment through indolence or timidity. "Work while it is called day, the night cometh when no man can work." Let each one

"Some high or humble enterprise of good
 Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
 Become thy study, pastime, rest and food,
 And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
 Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
 To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
 With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;
 Strength to complete, and with delight review.
 And grace to give the praise where all is ever due."

Paddington.

J.C.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF KITTO.

TOWARDS the close of 1804, John Kitto was ushered into life. When a few months old he was, because of his father's dissipation and reduced circumstances, entrusted to the guardianship of his maternal grandmother. His chief happiness sprang from her society; her's consisted in ministering to his comfort and enjoyment. They frequently wandered into the country in quest of wild flowers and fruits, which kindled in his sensitive mind a glowing love for natural scenery, and evoked a faculty of ready observation. If the weather was unfavourable, the day was spent at home in useful employment; industry being considered a good method of keeping the devil at a distance. Aptitude for reading early developed itself; and his eagerness for knowledge was fed by stories of ghosts, witches, wizards, and hobgoblins. In a domiciliary exploration he discovered "a Family Bible, a Prayer Book, Bunyan's Pilgrim, and Gulliver's Travels. The last two he soon devoured; and to increase their attractions, decorated all the engravings with the blue his grandmother employed in her washing operations, using a feather for a brush." He received very little of what is technically called schooling; but before he was twelve years of age, had entered upon authorship. "A cousin, younger than himself, came one day with a penny in his hand, declaring his intention to buy a book. John was just then sadly in want of a penny to purchase the History of King Pippin; so he asked his cousin whether he bought a book for the picture or the story. 'Oh, the story to be sure,' was the reply. John directly offered to write him, for a penny, a larger and better story than he could get in print for the same money; and, to clench the bargain, said he would paint him a picture at the beginning, and he knew there were no painted pictures in penny books. His cousin jumped at the liberal offer; and, after book and pictorial embellishment were finished, both parties were satisfied." In his thirteenth year Kitto met with a distressing accident; and yet, probably but for it his name would not now have been so illustrious. Engaged with his father in repairing the roof of a house, he had just reached the highest round of a ladder with a load of slates, and was in the act of stepping on the roof, when his foot slipped, and he was precipitated on a stone pavement. No limb was fractured, but his hearing was totally destroyed. For a few years, being now incapacitated for his former occupation, he was permitted to pursue his own inclinations. But he was never indolent; he put forth many ingenious and laudable efforts to obtain money to hire or purchase books. In his sixteenth year he was placed in the workhouse. This situation he at first

detested. "Like the wolf in the fable, he used to say, he would rather starve in a state of freedom than fatten in a chain." The governor, however, perceiving his superior intelligence and devotion to literature, granted him many indulgences, and encouraged him to read and cultivate the use of his pen. At this time he lost his grandmother, and respecting his bereavement wrote :—"The day before yesterday, being the day prior to my grandmother's funeral, and not being certain that I should get out soon enough to be present, I determined to take what might eventually be a last view of the revered remains. I raised the cloth—it was dusk—the features were so composed that I was for a few moments deceived, and thought it sleep. I pressed my lips to her forehead—it was cold as monumental marble! cold for ever. A thousand recollections rushed upon me, of her tenderness and affectionate kindness. She had been more than a mother to me. I humbly pray thee, my God, that in heaven I may at last arrive, through Jesus Christ, and there meet her who has gone before me." On entering the workhouse he was put to shoemaking; and now he was apprenticed to that trade in Plymouth. His master shamefully maltreated him. Of his situation he writes :—"O misery, art thou to be my only portion? Father of Mercy, forgive me, if I wish I had never been born. Mine is a severe master, rather cruel." By repeated urgent applications to the proper authorities, he was emancipated. Free access to the town library was granted to him. Here he luxuriated in metaphysics, theology, history, and travel. He was encouraged to write several essays or articles for one of the local newspapers, that he might indirectly assist a number of gentlemen who, from a desire to promote his comfort, had resolved to make a public appeal on his behalf. He wrote, and the result was most gratifying. In his nineteenth year he had an interview with Mr. Groves, of Exeter, a pious and literary gentleman, following the profession of dentist. Mr. G. was deeply interested in his story and condition, and generously offered to take him to Exeter, teach him the dentists' art, and provide liberally for his wants and wishes. He removed to Exeter, and shortly after thus wrote to friends in Plymouth :—"Mr. G. is exceedingly kind and attentive to me. He is a very religious man, and my own views on most subjects coincide with his. He is not a Methodist, a Calvinist, a Lutheran, or a papist. He is one of those rather singular characters, a Bible Christian, a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. A man so devotedly, so fervently attached to the Scriptures, I never knew before." Kitto was treated as one of the family, and was here brought to apprehend and appreciate the gospel. Mr. G. spent a considerable portion of his time, particularly on Sunday, in home missionary labour; and, while attempting to evangelize the heathen at home, the desire and purpose to be a missionary to the heathen abroad sprung up within his mind. He gave up a lucrative profession, and began preparations for this grand undertaking. Probably Kitto had expressed sympathy with Mr. G's missionary aspirations, for he now entered as an apprentice missionary printer to the Church Missionary Institution, London. While here, he pledged his love to a young woman, who apparently reciprocated his advances, but afterwards became the wife of another. In his twenty-third year he was appointed to a station, in Malta, as

missionary printer. For a time he was happy; but about eighteen months after his appointment he was, on account of misapprehension on the part of the officials in London, recalled. He returned to England. He met Mr. Groves, who asked if he would not accompany him, he being almost ready to depart on his missionary enterprise. Kitto consented. Their destination was Bagdad. Having to go to St. Petersburg, and through Russian territory, the journey was circuitous and tedious. One incident is thus described:—"I had a very high-spirited horse, and finding something amiss with the saddle, I got off to set it to rights. It took me so long, that Mr. G. came galloping back to see what was the matter. I had just finished when he came, and mounted my horse. I had no sooner mounted than he darted off like lightning to overtake the others. I kept my seat till we were near a river, and then tried to stop him, that he might walk through, but he threw me off in the attempt. I fell with great force on my head into a hole by the water, full of stones, sand, and water. The day before I had lost my cap, and had put on a turban instead. This turban saved my life, for nothing but its thick folds prevented my skull from being cracked to pieces."

They had not long resided in Bagdad, when a series of awful visitations threatened the city. The pestilence came, and prostrated in death 60,000 out of a population of 80,000; between 3,000 and 4,000 died daily. Mrs. G. and one of the children were taken. Mr. G. was seized, and thought to be dying, but his life was graciously spared. The river overflowed its banks, inundated the city, and undermined many houses; the demolition of which was accomplished by the occurrence of an earthquake. They were solemnized, though not overwhelmed with terror. Heavy as the chastisement was, they recognized the hand of Him "who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." Kitto began to feel that he was not in the most useful situation. He had been tutor to Mr. G.'s boys, liked his work, and had ever been on the most intimate and pleasant terms with Mr. G.; but as his passion for literature glowed as intensely as ever, and he had seen so much, and so many forms of Oriental life, he fancied he might, if at home, find a more extensive sphere of usefulness. Narrating one of the incidents of his homeward journey, he says:—"Our road lay over a parched and barren plain. I soon found I was getting thirsty, and reposed with much complacency on the consideration that I had a bottle of water below me. The men also became thirsty. One of them spied out my bottle, and, without asking leave, came to help himself. The man, however, spurted out his first mouthful with great abhorrence; and, on inquiry, I made the felicitous discovery, that the servant of Bagdad, instead of filling it with pure water, had loaded it with red clay and water. The motion of the horse had well compounded the ingredients into mud, which even an Arab could not tolerate as drink, though they are by no means squeamish when thirsty." In his twenty-ninth year Kitto arrived in England. He obtained congenial and permanent employment from Mr. Knight, the publisher; and a little more than three months after his arrival, was married to a lady who seemed specially designed for his bosom companion. Now he commenced those literary labours which endear him

to Bible students. Of the Pictorial Bible Dr. Eadie, of Glasgow, says : —“ Kitto brought the public mind into vivid contact with Oriental scenery and life, by applying them in the form of a continuous Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. His readers are so initiated that they are placed under an Eastern sky, with its bright days and starry nights, and are so privileged that they may gaze on the glory of Lebanon, or the beauty of Carmel ; throw the net with the fishermen on the Lake of Galilee ; or work and sing with the reaper when the valleys are covered over with corn. The Pictorial Bible gives glow and reality to ancient scenes and customs, and throws a wondrous light on what is external or Oriental in the costume of Scripture.” Of the Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature the same eminent authority says :—“ The Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature was another felicitous conception on the part of Dr. Kitto. The book was at once felt to meet a want of the age. Nothing of a like nature existed in the English language. The Cyclopædia rose at once to a lofty position, and can only be excelled by itself in a new and corrected edition.” The last great work of Kitto’s pen was the Daily Bible Illustrations. It consists of eight volumes—all in his highest style. To Sabbath-school teachers particularly, this work is invaluable. During his exclusively literary career, he was a hard student. For years he rose at four o’clock in the morning, and studied sixteen hours every day except Sunday. In 1841 he lost his situation in Mr. Knight’s establishment, and from that time he had difficulty in providing for his family, notwithstanding his laborious and protracted hours of study. The department of literature to which his energies were consecrated has never been, though it ought to be, the most remunerative. After several years of comparative poverty, his depressed circumstances were ameliorated by a grant of £100 a year from the Royal Civil List. In 1852 his constitution began to give way. He had several apoplectic attacks, each one leaving him more feeble. While thus afflicted, death for the first time entered his family. He writes :—“ There has been much besides my ill-health, a beloved child of mine has been dying, and now it lies here dead. During the years I have had a home of my own, death has not been permitted to enter, and its presence is, from its strangeness, the more grim and terrible. During that long time, I have indeed been tried with many griefs, but this form of trial, the hardest of all to bear, has been spared me.” “ I never heard the voice of any of my children. Is there anything on earth so engaging to a parent as to catch the first lispsings of his infant’s tongue ? If there be any one thing arising out of my condition which more than another fills my heart with grief, it is to see their blessed lips in motion, and to hear them not, and to witness others moved to smiles and kisses by the sweet peculiarities of infantile speech, which are incommunicable to me !” In August, 1854, Kitto’s family, with the exception of two, embarked for the continent, and took up their abode in Camstatt. Hardly had they been located here a month when the youngest died. And scarcely had the grave grown green before it had to be opened to receive the eldest—a much beloved daughter. How wave after wave of severe affliction rolls over him ! In two months more he, too, was released from mortality. Respecting the closing scene, his wife writes :—“ Two mornings before he was taken from us, my dear husband was talking to me, and said, ‘ Somehow I

begin to feel a sad distaste of life. I am now in a useless state, with little hope of ever being useful again'. 'I, who have been in the habit of referring everything to God, naturally sit and ask myself what all these things mean; and unless it be to draw me to Himself, I confess I am at a loss.' He retired for the night. Early in the morning I was awakened by his step in the room. After applying some remedies, he went to bed and slept till seven. He felt better, rose, dressed, and took breakfast with the children and myself. While we were conversing, he was again violently attacked. His last words were:—'I am being choked. Is it death? Pray God to take me soon.' After other twelve hours' suffering,

'His soul to Him who gave it rose,
God led it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest.'

The foregoing narrative affords only a glimpse of Kitto's spiritual state and literary attainments. He was a good man—a worthy Christian—one who enjoyed and lived the gospel. His life was arduous and shaded with adversity, but his disposition was contented and cheerful, and he has left monuments of industry and genius in his writings, which will perpetuate his fame. He was cradled in obscurity, but buried among the affectionate regrets of an admiring Christian country. D. S. L.

A SHORT PLEA FOR THE CULTIVATION OF LETTERS.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

"Ingenuus didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus."

[A thorough study of the liberal arts, softens the manners, and forbids the indulgence of cruelty.]

MR. EDITOR.—Nothing can be more true than the sentiment contained in these words of an old Latin poet. Even in this pre-eminently money getting age it is beginning to be acknowledged, and to exercise an influence all powerful for good. We say all powerful for good, and say so fearlessly. After close investigation and deliberate thought we hold to our position. It is true, in what are termed the higher walks of life, we have had some melancholy examples of gross turpitude and iniquity, still we rarely find the same brutality of sin, the same blackness and coarseness of crime, the same revelling in cruelty and vice as are often manifested by the savage and unlettered man.

We should be very sorry to lead our young friends (for whom we chiefly write) away from the more solid and serious studies of life, the momentous affairs involved in its duties, or the pursuit, to their full extent, of the various arts and sciences; still we attach high importance to the cultivation and wider diffusion of polite literature. Nor do we think by so doing that we are acting at variance with our divine Lord's own teaching. Every subject that engaged his attention, and the record of which is left for our instruction, is so thoroughly illustrated, and with such surpassing elegance and inimitable beauty, that we look in vain for a repetition from the pen of the most distinguished and enlightened. If any one would wish for a specimen of the politeness and gentleness we are recommending, let us take the commencement and various portions

of the sermon on the mount. For elegance of diction and musical expression the beatitudes are perfect. The very form of the sentences brings a sense of beauty to one's mind. The word "blessed" is so sweet-sounding, so graceful, and so melting that one can scarcely look at it without grateful emotion. Take any verse as an example; say the 5th, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Passing by the sublime thought and high promise conveyed in these words, naked, blunt Saxon though they be, their euphony is exquisitely musical and tender, and callous must be the heart and hardened even to adamant that can remain unmoved. I would not so far degrade language as to call it a human bosom, for it can have nothing to do with its high aims and holy purposes. My indignation would bid it seek a covert and a refuge amid the darkness and silence and cold of polar snows.

But to return from this seeming digression. The cultivation of letters has a refining and elevating tendency. Its influence has always been salutary. Not now only, but in past ages ignorance has ever been the handmaid of cruelty. The best book declares "that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," and whether we take the present state, or history of large communities as nations, or investigate the manners and daily life of individual families, our position is not altered. To solve the problem of how and why, we do not undertake, neither has that to do with our purpose. As far as human weal is concerned, if the fact be as we have stated, it is to us the more important, and we will regard it as the duty nearest to us. In proportion to the cultivation of learning, and in that term we include the learning to do the will of the Great Father, do the savage acts and practices of war become unpopular. The educated Christian community, the vital heart of this great country, now shudders and shrinks within itself at the very mention of warfare. When raging, even if ever so distant, there is only one prayer, and that is for its extinction. Under some false alarm, and for some base purpose there may for a short season be a sort of furor excited which cries out wildly for revenge. The dominion of this demon soon passes away, and all classes are ashamed of the baseness and absurdity to which their temporary insanity has reduced and exposed them. And is it not so in the family circle? Time was, when to be related to those of mere muscular power, was the badge of nobility. Have you now a friend that would wish to be the brother of the pugilistic champion of all England? Is any one emulous to be allied by blood to the best wrestler in the district? But amid your numerous readers is there a bosom that would not swell with honest pride, and eagerly claim kinship with such names as Wilberforce and Buxton, Hall and Mackintosh, Brougham and Brewster, Tennyson and Macaulay, Brontë and Browning, Carlisle and Shaftesbury, and a host of others, who form the brightest jewels in the royal coronet, are the glory of our Queen and the proud boast of her people?

In mercy to your space, and the patience of my readers, I forbear to add. I fancy I hear you say enough, and more than enough, and unless you mean to insult our understanding, desist. At your bidding and better discretion I will: and beg, Mr. Editor, if circumstances should so arise that you desire my services, to subscribe myself ever your humble, obedient, and faithful servant,

A. B. C.

Poetry.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE ; yet I do not promise
 The prize you dream of to-day
 Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
 And melt in your hand away ;
 But another and holier treasure,
 You would now perchance disdain,
 Will come when your toil is over,
 And pay you for all your pain.

WAIT ; yet I do not tell you
 The hour you long for now
 Will not come with its radiance vanished,
 And a shadow upon its brow ;
 Yet far through the misty future,
 With a crown of starry light,
 An hour of joy you know not
 Is winging her silent flight.

PRAY ; though the gift you ask for
 May never comfort your fears,
 May never repay your pleading,
 Yet pray, and with hopeful tears :
 An answer, not that you long for,
 But diviner, will come one day ;
 Your eyes are too dim to see it,
 Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

Legends and Lyrics, by Adelaide Anne Proctor.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS' BATTLE-SONG.

(Forfaras ej du lilla hop.)

Be not dismay'd, thou little flock,
 Although the foe's fierce battle shock
 Loud on all sides assail thee.
 Though o'er thy fall they laugh secure,
 Their triumph cannot long endure ;
 Let not thy courage fail thee.

Thy cause is God's—go at his call,
 And to his hand commit thy all ;
 Fear thou no ill impending :
 His Gideon shall arise for thee,
 God's word and people manfully,
 In God's own time defending.

Our hope is sure in Jesu's might ;
 Against themselves the godless fight,
 Themselves, not us, distressing ;
 Shame and contempt their lot shall be,
 God is with us, with him are we :
 To us belongs his blessing.

GLEANINGS FROM DR. SOUTH.*

THE eye of reason, like the eagle, directs itself chiefly to the sun, to a glory that neither admits of a superior, nor an equal. So religion carries the soul to the study of every divine attribute.

Conscience is the great repository and magazine of all those pleasures that can afford any solid refreshment to the soul. For when this is calm, and serene, and absolving, then, properly, a man enjoys all things, and what is more, himself; for that he must do before he can enjoy anything else.

Those that are fond of applause while they pursue it, how little do they taste it when they have it! Like lightning, it only flashed upon the face, and is gone, and it is well if it does not hurt the man.

The pleasure that accrues to a man from religion, is, that it is such an one as is in nobody's power, but only his that has it; so that he who has the property may be also sure of the perpetuity.

He that thinks to expiate sin by going barefoot, only makes one folly the atonement of another.

If men's religion lies no deeper than their skin, it is possible that they may scourge themselves into very great improvements.

With Romanists, it seems, a man cannot be a penitent unless he also turns vagabond, and foots it to Jerusalem, or wanders over this or that part of the world to visit the shrine of some pretended saint, though perhaps, in his life, ten times more ridiculous than them-

selves; thus, that which was Cain's curse becomes their religion.

He that denies Christ in his judgment, sins; but he that speaks his denial, vouches and owns his sin; and so by publishing it, does what in him lies to make it universal, and by writing it, to establish it eternal.

It is an easy matter to commend patience, when there is no danger of any trial; to extol humility in the midst of honours, and to begin a fast after dinner.

Rather than Pilate will be counted Cæsar's enemy, he will pronounce Christ innocent one hour, and condemn him the next.

He that falls below pity, can fall no lower.

Since Christ has made a Christian course a warfare, of all men living, a coward is the most unfit to make a Christian.

Charity and liberality are a paradox to the covetous.

Diligence is to the understanding as the whetstone to the razor; but the will is the hand that must apply one to the other.

Affection is a briber of the judgment. It is hard for a man to admit a reason against the thing he loves, or to confess the force of an argument against an interest.

The truths of Christ crucified are a Christian's philosophy, and a good life is the Christian's logic.

* Born 1633, died 1716.

Brief Notices.

BAPTISM: what it is, and what for. BY SANDERS J. CHEW.—THE LORD'S SUPPER, AND THE LORD'S-DAY: one as often as the other. BY S. J. CHEW, Birmingham: *The Author, and J. H. Showell, 26, Upper Temple-street.*

The first of these tracts is a useful compendium on baptism. The six chapters in it are devoted to John's baptism, the baptism of the Holy Spirit; Christian baptism, its design and importance; baptism and Baptists, with a glance at some objections.

The second maintains, as its title indicates, the scripturalness of a weekly celebration of the Lord's Supper.

SHALL I FOLLOW CHRIST? a Question for the Young. BY REV. J. KENNEDY, M.A.

SONGS OF HEAVEN. London: *The Book Society, 19, Paternoster-row.*

Mr. Kennedy's sermon is the one hundred and eighty-sixth May-day lecture to the young, delivered in the Stepney meeting. The first was preached in 1674, by the venerable Matthew Mead. Mr. Kennedy's text is, "I will follow thee; but." In an easy, simple, and affectionate way he examines the six most prevalent "buts;" namely, "My kindred oppose; the consequences are often hard to bear; some of Christ's teachings are hard to

receive, and some of his assumed characters hard to accept; I am so very unworthy; I cannot crucify and abandon all sin; I have time enough yet."

The "Songs of Heaven" is a collection of hymns, thirty-three in all, bearing on some description of the better country found in the Scriptures. The names of a few authors are given. We could wish that all had been appended.

THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL TUNE BOOK. *Harmonized for Four Voices, with accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte. Instrumental edition, Part 1. To be completed in five monthly parts* BY ADAM WRIGHT, Organist of Carr's-lane Chapel, Birmingham. VOCAL SCORE EDITION, and TONIC SOL-FA EDITION, by the same author. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson and Sons.

The tune-books are adapted for general use by having each hymn in the three editions printed in full. Mr. Wright promises to give, in addition to the standard tunes, a selection from the great masters, a selection of ancient hymn-tunes from various sources, and of passages from Scripture adapted for chanting. There are forty-two tunes in the first part. The editor is anxious to make the work as complete as possible, and will be glad to receive suggestions from any person interested in the improvement of Congregational Psalmody. The instrumental edition is published at one shilling a part, the vocal score at sixpence, and the tonic sol-fa at fourpence. We recommend them to the notice of our choirs and their leaders.

THE FIRST REPORT OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY, FOR AGED AND INFIRM BAPTIST MINISTERS, AND THEIR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS; presented, with the cash account at the annual meeting, held at Cannon-street chapel, Birmingham, Sept. 5th, 1859. Birmingham: Showell, Upper Temple-street.

Our readers are already acquainted with the object and claims of this valuable society. The statement made some months back in a letter in this Magazine from one of the members, and the cordial vote recommending the society passed at the last Annual Association, are still fresh in their memories. We are glad to find the names of twenty-four ministers of our own denomination among the list of members. We could wish the number were trebled; but the very low range of salaries received by the majority of our pastors—we say it with shame—does not allow of their sparing the sum of three guineas, the very small rate of annual subscription for full members. Why should not our deacons and leading friends take the matter up with spirit, and by one yearly collection, give all the means of uniting with it? From the report before us, we learn that £900 have been received by donations and subscriptions during the past year, and that 162 ministers have become members. The committee advise that the churches generally should take the payment of the annual subscriptions out of the hands of the minister. The correspondence and history of the society during the past year, the committee tell us, have brought this fact painfully into view—that the claims of the ministry are not sufficiently felt. A good opportunity is now given every church of wiping out this foul blot on their fair fame. Never let it be said any longer that Baptist ministers are the worst paid class of the mental servants of the public. Relieve your pastors of their pressing cares as to temporal wants, or at least, as to the future into which few dare to look, and you will speedily receive double return in their cheerful appreciation of your esteem, and the willingness with which they strive to double every talent God has intrusted to them for your highest and best interests,

Obituary.

AARON MARTIN was born in Leicester, in the year 1779, and was the subject of serious impressions at an early age: wise consideration, deep searchings of heart before God, and humble, fervent prayer for divine help in the strife between two worlds, decided his course for heaven. His first call to expound the Word of God was at some considerable distance

from his native town, and without any previous knowledge that he would have to do so. From that time, however, he began a course of usefulness, and ultimately became the minister of a respectable congregation of Wesleyans in Leicester, serving them in the Lord for eleven years; but in compliance with the pressing invitation of a gentleman in France, he

went to that country, and not forgetting his Divine Master, witnessed there, both to small and great, that Jesus only was Lord and Saviour. Returning again to England, he still declared the same truth. Recognizing and appreciating General Baptist principles, he at length united himself with our body, being baptized at Stoney-street, June 14th, 1835. His "ministrations of the word," both in his own and other denominations in Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and elsewhere, were spread over the long period of fifty-eight years. As a man, he had his peculiarities; and where is the man that has not? As a Christian and preacher of the gospel he endeavoured to sustain an unblemished character. Promptitude was a prominent and an abiding feature in his life. His perceptions of truth were clear and scriptural. With his friends, by his own fire side, he was plain and humble as a little child; but, as his own lips have expressed, when in the pulpit, he felt the dignity and great responsibility of his position. His investigation of sacred truth was no small matter with him; his heart was upon it, and his prayer was that he might feel its hallowing influence, understand its import, live its earnest life, and evermore enjoy its promised and perfect blessedness. The Lord was abundantly with him, took great care of him, and in a most wonderful way provided for his declining days. "Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed," was an axiom with him. He was a living proof of it. Mr. B. Walker, of Lenton, for a considerable time previous to the illness of our aged friend, most nobly and cheerfully allowed him a certain weekly sum towards supplying his bodily necessities; and with generous and kindly feeling, when our friend was wholly laid aside, more than doubled that amount until his death (June 13). Besides which, he defrayed the entire expenses of his interment. Of the few last weeks of our aged friend's life much might be told; but suffice it to state that the affliction which he had to sustain, though at times unusually severe, was borne with great patience and resignation. "It is of the Lord," he would sometimes say, "and the Lord do that which seemeth him good." "The Lord doeth all things well." "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, and I have no doubt all will be right. I must wait the issue." At other times he would

say, "I have not served the Lord for nought. He has graciously fed my soul from my youth up, and his food has been sweet unto my taste; sweeter also than honey or the honeycomb. I have had so many manifestations of his greatness, goodness, and mercy, these many years, that I must not, cannot believe, he will forsake me now." "His faithfulness endureth for ever." "For ever," he would say, "Ah! for ever. He's a faithful, unchangeable God, praise his name—

'O that the world my Saviour knew,
'Then all the world would love him too.'

He loved me; he gave himself for me. This is my only plea. My trust, my all is here." Such was the state of his mind, even before it was believed by his medical attendant that death was near. The last days of Aaron Martin afforded a strong proof of the reality of the Christian religion. A friend took his hand, and asked, "You know and feel Jesus, don't you?" and, with a sweet angelic smile, he answered, "Ah! I should think I do. Jesus, yes. Precious Jesus. Praise his holy name. Praise him." He then expressed a wish to have his head lifted up. It was accordingly done, and brightening in his looks, he said something; but so indistinctly as not to be understood. We laid his head again upon the pillow, and in little more than two hours Aaron Martin was no more. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

FRANCIS FROST was born near the village of Bedale, in the north of Yorkshire, May 5th, 1825. He was brought up among the Wesleyans, and while yet young, was hopefully converted to God. About nine years ago he came to Bradford, and found his way to Tetley-street chapel. On April 4th, 1852, he was baptized, and added to the church. Since that time he has been a devout follower of the Saviour. His death was very sudden. While removing the last luggage truck for the night at the Bradford station, of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, at which place he was porter, he was suddenly crushed to death. He was an affectionate father, a peaceable neighbour, a faithful workman, a devoted Sabbath-school teacher, and an humble Christian. A funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Wood, on October 16th, from Job xiv. 2.

Correspondence.

OUR COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—It will be seen from the report just presented to the friends of the above-named institution, that, for the first time for a considerable period, there is a balance in the treasurer's hands, without the common expedient of a special subscription having been resorted to.

It will appear to those who carefully examine the accounts published at the end of the report, that the balance carried to our credit arises, in part, from a legacy left by Miss Temple, and from arrears of subscriptions promised at the London Association, amounting to one-half of the balance; so that it must not be supposed the entire balance is owing to increased annual collection and subscriptions.

The economy practised in all departments is another noteworthy feature; and an assurance that our valued Principal, on this, as well as many other grounds, has strong claims upon our support. The balance in hand, however, should be absorbed in the purchase of furniture, which is greatly needed; no additions of this kind having been made to the comfort of tutor or students since it was my great privilege to enjoy the benefits of the institution, seventeen years ago. Our

friends, then, must not suppose that we are not in need of money, and may, therefore, be less diligent in their zeal—a course which those who love our College will not pursue. On the contrary, I earnestly plead for increased help, that “many things lacking may be supplied,” and that the domestic arrangements may be such as the comforts of the tutor and his family demand.

I cannot lay down my pen, however, without warmly congratulating the friends I address on the new and cheering fact that we are not this year in debt; and, without referring to this unusual circumstance, as a proof that the decisions of the Loughborough Association in 1857 are justified. Brethren! it has long been our shame that our denominational institutions have been insolvent, or nearly so; and I cannot but augur, from recent efforts made on their behalf, that a better spirit and sounder policy are beginning to distinguish us, and that the true friends of the Connexion are resolved to place it in a position which its principles and capabilities demand.

Yours very truly,

JAMES LEWITT,

Secretary.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I lately spent some weeks in the country in search of health and recreation, and my habit of attending public worship compelled me to frequent the services of the Village Church. I am a Nonconformist of the “straightest sect,” so far as parentage, training, and conviction can make me; but open to reason on those points of order and worship which do not involve state-churchism. The effect of my experience was to diminish the surprise I had sometimes felt that the church form of worship retains so strong a hold on the affections of the people. Except the repetition of the Lord's Prayer and Creed, the service seemed highly adapted to realize the main objects of public worship, in bringing the worshipper into direct intercourse with God, by acts of self-examination, con-

fession, humiliation, and gratitude—all of prime importance in the sanctuary. The litany is amazingly comprehensive, and yet close and practical; and I have often heard dissenting ministers say, their occasional attendance at church has impressed them with this feature, and also the exceeding beauty and appropriateness of the prayers. I was struck with the less conspicuous place given to the sermon at church. The plan of the service gives more scope to those exercises by which the mind and heart are made conscious of the immediate and inspecting presence of our God and Judge, than to the sermon, which too often discusses some theological thesis; and which, however learned and eloquent, engages the mere intellect and imagination rather than the affections and the will. Too

often, I say: and too much on Sunday, rather than on the week-day evening. Of course, the head must not be lost sight of whilst searching for the heart; but the latter must be mainly aimed at in effective public teaching. I am convinced that, by engaging the congregation more, instead of looking so much to the preacher alone, in the conducting of the worship, an advance would be gained. All forms are liable to abuse, no doubt; but it may be worth considering whether the severely silent and passive form of our service answers so well to the present active, practical turn of the common mind, as would a medium, which should unite the audible and expressed worship, provided by the Church, with that more abstract and contemplative habit of thought which

our primitive and more puritanical form is supposed to favour. If our ministers would not disclaim the aid of the "Prayer Book," in compiling some general form of prayer, for all sorts and conditions of men and human experience, to be used as an early prayer, it would be acceptable to a vast many who would like to repeat it with the minister. The Lord's Prayer is already adopted in some places very acceptably.

I hope these thoughts, suggested among the peaceful and profitable associations of a Country Church, may elicit friendly and candid comment from some of your contributors, with a view to the increased efficiency of your public worship.

Yours very truly,

A VOICE FROM THE PEWS.

REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Is it a work of God? is a common inquiry relative to the events which are transpiring in Ireland. Like many others, I regarded it with suspicion and distrust, but having been permitted to visit Belfast and the neighbourhood, to see and hear for myself, I have been led to the conclusion that it is, most unquestionably, the work of God; that as on the day of Pentecost, so now it is, "the Holy Ghost who hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." Perhaps a few notes and observations made during my visit may not be unacceptable to the readers of the General Baptist Magazine.

Already, the whole church in Ireland has been raised to a higher and holier state of Christian life, and entered more ardently into its sacred pursuits and activities. The means of grace are crowded with eager souls hungering and thirsting after salvation. Thousands, and tens of thousands of all classes, conditions, and ages, have given proof of the power of converting grace; and on every side good people, astonished and delighted, have been led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" How has all this been brought about? The answer is to be found in one word—*prayer*. The work had its origin in prayer; it has been sustained by prayer; its great characteristic is prayer; earnest, believing prayer; prayer like to that of the patriarch, when in his wrestlings he resolved, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

The prayer meetings are amongst the most remarkable features of the work. I was privileged to be present at a "monster

prayer meeting," held in the Botanic Gardens, Belfast. There was congregated a dense multitude, variously estimated to number from 15,000 to 30,000 persons. Special trains had been run from the principal towns in the district to accommodate the hundreds who were desirous of being present. "From remote portions of Antrim, from far away districts in Down, from parts of Armagh, where the sickle is busy in the harvest field, and from Tyrone, where Presbyterians are 'few and far between,' we saw numerous groups in the gardens, all apparently earnest in the cause which had concentrated them at the same point." A number of the large employers in Belfast closed their works for the occasion, in order to afford their workers an opportunity of being present at the meeting. (*See the Banner of Ulster, August 18th.*) It was impossible to view the scene without being forcibly reminded of the words of the prophet Zechariah, which were read in the course of the proceedings, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, it shall yet come to pass that there shall come people and the inhabitants of many cities, and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another saying, let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of Hosts. I will go also." Zech., chap 8, verses 20 and 21. Truly delightful were the emotions excited when that vast concourse united with one voice in singing to the tune of the "Old Hundred" the well known version of the 100th Psalm, commencing

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Singing to the Lord with cheerful voice."

Though the weather was not very favourable, the meeting continued nearly five hours, and the interest sooner increased than otherwise to the close. In addition to singing and prayer, sixteen short, pithy, pointed, addresses were delivered by ministers of various denominations (of whom there were nearly 300 present), the topics being the sinner's state, salvation only by Jesus, the necessity of the Holy Spirit in the work of conversion, the freeness of the offers of the gospel, the accepted time, &c. After the meeting was concluded, many hundreds remained on the grounds, divided into groups, engaged in earnest prayer with those who were under convictions of sin and desiring salvation. This meeting was but a sample of several others (on a much smaller scale) which I attended. There was no excitement or extravagance. All was quiet, solemn, earnest, devout, with but very little, if anything, to offend or annoy the most precise adherent to the usual forms of ecclesiastical propriety.

The prevalence and influence of the work is extraordinary. You meet with indications of it on every side. It is the common topic of conversation. Your attention is arrested to it by the sound of praise and prayer which you may continually hear in the place of the lewd song or profane oath, so common in the streets of our large towns. You see on the walls placards with such announcements as these:—"GOOD NEWS: '*This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance,*' &c. A WARNING: '*The Wages of Sin is Death,*' &c. A PROMISE: '*The gift of God is Eternal Life,*' &c. AN INVITATION: '*Look unto me, and be ye saved,*' &c." and others of a like kind. In the shop windows you see notices of prayer meetings, and it is manifest in the quiet thoughtfulness of the people. It has extended amongst all classes. The Mayor of Belfast has presided at a mid-day prayer meeting. Many of the outcasts of society have been brought to sit at the feet of Jesus, rejoicing to be made partakers of that grace which saved a Magdalene. A man of such desperate character as to be nicknamed "Billy Bludgeon," who kept a low spirit store, was converted; went to empty his stock of spirits into the gutter. When remonstrated with by his wife he said, "I can't sell spirits and keep Christ; all may go if I can but keep him." "But what shall we do for bread?" the wife asked. The reply was, "I'll leave that with Christ; he has saved my soul, and I can trust him to take care of my body." A woman, notorious amongst the vilest of characters,

known as "The Queen," was converted, and has gone forth to seek, by divine help, to reclaim some of her poor outcast sisters from the error of their ways. Mr. Henry, the pastor of the Baptist church, Belfast, told me that on one occasion, after he had preached in the open air, in one of the lowest parts of the town, nine prostitutes came to him, and with tears entreated him to assist them to obtain admission into a penitentiary, or in some other way enable them to forsake their miserable course of life. Such facts might easily be multiplied.

Nothing like accurate statistics can possibly be obtained respecting the numbers converted, but the additions made to some churches will give an idea of the direct results of the work. All evangelical denominations have shared in the blessing. In Belfast, up to the time of my visit, one Presbyterian church had received more than 900 new members; the minister of which told me "that the Lord had made him instrumental in leading more souls to Christ in the preceding six weeks than in the whole of the previous twenty-seven years that he had been engaged in the ministry." Another Presbyterian church, I was informed, had at one communion service received into fellowship 250 persons, including seven who had been Roman Catholics. One of the Methodist societies had received more than 400 since the commencement of the quarter. And the Baptist church, though the very "least amongst the tribes of Israel," had increased from 40 to 109 members. There had been baptisms every Lord's-day during the preceding month; and the pastor informed me that the number of candidates continued to increase. The oldest and the very young—the patriarch of ninety, and the child of five years old—have testified to the power of saving grace. I conversed with a mere child, whose experience was so clear and scriptural as to her being "a new creature in Christ Jesus," that I was involuntarily reminded of the passage, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." Surely the prophecy is being fulfilled. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, there shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for very age; and the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." While the converts generally give every possible proof of their sincerity, I was repeatedly assured that cases of backsliding were comparatively rare; and that the number of such

cases would compare very favourably with the average in the history of churches at ordinary times.

As to the peculiar physical aspects of the work, there are some things which are extraordinary, and for which we are somewhat at a loss to account. But still, so far as my observation extended, I met with nothing which may not be reconciled with the operations of the Holy Spirit, in producing deep and strong convictions of sin.

Several of the stricken cases came under my notice. Take one as a type of a great proportion. A young person had been brought under conviction. Her guilt and danger as a sinner weighed so heavily upon her mind, that for more than a fortnight she could not eat, sleep, or do anything. She went to a meeting; what she heard brought her state as a sinner still more vividly before her mind. She fell down in a state of insensibility; and no one will be surprised to learn that a season of great mental and physical prostration and suffering ensued, from which she only recovered by obtaining "peace and joy in believing."

That there are cases of imposture in which persons simulate, under the influence of mesmerism, the state of the prostrated, in order to impose upon the credulous, cannot be disputed. One or two such cases came in my way; and a friend of mine, who made it his business to seek out the "stricken ones," had his feelings in one instance so wrought upon as to be led to part with all his spare cash. But we know that this is not, by any means, a new device of the enemy; and because we have proof that he has been busy "sowing tares," we are not justified from thus coming to the conclusion that all, or even the greater part of these cases, are to be attributed to his agency. The magicians of Egypt, to some extent, apparently imitated the works which Moses did with his rod of power; but still the presence of a Divine agency was manifest as to compel them to acknowledge, "This is the finger of God." And so it is in relation to the physical aspects of this revival. We cannot do better than quote the words of one whose opinion is worthy of respect. The Rev. J. Morgan, D.D., of Belfast, in his pamphlet, "Thoughts on the Revival of 1859," says:—"It is a familiar and admitted truth, that the Spirit of God has been pleased to give outward signs of his presence and power amongst men. Keeping this truth in mind, it should not astonish or stumble us to observe unusual

tokens of His presence among ourselves. Why should it be thought an incredible thing that He should cause it to be seen or felt in remarkable affections of the body? There are facts before our eyes, which, however, they are to be explained, cannot be denied. In this and in other lands, hundreds and thousands of persons have been smitten by an unseen hand, which they could not resist. They have fallen down under it, and been instantly prostrated in weakness. The bodily affection has been invariably accompanied by new and strong mental exercises. An agonizing sense of sin has seized upon the soul. No remedy has been found effectual to meet their case but the name of Jesus. That has been successful. By its application, body and soul have both been healed. Balm has been found in Gilead, and a Physician there, by which the health of the daughter of God's people has been healed. These are facts patent to the observation of all men. Whoever will, may see and examine them. We cannot ignore them. How, then, are they to be explained? There has been no solution offered, independent of the Spirit of God, which could satisfy any thoughtful and reasonable mind. Indifference, and scepticism, and mocking, are out of place—they are unworthy of rational and responsible beings. One thing is certain, that it is in harmony with the past dispensation of the Spirit to give outward signs of His power now. Besides, may it not be that it is the gracious design of the Spirit to call attention to His work by outward manifestations? It may be so, both as respects those who are the subjects of it, and others. It may be, that in accommodation to our dulness and weakness, the Spirit is pleased thus to deal with us. He may see that it is the only way in which sinners can be awakened from their fatal sleep, and aroused to inquire after their eternal salvation. Such manifestations may be as much expressive of His love as of His power and sovereignty."—(Pages 5 and 6.)

On the whole, the work is such that, making every deduction for what is strange and peculiar, there is such an overwhelming weight of evidence in favour of its genuineness, as the result of an unwonted manifestation of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, that it seems impossible to come to any other but the conclusion, "It is the Lord's doing, and is marvellous in our eyes." While we rejoice in these "goings forth of our God and King," it is for us to be

stimulated to offer with increased fervency the prayer, "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us, that thy way may be

known upon earth, and thy saving health among all nations."

Coalville.

J. C.

MONUMENT TO LATE REV. J. G. PIKE.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—The committee for the erection of a monument to the late Mr. Pike, have at length decided upon a design, and have placed it in the hands of a highly competent sculptor to execute it.

The design is very beautiful; worthy of the memory of an eminent servant of Christ, and will be public credit to the denomination. It will, however, prove rather more costly than the committee had expected; and as the sum at present received is inadequate to the cost, they

will feel extremely obliged if the friends, who purpose contributing, will kindly forward their contributions without delay.

The committee miss from the list of the contributors several names of friends who are *always* ready to aid in every noble and liberal work. They have, doubtless, forgotten the matter, and this hint will remind them of it.

Ever, my dear sir,

Truly yours,

WILLIAM JONES.

Derby, November 22nd, 1859.

Intelligence.

ANNIVERSARIES.

CLARENCE-STREET CHAPEL, *Portsea*.—Two sermons in connection with the twentieth anniversary of the opening of this place of worship, were preached on Tuesday evening, November 8th, and on the following Sabbath morning, November 13th. The former by the Rev. Thos. Adkins, for more than fifty years minister of the large and important Congregational church, above-bar, Southampton; and who, for his advanced years, and unabated popularity and usefulness, may be considered to hold about the same position in Southampton, and the south of England, as was held by the late Angell James, in Birmingham and the midland counties; and the latter by the Rev. Thomas Cousins, for thirty years minister of King-street chapel,—formerly Mr. Griffin's. Both these ministers were engaged in the opening services twenty years ago, and each of them made allusion to that circumstance in a very touching and appropriate manner. The proceeds of these services, added to those of the ministers' anniversary, only three weeks before, amounted to about £37.

LONDON, *Praed-street*.—The first anniversary of the Rev. J. Clifford's pastorate was held on Sunday, Oct. 10th. The pastor preached in the morning, and the Rev. Dr. Hoppus, of London University, in the evening. A public tea meeting was held in the school-room on the Monday evening. The trays had been kindly given, and the room very tastefully de-

corated with mottoes, flowers, and evergreens. Upwards of two hundred sat down to tea. Mr. Harrison, student of the General Baptist College Nottingham, opened the meeting with prayer, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Clifford, A. Johnson, and Messrs. Clarke, Taylor, and Dexter. It was announced that upwards of seventy had been added to the church during the year, and that the prospects were highly encouraging.

STALYBRIDGE.—The annual sermons, for the benefit of the Sunday-school, were preached by the Rev. O. Hargreaves, of Burnley, on Lord's-day, November 13th. The congregations were large, and the collections amounted to £31 3s. 4d.

BROMPTON, *Yorkshire*.—The annual sermons, for the reduction of the debt on the Baptist chapel, were preached on Lord's-day, Nov. 6th, by Mr. J. Andrews, of Leeds; morning and evening, at Brompton, and in the afternoon, at Northallerton. On Nov. 7th, we held our annual tea meeting in the chapel, at Brompton. After tea, a large and interesting meeting was held. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. F. Foggia M. Dawson, T. Yeo, W. Stubbings, and Mr. Andrews.

W.S.,

VALE CHAPEL, *near Todmorden*.—On Saturday, November 5th, the annual tea meeting, commemorative of the minister's settlement over the church, was held. Though the weather was very unfavour-

able the attendance was large, and the meeting interesting and profitable. A review of the last four years called forth emotions of joy and gratitude, and though during that time there have been seasons of sadness and disquietude, yet mercy has greatly preponderated; and we thanked God and took courage. The church has more than doubled its members. The chapel debt has been considerably reduced, and we are in the midst of a strenuous effort for its entire removal. Three of the deacons spoke in a very feeling, appropriate, and profitable manner, and great cordiality and unanimity prevailed.

HALIFAX.—Two sermons, by the Rev. J. Burns, D.D., of London, were preached on the 16th of October, and one by the Rev. J. C. Gray, Independent minister, of Halifax. A tea meeting was held on the 17th. The meeting was addressed by John Whitworth, Esq., the chairman, Rev. J. Burns, D.D., H. O. Crofts, D.D., (New Connexion Wesleyan minister,) S. Whitewood, (Particular Baptist,) R. Hardy, C. Springthorpe, and W. Mitchell (a coloured Baptist minister from Canada). The amount raised during the past year towards the reduction of the debt, instead of the required £300, was £247 2s. 4d. The church, however, in dependence on the Divine assistance and blessing, purpose raising, during the fifth and last year, the sum of £350, the amount required to free the chapel from debt. We are well aware of the impossibility of raising this sum without the liberal assistance of friends. We desire that our own exertions and liberality be put forth during the whole year to the utmost, and that churches and individuals, near and distant, assist us according to their ability, and the merits of the case. Messrs. Crossley, with their accustomed generosity, kindly paid the interest on £600 (namely, £30), notwithstanding the deficiency of £50 on our part, and expressed a friendly and hearty hope, that during the coming year

we should accomplish our purpose. The proceeds of this anniversary have supplied the church with £60 towards the £350; and two friends, not connected with us as a denomination, have promised £10 each on condition that during the year the entire debt be cleared. We fervently desire that this may suitably stimulate very many.

CLARENCE-STREET, Portsea.—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 19, a public tea meeting was held in the spacious school-rooms connected with this place of worship, the object of which was to commemorate the 25th anniversary of Mr. Burton's ministry in Portsea. The whole of the trays were kindly contributed by ladies of the congregation, and the proceeds of the social service, amounting to £20, were publicly presented to the minister by the respected chairman, W. Bilton, Esq. The whole of the Independent and Baptist ministers in the island of Portsea, of the same standing as the beloved pastor of Clarence-street, besides several others, were present on the occasion, without one exception, and very appropriate, and in some instances, highly congratulatory addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Harcourt, of London, T. Cousins, F. W. Meadows, G. Arnot, J. Davis, A. Jones, R. W. Carpenter, and E. Thomason. Mr. Burton succeeded to the pastorate in Clarence-street, on the 19th of October, 1834, having just completed the 21st year of his age. In 1839, the chapel was entirely re-built, and enlarged to double its former size, at a cost of about £2,000; since then, a large and very commodious school-room has been built at the back. The church at present consists of 238 members, and the congregation averages from 700 to 1,000 regular hearers. There are 450 children, and nearly 50 teachers in the Sabbath-school; and at no former period were the church, and the benevolent institutions connected with it, in a more active and prosperous condition.—*Hants Telegraph.*

BAPTISMS.

BAXTER-GATE, Loughborough.—Eight persons were baptized on Nov. 6th.

CONINGSBY.—We baptized one believer on 18th of September. The chapel was crowded to excess.

CROWLE, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. Thos. Lovekin, our minister, baptized two believers in Jesus, on the 23rd Oct., who were on the same day received into the church.

WYMESWOLD.—We baptized seven persons, and added them to the church on Sunday, June 19th, 1859.

LEAKE.—On Sunday, Nov. 6th, 1859, five were baptized, and received into the church the same day.

WISNEACH.—On Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, six persons were baptized by our pastor, Mr. Watts, and were received into our fellowship on the following Sabbath.

G. T. W.

LEICESTER, Dover-street.—Two were baptized, Oct. 23rd. J. M.

PETERBOROUGH.—On Lord's-day, Oct. 2nd, two candidates were baptized in the General Baptist chapel; and on Lord's-day, Nov. 6th, three others were also baptized and received into the church.

WHITTLESEA.—On Lord's-day, October 23rd, five candidates were baptized and received into the church, by Mr. Barrass, of Peterborough.

PRAED-STREET, Puddington.—Since our last communication we have baptized; on May 29th, eleven persons; on July 31st, seven; and on Wednesday, September 28th, four—three brethren and one sister.

RUSHALL.—On Lord's-day, Oct. 23rd, we baptized two persons (man and wife). We have more hopeful inquirers. May the good Lord still send prosperity. W.

DOXINGTON, near Louth.—Lord's-day, Nov. 20th, was a day of high rejoicing to the friends of the General Baptist cause in this village. Four persons were buried

with Christ in baptism, by Mr. Burton the pastor of the church, who also preached on the occasion, from Acts xxii 16. Our chapel was crowded to excess, many being unable to gain admittance. During the administration of the ordinance, many were affected unto tears. We trust this is the beginning of brighter days than we have experienced for a long time. T.B.

LOUTH, North-gate.—On the morning of Sunday, November 6th, the ordinance of baptism was administered to nine persons, and these in the afternoon received from the pastor the right hand of fellowship. One was an orphan, several others were the children of widows; one was a reformed sceptic, and all were young. As each one was addressed at the Lord's table according to his peculiar circumstances, a deep and tender feeling pervaded the whole assembly, and many were bathed in tears. There are others expected soon to follow Christ in baptism.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOUTH, North-gate.—Two sermons were preached by Rev. J. J. Goadby, of Lenton, on Lord's-day, October 30th, 1859, after which collections were made towards the debt remaining on the school-rooms.

LEICESTER, Dover-street.—A most interesting and instructive lecture, on "Coal, its origin and uses," was delivered by Rev. J. Cholerton, Coalville, on Tuesday night, Nov. 1st, in Dover-street School-room, Leicester, in connection with the mutual improvement class.

J. M.

WALSALL, Farewell Tea Meeting.—In September last, a tea meeting was held, and a purse of gold, containing £17 5s., was presented to the Rev. Chas. Burrows, who has resigned his pastorate, and since left the town. The meeting was numerously attended by Christian friends of all denominations. In the absence of J. Brewer, Esq., Mr. E. Stanley was called to preside, who apologized for the absence of S. Stephens, Esq., and Rev. R. Bulmer. Appropriate and excellent addresses were delivered by Revs. G.

Chentle, of Birmingham, A. A. Cole, E. Myers, and Messrs. J. Evans, J. Clark, and W. Cox. The purse was presented by Mr. Cox (a zealous religious friend of the town). Rev. C. Burrows then suitably replied. C.B.

MEASHAM, Welcome Tea Meeting.—A tea meeting was held on Wednesday, Nov. 7th, to welcome Rev. Chas. Burrows, as pastor. Addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Gray, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, G. Chentle, of Birmingham, C. Burrows, Mr. Rice, and Mr. Shakespeare. The choir sung some very appropriate pieces of music. It was a pleasant and a happy meeting. May the God of all grace sanctify the union between pastor and people.

Rev. W. SHAKESPEARE, of Ripley, having ceased his connection with the church in that place, is open to a call.

Rev. C. Burrows has recently accepted an invitation to become pastor of the church at Measham.

Rev. T. R. STEVENSON commenced his labours, as pastor of Knoughton Chapel, Burnley, on the first Lord's-day in October.

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

THE Independents, in answer to a sneering paragraph, alleging them to be in the last stage of decay, show that during the last twelve years they have, in London,

doubled the number of their chapel; and though their increase has not been so great in the provinces, is still cheering. Thirteen missionaries have been sent out by their society during the last six

months. Mr. Binney has returned from Australia in vigorous health. Episcopalians have recently opened a new church at Halifax, built at the expense of Mr. E. Akroyd, and costing £30,000. A "Church Defence Association" has been formed at Cambridge, to counteract the efforts of the Liberation Society. We rejoice to hear it. This is the best sign of the other's success. The Bishop of Winchester has directed proceedings to be instituted against Mr. Heath, the vicar of Brading, Isle of Wight, for a volume of sermons recently published at Ryde. Mr. Heath is a disciple of Maurice. Romanists are still calling loudly for sympathy with the Pope, and with little success. The Bible Society's agents are actively at work in Italy. Poor Escalante, who was put in prison last May, by the Spanish Catholics, for distributing Bibles, still lies in prison at Cadiz. As a native of Gibraltar, he is a British subject, but at present has appealed in vain for British protection. And yet, we are told in England, with some flourish of trumpets, that the late rector of the Catholic University, is now translating the Bible, and will shortly publish it at the Derby Catholic press! Mexico has completely shaken off the papal yoke. The civil power has been declared supreme; and the country is therefore open to all missionaries.

GENERAL.

The year opened gloomily, and with rumours of wars. It will not be the

fault of the *Times*, if the year does not end as it began. Stock-jobbing has been again pulling the strings in Printing House-square; and as we have no Parliament sitting, no questions can be asked. On every side we hear of rifle corps; or, as some *will* persist in calling them, rifle corps. It will be a disastrous thing if the war-spirit should be again awakened; but every true patriot must feel that he would rather be fore-armed for any invader, let him come from whatever quarter he may. English freedom and continental despotism will always be unfriendly, from the nature of the case. Rumours are afloat that the government is busy with the details of a new reform bill.

The past month has been one of fearful storms. Many hundred lives have been lost by shipwrecks on the British coast; but no single disaster equals the loss of the Royal Charter. The sacrifice of life was nearly as great as in the Royal George, for ever made memorable by the thrilling ode of Cowper;

"Toll for the brave,
The brave that are no more,
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore," &c.

Mr. Binney, and one of our own ministers, Mr. Syme, were both persuaded by their friends to come home in this vessel; and have thus most providentially escaped a watery grave. We rejoice to hear that the state of Missouri will soon cease to be a slave state.

Marrriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 13th, at the Primitive Methodist chapel, Rippingale, Mr. W. Clarke, of Peterborough, to Ann, youngest daughter of the late Mr. T. Scargill, of Gosherton, for many years superintendent of the General Baptist Sunday-school in that place.

Oct. 24th, at the Baptist chapel, Ripley, Mr. G. Bramley, to Miss M. Marriott.

Oct. 27th, at Ashby church, Thos. Smith, Esq., Barton-in-the-Beans, to Miss Annie Wagstaff, of Ashby.

Oct. 27th, at the same place, Mr. W. E. Morriss, Boston, to Miss Sarah Page, niece of Mr. J. Simpson, of Kirkby Underwood, near Bourne.

Oct. 31st, at Sacheverel-street chapel, Derby, Mr. J. Morby, to Miss L. Hatchet.

Nov. 1st, at the Baptist chapel, Goodshaw, near Burnley, by Mr. Maden, the

father of the bridegroom, Rev. J. Maden, of Macclesfield, to Miss Ellen Haworth, of Gambleside, Lancashire.

Nov. 10th, at Mansfield-road chapel, Nottingham, by Rev. G. A. Syme, M.A., Mr. W. Gamble, to Miss Eliza Giles.

Nov. 15th, at Dalberry, by Rev. H. J. Cotton, Rev. T. Hoe, of Woodhouse Eaves, to Ann, second daughter of Mr. J. Holmes.

DEATHS.

In September, suddenly, Mrs. Johnson, of Isleham. She had been a member nineteen years.

Oct. 26th, at Market Harborough, Mrs. Fawson, twenty-five years a member of the church at that place.

Oct. 28th, at Isleham, Mr. John Diver, aged 56, many years a Sunday-school teacher, and an acceptable occasional preacher. He had been a member at Isleham more than thirty-six years.

Missionary Observer.

HINDOOISM: ITS CHANGES IN FIFTY YEARS.

I have often heard it remarked, not only by the Hindoos themselves, but also by Protestants, that it is impossible for them to change their long-established customs, and embrace Christianity; that the universal prevalence of *caste*, and the claim upon the son to pursue the same avocation in life as the father, will never admit of any radical change; that such and such were the acts and customs of their forefathers, and, to deviate in the remotest from their example, the most dire calamities would inevitably follow. But such a view of the case is not only unwarranted, but untenable. Protestants who have thus represented the matter, are certainly either unacquainted with the facts, or else they belong to that class who know nothing of the promises of the Bible, and are opposed to the spread of the glorious gospel of God's Son. That Hindooism has undergone the most wonderful changes during the last half century I will now proceed to show.

Let us notice, first, the changes that have taken place in the articles of dress and household furniture. Half a century ago, the Hindoos had but little if any furniture, and that of the rudest style; now, many wealthy natives have their palaces furnished to overflowing with the most fashionable and costly of English manufacture. Half a century ago, the sun-dial and water clock were their only timepieces; now, clocks and watches, the most beautiful and valuable, grace their drawing-rooms. In articles of dress, many of the wealthy wear English-made fabrics in preference to their own. Now, many pursue occupations which, but a very few years ago, were entirely unknown in this country. Half a century ago, there were no printed books in the Bengalee language; now, thousands are appearing at Calcutta annually. Half a century ago, no Hindoo ever thought of making himself acquainted with the English language; now, there are hundreds in the English counting-houses of every large city throughout the land, who read, write, and speak the language fluently. For many generations the Hindoos have been accustomed to travel in rude country boats, on foot, in palanquins, or in cow carts; but now the most wonderful changes have been introduced

even in this respect; now it is not uncommon to see the opulent seated in a stately equipage of English manufacture, drawn by a pair of costly Arabian or English steeds. The Government steamers that now plough the thrice hallowed and bloody waters of the great Ganges are crowded with passengers. The railroad even, that most modern invention, they are taken with; and the trains that now run between Calcutta and Raneegeunge, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, are filled to overflowing every day. In the telegraph offices, too, they are at their posts, controlling the wonderful machine.

In a religious point of view, the result has been the same. Half a century ago, thousands of infants were thrown into the Hoogly, (an outlet of the Ganges,) at the great Saugor Mela, annually; but now, not one. Half a century ago, many widows were annually burnt alive with the bodies of their deceased husbands; but now, the remembrance even of this barbarous custom seems to have been almost forgotten. Formerly, it was thought a very shocking thing to touch the flesh or the hide of a dead cow; but now, many brahmins even wear shoes made of cow-hides instead of their old wooden sandals. Only ten years ago, Brahminism was so rife, that the appearance of a brahmin in the midst of a crowd addressed by a Christian missionary, was sufficient to dismiss the whole assembly, and leave the earnest missionary without a hearer; now, not only the brahmins themselves, but the people listen attentively without molestation. But a very few years ago, hardly a Hindoo would have ventured, through fear of banishment from home, *caste*, and friends, to recommend the marriage of widows; but now, through petitions made by the Hindoos themselves, the Government, during the present year, have passed an act making such marriages hereafter legal.

If we examine into their ancient religious rites and ceremonies, we find many not only unobserved, but forgotten. Half a century ago, how many native Christians were there in Hindostan? Now, between Lahore on the north, and Calcutta on the south, there are more than 25,000 souls professing salva-

tion through Jesus Christ. Half a century ago, how many schools were there in which a liberal education was imparted? Now, in the north-west provinces alone there are 3,781 in full operation. Of this number, 87 are Government schools, with 5,907 pupils; 33 are missionary, with 1,749; 3,661 are common, with 40,181 pupils; making a grand total of 47,837 pupils. Half a century ago, there was not one girls' school in all India; now there are several, conducted under the most flattering circumstances.

Such are some of the most important changes of Hindooism during the last fifty years. Christianity is gradually working its way through the multitudinous objects that oppose its progress, and light is fast dispelling the moral darkness that hangs thick and dreadful over this land, where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." If the last half century has accomplished so much, what may we not expect from the next, with its increasing facilities for moral and religious education,

and the rapid progress of civilization and science? Who shall now say that the close of the nineteenth century shall not see the whole fabric of Hindooism, as well as Mohammedanism, dissolved, and remembered only as one of the things that were? Who shall now predict that heathenism is too strong for Christianity and civilization? The past refutes such an assumption. The present promises changes that will astonish the whole world. Let the friends of Christ, therefore, rally all their strength around the banner of the Cross; and let their prayers ascend with one harmonious voice to Jehovah of Hosts, pleading that this glorious work, begun and so successfully carried on in heathen lands, and especially in India, may be crowned with still more success; that more laborers may be sent into the harvest. And we have the promise that the work shall be done, and "that His word shall accomplish that whereunto He hath sent it."—*Presbyterian Banner*.

THE LITTLE ONES CARED FOR.

Cuttack, September 18th, 1859.

THE "Ladies' Society" are again sending out a box of articles to be sold for the benefit of our school. I always feel cheered by our Society being helped. Both the military and civilians are so friendly, and appear so interested in our labours, that we hope to have a good sale when the box arrives. Our congregations are larger than when I last wrote, and we are now obliged to have half-a-dozen more chairs to accommodate the hearers on a Sabbath evening. We trust too, good is being done by the Word preached. Four of our dear girls were baptized last Sunday, and at our last church meeting there were eleven candidates. Thus far I had written, one evening, when a friend came in, and my desk was put aside. Since then wearisome days and watchful nights have been appointed me. First, dear little George Taylor was brought in by his father from Piplee, very ill, Mrs Taylor remaining with her baby all alone. Dear little George seemed to rally, and the father after staying with us four days, returned home, leaving his sick boy with me. The weather became cold and stormy in a few days after he left, and the little fellow had a relapse. I had night after night to get up to him, six and seven times, and to feel daily that the little creature might die, and his parents far away. At length Mrs. Taylor made up her mind to come with her baby,

when she herself was taken very ill. By the blessing of God, on good food and nursing, I had the pleasure of seeing both mother and her sick son become better; and after staying with us a fortnight, Mrs. T. returned home, leaving her boy with me again, at the urgent request of the doctor, who says, if he and I can but pull him through the rainy season, he hopes he will grow strong in the cold season. He has been very sickly from his birth, and his parents cannot help but feel very much, having buried two of their little ones. They have no doctor at Piplee, and not a single European family. It is a very important station, and there ought to be two missionaries at such a place. Well, shall I go on with my catalogue of trials? No sooner had I parted with dear Mrs. Taylor, and her boy became a little better, than *my baby* was taken ill—yes, *my baby*. Providence has sent me another little castaway, who had to travel in the pouring rain sixty miles before she was a month old, to find a home and mother's heart. Her mother is a Brahmince, a widow, and this poor infant is the fruit of sin, the mother having been seduced by a vile punda, who forsook her as soon as he knew she was likely to become a mother. The poor woman became affected in her intellect, and determined to destroy her babe. The magistrate of the district got

to hear, and set proper persons to watch, and wrote to us to know if we would receive the infant. She has been with us two months, but owing to the exposure during the damp weather when so young, her little chest is very delicate.

Lately the weather has been most trying; one moment we are in a steaming atmosphere, saturated with perspiration, and then all at once a storm comes up, and a cold wind begins to blow from the four quarters, and it seems impossible to avoid a chill. Last Sunday night I was up all night with my poor baby—its breathing greatly distressed me. Your uncle was from home, on a visit to our Choga people. The Lord blessed the means, and the attack gave way, and now the little creature is rewarding me for all my anxiety with loving smiles and cooing sounds. She is at present a wee creature, but when well, very good, and as lively as a butterfly. I have now a very severe cold, and can hardly sit at my desk to scribble these few lines. Your uncle has just been to beg of me to leave off and rest my aching head. But should I be restored to health, I have a mountain of labour before me. It was in my heart to write a letter to the Sabbath-schools at Barton, Barlestone, &c., who have undertaken to support a little girl in my school, but I dare not now attempt it. Kindly convey to them our warmest love and thanks. Topsy having

been appropriated to another lady before I heard of the decision of the young people, we have now selected for their support the youngest of the little girls, rescued and sent to us by our good commissioner, of whose warm temper I mentioned to you some particulars in my last letter, and we shall have her name changed to Catherine Kirkman. She is a very pretty child and improving in her manners. I wish you could see her seated at her patch-work, her little fingers plying her needle so nicely.

How often in my heart I thank my dear kind friends in England for the bundles of patchwork they gave me. It has kept my very little children busy in sewing hours for nearly four years; they have made nearly two quilts, the smallest bits they have stitched together. The grand secret of making children happy, is keeping them in some way busy. Just now several of our dear children are suffering from colds and fever. One day I was telling my dear little Emily about the love of Jesus, when she suddenly put her arms round my neck, and gave me a hard squeeze, and then said "does Jesus love as much as this?" She was rather jealous of the baby, but now she calls it her darling little sister. Miss Butler is very well, and so are all our friends at Cuttack.

SARAH BUCKLEY.

(From a letter to Miss Derry, Heather Lodge.)

LETTER FROM REV. J. O. GOADBY, TO THE SECRETARY.

(Continued from page 439).

When we had fairly begun to move along I sat up to watch for an hour or two while brother B. slept; then he promised to relieve me. This precaution was necessary, or the boatmen would have all deserted their posts and moored their boat to the shore the moment they saw us fast asleep. As it was, I had great difficulty in keeping them to their work. My watch over, I got to sleep, and on awaking in the morning, found we were within a mile of our destination. In a short time we reached Manikpatna, and found to our astonishment and chagrin, no bearers, and could find no one who knew anything about them. What was to be done? There were no bearers in this district, as most of the people were fishermen. We couldn't walk 20 miles in a burning sun? Our palkys would not go without bearers? After a time we

prevailed on the old man in charge of the boat to take us on to a village, distant about two miles, where we hoped to get bearers or a man to take a letter to Pooree that our friends might send bearers to fetch us. Before we arrived, however, it became so hot that we resolved to go on shore and rest in a small hut, built on the coast for the sails and tackle of a native ship lying near. Although we could not get inside, by the help of one of the boat's sails and two or three pieces of matting lying near, we made a good shelter, and after bathing in the lake, prepared to have our breakfasts. Here several Telinga fishermen (the Telingas live on the east coast of India) who were working at the ship came to see us, and after making several inquiries of them concerning bearers, &c., began to be interested in our mis-

fortune, and one of them promised to take a letter for us to Pooree for 6 annas or 9d., and to return by nightfall—a distance of nearly 60 miles there and back—but the Telinga is a good walker. He is short, stoutly-built, with an open countenance and honest expression. In short, he is very different from the Oriya. Brother Bailey wrote a letter to brother Taylor, and the man started. After breakfast a favourable breeze springing up, and clouds scudding the heavens, giving us the promise of a cloudy day, we indulged the hope that if we went on board the boat at once, and the old gentleman in charge was willing, we might go still further up the lake and reach Nararsingpatna by dusk. Nararsingpatna is midway from Manikpatna to Pooree. The Telinga fishermen thought it quite possible, but the boatman being called, flew into a rage, said it was 10 koss or 20 miles—that we were all liars, and declared by Jaganath he would not go one hand further. Brother Bailey reasoned with him, promised him 2 rupees in addition to his pay, but no, go he would not. We told him he should not go back as we could not remove the palkys until the bearers came. “Oh, very good,” he replied, “I will stay as long as you like, but I will not take my boat one hand further,” and he commenced abusing us again in the most enraged manner. Presently, his son or nephew joined him, and the hubbub was perfect. Of course he would not hear reason, although he was told he would get four rupees by going and not one pice by staying. Here we were, and here we had the prospect of being until the following night. Well, I said to brother Bailey, we must make the best of our lodgings, but he still hoped the old gentleman would go. By and by the old gent’s anger subsided, and we had more hope of getting him to come to our terms. The Telinga fishermen joked him, and did all in their power to prevail upon him to go. They pointed to my burnt face and hands, and tried to move his pity in that manner. Whether their pleadings succeeded or not I cannot say, but in a short time the uncle and his nephew went back to their boat, got the sail ready for hoisting, and after we had fairly got under weigh with a fair southern breeze, took pity on us, and gave us a quantity of their rice for our dinners, as ours was all consumed. The afternoon was rather cloudy, consequently not so hot as the day previous. A short time after our boat began to move, we hailed a man on the shore who gave us the welcome news that our bearers were all

ready and waiting at Nararsingpatna. Our anxiety now was for the progress of the boat which, owing to the circuitous arm of the lake into which we had entered, was very slow. Our hope of reaching our destination by seven or eight p.m. was soon relinquished, and we had to comfort ourselves with the prospect of another night on the boat, and a palky journey of fourteen miles in the sun in the morning. Evening came on before we had got over much more than half the journey, and having to push against a strong stream, our progress was gradually decreasing from three miles an hour to one, and sometimes below that. When rounding a sand hill, about two miles distant, we espied the bearers in a body coming to meet us. We were rejoiced, I trust truly thankful to our Heavenly Father for his goodness to us, at the prospect of reaching Pooree early the next morning, and escaping another day’s journey in the sun. We were not long in getting into our palkys and bidding farewell to the boat; not, however, before we had in vain tried to make arrangements with the old uncle and his nephew for our return journey. He stontly refused to stay, although they had given the bearers—native like—a glowing description of ourselves. Our deliverance we owed to the sagacity of the bearer of our letter. He found the bearers at Nararsingpatna, and concluding they were the burden of our epistle, brought them to meet us instead of going on to Pooree. Of course we gave him his full hire. We arrived at Nararsingpatna about nine p.m., and while waiting for the bearers, who were taking a little parched rice and treacle as refreshment, having come half a stag extra to meet us, we could not refrain from congratulating each other on our arrival. We found, had the bearers refused to meet us, from the shallowness of the water, and the winding of our track from one side to the other—the channel cut by the stream—we must have moored our boat at dark hour, therefore we could not have reached Nararsingpatna before the following day at noon. In such a case the consequences of another day’s exposure might have been serious. Our journey from Nararsingpatna to Pooree I cannot say anything about, as I slept the whole of the distance, and was only aroused on reaching the latter place by the clamour of voices, the jingling of bells, and the hubbub raised by thousands of poor pilgrims striving for admittance in the “holy temple” (?) Here we were then once again in the midst of Hindooism, surrounded with worshippers ignoring, by

bending before ugly idols of wood and stone, the existence of the God who "created man in his own image." "Lord what is man that thou art mindful of him."

We soon found ourselves before the spacious bungalow belonging to the Commissioner, G. F. Cockburn, Esq., of Cuttack, and which he had kindly lent to our Cuttack brethren for the occasion, and were not long in arousing the sleeping forms of our more fortunate brethren from Cuttack, who gave us a hearty welcome and a good share of sympathy, of which certainly we stood in need.

During our stay the bazaar was visited morning and evening. The festival was much larger than last year, and the people more turbulent and indisposed to hear. We had several severe conflicts with the high priests of the temple, and received for our pains curses, and opprobrious epithets without number. Our force consisted of six missionaries and four native preachers, and, no doubt, considerably alarmed the defenders of this false system. Our native friends did their work well, never flinching from the fiercest attacks, and often silenced their combatants with a skill and good humour that were admirable. They are "good soldiers of Jesus Christ," and well skilled in the use of the weapons of our spiritual warfare. God grant that from the rising generation we may have a goodly addition to their number.

We left Pooree, in company with brother Brooks, for Berhampore, *via* Piplee, on Saturday night, the 2nd, and spending

Sunday with our Piplee Christians, left brother B. to pursue his journey to Cuttack, and proceeded to Khoordah on our way home. This was our only chance of reaching Berhampore unless we had again tried *via* the lake. This we were not disposed to do, as greater difficulties on account of contrary winds, and the difficulty of procuring boats would have presented themselves had we returned by that route. By the blessing of our Heavenly Father on our journey, we reached our homes again in safety early on Wednesday, the 6th, much to our comfort, and to the pleasure of those dear ones left behind. The skin had all been burnt off my face and hands, making them exceedingly tender, and my wife declared I was as dark as a native. Happily, this was all. Our conclusion, after again scanning over our journey was, that we had been to a *Special* Conference in a *special* manner.

I am still plodding on with the language, and find great pleasure in the study of it. I have preached several times in the neighbouring villages, and twice in the chapel, and experienced far more ease and comfort than I ever anticipated. Thus far the Lord has helped me, and I trust that by diligence and prayer, he will help me to the end. My love to the work increases in proportion to my ability to feel my way in the language, and I longingly anticipate the time when my knowledge of the Oriya will enable me to speak all that I think, know, and believe. My health is exceedingly good. Never was it better, even in England.

J. O. GOADBY.

CHATTERIS.—Our annual missionary services were held on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 23rd, and 24th. Rev. I. Stubbs preached twice on Sunday to deeply interested congregations. On Monday, after our usual missionary tea meeting, Mr. J. Wherry was called to the chair.

Prayer was offered by Mr. James Halford, followed by heart-stirring addresses from the Revs. W. Best, B.A., of Ramsey, the missionary, Alexander Maclean, and the chairman. The chapel was quite full, the meeting a very good one, and the proceeds nearly £13. J. L.

Foreign Letters Received.

BERHAMPORE—W. Bailey, Sept. 25th.
CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Sept. 1st.

CUTTACK—W. Hill, Sept. 2nd.
PIPLEE—G. Taylor, Oct. 1st.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

From October 20th to November 20th, 1859.

ALFORD.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, Thurlby Grange, for Orphan	2	10	0

ASHBY AND PACKINGTON.

Public Collections at Ashby	8	18	1
Cards and Boxes—			
Edward Smith	0	6	6
Thos. Orchard	0	10	0
A. M. Barrs	0	15	4½
M. A. Orchard	0	4	2
Eliza Sherwin	0	5	0
M. A. Elliott	1	2	0
Mary Widdowson	1	2	6
Charles Elliott	0	14	6
L. Tunnicliff	0	5	9

Public Collections at Packington 5 5 9½

Boxes and Cards—

W. H. Thirlby	1	0	6
Edward Green	0	6	1
S. G. Thirlby	0	16	3½
E. G. Fox	0	15	0
S. A. Smith	1	10	0
E. Ward	0	4	6

4 12 4½

BOUGHTON.

Collections and Subscriptions 3 4 6

CHATTERIS.

Public Collections	7	2	1
Proceeds of Tea Meeting	2	4	10
Collected by two little children	0	6	0
Miss E. Angell	0	10	1½
Mrs. Angood	0	4	4
Mr. Jos. Smith	0	5	0
Miss S. A. Allpress	0	15	0
Miss A. Clarke	1	5	0
Mr. Rose	0	5	0

12 17 4½

Less expenses 0 7 4½

FORNCETT.

Collection and Subscriptions 1 4 9

ISLEHAM.

	£	s.	d.
Collections and Subscriptions	5	0	0

MANCHESTER.

Miss Boardman 0 5 0

NORWICH.

Public Collections 7 13 0

Collected by Miss Scott—

Mrs. Cole	0	10	0
Miss Peggs	0	10	0
Mr. Peggs	0	10	6
A Friend	0	10	6
Mr. Scott	0	5	0
Small sums	0	12	0

Collected by Miss E. Scott—

Small sums 2 13 0

13 4 0

Less expenses 1 2 0

QUORNDON AND WOODHOUSE.

Public Collections—

Quorndon	7	0	1
Woodhouse	2	18	0
Barrow	1	1	1
Mountsorrel	0	19	0
Subscriptions at Charley	1	2	0
Ditto on account at Quorndon	2	0	10

15 1 0

RETFORD AND GAMSTON.

Collections and Subscriptions 22 5 1

STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

Collections after Sermons....	5	0	4
Ditto at Public Meeting	2	19	10
Sunday School for Orphan ..	2	10	0
Missionary Box, C. W. Pratt	0	6	11

10 17 1

Less expenses 0 11 6

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Derby, Treasurer, and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Quorndon, near Loughborough, Secretary, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards may be obtained.