

harmonious voices of the heavenly choristers in strains sweeter than the softest music—sweet as the harmony of hymning Seraphim congratulate them on their safe arrival home, and in enchanting strains of melting music, address the everlasting doors to lift up, while the heirs of glory may enter in."

Here is a conquest. Here is victory over all our foes. The cage is broken, but the living prisoner has obtained his everlasting freedom. But this is but one part of the victory. For while the soul has triumphed over death the body is detained in the grave. What sympathy may exist still between the one and the other, we cannot now stop to discuss; but there may seem to be a propriety in supposing that the immortal spirit may still remember its former dwelling as the companion of its sorrows and joys, and desire the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body.

The sainted dead can never forget the promise that their bodies shall also be sharers in the same heavenly glories. Its temporary stay in the grave shall but remove its impurities—shall but destroy its infirmities and ultimately prepare it for more exalted employment, and joys more refined and enduring.

They remember that it is written, "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." The day is appointed for the Lord to appear in the vaulted heaven with the innumerable multitudes of his saints. "The voice of the archangel and trump of God," shall revive the inanimate sleepers, and bid them come away from their sepulchral homes. The righteous in their graves are but "prisoners of hope" and reluctant death must yield the keys, yes, by an act of omnipotent grace the saints "shall have a universal discharge—a general delivery from the abodes of corruption." Distinction itself shall be destroyed, when death shall have lost his prey. The prey shall be taken from the mighty and the lawful captive shall be delivered. Like the isles of the sea there shall be no place found for them. The tyrant has lived his day and run his race. He that depopulated the earth, has been vanquished and overcome. When that illustrious period shall come, and the crucified shall again descend to his footstool, departed spirits like heavenly doves shall light in yonder grave yard. Then shall that monument erected to Father Harding's memory yield to the up-heaving earth and your former Pastor again stand among you. The cold ground thrown over that grave to-day, will be flung aside and forthwith that buried mother shall arise with more than earthly beauty. The fragmental mementoes of former associations will soon be gathered again and the resurrected saints commingling with the joyous angels shall rise on wings to "meet their descending Lord in the air."

O what cordial greetings! What transporting endearments between soul and body! What heavenly congratulations, between parents and children—sisters and brothers—husbands and wives! What a holy triumph shall they all feel when they thus see death forever destroyed!

This victory will be complete. Victories that relate to this world are not obtained without sustaining material injury; but this conquest will be gained without any loss. "Every feature and every shape, look heavenly and divine." No disproportioned member. Not one leaning on his staff. No taint of infirmity nor stain of sin. It has long since been written "O grave I will be thy destruction," and now it has been fully realized. The field has been left to the victors for Death has fled forever. When the intombed inhabitants of Yarmouth shall rise from these graveyards and move over these fields long held in the gloomy bonds of death, how many of your friends you will meet with joyful hearts and heavenly greetings. How glorious to move over this field of conquest and realize our enemies all slain, or removed forever! When death stands back, and those that "sleep in dust shall awake and sing," the morning stars shall again sing together and all the sons of God shall shout aloud for joy.

This too will be a final victory as well as complete. When Israel overcame their enemies their victories were often succeeded by vanquishment. The conquering armies have scarcely rested from the toil and danger, when their enemies have rallied, and bid defiance anew, or in their turn become conquerors. But in the victory contemplated in the text, there is no rallying again. "Death hath no more dominion over them."

The happy hour has come. Death itself has died and rejoicing Nature hymns his requiem. Long, long epochs in eternity may roll by, and transpiring events thrill the hearts of immortal saints, but Death never comes. Like Israel's pursuing enemies drowned in the sea, they are seen no more. So the Poet says, "Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, are left and feared no more." Sickness shall never again show her pale face among the saints. Death shall be swallowed up in victory. How graphically described by the sainted Harvey, "That fatal javelin which has drank the blood of monarchs and finds its way to the hearts of all the sons of Adam shall be utterly broken." "That enormous scythe which has struck empires from their roots, and swept ages and generations into oblivion, shall lie by in perpetual uselessness."

This then will be an eternal victory. When millions of ages have passed away there is no conflict or care approaching. Where the sea divided into the minutest particles of imperceptible mist, then multiplied by the number of grains of the finest sand into which the pulverized earth could be reduced, these again multiplied by the stars of heaven, and each of their units to represent a million of years; so that one should pass away at the expiration of that vast period, we could conceive a period

when the last one would be removed. But death is no nigher. Eternity is no shorter. O what a glorious conquest! Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

This conflict is sure to come, and the victory is sure to be gained. One long eternal conquest! A victory too vast to be comprehended—two glorious to be set forth. Yes we are "going home to die no more."

"The feeble saint shall win the day, Though death and hell obstruct the way."

(Concluded in our next.)

For the Christian Messenger.

English Correspondence.

[The city from which our Correspondent writes, will of itself be an interpretation of the appropriate figure with which he starts. The great Babel of manufactories,—Manchester—is now so connected with the political Metropolis of the empire, and still so close to the great seaport of the nation,—Liverpool,—that we shall look for the letters of our friend as bringing news quite as fresh as from the metropolis itself. They will, we believe, have the additional advantage of representing English affairs from a commercial point of view, instead of giving our readers their merely political aspect.]

Although Manchester is not the centre of the national or denominational religious operations, yet the view taken at that distance from the Capital, may be quite as true as that obtained nearer to head quarters. Our readers, we know, will look for our English Correspondence.—Ed. C. M.]

[From our own Correspondent.]

A GLANCE AT EUROPE. FRANCE AND OUR MILITARY DEFENCES. RICHARD COBDEN, LOUIS NAPOLEON AND FREE TRADE. SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES. ADVANTAGES OF COMBINATION.

Manchester, January 31, 1860.

MR. EDITOR,

The web of European politics is continually receiving new hues and patterns as the various workmen throw in the variegated weft of passing events. Just now it presents a peculiarly cheerful aspect. The beams of the light of peace and liberty, as reflected from its surface, shew to the wondering nations the old patterns and dull coloring with new lustre. While Russia seems in thorough earnest to develop the idea of personal liberty among its teeming millions by the abolition of Serfdom, which is a sure precursor of political freedom, Austria is at her wits end to find means to calm the hornet's nest her despotism has disturbed. The grand difficulties which beset the House of Hapsburg, can only be overcome by liberal reforms. Hungary is almost prepared to repeat its struggle of 1848, and with much greater probability of success. Such is the unity of feeling of hatred to Austrian oppression, that Catholics can sink their religious animosities to fraternize with the Protestants, and seem resolved to arise, at the proper moment, to shake off their chains. Italy continues in a state of fermentation which must throw up to the surface of society the impurities of ill rule. Human nature, true to its instincts, must sooner or later emerge from the shades of despotism to the clear light of Political Freedom. As soon could we hope to force a child to sit still or a kitten to remain demurely by the hearth, as to compel the people of Southern Italy to live content under the savage dominion of the Neapolitan Ruler. Appearances would lead us to presage a storm there.

Just now the world is astonished for the hundredth time at the versatility of our friend over the water. Three months ago we were jealous of his movements—thought every act foreboded no good to us, anticipating nothing less than a spring invasion. We frightened ourselves into the absolute necessity of spending at least ten millions in putting a few points of our coast in a better state of defence. Whether, with such an enormous expenditure, we should have been any more safe from an invading force, is not so much the point as that the fact of the expenditure having been made, we might fancy ourselves more secure. To make more secure, we actually set about the hasty enrolment of sixty or seventy thousands of volunteers to shoulder the rifle. Our peaceful manufacturing towns now to wear quite a military appearance. In the evening, after the day's business is over, we meet the grey uniform marching to its drill; and the Saturday half-holiday, so zealously fought for by our artizans for recreation and mental improvement, is now employed by thousands in rifle drill and long marches. We have scarcely lost the novelty of this new social scene when the veil falls from our eyes. It is only a ghost we had ourselves conjured up. There was no invasion intended, but he who we thought to be secretly contriving how best to sink our ships, blow up our arsenals, and ride our banks, was patiently engaged in studying the doctrines of Free Trade, and,

in conjunction with Richard Cobden,—of all men the most ardent advocate of international peace,—was elaborating a suitable measure to inaugurate a Free Trade Policy for France, to release its toiling millions from the grindings of monopoly, and to knit more and even more closely in friendship the two jealous nations.

Now, Louis Napoleon is the champion of Free Trade, the apostle of political liberty, and very possibly may become another Henry VIII. The Pope is kindly reminded of his dependence on foreign arms to hold his own, and is advised to give up, with a good grace, what he cannot hold. His temporal authority has been diminished, and what power is equal to restore his disaffected provinces. The summer will clear up some of the wintry fogs. The "eldest son of the church" gives pretty strong evidence of a desire to establish his own dynasty in opposition, if need be, to the politics of the Vatican. His vigorous measures to suppress the high church publications, which have recently rather warmly discussed the plan propounded in the pamphlet, "Le pape et le congrès" indicates a rather weak allegiance to the Roman Pontiff. What would follow a severance of the Pope's temporal dominions? At no distant date there would no doubt be a grand defection from his spiritual standard, and what more proper than that such an embodiment of huge error should suffer a revulsion from its own chief supporting power. The many various, curious, mysterious, and seemingly paradoxical movements of this mighty emperor, seem to be altogether beyond his own control. Though apparently pursuing some private scheme of dynastic aggrandisement, he yet seems to be a mere instrument to effect some grand social, political and religious changes.

The nations are on the watch, but equally helpless—mere instruments to work out the truth that

"Man proposes, but God disposes."

At home the prospect is particularly good. For a long season trade has been very extensive and very remunerative; both manufacturers and merchants have enjoyed a rare harvest. The laboring population, too, has had every opportunity for bettering its condition: Advanced wages, cheap food and clothing, cheap houses and a choice of employers, probably they never were so well off. Nor have they in the mass neglected to improve their opportunities. Savings Banks, Building Societies, Money Clubs, Co-operative Shops to supply themselves with necessaries at first cost, Co-operative Factories to enable them to share in the capitalists advantages, Joint Stock Companies of limited liability, have each helped to make the working man to feel more respect for himself. Strikes will never again prevail as in past times. There is a growing sympathy between the rich and the poor which will, I think, make both classes bear with more patience the trials of "bad times" when they come.

The last few days have given some a dread of an early decline of the present prosperity. The Public Funds and Stocks rule a shade lower, but a favourable financial scheme from our Chancellor of the Exchequer would tend to allay much of this timidity. Our exchanges are too sympathetic with the Paris Bourse.

You, Mr. Editor, will understand and appreciate the name I adopt as my signature,—it being surrounded with associations we both love so well.

HASTINGS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from Burmah.

Henthadah, November 30, 1859.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

My last to you was under date of 31st of October,—since when nothing of particular interest has occurred. The pure leaven of the Gospel is continuing to work, if slowly, yet surely and steadily, and with life-giving efficacy, through the vast dead mass of idolatry and superstition. There is, among us, no extraordinary manifestation of Divine power like that which is now holding the attention of the Christian world to Ireland, where, after all is granted that the mere Psychologist can reasonably demand, enough is left to give those who thoughtfully read the prophecies, and reflect upon the promises of the Bible, an unwonted thrill of joy, a new inspiration of hope. And yet who can doubt that such a "time of refreshing" is in store for Burmah—for the whole of Asia, indeed, when the Sun of Righteousness will dispel the thick darkness which has so long enshrouded her millions. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord"—is the motto beneath which the armies of the Most High have ever toiled and hoped,

suffered and waited. And to the truth of the inspired assurance, the "Great Revival" in America, and now with yet more wondrous power "the awakening" in Ireland, bear ample and most convincing testimony. Who shall say that the cloud of mercy is not moving eastward? Who can tell but all this Eastern Continent—this great valley of dry bones, "very many and very dry,"—is shortly to be quickened into spiritual life? Is it not heart-stirring to reflect, that perhaps this Divine Power, which so arouses the souls, and transforms the lives of men, will move onward, with ever-increasing wondrousness of manifestation,—ever gathering more extensive and more marvellous trophies, until it culminates on the plains of Palestine, and among the hills of Judea, where Christianity had its humble origin? And thence spread onward, still, its beneficent influences, through Arabia and Persia to the great Peninsula of Hindostan and to the valleys of the Irrawaddi, and the Salween!

In view of these great revivals, the missionaries throughout India have appointed a day, to be observed simultaneously at every station, by fasting and prayer that God may be pleased to visit His people here with similar expressions of His mercy and power. "Ah!"—Unbelief would say, "the case is different, those revivals occurred in Christian countries—the same thing should not be expected among nations wedded to idolatries, whose awful influence began before the nations themselves had a history." But—"Is anything too hard for Jehovah?"

Mindful of the exhortation, not to despise the day of small things, let me pass now to a consideration of affairs in my own immediate field of labor. On the 23th inst., a new convert was received into the bosom of our little church. After having applied for baptism several times, and as often timidly drawn back, he was, on his last application, most affectionately and earnestly exhorted to "prove himself" before he decided to take the final step which would make him a mark for the scorn and ridicule of his heathen friends and neighbors. He replied, with much feeling, that he was willing to do anything—to undergo any period of probation that the church might think necessary. Accordingly he remained under trial six weeks, and manifested so much gentleness and humility, and docility of temper, and in all respects conducted himself so consistently, that, upon his next application he was received with joyful acclamation by the church, and has continued to give us much satisfaction, by his humble and faithful deportment. The effect of this "trial" has been most salutary, not only to the candidate himself but also on the heathen, "what"—they say to him—"you humbled yourself so as to *entreat* baptism,—and yet they would not receive you!"

My thoughts have recently been busy upon a subject to which I have probably made allusion more than once, in former letters intended for your columns,—namely, the fact that the Karen Mission has monopolized, to so great an extent, the interest of Christians both in England and America,—I mean as compared with the less favored Burman Mission. Looked at with reference to the one point of numbers only, I think it will appear that this interest has been most disproportionate. The Commissioner of Pegu having recently issued his report on the state of the Province, I am able to give you a fair idea of the actual disparity in numbers between the Karens and Burmese. The Report exhibits the following figures:—

Burmese, - - - - 613,244.  
Karens, - - - - 139,906.

In connexion with this subject, I am reminded of some remarks made by Dr. Duff of Calcutta—a man whose experience as a missionary, coupled with his preeminent abilities and piety, may well demand for his utterances on such a subject, a candid hearing. On my return from Maulmain, after arranging for the voyage of my family to America, I was so fortunate as to be a fellow-passenger with Dr. Duff on the steamer to Rangoon. After having submitted me to an inquisition on everything connected with missions in Burmah, he expressed himself in substance as follows:—"I feel very little sympathy with the *habit*, quite prevalent of late, among Christians, of giving their attention, so *excessively*, to those portions of the missionary field most conspicuous for success. Why, some have even gravely proposed to draw off the missionary force from those quarters where an extraordinary measure of success has not been met, and concentrate it on the few favored points. The application of such tactics in Burmah would be lamentable enough. But in India when the numbers are so immensely disproportionate,—there being, on the one side, but a few thousands from among the simple hill