

India. Earnest men, weary with the religious noise of their time, are coming anew with the simplicity of children to the fount of all truth and power—the Bible. If they turn away from the creeds of Christendom, it is only that they may gaze more steadily, with more of personal thought and prayer, upon the Christ of Scripture, and find their life by losing it in Him. Night and day the conviction is burning itself into our soul, that the only thing which can make us a living priesthood, consecrating to Christ the mighty powers which are about us in this nineteenth-century, is the out-pouring of the Spirit of God. This is the want of our age, not new truth on parchment, but the spirit of the old truth in the heart. We believe in God that he loves this poor world and will work out his Divine purpose into its life through the agency of his church. We believe in God that the history of this world, thus far, is little more than a history of preparation of new fields and of new weapons for his Church. God is planting his Church in the key positions of the world. Mighty empires stretch before her unsubdued as yet, but by and bye, when wars and ruinities and when commerce and engineering, have done their respective work, when national barriers are broken down, when broad open highways of intercourse stretch across all seas and all lands, and the whistle of the steam-engine is heard from equator to pole, then his Church shall gather up her strength, grasp her weapons and conquer the world.

The Rev. J. C. PAGE, of Barisaul, in supporting the resolution, said,—I have dreaded lest, in speaking in English, my tongue should be tied, and I should be unable to give expression to those things which are burning within me. But, thinking as a Bengalee thinks—for one is obliged to think in Bengalee to speak well in Bengalee—I have been arguing with myself thus:—My mind has said to me, "What dost thou here? Hast thou forgotten the old Bengalee proverb, 'The dwarf seizes to catch the moon with his hand'?" and then I have answered my mind thus, "O mind! I am not here as a pleader. I am here as a witness; and, if I mistake not, O mind! the English people have thousands of the most able pleaders, while, at the same time, they do not require from a witness anything more eloquent than a simple statement of fact, or anything more powerful than a straightforward avowal of truth." But on what am I called here to give evidence this day? The resolution, on which you have heard a most able speech—the resolution directs me. It tells me to speak of past successes, and the present manifestation of the power of the Holy Spirit. Now I feel that this is the point on which I have to speak, and I will cast my fears away. I will cast myself on your sympathy, and I will say what I know of these things, humbly hoping that you will believe that what I shall say will be said in truth and in honesty. But I feel that I must run the risk of being thought an egotist, in order that I may be just to the great and glorious cause of missions. There are in India hundreds of Englishmen, and the descendants of Englishmen too, who owe their all to the great cause of missions; and but for the missionary enterprise, hundreds of us there had never heard the Gospel of Christ, and had never rejoiced in the hope of salvation through him. For my part, I cannot but refer to myself; and I hope you will pardon me in doing so. It is forty-six years ago—since your missionary, Mr. Moore, by a word spoken in season, led my father to serious reflection, and that serious reflection led to his conversion. My mother also embraced the truth, and they invited that great missionary—I cannot but call him a great missionary—John Chamberlain, and opened their house to him to preach the Gospel. Mr. Chamberlain baptised my father and mother in the river Ganges, below the great fort of Munghere. Mr. Chamberlain died, and was succeeded by his most worthy son-in-law, Mr. Leslie, who was, by the Spirit of God, made the instrument of the conversion of my three sisters. I was at that time a boy in a school in this your favoured land. I knew little of religion. I knew it was my duty to pray, for a pious mother had taught me that, and I never forgot so to do; but of the saving nature of the Gospel of Christ I had no experience. However, I went back to India, was received into a pious home, and then the holy example of a mother—one of the excellent of the earth—and the love and tender sollicitude of a pious sister, who seemed determined to snatch my soul from ruin—and the faithful ministry of Mr. Leslie, all three influences unitedly drew me as by a three fold cord, I trust, to the feet of Christ. Mr. Leslie baptised me in Munghere; and from the day of my baptism, I prayed God that he would help me all through life to pay back to the cause of missions that which I, my father and mother and sisters, owed to that cause.

The Rev. Dr. BOAZ, of the London Missionary Society, late of Calcutta, moved the second resolution:—

He said,—I do not know why my friend Mr. Tristram has expatriated me to China, where I have not been, for the resolution has no reference to India, where I have been. However, I think that China may for a moment justly demand our attention, though I believe we shall hear more on that subject from the gentleman who is to second the resolution. While referring to that country, the interests of which are to be especially advocated by Mr. Landels, I cannot help feeling that I am in the midst of Baptists, that I am comparatively an orphan Christian here; and yet I feel that you have most generously taken me in, and I believe that you will treat me kindly. For though you are Baptists, you are Christians, and there is a sort of freemasonry amongst Christians which unites them heart to heart and hand to hand in that great enterprise in which we are all engaged—

the conversion of the world to Christ. Feeling that I am standing on Christian ground, I have been casting about in my mind what I should say, and what I have to say is on the subject of success. If I cast my mind back for a very few years, and travel into one of the Midland counties of England, I see there, not a great gathering of Christians, with a large assembly of ministers like the present, but we should have seen a small handful of ministerial brethren, and, in their midst, there would have risen a young man, with a fine intellectual forehead, and a sparkling eye, full of Christian genius and benevolence, and that young man, with a tremendous voice said to his brethren, "Brethren, let us discuss the duty of the Church to send the Gospel of Christ to the heathen." All at once we should have seen a stern, massive man rise up, and say, "Young man, sit down. If God pleases to convert the heathen, he will not ask you or me." That scene was enacted between Mr. Ryland, the father of your great doctor, and William Carey, then a stripling, and afterwards the great Dr. Carey. Soon afterwards, I should have seen that same young man rising up to preach a sermon, such a one that he moves the hearts of his congregation, and produces a collection, not a golden one, but a silver one, the sum of £13 16s. 3d., with which to convert the whole world to Christ. And at that time, I find it written in Marshman's book of the "History of the Times." Fuller says, "We have not a squire to take the chair, nor an orator to plead the cause." How are the times changed! Instead of £13 16s. 3d., your income last year was £29,000. Instead of a minister getting up to denounce this thing, and to say, "God will take care of his own work," you have your hundreds of ministers applauding, not a motion, but an action and its success. You have not only a squire to take this chair, but a Knight of high degree and an M. P. to grace your platform, and I need not, after the speech of the gentleman who has preceded, say that you have an eloquent orator to maintain your cause. If we had lived at that time and had gone down Leadenhall-street, to that house of Parliament of the Indian Government, we might, some thirty years back, have seen, perhaps, a poor, humble, devoted missionary treading silently up the dark corridors of that imperial house of the Eastern government. And we should see him taking in his hand a document like this. It is the last remnant of the dark ages of Leadenhall-street. In those days, sir, the missionaries were obliged to take a solemn league and covenant, in that India House, and, among other things, they covenanted that they would not be bankers or merchants, that they would not commit any offence against king, prince, government, state or nation. Terrific men these must have been, and yet it is a fact, this solemn league and covenant was taken, an identical copy of which I hold in my hand. Why, instead of the missionaries overturning the government of India, that government committed suicide. I do not, of course, consider the Bengalee version quite so perfect as your Secretary does; there is a little Jordan rolling between you and us. But we will shake hands across that Jordan, and say to you—"Notwithstanding the imperfection of that translation, God bless you,—in the name of our common Lord, we will say, God bless you." Not only have the Scriptures been given in Bengalee and in Hindustanee and in the Sanscrit, but this is what I call the great evangelical fact of the age—that into all the great dialects of the East, the word of God has been translated. There are many people who are always saying, "We wish we had lived in the days of the apostles. Those were days to live in, primitive times, when they preached the Gospel in the divers tongues that were then spoken by the peoples." I do not say that that was not a grand religious drama that was acted, when apostles, gifted by God, told the sweet story of the cross in the languages of Media and Persia and to the dwellers from Mesopotamia and all the regions round about. It must have been a glorious intonation of voices, but it ceased with the apostles, it was buried with them in their graves. That was a miracle; but this gift of God to man in all the living languages of the earth shall be a perpetual donation from Heaven to the human race till all the great purposes of God's mercy shall be consummated. This, then, is the great fact of the age—that all the nations have the word of God. India is a country full of wants and woes; she has risen from the sleep of ages; and we hear strange voices from, and see strange movements in, that people. But they all unite and embody themselves in some such phraseology as this:—"Who will show us any good? Who will come over and help us? Where is the great good, the truth, that is to make us happy and free?" These are the voices from the millions of India; and as they speak, the people long for something. There comes the advocate of civilisation, and they say, a nation like the Hindus must be polished, must be burnished; you must mollify her with science before you can sanctify her by religion. That has tried its hand and has failed. Then comes war, with its cannon and its swords, and its rifles and its serried battalions, and it stains the land with blood. It has tried its hand and has failed. And then come politics and finance. Why, India, one would have thought, would have unfolded her arms and bared her breast and welcomed to her heart that great financier who has gone out as Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer. And so it did, it bailed him as a benefactor; and what has he given her? A paper currency and taxation. If that won't bless India, what will? We stand in a different relation. We take in our hands the Lamp of Life, and we hold it out and we say to those that sit in the region of the shadow of death, "Look here; here is that which can light your path through this dark world, up the

golden stair into the celestial gate, where you shall see the King in his glory." We take the water of life in the Gospel vase, and pour it out over the thirsty land. God has said that he will sprinkle many nations—that he will pour rivers of water over the thirsty land.

The Rev. W. LANDELS, in being called upon to second the resolution, said,—I am not sure if the wisest thing I could do would not be simply to second the resolution and then sit down. (Cries of "Go on.") Well, then, I will speak for a short time on one or two things which I have upon my heart, although it is difficult to address a meeting after so much that is excellent has been said. The question has been asked lately, "What is the object, if they have any, of your May meetings?" I am not here to say that that question is called for; but the very fact of its being asked is matter for grave consideration. They are said to have minor advantages, if they do not answer the great object of their existence. It is suggested that they afford opportunities for the renewal of old friendships and the formation of new ones among ministers and members of the same denomination—a most important advantage certainly, but still only incidental, and of itself not sufficient to justify and to secure their continuance. If they do not answer their avowed purpose, our May meetings must be numbered soon among things that were. I am willing to hope, however, that these May meetings do answer their purpose, though not perhaps, to the extent we could wish. I am aware that the tone of conversation afterwards is frequently not quite in accordance with the condition of a world which we seek to save. I know the staple of talk often is, not a sense of our responsibility, our duty, the wants of the world, our Master's claims; but the merits of the several speakers. Mr. Somebody "made a splendid effort," or Mr. Somebody else "made the speech of the day;" or "Did you not feel for such a one who failed so signally? Why was he invited to speak? Could not the committee have selected some one else?" In that way you "run out," not the horses, but the speakers, and then pronounce a critical judgment on their respective merits. Such talk indulged in as if it were the only thing required, appears to me to be a woful trifling in presence of the most momentous realities which can occupy the attention of mortals. England's greatest warrior, the hero of a hundred fights, though he died laden with honours which a grateful country has conferred, has no laurel surrounding his memory like that which wreathes the brow of the once despised missionary; and after the name of Wellington has lost its power to charm, there will be seen blazoned on high, pointed to by the Church, as the honour and the glory not only of the denomination to which we belong, but of the Christian name which he bears, the once despised but now honoured name of William Carey. You revere his memory, and it is right you should. It would be a sad omen, I think, were such heroism to be forgotten. But in revering his memory do you not condemn yourselves. Think you, were Carey here today—as perhaps he is—that he would praise you for your liberality and zeal? Would he say, "Doubtless, ye have done well; ye are not unmindful of the work to which I consecrated my life. Well done, my children, you give one halfpenny in the week, on an average, to the cause for which I lived and died; ye are the noble sons of noble sires. There is a bright reward awaiting you in the better world to which I have passed, for the work you have done for the evangelisation of the heathen?" Would he not rather upbraid you for your degeneracy? Would he not rather say, as Alexander said to the worthless soldier who bore his name, "Change your name, or act better; cease to revere my memory as you profess, or learn in a worthy manner to emulate my deeds?" Bear with me while I say these plain things. I would have praised you—told you that you were doing well—had it been in my power. It is a delightful thing to pour rose water on a meeting; it makes all things go so smoothly, and people go home better pleased with themselves than when they are told that they are not equal to their duty and their ability; but I must state the truth that is on my mind or not speak at all. I have said it many a time elsewhere; I have said it to my own people; and do say again here, that we must gird ourselves for grander efforts than we have yet put forth. The wants of the world demand it. Babies that are cast away to the destroyer, ye Christian mothers, call upon you who have human kindness in your breasts to feel for them as you feel for your own, and to send a Gospel that will surround them with the guard of its sanctity, and secure for them a training which will render their life happy, and their eternity blessed. Millions going down to eternity call upon you to send them that Gospel which has gladdened your own hearts, and filled you with the hope of glory. The Master from his throne pointing to his wounded hands and side and feet, and saying, "I have suffered this for you," asks, "What wilt thou give for me—to spread abroad the fragrance of my name—to tell those brethren—mine and yours—the great love wherewith I have loved them, and of the salvation which I have wrought out for them?"

BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held on Tuesday evening, April 24; Edward Ball, Esq., M. P., in the chair.

The report stated that in the month of August last the various stations connected with the society were visited by the secretary, who, on his return, reported that though all did not afford an equal amount of encouragement the mission generally gave much cause for gratitude and hope. A pastor was wanted for the Baptist Church in the populous town of Coleraine.

The new cause at Rathmines, Dublin, continued to prosper, and in pecuniary matters the efforts of the Society in that place had been well sustained by the few friends associated in the work, who had subscribed upwards of £250 in addition to their contributions towards the cost of a new chapel which was in course of erection.

The Rev. CHARLES KIRTLAND, of Canterbury, then addressed the meeting. He said that for some time past the minds of Christians in all countries had been much occupied with the subject of revivals. In 1858, intelligence reached England of a remarkable movement in the American churches, and twelve months later came the tidings of a marvellous work nearer home, attended with physical manifestations which, while they drew universal attention to the awakening, created in many minds a suspicion as to its genuineness. The startling prostrations were ascribed to the impulsive and fiery temperament of the Irish people, which, it was said, always exhibits itself in wildness and extravagance when acted on by powerfully exciting causes. But it was forgotten that the genuine Celtic character always became modified as they approached the north, until the peculiarities of the Scottish character prevailed over the Irish. After so much had been spoken and written about those physical prostrations, he would make only a passing allusion to them. And here he might express his conviction that they remained a mystery to this day. The friends of the awakening had attempted to explain them, its foes to explain them away, and both had failed. Every man's philosophy had been at fault, and the conclusion at which wise men had arrived was, that they must be accepted as a wonderful and out-standing fact, accompanying and aiding the revival, but, so far as they could understand, not essential to the spiritual work. In some instances they might have been the effect of sympathy, in others of intense protracted, and exhausting excitement, but the great majority of cases assumed a type which neither sympathy nor excitement could have produced. In the city of Belfast a female is wholly occupied with an article of dress; this is the one thought which fills her mind. Without a moment's warning she sinks on the floor in a state of utter prostration. The sensation which she felt was that of being dragged into the earth. In the same city a young man is sitting in his own house. All at once he feels as if a bolt had been shot through him. His sight is partially taken. Another young man had stated to him (Mr. Kirtland) that he went to a prayer meeting one evening in company with several others. On their way they not only ridiculed and reviled the movement, but laid wagers with each other that they would not take the revival. This youth had not been in the church long before he was affected and had to be taken out. So deep was his solicitude, and so acute were his mental sufferings, that he passed an almost sleepless night, and was pleading on his knees the greater part of three hours. These were but a few instances out of thousands; and when reflecting on such cases as these, and remembering having seen strong, healthy women, and tall men of Herculean frame, who had fallen down as suddenly as if struck down by lightning; when considering that the effects were produced, not by wild and intemperate appeals to the emotions, but under a ministry which, though intensely earnest, was comparatively calm and unimpassioned; and when observing, too, that they did not appear in a densely packed and ill-ventilated room, but on the hill-side across which the cool September breeze was sweeping; he (the speaker) could not avoid the conclusion that they were, and must still remain in profound ignorance of the cause. In dealing with such manifestations, so perplexing, so mysterious, and in many respects so awful, reason was folly and faith was wisdom. Labour and ingenious attempts had been made to identify these prostrations with hysteria, and to draw a parallel between the excitement of last year and the "religious epidemics," as they were called, of the middle ages. Dr. James Carson, of Coleraine, whose masterly vindication of the revival, in his letters to *The Coleraine Chronicle*, had effectually answered and silenced its adversaries. But the revival vindicated itself by the fruits which it had brought forth, and to these he (Mr. Kirtland) would now briefly direct attention.

Under the impression that a visit to the scenes of the great awakening, six or seven months after it began, would enable him to form a correct judgment of the real character of the work, he had paid a visit to the province of Ulster in January last. His object was threefold—to preach, to give Christian counsel to converts, and to make personal inquiries, from all reliable sources that were open to him, respecting the religious, moral, and social results of the work. He preached every evening, and spent all his spare time in visiting ministers of all denominations, officers of churches, professional men, teachers, converts, policemen, and all who would be likely to furnish authentic information. The two extreme points of inquiry—Banbridge and Coleraine—were upwards of one hundred miles apart, and some idea might be formed of the magnitude of the work from the fact that in those towns and all the intermediate places along the line and far on each side of it there had been, to a greater or less extent, the same intense excitement, the same deep and spirit crushing agony, and the same earnest and prevailing prayer. In vain were efforts made to check the movement. The more cold water was thrown on the fire, the more brightly did it blaze forth. It spread with almost lightning-like rapidity, making its appearance in mansion and in cabin, in the street and in the field, on the noisy mart and on the silent moor, traversing the quiet glen and sweeping over upland and mountain, till the whole province of Ulster sunk beneath an intolerable burden of sin, and sent up into the ears of the Lord