

# The Presbyterian Witness,

AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

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## Lost but Found.

I was a wand'ring sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love my shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled,  
I was a wayward child;  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

The shepherd sought his sheep,  
The father sought his child,  
They followed me to far vales and hills,  
O'er deserts waste and wild,  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love;  
They saved the wandering one!

They spoke in tender love,  
They raised my drooping head;  
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
My fainting soul they fed,  
They washed my filth away,  
They made me clean and fair;  
They brought me to my home in peace—  
The long-sought wanderer!

Jesus my shepherd is,  
'Twas he that loved my soul,  
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,  
'Twas he that made me whole,  
'Twas he that sought the lost,  
That found the wand'ring sheep,  
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—  
'Twas he that still doth keep.

I was a wand'ring sheep,  
I would not be controlled,  
But now I love my shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold;  
I was a wayward child;  
I once preferred to roam,  
But now I love my father's voice,  
I love, I love my home!

## Mittie the Blind Child.

Did you ever thank God for your eyes, dear children?—those two bright, clear, happy eyes, that he has given to drink in the pleasurable sunshine, the beauty of the flowers, the glory of the rainbow, and the sweetness of your dear mother's smile! Listen now to a story of a child to whom he never gave eyes to look upon any of these beautiful things.

It was on a sunny morning, somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, that a gentleman, whom sea-sickness had imprisoned in his state-room since the first roll of the ship, took courage, from a cup of coffee and the calmness of the sea, to crawl up on deck. As he stood at the head of the narrow stairway, clutching a rope to support his tottering steps, he heard a glad child's laugh. Looking up, he saw a little girl, about five year old, quite at her ease, on the turning and rolling floor trying to "jump rope" with a knotted end of a ship rigging which had been given her by an old sailor. The brisk breeze had brightened her cheeks, and curled her flowing hair in no very orderly manner. Mr. L— thought of his own little daughter over the ocean, and his eyes filled.

"Come to me, my dear!" he kindly called, reaching his hand towards the child.

She stopped her play, looked up as though half-frightened, half-astonished, and then began carefully to creep towards the outstretched hand. He lifted her to his lap, and kissed her coral lips.

"Whose little girl are you?" he inquired.

"I'm nobody's little girl," she replied in a touching tone. "Only God takes care of me, and sometimes Captain I—"

"How, where is your mamma?"

"Mamma is in Burrampooter; I'm not her little girl any more." Here a tear rolled down her cheek, "I'm going to New York," she said, "to be Uncle's little girl. But New York is a great way off, isn't it, sir?"

"Not a very long way, my child,—you will soon see your uncle!"

"I can't see, sir," she said softly.

Mr. L— started, and looked down into those bright, dark, intelligent eyes. Alas! it was too true; they were darkened windows, through which the soul could never look!

"Mittie! hey Mittie!" called a bluff voice, as the captain's varnish-shed that appeared from behind the mast. "Oh birdie, what new nest have you found?"

With a start and a bound Mittie jumped into his rough arms, and laid her cheek upon the shoulder of his shaggy coat sleeve.

"Soho, shipmate," continued the captain, addressing Mr. L—, "you are aloft at last! Nothing like a stiff nor'wester for taking the starch out of you lands-folk," and he laughed.

"But this little girl Captain I—, how happens she to be alone on the wide-world-of waters?"

"Can't say," returned the captain, with a dubious shake of his shining hat. "She's a stray waif that I picked up on the Liverpool docks. Don't know her belongings; she is labelled for New York, it seems. Her name,—what's the balance of it sea-bird?" he asked.

"Mittie Wythe Hamilton," hisped the child, who had already found her way back to her bit of rope, and sat against the ship's railing, tossing up her hands at every new dash of spray. "I was named for Uncle Wythe and he told mamma to send me." Her face clouded for an instant, then brightened again in the sunshine.

"Poor blind pet! so far as I can make out her story from one thing and another, she is the child of missionaries in India. Poor creatures, they could not bring her over themselves, and I dare say she was getting no good in that heathenish land; so it seems they put her in charge of an English lady, whose name I've forgotten, who set out to join her husband somewhere in Canada. But she sickened and died before the barque Sally reached England, and the poor thing was left friendless and helpless. What the captain and mate of the Sally were thinking of, I don't know; but the child was actually put on dry land, with the balance of the passengers, and they set sail without so much as looking up a New York packet. Alone in Liverpool,—and it's no place for a blind child, sir, to say nothing of

one that's got eyes,—I found her amusing herself pretty much as you see her now, with bits of chips, at the corner of a ship yard! How the creature had lived I can't say. I'll believe after this, shipmate, there's a God in the sky, who, as she says, keeps watch over children. I want to go to New York; she would say to every stranger who spoke to her. I couldn't have left the little thing; but I don't know where I'm taking her. If I can't anchor her safely, I'll keep her for first mate of the *Down*; hey, sea-bird!"

"What could you do with her in that terrible storm off Cape Clear? I shudder to recollect that night!"

"Well, sir, while you were lying flat on your back, and the rest of us were hurrying, hauling, and pulling hither and thither, working for dear life against the winds and waves, the pretty creature was rolling about the cabin floor, clapping her hands. When I tumbled down to my locker for five minutes' rest, I found her on her knees in her little night-wrap, saying, 'Our Father,' and I felt sure no storm would sink the ship with her in it!"

Poor mother of Mittie! how her heart was wrung at sending her blind, trusting child from her arms! But her brother in America had written, telling her that he would provide for Mittie,—poor sightless Mittie, who could learn little in that uncivilized land. So, with many tears and prayers, that missionary mother had packed her Mittie's small trunk and placed her in the care of a friend,—the English lady before mentioned,—to be transported to our country. What but a mother's prayer guarded the helpless darling in her lonely wanderings?

On arriving at New York, Captain I— and Mr. L— made inquiry everywhere for Mr. Wythe. Directories were searched, streets ransacked, and questions repeated hundreds of times to no purpose. No relative of the poor blind Mittie could be found.

"Leave her with me, captain," said Mr. L—; "I am soon to return to London, but before sailing I will place her in an asylum for the blind, and see that she is comfortably cared for."

Instead, however, of placing Mittie in the State Asylum of New York, her friend took her to a southern city, where he had business connections, and left her in one of these beautiful retreats which nature and art have combined to adorn for those whose eyes tell not night from day, nor beauty from deformity.

Kind voices welcomed the little stranger; but they were voices she had never heard, nor hoped to hear. For the first time since she sobbed heartily on her mother's lap, her hope and faith faltered. She felt she was alone in the world, and she sought out a corner to cry. Had the superintendent particularly interested himself in the child, he would have found out her history, and probably have sought some communication with her parents; but setting down her name as a charity scholar, he forgot that she was not an orphan.

And Mr. L—? His sympathies had been strongly enlisted, and he really intended to find out the mystery; but he was a man of the world, and immersed in his busy cares. Having placed a sum of money for her use in the hands of the director, with permission to apply to him in any other emergency, he returned to his English home,—and only remembered the blind child of the voyage at moments when his own laughing Carrie climbed into his lap.

One among a hundred children; Mittie was well educated in all that the blind can learn. She was taught how to read the Bible, from which her mother had read to her, by passing her small fingers over curiously raised letters. She learned to sew, to braid, and to write.—Strange thoughts that young head used to frame, for that unsteady hand to jot down in its crooked wandering over the paper. She learned to sing the sweet hymns of her schoolmates, and to touch for herself the keys of the piano; whose melodies had almost made her fancy herself in heaven, only that she had been told in heaven she should see, like other children. Sometimes, in her dreams, she would find herself on a soft couch, with strange perfumes and sounds about her, and would feel warm tears dropping, one by one, on her forehead, while a dear arm pressed her closely.

"Mother! dear mother!" Mittie would cry, and weep,—to find no mother.

Years had passed, when again a ship was nearing the forest of masts in New York harbor. On the deck sat a pale lady in deep mourning, with traces of tears upon her cheeks. Her children cling about her, with wonder in their faces.

"Oh, beautiful America! the America you have so often told us about," cried a sweet-voiced girl of twelve. "Mamma, does it look as it did when you went away?"

"Mamma, did you live in any of those great houses?"

"Mamma! plenty Pagodas here?" chimed in the youngest boy, whose eyes had taken in the numerous church spires. All spoke at once, but the mother answered neither. Her heart was too full. She had gone from that shore a happy bride, and hopeful; she was returning a widow, broken in health and spirits, to place her children with her relatives, and then, as she believed, to lay her bones in the tomb of her kindred. One hope only made her heart bound; and her pale cheek grew livid as she looked on that shore of her native land for the first time in twenty years.

"Oh, God! could I see all my children before I die!" she faltered.

I pass over the scene of her landing, and welcoming to the house of her brother. I will not stop to tell you how many wonders the India-bom children found in American city customs and sights; for I must hasten to the end of my story.

"It is impossible, sister," said her brother to the pale lady, one morning, in answer to some expression, "the child could never have reached this country. We never, as you know, have traced her farther than England; and if she had been brought here, she could not have failed to find me, or I her."

The widow sighed. "God's will be done!" she murmured. "But it is hard to feel that

my little helpless innocent, my eldest born, was sent from me to perish alone. Often I feel as if it could not be, as if she were yet alive, and I should find her at some day."

Provisionally, as it proved, the mother was led to search the catalogues of various institutions for the blind; long in vain. At length she obtained a catalogue from a distant city, and glanced over it indifferently, so often had she been disappointed. Her heart sprung to her lips as she saw the name "Mittie W. Hamilton."

"Brother!" she gasped, extending the paper to him.

He looked, and shook his head. "I am afraid you are expecting too much my poor sister. Matilda was your darling's name; and then how should I say to that corner of the United States?"

But the mother's hope was stronger than her fears. She scarcely ate or slept, weak though she was, until she reached the southern city whose name the catalogue had borne.

"Hamilton? yes, we have one pupil of that name," replied the blind superintendent, in answer to her first question of trembling eagerness. "But she is an orphan, madam."

"Are you sure, sir? Oh, I must see her at once!"

She followed him to the door of a large room, where fifty girls sat busied with their books and needlework. The buzz of conversation died, as they heard the sound of strange footsteps, and a hundred sightless eyes were turned toward the door.

Near a table, on which lay a bunch of delicate straw filaments, sat Mittie Hamilton.—She had ceased braiding a bonnet, but her fingers had ceased their work, and buried in a sort of reverie, she was the only one who did not notice the entrance of a stranger.

"Was there any distinguished feature, by which you could recognise your daughter, my dear madam?" asked the gentleman.

The mother's eyes wandered over the group, as though she dreaded the confirmation of her fears to lose her last hope.

"Show me that child of whom you spoke," she faltered.

"Mittie Hamilton!"—but he stopped; for at the lady's first word, Mittie had sprung from her position, and throwing back the curls from her face, turned wildly from side to side.

"Who is that?" she cried, with outstretched arms. "That voice speak again!"

"Mittie, my child!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, springing to her side, and sinking overpowered upon her knees.

"Mother, oh mother!"—and Mittie fell in the arms that had cradled her in infancy.

That was a moment never to be forgotten!

Uncle Wythe Harris (for the mistake which had clouded so many years of the lifetime of mother and child, was that of Mittie in substituting,—child that she was,—the first name of her uncle for the name of a pleasant cottage on the banks of the Hudson for his sister and her now happy family. What a loving welcome the dear girls and boys, whom Heaven had blessed with the power of seeing their sister, gave to the wandering Mittie! How she comforted her mother's heart, making her forget her great bereavement,—making her even forget to sorrow that she had a blind child, in her joy at feeling that she had another living darling!

The sunshine of Mittie's girlhood came back to her spirit. The dear blind girl was the joy of the house. How could any body cherish a feeling of discontent, or peevishness, when that glad voice was pouring out its songs of thankfulness from morning until night! Oh, dear blind Mittie never more,—happy spirit that she was,—mourned that God had not given her eyes to see. "He has given me back my mother," she once said, "and these precious brothers and sisters, and He will let me see them all in heaven!"

## Father Gavazzi on the new Dogma.

Father Gavazzi recently addressed a very numerous audience at Exeter Hall, London, on the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. The learned padre said the Church of Rome had at present so much to spare, that to relieve the tedium of function it actually came before the public with a definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. Had the Church of Rome done so some five or six centuries ago, perhaps one might not have felt much surprise, but to choose the nineteenth century for the promulgation of a new dogma of faith, clearly indicated the blindness of those blind leaders who were besotted with the Romish apostasy. The Papal bull said, "Let no man interfere with this our declaration or definition, or oppose or contradict it. If any presume to assail it, let him know he will incur the indignation of the omnipotent saints Peter and Paul." Now, he (Father Gavazzi) had no disposition to interfere with saints Peter and Paul, but he thought he might take the liberty of dissenting from the Pope's bull, without any danger of incurring the indignation of those saints.—Why, this last bull of the Pope was an imposture, an impiety, a heresy. Whatever was not sanctioned by the Bible was an imposture. The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary was not sanctioned by the Bible; ergo, the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary was an imposture. Again, whatever was not in accordance with the Bible was an impiety. The Immaculate Conception of the blessed Virgin Mary was not in accordance with the Bible; ergo, the Immaculate Conception of the blessed Virgin Mary was an impiety. Again, whatever dogma applied Divine attributes to a creature was a heresy.—The dogma of the Immaculate Conception applied Divine attributes to the Virgin Mary, who was a creature; ergo, that dogma was a heresy. In this bull Pio Nino's dogma was revealed by God himself; and Cardinal Wiseman, in a letter of his from the Plainian Gate (published in London, p. 4), said that— "This immunity of the blessed Virgin Mary from original sin was revealed in the Church

from the beginning." Bishops Cullen and McHale shared in this view, and also many fathers of the Church. But he (Father Gavazzi) challenged them to quote a single text of Holy Scripture that clearly and undoubtedly established such a doctrine. They had nothing but forgeries and counterfeit and apocryphal authority to rely upon.

He would now refer to the texts generally quoted to support the Immaculate Conception. First of all, was that one in Genesis—"I shall put enmities between thy seed and her seed." See. This did not prove that as woman was the instrumentality of death, she should also prove the instrumentality of life. Again, we were told that against the woman there is no condemnation; it was against Adam the sentence was pronounced. "You shall die," while the female pains and troubles were inflicted on the woman; but was it the woman who saved us from that penalty of death? No; but the seed to whom she was to give birth, and who would destroy the enemy of man.—The way Cardinal Lambertini quoted the passage was, "She (ipsa) will crush your head, and it will invade her heel," and therefore he inferred that the woman would never be subject to the serpent, and therefore no sinner. But there was just one letter difference in the text—it should be *ipse* (Jesus), not *ipsa*. There was no Virgin Mary in the text. Augustine quotes a scripture which they had to corrupt and adulterate the Bible to support their erroneous views. But let the passage in Genesis should not prove sufficient to support their notions, they relied upon another, "I will Mary, full of grace, God is with thee," &c. This text only proved of satisfaction, not of preservation, from original sin.—Moreover, the expression was not in the past tense, but in the present—it was not, "was with thee," but "is with thee." Even the Virgin Mary, in her song, the *magnum*, used language which implied that she was not immaculate. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour." If Christ was the Saviour of the Virgin Mary, she must have been conceived in original sin. But the dogma was not only not scriptural, but it was anti-scriptural. Hieronymus, Origen, Augustine, and others admitted this fact; indeed, Augustine quotes eleven Popes and two hundred and forty other Roman Catholic authorities against the novel doctrine of the Church of Rome. The lecturer having referred to the epithet "Mother of God," as being blasphemously applied to the Virgin Mary, observed that Christ had no antecedent, and consequently he was the alpha and omega of himself, and that it would be derogatory to him as God to say that he had a mother. As to the argument that the Virgin Mary might be immaculate as well as Eve, there was clearly no parallel between the two cases.

The reverend gentleman having briefly dwelt upon the dangerous consequences of believing in such a doctrine, concluded by warning his audience to turn from fathers, bishops, councils, and traditions, and learn their religion in the Bible, and the Bible alone. He hoped they would cling to it in spite of all false statements, all false theologies, all false politicians, all false dogmas, and that they would live it taught in their Sunday-schools, in their primary schools, in their Queen's colleges, in their national schools, in their grammar-schools, and in their universities; that in their families and in their communities the Bible, the Bible alone, and the Bible always, would be the watchword. Then Protestantism would be safe, and the British nation great and glorious. The reverend gentleman concluded amid loud applause.

## Origin and Progress of the Art of Printing.

When we open a printed volume, or read or write a letter, we little think what a wonderful result is before our eyes, in those printed or penned characters that cover the trail sheet of paper. If we could only trace back, step by step, the process by which man has arrived at the art of printing, what an extraordinary history we should have! What a record of human toil and endeavor,—of failures and triumph—of thoughtful ingenuity overcoming difficulties,—of victories gained by brain, doing and daring. Consider the first rudimentary effort of a man to write history—to fix the memory of some event—to make his thoughts take visible shape, so as to be intelligible to the eye of his brother man. He piles up a cairn of stones or a mound of earth, and fastens perhaps some frail memorial thereon; and thus does battle against oblivion, and ties himself with the past and transmits himself to the future. Or, as an American Indian, he writes his first lines of history with quip-threads and wampum-belts; or advancing a step, he takes a piece of bark or skin, and draws on it a rude picture of the event he would record. After a time he chooses a more durable material for his picture, and roughly scratches its outline on a block of stone.—marble sculptures follow in due time. Having exhausted his ingenuity in adapting pictures whether as imitations or as symbols, as a medium for conveying his thoughts to others, and finding it a tedious and imperfect process, he attempts another last and important step—to get his words represented—to give visibility to the sounds that issue from his lips, and make them stand forth in form and colour, before the eye; and thus to make language the enduring guardian and preserver of thought. This is alphabetic writing—letters becoming symbols of the elementary sounds of the human voice; so that all uttered words or unuttered thoughts can be presented to the eye and mind of others.—And now words are chiselled on granite and marble, in addition to the sculptured forms and as explanatory of them. The leaves of the papyrus-plant—the clay or wax-tablet—the roll of parchment, and lastly the leaf of paper, receive, in succession, the written characters. They came another great thought—that of movable types—from which have flowed far more important results to humanity than from all the campaigns of Alexander, Caesar and

Napoleon combined. The slow labour of the pen could now be dispensed with and copyists were disbanded. The range of thought was multiplied indefinitely—one mind might now commune with all other minds—"winged words" were no longer a figure of poetry when once a printed sheet was thrown off. Knowledge was now the heritage of man—not of a favoured few. Look back now at the whole process—see how, like all our precious things, the grand result had to be achieved in sweat and struggle—with toil of hand and brain.—Contrast the first step with the last—the rough heap of stones—let us call it with the wampum-belt and the wax-tablet, with the bound and gilt volume of the 19th century! What a course we have travelled over, from picture-writing on bark of trees, to the publication of the London *Times* newspaper, recording each morning a fragment of world-history, which, by steam power, is rapidly circulated over the civilized portion of the earth, and will be condensed into history for the perusal of unborn generations! Think of that great depot of information—that laboratory of history, the *Times* Office—how many watchful eyes are looking out on its behalf—as correspondents in city and country—how many busy pens noting down events—agents mingling even with the charging hosts—cavalry galloping—posts flying—steam-boats dashing aside the billows—engines panting over the land—telegraph wires pouring in their winged words—lightning impelled intelligence—news from the arctic regions—war—from Vienna and Paris up till half an hour ago—news on all subjects of human interest, from a great battle to the over-turning of a carriage in the street—from the highest range of science to the price of cabbage—here it is all condensed, arranged, printed at the rate of many thousand copies in the hour, and scattered over the world. This is the way we construct our wampum-belts in the present age, and get ready our raw materials for history. Who can question the reality of human progress looking at all this? What may the future not reach, considering that each generation starts with the attainments of the present at command.—*Lectures on Egypt by the Rev. M. Harvey.*

## Reality of Human Progress.

Looking back now at Egyptian civilization, and considering the achievements of this great race on the banks of the Nile so many centuries ago, the thought arises, how slow is human progress—how many ebb and flows it has had—how often it has been worsted and beaten back—how hard a struggle it has carried on for very existence; and after all, comparing the old with the new, have we not reason for disappointment that so small an advance has been gained! Is our moral and intellectual progress, or like the pendulum, we only describing over and over again, the same arc of a circle? With attainments such as those of the Egyptians to start with, why did not their successors take grander strides? Why do we not find ourselves on a higher level, and less enveloped by sin and misery, after so many centuries have down past? We cannot pretend to solve completely such a vast problem; but we can see enough to give us confidence in the reality of human progress and to awaken faith in a still brighter future. The course of history present a mighty maze but not without a plan.—"This wonderful universe, of which we find ourselves a part, is no mere chaos grumbling under the guidance of a blind necessity—creating without intelligence and destroying without a purpose; but it is a God-created Cosmos—a place of order and beauty; and at the helm of events sit divine wisdom and goodness. It is our Father's world we live in; and his purposes of mercy are working out glorious results. Looking back at the dark ages of barbarism through which our race has passed, we feel saddened and wonder why the golden age has not come, and why man has had to fight his way upward against such odds; and we are ready to cry out, 'how long O Lord how long!'—But let us remember, one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.—Countless ages rolled over our globe before it became fitted for the habitation of man; enormous periods 'dragged their slow length along' during which there was no intelligent creature on earth to comprehend God's works or render him worship. Suppose we could have looked upon the condition of our planet when the Samirian race were its monarchs—when the ingunadon—fethygonurus and plesiosurus were passing their prey through its forests and swamps—could we have imagined then the world of beauty and brightness that was to follow when man would appear upon the scene? As little can we conjecture future progress from the present; or set bounds to the in-rolling tide. The future will outvie the present as far as the present outvies the past. This Egyptian civilization, beautifully as it bloomed, was but a small oasis in the midst of a surrounding desert; and often and often were such bright spots overwhelmed by the Irish of barbarism. We have more cheering grounds for hope now, because our modern civilization has spread widely and gathered strength, so as to defy the destroyer. At the present moment our western civilization is engaged in a death-struggle with the barbarism of the north; but the result cannot be doubtful. Let us look back to the future then in humble but cheerful trust, relying on the promises of that word that never fails, and exercising faith in the regenerating power of the gospel of Christ—and say with Tennyson,

"Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever reaping something new,  
That which they have sown,  
That which they have done,  
By the things that they shall do.  
For I dipped into the future far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down  
With costly bales;  
Lo! the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the  
battle-flags are furled,  
In the parliament of man—the federation of  
the world."  
—*Ibid.*

## Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington.

The Duke was well acquainted with his Bible, and valued it. Many years ago, when Sir Arthur Wellesley a brother officer, was speaking sneeringly of the Bible, and ridiculing the idea of it being a revelation from God, he abruptly said, "S—, have you read Paley's Evidences? If you have not, I advise you to read them. I once thought as you now think, but I read Paley, and am convinced." That officer afterward became one of the holiest men in the British army, and thanked the Duke of Wellington for his timely reproof. You may have heard me speak of my visit to Walmace Castle, and recollecting that a number of the books in his best-room library were on divinity, and by the most evangelical writers. On a little round table, close by his plain iron bedstead, were always to be found four apparently well-handled books,—one was the book of books, the word of God; another was Leighton's Commentary on Peter; a third, Howe's Living Temple, and the fourth, Baxter's Saints Rest. Who could desire better books for the soul of such a man? and he kept nothing for mere show—the books were for use, not ornament. The following is illustrative of his kindness and humanity.—"Early in the morning after the battle of Waterloo," says Dr. Hume, "on entering his room, he sat up in his bed, while I reported to him the casualties that had come to my knowledge. He grasped my hand, and seemed deeply affected; I felt the tears falling fast on my hand, and looking up, I saw them coursing in furrows down his dusty cheeks. He suddenly brushed them away with his left hand, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed, 'Well, thank God, I know not what it is to lose a battle, but it is painful to gain one with the loss of so many of one's friends.'"

## Reformation in Turkey.

The last accounts from Cesarea are encouraging. It seems the two missionaries there had concluded to send their only remaining native helper to Yuzgat; but the native brethren at Cesarea were so anxious that he should stay, that it was concluded he should remain for the present. Mr. Farnsworth writes— "The number of strangers at our regular services is increasing. Last Sabbath we had fifty hearers. Garabed (the above-mentioned helper) is very serviceable as a preacher. He occupies half the day on the Sabbath! but his peculiar work is in conversing with the people in their own houses. This is a kind of labour that he loves very much, and for which we think him well fitted. But what shall be done for Yuzgat? It is a field which ought to be occupied. We have no news from that place since Garabed left. Then it seemed there was great need of a labourer there. . . . I was insulted in the street a few days ago, but received prompt and satisfactory redress. The insult was from the roof of a house occupied by an Armeanian priest. He was called to the palace, and received some valuable instructions from the governor. I saw him in the street, and he saluted me with the utmost politeness. . . . There has been more persecution in Erevak, but the matter is satisfactorily settled. We have increasing confidence in the good-will of our governor." From Aintab we hear that the church in process of erection there is advancing towards completion quite rapidly for Turkey. It will probably be dedicated in the course of a couple of months." Mr. Schneider and Mr. Bebea (a new missionary) had been on a visit to Marsh, where Mr. Schneider formed a Church of sixteen members, thirteen males and three females. "On the first Sabbath of their stay there, and at two services during the week, the audience numbered seventy or eighty, and on the next Sabbath one hundred and twenty-five at least. The place of worship was enlarged, and in one of the most healthy and elevated places, a lot was selected for building a house for the missionaries, sufficiently large for two houses with yards and gardens."

## "I cannot get along with the doctrine of Election."

A certain individual said to the Rev. Dr. Nettleton, "I cannot get along with the doctrine of Election." "Then," said he, "long without it. You are at a disadvantage the easiest way you can get along with the doctrine of election is true; but that you must repent, and believe in Christ. Now, what we tell you is, that the wickedness of your heart that determines will do these things, unless God has determined to renew your heart. If you do not believe that your heart is so wicked, make it manifest by complying with the terms of salvation.—Why do you stand quivering with the doctrine of Election? Suppose you should prove it to be false; what have you gained? You must repent and believe in Christ after all. Why do you not immediately comply with these terms of the gospel? When you have done this, without the aids of divine grace, it will be soon enough to oppose the doctrine of election.—Until you shall have done this, we shall still believe that the doctrine of election lies at the foundation of all hope in your case."

To a man, who manifested great opposition to the doctrine of election, he once said, "If I should go to heaven, I feel as if I should wish to say, in the language of the apostle 'Whom hath saved us and called us with his holy calling—not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which were given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began.' Now, if we should meet in heaven, and I should make use of this language, will you quarrel with me there?"