

RELIGIOUS

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in

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INTELLIGENCER.

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

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G. W. DAY, PRINTER,
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Practical and Moral.

A Christian Soldier.

AT THE BATTLE OF BAROSSA.

The winter of 1825 was fast approaching, when a
pious soldier of the Third Regiment of Foot
Guards in London kindly and respectfully inquired,
"Would you like, Sir, to attend our Soldiers'
Prayer Meeting this evening?" "Where is it
held?" "In Strutton Ground, Westminster." "I
shall accompany you with pleasure." I was
led to an upper room, large and capacious; and,
to my very great surprise, I found about thirty
horse and foot soldiers, and some of their wives,
with one or two pious sailors, also assembled. I
was most kindly received into this company of
good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and being instantly
recognized by many, I was asked to conduct the
meeting; but anxious as I was to observe what
method a body of pious soldiers brought together
had been led by divine grace to adopt, I said, "Oh,
no, I will sit in this corner, and you will very
much oblige me by conducting the service in your
own way, and at the close I shall be most happy,
as a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, to
pray with you." Three of the soldiers, in turn,
gave out a short hymn, and, after each had done
so, all fell upon their knees, while he who had
announced his hymn proceeded most solemnly and
appropriately to implore the divine blessing upon
all sailors and soldiers, and their families, through-
out the whole world.

I rejoiced that I was in a corner where I could
secretly enjoy my own feelings, and silently pour
out my soul to God. Never was I more devoutly
affected in my life. The scene, the singing, the
persons, the locality, and the surrounding, indis-
tinctly smothered signs of so many broken hearts,
was really altogether overwhelming to my soul.
Westminster I had intimately known from a boy,
and Strutton Ground, and Broadway, to Hill street,
by Westminster Abbey, in particular. A more
horrible depraved neighborhood for military licen-
tiousness and drunkenness the whole world could
never produce. What most astonished me was,
where and how these fine cavalry and infantry
soldiers from Knightsbridge and Westminster
could have gained all this knowledge of Christ,
and salvation, and the Bible, that they so copiously
expressed in their extempore prayers.

"Surely," I in secret exclaimed, "none teaches
like the Spirit of God; the anointing of the Holy
Ghost really seems to teach all things necessary
to salvation." I began to think I had been like
Elijah, who fancied himself almost alone, and I
thought of the apostle's beautiful comment, "But
what saith the answer of God unto him? I have
reserved unto myself seven thousand men, who
have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal.
Even so, then, at this present time also, there is
a remnant according to the election of grace." I
was ready to cry out with Paul, in the case of these
three pious soldiers in particular, "And if by grace,
then it is no more of works; otherwise grace is
no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is
no more grace, otherwise work is no more work."
At the conclusion of the last soldier's prayer, a
sailor from the Thames stood up, and related his
many hair-breadth escapes from death in the battle
of Capt. St. Vincent, on the 14th of February,
with Admiral Sir John Jervis and Sir Horatio
Nelson. He then described, in a very interesting
manner, his conversation to God, by a sermon on
the deck of a ship, in one of the tiers of shipping
in the Thames. A few verses were sung, and he
prayed. After his prayer, a very humble, pious
soldier gave out a verse or two of a hymn he had
learned, in military terms. I did not catch any
more of it than the two last lines, and these will
be mentioned in the sequel.

After they had sung, the soldier who was now
leading their devotions, said:—"Comrades, please
to sit down, and I will furnish you with some
particulars that may be profitable to us all, respect-
ing the two last lines we have just been singing.
Some of you have heard me say that, during the
last war, I belonged to a foot regiment, in which
there were a few Christian soldiers, who loved the
Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and were not
ashamed to confess Him before men, whether
soldiers or civilians. William, my beloved friend,
was one of that number." The soldier wept.
"Excuse me, comrades, you know it is no disgrace
to a British soldier to shed a tear over the memory
of a loyal, converted, and faithful comrade. Oh!

his memory is dear to me, for he was a friend in-
deed, and such a friend as I hope to meet in the
world of glory. Our regiment was in barracks at
Portsmouth, and other noted places, and we met
as regularly as we could for prayer and praise; and
as William generally conducted the meetings, as
our prayer leader, he would often close the service
with holy joy and rapture, singing—

"Then we'll march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet!"

"When Lord Wellington took the command of
the British army, in the Peninsula, our regiment
was ordered to embark in transports for Lisbon,
in Portugal. We had many blessed meetings on
board, amidst all the scoffs and sneers of swearing
sailors, who wondered to behold *privates*, in a
depraved regiment, come out from among their
poor, thoughtless comrades, and worship God as
we did, I trust, in the beauty of holiness. After a
few days, in running over the Atlantic, we disem-
barked at Lisbon, and were ordered to Belem
Tower. Here we had many opportunities, in that
superstitious, dark country, of proving that Jesus
Christ is in every place, and is specially present
with any two or three soldiers, as well as other sin-
ners, who are gathered in his name, to strengthen
each other's faith, and hope, and joy in believing.
Other regiments arrived also, and as we had the
prospect of marching up the country if we could
force the enemy out of Portugal, we were the
more earnest in our prayers that God would have
mercy upon all the officers and soldiers in the
British army, and graciously prepare every man
for the events of his providence through which
we might be called to pass in the 'tented field,' or
the murderous 'trenches' of a besieged city, or on
the 'ramparts' of a conquered town. We have
often stolen away to a retired spot, near Belem
Tower, and William would cheer us all up, by
saying, 'Fear not, comrades, whether we live or
die, in camps or hospitals, or on the field of blood
itself, we'll sing with joy, and here he repeated
his favorite lines.

"But not to detain you too long, I should say
that we marched through Portugal and Spain, over
the very bodies of our comrades, driving the enemy
before us; and notwithstanding all the drunken-
ness, blasphemy and licentiousness, so common in
the army, God was pleased to succeed us in almost
every battle, so that the Duke of Wellington, you
know, was generally victorious. Many a day,
after a long and harassing, and fatiguing march,
when we halted in the evenings, and fainting with
hunger, as the commissariat came up, and bread
and meat was served out as our rations, we hastily
prepared for refreshment with the camp-kettle;
and then at ten o'clock withdrew to the banks of
some river in Spain, and by the light of the moon
held our prayer-meetings, and praised God we
were yet alive, and kept together in the ranks of
faith, by his almighty power and grace. William
would often address us at the close of the meeting,
saying, 'Ah! comrades, we shall soon have done
with marching and counter-marching, with fatigue-
parties, and trenches, with fields and camps, and
blood and slaughter, and then, Oh! then to depart
and be with Christ. Oh! what glory!—washed in
his precious blood, justified by his glorious right-
eousness, and accepted in the Beloved! Oh! com-
rades, look up, for your redemption draweth nigh.'

"At length we were hurried, pell-mell, into the
battle of Barossa. It was a day of blood; indeed,
that will long be remembered by every survivor.
At the close of the sanguinary conflict, our com-
pany had advanced at some short distance from
the field of battle, and when the word was given to
halt, a soldier ran up to inform me that my
cousin was badly wounded, and bleeding on the
field. I asked permission of our captain to fall
back, and get my cousin into some hospital wag-
gon to save his life; and as I was threading my
way between dead horses and dying soldiers, a
dragon galloped past me, who knew our praying
company, and he called out aloud to me on the
field of battle, as he sprung over the dead corpses,
'Briery, there's your comrade William dying by
the side of that dead horse,' pointing with his
sword to the spot.

I instantly hastened thither and found him lying
on his back, with his right hand upon his left breast
and the paleness of death overspread all his an-
guished features.

"I eagerly grasped his left hand, and called out,
'William, William, comrade William!' He opened
his dying eyes and looked upon me, and ex-
claimed, faintly at first, 'Ah! comrade is that you?
how could you have found me out in this slaugh-
terhouse of groans and blood?'"

"You have only just come in time." I grasped
his hand with affection as a pious friend and
brother in the Lord; and as the tears rolled copiously
down my cheeks (for even war, with all its horrors,
cannot destroy a soldier's best feelings of humani-
ty and tenderness to a beloved Christian friend in
the agonies of death, I said, 'Where are you
wounded, William?' He rolled his eyes in an-
guish, and replied, 'Oh, I've a musket-ball through
my left breast, and I feel it will not be long before
my soul will leave this agonized frame,—life is
ebbing fast, and singless death, through Christ my
Lord, is coming upon me.' 'Are you in much
pain, William?' He pressed his hand to his breast,
and cried out with bitter anguish, 'Oh, comrade,
the pains of my body are greater than I can pos-
sibly express.' I paused and wept over him, and
waiting a moment until he could recover, as his
breath became shorter, while the blood was eozing
out of his wound, I said, 'William, how is it with
your soul?' Are you happy in the Lord? Is
Christ now precious to you? We have fought in
many battles, we have marched over many a
waste, howling wilderness—we have encountered

ed many enemies—we have held many blessed
meetings in Spain—you often told us the Lord was
with you, in camps, in trenches, on guard, or on
the march.

"Is Christ with you now, William? Is your soul
comfortable in the enjoyment of his love, and the
foretaste of heaven?" To my great surprise, he
made a mighty effort, and sprang up, so as to oc-
cupy a sitting posture, partly leaning on my should-
er, and taking his hand from the wound, while the
blood squirted out upon a dead horse, he lifted up
his hand to heaven, and cried out, 'Ah! comrade,
the joys of my soul are greater than all the pains of
body,—yes, indeed, He is precious, and I now
prove, that having loved his own, He loveth them
to the very end. Adieu, comrade, I am now in-
deed going to be with Jesus'; and then waving his
hand, and gazing around him, he cried out, with a
peculiar tone of voice, that I shall never forget,
while I held my hand to his wound: 'Farewell,
marches and trenches! Farewell, fatigue parties,
and midnight revellings of drunken comrades!—
Farewell, fields of battle, and blood, and slaughter;
and farewell sun and moon and stars—and—' He
paused, almost exhausted with his feelings;
but turning to me, he cried, 'Yes, farewell, be-
loved comrade in Christ Jesus! Meet me in glory,
for oh! in a few minutes more, my soul must de-
part, and then, yes—'

"Then I'll march up the heavenly street,
And ground my arms at Jesus' feet!"

His head sunk upon my shoulder; and suddenly
the bugles sounded to call in stragglers from the
field, on some special duty. I was compelled
hastily to run to our company and fall in for duty,
but after firing a short time at some renewed at-
tack, we grounded our arms; and, in a little while,
a soldier from the field came up to me, saying,
'Briery, I dug a small pit, and have just put your
comrade William into it. He was a good fellow;
I could not bear to see him lie there without a
grave.' Ah, comrades, I was immediately like
David, when he had left his friend and brother in
the war, and I cried out in his mournful language
of deep sorrow, 'How are the mighty fallen in
the midst of the battle! Oh! Jonathan, thou wast
slain in thine high places; I am distressed for
thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast
thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonder-
ful, passing the love of women. How are the
mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!'

The soldier finished his simple and heart-affect-
ing tale, and we all knelt down, while he pour-
ed out his soul before God for the Army and Navy
in particular, that sailors and soldiers might choose
William's God, and enjoy William's triumphs, as
they were infinitely greater on the field of death
than ever the Duke of Wellington enjoyed in
quitting that field for all the glory that could be
conferred on him by his country. I do not re-
member to have heard anything told with more
simplicity, and ease, and command of utterance,
Christian pathos, and humility, in my life, so that
I solemnly declare it left such an impression upon
my soul, that I thought I was never more fit to die
than at that moment; and indeed, for many weeks
afterwards, I occasionally felt a sort of ardent mo-
mentary desire, with inexpressible delight, to die
like William, taking leave of all sublunary objects,
and proclaiming the same language of triumph to
friends and foes, to family and kindred, in the pros-
pect of full redemption by the blood of the Lamb.

REPORT

OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE N. B. A.

BIBLE SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

The Rev. Mr. Francis, in seconding the Resolution,
addressed the meeting as follows:—

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—During the
Apostolic age, the word of God was proclaimed by in-
spired men, and diffused throughout the then known
world, written upon manuscript; promoting the spiritual
and eternal interests of mankind and the 'glory of
God.' But the copies of the Holy Scriptures thus in
manuscript, were not sufficiently numerous to sup-
ply the wants of the increasing population of the
succeeding ages.—The spread of the gospel by the
medium of preaching also, was exposed to suffer from
an admixture of unfounded tradition, as well as mutila-
tion arising from diminition and prejudice, in the
absence of a sufficient supply of copies of the pure word
of the inspired volume, and that gospel faithfully
preached in exhibiting the 'faith' once delivered to
the saints—the world became enveloped in darkness;
during which time, a system of evil prevailed which
has proved itself true to prophetic description of anti-
christ. But God mercifully raised up such men
as Wickliff and Luther, by whom translations were
made in the language of the common people; and in
order to multiply copies of the Bible, then translated.
He raised up a Gutenberg, whom he endowed with
wisdom and skill, and understanding, to invent the art
of printing, by which instrumentality mankind were
blessed, with the 'first Book' ever printed in the
world, by moveable metal types, and that book was
the Bible. Subsequently, other noble spirits were
influenced to organize associations (such as this ex-
cellent society whose interest we advocate this evening)
for the purpose of securing more extensive circula-
tion of this blessed work and send it throughout the
world. Thus far the finger of God may be distinctly
traced in the whole history of Bible enterprise. If the
Apostolic Church and the excellent Joseph Hughes
(who were both natives of my beloved country, Wales)
if they had been told that, by the time half a century
had rolled round, the society which these, with other
good men were then organizing would be capable of
giving a million of new Testaments in the language of
China, in one installment to the Chinese, they would
probably have exclaimed like one of old (but with a
different spirit) 'Now behold if God should make
windows in heaven might such a thing be,' but what
do we learn from statements made this evening? Why,
that the funds of the society in one single year, if ap-
propriated to that object, would furnish China with
over 15,000,000 of copies of the new Testament scrip-
tures in that most difficult language, truly, Sir, may
we exclaim, 'what hath God wrought!'

But, Sir, while we appreciate the memories of the
excellent men named, and their conjurers, we must
not forget that there are others in the humbler walks,
who, although not possessing the same amount of in-
fluence, yet have hearts equally as philanthropic. I
will give an illustration, and would inform the youth-
ful portion of this audience, that it may be found in that
excellent publication, 'The Book and its Story,' the
instance that I refer to. It is respecting a poor Welsh
widow, who lived upon the side of the Black Moun-
tain in Carmarthen-shire. She attended a public meet-
ing of the Bible Society; she had only one shilling
in her possession, part of which she intended for the
purchase of wool, for the purpose making an apron,
and the other part in candles, that she might see to
spin in the evenings, at the end of her days labour
upon the farm; having heard the speakers describe the
sad condition of the poor heathen, destitute of bibles,
she felt for them so much, that she determined
to give sixpence out of her shilling to the collection,
thinking that she would do without the apron, for some
time longer, and spin her wool by daylight, when the
summer evenings came. As the speaker proceeded,
the old woman felt more and more, till at last, she
came to the resolution, to give the shilling entire—be-
cause said she, I can do better without an apron
than these poor heathen can without the Word of
God. She cheerfully gave her shilling, went home,
and although it stormed terribly that night, she slept
comfortably. At daybreak the following morning, a
neighbouring farmer called at her door, said he,
'Peggy we have had a dreadful night, several of
my sheep have been carried away by the flood, there
are two lying quite dead under the hedge of your
garden, you may take them if you like and strip the
wool from them.' She thankfully accepted the gift,
and thus she had wool enough to make three or four
aprons, and talloo enough to make candles. Thus she
did what she could and God rewarded her.

It is by such contributions made by the humbler
but nobler hearted poor, and working classes of Britain
and her Colonies; that this Society is in a great mea-
sure indebted not only for its general income, but for
the special Chinese Fund, to which the resolution I
hold in my hand refers, a resolution which appears
to me, to be of sound Scriptural import. It reminds
us of the peculiar gratification afforded the friends of
truth that their special appeal made to the religious
public for one million copies of the New Testament
Scriptures for the Chinese, have received so warm and
enthusiastic a response from every quarter, and it re-
minds us that earnest prayer be made to Almighty
God, by the friends of this Society, the circulation of
this Holy Book, in that vast region may be made a
blessing to the conversion of many souls to Christ.
It is through such agency that God has promised to
bless that as well as other portions of the world; for
the faithful Word of God; and the faithful
living preaching—we have no clear ground of hope
for a lost world. 'To teach us faith which is essen-
tial to salvation, for faith cometh by learning the Word
of God.' 'The substance of thy word giveth light.'
'The law (or word) of God is pure, converting the soul
—of his own will begat he us by the word of truth.'
Being born again by the Word of God. 'So shall
my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall
not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that
which I please.'

We have also the cheering promise that not only
China, but all the ends of the world,—all the ends of
the world shall remember and return unto the Lord,
and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before
thee, and again, 'The knowledge of the glory of the
Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover
the great deep.' I ask Sir how is this to be accom-
plished, except by the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures,
which contains the glorious Gospel of the ever blessed
God—which exhibits his Divine attributes, and per-
fections. The statement, and the perfect work of
Him who is the brightness of his father's glory, and
the express image of His person, and the glorious
person, and the effectual word of the Holy Spirit.

But, Sir, there is something still necessary to war-
rant complete success. And that, the resolution ex-
horts us to, viz. earnest prayer. This is heaven's
arrangement—even the well-beloved son of God, is
thus addressed by the Father, 'Ask of me and I will
give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the
utmost parts of the earth for thy possession.' It
is required of his people, 'For all these things will I
be enquired of by the use of Israel to do it for them.'
—again, 'Pray that the word of God may have free
course and be glorified.' Prayer, therefore, is the
duty, and privilege of the Church, and must be em-
ployed by all the people of God. The Church, Mr.
President, of the living God, so happily and beauti-
fully exhibited on this platform, by the representatives of
its different sections, when the Church is thus employ-
ed in prayer, and giving all their power and energy
to this great work of bible distribution—then will
come to pass that saying, 'The kingdoms of this
world are become the kingdoms of God and his Christ';
and not only will British soldiers be animated with
that spirit of patriotism, which distinguishes heroes in
the present conflict of nations, but render war unneces-
sary, and peace—universal peace, bless our earth.

The Rev. Thomas Lightbody, of Sheffield, in mov-
ing the fourth Resolution, spoke nearly as follows:—
"Mr. President,—In your opening address, after
glancing us the testimony of an aged Christian minister
lately deceased, to the importance of the British and
Foreign Bible Society, you said, we could almost wish
he had been permitted to live to see the results of the
jubilee year. But, Sir, may not something be made
known to glorified saints and angels of the spread
of divine truth on earth? Unless this be the case, how
can they rejoice over one sinner that repenteth? Sup-
pose, then, we were now in heaven, and looking down,
as its inhabitants may, on the good which has resulted
from the distribution of over forty millions of Bibles
and Testaments by the Society of which we are an
auxiliary, what would we see? How many careless
souls troubled, pricked to the heart, on account of
truths they have read or heard out of these books! How
many despairing individuals, lighting their eyes
on promises contained in them, and discovering that
even for such sinners as themselves there is hope! How
many anxious enquirers getting from them God's
own answer to the question of questions! How many
young persons being brought to know that God loves
early piety, and to yield their hearts unto him! How
many of those who have been lighted themselves by
these lamps, in their turn illuminating others! How
many that have been overtaken by adversity hearing
from them the voice of Him whose language is so
different from that of the world, 'Call upon me in the
day of trouble!' How many aged Christians, whose
eyes are getting dim, thanking their heavenly father
for that Society which has supplied them with large
printed copies of the Scriptures! How many be-

lieved ones being introduced by them to the friend
that sticketh closer than a brother—to the husband
father that never dies! How many suffering sickness
or severe bodily pain, having their hearts cheered by
the descriptions these books give of a world where
the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, and
where pain is unknown! How many about to ex-
change worlds, having their minds by them directed
to truths which enable them to face death without
fear! And around us, and on every side, what a mul-
titude feeling and expressing gratitude to Almighty
God that ever this great Society existed!

But, Mr. President, we are not yet in heaven. The
reaping season has not fully come. It is only the first
fruits that our annual reports set before us. The re-
port of the Parent Society, extracts from which have
been read to-night, contains much that should make
us thank God and take courage. My resolution par-
ticularly refers to Palestine and places adjacent, a part
of the world particularly interesting to the friends of
the Bible, as that from which they themselves have
derived the book of books. It refers to the fact that a
remarkable reformation is going on there among those
who have been educated in the gross errors of the
Oriental Churches. The following are some of the
things in which the report represents this reformation
as consisting. Many of the people are giving up
the use of pictures and crosses in connection with
their worship. Objectionable parts of their liturgy,
and as prayers to the Virgin Mary and to the saints,
are being omitted in their devotions. Aridular con-
fession and other superstitious rites, which divert the
mind from the pure gospel, are being set aside. The
truth is gaining ground apace; and many are being
brought to comprehend, in some degree, God's reveal-
ed plan for saving sinners.

But what my Resolution particularly calls this meet-
ing to rejoice concerning, is the Biblical character of
this remarkable work. The Rev. Mr. Veitch of Pal-
estine, testifies that it is a special tribute of honour
from God to his own word; that the dissemination
of the Scriptures has been almost the only thing done
for bringing it about. Now, Sir, wherever there is a
reformation or revival of religion—wherever there are
truths of sinners brought to the knowledge of the
truth,—we should rejoice. But, frequently, Sir, whilst
we are glad on account of good seed being sown, we
have cause to lament that the enemy is at the same
time sowing tares. But here, Sir, we have brought
before us the right kind of reformation or revival;
the fruit almost entirely of the precious seed of God's
word.

Now Sir, whilst there are on this platform and in
this meeting Christians of various denominations, hold-
ing a diversity of sentiment; we all profess to think
our own particular views the most scriptural, and to
love them chiefly on this account. Form myself I would
say—and I am sure my brethren around me would
join in the declaration—perish every opinion we hold
that would be dangerous by a free circulation of God's
word without men's comment. The instance adduced
to in my Resolution is only one out of many that have
been known as the beneficial results of the British and
Foreign Bible Society. The Report states that this
year has been the most remarkable in the history of the
institution; that its income from all sources has swelled
to an unprecedented amount; and that it is now placed
in a position such as it has never before occupied.
Shall we then, Sir, feel contented with what has al-
ready been achieved? May we now relax our exertions
for the circulation of the Scriptures? Voices from
hell, Sir, answer "No!" "Send, send to your father's
house," is still the cry of many a lost soul; "send Bi-
bles to our brethren, that they may be warned and not
come to this place of torment." Voices from heathen
lands answer "No!" From many a quarter they are
calling, "Come over and help us!" Or if silent, sit-
ting contentedly in darkness. Oh, that silence speaks
louder to us than words could do! Every child of God
answers "No!" for he belongs not to the divine fam-
ily who wishes not that the word of life should be held
forth to the perishing. If Sir, we feel satisfied with
what has already been accomplished—yes, if we put
not forth increased exertions, we act contrary to the
wishes of all that band of glorified saints and angels,
and we are disobedient to him, who is guilty of rebellion
against him who has charged us to make known the
Gospel to every creature. When, Sir, the knowledge
of God's truth covers the earth as the waters do the
sea, then, and not till then, may we rest satisfied with
the exertions that have been put forth for the dissemi-
nation of the only book that can make sinners wise un-
to salvation.

The Rev. Mr. Knight spoke as follows:—

"Mr. President, Christian Friends,—It is with more
than an ordinary degree of pleasure I rise to second
the Resolution proposed and spoken to by the Rev.
Gentleman who has preceded me; a Resolution, keep-
ing before the view of this very large and respectable
assembly, the most interesting book ever submitted to
the consideration of man; exercising its peculiar be-
cause divine influence among the population of the
most interesting spot on the wide world's surface, whose
moral and spiritual condition stands as greatly in need
of its correcting and sanctifying effects—the land of
Palestine! Nothing, Mr. President, and Christian
Friends, less than the deadening tendency of *deism*, or
recklessness to all that is both physically and morally
grand, can prevent the uprising of delight on the re-
collection of Palestine and its associations. 'Its origi-
nal charter was granted by God himself to the patri-
arch Abraham, as the special inheritance of the people
who should constitute his 'last posterity.' Coming up
from his own native country, beyond the flood, he be-
held the land, as 'well watered every where, even as
the garden of the Lord.' And though the Canaanite
was then in the possession thereof, yet God 'appeared
unto Abram, and said, unto thy seed will I give this
land.' The painful necessity of his posterity's departa-
ture from it to the land of Egypt—its repossession by the
children of the men whose 'carcasses fell in the wild-
erness' after the lapse of four hundred years—with
all the other painful reverses which befell its rightful
claimants, down to the time of its utter overthrow by
the Roman power; all these are events which invest
the land with special interest, but leave it still the
Holy Land, the land of promise, and of Palestine.—
There it was mainly the holy prophets foretold things
to come—that they were empowered to stretch their
inspired vision, through centuries then enshrouded in
dark future, some of which have since obtained fulfil-
ment, leaving the rest to be accomplished in their sea-
son. There it was the sacred bards sung the songs of
Zion; where the shadow was lost in the substance, and
types and prefigurations found their consummation in
the reality of events.

It has been eloquently said that the grand distinction
of Canaan is, that it is the only part of our earth which
by Divine institution has been made a type of heaven.
So it was exhibited to the Jews, as well as unto Abra-