

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

TERMS,---ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

WHOLE NO. 133

ed to drag out his weary and miserable existence. I read again in those fearful words, "No hope!" On the massive chains which fetter his agonized body and raving spirit, "No hope" seen in glaring brightness. On "the smoke of their torment which ascendeth up before God forever and ever," the fatal inscription once more appears, "No hope." And on the battlements of heaven, and the rainbow which is found about the throne, those fearful words again gleam forth. And now a voice breaks on my ear, ten thousand times ten thousand tongues catch up the mournful cry and repeat it, it rolls through the deep caverns of that despairing world and breaks in thunder on the ear of heaven,—and oh! it is some painful sentence which I have repeated in your hearing so frequently to-day, burdened with the sighs and woes of a lost despairing world! "No hope—" "No hope!"—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

A Negress in a Storm

Some years ago, a minister was preaching in Plymouth when a writer

preaching in synagogues. When a written message was given him to go to the island, he said: "The Thankgivings of this congregation are desired to Almighty God, by the Captain, passengers, and crew of the —. West Indianman, for their merciful escape from shipwreck during the late awful tempest." The next day the minister went on board the vessel, with some of the crew, and, walking among with the passengers, he thus expressed herself. "O, Sir, what a blessing must true religion be!—Never did I see it more than in my poor negroess Ellen, during the dreadful storm! When, sir, we were tossed to the heavens, and sunk again to the depths, and some of the crew would have leaped from the vessel, and entomb with me, my mind was in a horrible state—I was afraid to die—I could not think, to appear before God, but in dread dismay. Ellen would come to me, and say, with all possible composure, 'Never mind. Missa: look to Jesus Christ. He save! He rule the seas, and the winds, and the waves, and we neared the shore, and were at last to know on what part of the coast we were, fearing every minute to be dashed to atoms on the rocks, my mind still in a distracted state—I feared to die—I knew nothing of religion—said Ellen, with the same composure as before, to me, and she said, 'Don't be afraid. Missa: look to Jesus Christ. He rule the rocks, no shipwreck on that Rock. Be of good cheer, and be not afraid.' Missa: look to Jesus Christ." I determined, Sir, I hoped in divine strength that if ever we reached the shore in safety, I would seek to possess that religion which had saved the heart of my poor negroess in the midst of such dreadful danger."—*Southern Messenger*.

NOT AN ENTHUSIAST.—The energy and the manner of the late Rowland H. Bland and the power of his voice, are said to have been, at times, overwhelming. While once preaching at Wotton-under-Edge, his country residence, he was carried away by the impetuous rush of his feelings, and raising himself to his feet, he might, exclaim, "Beware, I am in earnest; mean call me an enthusiast if you will; but I am not; mine are words of truth and soberness." When I first came to this part of the country, I was told that on yonder hill, I was to find a fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help, and lo! that I was dead of the same.

low, a distance of a mile. Help ear-  
and rescued two of the sufferers.  
one called me an enthusiast then—a  
when I see eternal destruction rea-  
to fall upon poor sinners, and about  
entomb them irrecoverably in an et-  
ernal mass of woe, and call on them  
escape by repenting and fleeing  
Christ, shall I be called an enthusiast  
No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in  
doing."

**REDEEMED.**—What an interesting word is this, as connected with the gospel!—Man was a captive—a slave. Living in a foreign land. Manacle Degraded.—No star of hope arose to cheer or comfort him until Christ came for his relief. He came—he saw—conquered man's spiritual foes, died for his redemption. Man is redeemed. Will he accept the boon of freedom which Christ offers him? will he choose still to be a slave? This is a question of vital interest to world.

"It could not be bound, and in unbound nature it must conquer. It has been translated into 152 different languages and dialects, in which it is read by 600,000,000 of the human race. But of these only 25,000,000 pay its free use, while Christian nations 208,000,000 are fettered and allowed to read it with freedom. 1,000,000 reverence the Koran, and 1,000,000 are still in Pagan darkness. But even in Turkey the death penalty is denounced against the apostate by Koran. It has been abolished, and Muslims are now free to be Christians. This freedom must soon extend to Italy.