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A Prevalent Error.

Directing the mind inwardly to its own acts, feelings, &c. instead of outwardly to Christ and his work.

BY THE REV. ROBERT PEDEN, HAMILTON, C. W.

This is a fruitful source of evil, and has often thrown a dark cloud over 'the glory of God in the face of Jesus.' There are two ways in which an object may not be seen, either by the intervention of some object between you and it, or by your attention's being directed to something else that lies in another direction. Now, if Christ, and Him crucified be the great object set before the sinner's attention in the Scriptures—if '*He* is evidently set before our eyes crucified among us'—if we are to behold the Lamb of God,' it is surely evident, that, being directed to look into our own acts, feelings, or emotions, we are called to look in another direction than to Christ, and this must tend, while we are so doing, to keep us in uncertainty and darkness. This strikingly sets before us a great distinction between conviction and conversion. Looking into ourselves may be the means of showing us our guilt and pollution. But a mere conviction of guilt and wretchedness is entirely different from conversion. It may precede and lead to conversion, but the two are quite distinct. This is abundantly set before us in the case of the Israelites that were stung by fiery flying serpents. The Israelite, when bitten, might have looked to his wound; he might have felt its pain, been alarmed at its fatal symptoms, and agitated at the certain approach of death. He might have cried out in agony and distress. But all this alarm and dismay in themselves had no effect in curing him, and the means of cure were entirely different. He must look away from himself, from his wound, and from his fatal symptoms, to the serpent of brass erected on the pole; and, in looking there, he was cured. So, O sinner, you may see your guilt, your unworthiness, your wickedness; you may be afraid, terror-stricken, conscience-smitten; under the pressure of an awakened conscience you may cry out in intense bitterness, what must I do to be saved? But until you look away from yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ, till you look to him who was lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish,' who now stands to your soul in the relation that the brazen serpent did to the body of the Israelite, you cannot be saved. Conviction is the soul turned inward to its vileness, wretchedness, and misery; conversion is the soul turned outward to the Lord Jesus Christ, as the propitiation for our sins.'

There is another mistake under this head, by which persons live in doubt and uncertainty, and have little or no comfort or satisfaction in religion. They profess to believe in Christ, but they are continually looking to the acts and feelings of their hearts in order to obtain a warrant to trust in God as their Father, and in Christ as their Saviour. Instead of seeking the warrant for trusting in Christ in God's own word, they look for it in their own hearts. They wish to see from their own feelings or conduct whether they may rely on Jesus the Saviour, and thus it is they are continually trying to produce these feelings or emotions in order to obtain the warrant. For example, they try to produce love to God before they know whether they have faith, and, in aiming at love, they would draw from the love which they try to produce that they probably have faith. They seek for fruit before they know whether the root has been planted. There is an order in grace as well as in nature. In nature we have not first the fruit, then the blossom, then the leaves, then the branches, and last of all the root; but we have first the root, and it will be vain to hope for blossoms or fruit before the root is in the soil. So in grace, we have not first holiness, then joy, then love, then faith; no! we have first faith whereby the truth is received into the soul—faith works by love, (Gal. v. 6, and purifies the heart, and the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, &c., Gal. v. 22. Instead of these being produced by a direct effort of the mind, they can only be produced by the enlightening, sanctifying, and supporting influence of the Spirit through the truth; and, therefore, instead of first producing emotions and feelings, and then looking to Christ, we must first look to the Lord Jesus, and the fruits of faith will follow; they will not precede faith. Love is not first and then faith, but faith produces love; 'faith works by love;' 'we love him, because he first loved us.'—1 John iv. 19.

They are many, who, if they should feel at any time that they had pleasurable emotions of a religious nature, for example, if they were delighted with some preacher, perhaps they would call it grace, or pleasurably excited during praise; or they have felt some particular calmness and sweetness of mind during circumstances of trial, or have otherwise felt seemingly religious emotions, would be apt to draw comfort and satisfaction from those acts and feelings, and they do in such a way as to show that it is the existence of such states and frames of mind that gives them a ground of confidence being the work of Christ, and the warrant for resting on that work being the word of God, they look to their own feelings, whereas their feelings should be the result, and not the cause of, confidence. Justification does not flow from peace, but peace flows justification. Instead of thinking, because they now feel love to God, therefore they may hope for salvation, let them see that evangelical love and obedience spring out of faith in Christ. 'Faith works by love.' 'The love of Christ constrains us.' Before knowing whether they are believers or not, Christians or not, they want to see whether they are bringing forth fruits; whether they are loving God, desiring to serve him; whether they are turning from sin. They are wanting to enjoy what is called experience; whereas it is evident that this is an entire inversion of the order of grace, and is the source of much indecision, ignorance, and error. All Christian experience must be founded on Christ; it must flow from him as the source; he is the vine, and believers are the branches. 'without me,' says he, 'ye can do nothing.'—John xv. 5. Instead of experience producing faith, faith must precede true experience; and we cannot infer faith from experience, unless we can trace our experience up to faith. If you were to come to a river of considerable depth and breadth, and, after leaving it and travelling several hundred miles, you shall come to a smaller stream, it would be a mere presumption in you to conclude that the larger river and the smaller stream were the same; that the one flowed from the other, unless you could trace the larger stream up to the lesser.

Let this part of our subject be illustrated by the following analogy:—Suppose that, on account of some crime committed against your country, you were lying in prison, under sentence of death, and awaiting with trembling the day of execution, your situation was one of deep solemnity and despair. Suppose, however, that on account of some satisfaction offered to the government by the mediation and intercession of some very exalted and influential person, the king should send you a message, to the effect, that a certain great person had interposed in your behalf, that he had submitted to much on your account, and that, on account of what he had suffered for you, the king was willing to pardon you, and that he required of you to confess your guilt, and see the honourable way in which he pardons you by the satisfaction offered by another. Suppose that this message comes to you, if you do not understand it, you will not feel joy and peace, or, if you understand its import, but do not believe it to be true, you will still be without peace. But if you saw the king's seal on the letter, and other evidences that it is genuine, and the good news are true, would you not feel joy and peace in believing—would you not be full of gratitude, and feel under obligation to love and serve your benefactor? Yes! you would draw your satisfaction and joy from the message itself, from the good news. You would not await and see first whether you had love and gratitude, before you felt a warrant to believe the message. No; you would not have peace and joy till you believed; and the idea of trying to produce joy and peace, and then believe, would be foolish. The ground of your confidence was the message of the king, and not your love and gratitude produced after believing.

The error under consideration is strikingly illustrated in the conversion of Mrs. Little, of Glasgow, whose memoir has been published by her husband, and has done extensive good to the spread of the simple truth. She found that she had been crying, 'Lord give me salvation,' and pointing him to her own merits and good works, while the Lord was saying, 'Sinner, take salvation, and pointing her to Jesus and his work.' That she was exclaiming, 'Lord, love and pity me,' and directing him forward to the awful doom that was awaiting her; while God was saying, 'I do love thee and pity thee,' and pointing her back to his Son on the cross of Calvary. That she was saying, 'Lord, I use the means, I attend thy house regularly, I teach the young thy ways, I pray. I do all the duties incumbent on a Christian;' while God was saying, 'Sinner, these may be your means, but they are not mine. Believing on the Lord Jesus Christ is he means—s my means.' Formerly she was looking into her own heart to find peace, and find evidence that she was a believer, but found none; now, however, she looked entirely away from, and out of herself as it were, and, fixing the eye of faith upon Jesus, peace and joy was the immediate consequence.

Reader, have you been in the same error, have you been looking inward to see if there was anything good in you, anything to give you a ground of confidence before God? Have you been trying to produce something good, that so you may venture on Christ, and have a comfortable hope in death? O, be assured, as long as you look to yourself, you will be in darkness; you must look to another, even the Lord Jesus Christ, him who has been lifted up,' that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Believe and live; and when you believe, you must keep continually looking to Christ; he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. While you run the race set before you, you must keep looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.' If you would 'grow in grace,' it is by growing in the knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord—2 Peter iii. 18. O, go not about to establish a righteousness of your own, but submit yourself to the righteousness which is by faith of Jesus Christ—Rom. x. 3. Keep this prominently before your attention. Christ, first, and duties after—not duties first, and Christ after. Christ must be the beginning, the middle, and the end of our confidence.

Welsh Preaching.

Extract of a Sermon by Rev. John Elias, in the presence of 25,000 people. The effect of it was overpowering—breaking down many a proud heart.

'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive be delivered?—Isaiah. 49; 24.

SATAN, what dost thou say: shall they be taken from the mighty? No, never: I will increase the darkness of their minds, the hardness of their hearts, the lust of their souls, the strength of their chains, and my 'old shall be made stronger. The captive shall never be delivered. I utterly despise the puny efforts of ministers.

Gabriel, thou messenger of the most high God, shall the prey be taken from the mighty? What dost thou say? Ah! I apprehend not: I have been hovering these two days over this vast assembly: hearing the word of God expecting to see some chain broken: some person liberated—but now the opportunity is near over—and the multitudes separating.

Ah, there is no sign of one being converted and I shall not have to convey the glad tidings of one sinner repenting of his sins, to the heavenly world.

What think you, ye ministers of the living God, shall the prey be taken from the mighty? Alas, who hath believed our report and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? We have labored in vain, and have spent our strength for nought. The Lord seemeth to hide his face from us, his arm is not stretched out. Oh! we fear there is but little hope of the captives being delivered." Zion, shall the prey be taken from thee? And what do you say? 'Ah, the Lord hath forsaken me and my Lord hath forgotten me, so that my enemies say—this is Zion whom no man seeketh after: though I am afraid none shall be delivered.'

Praying Christian what do you think, shall the prey be taken from the mighty? 'Lord God, Thou knowest.' High is thy hand, and strong is thy right hand. Oh, that thou wouldest put forth thy strength and overcome, let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee, according to the greatness of the power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die. Though I am nearly weary in crying, yet I have a slender hope that the year of jubilee is at hand. And what is mind of the Lord respecting these captives.

THUS SAITH THE LORD, even the captive of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered. Oh! delightful, there is now no doubt or hesitation respecting the liberty of the captive, it is positively declared: they shall be delivered, they shall be loved. Yea, the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

Obscure Woman's Usefulness.

There was an obscure and pious woman living in a city in the South of England. History is silent respecting her ancestry—her place of birth—or her education. She had an only son, whom, in his infancy, she made it her great business to instruct, and train up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. At seven years of age his mother died, and a few years after he went to sea, and became at length a common sailor in the African slave trade. He soon became a great adept in vice—a swearer most horribly profane; and though younger than many of his companions in years, he was one of the oldest in guilt. But he could not shake off the remembrance of his pious mother's instructions. Though dead and in her grave, she seemed speaking to him still. After many alarms of conscience, and many pungent convictions, he became a Christian, and subsequently one of the most successful ministers of the gospel Great Britain ever produced. Of course, through the labours of the converted son, we may now trace the influence of the pious mother. In addition to his great ministerial labours, he wrote many evangelical works, and few authors have done more to extend the power of religion. He was highly eloquent and greatly useful in religious conversation; and his hymns, whose use is divine worship is almost commensurate with the extension of the English language, are of the most elevated and evangelical character. Follow that mother's influence farther. Her son was the means of the conversion of Claudius Buchanan, who subsequently became a minister of the gospel, and went to the East Indies. Here he occupied a responsible station; and his labours in behalf of the English population, and for the improvement of the moral and spiritual condition of the natives, are deservedly ranked among the noblest achievements of Christian philanthropy. His little work entitled the "Star in the East," was the first thing that attracted the attention of Adoniram Judson to a mission in the East Indies. Hence, had it not been for that mother's faithfulness, her son might never have been converted, Dr. Buchanan never been converted, nor the train of causes put in operation which are now shedding such a light on Burmah and the surrounding regions.

The converted sailor was also the means of the conversion of Thomas Scott, from the dark mazes of Socialism, to the belief, practice, and preaching of evangelical truth. He was a very successful preacher for a good portion of his life in the metropolis of England—engaged with vigour and zeal in every enterprise that he thought conducive to the moral welfare and salvation of man. He was, too, the author of a very valuable commentary on the Bible, almost unequalled in its practical tendency and the extent of its circulation. To that pious mother's influence, operating through the efforts of her son, all this is easily traced. Besides, to the connection of her son with the poet Cowper, the evangelical character and great religious influence of Cowper's poetry are doubtless to be mainly attributed. It was by the heavenly counsels, and prayers, and letters of his clerical friend, that the poet's piety was deepened, and the gloom of his mind dispersed. Again, to this same minister's influence in connection with that of Doddridge, the conversion of Wilberforce is traced by some.—For during fourteen years after he first saw W., and until his conversion, he made W. the constant subject of his prayers. And with what glorious results was the conversion of Wilberforce fraught to the interests of man. What vast contributions did he make with his princely fortune to objects of benevolence! To his influence in a great degree, may we impute the abolition of the African Slave Trade, and, in subsequent years, the emancipation of slaves in the British West Indies; for the former step prepared England for taking the latter. In addition to this, Wilberforce was the author of "A Practical view of Christianity," which did much to commend spiritual religion to the higher classes of his countrymen, and which, since his death, has been widely circulated, and widely useful. This book was the means of conversion of Leigh Richmond, the author of the "Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the conversion of thousands!—Such are some of the stupendous and glorious results of one holy woman's efforts to educate her son for God—a wide and mighty posthumous influence which an angel might feel honoured to exert. Who was she? THE MOTHER OF THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Fine Clothes and the Death Bed.

A young lady, about twenty years of age, had been born to a rich inheritance, and was the only child of parents who were exceedingly fond of her. Nothing was spared to complete her education as a lady of fashion. As she grew up, she answered all her mother's hopes in making a display in the fashionable world. But the hour of sickness came—it was a dreadful hour, for it was the termination of all her hopes. The minister was called in. He talked of death, judgment and eternity. She had never heard such language addressed to her, and she trembled. In her dying hour, she called for some of her fine clothes. When they were brought, she looked up to her mother, and said, "These have ruined me. You never told me I must die. You taught me that my errand into this world was to be gay and dressy, and to enjoy the vanities of life. What could you mean? You knew I must die and go to judgment. You never told me to read the Bible, or to go to church, unless to make a display of some new finery. Mother, you have ruined me. Take them away, and keep them as a remembrance of your sin and my sad end." She died in a few moments after.

Religious State of Russia.

What is the state of religion in Russia? an important question which often occurs doubtless, to the minds of pious men in America as in Europe, for this immense country occupies a sixth part of the whole surface of the globe, and contains a population of more than sixty millions of souls. Every day, every hour of the day, these souls are called before the tribunal of God and their fate is decided for eternity. What then is their faith? what do the Russians believe, what are they and what are they doing in a religious point of view?

It is easier to ask than to answer the question! Strangers are hindered from knowing Russian ideas and manners. A rigid police watches the frontiers of the empire. And if travellers overcome this difficulty, they are surrounded with spies, who watch all their steps and forbid a close observation of national customs. Besides, those who have fixed their residence in the Czar's states, dare not send through the Post Office letters containing their observations; they fear that the seal would be broken and their names reported to the government. Lastly, nothing hardly can be derived from official documents respecting political or ecclesiastical affairs. As the press is completely enslaved in Russia, a vast system of falsehood prevails among public officers. The subaltern deceives his chief; the chief deceives the governor of the province, and he in his turn makes false reports to the czar. How can the truth be detected in this mass of falsehood.

I cannot promise to penetrate this thick darkness; but I have in my hands some notes by an eye-witness of the religious state of Russia, and I will here give an extract. It is little, but it is something in the absence of more full information.

The want of all liberty of conscience and of worship in the Russian empire is striking. The laws are very oppressive in this respect. True, the empress Catherine II, in her correspondence with French infidels, boasted of her *tolerant* principles. Voltaire almost shed tears of joy, on reading in the letters of this princess that twenty religions lived peaceably side by side in Russia. But this was also apparent. The Muscovite church, strictly connected with the government, has always been greatly privileged. It can make proselytes, but a member of this church is forbidden to enter another denomination. To be baptized, or even to have once partaken of the Lord's supper suffices for church membership. The law forbids a pastor under the severest penalties to administer the sacraments to any person rejected by the established church. Where is religious liberty!

Further: the clergy frequently use fraud, bribes, force, to increase the number of their parishioners, and are sure of the government's support. Under the czar Nicholas, in Poland, in Courland, in Livonia, Protestants, Roman Catholics, Jews, were persecuted. Imperial ukases suppressed missionary stations, forbade the distribution of the Bible in the common language, and of harmless religious journals from Germany. I would seem that the new czar is disposed to respect better the rights of dissenters. Some of his words and acts are liberal

We are glad, but we wait for further proof. Pius IX also boasted his love of free institutions when he mounted the pontifical throne. But bitter disappointment has followed. It may be so with Alexander II.

The high officers of the Russian church receive outward marks of deference and respect. The czar himself, in public ceremonies, bows before the metropolitan of St. Petersburg or Moscow, kisses his hand, and testifies veneration to this holy personage. But this is merely a matter of etiquette. Really the clergy are degraded. All appointments, all decisions in ecclesiastical matters belong, in the last resort, to the Emperor. The synod is presided over by an officer of the crown. Churchmen aspiring to place, become the autocrat's humble courtiers, stoop to the most servile complaisance to gain their end; and provided the head of the state does not shock the superstition of the people, he may govern the church at his will.

The lower clergy,—papas or parish curates, are sunk still lower. They generally come from the lower orders of the people; some were serfs originally They hardly know the elements of learning. When they can recite mechanically the forms of the liturgy, they are ordained. Their intemperance and their avarice are proverbial. Hardly ever does a priest preach.

The priests, being sunk so low, it is not wonderful that infidelity has made such ravages in the higher classes in Russia. Perhaps the serfs who are bound to the soil preserve something of the faith of their fathers. But the counts and princes attached to the court, particularly those who have travelled in Western and Southern Europe, are mostly skeptical men of the world. They remember the intercourse of Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, and other French infidels with the sovereigns of the eighteenth century, and eagerly read the works of those enemies of Christianity. Thus, Balzac, Alexander Dumas, Eugene Sue, Mrs. Geo. Sand, the least commendable writers, are in honor with the Russian aristocracy. The ladies spend their leisure hours in reading those detestable works, and such has been the infatuation, that the government have laid a higher duty—three times higher—on foreign novels than on other books. But why do the Russian lords read these novels more than the French nobles? Because, as yet they have no fears for the loss of their privileges and property, and they abandon themselves to the wicked pleasure of reading immoral books, without reflecting that their example may introduce anarchy into the country. It is different in France; the aristocratic class have learnt to their sorrow, since the terrible revolution of 1792, that infidelity and dissolute morals are the source of the most frightful political convulsions.

Among the peasantry, the tradesmen and lower classes in Russia, are in great ignorance and superstition. They obey strictly the priests, attend punctually their church duties, never pass a church without respectfully taking off the hat; make the sign of the cross when they go to table, or to bed, and invoke the saint of their parish on every occasion. This does not hinder their being avaricious, liars, intemperate, deceitful, nor does it prevent their insulting, or even abusing their village priest, if they think he has wronged them. Such is the character of their religion. Yet they call themselves *orthodox!* Their church is the first, best, most apostolical, holiest of churches. They despise those who profess any faith but theirs. Poor men! they deserve pity more than blame. How should they know what they have not been taught?

It seems, still, from the notes of eye-witnesses, that symptoms of religious revival are seen in Russia. Some bishops read diligently the Bible, and the church fathers; they derive from them a purer doctrine than that of their symbolical books; and when they mount the pulpit they preach the Christian truth. Religious meetings are held in several of the provinces, where the Scriptures are read and commented upon by simple peasants. So long as these conventicles are not denounced by the ecclesiastics, the civil government tolerate them, and the evangelical faith thus gains adherents. Among the soldiers are little meetings, where the New Testament is carefully studied. "All this is, in my view," writes our traveller, "a gratifying sight in the Greco-Russian church These small flocks do much good; they silently instruct one another, worship God in spirit and in truth, and walk in the steps of Jesus Christ. I consider them as a leaven put in the Greco Russian church, and of which the Lord will make use, in his time, to penetratrate and vivify the whole lump."

There are also *Protestants* in Russia. These are almost all strangers called from Germany by the Czars, or brought to Russia for commercial purposes. They are found particularly at Moscow, St Petersburg, and the large towns. Most are Lutherans. They obtain leave to celebrate their worship, it is the only means of attracting and retaining them in the country, and the government has a great interest in not removing these intelligent, industrious colonists. But the Protestants—both pastors and laymen,—are subjected to a constant watch. The pastors, especially those who are paid from the public treasury, are a sort of civil officers; they must register officially births, marriages, deaths, and correspond actively with the political authorities, so that the most of their time and strength is consumed in labors unconnected with the kingdom of Christ. As to laymen, they are absorbed in public or private business, know nothing of the religious movements of Germany or England. Besides the Bible, they have only some volumes of old sermons: this constitutes all their Christian literature.

In short, Russia needs in a spiritual view to be thoroughly changed. How can it be? The influences from abroad have been almost nothing, it is easier for evangelical missionaries to preach in China than in Russia. But these barriers will not long subsist. Western civilization will invade this empire by railways, commerce, &c. With civilization will come liberty and the gospel. May the Lord hasten the happy day.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Dr. Guthrie's Experience.

I was minister of a country parish before I went to Edinburgh, which contained a thousand people. There was only one person in the whole parish that could not read—I am not speaking of sucking children, but there was only one person in the parish who should have read, that could not; and there was only one person in the parish who should have attended church that did not. Those two men were the wonder of the parish Among that people, during the whole time I was there, I only found one man who drank. Did I take credit for it? Did I say this is my work? No, I will tell you the whole secret:—There was but one public-house in the parish, and that was at the extreme end of it, and no man could get a dram in my parish till he travelled three or four miles; and I wish that was the case with the people of Glasgow, and they would be sober too. I went to one of the most degraded districts in Edinburgh, and I found when I went to give myself to pastoral and parochial labour, that here was an enemy before me at every step, that, if it did not bar the very doors against me, it barred the people's hearts against me in every flat and storey and house, and that was that deadly enemy of man's body and soul, and best interests—intoxication. What could I do? I found it had steeped the people in the deepest poverty, brought them into the most brutal state. Oh, some would say, you should have gone and preached the gospel. I did preach the gospel. I travelled till my limbs were weary, and I was ready to go back to my decent parish again, because I found I might preach for ever, but as long as those dram shops were open, my labour was lost. Preach the Gospel! So I did. I remember sitting down by a bedside—I scarcely can call it that, for it was a wretched shake-down—an apology for a bed, and there lay an old woman brought to wretchedness by dissipated habits. She had not a Bible, nor a bit of bread in the house, or a handful of coals on a winter's day. I sat down to preach the gospel. I think as much of it as you do; and I believe that nothing will regenerate man but that gospel—that none will bring forth Lazarus but Christ; but I say, roll away the stone—bring the Spirit and the dead soul into contact; and that stone so ill to roll away, is that we have met to night to remove. There is that wretched old old woman, lying on her apology for a bed; no Bible, no bread, no fire—a bitter winter day. I was going to say I sat down; I did not, for I had no seat to sit on. I stood, and began to preach her the gospel, and never will I forget when she flung up the wretched coverlet, and raising her skinny arm, she cried, "I am cold, I am hungry." "Oh, my friend," I said, "there are worse things than cold and hunger. Never shall I forget her look, as he clenched her fist and said, "Oh, but sir, if ye were as cauld and hungry as I am, ye wald think o' naething else." To the cold and hungry how could I preach the gospel? To preach the gospel, I must first get a piece of bread to close that hungry mouth—get something to put over that withered, frozen arm. And what made her cold and hungry? What reduced her to the misery in which she could not bear to hear of a Saviour, but that damnable and accursed vice? Take away the stone, and then I will preach the gospel. Talk of preaching the gospel! I wish those people had some of our experience. They sit in fine houses, rustle in silks, sink in ottomans, sit down to roast beef and plum pudding; and say, go and preach the gospel! I would like them to try it. I am not picking you out one specimen to suit my case. I could give you till the sun rose to-morrow in the east, and tell you case after case. I wish you could only go and see them! Well, I entered one house in the very same place, the College Wynd in Edinburgh. There I found a mother with one infant in her arms, and three or four by her side. I found neither bread nor Bible, nor table, nor chair, in that house, but only some damp straw lying in a corner. Poor silly simpleton as I was! I began to preach the gospel; and when I was speaking to her, the child in her arms, that yellow skeleton like