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E. McLEOD, Editor. That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—Peter. TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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The Saving Truth.

[The following pointed appeal to the unsaved is extracted from the Rev. James Morison's very able and impressive work—*The Extent of the Propitiation.*]

Dear Believed Reader, what think you now of your state, what think you of the Saviour? Do you feel that you need a Saviour, do you see that Jesus is just the Saviour you need? Do not regard this discussion in which we have been engaged merely as a matter of mere speculation. The doctrine of redemption concerns at bottom a most momentous matter to your eternal weal or woe. If it could be true that 'Christ loved you and gave himself for you,' as much and as really as he loved Abraham, and gave himself for Abraham.—if this should be true, and if he revealed it to us in the Scriptures as a truth which is designed and calculated to have a most important influence upon your heart, and life, and deathless weal—O what a calamity must it be if you be ignorant of it, and die in darkness and to death! I am as fully persuaded that it is true as I am persuaded of the existence of God himself. It is because it is true, that the gospel is 'glad tidings of salvation' to 'every creature.' O then, my reader, are you persuaded of its truth? If you still hesitate to receive it, I ask you why? Is it because the Bible disclaims it, disowns it, denies it? No, my reader, the Bible is all 'of' with it, and 'the church of the living God,' in its purest state, and in its fullest form, has embalmed it as its own glory, and as the glory of the gospel and the gospel's God. Oh, beware lest you be found robbing yourselves, or your children, and your friends, of 'the pearl of greatest price!' O beware lest you be found maligning 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' and taking out of it what is really its heart, its soul, its marrow, its pith, its saving and sanctifying power! Take care lest you ungospelize the gospel, and do what in you lies to keep the sinner unrewarded, the world unchurched, the church itself with but a name."

Do you, on the other hand, yield to the accumulated evidence of the truth of the word 'every' that is in the centre of the good gospel? If you do, O my soul doth magnify the Lord, and I rejoice over you with unutterable gratitude and joy. Let me ask you, then, O reader, is this every-of gospel a gospel that takes 'the sting' out of death for you, and makes you quite willing, just as you are to depart? Could you die with the truth you have now discovered in the Bible? If, why not? If Jesus has died for you, he has done all for you. If he has done all for you, you need no more, but to believe God when he tells you this, in order that it may be safe for you to depart. 'Whosoever believeth hath everlasting life.' You do not need Christ's death, and some good feelings and some good conduct, too, in order to reach your salvation. O no! Good feelings and good conduct are the delightful consequences of the 'joy of salvation;' they are not necessary as its precursors or preparatives. Feelings and conduct truly good—such as a holy God can approve of and delight in—are impossible to an unsaved soul. The feelings and conduct of an unsaved all flow from a wrong and unholy motive—a supreme love of self; and they are, consequently, "dead works," which a pure God 'cannot away with."

When you put to yourself then, the question, 'Could I venture to die?' you must not look anywhere for an answer but to 'the word.' Though you were to grow as holy as Paul, or as holy even as an angel, all this holiness would not make in one particle safer for you to die, that it would be at this moment, were you really to look unto Jesus as 'all your salvation.' When the good and great David Dickson of Irvine, afterwards professor of divinity in Glasgow, and then in Edinburgh, was upon his death-bed, he was asked how he found himself. His answer showed that he knew the gospel most accurately, and was building on no false foundation. 'I have taken,' said he, 'all my good deeds and all my bad deeds, and I have put them together in a heap, and fled from them both to Christ, and in him I have peace.' His goodness did not help him, and his badness were equally immaterial in the matter of his safety. His goodness did not help him, and his badness did not under him. Dr. Ben. M'Leod, of the Tyllbooth Church of Edinburgh, was dying, his colleague, Mr. Gardiner, paid him a visit and put the question to him, 'What are you doing brother?' His answer was, 'I'll tell you what I am doing brother; I am gathering all my prayers, all my sermons, all my good deeds and all my ill deeds, and I am going to throw them all overboard, and swim to glory on the plank of free grace.' Mr. M'Leod knew the gospel, and I doubt not, O reader, but you will find him in glory, if you yourself ever arrive there. How different, however, he view from that of many who try to be as good as possible, and to do as many duties as they can, in the hope of by and by becoming so holy that it will be safe to die. The eminent Bishop Butler, till the very close of life almost, laboured under this 'delusion;' and he made but a broad escape from the doom of the pharisee. When on his death bed, he called for his clergyman, and said, 'Though I have endeavoured to avoid sin, and to please God, to the utmost of my power, yet from the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to die.' 'My lord,' said the chaplain, 'you have forgotten that Christ is a Saviour.' 'True,' was his answer, 'but how shall I know that he is a Saviour for me?' 'My lord,' said the chaplain, 'it is written—him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'" 'True,' said the Bishop, 'and I am surprised that, though I have read that Scripture a thousand times over, I have never felt its virtue till this moment; now, I die happy.' That great man, who has done such service to the cause of Christianity, was yet ignorant, almost ignorant of THE GOSPEL, till laid upon his death-bed. He thought that he would gradually attain to such a state that it would be safe for him to die, by trying to avoid sin and to please God. He looked in the wrong direction for safety, and so reality had, on his system, no use for Jesus at all but to be a patch to his own defectives. All his trials to avoid sin and please God, he at last found out to be '*filthy rags*' and *stuff*, which were enough of themselves to damn him, and had no tendency at all to save him. His eye was at length turned away from himself, and his own feelings, and his own doings, to the blessed Jesus, and he saw that he *was a Saviour for him, and had done all for him*, 'AND HE DIED HAPPY.' The great Samuel Rutherford said on his death-bed, "I disclaim all that God ever made me will or do, and look on it as defiled and imperfect, as coming from me, and I take me to Christ." Thus even the goodness which the Holy Spirit in works is of no avail at all to make it safe for one to die. Nothing but 'the blood' is soul-saving.

O sinner, then, have no respect to anything whatsoever, when you wish to know if it would be safe for you to die, but to the blood of atonement. Come to this blood, away from all else within or without you. Come to it with all your sins, though millions in number, and cast yourself into its ocean-greatness, and the sins will sink and the sinner swim. There is blood to drown all your sins and to bear you up. O great sinner, fear not, then, but come, and come at once, and cast all in. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from ALL sin.' Come as 'the chief of sinners;' come as sin itself personified. Do only come, and come just now, and you will assuredly find that Jesus Christ is 'all in all,' and everything you need. Do you ask me 'how you are to come?' I will tell you. You are to believe God's record, when he tells you that Jesus is your substitute, your Saviour, and that there is in him, *for you*, righteousness and everlasting life. This is truth. This is the truth. O believe it, and live; and having once believed it, and been made alive by it, keep living by faith on it, that the love of God may constrain you to become like Jesus—meek, and lowly, and holy, and heavenly, and dove like, and humble, and full of compassion for souls. Such a transformation into the image of Jesus, is the great end that God has in view in issuing and commanding you to believe and be saved.

Selected by a Young Lady.

"Father, Pray for Me!"

The force of the obligation by which parents are bound to set a pious example before their children, and to give them a religious education, may be in a degree illustrated by the following facts which took place in the house of a Mr. G. related to the writers family. He was in easy circumstances of property, and held a respectable station in life. His character for probity and honour was high, and few men had enjoyed more fully the confidence of all than did Mr. G. In his domestic relations he was kind and courteous and dignified. But all his high morality was of the world and not of the gospel, except when visited by the preacher of a neighbouring church or some other pious friend; his house knew not the sound of prayer. Religious conversation was almost as rare, though usually on the sabbath he would be reading the Bible or some religious book, the merits of which would call forth a careful remark. At the time to which my history refers, his eldest son, C. was about eighteen years of age, and till then remarkably healthy and athletic; but now he was visited by a severe attack of typhus fever.

The progress of the disease was rapid, and in a comparatively short time fatal symptoms were very evident. This information was in the evening communicated to Mr. G. and in the course of the night to his son. He received it with serene but entire composure. He inquired for his father, but hearing he was asleep, chose not to wake him. Before day, however the father was at the side of the sick-bed, when a dialogue commenced in nearly the following words:—"Father" said the young man "the doctors tell me I must die; they say they can do no more for me" "I know it" "well father, I have one, and but one favour to ask of you; will you grant it" I will my son, if it is possible; ask me any thing I can do: it shall be done "Father, I want you to kneel down by my bedside and pray for me," "I can't, my son; I can't," "Do father, pray for me, you never prayed for me in the world; pray for me while I can yet hear." "I can't, my son; Oh I can't." "Dear father you never taught me to pray to the Lord Jesus, and now I die; you never prayed for me once. O don't let me die without my father's prayers." In an agony of weeping the father rushed out of the room. The otherwise kind and intelligent parent had thus long neglected his own soul, and also the soul of that beloved son, and now could not find a heart to cause his dying request for one father's prayers to the Father of Mercies.

Would that parents would remember that they must meet their children in the awful judgment. Would they could be induced to ask themselves whether they can calmly determine to part with their children in death without having even led them to the throne of mercy.

Selected by a Young Lady.

What Company do you Keep?

It is said a man is known by the company he keeps, and the books he reads. Then, friend, let me enquire what company do you keep? What are their characters? Perhaps you say, I keep company with those around me who are cheerful, and not morose or gloomy, not too strict, who can take a glass now and then, and spend a sabbath in the field for amusement and go to parties for pleasure. I like those companions who do not pretend to be religious, as some people do; those who can go to races, balls, cockfights, theatres, and enjoy themselves. I am not fond of companions who are at times talking about another world; about their hearts being by nature bad, and who never take any of the pleasures I named. If this is your answer, friend, let me tell you affectionately, you keep company with those who are strangers to God, who do not love nor serve Jesus Christ, and who are on their way to endless woe; with those who are lovers of pleasure more than God, and whose end is destruction. If you prefer the gay and giddy, and those who are careless about it, to those who are religious, who hate sin and love holiness; your condition is sad indeed—and the word of God plainly declares that—"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." It is not enough to say—"Let me die the death of the righteous and may my last end be like his." Unless we live their life; for the wicked are driven away in their wickedness but the righteous have hope in death.

The Folly of Sin.

Sin is the greatest folly, and the sinner the greatest fool in the world. There is no such madness as the most fitful lunacy. Think of a man risking eternity and his everlasting happiness on the uncertain chance of surviving another year. Think of a man purchasing a momentary pleasure at the cost of endless pain. Think of a dying man living as if he were never to die. Is there a convert to God who looks back upon his unconverted state and does not say with David, "Lord, I was as a beast before thee." Now conversion not only restores God to the heart, but reason also to her throne. Time and eternity are now seen in their just proportions—in their right relative dimensions; the one in its littleness, and the other in its greatness. When the light of heaven rises on the soul, what grand discoveries does she make, of the exceeding evil of sin, of the holiness of the Divine law, of the infinite purity of Divine justice, of the grace and greatness of Divine love. On Sinai's summit and on Calvary's cross, what new, sublime, affecting scenes open on her astonished eyes! She now, as by one cumulative bound, leaps to the conclusion that salvation is the one thing needful, and that if a man will give all he hath for the life that now is, much more should he part with all for the life to come. The Saviour and Satan, the soul and body, holiness and sin, have competing claims. Between these, reason now holds the balance even, and unstable, in the visit of convicting grace, what the demoniac found in Jesus' advent. The man whose dwelling was among the tombs, whom no chains could bind, is seated at the feet of Jesus, "clothed, and in his right mind."—*Guthrie.*

Holiness and Happiness.

To be holy is more important than to be happy; and indeed holiness necessarily promotes happiness, and sustains to it the same relation that cause sustains to effect.

Holiness implies such a renovation of soul from corruption, and regulation of the intellectual and moral powers, such an adjustment of our relations to men and to the Creator, as will insure inward tranquility, and, occasionally, joy unspeakable and full of glory. The soul can never be at rest,—the inner man can never cease to struggle, until freed from sin.

Many religious persons are mistaken in respect to the relation of happiness and holiness—and if they do not confound the two—they reverse their power order—and place happiness before holiness. Hence their fast, prayers, songs of praise, and self-denial, are all directed toward the attainment of happiness as an end. And when a blessing is received and the soul made happy for the present, nothing happier is sought.

Now, the desire to be happy here and to get to heaven hereafter, has nothing in it partaking of the nature of piety nor evincing a state of grace. It is in no way inconsistent with the unrenewed heart. All wicked men desire to be happy here and hereafter.

But the desire for holiness is doubtless excited by the Holy Spirit, and should be most earnestly cherished and carefully indulged.

Holiness precedes happiness and should be first and mainly sought. No one need be solicitous about joyful feelings,—they will come often enough—and last long enough. The great burthen of thought, anxiety, prayer, faith, and the one object of crucifixion, ought to be divine conformity—inward purity—communion with God—complete holiness. If sorrow, disappointment, reproach or affliction is necessary in order to a discovery of our needs, to the breaking up of the heart—or a revelation of the fulness of Christ,—and or all these, it should be welcomed.

Education.—I have observed that most ladies who have had what is considered as an education, have no idea of an education progressing through life. Having attained a certain measure of accomplishment, knowledge, manners, &c., they consider themselves made up, and so take their station. They are pictures, which, being quite finished, are now put in a frame—a guilded one, if possible—and hung up in permanence of beauty! permanence, that is to say, till old Time, with his rude and dirty fingers, soils the charming colours.—*John Frazer.*

Dying and then Living, and not Living and then Dying.—A solemn and beautiful thought is expressed in the following:—

It is related of a well-known divine, who, when living, was called the "The Prince of Divines," that when on his death-bed, he was dictating words to an amanuensis who had written—

"I am still in the land of the living."

"Stop!" said the dying man, "correct that. Say,

"'I am yet in the land of the dying, but hope soon to be in the land of the living!'"

Decline of Spain.

Spain, whose Viceroys ruled at Milan and Naples for so many years, and which, even in the middle of the last century, was a first-rate State, is now of no more account in Europe than a small German kingdom. Its decline, within the present century, has been the most rapid in the history of the world. We can hardly realize that this kingdom, which now has only a few frigates and corvettes, was, in the memory of men still living, a great naval power. Jervis fought the battle of Cape St. Vincent, in 1797, against twenty-seven Spanish sail-of-the-line,—a force equal to the combined armament of France and England in the Black Sea. After eight years more of warfare, the monarchy was still able to put to sea fifteen sail-of-the-line at the battle of Trafalgar. Since then everything has gone,—army, fleet, reputation, colonies, ships, and commerce. The so-called Indies, from Texas to Patagonia, have become independant republics, or passed under the dominion of the Anglo-Saxon race. The poverty of the land is now as proverbial as its former wealth. The grandees of the kingdom have fallen from their high place among the aristocracies of Europe. We are now accustomed to look only with pity or contempt on what is passing at Madrid. If this has been the fate of the greatest of despotic kingdoms, we may well have hope for the future. Spain was, during a long period of European history, the dread of all who had the cause of liberty at heart. The reformed religion, popular institutions, the independance of all secondrate States, were supposed to be endangered by the preponderance of a monarchy which cared for nothing but to spread its unscrupulous and crushing sway. Spaniards were supposed to possess above all men the genius for conquest, and to be inspired by a fanaticism which made them certain of success in war. They ruled Italy with a rod of iron; they held all that was seemingly valuable in the New World; they were great in the Indian seas, and at the Philippines established the most flourishing colony of those regions. They were the most formidable enemies England and France had ever met, and to resist them manfully was looked upon as the highest and boldest of all achievements. Yet they have passed away, and an invasion from another planet is not more improbable than that a Spanish army should ever again summon the fortress of Alessandria to surrender.—*Times.*

Correspondence

English Correspondence.

London, Sept. 26, 1856.

As one day gives place to another, we are at times disposed to wonder how the broad sheets which issue dripping from the presses of our morning journals will be occupied with news. But in one way or other the thing is done. Like the flowing of rivers to the sea, or other great operations of nature, with the morn comes the paper full of incidents and comment. So is it with your various correspondents; and I find that the past fortnight has left on my hands no small collection of facts, of which this letter is to bear and convey the burden. Giving things spiritual their proper precedence over things secular, I have to report that the Bishoprics of Durham and London have at last been filled up, the former by the translation of the Bishop of Ripon, (Dr. Tingley—a quiet learned man,) and the latter by the appointment of Rev. Dr. Tait, Dean of Carlisle, and formerly head master of Rugby, where he succeeded the celebrated Dr. Arnold. The See of Ripon is therefore vacant, and nothing is yet known of the nomination to it, or of those to the Deaneries of Westminster and Carlisle. Dr. Tait has accepted the Metropolitan Episcopate with the understanding of a speedy division, so as to allow of another See—that of Westminster—which will comprehend the important Parishes of Westminster, Marylebone, St. Paverns, &c. The present government, it will be seen, has retained the prestige of the old whigs, who were famous for the church patronage that fell to their disposal. Durham at some future day is to be divided—but as things stand two Bishoprics are to be supplied, and it may happen before long that the sea of Exeter will be in the same position. Dr. Philpotts, who is very old, has been recently ill, and when he lays down the crosier, it will be interesting to decide who will take it up. It will certainly be requisite to allow it time to cool, so actively has the aged prelate used it for the last thirty years. On the old principle of medicine, some very low or latitudinarian churchman should be appointed to succeed him.

Among dissenting denominations there is not much stirring of an extraordinary character. Dr. Campbell, the editor of the *British Banner*, after promising to withdraw his consent to the republication of some letters on the Lynch controversy, agreed to their being printed, with additional matter, and this unworthy conduct has drawn out Rev. Thomas Binney, who has not failed to deal justice to the offender. Dr. Binney never writes without power, or without producing a painful effect; and in this affair he carries with him the pre-existing sympathy of a large portion of the congregational body. I know not how it may be with you, but here we find that the most violent denouncers of Jesuitism and despotism are too prone to exhibit those vice in their own official relations.

Another matter of less public interest has reference to the case of Rev. Ebenezer Davies, who was a most successful missionary in Berbice, and on his return to England, had a new chapel raised in the Caledonian road, (new road.) He was apparently not on the best of terms with the directors of the London Missionary Society, who gave a ready ear to the charge of a clerk in their employ, that 1845, Mr. Davies wrote to his wife a letter addessed to the mission house, containing expressions too vile for publication. The clerk pretended that he had copied this letter, and got the attestation of a fellow clerk, but that he kept it a secret till Mr. Davies was settled at the Caledonian Chapel. Several legal proceedings arose out of this case, in which Mr. Davies was taken at a disadvantage, but lately Rev. R. M'Aintrie, was able to secure, at two pounds expense, a book containing the very sentence in question. The great probability is, almost amounting to certainty, that one of these clerks fabricated the letter, and foisted in this atrocious passage. Mr. Davies has just issued a pamphlet, in which he treats the subject with great command of temper, and in a very conclusive manner.

Popery is making progress among the old ladies. The Dowager Dutchess of Arull has just been "reconciled," and several English clergymen are announced as on the point of returning to Rome.

Mr. Frost, who was sentenced to death in 1839, for his part in the Chartist riots of that year, has had his sentence of transportation for life exchanged for a free pardon. He is now in London. On the 15th inst., he was treated to a public procession and and an address; but the whole affair was of no political importance, except to show that the principles of the Chartists were at a miserable discount. Mr. Frost seems to be of that opinion himself, for he is now lecturing on the evils of the penal settlement system. I heard him last night on this topic. He spoke with calmness and sense; but he threw no new light either on that or its associated questions. In 1839 he was a man of property, and a magistrate, and will either settle down—as Pat would say—into an itinerant lecturer, or will take to more private employment; where he will be speedily forgotten. He is no doubt an honest man, and means well, but narrow-minded and utopian—the class of men who will do any amount of mischief without the slightest comprehension of what they are about.

The Sunday Bands dissolved, avowed because of the season, but really, I should say, for a more influential reason—the deficiency of pay money. The sale of programmes did not cover expenses, and the committee of arrangement, it is probable, will have to share the deficit among them. The rage for Park Music can scarcely be so intense as described, when hundreds of thousands of people will not contribute two or three hundred pounds for the entertainment. The consequence is, that as they will not pay for their article the whistle is withdrawn. Sir B. Hall, however, has his revenge, for on the flimsy plea that blasphemy is spouted in the Victoria Park, he will no longer permit religious services to be conducted there.

In my last I alluded to the failure of the Royal British Bank. The Vice Chancellor has just ordered that concern to be wound up. The excess of liabilities over assets is £200,000. This is £50,000 more than the other £50 on each share will bring; and with the additional costs of chancery to be defrayed, either the shareholders will have to divide the total loss among them, or the depositors will have to be content with less than twenty shillings in the pound. Several religious benevolent societies are involved in this misfortune—though misfortune is not the right word to employ in regard to an event which has had fraud for its father, and mismanagement for its mother. Other joint stock Banks have been affected by this failure. The Unity Insurance has been passing through a crisis, arising from a quarrel at head quarters, but quietude is being restored.

No particular criminal trials have been in progress, with the exception of a case in which several members of the Shipwrights Trades Union were charged with trying to deter other men from entering the employment of Messrs. Young & Co. This firm had made regulations for ensuring the better performance of work in their establishment, and doing away with the drinking times. This was not to be borne by free-born Britons, who are never slaves, save to their own folly and the public purse; and not content with throwing up their places they endeavoured to force their employers to give way. Hence this trial, the men charged were allowed to plead guilty, and were dismissed with a severe reprimand. This was mercy to them, for they could else have been convicted and severely punished. The correspondence in the public prints on the sale of poisons, is swelling to a voluminous extent. Druggists in many instances are not sufficiently careful; and it is proposed to make access to the most deadly poisons more difficult than ever. That the law can interfere for good I believe; but the same law licenses at this time of the year many thousands of men to sell *adlibitum* articles containing one of the most dangerous poisons of which the pharmacopeia gives any account. In this respect it is the law which neglects the weightier matters, while intent on the less important.

Her Majesty is in the Highlands, attended, it is said, by no fewer than three Secretaries of State; one is the usual allowance. But scarcely less an object of respectful remembrance, is Miss Florence Nightingale, who, at her father's house at Sea Hurst, Derbyshire, is recruiting herself after the fatigues of her mission of mercy. Balmoral Castle will become the cynosure of all eyes when the noble hearted lady accepts the invitation of her sovereign—as she will now probably do—to visit her in Scotland. Every act of royal kindness shewn to Miss Nightingale will be but adding fresh gems to the diadem of Queen.

Our Irish neighbours are making hay while the sun shines. The Green Isle never never looked promising as now. Mr. Smith O'Brien, while sticking to his old political creed, recognises the difference between '48 and '56, and wisely wishes to let the poor distracted island improve itself as fast as it can. Emigration has reduced the population half a million since 1851, but as a pleasing reverse, we are told by the census commissioners that "the extent of arable land and value of farm stock have increased—the worst description of houses are occupied by better—a smaller population of families are dependent on their manual labours for support—and the education of the people has favourably increased." Spirit drinking has also decreased—one of the most favourable omens, and furnishing a criterion which determines the condition of all other countries as well as Hibernia herself.

I am happy to report favourably of temperance affairs in this country. The Alliance Prize Essay is now published—a miracle of cheapness, and an encyclopedia of arguments for prohibitory legislation.

France is discussing in an underground fashion, whether her ruler is *compos mentis* or not. He ought to know best, but an old sophist could delight in the logical predicament which the question presents; for if he says he is so, who shall say he is not? And if he says he is not, how can he be believed, for to believe him, would be to credit his sanity. Logic apart, there would be something dreadful in prospect if the worst alternative were verified. What Regent could rule the French? The singular influence he exerts could not be transferred, unless it were to some sure or near relative, who was intensly popular; but where is he? The anxieties of his position are assigned, by some, as the cause of his hallucinations, but his uncle's position was one of greater solicitude and labour.

There are rumours afloat that the King of Naples is to be visited by an armed demonstration on the part of England and France. Gunboats are talked of as well as large vessels of war. No one would regret to hear of his dethronement; but to find a successor able to cope with the difficulties of the situation, would be no easy task. Should he be a Buonaparte? He would make a poor constitutional monarch, with France as a copy; and the French would be jealous of any English protege.

The little Kingdom of Belgium has ridden safely through all the revolutions of late years. Leopold and his family are in favour with all classes, and do not encroach on the rights of the rights of the legislature.

On the 15th inst., Brussels was alive with a "Congress International de Bienfaisance," (International Philanthropic Congress,) in the consideration of great social questions. The temperance societies of England and the Alliance were well represented, and means found of bringing our principles prominently before the Congress. This occupied one week, and on the following Monday an International Free Trade Congress was held, which is still in session. Such meetings as these, with the diffusion of Christianity, afford a hope that it will be well at last with the children of Adam and the redeemed of Christ. B.