

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

VOL. 7.—NO. 30

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1860.

WHOLE NO 343

## Monthly Summary of Religious Movements in London.

BY THE REV. J. WIER, D. D., ISLINGTON.

AUTHOR OF "ULSTER AWAKENING," &c.

While the vast majority of the population of this metropolis are still strangers to the Saviour, yet there is a cheering and constant increase of numbers to "the band of men whose hearts God has touched." The Christians of London also, as a body, are greatly quickened, and a large proportion of them decided and earnest.

"The more I come," says the Rev. J. H. Wilson, late of Aberdeen, "into contact with the Christianity of London, the more I love it and bless God for it. Although the London population contains a large number who never attend a place of worship, we ought to rejoice that there are 370,000 who always frequent the house of God. Such a power as this constantly at work must be a mighty influence in the conversion of souls."

The aggressiveness of love, is an increasingly marked feature of London Christianity. Lay agency is in extensive operation, in the forms of voluntary teaching in ragged schools, Sunday schools, and Bible classes; together with open air preaching, and tract distribution, and special efforts made by young men on the afternoon of the Lord's day to induce the careless and ungodly to attend public worship, and to listen to the preaching of the gospel.

A paid agency for open air preaching was formerly adopted—at present, while it is an organized system, and while care and prudence are exercised as to those employed, yet in itself it is entirely voluntary, some of these zealous preachers being once infidels or open prodigals.

A recent feature of the Spirit's work in London is seen in the conversion of young men and women, who at once address themselves to persons of their own age, and urge and entreat them to flee from the wrath to come. The writer has had the privilege of attending and addressing an evening meeting of Christian young men, in the west end of the town. He found a number of this class not only full of joy and peace in believing, but with hearts glowing with love towards their perishing relatives and their young associates in places of business.

Some of the male and female converts were, and are pupil teachers in a national school, connected with a district Episcopal church in Paddington. They are thus being trained as professional teachers, and most of them will soon be the heads of a school in town or country. Two of them have already been drafted off for this purpose. Before their removal, they, with their fellow converts, sought, and not without results, the salvation of the children of St. Paul's School. Those who remain, still do so, and wherever they go, they will be evangelists for Christ.

In connection with the Western Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, the writer has made personal examination, as to the results of spiritual agencies there. The Bible-class readings on Sabbath afternoon have been, and still are, specially blessed. The secretary, Mr. H., has been greatly honoured in conducting these readings. The direct objects are the salvation of the lost, and the edification of those already in Christ. Curious questions and matters of doubtful dispute are carefully avoided, and instead of a cold-hearted intellectualism, too often seen in connection with Bible studies and Bible classes, the mind of the Spirit is prayerfully sought, and then affectionately and simply applied.

The first Sabbath afternoon gathering at every month is, throughout, a "devotional meeting." The following subjects have been recently studied in the light of the divine Word: "Times of Refreshing," "Sin and its Wages," "Salvation and its Joys," "Faith and its Results," "Holiness and its Blessings," "Elisha's Prayer," "Daniel's Faithfulness," "Naaman's Cure," "Christ our Righteousness," "With or Without Christ."

Conversions, in connection with these Scripture studies, have been and continue to be frequent. The whole work is steeped in prayer, and carried on in the confidence of faith, and hence the Lord has signally honoured it.

There is also a weekly prayer meeting at the rooms of the Western Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association every Friday evening. At almost every one of these, special thanksgivings are offered for cases of decided conversion which have occurred during the week.

"On one evening," writes the secretary, "we had requests for thanksgivings for nineteen individuals, and frequently have still for three, four, five, or six. Many young females from houses of business attend this meeting. In one house sixteen conversions (included in the nineteen already mentioned) have recently been wrought."

From this Friday night meeting, has sprung a Young Women's Christian Association. Many of its members were connected with houses of business, from which on the Sabbath morning they went forth, and were expected to stay out all day. The perils of this class of girls are consequently great. But now, in this particular case, a large number meet together at their own rooms, near Bryanston Square, where they are able to have food together, and spend the afternoon and evening of every Lord's day in Bible reading and in prayer.

After a social meeting of the Young Women's Association, held at their own rooms on Thurs-

day evening, 31st May, addresses were delivered, and prayers were offered by Christians present. The result was a scene of spiritual awakening, "which," writes the secretary to me, "surpassed in interest any thing that I have witnessed of a revival character in England. . . . The sobbing in both rooms was most affecting, but soon cries of peace, peace, were heard from different parts; tears were wiped away. . . . In the hall below, I found several other groups, . . . probably twenty or more were awakened; several of them left rejoicing, others weeping."

"The Spirit of prayer and of working," writes Mr. H., "has been greatly poured out, and last week they had two instances approaching nearer to the Irish cases of striking than I have seen in England."

After a recent Friday evening meeting, three separate bands, men, women, and youths, continued in prayer in different rooms. In each room, anxious ones were spoken to in the most solemn manner. Still later, after a social meeting at which ladies of rank assisted, and where earnest addresses were delivered, and about twenty young women were brought under deep and awful convictions of sin. The greater number of these have found mercy. Of this season and scene of blessing, the secretary writes me, he has never seen a parallel to it except in Ireland.

Boy preachers are being raised from among the London converts. Several of these boys who are employed at the Woolwich Arsenal, and who have been led to Christ under the instructions of Captain Orr, R. A., speak with great power and success to Sabbath schools. Thus at Somerset Town Mission Schools—connected with the Rev. Dr. Hamilton's congregation—the words of two of these youths were recently blessed to the waking of many careless ones. The scene of weeping and supplications which followed—as described to me by an office-bearer of Regent Square Church who was present, and who takes charge of this special mission-work—was most impressive and affecting.

A Scottish youth, a convert, who was brought up to London by Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, is in the habit, accompanied and aided by another juvenile friend, of holding open-air services on the afternoon of each Lord's day. A short time since—as the writer is assured on the best authority—two careless young men were thus arrested.

They came up to the place of preaching, with half-mocking, and half-curious, and inquisitive mien. Soon each had an arrow lodged in his heart, and both indicated their uneasiness. Partly from shame, and partly from terror, they went hurriedly away. But they were soon brought back to the place by a divine hand which they could not resist. The young men then conducted them to the chapel of the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, where (nigh at hand) Mr. Radcliffe was assisting in the services. One of them that night found peace and joy in Christ: the other—a Roman Catholic—remained under deep convictions.

The writer has personally seen some young men who were awakened and converted some months ago, and who are now every Lord's day evening addressing the people on Paddington Green. He could not help addressing words of caution to them, against being puffed up, and so spiritually injured by such prominence. But he is bound to say, that he saw, in their aspect but meek humility, and an unselfish burning desire to do good. Radiant happiness sparkled in their eyes.

An experienced Christian woman has stated that she was witness to cases of decided conviction, produced by their instrumentality.

"These ladies," writes Mr. H., "have been much engaged lately in addressing schools, meetings of children, and even of adults; and hearts that do not melt under their soul-stirring appeals must be of adamantine hardness. Their labours of this kind have been rewarded by several pleasing instances of conversion. The father of one of these writes me, that thirteen boys were one night under convictions of sin—the result of these boys' addresses."

A Christian young man who had, with others, an objection to such young messengers, lest they should bring discredit on Christ's cause, has related in writing, how he went one Sabbath evening to Paddington Green, and found five men engaged in successive addresses to the people. There were two cases of deep conviction in the crowd; they sang and prayed very sweetly; and one, whose age is fourteen years and a half, spoke so plainly, clearly, and powerfully, that I felt deeply convinced that God had called him thither, and was speaking through him.

"He went on for twenty minutes, and seldom gave an address delivered with such power andunction, and with so much of heartfelt love. I felt that God was there, and lifted up my heart in prayer for forgiveness, for the thought that had entered my mind" (that they would do injury to the cause of Christ) "when these ladies first spoke of holding a service."

At a recent Ragged School anniversary, near Gray's-Inn-Road, the writer had put into his hands for inspection, a petition addressed to the managers, signed by fifteen youths, soliciting the use of the schoolroom, for one hour on each Sabbath evening, in order that they might meet for united prayer. The peculiarity of the case was this—these youths had been among the rough-

est of the school on successive Lord's day evenings, for special services and addresses to the lowest of the population of the district. The youths perseveringly mocked, insulted, and blasphemed. At last the two friends, driven almost to despair, gave notice that the room should be opened but one Sabbath evening more, and that they would only attend on that occasion if the youths would themselves open the doors as a token of welcome, and a pledge of good conduct during the service. This was the "set time" for favour, and "man's extremity was God's opportunity." For to their unspeakable amazement and delight, when the two friends repaired to the schoolroom they found a solemnized band. Speedily a large number were prostrated before God, and many, with crying and tears, sought and found mercy.

Messrs. Brownlow North, and Reginald Radcliffe, have been engaged in special labour in the metropolis, since the beginning have been greatly owned and blessed of God. Mr. North, returning after a season of enforced rural retirement, on account of failing health, returned to town in May, and by public sermons on two successive Lord's days, at Regent Square and River Terrace Presbyterian Churches, and by three addresses delivered on successive Monday afternoons in Willis's Rooms, St. James's, closed for the present his work in the metropolis. He is now in Scotland. Mr. North's first address at Willis's Rooms was founded on the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. "In this meeting," says *The Religious Intelligencer*, "there was a deeply solemn appeal, upon the grounds of the certainty of heaven and hell. Conscience was touched and probed. No smooth words were used to gloss over the awful evil of sin and self-righteousness; but the sinner's state and doom were laid open. The picture of Dives, with his purple and fine linen and his sumptuous fare, was searching contrasted with the eternal torment. . . . In his life of luxury and comfort, he was content. CONTENT WITHOUT GOD IS DAMNING—godliness with contentment is great gain."

Mr. Radcliffe has been incessant in toil. His addresses to young men at Hanover Square Rooms on the evenings of successive Lord's days, as well as those delivered at Whitfield Chapel, Tottenham Court Road, have produced powerful impressions, and it is hoped, have issued in the conversion of many souls.

Mr. Staley, a Plymouth Brother, with peculiar gifts, has been preaching to large gatherings at Mr. Noel's chapel, and also at Myddell Hall, Islington. "Oh," said he, in one of his addresses, "if this audience were with one accord simply believing the words of the Living God, London would be shaken to its centre." If that be so, might we not also say, "If the multitudinous readers of 'The British Messenger,' with one accord, believed the words of the living God, the world would be shaken to its centre."

A special work of grace still maintains its power in connection with the congregation of the Rev. St. Garrett, Trinity Church, Little Queen Street. Mr. Garrett visited Ireland last year, and returning, like other tourists in Ulster, filled with faith and the Holy Ghost, his burning words roused both saints and sinners. At Kenilworth, the ministry of the Rev. James Fleming is being greatly blessed. The membership of his church, during eight or nine months, has been greatly enlarged. He is also constantly receiving letters from anxious inquirers. Tokens of spiritual earnestness and life are apparent in many other congregations in and around the metropolis.

At the Zoatman's Chapel Sunday School, Sale Street, Paddington, special meetings continue to be held both on the Lord's day and during the week evenings, with marvellous results. These gatherings were begun by a few Christians who made a solemn written agreement, "by the Holy Spirit's help, and in the name of Jesus," to pray for the salvation of the unconverted, and the touching of the hearts and lives of all believers entering the place.

At the second meeting "there were eleven groups of persons engaged in prayer, with anxious looks, while a large number of inquirers had convened together in an adjoining room, for encouragement and prayer."

Services in theatres (now suspended for a time) have been accompanied by something more than a "shaking" and "noise" among "the dry bones." Many proofs of this exist. The following in this connection illustrates the sovereign grace of God overruling mere curiosity for their awakening and conversion; and that, moreover, in the cases of persons not of the class specially sought after in such services.

A gentleman residing about twenty miles from London had two daughters whom he permitted to visit a friend in town. This friend took them to one of the special services at a theatre, regarding it merely as one of the sights of London. But the revelation made to them was twofold, and in his own divine first, their own perishing condition in the sight of God, and then Jesus as the Sin-bearer and the Lord their Righteousness. Filled with joy they went back to their friend's house, and spoke with such earnestness and power to the servant who waited on them, that she too sought and found mercy.

Reader! hast thou sought salvation for thyself? I want to stir up all Christian readers of the *Messenger* to "agree together" to offer special prayer for London. But art thou a Christian? Dost thou believe on the Son of God? Hast thou learnt what it is to pray for thyself? If not, I urge thee now to repent, believe, and live. So shalt thou be added to that band of supplicants who give God no rest, and who shall bring the blessing down, not on London only, but on the whole world.—*British Messenger*.

THE AFTER CONSEQUENCES OF DEATH.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D. D.

Men are compelled in their calculations to look forward to death; but the remote consequences of death they ponder not. "After death the judgment." But this judgment they take not into their calculations. A simple fact may afford an impressive illustration of this phase of the unregenerate mind.

A young man, whom he had known as a boy, came to an aged professor of a distinguished continental university, with a face beaming with delight, and informed him that the long and fondly

cherished desire of his heart was at length fulfilled, his parents having given their consent to his studying the profession of the law. As the university presided over by his friend was a distinguished one, he had repaired to its law school, and was resolved to spare no labour or expense in getting through his studies as quickly and ably as possible. In this strain he continued for some time; and when he paused, the old man who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, gently said, "Well! and when you have finished your career of study, what do you mean to do then?" "Then I shall take my degree," answered the young man. "And then?" asked his venerable friend. "And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage; shall attract notice by my eloquence, and wit, and acuteness, and win a great reputation." "And then?" repeated the holy man. "And then?" replied the youth, "why then there cannot be a question I shall be promoted to some high office in the state, and I shall become rich." "And then?" "And then," pursued the young lawyer, "then I shall live comfortably and honourably in wealth and respect."

"And then?" repeated the old man. "And then," said the youth, "and then—and then I shall die." Here his venerable listener lifted up his voice and again asked with solemnity and emphasis—"And then?" Whereupon the aspiring student made no answer, but cast down his head and in silence and thoughtfulness retired. This last, "And then" had pierced his heart like a sword—had darted like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not dislodge the impression. The result was the entire change of his mind and course of his life. Abandoning the study of the law he entered upon that of divinity and expended the remainder of his days in the labors of a minister of Christ. O, it is the after consequences which make death so terrible to the worldling.

There exists a strong analogy between the present and future death of the unregenerate. The spiritual death of the sinner holds its gloomy reign in the empire of a soul: all whose intellectual and moral faculties and powers are instinct with life, are girt with strength, and glow with animation. There is a keen sense of animal enjoyment. There is a high relish of the sublime delights, and lofty exhilaration of a virtuous heart and a cultivated mind. And still it is the empire of death. "Death reigns."

Pass in imagination to the "second death," so vividly portrayed amid the splendours of the apocalypse. Neither is that terrible death an entire cessation of consciousness, of feeling, of sensibility. Far from it. Not a faculty of the lost mind is impaired, not a power of the soul is destroyed, not a feeling of the heart is blunted. Nay all have acquired a development and a strength they never experienced before. Memory will summon back each past event with all the vividness of present transaction. And passion will struggle intensely with its unsatisfied desire. And a burning sense of shame, of loss, and of suffering, will bear down the spirit to the faithless depths of misery. Think not unregenerate man, that the "second death" is an unconscious slumber, or a mesmeric trance. O no! it is a living, eternal death! There will be nothing to alleviate but the scathing, overwhelming conviction of the perfect equity of the sentence, the strict righteousness of the doom. God will say: "I created you for my glory. I placed you in that world to live for my praise. Where are the talents with which I created you—the gifts with which I endowed you—the rank with which I distinguished you—the substance with which I entrusted you—the influences with which I clothed you—the years which I lengthened out to you. Thou wicked and slothful servant! thou hast buried my gifts in the earth, and have lived to thyself—deprived me!" In view of a doom so tremendous and just, with what force and solemnity do the words fall upon the ear: "To be carnally minded is death."

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

One day a gentleman was riding on a Western prairie and lost his way. Clouds arose in the sky, and not seeing the sun he quite lost his reckoning. Night came on, and he knew not which way to go. It was a Western house, and was therefore likely to understand prairie life better than his rider, who was not a Western man. By-and-by a light glimmered in the distance, and it was not long before the faithful animal stopped before a log-cabin.

"Who's there?" somebody shouted from within.

"A benighted traveler," answered the gentleman.

"Can you give me a night's lodging?"

"You are welcome," said the man appearing at the door.

The gentleman was thankful enough to give up his bridle to the master of the long cabin. He found the family at supper—man, wife and children; and a place was soon made for the stranger.

Some time in the evening the man asked, "Are you a minister of the gospel, sir?"

"No," answered the gentleman; and seeing the man looked disappointed, he asked why he wished to know.

"O sir," answered the man, "I hoped a minister had come to help me build a family altar. I had one once, but I lost it coming over the Alleghenies. It is a great loss."

"Perhaps I can help you to build one though I'm not a minister," said the gentleman, who always had one himself; and after a little more talk the man handed him an old family Bible. He read, and they sang a psalm, and all knelt.

The gentlemen prayed; and the wife and children said "Amen!" for it seemed as if each wanted to have a little part in building up the family altar.

"Sir," said the man when they arose, "there's many an emigrant that loses his family altar before he gets here—and after, too, sir; it's a great loss."

Yes, many family altars are lost. Some are lost in politics, some in traveling, some in the hurry of harvest, some at stores and shops; it is an unseparable loss. Abraham never lost his, yet never family traveled farther and moved oftener than his. But wherever he pitched his tent he set up his family altar, and called upon the Lord; and the Lord blessed him wherever he went. Children as well as parents have an interest in keeping the family altar. If father forgets, let the children and wife respectfully remind him—"Father, we haven't yet thanked God for his goodness, or prayed to him for forgiveness." No father, I am sure, but will thank a child for thus helping him in his duties. It is good to sing, and praise and pray around the family altar. Bless the tie that binds a family and its altar. They are dearer to each other for being near to God.—*(Prairie Herald)*.

"THIS THINKING."

In one of the beautiful inland towns within fifty miles of the metropolis of Massachusetts, there has lately died an aged man whose history is worthy of at least a passing comment. Possessing great wealth and a valuable tongue, he exerted for a long series of years a commanding influence over a large class of his fellow-citizens, and especially over young men, who, in every place, are most easily influenced by whatever is addressed to prejudice and passion. And the nature of his influence may be easily imagined, when it is added that he was notorious for his skepticism and sarcastic scoffing at evangelical religion. Whatever wealth, and wit, and example could do to loosen principle and respect for the Bible to those around him, was most industriously done.

But it is not the writer's object to give the skeptic's history, so much as to call attention to a single text in its concluding chapter. As he tottered teetly upon the brink of eternity, and the voices of the eternal world sent their echoes across the gulf to the listening ear, he was observed to be more than usually silent and apparently thoughtful. So evident was it that his unbelief failed to make him happy, and the prospect of death welcome, that he was at length accosted on the subject. And this was his reply: "I could get along well enough, if it were not for this thinking."

"This thinking!" "This thinking!" What ever these words may have been intended to intimate as they fell from the lips of the scoffer, it is not difficult to understand their true import. But why should a man be averse to thought? If he is at peace with his own conscience, and he feels that it is well with him in his relations to God and eternity, why not adopt the language of the Psalmist—"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me!" "My meditation of him shall be sweet. I will be glad in the Lord." "Oh, how love I thy law!" it is my meditation all the day." "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comfort shall delight my soul."

Alas! this "thinking" involves the whole question at issue between the believer and the unbeliever. The genuine believer loves to think. Thoughts of God, of Christ, of truth, of salvation, and of eternity, are his joy, even in closing hours of earthly life. He would be wretched without "this thinking."

But while to the believer thoughts of God, of eternity, are delightful, and the sweet breath of peace in the last and faintest whispers of his lips to the unbeliever they are repulsive, unwelcome, annoying. "I could only be rid of this thinking, I should get along very well." "I am at best but a leop in the dark!"

How many skeptics, in their closing hours, have given, often indeed unintentionally, sometimes even unwillingly, evidence of this dread thought—"this unwillingness to commune with their own hearts, and live at home! One who stood high in this class of persons, represents in this respect a much larger number than is commonly known when he sadly wrote:—'I have often wished for insanity for any thing, to quell memory, the never dying worm that feeds on my heart.' Nor does his muse less sadly sing:

Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,  
Darkness above, despair beneath,  
Around it flame, within it death."

"What exile from himself can flee?  
To foreign lands, and realms remote,  
Still, still pursues, where'er he be,  
The blight of Life the demon Thought."

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

ROYALTY AND THE BIBLE.

It was a noble and beautiful answer of our Queen—the monarch of a free people, reigning more by love than the law, because seeking to reign in the fear of God—it was a noble answer she gave to an African Prince, who sent an embassy with costly presents, and asked her in return to tell him the secret of England's greatness and England's glory; and our beloved Queen sent him not the number of our fleet, nor the number of our armies, nor the account of her boundless merchandise, nor the details of her inexhaustible wealth. She did not, like Hezekiah in an evil hour, show the ambassador her diamonds, and her rich ornaments, but handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, she said, "Tell the Prince that this is the secret of England's greatness."

King Edward VI.—At the coronation of this youthful king, which was on February 20th, 1548, he being then only nine years old, when three swads were brought, as signs of his being king of three kingdoms, he said there was one yet wanting. And when the nobles about him asked what that was, he answered, "The Bible! That book!" added he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and to be preferred before these sword-cards. That in all right ought to govern us, who use the sword, by God's appointment, for the people's safety. He who rules without the Bible, is not to be called God's Minister, or a king. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of divine strength."

Some interesting anecdotes connected with the youthful days of this excellent prince, have been preserved. One day, when engaged with some companions in amusements suitable for his age,

he wished to take down something from a shelf above his reach. One of his playfellows offered him a large book to stand upon, but, perceiving it to be the Bible, King Edward refused such assistance with indignation, and reproved the offender, adding, "that it was highly improper that he should trample under his feet that precious volume, which he ought to treasure up in his heart and hand."

The Emperor Theodosius wrote out the New Testament with his own hands; Zuinglius wrote out the Epistles of St. Paul, and got them by heart; Cromwell, Earl of Essex, could repeat all the New Testament.—*(British Workman)*.

THE SOLEMN STANDPOINT.

"I feel," said a truly christian man, on his death-bed, "how foolish were many of the pursuits which have occupied my gliding hours."

It were well for us to anticipate some of the views which we shall take of earthly things when we come to lie on our deathbed.

What will be our view of the regard for property, which we cherish? It is proper that we should provide for our own; it is proper that we should be industrious, and enterprising in our business; but our desire for property must not be excessive,—must not degenerate into idolatry as it often does. Covetousness is declared by the Word of God to be idolatry. We should regard with horror the sight of a Chinese idolater coming from the worship of his idols to the communion table. Is idolatry in a professed christian less sinful than in a benighted heathen?

What will be our view in relation to the amusements we have pursued? Man must have rest and relaxation. His nature requires it. Health, physical and mental, would give way under the constant pressure of labour and austerity. But amusements vary in their character; some are befitting a christian and some are not. Viewed from a death-bed, will not many things which we have persuaded ourselves to regard as innocent, appear sinful? Will not many things which we have considered wise appear foolish?

What will be our view of our efforts to do good? Alas, we shall feel that our motives were very impure, and our efforts very feeble. We shall wish we had done more for Christ.

Let us anticipate the views which shall be taken from the solemn standpoint we are approaching, and save ourselves the pain of unavailing regrets.

CHINA.

We visited the temples at Canton, and found idols twenty feet high of Rudra, and of other deities, and a goddess of mercy seated in a lily on a sea of milk, and virtuous men made gods. Judgments we saw, with witnesses and woe-begone culprits, and the oiled hills of hell, with sinners slipping in. We saw their place of torment. One was having melted lead poured down his throat, another ground in a mill, another sawn asunder, and a woman who had grieved out for telling lies. We saw their transgressions. One was swallowed by an antelope with his face sticking out, another by a frog, or a snake, and so on. These things to us are objects of amusement; to them, they are realities. These idols represent the Powers that judge, reward, punish them! No wonder that they worship them! Incense burns upon their altars! their bodies bow and their lips move in earnest supplication!

There are some fifteen missionaries there, and thirty or forty converts. Mr. Piercy, Wesleyan Methodist, worked his way out as a sailor, found their mission, and was appointed by the Board afterwards.

Mr. Bonney of the American Board, has a boarding-school of little girls. I went to hear them pray and chant in Chinese. The Presbyterians are finishing a fine chapel. Mr. Graves, Baptist, lives inside the walls. Two years ago, as he was preaching, a man said he felt "I'll have that fellow's head." A day after he left a Sepoy in the English service had his head taken off for the reward, and his body left close by the chapel. The Allies then tore down the wall nearest the Sepoy. Mr. Legge, of the London Board, is getting out at Hong Kong, a translation of Confucius, and other classics. They are less vulgar than those of Greece or Rome! This colony contains about a thousand Europeans and eighty thousand Chinese, one-third of whom live on the water. There are many splendid public and private buildings, and a Cathedral and a Union Chapel here. It is a wicked place. Trap-doors lead to hell on every side! Europeans learn the fearful voices of Asiatics, and Chinese are corrupted by so-called christians! Hosts seem joined in hateful harmony to work the works of sin. Men may be seen staggering in the streets, or drinking in those houses where distilled liquors are sold! Worse are the many dens, where they destroy the soul and body, and go forth ten-fold more brutish. Respectable places, too, there are where gentlemen may drink, play cards, kill time, and ride to hell with all the ease of railroad cars. Indifference pervades the community. Men worship Pleasure, or dollar, or anything but the Lord. They will love everything worthy their regard except the Saviour! Merchants give with open hand one moment, and forget or scoff their Maker in the next! Formality sits in the seat of religion.—*(Cor. to N. Y. Observer)*.

AN ASIATIC IN THE MEETING.

A dark complexioned young man arose in the Fulton street meeting. "I am," said he, "from Asia. I am Spanish by descent, but was born in India. I was in this city two years ago, and was converted in the Pierrepont street Baptist church, in Brooklyn, as I hope. I have been gone a long time from New York, and when I came again, on Monday last, the first place I sought after was this prayer meeting. Some ask me, 'well how have you got along?' I answer—'If I had not got along well, you would never have heard from me in this meeting. I love to bear witness of Christ, every day, and everywhere. Next Monday I sail for San Francisco. I want you to pray for me, all my way to that city. I hope I shall do some good on the voyage. And when I get there I shall go into their prayer meeting, and tell them of my being here. So, wherever I go, I seek out the prayer meeting, and I keep my heart alive to Christians everywhere, because it is alive to Christ. My life is one of continual happiness, and constant duty. I find enough to do, and I try to do it—everywhere bearing about with me the marks of the Lord Jesus. I ask all here to pray for me."