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THE SAILORS' PRAYER MEETING.

[From the N. Y. Observer.]
We continue our record of the remarkable work of divine grace which is going on among the men of the sea, by publishing the following faithful report of the sailors' prayer meeting, held at the Sailors' Home, in this city, on a late Saturday evening.

The gathering was very large, of both land men and seamen. But the majority were men of the sea. The large rooms were filled to overflowing. The meeting was led by that old seaman, Capt. Richardson. It was opened in the usual manner. The leader exhorted all to be very brief—to speak not more than three and at most, five minutes each. He said there were new converts in the meeting, men also who were awakened, and men who had never spoken before. He exhorted the older ones to stand aside, and let the new and the young men speak.

The leader took his seat, and a verse of a familiar hymn was sung, after which a seaman arose and said:

"I have been some time in port, but have never before been in this meeting. Eight months ago I hope I was converted. I went to sea, with an impenitent company of seamen, I have tried to stand up for Jesus, I trust I have been instrumental in doing some good, and winning some souls to Christ. We had a four months' voyage, and during that time every man on board was converted. You never saw such a happy company of men. Go where you would, over the ship, and you would hear the men singing the precious songs of Zion—in the tops—in the fore-cabin—in the cabin—in the deck—in the wheel—everywhere, singing at their work. Oh! what joyful, happy times were those, you may depend upon it we were happy. At Valparaiso we were all discharged, and went on other ships. I have heard of some of our country. They are living witnesses of Christ. Some of them are here in this meeting, and they expect to-morrow Sabbath, to make a public profession of their faith in Christ, and unite with his people. Oh! shipmates—shipmates! what a meeting this is, and what a meeting we are going to, when we shall have time enough on the other shore, to tell all we wish!"

Tears were falling fast, as he closed this address.

A young, earnest looking man, a Norwegian, arose and said: "I feel thankful to be in port again, and thankful to meet you here. Some few months ago, when here, I was invited to go to the Mariner's church. I went, only to find and feel myself to be a poor, lost, ruined sinner. How wretched I was. I did not know that I had been all my life, an enemy of God. I was born down with sorrow. But it pleased God to show me how I might be saved by Jesus Christ, thro' faith in his name. I felt that my sins were all forgiven, and I found great joy and peace in believing in Jesus. The first thing I did, after my conversion, was to go straight home to Norway, to tell my father and mother what a Saviour I had found. I did not leave Norway till my father, and mother, and one sister was converted. Oh! what cause I had to rejoice."

Another sailor said: "I was awakened at midnight, in the midnight watch, another sailor was awakened at the same time. After awhile the Lord had mercy on both of us, and we were converted, and then, Oh! what happy seasons we had! What times of prayer together! How we comforted and encouraged each other. Oh! shipmates, come to Jesus. Come to Jesus! I see some here I want to have come to-night. Come to Jesus now!"

A cheerful, encouraging verse of a hymn was sung, with great earnestness and animation. It was most delightful singing.

A young sailor said: "The lightnings have been playing around us, in the shower this afternoon, and they made me think of the manner of my own conversion, far, far, at sea. In a thunder storm, I was struck with lightning, and was taken up for dead. As they were carrying me along the deck, I heard the mate say: 'Poor fellow, he is gone.' I was conscious, and knew all that was said and done. I said to myself, 'where will I go to?' In a moment, all the acts of my wicked life passed in review before me. It seemed to me there was not one thing I had ever done, that did not come up to be looked at. It was an awful sight. I thought hell was not far off—and go there I must. I was dropping right into endless wailing. They revived me, but I had been too near eternity to be any longer indifferent. I fled for refuge to Christ. It was five years ago. I have stood up for Jesus everywhere, on land, on sea, ever since. All this time I have been praying for my father and mother, that they might be converted, and to-day is the first good news I have had. I got a letter to-day that some of my dear friends are converted. Glory be to the name of Jesus! I know that God hears and answers prayer!"

Another young sailor said: "Ten months ago I was in this port. I was very wicked—very wicked—in everything that such a plume into, while in such a city as this. I boarded here in the Home. I went to meeting at the Mariner's church. At the meeting I was convinced what a great sinner I was, and I was going to an

awful judgment, and an endless eternity. I went to sea, and I have been eight months away. I have come home a new creature in Christ Jesus. I expect to put on Christ afresh to-morrow, in the holy ordinance of baptism, and be received into the church. Three of my shipmates were converted on this voyage. There are others of my shipmates who are here—they don't know what to do—they want religion they say, but they do not know how to get about it. They do not know what steps to take. Oh! that they would be persuaded that they have nothing to do but to come to Christ. Oh! come at once to Christ. He alone can do you any good."

After a verse of tender, touching singing, another said: "When I was awakened, the Lord gave me plenty to think about. I was pretty well burdened I can assure you. It was a grievous load. I was a drunkard—a bold blasphemer—a poor ignorant d'p'ser of Jesus—a man steeped in crime. I had enough to think about, full enough to think about. And when the Lord rolled off the burden from my soul, and set my captive spirit free; oh! it was such a salvation. I had enough to talk about. When a new song was put into my mouth, I had enough to sing about. I did know next to nothing. All my vanity was gone. I could not read a word, but I determined I would learn to read the Word of God. I got a New Testament, and I began in that. I learned my letters, and then I spelled out the words. I prayed to the Lord Jesus to help me to learn to read his holy Bible, and I believe he did. I can read it now as well as any of you. And oh! what riches do I find in God's blessed Word to the children of man. Treasures, richer than mines of solid gold are there unfolded to my grateful heart."

After singing the chorist: "I want to go," &c., another sailor said: (he was a captain of a craft of some sort) "I am waiting for my Saviour to come and take me home. O, it seems as if the abundance of the sea would soon be converted to Christ. When about to sail on my last voyage, a boarding-house master came to me to know if I wanted a crew. No, said I; we are supplied. 'Why,' said he, 'what office do you ship from?' O, I answered, 'I find my own crew.' My owners pay nothing for men. 'But, Captain, said he, 'I could give you all temperance men—all pious men, every one.' I looked hard at him, for I knew he had been a very hard case. I was surprised to find he had become a pious man. Some of our boarding masters are becoming pious men, and when these men are converted we shall have better times, and songs will be on the sea. Some of my men were converted on the last voyage. Some of them are in this meeting."

A young man said: "I was a poor, miserable drunkard. The last voyage I went, I was carried on board drunk. When I came to myself, I began to curse and blaspheme, near the galleys, and right off. I was removed for it by some men standing by. Hoot, toot, said I, what does this mean? 'Means this,' they answered, 'we do not like to hear you take the name of our God in vain.' The amount of it was we had shipped two pious men. When I found this out, I was very much afraid. I was alarmed about myself, and really resolved that I would attend to religion. I wrote to my dear, pious mother about my feelings, and told her about the two pious men in the crew, and sent the letter off. Then my feelings began to grow dull and cold. After a time I got a letter from my dear mother, and that letter made my blood run cold. She told me how glad she was I had pious shipmates—beggars to improve my opportunities—warned me against the awful consequences of grieving away the Holy Spirit. That letter pierced me through and through like a dagger. I never found any peace till I found it in believing in Jesus."

A pious captain arose, and said: "I am about to go to sea, and my inquiry has been, where shall I get a pious mate, and I have prayed to the Lord Jesus to give me a pious mate. Thank God, the pious mate, is given me, and my prayer is answered; and his voice has been heard in the testimonies of this evening. O, who will doubt that God hears and answers prayer, God has heard my prayers."

The mighty power of God seemed to be upon the meeting. No report can do justice to it. This interest was touching, tender, and overwhelming. Many were bathed in tears under the influence of these simple and earnest testimonies.

Another said: "If any persons had said to me some time ago, and only a short time ago, why do you hang round the drinking-holes and bad houses, and dance-houses, you ought to keep away from such places, I should probably have told them they had better attend to their own business, in no innocent language, I should have believed it impossible for me to keep away from such places. I was one who gloried in my shame. But God, who is rich in mercy, can save to the uttermost all such as come to God, through Jesus Christ, has been pleased to pardon just as great a sinner as I am, and washed me from my sins in his own blood, and I expect, to-morrow, to make public profession of my faith in Jesus and to unite myself with the people of God. I want you all to pray for me."

Another said: "When I was converted, away on the deep—in mid-ocean—there was

not another pious man on board the ship. And how well do I remember, when the first one was converted. What a little of rejoicing that was to me. But how little did I think, then, that I would ever see such a sight as my eyes behold to-night, or that thirteen of us, all in one stage, would be going, as pious sailors, up town to attend a prayer-meeting, singing as we went."

Every now and then, as the meeting was in progress, some one would say, "Let us pray," and all would be upon their knees. And such prayers? It seemed as if Heaven inspired them with the very spirit of Grace and supplication.

The leader rose to close. He said: "Twenty-three have spoken in this meeting; twenty of them, men of the sea. This is the best meeting ever held in the Sailors' Home, and I have attended a great many good meetings here." He called on one of the Bethel chaplains to pronounce the benediction.

The chaplain remarked, that the state of things in the meeting was certainly very remarkable. Here are men, coming in from different seas, where they have been converted on their voyages, to tell us what the Lord has done for their souls. How extraordinary this is, that away at sea—away from all the common means of grace enjoyed on shore—revivals of religion should prevail, and God should pour out his holy spirit and glorify the riches of his grace in the conversion of seamen. This looks like the coming of the latter-day glory. Now there are awakened men in this assembly. Speak to them before they leave the room, after the benediction is pronounced, and endeavor to bring them to the great decision—to submit to Jesus to-night. We ought to expect men to be converted to-night.

The Doxology was then sung, and the benediction pronounced, and the audience very reluctantly retired; many stopping for a brief conversational meeting.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

(From letter of Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, in N. Y. Independent.)

Many years since, a gay and fashionable pair lived near me and attended my ministry. The wife was beautiful, social and admired. The husband was rich and worldly, and delighting in the admiration which his society his wife received. They lived a reckless, gay, and worldly life. Except in the worship of an occasional Sunday morning, they knew nothing of religion, and cared nothing for what they heard even then. But in the wonders of grace this gay and fashionable woman was converted there, and in the most open and decided manner renounced her life of folly and cast her lot among the followers of the Lord. Her sudden change of life and purpose had no sympathy with her, and could not understand her. He tried in every possible manner to overthrow her plans, and drive her from her choice. He forbade her union with the church in any personal act. He watched at the gates of the church-yard to prevent her entrance by force. So far was this hostility carried, that at last she found access to the church for her appointed baptism only through the window in the rear. Thus matters went on for weeks, every day, bringing me some new tidings of his violence and her sufferings. How much their domestic affairs were known to others I never knew. The people and the generation have since passed away. Their young children are now mature, and several of them parents themselves.

Some weeks of this new history had passed, when late one evening, after I had retired to my chamber for the night, my door-hall was violently pulled, and a messenger said Mrs. ———— desired to see me immediately. I dressed myself and went, anticipating some scene of violence, and simply saying to my wife I was going, in case I would be prevented from returning. The streets were solitary and still. As I ascended the steps, the door was quietly opened, and I was directed to the parlor, where, to my surprise, I found the two sitting together on the sofa, with no other person present. The man looked up to me in an agony of tears, as in astonishment I saw by his side and asked an explanation. "Oh, sir," he cried, "can I be saved, can I be saved?" "Yes, surely," I answered; "but you amaze me—what has led you to this?" "This angel," he replied with eagerness, "you know how I hated her, and you know how I hated you. I thought you were the best of human beings. You had broken up my happiness, you had destroyed my peace, you had separated my family, you had alienated my wife from me. I laid it all to you. I was intensely enraged with you. I have several times watched for you at night with the intention of killing you. But it is all over now. I am thankful to see you. But this angel wife—I have cursed her, I have persecuted her in every way. I have beaten her, I have pulled her down by her hair; and she has received it all in silence and meekness. She has never said one unkind word in reply; but she has prayed for me and loved me. And I can stand it no longer. I am miserable, because I am so guilty. I have rebelled so horribly, I have been loved and treated so affectionately. Can I be saved?" The wife gently said, "My dear husband seemed so distressed to-night, that I took the liberty to send for you. How fresh and vivid is that whole scene before me as I write, with all its incidents and details, which I will not describe. With what delight did I preach the Saviour's love to this last one thus at last aroused by that love to see his own voluntary and aggravated guilt! We passed more than an hour thus together, and closed our conversation with earnest prayer. Blessed indeed was the result. The strong man armed had found a stronger than he, who had taken from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and spoiled his guard. He was subdued by love, converted by Divine power. He too came into the Saviour's flock, and on the side of Jesus. How changed the mad one became, 'sitting at my feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind.' Re witnessed among us for years a good confession—he was honored and beloved in the church;—a pattern of gentleness and kindness

at home and abroad. After some years of earnest Christian life on earth, his course was finished and his rest attained. I have since hardly passed the house in which they lived without recalling to my mind this whole remarkable scene—that peculiar display of grace—that voluntary wanderer, and the wonderful love and mercy which in so much rebellion he received. He assumed all the responsibility of the guilty wanderer upon himself. He learned to give all the glory of his recovery to that amazing grace which had plucked him as a brand from the burning, and loved him when he was dead in sins.

S. H. T.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THOUGHT OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

The correspondent of the Rochester American adds the following to the host of anecdotes of the great statesman:

When Mr. Webster was Secretary of State some years ago, under another Administration than that of Mr. Fillmore, he wrote to one of the proprietors of the Astor House, in New York, saying that he would reach the house on such a day, and begged that some of his friends should be invited to dine with him the same evening.

There were about twenty or so to take the table, and Mr. Webster who seemed wearied by his travel, and speaking but little, if at all, plunged into a darksome sort of reverie, not well calculated to enliven his friends. This at length became apparent, and made the situation of all so unpleasant, that one of the company urged upon a very distinguished man present, a warm friend of Mr. Webster, to get him into conversation. He only needed to be jogged to become as lively as they wished.

The friend consented, and spoke aloud to Mr. Webster, asking some question which in ordinary circumstances and with ordinary men would have led to conversation, but it failed in the present case. The dark Secretary of State merely raised his head and answered simply, and in a low tone, "What is it?"

Again the gentleman, frightened by his failure, was urged to renew the attempt to draw him out. He summoned courage and said, "Mr. Webster, (Mr. Webster looked out of the eye.) "Mr. Webster, I want you to tell me what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind."

Here was a thumper for him, and so everybody thought at the table. Mr. Webster slowly passed his hand over his forehead, and in a low tone said to a friend near him, "Is there any one here that does not know me?" "No, sir," they all knew you—are all your friends?" Then he looked over the table, imagine how the tones of his voice would be upon such an occasion, giving answers to such a question. "The most important thought that ever occupied my mind," said Mr. Webster, "was that of individual responsibility to God!"—upon which, for twenty minutes, he spoke to them there. When he had finished he got up from the table and retired to his room, and they, without a word, went into an adjacent parlor, and when they had gathered there, some of them exclaimed, "Who ever heard the like of that?" What Mr. Webster said in advocacy of his sublime thought I do not know—no one ever repeated it, and I presume no one can.

OUR HOMES.

HOME presents a noble field for the exercise of our graces. We should be ambitious of shining there if we can not shine any where else. The inmates of our houses have the strongest claim upon our capacity for contributing to the happiness of others. And these claims, grounded on natural affection, are made the more potent by considerations that affect ourselves. By making our homes pleasant, we administer largely to our own happiness; for what delights are comparable to those enjoyed in the bosom of one's own family.

There are persons who carry two faces—one for their families, and the other for their friends. The face they wear abroad is smooth and sunny, the one they wear at home is rough and dark. The forbidding aspect is as disagreeable as the pleasing one is fair to look upon. Abroad they are gentle, at home they are selfish; abroad they are the pink of courtesy; at home they are habitually rude; abroad they are amiable, at home they are churlish; abroad they are mild and tolerant, at home their word is law, and the law is given in no gentle tone. They change their faces on the threshold of their homes, and there all their mean and odious traits are called into play. They are prepared to make the most of the slightest cause for angry complaint and spiteful rebuke.

He has just saluted a lady with his blandest expression of countenance; his wife is gruffly questioning concerning something that has gone wrong in her domestic management. He met some friend's little child on the way home, and stopped to pet its cheek, and send a kindly message to its parents; his own offspring are hurried away to the nursery, the moment his foot-fall is heard. The unpleasant occurrences of the morning are the topics of talk at the dinner-table. The evening, if spent at home, is passed in sullen silence, interrupted occasionally by some directions for the morrow, interspersed with cutting reflections upon some piece of household extravagance. What a godsend to the mother and daughter is a call, especially if the visitor be a person whose good opinion it is important the mean churl should retain. Instantly the out-door face is put on, the manner is changed, the voice becomes pleasant, and a more genial and delightful companion we would not desire to meet.

It is as much the duty of parents to provide suitable and wholesome amusements for their children as it is to give them food and raiment. And their entertainment is not the ulterior object that should be aimed at in furnishing these diversions. For there is a moral influence in a cheerful home, that is only less salutary than direct spiritual agencies. Pastimes have as much to do with the development of a child's character as the performance of allotted tasks. They should be selected by the parent, and without annoying surveillance, enjoyed in their presence so much the better if they join in their sports and mingle their laughter with the ringing peals that burst from the merry young hearts. Those children and youth deserve our pity who have to go from home to find amusement. They are exposed to numerous fatal evils.

With many persons home means nothing more than the place where they eat and sleep. With ample means, and generous and affectionate,

they are so immersed in cares and plans, their minds are so absorbed in the attainment of great earthly objects, that they have no time and no taste for domestic felicities. Their heart is dancing at the thought of some splendid speculation; they are revolving some new investment; they are framing an answer to some application, and while at home as really absent as when in their stores and counting-rooms. Their purses are always open to the demands of fashion and show. They lavish the members of their circle; daughters and sons gratify their tastes to the utmost extent. They give sumptuous entertainments, expend vast sums on works of art, sport rich equipages, and live in a style of dazzling splendor.

But they exercise no control over wife or children. They are not known as husbands and fathers. The duties that belong to those sacred relations are all ignored. They stand simply for so much money. They are living coffers that fly open at a look or a word. Is such a house home in the high, noble, true, only sense of the word? Do the pure and refreshing delights peculiar to home, flow from sumptuous living? Is affluence the source of those elevating joys? Can wood and canvas and carpets yield happiness? Does not the pleasure we enjoy at home arise from the interchange of a thousand named and unnamed offices of thoughtfulness and kindness? Delicate consideration, patient forbearance, kindly words and sunny smiles, the habitual exercise of the gentler graces—do not these things make happy homes?—[Charleston Courier.]

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

ALL is well with the Christian while his communion with his God and Saviour is not interrupted. And nothing else can go well with him when there is interference here. All his life, therefore, should be shaped for maintaining an open way in his heart to the mercy seat. Whatsoever, either by the word of God, by the general principles of religion, or by actual experience, we know to be unfavorable to the Spirit, and unfitting for the exercise of prayer, should be avoided, as sedulously followed. This rule will be found of widest application. The spirit of prayer is affected by the whole range of the daily life. Business and pleasure, society and home-life, all bear upon it. But most of all the intercourse of home. If our use of temper and deportment at home unfit us for communion with God in prayer, sad is our case. Husband and wife have much to do with each other's growth in grace. There is the innermost circle of earthly relationship, lying next that sacred center, the Holy Spirit makes his temple in the soul. The heart, when it goeth up to the temple to pray, must pass through this "court of the women." The scenes there witness leave the last impression on the mind. The spirit of devotion, what if it should be the scene of wrangling, tempting the soul to anger or unkindness? Husband and wife, by spirit of their mutual converse, are wielding the strongest of earthly influences on self and one another. In the world of self-culture and home, life has most to do, and the ruling influence in home-life is the marriage relation. If grace rule there, it will rule every where. If that inner-court be kept holy, the money-seat within the wall is less likely to be defiled. Other influences on the soul are occasional. Those of home are continuous. Others are the scenes through which we pass in walks abroad. These are the atmosphere of the dwelling wherein we abide. If, as the two walked to Emmaus, husband and wife in their earthly pilgrimage, do have Jesus as their companion, their mutual influence will indeed be blessed. If they do, habitually regard and treat each other "as heirs together of the grace of life," they will separate at the door of the closets in the every "spirit of grace and sup."

But who can pass from domestic strife or unkindness into the presence of the God of peace and love? Or how can the gentle dove of heaven brood in the heart amidst bitterness and storms?—[Tyng.]

WHY I GO TO CHURCH.

1. I consider it an honor to visit the great, and the highest honor of all it must be to enter, as a welcome guest, "the house of God," who is great, for He is "Most High."

2. I think it a delightful privilege to meet my Saviour upon earth, and he has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

3. I wish to show that I am "on the Lord's side," therefore, "I will worship toward his holy temple." "I will pay my vows unto the Lord, in the presence of all his people."

4. It is pleasant to hold a good position; and however poor and lonely I may be, I can go to His courts who is "a respecter of persons," and there receive a full portion of "the unspeakable riches of Christ."

5. I have a preference for good company; and in the Christian church, I associate with the noblest on earth—even the "Children of the highest," the "heirs of God."

6. I desire the most perfect enjoyment; and in the Lord's house I find it. "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

7. I have sinned openly, and openly I would ask forgiveness. God has said, "Mine house shall be called the house of prayer for all people," and thither I shall go to offer repentance and the sacrifice of a humble heart before Him, remembering his promise that my "offerings and sacrifices shall be accepted upon his altar."

8. I want to express my thanks for mercies and blessings daily received, therefore, "I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation."

9. I love knowledge, and go to the sanctuary to learn; for God has promised, "I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding."

10. And thus, in all circumstances of life, my willing feet shall move to the temple of the Lord;

"I love the habitation of His house, and the place where His honor dwelleth." And, at the last, when "the first heaven and the first earth are passed away," when the "holy city new Jerusalem, shall come down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband," when the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people and God himself shall be with them, and be their God;" then shall I also be there, and in that glorious city, of which "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple," I shall find my everlasting home.

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

RESULTS OF THE REVIVAL IN IRELAND. DUBLIN, Aug. 28th, 1860.

The effusion of the Spirit from on high, at first vouchsafed to Ulster, has now been enjoyed over the United Kingdom; and we are enabled to look at its results.

Its first influence was upon the people themselves, who were the subjects of it. Sinners were converted, and flocked to the churches like clouds, or as doves to their windows." One congregation, Mr. Moore's, of Ballymena, where it was first enjoyed, received the accession of four hundred and forty communicants. And on those who had believed, the influence was such that "they revived as the corn, and grow as the vine; and their beauty was as the lily, their verdure as the olive tree, and their fragrance as Lebanon." In spirituality and devotedness they "walked with God," or, in the language of prophecy, their zeal and heavenly-mindedness were as if the souls of the martyrs had been sent back to earth, to show in holy vitality what the Christian life ought to be.

Christian union next manifested that the Spirit whom all had enjoyed was one and the same. The blessing was not confined to one section of the Church, it was conferred on all; and those who had looked only at points of difference, were compelled to look at the essential and vital oneness in spite of these. The sharp corners were rounded off, and men and women were drawn together; and thus men who had long mourned and over disunion had their eyes feasted with the lovely sight: "Behold! how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

This was finely illustrated in Edinburgh the other day, at the Tri-centenary Commemoration of the Reformation, when a converted priest, from Ireland,—now a Protestant Episcopalian,—and ministers of the Irish Presbyterian Assembly, with Mr. Dallas, at up the Prelatical Church of England,—and Father Chiniquy, the American reformed Roman Catholic, stood side by side with the representatives of the long list of sections into which the periferidum genus Sctorum has split the Church in North Britain.

And that same great meeting also illustrated the next result of the Revival,—the ardent anxiety for the salvation of others,—especially for the long neglected Romanists; for papers were read upon the best methods of dealing with members of the Church of Rome. We may now expect to hear the call, "Come out of her, my people," addressed to them with earnestness and love. And this not in the hot accents of controversy, but in kindness and love,—by every one who has enjoyed salvation, to his dulled, perishing neighbor. At length, Christians are beginning to see the reason why so many Irish Romanists were brought into so many, and widely distant parts of England and Scotland, and so many, from these countries, in their turn to settle in Ireland.

I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing, is the order; and if those who are now, so significantly, realizing true blessedness, in this "season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," acting under the impulse which gives, only seek to bring those with whom they are in ordinary and every day intercourse to share in this blessedness, then will be the "consuming of the Man of Sin,"—the wasting away of his influence over the minds and hearts he has deluded.—"The sure harbinger of his ultimate and final 'destruction,'—the measure, and to an extent never realized by public, violent contrivance, however powerfully and skillfully conducted. We may take a leaf out of the book of the enemy. It is in this quiet and noiseless way that 'Brothers of Charity,' and 'Sisters of Mercy' prepare proselytes to swell the numbers and fill the coffers of the Church of Antichrist.

Contrivance has its place and its uses; but, mismanaged, it does mischief. I know a parish, where the clergyman's wife had a Bible School with fifty Roman Catholic children. In the height of his zeal, not to be behind his neighbors brethren with whom controversy was rife, he brought the travellers or itinerating controversialists to lecture and hold discussions. The school is blessed. May every revived Christian be a missionary to every neighbor to whom he has access, instead of the cold, careless, let alone, Canite system of "Am I my brother's keeper?" that has but too too prevailed, and the people of God shall flock out of Babylon, the token of her speedy overthrow. The Revival come slowly and noiselessly among us; nor is there anything now to attract public observation, except the multiplied services in the churches, and their unusually numerous attendances. The Metropolitan Hall, which gave the first public indication of something beyond the ordinary routine of religious services, continues to be filled with a crowd of devout worshippers, of denominations as different as the ministers by whom the services are, in turn, conducted. And, in accordance with Dr. Whately's suggestion, the parish churches are opened on Sabbath and week evenings at hours different from those of the ordinary services; and at these "Special Services" all the pews are open to all. In the different dissenting churches, and other places, in which special services have been conducted of course there is no discontinuance.

And thus, all together, Dublin has opportunities of hearing the Gospel, and worshipping God, unknown in a preceding age. And it is gratifying to see these "Special Services" all the pews are open to all. In the different dissenting churches, and other places, in which special services have been conducted of course there is no discontinuance.

We were alarmed for the harvest, as incessant and heavy rains threatened destruction; but a favorable change of weather has for some days set in, and our hopes are revived. E. P. WOODS.