

The Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL. 7.—NO. 42

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK,

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1860.

WHOLE NO 355

Religious Intelligencer.

Monthly Summary of Religious Movements in London.

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OPEN-AIR preaching is now in full operation in and around the metropolis. Preaching in the parks is also recognised and permitted, the prohibition formerly issued by Sir B. Hall having been removed by the Hon. W. Cowper, his successor as Commissioner of Woods and Forests. Mormonite and Secularist lecturers occasionally address the people in the parks and elsewhere. But the preachers of the truth are more numerous, and are full of courage and zeal. In addition to the Open-air Mission, for some years in existence, and under the direction of a committee, of which John McGregor, Esq., of the Middle Temple, is the Honorary Secretary, a new organization has sprung up in the east of London. Its first aggressive effort was at Fairlop Park, in Essex. Here, every summer, from time immemorial, has been wont to congregate a multitude of the very lowest of the London Population, not for the purpose of business traffic, as the word "fair," ordinarily signifies, and suggests, but for amusements of a very profligate character. The bands of gipsies from Epping forest ply their trade of fortune telling, and for several days vice and riot prevail. One hundred preachers—all lay volunteers, headed by the Rev. Charles Siel, of Commercial Road, and the Rev. William Tyler, of Spitalfields—went forth to Fairlop, and the results have been of a gratifying character. "Never did they see people more willing to listen," said one preacher. "Never were there heard so many 'Amen's' and sighs in the streets in the east of London as on last Friday," testifies another. Others report "Never did people take the tracts with more earnestness," "never did so many thousands at one hour listen to the gospel, and observe it being preached in one district as then."

This effort has led to the regular organization of an East London Open-air Preaching Mission. The volunteer band meets every Friday evening, to enlist fresh recruits. A zealous promoter of the object, encouraged by the presence and power of a real revival in London, and having no doubt that "it is from the hand of the Lord," says: "Let 300 open-air preachers be sought, and marshalled all round London. Come, ye Christ-lovers, join our ranks. Make no delay."

A special open-air meeting for prayer and addresses, was held on Paddington Green during the whole of Monday, the 6th of August, in which several ministers and laymen took part. There was also preaching every evening throughout the week.

Open-air addresses, both on the evenings of the Lord's day, and also during the week, continue to be delivered by young men who have received the truth in the love of it, in connection with the Bible classes and prayer meetings of the Young Men's (North-western Branch) Association at Stafford Rooms, Tichborne Street, Edgware Road. In this place, the power of the Holy Spirit continues to be marvelously put forth, and thus fresh evangelists are being constantly raised up, some of whom speak publicly, and all of whom, by private converse and loving importunity, seek successfully to bring others to the Saviour.

At the Young Women's Christian Association Crawford Street, Bryanston Square, the Sabbath Bible classes have proved, and are still proving, themselves the source of richest blessing to many. An Irish lady, on a visit to London, commenced this class, and the early results were truly wonderful. It is now in her hands, as this lady has left town. But it is gratifying to find that since her return to her home in county Fermanagh, God is greatly blessing her in kindred labours among young women there.

On the grounds near the Shoreditch Railway Station, and on the site on which an Episcopal Church is to be erected, there is held an open-air meeting on the evening of each Lord's day, at eight o'clock. On a recent occasion six clergymen were present, one of whom, the Rev. T. W. Reynolds, the incumbent of the projected church, addressed a pulpit, very suitable for the occasion, and preached a very affecting and practical sermon from Lam. i. 12: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see," &c.; and another, the Rev. J. Patterson, rector of Spitalfields, delivered an earnest address.

Among the manifestations of Christian benevolence, peculiar to the summer season in London, are the various excursions to the country, which are secured to the children of Ragged Schools and Refugees. One of these was in connection with the Boys' Refuge, Whitechapel, an institution admirably conducted and well known to us. On Saturday, 21st July, the boys, numbering about 100, were invited by Robert Hanbury, Esq. M. P. for Middlesex, to spend the day at his seat near Ware, in Hertfordshire. Before returning home, they were affectionately addressed by their host, and also by two evangelical clergymen. In all the schools and refuges in London, in connection with the London Ragged School Union, and the London Reformatory Union, the Word of God is prayerfully and diligently brought to bear on the hearts and minds of the children, and with blessed spiritual results.

A kindred Ragged School treat to that already noticed was given on a recent day to the children and teachers of St. John's Ragged Schools, Southwark, at Carshalton, near Croydon, in Surrey, by Samuel Gurney, Esq., M. P. In like manner, 1000 children of the Field Lane Ragged Schools, with their mothers, were not long since taken by their teachers to Loughton, in Essex, for a day's recreation and enjoyment. Many of the poor children thus cared for had never seen a green field before.

Lord Shaftesbury makes an annual appeal for contributions to help towards the expenses of these treats, as he justly considers that the anticipation and the recollections of these always exercised a moral influence, and increase the power of the teachers over the special class to which they devote their labours.

In the absence of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon on the continent, services have been kept up at Exeter Hall by several preachers. One of these was Mr. Reginald Radcliffe. His address was a suitable and solemn close to his lengthened campaign in the metropolis as well as in other places in the south and west of England. He dealt faithfully with the habitual attendants on the Hall, and on Mr. Spurgeon's preaching, who were yet unconverted. "You like Mr. Spurgeon's preaching; you come regularly; you like his manner and earnestness, and the eloquence that God has given him. You will recollect that Bunyan says in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'I discovered that there is a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven.' If there be a place where sin can be eluded upon sin, it is sitting under an earnest and eloquent preacher, and not coming to the knowledge of Christ Jesus."

"Perhaps you have heard the gospel scores of times from the lips of the beloved brother who preaches in this place. I ask you to judge for yourselves, won't your condition in hell be hotter than that of the poor drunkard, who sits in a gin palace on the Lord's day, and never comes to a place of worship. No one ever told him about the gospel. He knows nothing of Jesus Christ. But you keep the Lord's day; you have your ticket for Exeter Hall; you join in the singing, and a joyful sound it is when nearly three thousand voices join in singing God's praise, as if you were the saints of the living God. . . . Oh! I would say to you ticket-holders, you listeners to the gospel, you friends of evangelic preaching, but who are unconverted and un saved, 'From the very gate of heaven there is a way to the pit that is bottomless.'"

Mr. Radcliffe's closing appeal was very solemn. "There is an awful tempest of hail, fire and brimstone, coming upon the unconverted; I hear the whistling of the storm; and standing here today the Holy Ghost compelling me to speak, I take hold of every unsaved man and woman, and implore you to be reconciled to God. He has opened the way; He has laid down the ladder into Exeter Hall that you may be saved. Oh! come just as you are, to be accepted and saved. I am in earnest. Perhaps I shall never speak in London again after this evening. I hasten away by an early train to-morrow morning to Scotland, where, on Wednesday next, there is to be a large gathering of the people to pray for Britain. I must now part with precious souls that are unsaved, never, it may be, to see your faces again until we meet at the judgment-day. I pray you in Christ's stead be ye made friends with God, for He hath given Jesus to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

A movement has been inaugurated in a truly Christian spirit, for the purpose of erecting in London a place of worship for the deaf and dumb, and a home for such of them as are aged and infirm. A number of deaf and dumb persons were present at the public meeting, held under the presidency of Lord Ebury, and the speeches were interpreted to them with great facility by the Rev. Mr. Smith, who was recently ordained over them by the Bishop of London. The chair, magnificently said: "It was sometimes supposed that attention was gained by noise, but the class of persons for whom he appealed could make no outcry to arrest the passer-by. Their condition was peculiarly distressing. They could not hear, and therefore they could not join in congregational worship, however quick their eye-sight might be."

The exertions made by London Christians for the spiritual benefit of foreigners are manifold. The London City Mission provides missionaries for them. Efforts are made to give the Scriptures to the Italians, among whom, Signor Ferretti has laboured with extraordinary zeal, faith, and devotedness, for sixteen years. When the Neapolitan exiles were in London last year, he visited several of them. Seven of the exiles had been Roman priests; nearly all of them accepted a copy of the Scriptures, and one of them has renounced Popery.

Every Saturday evening, for the last two years, there is a group of Italians who meet together in—Street, to join in searching the Scriptures and prayer. A similar meeting, is conducted in the same room on Monday evening, by Madame de La Fontaine. This lady has gathered together a considerable number of French women, mostly the wives and daughters of exiles. At the first meeting more than sixty were present. Opposition arose, not from the spirit of Popery, but from that of unbelief; and one, in the excess of fury, uttered, in the name of the rest, terrible blasphemies.

Now, the aspect of affairs is entirely changed, and the fathers and husbands are soliciting that "re-unions," may likewise be formed for them. Madame de La Fontaine presides over an Orphan Home, into which have been gathered, by Signor Ferretti and his wife, nineteen young Italian girls, who receive a superior and Christian education. They are thus being prepared to return as governesses to Italy, to which it is confidently hoped they will prove a great blessing.

In the enumeration of what has been recently done for foreigners, I cannot but recall to mind with hearty satisfaction, the 3000 Bibles and Testaments, presented to the members of the musical society of the French Orpheonists, and which were so thankfully accepted. Let fervent and continuous prayer be offered for showers of blessing on the good seed of the kingdom, thus scattered over every district of France.

The Bible-women movement is still in progress, and is followed by social and spiritual results truly delightful. One of the Bible-women, in a few sentences, thus reveals the exact character of the agency, and indicates the class who are sought out:—"I believe that our Scripture readers and city missionaries, so successful among the decent poor, are almost power among those lawless, drunken ones. They need the more patient, gentle, and constant watchfulness of this female agency. People wonder we dare walk in those streets and alleys amongst thieves and drunkards. But we are not in the least afraid now. It needs no peculiar dress to make the poor respect those whose sole aim and object is their good. And an uncivil word from man, woman, or child, has never met my ears."

A fresh central organisation has recently arisen—the Young Women's Home Society. Lord Shaftesbury is the president. Its object is to afford opportunities for the Christian and domestic improvement of young women (engaged in houses of business), in their hours of leisure. This institution will doubtless grow into a female mission of the greatest importance. It will furnish a native agency for a particular class, i.e., a band of female missionaries to win other young women to Christ. From what we have seen of a similar home, opened for female day-workers, at 43 Crawford Street, W., where the Bible-class on Sabbath and Tuesday evenings are attended by hundreds, and where so many had first been converted, and then became helpers and workers, we cannot doubt that rich blessings will follow the extension of this class of homes. For four years past a Young Women's Christian Improvement Association of this character, has been carried on at 51 Upper Charlotte Street, under the guidance of Hon. Mrs. A. Kninard.

As to the general results of London revival, I have a deep conviction that there is much reason for thankfulness and joy. Taking in a period of ten or eleven months—to use the language of the Revival—"We pause and reflect on the wonderful past; and as to the present, we believe that there is a great work going on around, in public and in private, in high life and low, among men and women, in all classes, grades, and callings." All this we trace directly to the special operations of God the Holy Ghost.

Nevertheless, let us guard against exaggeration or the conveying of wrong impressions. First, let it be distinctly understood that the masses of the London population are still ungodly, and that while there is an increasing number of each class being quickened and called, that it is but a remnant after all. Secondly, let us impress it on every reader, that the revival in London is emphatically a quiet work. A friend, writing me as to a work of grace in progress at Upper Clapton uses language applicable not only to that locality but to London at large, when he says: "The quiet unimpassioned character of the people is so different to the impassioned character of the Irish and Welsh, that we can hardly expect the same order of working and results. It is true it is the 'same Spirit,' but He works in connection with the laws of our physical and mental constitution."

Cases are coming to light in some of whose hearts the arrows of conviction had long rankled, but who have now surrendered themselves to Christ. In one case known to us, a young woman had thus resisted the Spirit for two years.—In like manner some who believed themselves to be safe, and who were considered by their ministers as among the true sheep of Christ, have first been terrified by sudden discovery that they were self-deceivers, and then have found permanent peace in the Saviour. One such I have known in the case of a young Scottish maid-servant. What bitter agony, what floods of tears, when first she revealed her alarm; and then what hallowed joy sparkled in her still tearful eyes, when she came back, a week afterwards, to tell how she had found Christ!

So in another case—that of a young woman who came up to London from the Potteries, as a gold burner, and whom the pastor had regarded as a genuine disciple great was his surprise recently to receive from her, after her return to Staffordshire, a letter with these words:—"I have great reason to rejoice that I ever came to London, and into your church. It is now twelve years since I joined a church, but it is only the last few months that I found myself a Christian. I believe it was through your preaching and kind entreaties, that I was brought to see that light which now shines in my soul. Sir it was in the month of February last that I was

brought to see my sins. I was then in great trouble, and would very much like to have spoken to you, but I was ashamed of myself that I had been a professing Christian so long and not a possessor."

God in thus raising up missionaries for his cause, like this young woman who says: "I am now quite happy as regards myself, but my mind is overburdened with thoughts of others. I have to work in a room where there are about thirty young people, and there does not appear to me to be one spark of good in any of them. But I hope that God will be pleased to make use of me as an instrument of doing some little good amongst them and then my weeping will be turned into joy."

The Midnight Mission Movement, although in its infancy, has already been crowned with encouraging success. "It has grappled more boldly," says a report just published, "with one of the most gigantic of our social evils than any previous movement." The first idea of it occurred to one person, in 1849, and in May 1850, a small meeting of seven persons was convened and addressed. The meeting was not repeated. But the subject still occupied his mind; and, at the close of 1859, it was brought by him before the minds of two friends. They sought counsel from God, and, early in February, 1860, the first meeting was held at St. James' Restaurant, Regent Street. Up till the end of July, two meetings have been held. Provincial efforts have followed, in Manchester, Nottingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Bristol, Exeter, and Dublin.

The following are the results in London:—Twelve English and two French meetings held; 2400 friends young women attended, and heard the gospel; 9000 Scripture cards, books, and tracts circulated, in addition to 6000 copies of Mr. Noel's address; twenty-six females restored to friends, one of these to New York; eighteen placed in service; ninety-one now in "homes"; one reconciled to her husband; one in employ of a printer, book-binding; four married, two emigrated, one placed in business, two under care of the committee. The average of the ages of those admitted is not more than twenty-two.

The number received from the meetings, up to the end of July, is nearly 190.

There are six French women in a "home," expressly provided for foreigners. It has been very difficult to reach this class, "not only from the popish and infidel training of French women, but also from the fact, that hundreds of these poor women are the slaves of unprincipled French and Belgian refugees, who threatened to flag them if they came to the meeting." Mr. John Stabb, one of the promoters of the Midnight Mission, writes me as follows:—"Our success is as great as ever; but the expenses are very large, as we give £5 to the homes for each girl rescued. This arrangement makes us very bare of money. We purpose issuing 100,000 copies of Mr. Noel's 'Address to Men,' and hope to avail ourselves of the young men connected with our Christian Young Men's Societies."

"The Evil," as it exists, is fearful. The more we become acquainted with its phases, the more we are struck with its awful extent, and the wretched immoral state to which it is leading our country."

"It ruins the peace of thousands, and saps the very foundations of our domestic happiness. Ask the brethren to pray for the few weak laborers engaged in this work who are only strong as God helps them."

Supplementary efforts have been made to carry out the objects of the movement by the distribution at night, of Mr. Noel's address at the meeting of 21st February, and of "A Letter to Gentlemen," an appeal for practical co-operation. Besides, this, an "Address to Men on the Social Evil," by Mr. Noel, it being extensively circulated. It is marked by a terrible fidelity of statement and appeal, and under God's blessing, it will we trust, not only reveal to many a titled or wealthy tempter his appalling guilt, but lead him to repentance and newness of life.

Richard Weaver the reformed prize fighter, delivered a soul stirring address to eighty poor girls, assembled in the Euston Road, on the night of 19th July. He also spoke to them individually. "Many," says one who was present "wept bitterly, and several left for the 'home'."

We trust that the day of God will show many to have been eternally saved.

"If the Lord didn't own my labours," says Richard Weaver, in reference to his work in London, "I'd go back to the coal-pit to-morrow." But God does work with him. "We soberly believe," says the Revival, "that souls are converted and converted every night." His "singings of hymns" in the midst of his addresses, melt down the people. "Now I want volunteers for Christ," are the closing words of every address. "Hold up your hands, all you who want to be saved, and such appeals, are not made in vain. Fresh volunteers, through the mighty power of the Spirit accompanying the word enliven under the banner of the Great Captain."

Reader, ere I close, let me ask you a volunteer? Hast thou been made willing "in the day of Christ's power"? If not what else but the doom of a rebel and a traitor awaits thee? Consider this, and lay it to heart. Submit now to the righteousness of God. Look now to the Atoning Blood. Give thyself to him, who claims thine heart and life long service, claiming as thou gaze on the Divine Victim on yonder tree:

"I yield by dying love compelled And own thee conqueror."

O! FOR AN OLIVET!

BY REV. T. L. CUTLER.—A CHAPTER FOR CITY CHRISTIANS.

Every mountain in the Bible has some peculiar glory about it. But like the stars, one mountain differeth from another in glory. Ararat is the father of mountains; it smoked with the incense of the first sacrifice in the new world. Nebo was the majestic death bed from which the lawgiver caught his earliest glimpse of two Canaan—the one spread out in living green beneath him the other unveiled above him in celestial glory. Sinai had its peculiar glory, terrible exceedingly; Horeb, too, with its "still small voice"—Gilead aromatic with odorous balsams—and Lebanon crowned with its everlasting glaciers, the Alps of the Old Testament. Each sacred mountain has a history written on its tables of stone. But no one utters a more impressive teaching—no one is more identified with our precious Saviour than "the mount called the Mount of Olives."

It was Christ's favourite resort. He "ofttimes resorted to her with his disciples." As John was his favourite follower—the family of Lazarus his favourite household—Galilee his favourite water—so Olivet was his favourite mountain. When he grew weary of the heat and dust, the uproar and the turmoil of guilty Jerusalem. He bet his steps over the brook Kedron to the quiet sabbath mount of Olivet. It always gave him a cool asylum. It always spread its grateful shelter from noonday heats and evening dews. Olivet cast no stones at him, never reviled him, never closed its doors in the face of the gentle Man of sorrows.

And if Jesus sought his Olivet for retirement from the world's babel of jarring sounds, for meditation and for prayer, shall not every Christian have his own Olivet too? For the sequestered rural Christian we need not speak now, but in his life in the great cities, the painful lack in his life is the lack of quiet secluded thought and undisturbed meditation. The farmer can have it as he follows his plough on the hillside. If a devout man he is on a perpetual Olivet. The village mechanic has his long still hours, when the sunlight sleeps in the silent street or when the monotonous raindrops keep steady time with his thoughts, on the roof of his humble shop. The merchant can be alone with God on his night taxing soul devouring metropolitan, bewildering time can a man dwell apart? Where find his Olivet with its awful silences, or an Olivet for prayerful communion with his own spirit? From early morn till the hour of rest, he is in a whirl. The world meets him at the breakfast table in the morning paper. He is at once assailed with telegrams and bulletins, with stock reports and political manifestoes. Care seizes him as soon as he gets into the street. The first man he encounters has some exciting intelligence or some perplexing proposal. When he reaches his counting room his table is piled with letters demanding a reply before the next mail closes. Then the day's business begins to begin, and keeps at what he believes the "banks out," the "board" adjourns, the stores begin to thin out, and in the crowded omnibus or railway car the weary man of business trundles homeward. Then for the late dinner the evening newspaper, the evening cables, the evening entertainments, and in some happy cases the evening prayer service in the house of God. Amid all this whirl of excitement where is the quiet interposition—where the solemn meditation—where the soul's fellowship with Christ? O! for an Olivet!

Even the Lord's day is too often a day of outside occupation, and taxing strain upon mind and body. Two regular church services—often a third—with intervening labours in the Sabbath school and the prayer-meeting leave but little time for reflection and heart study. Every good thing has its attendant evils; and the evil attendant on the Sunday arrangements of many philanthropic Christians in our large cities is a privation of all quiet meditation, and nearly of all closet duties and fire-side Bible reading. With such good people there is more preaching than thinking, more head work than heart work, more swallowing than digestion. They hear one hundred-fold more than they heed or remember. There is no let up from a pressure. The excited movements of the Sabbath, and through it all, the christian heart is all too seldom alone with itself, and alone with God. O! for an Olivet!

Can none be found? Is it wholly impossible for our working Christians (and we do not say that, in so righteously wicked a city as ours, they ought to work one hour the less)—is it impossible to find time and place for religious meditation, Bible-reading, and inward communion? No, it is not. Even amid the calls within, and the cries without, a devout man can make to himself a little room, with a little trouble to himself, rise an hour earlier for a secret season of prayer and devotional reading. With this blessed closet service he can have the whole day so fitly and strongly, that it shall not ravel into frivolity, wilderness, and forgetfulness of God. As he rides or walks to his place of business, he can school himself to sacred thoughts, or can snatch a few moments from a pocket volume of savoury thoughts of the Saviour, even if he cannot reach the "business man's prayer meeting." This was the usage of the late excellent Garrett Noel Bleeker, a New York merchant, so eminent for his piety and philanthropy. He always had his mid-day season of devotion; if business intervened, and not the wiser rule itself. His Olivets of retirement made his face to shine with radiant gladness when in the busy haunts of men. In secret he fed those fountain graces that flowed out in such beautiful streams of beneficence and holy living. Never did Mammon rob him of God; never even did external religious duties thrust aside the private devotion of the altar and the sanctuary; nor did he hear more truth in the sanctuary than he digested in his heart, and wrought into his life.

Brethren! we cannot afford to dwell in the most sumptuous of earthly mansions if we have no Olivet. If it be not a lone mountain top, or a sequestered grove, it may be a quiet chamber, a shop, an attic, or a corner of the counting room. Peter found his Olivet on a house top in a comely city of Galilee. John found his on the cliff of a sea-girt Patmos. Daniel found his in his chamber while busy Babylon roared and raged on beneath his open window. Elijah found his on Carmel; and holy-hearted Paul had one just as good in the cabin of a storm tossed ship. Our Olivet will be the spot where the soul communes with God,

bends at the mercy-seat, studies its own wants and weaknesses, and gets new strength from fellowship with Christ. It may have a Gethsemane of trial at its foot, but its summit, like the mount high unto Jerusalem, will be the point of ascension from which the soul will go up to the heavenly presence chamber of the King of kings.

THE CLEARING OF THE CLOUDS.

THERE is nothing in what has befallen, or befalls you, my friends, which justifies impatience or peevishness. God is inscrutable, but not wrong. Remember, if the cloud is over you, that there is a bright light always on the other side; also, that the time is coming either in this world or the next, when that cloud will be swept away; and the fulness of God's light and wisdom poured round you. Every thing which has befallen you, whatever sorrow your heart bleeds with, whatever pain you suffer, nothing is wanting but to see the light that actually exists, waiting to be revealed, and you will be satisfied. If your life is dark, then walk by faith, and God will keep you as safe as if you could understand every thing. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

These things, however, I can say with no propriety to many. No such efforts or hopes belong to you that are living without God. You have nothing to expect from the revelation of the future. The cloud that you complain of will indeed be cleared away, and you will see that, in all your afflictions, sorrows, and losses, God has been dealing with you righteously and kindly. You will be satisfied with God and with all that He has done for you; but alas! you will not be satisfied with yourself. That is more difficult, for ever impossible! And I can conceive no more dreadful trial to see, as you will, the cloud lifted from every dealing of God that you thought to be harsh, or unrighteous, and to feel that, as He is justified, you yourself are for ever condemned. You can no more accuse your birth, your capacity, your education, your health, your friends, your enemies, your temptations. You still had opportunities, convictions, and calls of grace, and calls of blessing. You are judged according to that you had, and not according to that you had not. Your mouth is eternally shut, and God is eternally clear.

DR. BURNELL.

HE HAS DONE MUCH FOR ME.—"Freely ye have received, freely give," is the injunction of the Saviour to his disciples; and when Christians have right ideas of their indebtedness to Christ, and of the manifold favours received from him, they cannot be niggardly or covetous. A missionary labouring among the Caffres was anxious to raise money for an important object; but the church which he had formed was so small and the members of it so very poor, that he resolved not to ask them to give even a penny. This was a great grief to the good man; but as many of them were widows, as they earned the little money they were by carrying fire wood to a town several miles off, and as he believed they were doing all they possible could for the cause of Christ, he felt quite sure that he should not be right if he asked them to do more. One day he took a native preacher that he was going to plead for the object with the white people in Graham's Town. Immediately the teacher said, "Why don't you speak to us, and ask us to do something?" The missionary told him his reason and said, "I really think you are not able to do more in raising money than you now do. But I wish you would feel more pity more." He answered, "The Lord may put it into our hearts to try and do more." The missionary was pleased and called the people together. Still he scarcely expected any money, for he could not see where it could come from. But, to his great surprise and delight, they came forward and subscribed about £14! Among those who gave there was a poor widow, who had the spirit of her whom the great Saviour commended when he saw her cast two mites into the treasury. This good woman came to him with fifteen shillings in her hand. The missionary was almost afraid to take it, and told her that it was too much. "But," he writes, "her reply silenced me: 'The Lord,' she said, 'has done much for me.' A short time afterwards she brought to him the shillings more, and told him that her heart would not be still until she had paid up the pound."

SELF-CONTEMPLATION.

"If a man is to find life, he must find it elsewhere than in a deceitful and sterile view of himself."—VINEY.

If you will allow me for once to say what I think, you will find the greatest possible help in studying the character of Christ, not your own.

Read the gospels, to trace out—in every miracle, and word, and act, and touch, and in every step of the path He trod—what was his character, and how it developed itself; and I think with the Spirit's help, you will forget your walk in thinking of his, and your emptiness in his fulness; and thus, by beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, you will be "changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit."

I do think that Satan hinders Christians more by discouraging them, with showing them their perpetual shortcomings and failures, and their sad want of conformity to Jesus, with all it's sad results, than in any other way; and I cannot help feeling strongly, that in urging self-examination in the way so many good men do, they really aid the mischief. I like what Mr. Cheyne said, "For every look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ," only I would double and treble it, and almost say, "Never look at self at all."

I believe that it is when we are most occupied with Christ that we are most useful to others, however unconscious we may be of it, and however conscious (as, of course, we shall be more than ever) of our unlikeness to him.

I cannot find a single instance in which, either in the gospel or epistles, Christians are taught, by example or by precept, to make a study of their own hearts. I cannot help thinking that inward experiences have far too much taken the place of the study of Christ and of the character of God, and that this accounts in a great measure for the low and sad condition of so many Christians. Do you not think that the constant study of his character would far more effectually teach us our depravity than poring into our own?—[A. L. Newton.]