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Rev. E. McLeod, {

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That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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Religious Selections.

"Looking Back."

When I was a boy at school, it was the custom every spring, to give us a holiday, on occasion of the parish ploughing-match. I was patronized by a famous veteran at the plough, who won the medal year after year, until at last he had to give up competing, having none to compete with him. Walking beside him at the plough, I observed his method. Before starting from one end of the field, he sat up a pole at the other, and series of poles in the intervening space, in a perfectly straight line. On this line he sat his mind, his heart, his soul; and so, invariably, made a perfectly straight furrow. He never "looked back," either with his bodily or with his mental eye, but kept his whole mind concentrated on the business before him. The "foolish and young" rivals would begin well, and go on well, for a time. But one of them would by and by "look back," look over his shoulder for an instant, to admire his own work or to see whether the people were looking on and admiring; and in that instant he would make a bend from the straight line of his furrow—it was a crooked furrow, and a lost prize. Another would "look back" mentally, would allow his mind to be turned aside for an instant in listening to what people said, or thinking of what they might think or wondering to some other business than the business before him; and in that instant he would bend from the straight line of his furrow—it was a crooked furrow, and a lost prize. But my famous veteran, whose triumph I felt as my own, never looked back, never wavered in mind for an instant—and with him it was always a straight furrow, and a prize gained.

So it is in the Christian life. Our Saviour describes it as "ploughing." The apostle Paul speaks of it as striving for a prize. And we are told, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

A certain man has said to the Saviour, "Lord I will follow thee; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home in my house." The Lord does not forbid him to go. He can go, and bid them farewell, and return in time to accompany the Lord to the cross at Jerusalem. And we can go, and discharge all the duties of natural affection, and yet never part from the Lord for an instant. But while leaving him free to go or stay as he will, the Master gives to this would-be follower the caution, to beware of looking back. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." Among our own kindred we may meet our deadliest foes; our natural affection to them may prove our most deadly temptation. The convert, among his old forsaken paths, by their seductions, persecutions, sneers, jibes, scoffs, by their silent example, he may be tempted to walk again in the way of the ungodly, to stand once more in the counsel of sinners, and to sit down at last in the seat of the scorner. And he is warned by the Lord, what he must make up his mind to if he would really follow the Lord if he would live a Christian life, and gain the prize. He must set the Lord before him, as Saviour—Prophet, Priest, King. He must keep his eye, his heart, his soul, steadfastly fixed on the straight way of the Lord's commandments. In other words, having undertaken to follow Christ, he must make up his mind to go through with it.

If your friends begin to mock you, to call you a fool, to speak of you as a crazy fanatic; never mind, consider only whether you are following the Lord, and go through with that. If they try to terrify you, by representing the difficulties and dangers of a Christian life; never mind, consider only whether you are following the Lord, and go through with that. If Satan tempt you, threaten to break the kingdom of Christ in your soul, boast that he will and can destroy it; never mind, only consider whether you are following the Lord, and go through with that.

If you do so, there is no fear. The waves of men's mockery and rage have often beaten against, but never aken, the Rock of ages on which you rest. The power of Satan has already been broken, the hammer has been shivered in breaking that anvil, the Christ who is formed in you the hope of glory. Your way is an "everlasting way." Only keep your heart upon Christ follow him through weal and woe, through good report and bad; resolve to do so, and seek, by God's grace, to carry your resolution out; and in your case it will be a straight furrow, and a prize gained. But if you begin to think what people will think, to listen to what they say, to look for approving or admiring looks; then you have ceased to follow Christ; it is a crooked furrow, and a lost prize. "Remember Lot's wife."

False Piety.

There is a description of piety which, to say the least, is not adapted to the age in which we live. It is too exclusively subjective. It deals with frames and feelings as if these constituted the chief essence of religion. It dives into the dark well of the inner mind to discover there the Sun of Righteousness. It looks for evidences, among the rubbish which they are never to be found. It mistakes disobedience for humility; not regard as itself worthy to do positive duty or to enjoy important privileges. It feels no strength, too weak to help itself, what can it do for the

advantage of others? It mourns the absence of comfort, and confesses unfaithfulness; yet waits for comfort as a stimulus to activity,—and thus remains idle and disconsolate. Persons of this description, are somewhat numerous; a little exercise with fresh air in the open field of effort, might be beneficial to their spiritual health.

These persons should take a lesson from the social virtues. A good man might get into such a morbid state of mind as to imagine himself deficient in natural affection, and therefore unfit to provide for his family. "Quickly bestir yourself, my good friend!" you would say to him: "Do at once the offices of affection, and love will increase."

There are many professing Christians who seem to make just enough exertion to keep them from the sick list. Religious comforts are exceedingly precious. Of course they should be cherished with humble gratitude. But their coming is incidental. Seek first the kingdom of God. Seek the promotion of that kingdom in all the ways of practical godliness. Let the advancement of that kingdom become the governing principle of action, and comforts will come as they shall be needed. This is a great lesson in the Christian life. "Girding up ourselves for the service of the blessed Master till He shall have eaten," we may hope in our turn to be fed and comforted. This lesson given to the twelve disciples is one which should never be forgotten.

There are multitudes, however, who seek to reverse this order of things. They would first be fed before serving the Master. Many, therefore, seem to stand idle all the day long. Some employ substitutes to do service. Others seek comfort in praising the faithfulness of their efficient brethren. Others still, give their attention only to the more pleasant things, leaving the toil, the weariness and the seeming drudgery to those who are more self-denied. All this is wrong. It shows at least a great deficiency in generalship and discipline. A considerable portion of these brethren certainly act too much like supernumeraries. Their lips are sealed, their purses are tightly bound, their Bibles are superficially read, their prayers are cold and formal; and their enjoyments, it is to be feared, are often more like earth than heaven. Go to the prayer meeting or the monthly concert: they are not there. Go to the Sabbath school or the Bible class: they are not there. Go to any meeting for benevolent effort: they are not there. They are not even at church on the Sabbath, except in fair weather. How they manage to keep themselves from the sick list, it is difficult to see. They do not even come under the drill as supernumeraries.

Now, if all these multitudes were suddenly to arrange themselves as "operatives," I still think they could not easily be guided; especially, as the less spiritual among them would have the least docility. So sudden a change, it seems, is not likely to occur. As to this whole class of individuals we would say, "Arise up and build." "Ye have not been enlisted as idlers or supernumeraries." And furthermore, as pastors cannot do everything, and as brethren of the church have covenanted to watch over each other,—why should not the latter stir up each other in a faithful, affectionate way, to active diligence and zeal and constancy in the service of Christ? If this were thoroughly done, the very idea of supernumeraries would be forgotten. Let us all labor and pray earnestly for this result.

Where is Jesus? Oh, that I knew where I might find him. So sighs the longing heart, weary of the glitter and vanity of earth, weary of deceit and disappointment, weary of suffering and trial, yearning to rush away from it all, and yet comforted and blessed by holding sweet and close communion with the Saviour. Yet often the spirit, so clogged with the heavy weights of sin and doubt, cannot rise to the throne, searches in vain amid the darkness, feeling after him, stretching out empty arms, but sometimes failing to enclasp him!

Where is Jesus? Very often he may be found in a place of secret retirement. It is well to break for a while the links binding us to time, its engagements, its duties, its loves and sorrows and closing the door, seek for him at the trying place. Ah! Jesus loves to come there and manifest himself—calling off the glad spirit from its care, and speaking holy words of peace and comfort. If he dealt at first to give the assurance of his presence, yet his heart of overflowing tenderness will not long resist the appeal of the love seeking one. And when he comes, how bright is the place off his feet, how radiantly the room, how glad some the earth, with its smiles, and music, and sunshine! Sad heart, longing for thy Saviour, seek him at the secret mercy-seat.

Where is Jesus? In the sanctuary. Who has not met him there? When the great congregation rises, and unites in the songs of Zion, does not he come to listen? When his own beautiful messages are delivered by the lips of his earnest apostles, is not he there, blessing the hearing ear, satisfying the hungry soul? Oh, glorious beyond expression is our tabernacle, glorified by his presence! The accumulated load of sin and care may be rolled off there at the foot of the cross, and the freed Christian go on his way rejoicing.

Where is Jesus? At the Prayer-Meeting. Sad that we do not oftener meet him there. Has he not promised to be with, and bless, the two and three gathered together in his name? And he will not fail—would that we were equally faithful! Very precious are his visits there! How the dew of his love fall upon the heart, parched by the world's heat! Praying and waiting! Blessed posture! Brethren and sisters breathing the same desires—all hearts rising in company to the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother! Oh, the Saviour is certainly there!

Where is Jesus? Among his workers. In the lowly cottage, where gentle lips read to the stricken inmates sweet tales of his endless love. In the Sabbath-school, where little heads first bow in prayer, and bright eyes turn to the child who carries a little book on his heart! A small volume was handed to the surgeon, who looked at it with evident emotion, and then left the room.

There is a description of piety which, to say the least, is not adapted to the age in which we live. It is too exclusively subjective. It deals with frames and feelings as if these constituted the chief essence of religion. It dives into the dark well of the inner mind to discover there the Sun of Righteousness. It looks for evidences, among the rubbish which they are never to be found. It mistakes disobedience for humility; not regard as itself worthy to do positive duty or to enjoy important privileges. It feels no strength, too weak to help itself, what can it do for the

He was not a religious man; but not long afterwards, he sought an interview with a Christian of his acquaintance, and spoke to him with unusual earnestness. He related the incident connected with the soldier's death, and said, "I can not tell you how much finding this book, the New Testament, on the corpse of that young man, has impressed my mind. A copy of the same was given to myself, before we left for Italy. And when I saw how carefully his had been preserved and from the ink and pencil marks in all directions how diligently it had been studied, I could not but ask myself—What use have I made of the gospel, placed in my hands under similar circumstances? Had I, like him, been on a bed of death, what answer could I have given to the Judge of all, on his saying to me, 'I thought thee, when thou soughtest me not; I called thee by my word, and thou hast despised the call?'"

There is every reason to believe, we are told, that these impressions have since deepened into conviction, and that the surgeon has not only read his own New Testament, but received its truths to the salvation of his soul.

It was so ordered in providence, that these circumstances occurred in the very town where was the home of the colporteur who had spoken to the young soldier on the eve of his departure. These facts were brought to his knowledge, and were by him communicated to the secretary of the Bible Society in France. How many similar cases may never be known or recorded on earth! But even one such as this may well strengthen the faith and animate the exertions of all who are seeking, by any means, to spread abroad the truth which is in Jesus, and to circulate his Word among their fellow-sinners.

"One soweth, and another reapeth." To reap in joy, at least on earth, is the privilege of some;—to sow in faith, though it may be with tears, is the duty, the privilege of all believers. Reader, do you count it yours?

"In the shade of the rural by-way,
In the shrine of the village mead,
In the town and the public highway,
Wherever a man may tread,
Alike at the door of the rich and the poor,
Sow thou the precious seed."

"And some shall fall in the thicket,
Some in the open world;
For the wandering soul to pick it,
Or shrivel it up in the cold;
But some shall take root, and bear good fruit,
Even an hundred fold!"

Where is Jesus? Oh, that I knew where I might find him. So sighs the longing heart, weary of the glitter and vanity of earth, weary of deceit and disappointment, weary of suffering and trial, yearning to rush away from it all, and yet comforted and blessed by holding sweet and close communion with the Saviour. Yet often the spirit, so clogged with the heavy weights of sin and doubt, cannot rise to the throne, searches in vain amid the darkness, feeling after him, stretching out empty arms, but sometimes failing to enclasp him!

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where "they shall hunger no more." In the earth's solitary places, far from our happy island home, where the missionary proclaims glad tidings. Lo, he is always among his workers!

Where is Jesus? "Where'er we seek him, he is found,
And every spot is hallowed ground."

Yes, where the heart goes out toward him, with "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee." Jesus may come to the waiting heart, and bless it, alike amid the city's din and the lonely dell, on the marketplace and by the grand old ocean, if only we are ready to receive the Heavenly Guest.

Where is Jesus? By the Christian's death-bed. Yes when the spirit which has trusted in him stands ready to fly into the great unseen, he will not forsake it. In the valley, as on the mountain-top, he will be there.

And his smile will chase the damps, and mists, and fears from the slippery path, and his strong arm enclasp and protect the trembler.

Oh! what an unutterable friend is Jesus! Is he not worth seeking? May he be our portion now, and for ever.

O Saviour, be with us! The way is long,
And hidden snares and dangers round it throng;
The passing day with grief and tears is rife—
O Jesus, be with us amid our life!

O Saviour, be with us when falls the night
All heavily upon our failing sight;
When weak and helpless at death's brink we lie—
O Jesus, be with us when we shall die.

The Cost of an Estate.

"What is the value of this estate," said a gentleman to another with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion and through rich fields.

"I don't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late possessor."

"How much?"
"His soul."

A solemn pause followed this brief answer. The person to whom it was given was not seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

The late possessor referred to was the son of a pious man who supported his family by the labor of his hands. The son early obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in the city. He was then a professor of religion. He continued to maintain a reputable profession till he became a partner in the concern. He then gave increasing attention to business and less to religion. Ere he was an old man he had become exceedingly wealthy and miserly, and no one who knew him had any suspicion that he had ever been a professor of religion. He purchased a large landed estate, built the costly mansion referred to above, and died. Just before he died he said, "my prosperity has been my ruin."

Only Once.

"Did you ever attend the theatre?" said a young man to a blue-eyed maiden, who long on his arm as they promenade the streets of New York one mild evening in October. The clerk of the lady crimsoned with a blush as she answered the interrogatory in the negative, and added: "My mother has taught me from childhood that it was wrong to attend such places." "But your mother formed perhaps improper prejudices, from exaggerated accounts given by others; for I have often heard her say she never attended one in her life." And he spoke eloquently of the drama, tragedy and comedy; and dwelt with pathos on the important lessons which we there learn of human nature. "Go with me once," said he, "and judge for yourself." Persuasion and enticement triumphed over the maternal precept and example, as she hesitatingly replied, "I'll go but once." She went, and in that theatre a charm came over her like the one which the serpent sent forth from his dovetailed eye. She went again and again, and from that house of mirth and laughter, she was led to one from the portals of which she never returned.

Around a counter table, where an astral lamp shed its mild light sat three young ladies; while one held in her hand a pack of cards. At the back of her chair stood a young gentleman, who for years had successfully resisted every effort made by his companions, to induce him to learn the characters on cards. "Come," said she, "we need one to make our game; play with us once, if you never play again." Her eyes, cheek and lip, conspired to form an eloquent fortress of good resolutions, in which he had long stood secured, until it fell like the walls of an ancient city, when jarred by the fearful battering ram. He learned the cards and played. A few weeks afterwards, he was passing his room at a late hour, and a candle was shedding its dim light through the window. Since that time I have looked from my chamber nearly every hour of the night, "from close of day till morn," and seen that light faintly struggling through the curtains that screened the inmates of that room from every eye save his which seeh alike, in darkness and on holiday. Gaining breath with a late hour, and a death came just as he had numbered the half of his three score years and ten. During his last hours, I was sitting by his bedside, when he fixed on me a look which I shall never forget, and bade me listen to his dying words. "I might have been a different man from what I am, but it is too late now. I am convinced that there is a state of existence beyond the grave; and when I think of the retribution which awaits me in another world, I feel a horror which language is inadequate to describe. These were among the last words he ever uttered."

The junior class of a Southern college had assembled in a student's room to spend the night in riot and debauch. Amid that crowd was one who had never reeled a bad lesson since his matriculation. In his studies he was head and shoulders above his class. That day he had failed. A shade of deepest gloom came over him, and he was indescribably melancholy. But the wine and jest passed round, while himself felt like Lucifer in Eden, where all was joy and gladness around him. Said a classmate, "Come, Bob, quaff this bumper, and it will make you feel as bright as a hermit's lamp." The tempter whispered in his ear, "Drink once, and forget the past. A similar occasion will never return." A powerful struggle seemed going on in his mind for a moment; but at last he silently shook his head, and retiring to the grove, gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears. That boy never drank—not even once. He took the valedictory of the class, and President of a College. Once! Once! Oh, on this slender pivot, hath turned for weal or woe the destiny of many a doleful spirit. Caesar raised but once on the banks of the Rubicon; but it was a pause like that which nature makes when she is gathering her elements for the desolating tornado. Eve ate the forbidden fruit but once, and her countless posterity have felt the fearful consequence resulting from that rash act. Reader, remember once!—[Pres. Record.]

"I have no Influence."

Don't say so. All have some. A gentleman, lecturing in the neighbourhood of London, said—"Everybody has influence, even that child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms.—"That's true!" cried the man. At the close he said to the lecturer, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard once, as I did not like to go to the public house alone, I used to carry this child. As I approached the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go father! Hold your tongue child! Please father don't go! Hold your tongue, I say.' Presently, I felt a big tear all on my cheek. I could not go a step further, sir, I turned round and went home, and have never been in a public-house since, thank God for it. I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying, 'That's true, sir! All have influence.'—Rev. N. Hall.

year was 363,700, upwards of forty colporteurs having been engaged in the work. With regard to Austria, it was observed that a most promising sphere of labor was, some time ago, perpetually closed, and the Austrian Government prohibited the circulation of the Scriptures even among the Protestant subjects. Various attempts were afterwards made to re-open that field, but in vain. The Committee had now to congratulate the Society that the Austrian Government had lately seen fit to reverse their policy on this subject.

By a decree recently issued by the Imperial authority at Vienna, the police regulations which prevented the introduction of the Scriptures into Austrian dominions had been absolutely rescinded, and the Bible might now freely enter those territories, whence it was long so cruelly banished. A new and vast scene of labor thus presented itself, and no reasonable expense should be spared in making use of the facilities which were likely to be offered for the circulation of the scriptures. In Denmark, 9,600 copies of the New Testament were issued on behalf of the Society during the past year. The issues from the various districts in Norway were 16,500, and the circulation of the Scriptures was manifestly producing the most beneficial result. The issues in Sweden amounted to 89,600 copies. Events of deep significance, political and ecclesiastical, and they could not fail to have an important influence on the dissemination of divine truth. After a long period of suspended labour, the Synod of the Greek Church had resumed the printing of the Scriptures in modern Russ for general circulation. The circulation of the year, through the medium agency at St. Petersburg was 17,200 copies of the Scriptures. Turning to Italy, the Report commenced with an allusion to the retirement of Lieut. Garden from the office of principal agent of the Society, and to the selection of a successor in the person of Mr. Thomas Bruce, who had resided for many years in Leghorn, was well acquainted with the people, and was in other respects well qualified for the post which he had assumed. The Report proceeded to say that at Turin the usual modes of action had been maintained, and the circulation of the year amounted to 4,100 copies. Nice having now ceased to be an Italian district, had been added to the agency for France, 1,150 copies had been issued there. It was one of the boasts of the church of Rome that Protestantism had never taken deep root in Genoa. Stubborn facts had dispelled this assumption, and there were in Genoa groups of Protestants who might be cited in opposition to the statement. 7,600 copies of the Scriptures had been disposed of, almost entirely by sale over a large extent of country. The operations at Leghorn had issued a circulation of 3,500 copies within the year. The issues at Florence amounted to nearly 8,000 copies, and the colporteurs employed met with great encouragement both in private dwellings and in the public streets. The entrance of the sacred volume into Naples, where it had so long been excluded, was an event of deep interest. The avidity with which it was purchased proved the intense eagerness of the multitude to possess it. The circulation in Naples up to the close of last year amounted to 4,400 copies, and the demand for the Scriptures continued with great steadiness. It was added that the work of colportage had extended to Sicily, and that the Scriptures had been circulated to a considerable extent in that thickly-populated, but fearfully degraded island; and that the result of the Society's operations in Italy during the past year was a circulation of 30,000 copies of the Scriptures, mainly through the agency of thirty colporteurs, who had traversed nearly the whole country.

While the Committee deemed it prudent to omit all reference to actual Bible circulation in Spain, they had, said the Report, the satisfaction to state that the entire Bible was ready for immediate circulation in that country. As regarded the Mediterranean, it was remarked that the Rev. J. Lowndes had retired from his post of labor, and returned to England after a useful period of service. The circulation of the year in Malta was nearly 14,000. The Society's operations in Greece presented an improved aspect as compared with former years; the issue of the year amounted to 23,000. In Turkey the year's issues amounted to 20,000, which has been widely dispersed. Attention was drawn to the significant fact that the issues of Turkish Scriptures were threefold as numerous as those of the previous year. It was therefore believed that divine truth was gradually taking silently making its way among Mohammedans, many of whom anticipated that the Gospel of Christ would eclipse their own faith, and that Christ would ultimately prevail in its stead. Regret was expressed that the circulation in India was still comparatively small, amounting in the last year to only 108,000 copies. The difficulties offered to the work were of no ordinary character, and among them were the policy of the Government, the implacable resentment toward Christians which burns in the heart of the proud Mohammedans, the utter inability of the great mass of the Indian population to read, and the paucity of qualified labourers to go forth and scatter the truth. Notwithstanding these formidable obstacles there was an increase last year of 16,000 copies. In reference to China, Christian hope was again kindled by the recent treaty, which afforded great facilities for intercourse with the interior, and advantage would be taken of these facilities to seek a wider diffusion of the Scriptures. A hope was expressed that the compact which had been entered into would not be sacrificed by dangerous diplomacy nor endangered by aggression. The issues in the last year were—at Shanghai, 25,000 copies; at Canton, 6,000; and at Hong Kong, 4,300. With regard to Australia, it was stated that, after anxious inquiry, it was determined to send out an agent to take the general superintendence of the Society's operations, and that the Rev. Joseph Tucker, Incumbent of the Holy Trinity, Northwich, had been selected for that important office, and was gone to Australia. The circulation of the Scriptures in the various Australian colonies during the past year was 21,600 copies; and it was believed that there were now very few zealots, except the Romanists, who were not provided with the sacred volume. After allusions to continued Bible circulation among the South Sea Islands, and to translations of the Scriptures in the Caffre language, and in the languages of different parts of Western Africa, it was stated that in South America the Rev. Mr. Corfield had, in the course of his travels across the Andes and down the shores of the Pacific, disposed of 2,500 copies, which were exclusive of those sold in Brazil. With respect to the West Indies, it was stated that it was many years since there had

JESUS DID IT.

"Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinners, no—
Jesus did it—did it all
Long, long ago.

When He from His lofty throne
Swooped to do and die;
Everything was fully done—
Hearken to the cry.

"It is finished!"—yes, indeed—
Finished every jot—
Sinner, this is all you need—
Tell me, is it not?

Weary, working, plodding one,
Why toiling so?
Cease your doing; I was done
Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith;
Doing is a deadly thing—
Doing leads to death.

Cast your deadly doing down—
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in His alone
Gloriously complete."

British and Foreign Bible Society.

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY of this Society was held in Exeter Hall, London, on May 1st. The attendance was as numerous as on former occasions, while on the platform, surrounded Lord Shaftesbury, the President of the Society, were many distinguished clergymen and gentlemen. After the opening of the Meeting by prayer, and the reading of a portion of God's word, one of the Secretaries proceeded to read the Report, an abstract of which we subjoin:—REPORT ON OPERATIONS OF THE PAST YEAR. After some introductory remarks, it proceeded to speak of the foreign operations of the Society. Commencing with France, it said the agency in the last year had been chiefly directed to Roman Catholics, who constituted the vast majority of the population. The year just closed had had its peculiar features and its peculiar successes, and the results were on the whole satisfactory. There was a deep conviction in the minds of many of the foreign dignitaries of Popery were numbered, and fast running out. The circulation of the past year exhibited an increase over that of the preceding year, and amounted to 87,200 copies. There had been no instance of interference on the part of the authorities with the colporteurs. The total circulation in France now amounted to 4,670,000 copies. In Belgium there was an obvious change in the public mind with regard to the Bible, and the fear of reciting and reading it was becoming weaker. The past year had had its average amount of success; and although there had been some of the old hostility towards the colporteurs, the ill-will and rude violence of the people were the effects, not so much of spontaneous feeling, as of evil influence exercised by others. 9,500 copies of the Scriptures were circulated in the past year, making an aggregate of 261,000. The operations in Holland were satisfactory, and the issues of the year reached 252,000 copies. From Cologne the circulation reported was 91,500 copies. The area assigned to the agency at Frankfort had been extended by the addition of the French-speaking cantons of Switzerland. The circulation from Frankfort amounted to 67,000 copies; while the agency at Berlin had distributed 151,000. The entire circulation of Germany in the