

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA

Rev. F. McLeod, {

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

{ Editor and Proprietor

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Religious Intelligencer.

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN JAMAICA.

EXTRAORDINARY FACTS.

This remarkable movement continues to spread. While some of the most striking physical features continue to appear, yet in a short time they subside, and generally give place to a more sober, but solemn and earnest, seeking after the Lord. The Rev. J. M. Philippi thus refers to the subject:—

Our places of worship are thronged, and services are continued in them, I may almost say, from morning until night, every day of the week. Intelligence of the rapid extent and wonderful concomitants of this awakening are reaching us by every post. On the south side of the island it has extended itself from Savannah-la-Mar to Old Harbour, from Spanish Town; and on the north, from Bethel Town and Mount Carey onwards through Montego Bay, Falmouth, Stewart Town, Brown's Town, to St. Ann's Bay. It is spreading and rolling onwards like a mighty river, and will no doubt, cover the whole island. The results, as in Ireland and elsewhere, are not altogether unmingled with evil; but wherever the movement has been under the guidance of pious and devoted ministers of the Gospel, the fruits are such as demonstrate that to be the production of the softening, converting, mighty operation of the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts.

The districts in which the Rev. W. Clayton labours are to the west of Spanish Town, and have long needed the revival which is now taking place. Referring to a former letter, he says:—

You will be rejoiced to learn that the great work which God has begun amongst us, and which I informed you last mail, has continued to spread its gracious influence, till it is bidding fair to deluge the whole island. Every station under my care has received a large measure of the Divine outpouring, till, apparently, seriousness is impressed upon almost every soul. During the past month I have spoken to about 500 persons who profess to be anxious for their souls' salvation, and who have united with one or other of our churches as inquirers. Many of these have passed through all the stages that characterize this revival:—prostration, alarming conviction, and the enjoyment of peace from a sense of pardon through a Saviour's blood. A large number, however, are only awakened to an anxious concern for their souls; but of many of these I hope well. This revival has been to us like a tempest passing over, and with one blast, purifying the atmosphere, and calling into new life a thousand beauties over the Christian landscape. The fearful excitement with which this great work commences lasts only a few days, and invariably subsides into a calm, cheerful attention to every religious duty. Its influence penetrates every class; deacons and members are aroused to activity; inquirers, whose indifference to Christian ordinances I had long deplored, are now anxiously seeking admission to the church; newly-awakened sinners are entreating that they may speedily put on Christ by public profession; hundreds, nay thousands, who have totally neglected all the externals of religion, are now crowding the house of God, till on Sabbath we cannot accommodate the multitude that flock to the house of prayer; and evening prayer-meetings, held every night during the week, are very frequently literally crowded. Many of those who stood aloof, and even scoffed at the work, have been subdued by its irresistible power, and are now among the most active in extending its influence. The advantages of our schools have been strongly manifested during this visitation. It is chiefly among the young who have been lost sight of for years. Now they are brought to turn from their wickedness, the knowledge they display of the Word of God is truly astonishing; and the correctness with which they quote, and the propriety of selection, would indicate a matured growth in Christian experience.

The rapid extension of this work may be accounted for by the purely apostolic conduct of the new converts. As soon as they obtain their own pardon they go everywhere preaching the Word, individually, as the "woman of Samaria," and Philip to Nathanael;—and also in companies from chapel to chapel, village to village, till the whole neighborhood is impressed. The work increases every day. The people are moving to erect seven village class-houses; and twelve miles from Fort, in the Manchester Mountains, a large village, and very populous, seven miles from any place of worship, the people are sending to me every week to commence a school and preaching among them. From the character of this movement I am strongly convinced that now is the time, God's own time, for giving a higher tone to the piety of our churches.

Mr. Clayton earnestly pleads for help. For the last few weeks he has held three services a day, and travelled an average of twenty miles a day, and that under a tropical sun. At least five hundred persons have joined the inquirers' classes, and still they multiply.

The stations of the Rev. J. Clarke are partly in the plain of the fertile and sugar-producing district of Westmoreland, and partly in the mountains which surround it. Writing from one of his mountain stations, called Suttell Mount, Mr. Clarke says:—

"I am surrounded by sinners, and I feel that I have a great work to do. I have seen what I could hardly have believed possible if I had not actually witnessed it. I have had my heart overjoyed to see females of fair colour hanging on the necks of their black sisters, weeping over them, even kissing them whilst they have, as in Christ's stead, besought them to repent of sin and be reconciled to God. Rum-shops are abandoned. The retailers acknowledge that during last week, though the town was full of people day and night, their sales were nil. All the places of worship are insufficient to receive the thronging multitudes who now feel anxious to serve the Lord."

Passing over the intervening parishes where indeed God is also manifesting his power, we come to the parish of St. Ann's Town, in which the Rev. J. Clarke is labouring. He thus writes, under date of December 6th:—

"It is only a fortnight since the work began here, but it has been a glorious one. We have had scenes such as were never before witnessed; they have been like heaven upon earth. But there has also been much to fill one with anxiety and sorrow. A few persons have been excited almost to delirium, and are charging people of blameless lives with horrible crimes, declaring that in their stricken state they saw the deceased individuals who revealed the cause and the circumstances of their death, or that the spirit had told them. And many are inclined to believe these fancies as revelations from heaven. A few also have manifested zeal without knowledge. But what is the effect to the west? These are

We are in the midst of such work as I never before saw or heard of in my thirty-one years, acquaintance with Jamaica. My engagements are from morning to night; and to-day, after six meetings yesterday, I have conversed with fifty-two persons respecting their state, all of whom desire Christian baptism, and say they repent of sin, and believe in Jesus. Two members came early to confess their sins, and to express sorrow with much weeping and grief, though their sin had been committed two years ago, and was known previous to this revival to themselves and to God only. In September my inquirers stood at fifty-five, and only twenty-two of these had appeared to be in earnest. Now, Dec. 10th, I number 415, and have restored twelve backsliders and have baptized fifteen, who gave evidence of what seemed to us to be a true conversion to God. The chapels, and other places of worship are crowded; and some prostrations, similar to those in Ireland and Scotland, take place; but I have never been interrupted in the public services by any excess, and have seen only a very few of those who fell to the ground. The confessions of sin are the most remarkable features of the case. These are involuntary, yet true; and the strange feeling exists in the person at the time, that unless all is truthfully confessed, nothing will be forgiven.

Crossing the mountains to the north side of the island, we arrive at the stations of the Rev. W. Teall, who has furnished the Missionary Herald with a long and interesting account of the movement in that district. His letter is dated November 19th.

Such pleading and entreaty for souls, he says I never in my life witnessed. On Friday, the 9th inst. the meeting lasted all night, and I should think that at least one hundred persons were powerfully affected with a sense of their sin and danger. The cries of some of the convicted were truly heart-rending. There were not a few who obtained grace to believe in Jesus as their Saviour; and the change which took place in their appearance was truly astonishing. While under conviction, their features were fearful to look upon; but when a sense of pardon was realized, they looked almost angelic. On Saturday morning, at six o'clock, closed the meeting, and dismissed the people. I then went up the hill [to his house], to get a little rest; but I had scarcely thrown myself on the bed, when I heard the most distressing cries in the chapel, and hastening down, I found some fifteen or twenty of the poor abandoned girls of the street all in the utmost distress. Their confessions of sin and cries for mercy were such as I never expected to have heard. The chapel was speedily refilled with the people of the town and neighborhood, all apparently the subjects of deep seriousness.

On Lord's-day, the 11th, we began as usual with a prayer-meeting at six o'clock; but instead of having from seven to twelve persons; we had upwards of a hundred, and they continued to increase till the meeting closed. At half-past one I found the chapel thoroughly filled, and some five hundred persons outside, who could not obtain even standing room inside. I was assisted during the day by persons of all denominations, and a most powerful awakening took place. The services did not close till Monday morning at daylight. At six o'clock on Wednesday morning I started for Green Island. One of the services was maintained all night, and I think about fifty were affected. At daylight I rode to Rock Spring estate, and held a meeting when twelve persons fell down under conviction of sin. I then passed on to Kendall, and held another meeting. Then on to Mount Moriah, and down to Lucia. Yesterday the congregation numbered not far short of 1,000, nearly all of them sitting on the ground exposed to the sun. During the service seven persons fell down; and at the close forty-two young persons enrolled themselves as inquirers.

Pride of colour has been destroyed. I have seen what I could hardly have believed possible if I had not actually witnessed it. I have had my heart overjoyed to see females of fair colour hanging on the necks of their black sisters, weeping over them, even kissing them whilst they have, as in Christ's stead, besought them to repent of sin and be reconciled to God. Rum-shops are abandoned. The retailers acknowledge that during last week, though the town was full of people day and night, their sales were nil. All the places of worship are insufficient to receive the thronging multitudes who now feel anxious to serve the Lord."

On the above occasion about 300 responded to the invitation and partook of the excellent refreshments so kindly provided by the committee. The proceedings differed in some particulars from other meetings, prayer and singing being more frequently engaged in. Mr. Reginald Radcliffe gave an address which was well calculated to awaken his unhappy hearers, and to lead them to the Saviour. The address was composed chiefly of practical deductions from a deeply affecting anecdote. Mr. Radcliffe stated that he was acquainted with a man at Liverpool who once was an actor of abandoned and reckless character, and who, when in California, fought a duel, and engaged in open sin of the most dreadful description. The man ultimately came to London, and while walking through the streets one day, saw a Bible in a shop window, which he was led to purchase. One of the first passages which made an impression on his mind was, "After death the judgment." He was in course of time led to cast himself upon the Lord Jesus, and found peace to his soul. Enjoying the assurance of a Father's pardon through Christ, he devoted himself to labour for the salvation of others. He went to Manchester, and there one day he met with a poor girl in the streets, with whom he spoke about her sinful course of life, urging her to flee to Jesus, and to

return to her home and parents. She said in reply, "I dare not go home." "Why?" said John Hambleton (for this was the name of the converted actor) "Would you go home if I went with you?" "Yes," replied the poor girl. So they set out for her parent's house immediately. Ah! when they arrived there what a scene presented itself. There was some one there said Mr. Radcliffe, belonging to that poor girl. Who was it? Who was that upon a bed, when Mr. Hambleton entered the apartment alone, with her face pale and emaciated, with but the skeleton of a frame, and with a ray of peace resting upon her brow? Ah, that was the mother! Proceeding to the bedside, Mr. Hambleton inquired, "And have you got rest in Jesus?" "O yes," the poor woman replied, "and I can smile at the approach of death, O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory! Yet I am not happy in dying!" "Not happy—how is that?" "I have a daughter—a daughter." "What is your daughter?" "O my dear, dear daughter—my soul loves my daughter—Oh my child! She is on the streets of Manchester—I long to see her. I want to kiss her once, ere I die." Ah! said Mr. Radcliffe, there is much love in a mother's heart, yet the love of the fondest mother who ever lived is nothing when compared with the love of Jesus. This poor woman when told that her daughter was in the house, was filled with joy, and when she came to her bedside she pressed her to her bosom with all the earnestness and tenderness of an overflowing heart—kissing her again and again. But the father had yet to be encountered, and he was a hard-hearted and wicked man. The poor girl dreaded his footsteps as he approached the room where she had been hidden in order that the fact of her return home might first be made known to him. When informed of her penitence, he vehemently declared, "She shall never again come under my roof-never." He condemned her for her sin. Oh! how different the conduct of our heavenly Father, when a wanderer returns to him repentant. He neither chides nor condemns those who come to him for pardon. This poor girl brought her father's forgiveness, but he spurned her from him, and ejected her from his house, telling her to begone. Shortly after the mother died. On one night a gentle rap came at the door of the house, the father had retired to rest; he inquired who it was, and received a trembling reply that it was his daughter. He would not rise to let her in, but told her to go away from his house, as she should never come under his roof. The poor creature turned away from the stony-hearted parent's door, and went a little way down the court, then laid down upon the cold stones, and breathed out the last sigh from her penitent, though broken heart.

The effect of the address was over-powering to a great many present, and they gave vent to their emotion in tears. Any who felt anxious about their souls were invited to retire to an adjoining room where they were individually conversed and prayed with. The result was striking. So large a number immediately left their seats, that the ante-room was filled to overflowing, some thirty young people anxiously waiting till their turn might arrive. Several gentlemen offered prayer, during which the greatest decorum was maintained. Three o'clock having arrived, notice was given that any person who did not wish to remain longer might retire, as it was intended that there should be further prayer and individual conversation. Very few left the room, and in a few minutes, little congregations were seen here and there attentively listening to the Christian advice and instruction of the various gentlemen who conducted the movement.

Hitherto, the plan had been to invite the girls to enter the "Homes" at once, but on this occasion an alteration was wisely made. The addresses of the homes were given to each girl as she left the room, so that time for consideration was thus afforded, and very great deal of trouble avoided; inasmuch as sometimes, while under an impression made at the meetings they enter the homes, and afterwards, when that impression has been removed by time, repent of the step they had taken and return again to their old course. By the arrangement the opportunity of escape entirely devolves upon themselves, and the act being purely a voluntary one, the permanency of the results is rendered much more probable. A great many expressed deep gratitude at the disinterested kindness and sympathy shown to them on the occasion, and with tears promised at once to abandon their sinful career. The last lingerers did not leave the room till an advanced hour of the night, or more correctly speaking, morning. We believe this meeting was more numerously attended than any previous one, and a deeper impression apparently was made on the minds of the poor girls.

We are sorry to hear that contributions are much needed to carry on the movement, but we cannot believe that the Christian public will allow such a blessed work to be hindered for lack of their support. Could those who are able thus to assist the spread of the Gospel of Jesus, but witness such a touching scene as we did on Wednesday night last, in Hanover-square Rooms, feel assured that the Committee would not experience the smallest anxiety as to the permanency of their labour of love and mercy. All other classes of the people of this country have the glorious Gospel preached to them, and the fullness of the love of Christ offered for their acceptance, but these poor unfortunate creatures

who have hitherto been neglected and shunned, have no such opportunities, no such blessed invitations, no such hope of pardon, tendered for their comfort. Shall then an undertaking which has for its sole object the conversion and reclamation of this unhappy class, be allowed to droop for want of the aid which the stewards of God's bounties should rejoice in being in a position to supply?—[Christian Cabinet London.]

THE WANDERER'S CONFESSION.

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"I have something to say about the prayers of a pious mother. I had one. With the first dawning of intelligence she began to teach me to pray. The first things I can remember are those little prayers which she taught me to repeat. When yet a boy, I hoped I loved Jesus Christ. For two or three years I walked in the light. Then came a season of thick darkness—years of darkness. As I grew to be a young man, I neglected prayer and plunged into dissipation, and for years I have given myself up to all kinds of folly. But in the midst of it all, I have heard my mother's prayers, as it seemed to me offered with a broken heart for me, her wayward son. Often in the midst of my gayest and wildest revels, a voice would seem to say to me, 'Your mother is praying for you.' I have wandered the world over—been in almost every country on the face of the earth. But I never could escape from that impression which was like a voice in my ear, saying, your mother is praying for you."

"A short time ago I came home to this city not a repenting prodigal, for I had no repentance. But was warned out with my endeavors to flee from conviction that I was doing wrong. I came back to my poor, praying mother, and I found her praying on still, just as she has been praying for years in my behalf—still holding on to God. I never felt easy to know that she was praying, and I felt continually reproved. I did not wish her to pray, and yet I suppose I should have felt dreadfully alarmed if I had known that she had ceased praying for me. One day, in my down town rambles, I passed this place of prayer. I had often passed it before. But on that day, as I came near, I thought I would just step in. I wanted to see how they did things in this meeting. It was the merest idle curiosity. I sat down on a seat, and beside me was sitting a young man in evident great distress of mind. He was in a state of great agitation. I pitied him. I said to myself, what makes this young man feel so? After a time he leaned over to me and said, I wish they would pray for me, as if he supposed I, as a praying man, would rise and request prayer for him. It was like an arrow shot from a bow, drawn at a venture, by a strong arm right into my heart. I became myself very much moved. I suppose others observed it. When the meeting closed, a gentleman came to me and said in a kind and gentle way:—

"Would you not wish to have a share in the prayers of this meeting?" "No, no," said I, very abruptly, at the very same time feeling as if I wished some body would pray for me. I walked out into the street, and some gentleman pursued me up towards Nassau street.

"Had you not better go back, and write a request for prayer to-morrow?" said he in the same quiet voice. I walked on, and he repeated the question. At that second question, I turned and came back, and he with me. We went into the upper room, and I wrote out my request. That turn in Ann street—to go back and write the request for prayer—was a turn in my life. I have come here every day.

My mother was praying all the time that I might be led to come; praying that I might be prayed for, and persuaded to come to Christ; and he led me to tell you how I have come to him, been forgiven, and have now a good hope of salvation through faith in his atoning blood. Oh how much I owe to a mother's prayers! All the time he was speaking his voice would choke and hinder utterance, so deeply was he moved.—Observer

John Newton and Daniel Wilson. The excellent memoir of Daniel Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, introduces us to intimate companionship with John Newton, Richard Cecil, Rowland Hill, and many other eminent servants of God in the last century. It is pleasant and instructive to follow them from the pulpit into the retirement of the fireside, and mark how their public labours were enforced by consistent and godly lives. Mr. Newton was so much interrupted by calls that he found it expedient to invite friends religious inquirers to breakfast with him, and the morning meal often gave occasion for quickening and instructive spiritual counsel. Mr. Wilson gives an account of several of these interviews enjoyed with the old patriarch, when he was first inquiring the way of salvation. Our readers may be interested in one of these narratives, as a specimen of Mr. Newton's familiar and impressive manner.

"I this morning breakfasted with Mr. Newton. I hope the conversation I had with him will not soon be effaced from my mind. He inculcated that salutary lesson you mentioned in your letter, of 'waiting patiently upon the Lord.' He told me God could, no doubt, if he pleased, produce a full-grown oak in an instant, on the most barren spot; but that such were not the ordinary workings of His providence. The acorn was first sown in the ground, and there was a secret operation going on for some time; and even when the spot appeared above ground, if

you were to be continually watching it, you would not perceive its growth. And so, he said it was in spiritual things.

"When a building is to be erected for eternity the foundation must be laid deep. If I were going to build a house, I could put together a few poles, and finish it presently. But if I were to raise a pile like St. Paul's, I should lay a strong foundation, and immense deal of labour must be spent underground, before the walls would begin to peep above the surface.

"Now," he continued, "you want to know whether you are in the right road; that is putting the cart before the horse; that is wanting to gather the fruit before you sow the seed. You want to experience the effects of belief before you do believe.

"You can believe a man if he promises you anything, but you cannot believe Christ when he says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' If you are cast out, it must be in some wise, but Christ says 'in no wise.' If he had said, I will receive all who come except one hundred, then you might certainly think that you were of that hundred; but the 'in no wise' excludes all such arguing. There are few awakened sinners who doubt Christ's ability to save, but the fear seems to run on to His willingness, which of the two, is certainly the most dishonouring to our blessed Saviour. To illustrate my meaning—Suppose you had promised to pay one hundred pounds for me, and had given me the promise in writing. Now, if you should refuse to pay when I sent for it, which do you think would involve the greatest impeachment to your character, to say that you were perfectly willing to fulfil your engagement, but really had not the power; or to say that no doubt could be entertained of your ability, but you were unwilling to be bound by your promise?

"Unbelief is a great sin. If the devil were to tempt you to open notorious crime, you would be startled at it; but when he tempts you to disbelieve the promises of God, you hug it as your infirmity whereas you should consider it as a great sin, and must pray against it.

"When Evangelist, in the Pilgrim's Progress, asked Christian if he saw a wicket-gate at the end of the path, he said No. Could he then see a shining light? He thought he could. The light was the Bible, and it led him to the wicket-gate. But when he had passed that gate, he still retained the burden. It was not till he looked to the Cross that the burden fell from his back and was felt no more. Now," said Mr. Newton, "the gate through which you have to pass is a straight gate; you can but just squeeze in yourself. There is no room for self-righteousness; that must be left behind."

FED BY GOD.

If Christians had more faith, they would often receive direct answers to their prayers. The same God who fed Elijah by ravens, and supplied the children of Israel with manna, still hears the petitions of His people, and supplies their wants from His infinite resources. An exchange gives the following incident, and is responsible for its perfect truthfulness.

A poor minister, with a large family depending upon him, was suddenly left without employment in the depth of a severe winter. The last penny had been spent for food, and the last morsel was placed upon the table, affording only a scanty meal for the hungry children. The poor distressed mother retired to rest with her little ones, but the good minister could not sleep, and so in the darkness of that mid-winter night he wrestled with God in prayer, pleading all his precious promises to his people. At length his soul grew calmer, and a strong faith sprang up in his heart, that from some source, then unseen to him, his Heavenly Father would furnish food for them. With this thought uppermost in his heart, he too sought repose.

But morning dawned, and they were still destitute. The children cried for food, and with almost bursting hearts the parents told them they had none to give.

"I would put on the kettle, dear," said the father, "and spread the cloth just as usual. The Lord may send us a breakfast yet."

She did as requested, but the kettle boiled, and yet there was no food.

The loving father stood beside the fire, and gazed on the weeping group, with feelings to which you, my friends, who daily gather your home circle about a bountiful table, are utter strangers. But "as a father pitieth His children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

A knock was heard at the door, and a letter was handed in for the minister; the gentleman who brought it walked away. On opening it several bank bills were found, which he was requested to accept. Words cannot describe the emotions of the family at such a timely relief, and when with overflowing hearts they sat down to an abundant meal, which was quickly procured it seemed almost as if it had descended to them as manna did to God's people of old.

It was afterwards ascertained that the gentleman who sent the money had felt impelled that morning to take a walk, cold as it was, and recollecting the minister, he thought as fuel was so high, a trifle of money might not be unacceptable but he had no thought of the straits to which they were reduced.

Thus remarkably does God overrule even the hearts of men, to accomplish his purposes of love and mercy toward those who serve him.

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My mother was praying all the time that I might be led to come; praying that I might be prayed for, and persuaded to come to Christ; and he led me to tell you how I have come to him, been forgiven, and have now a good hope of salvation through faith in his atoning blood. Oh how much I owe to a mother's prayers! All the time he was speaking his voice would choke and hinder utterance, so deeply was he moved.—Observer

John Newton and Daniel Wilson.

The excellent memoir of Daniel Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, introduces us to intimate companionship with John Newton, Richard Cecil, Rowland Hill, and many other eminent servants of God in the last century. It is pleasant and instructive to follow them from the pulpit into the retirement of the fireside, and mark how their public labours were enforced by consistent and godly lives. Mr. Newton was so much interrupted by calls that he found it expedient to invite friends religious inquirers to breakfast with him, and the morning meal often gave occasion for quickening and instructive spiritual counsel. Mr. Wilson gives an account of several of these interviews enjoyed with the old patriarch, when he was first inquiring the way of salvation. Our readers may be interested in one of these narratives, as a specimen of Mr. Newton's familiar and impressive manner.

"I this morning breakfasted with Mr. Newton. I hope the conversation I had with him will not soon be effaced from my mind. He inculcated that salutary lesson you mentioned in your letter, of 'waiting patiently upon the Lord.' He told me God could, no doubt, if he pleased, produce a full-grown oak in an instant, on the most barren spot; but that such were not the ordinary workings of His providence. The acorn was first sown in the ground, and there was a secret operation going on for some time; and even when the spot appeared above ground, if

you were to be continually watching it, you would not perceive its growth. And so, he said it was in spiritual things.

"When a building is to be erected for eternity the foundation must be laid deep. If I were going to build a house, I could put together a few poles, and finish it presently. But if I were to raise a pile like St. Paul's, I should lay a strong foundation, and immense deal of labour must be spent underground, before the walls would begin to peep above the surface.

"Now," he continued, "you want to know whether you are in the right road; that is putting the cart before the horse; that is wanting to gather the fruit before you sow the seed. You want to experience the effects of belief before you do believe.

"You can believe a man if he promises you anything, but you cannot believe Christ when he says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' If you are cast out, it must be in some wise, but Christ says 'in no wise.' If he had said, I will receive all who come except one hundred, then you might certainly think that you were of that hundred; but the 'in no wise' excludes all such arguing. There are few awakened sinners who doubt Christ's ability to save, but the fear seems to run on to His willingness, which of the two, is certainly the most dishonouring to our blessed Saviour. To illustrate my meaning—Suppose you had promised to pay one hundred pounds for me, and had given me the promise in writing. Now, if you should refuse to pay when I sent for it, which do you think would involve the greatest impeachment to your character, to say that you were perfectly willing to fulfil your engagement, but really had not the power; or to say that no doubt could be entertained of your ability, but you were unwilling to be bound by your promise?

"Unbelief is a great sin. If the devil were to tempt you to open notorious crime, you would be startled at it; but when he tempts you to disbelieve the promises of God, you hug it as your infirmity whereas you should consider it as a great sin, and must pray against it.

"When Evangelist, in the Pilgrim's Progress, asked Christian if he saw a wicket-gate at the end of the path, he said No. Could he then see a shining light? He thought he could. The light was the Bible, and it led him to the wicket-gate. But when he had passed that gate, he still retained the burden. It was not till he looked to the Cross that the burden fell from his back and was felt no more. Now," said Mr. Newton, "the gate through which you have to pass is a straight gate; you can but just squeeze in yourself. There is no room for self-righteousness; that must be left behind."

FED BY GOD.

If Christians had more faith, they would often receive direct answers to their prayers. The same God who fed Elijah by ravens, and supplied the children of Israel with manna, still hears the petitions of His people, and supplies their wants from His infinite resources. An exchange gives the following incident, and is responsible for its perfect truthfulness.