

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.

"THAT GOD

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. XI.—No. 44.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1864.

Whole No. 564.

The Intelligencer.

(From the Irish Chronicle.)

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A ROMANIST.

The following striking and interesting narrative, will be read with pleasure, as showing the power of the Divine Word in the revelation of Christ as the only Mediator between God and man:—

Belfast, Aug. 15th, 1864.

DEAR SIR,—Some weeks ago a person came to our prayer-meeting, and was introduced to me as a convert from Romanism. I found, by conversing with her, that she had been brought to the knowledge of the truth, almost, if not altogether, by reading the Word of God. A young man, a Romanist, had given her a book published under the imprimatur of Cardinal Wiseman. The title is "The Garden of the Soul: a Manual of Spiritual Exercises and Instructions for Christians, who, living in the world, aspire to Devotion; containing the Way of the Cross, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Devotions to the Sacred Heart, Bona Mors, &c." It is headed, "Edition for the Army,"—with Instructions and Devotions suited for Soldiers. At the end of the book is a copy of the New Testament, published by the English College at Rheims, A.D. 1852, "with laudal authority," and bearing the signature of "Cardinal Wiseman, West 29th, 1858." It was by reading this copy of the New Testament that the person to whom I have referred was led to renounce the errors of Romanism. "Month after month, in the silence and seclusion of her chamber, she pored over this blessed book, her sole companion and counsellor, till she was brought to trust her all on Jesus Christ. Her case furnishes a remarkable instance of the power of the Divine Word, alone, and apart from all human instrumentality, to enlighten the mind in saving truth. As some of the readers of the Chronicle may be glad to hear of such conversions in Ireland, and may be interested to know something of the way in which the change was wrought in her mind, I will give the account in her own untutored words, as noted down at the time from her own lips:—

"When I read the New Testament, I gave up the prayers and the forms of the church. I saw that they could do me no good; the priest could do nothing. It was by reading the Saviour's own words and promises that I was led to trust in Him and His blood alone. The first thing that brought me to know and love Him was reading all the merciful things and miracles that He did, and the promises He made to them that believe in Him. I loved to read the place where it tells about the raising of Lazarus and where Jesus said to Martha, 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' That was a great promise. I liked the Gospel of St. John, because it has so much of the words of Christ in it. I had it nearly all by heart. When I began to get sorry for my sins, I sometimes thought I would die in them; I was so distressed, I could not sleep at night; I grew nervous, and would shake, and I could scarcely walk at last. I spoke to a man about the trouble I was in, having lost my faith in the church. He told me to speak to the priest, but I knew he could not convince me, and I did not want to go to him. I was troubled and angry so I did not go to him. In all my struggling and striving in the world, it was still the upmost thought with me, how I could be saved. After I saw that there was no other way but through Jesus, I had great doubts and fears. Sometimes I would think this way will not save me; it will take something else to do. I was taught that if I did not live up to the rules of the church, and believe in it, I could not be saved. Then I would think some evil temptation had come over me to believe in Christ; but when I would go to the book, I saw that it was right to trust in Jesus. I often wondered if any one else had the same belief as I had. Sometimes I thought there was no one in the world believed as I did, but whether they did or not, I was determined that I would hold on by my faith. For about three years after this I did not join any church, nor did I intend to join any. I said to myself that I would stay at home and read my Bible, and trust in Christ to save me. But I was not happy. I thought I could not live on in that way, and that I must let it be known to some one. A woman reported me among the neighbours that I was turning Protestant, and a man who was a great Catholic came to see me. He asked me if I prayed much, and what I thought was the best prayer to pray. I asked him what he thought was the best. He said it was to pray to the blessed Virgin to intercede with her Son for me. I said I could not pray that way, for I did not believe that she knew anything about my sins. He said, 'The way I came not to believe in praying to saints and angels was by reading how our Saviour taught his disciples to say, 'Our Father in Heaven,' and I could not see any place where we are allowed to pray to any but God. One day, coming home from chapel, I saw a woman beating her breast, and saying, 'Holy Mary, have mercy on me!' and I thought what a great sin it was to take the power off the Lord and give it to the Virgin. The first thing that led me to doubt the rules of the church was the place where it tells of the Lord giving the cup as well as the bread to his disciples, but the priest gives us only the bread. At first I thought I had not taken the right meaning out of the words, or that I did not know enough of the Scriptures. I tried to persuade myself that I was wrong; but when I read the word over again, I saw it was so plain that I could not be mistaken. I went to chapel for some time after I knew the truth, but I was very unhappy; I felt it was like a hypocrite to go when I did not believe in their ways. The last time I went there, I did not go in; I stood at the door till all was over; but I could hardly reach home after it, I was in such a state, thinking how sinful it was,—the greatest sin—for me to pretend to be what I was not. I said to myself, 'I would never go again to please the people; better to stay at home, and let them condemn me.' They told me that I could not be saved out of the true church; they said if I would read the Bible it would be my ruin. They prayed prayers on me (i.e., cursed me). One man said to me, 'Was it not an awful thing for any one to sell their soul to hell for the world?'—as much as to say that I was turning for gain. At last I told my mind one night to the Sunday-school teacher of my

master's children. She advised me to go and speak with a minister in town. I went to him, and he asked me, 'Do you believe that Christ, the Son of God, came into the world to die for sinners?' I said I did. Then he told me to lay my sins on Jesus, and believe that He died for me and would pardon my sins. He told me to believe that very instant, and my sins would be forgiven; and so they were. I had doubts and fears before that time; but I had peace then. I felt sure that I was right in trusting to Jesus. I felt that I was free then. I had no more trouble about my sins. I never saw my past sins after I believed. I was so happy on my way home that evening, as if I was in another world. I was so overjoyed that I could not sleep that night, knowing that all my sins were pardoned.

"At the first I did not think about the true baptism; I had never heard of it; but when I read about the people confessing their sins and being baptized in the Jordan, and about a devout man being sent to Paul to bid him rise and be baptized, and about persons being baptized after they believed, I thought I ought to be baptized. I could not see anything in the Bible about infants being baptized. I never counted my baptism in infancy a baptism; so I was still unhappy in my mind because I was not baptized. When I read about our Saviour going down into the water, and coming up out of it again, I thought I would like to be baptized as he was."

I will only add, that soon after my first interview with this convert, she followed the example of her Lord in the waters of baptism, and is now united in the fellowship of our church. Since her abandonment of the Romish faith she has been obliged twice to shift her residence in town. The Catholics have withdrawn their custom from her little shop, which she has been forced to abandon; and fearing from their threats, that her life was in danger in their neighbourhood, she has been received as a servant in the household of a member of our church.

Yours truly, R. M. HENRY.

The Rev. C. J. Middlechild.

(From the Morning Star.)

THE FIRST MISSIONARIES TO BENGAL.

CHAPTER I.

The church does well to cherish the memory of her saints with veneration. Their lives are a holy and precious legacy to her, a treasure from which, in days of weakness and despondency, her children may draw comfort and strength. We are slow to learn our duty, when we have precedent. We need the force of example to stir our emulation, to encourage our hopes, and to kindle our zeal. I know it may be said we have the example of Christ, in the light of which all human lives are seen to be marred with weakness and folly. Why, therefore, should we turn away from the glorious and perfect to contemplate the human and erring? The soul, struggling and fainting amid the billows of sin, often feels that the example of Christ is unapproachable in its beauty and perfection. Though he was our Elder Brother, the flesh, Christ Jesus, yet he was "God manifest in the flesh," and between the depths in which we lie and the heights of his nature, and the completeness of his life, there is a distance so great that human weakness is dismayed. We need to see the footprints of our fellow men who have gone before us in the narrow way, and to hear their voices say, "Follow me, even as I have followed Christ."

Perhaps at no time has this want been more felt than at the present time, in our own country. Now, when heart and flesh are ready to fail in the fearful struggle for national life, we need to strengthen our faith in the providence of God by contemplating the lives of those holy men, in whom He has displayed his mighty power and his loving care.

Among the names precious to the church none are held in higher esteem than Carey, Marshman and Ward. William Carey, the first of this noble trio to carry the gospel into India, was the son of a poor man, the schoolmaster of Pury; and in early life apprenticed to a shoemaker of Hackleton. Even in these early days, being not more than fourteen or fifteen years old, and while confined to this humble occupation, he commenced to lay the foundation of his future greatness. He somewhere found a Latin vocabulary, and we are told that he learned the whole of it, and commenced to acquire a knowledge of the Greek, by copying words which he found in a Commentary, and carrying them to a learned weaver, who lived at Pury, for a translation. Though shut out from schools, and without the aid of books, he commenced to read the great volume which Nature unfolds before all children. He studied the nature and habits of animals, and the structure of plants, and his history is a proof that when the soul thirsts for knowledge it will find it, even under the most discouraging circumstances.

At the age of sixteen the death of his master transferred him, as a journeyman, to one Mr. Old, Mr. Scott, the well known commentator, was a visitor in his family, and noticing the remarkable youth in his working-apron, predicted of him that he would be "no ordinary character." It was while in the employment of this man that his spiritual life began. He ascribed his religious impressions chiefly to the influence of a fellow-servant—a man who, though his name may be forgotten on earth, is surely great in the kingdom of heaven. He could not have known, when he spoke words of warning and instruction to the poor boy who worked with awl and hammer by his side, that he was starting a wave of influence which would roll and break in blessings on far-off heathen shores. But he was faithful in his humble sphere, and his example stands before us, a rebuke to the careless, and an incentive to the timid and doubting. Our fingers, whether we will or not, are constantly straying amid the chords which vibrate through the world and connect us with the coming ages. How carefully, how prayerfully, then, ought we to live, that we may know the hours of opportunity, and strike them wisely and well.

Mr. Scott's ministry was a great blessing to him, and by slow and painful steps he rose from the darkness and bondage of sin to the liberty and light of Christian life. No sooner had he "tasted and seen how good the Lord is," than that intense desire to win others to Christ which controlled his whole life, took possession of his soul. He began to preach, and went from village to village, everywhere stirring the hearts of men with his impassioned words. In the midst of this work he studied the Bible carefully, and adopted Baptist

views; and Dr. Ryland wrote that "on the 6th of Oct. 1783, he baptized a poor journeyman shoemaker in the river Nen." Who imagined, as that poor youth came up from the waters of the Nen, that he was to exert an influence on the destiny of the human race second to no living man. Improbable as it might have seemed to men, he was a chosen vessel unto God, to make known his name unto the heathen, and to show to the church how much one man may suffer, and how much he may accomplish in the work of the Lord.

Mr. Old died, and at the age of nineteen Carey took a wife, and commenced business for himself. His marriage was most unfortunate. His wife was not only his inferior, but she was incapable of understanding his pursuits, or appreciating his character. The unhappiness of their union is a lesson to men whom God has endowed for special work, teaching them to beware how they impute their own lives and endanger their usefulness by improper marriage. Trials bitter and heavy came upon him. He must preach and study, but his congregation could not give him as much as would bring him clothes. He had neither taste nor faculty for business, but he was forced to toil at his trade or starve. Under the wear of body and mind his health gave way. But he was not to die then.

Discouraged, he gave up his first charge and removed to Moulton, and became pastor of a small Baptist church in that village. Here, also, poverty pursued him. His church paid him eleven pence a year. He opened a school for boys, and from this source derived an income of seven shillings and sixpence a week. But this was not enough to keep the wolf from his door. He turned again to the awl and last. He plodded from Moulton to Northampton once a fortnight, with a wallet on his back full of shoes going, and of leather coming back.

Yet with all these embarrassing circumstances, and the never ceasing trouble of a discontented and unsympathizing wife, he went deep into Biblical study. The mighty spirit which was in him began to be felt among men, and gentlemen and scholars sought his companionship and acknowledged his power. It was in a poor cot, in that poor village of Moulton, while teaching boys geography, that great idea of giving the gospel to the heathen entered his soul. He looked on the map of the world, and felt that a very small part of it, the heathen were many, and they were perishing for lack of knowledge. He heard the voice of the Master saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and he felt that the word was addressed to him.

In that poor cot Andrew Fuller found him, the fruitless school abandoned, working at the last, a map of the world on the wall before his eyes; and while his hand plied the awl his soul was far away among the perishing millions to whom he longed to proclaim the glorious news of salvation through Christ. That little village of Moulton, and that humble cottage are now among the memorable spots which travellers in England inquire for. The name of the poor shoemaker who toiled and suffered there has illumined them. A traveller who not long ago visited that place, said, "We looked with awe on the sacred spot where William Carey's soul received the spark from heaven which sped him to Bengal. We uncovered our heads, bowed and said, Blessed be the Lord, who can raise up his instruments where he will!"

At a meeting of ministers, Dr. Ryland called on the young men to name a topic for discussion. Carey rose up and proposed, "The duty of Christians to attempt to spread the gospel among the heathen." The old preacher sprang to his feet, frowned, and thundered forth, "Young man, sit down!—When God pleases to convert the heathen he will do it without your help or mine!" The old man every where opposed him. A few young men caught the flame from him, and stood by his side. While his family were passing weeks without animal food, and but short allowance of any kind, he wrote a pamphlet on the great theme which filled his soul.

Years went by—years of sorrow, toil and study. He laid in stores of knowledge, and the internal fire turned all to missionary fuel. He was one of those great souls who can work, wait, and hope. The pinch of want, the wear of incessant labor, the discouragement from wise and good men, wrought deeply on his soul, but instead of extinguishing the flame within him, they intensified the fire, and sent it deeper into his own being.

At last, in a meeting of ministers at Nottingham, May, 1792, he was appointed to preach. There his long pent soul found utterance in that memorable sermon, the burden of which was, "I, Expect great things from God; 2d, Attempt great things for God." His eloquence and fervor moved the hearts of his hearers as they had never moved before. They assembled to consider what could be done; but their new-born zeal cooled before the difficulties of the enterprise. They were about to separate, and Carey, seizing the hand of Fuller, cried in agony, "Are you going away without doing anything?" They were arrested, and resolved, "that a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting for the establishment of a society for propagating the gospel among the heathen."

At their next meeting at Kettering, a society was formed, and the ministers present pledged themselves, in a solemn vow to God, and to each other, to make at least an attempt to convey the gospel to some part of the heathen world; and a collection was made for this purpose, amounting to thirteen pounds, two shillings and sixpence. This was a glad day for Carey, and he declared himself ready to go at once to any part of the world where it might please them to send him.

A beginning was made, but the trials and difficulties were by no means past. In all London there was but one minister who countenanced the enterprise. "There was little or no responsibility among us," said Mr. Fuller; "not so much as to aspire to sit in the chair, or an orator to address him." Yet those noble men were undismayed. The only question was, what part of the great field should be chosen for the first effort. This question was decided by the arrival of a Mr. Thomas from Bengal. He was a ship surgeon, a zealous and gifted but half insane man. He had been in Calcutta, and like Paul, his heart had been moved as he beheld the city wholly given to idolatry. He had labored to arouse the Europeans to a sense of their responsibility; he had preached to the natives but in vain. He lacked the strength and the stability to effect anything; but he was the instrument used to turn

the firm and well-considered steps of Carey to that land. The infant society appointed him as its missionary, and he and Carey were to depart as soon as a passage could be obtained.

A point was now reached for which he had labored through weary years. But new difficulties arose. His wife refused to accompany him to India. He began to discover the eccentric and unsteady character of his colleague. And then, as to a passage? No ships but the East India Company's sailed, and they would not carry missionaries. A director had said he would rather see a band of devils land in India than a band of missionaries. Mr. Thomas persuaded the captain of the ship on which he had sailed to smuggle him on board his ship. Hope opened for a moment, but the captain received a letter warning him of the consequence of carrying objectionable persons, and he put them ashore, and much of the passage money which had cost Carey's labor and Andrew Fuller's tears, for that good man had gone from doors to door to beg for it, and when rebuffed by religious men, he had sometimes gone into a by-street and opened his full heart with weeping.

Carey wept as he saw the vessel set sail, but he was not discouraged. After a while a Danish Indianman was found, and a passage engaged. Mrs. Carey consented to accompany them, and on the 13th of June, 1793, the party embarked.

(To be Continued.)

WAIT AND TRUST.

Mary sat alone in her chamber, sad and thoughtful. For awhile she worked away industriously; then with unwonted restlessness took up a book and attempted to study. Her sewing-machine was resorted to with similar success. One occupation after another was thrown aside; the under current of thought would have its way, in spite of all efforts of will.

It was her birthday. On its return she had always been accustomed to review the past, and plan for the future. Six years have passed in the courts of the Lord's house since she first made profession of faith in Jesus; and as she remembers the consecration, sadly come such thoughts as these: "How have I paid the vows then made?" "How much more Christ like have I become?" Bright and joyous looked life to Mary when in the earnestness of rejoicing love she gave herself to Christ. She wished the consecration to be enduring; she wished that no sacrifice could be too great, no suffering too severe, to be borne for his sake. All that she could do was so little, and self-denial came so sweet with the thought, "It is for my Saviour." She yearned to lead others to love him too, and laboured and prayed for her Sabbath scholars and the poor she was accustomed to visit. The common duties of home life were invested with a charm that had never before possessed; and in the first fresh joy of love to Christ, difficulties were rather sought than avoided or shrank from.

Time passed on, and brought with it changes to Mary's home. Her parents had by their own exertions wrought for themselves a comfortable and honourable position; and as they saw their children growing up, and all around prospering, might naturally anticipate repose and freedom from anxiety in old age. It is the old story—so often repeated—of loss succeeding loss, till all visions of future rest swept away—life's toil to be commenced anew in middle life.

Mary, who had been from home, returned to toil with and for them, with a firm purpose to shrink from nothing that might lessen home cares or minister to its welfare. She suffered much in leaving many dear to her, and a position of felt usefulness; but wished, O how earnestly, that she might be at home what she knew she was among her companions. Hope whispered of a happy home love knit and closer gathering of hearts in the midst of outward trial.

The furnace is not too strong an emblem of the trials through which God has brought her, yet he has lovingly, even though he seem severe, watching till his child reflects his image. Hope has been chilled. She reviews the past painfully and sadly, and heart weary, would gladly lay down the life which seems to her so fruitless. Yet Mary would think lightly of her own suffering, if from it good resulted to those she loved.

Her sorrowful thoughts were diverted by the entrance of a little sister.

"Mary, I dreamed a text last night."

"What was it, dear?"

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return unto thee."

Ellie's memory had not exactly worded it: the precise words being "for thou shalt find it after many days."

"What made you dream of it, dear?"

"I don't remember what it was; when I awoke I only remember the text. I like to dream out of the Bible; don't you?"

"Yes, darling, very much."

The child was a messenger of truth and hope to her faint and weary sister. Thickly now thronged memories of promises to the enduring, and bright and cheering thoughts of higher strength than her own in which to work and wait, rebuked impatience, and led her to trust in him who has promised to sustain the burdened. "I will trust in thee, though thou slay me," was now the language of her heart. "Do with me as thou wilt, only leave me not alone." How surely Christ fulfils his promise not to leave us "comfortless."

A passing circumstance, or word, even lightly spoken, touches a chord of memory, and then the Spirit of truth brings to our remembrance what Christ has told us. Or, in the midst of our own sad thoughts some precious promise of "grace to help in every time of need," of blessing to "him that overcometh," or of "rest" to the weary, comes like a sweet singing bird to cheer and strengthen.

Christians are too apt to judge by apparent success, and have not patience to wait and trust when they see no seed springing up as the result of their labours. Our Lord himself saw not on earth the fruit of his life of toil and sorrow. Is it not "enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord?" Life was to be a season of trust.

"Who now sows precious seed, tho' it may be Full oft with weeping, Shall, if he patiently await it, see A joyful reaping."

Waiting is always hard to the impatient, but "patience is to have her perfect work," and "they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

COME NOW.

[From the Memoir of Alexander Paterson, Missionary of Kilmory, Scotland.]

A woman and her children came one night to his meeting. His text was, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though you sin as sinners, yet shall you be as white as snow;" (Isa. i. 18.) The woman was brought under great concern. "I felt myself," she afterwards told him, "a lost and undone sinner; and I thought there was no help for me." "For weeks," he says, "she cried for mercy to pardon, and for grace to help her; but she remained in great distress, her soul finding no relief."

On the husband the word had a different effect. He went away from the meeting in a great rage, and never again returned while his wife lived.

The woman was never absent. One night the missionary spoke on these words—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The light broke in upon her heart. She saw that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. She believed; and she found peace.

She lived, after this, for five years, a marked trophy of free grace. Her death-bed was a scene of calm triumph.

"Do you find Christ near to you?" said he to her one day.

"Oh yes," she replied, "Christ is in me, the hope of glory. He is precious to my soul. My beloved is mine, and I am his. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall never want any good thing. In a little, I'll be in my Father's house, to be for ever with my Father, and with Jesus, my dear Saviour."

Taking the missionary very earnestly by the hand, she added, "Oh, pray much for my dear husband; after I am away, he will yet turn his heart; for mine was just as hard as his, and by His Word and Spirit He broke my heart, and put life into my dead soul. Be sure and visit my husband."

The request was not forgotten. Once every week, Mr. Paterson visited him; but, for a long while, without any apparent result. At length, one day, as he went in, he found him with the Bible before him, and the tears trickling down.

"John, what's the matter?" said he, after a pause.

"Oh!" was the reply, "last night was the most awful night that ever I had in my life."

"How?"

"D'ye mind me coming one night with my wife to your meeting in Bull's Close?"

"Yes, I do; but you never returned."

"No, I did not; and that night, if I had you at the door, I would have knocked you down for you made me to be such a sinner that I was enraged at you. D'ye mind the words you spoke that night? 'Your text'—he went on to say, without waiting for a reply, and in a tone betokening the intense agony—"your text came into my mind last night in my sleep, and I thought I heard you speaking to me. I saw myself to be the scarlet and crimson-dyed sinner—the very sinner you represented me; and I thought you pointed at me. Oh! my very heart is broken within me. Oh! what will become of me if I die in this awful state!"

"Remember," said the missionary, "the words, 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though you sin as sinners, yet shall you be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.' How long is it since you heard me upon these words?"

"It is now seven years."

"Well John, you see who it is that says, 'Come now.' It is the Lord. He said seven years ago, 'Come now'—and you would not come. And the Lord has come to you this last night, and spoken to you himself—and He says that now, even now, if you be willing, at this very moment, He will do you even as He hath said. Believe on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Oh, cast yourself down at his feet, and cry, 'Lord save me or I perish: God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

"The man," writes Mr. Patterson, "fled that very day into the refuge. The change was visible to all the neighbors. He lived for three years. From being a proud sinner, he had become like a child; his heart was truly broken. God's Word was his consolation to his dying day. He died in peace in the faith of the Lord Jesus."

Reader, pause a moment and reflect on this narrative. Remember, great a sinner as you may be, Christ is a greater Saviour. But remember also, that the door of mercy will soon be closed. You may not have seven years or seven days to repent. Therefore, "Come now."

Jesus in grace now, you must meet him in judgment hereafter.

"PRAY FATHER."

A little Indian girl, seven years old, was wasting away with consumption. She had heard the missionaries preach, had been a constant attendant upon the Sabbath School, and for some months had given good evidence that she was a lamb of the Saviour's flock. Her father, a proud hard man, had once professed to be a Christian, but for some time had been a backslider whose case was regarded as almost hopeless.

The little girl had been falling rapidly for several days. One afternoon when she seemed brighter, she begged that her father might be called. He came. Then looking up to him with her bright but sunken eyes, she said, "I want to be carried out of doors, father; I want to go to the brook once more. May I go?" He could not refuse, and without saying a word, wrapped her up, folded her in his arms, and carried her out through the yard, across the green meadow, down to the little brook that wound its quiet way over sand and pebbles among the alders that skirted the meadows. He sat down in the shade, where the little girl could see the water and the bright play of the light and shade between the alders. She watched them a moment, and then turning her wasted face, she said earnestly—"Pray, father."

"Oh, I can't, my darling," said he, hastily.

"But do pray, father, do pray," she pleaded.

"No, no, how can I? No, no."

"Father," said she, laying her little thin hand upon his arm, "Father, I'm going to heaven soon, and I want to tell Jesus Christ, when I see him, that my father prays."

The strong man's head was bowed, and there went up from that brookside, such a prayer of repentance, and confession, and supplication for forgiveness, as must have thrilled with joy the courts of heaven.

He unclosed his eyes—the little one was dead! Her freed spirit had fled on the wings of joy and faith to tell the Saviour—"My father prays."

THE WORD OF GOD ON FIRE.

A city tract missionary says in a recent report:—"One of our most efficient female visitors became acquainted with a pious woman, who had an infidel husband, who was often outrageous in his opposition to religion. The visitor, remembering the contradiction her Saviour endured for her, bore the poor misguided man's taunts and sneers with meekness, and always referred him to the Word of God for her authority and support, and besought him to read it for himself."

"One day she carried a Bible to him, hoping to persuade him to take it, and learn from its sacred pages his true character and condition. When she offered the blessed volume, he said he would burn it if she left it; but she, thinking it only a threat, and knowing the sincerity of his Christian companion for the success of her undertaking, resolved to commit the treasure to his hands and God's."

"Soon after the visitor retired, the wife stepping out for a few moments, the wicked man hastily thrust the Bible into the fire and watched its rapid destruction. Very soon nothing remained but the cover and a few bits of the leaves. Some of the fragments, scorched and crisp, were whirled out of the fire by a current of air, and fell on the hearth. These he gathered up to throw back into the flames; but as he held the pieces, he saw that a few lines here and there were legible, and something impelled him to read. He made out these words: 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.' 'But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.' The Spirit of the Lord sent home to his heart immediately such a conviction of the truth of these declarations, and of his awful, heaven-daring impiety, that he took Belshazzar's scarcely less horrible horror when he saw the mysterious handwriting upon the wall, presaging his doom. His soul was in terror, he besought his godly wife to pray for him, and accompanied her to the house of God, to ask the prayers of Christians in his behalf."

"He felt his sin too great to be forgiven; but God whose mercy endureth forever, at length spoke pardon and peace, and he is now happy in the Lord, and enjoys the fellowship of the saints, and is numbered with the people of God."—Bible Society Record.

ONCKEN'S CONVERSION.

John Cotman of London, was a respectable mechanic, and the deacon of a Congregational church. Both he and his wife were eminent for simple piety, fervent devotion, and quiet, untrusting zeal. They had small talents, but much religion. In their family boarded a young man, also a mechanic, of foreign birth, but pursuing his calling in London. He knew nothing of religion, but was amiable and obliging, and greatly devoted to pleasure as the source of happiness.

For some time after he began to live with them, when the Bible, morning and evening, was laid on the table, indicative of family worship, it was a signal for his leaving the room, but after a short time, influenced by the amiable spirit and manners of the worthy John Cotman, and his wife, he occasionally stayed to observe the solemnity. One evening he came home to dress that he might visit a place of amusement, when the good deacon said:

"I think you had better go with me, and enjoy pleasure greater than that which you are going to."

"Where are you going?" was the inquiry of the young man.

"To the prayer meeting at our church," replied the deacon.

"A prayer meeting! What is that?"

"Why, we meet to sing hymns, read the Scriptures, and ask God to bless us."

The young man hesitated.

"You had better go," said the good old lady, in her usually kind tone.

"So I will," was the reply.

He went, and in that meeting of some dozen persons, held in the vestry of the Congregational church, Maize Hill, Greenwich, did God open and soften his heart, and excite feelings which led him to the Saviour of sinners for pardon. That young man's name was John Gehlert Oncken.

PRISON POETRY.—The following lines "written on the slate, belonging to a convict now in prison, under sentence of penal servitude for the second time, and who has repeatedly been convicted besides," appears in a daily paper:—

"I cannot take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key;
And much the public I applaud
For all their care of me.
Not more than others I deserve,
In fact, much less than more;
Yet I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.
The honest pauper in the street
Half naked I behold;
While I am clad from head to foot,
And covered from the cold.
Thousands there are who scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
But I've a warm and well-head cell,
A bath, good books, good food.
While they are fed on workhouse fare,
And grudging their scanty food,
Three times a day my meals I get,
Sufficient, wholesome, good.
Then to the British public health,
Who all our care relieve,
And while they treat us as they do
They'll never want for thieves."

"POSSESSING ALL THINGS."—A lady in England, more than seventy years of age, who had long been known as an "Israelite indeed," was called, in the providence of God, to pass her last days in a poor house. She was visited one day by a minister, and while in conversation with her on the comforts, prospects, and rewards of religion, he saw an unusual light beaming from her countenance, and the calmness of Christian triumph glistening in her eye. Addressing her by name, he said, "Will you tell me what thought