The Religious Intelligencer.

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REV. E. McLEOD,] "THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter. [Editor and Proprietor.

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DIAMONDS AND DEATH; OR,

C——'S LAST BALL.

In my mother's young days, a *singularly* beautiful lady came to live in her immediate neighbourhood, as the wife of a wealthy country-gentleman, the proprietor of a handsome mansion near one of the prettiest towns in the south of Ireland. C—— was young, rich, lovely, and beloved; the idol of her husband; a good mistress, kind friend, hospitable neighbour, and agreeable companion. One might ask, What did she want? Nothing, reader, but the '*one thing needful*,'—without which every other endowment is valueless; for even if they would last for ever, they would fail to satisfy the immortal soul. Poor C——! she was thoroughly and entirely, '*a lover of pleasure*.' She sought it steadily and consistently, as the one end and aim of her existence, from youth to age; and this craving for enjoyment in the things of this perishing world grew with her growth, until she became, as it were, cased in adamant, or (so to speak) incapable of *a wish* beyond the trifles which at best must pass away so rapidly. She was devoted to the adornment of her beautiful person; and, on one occasion, appeared at the Irish Court in a dress made to imitate that of the Duchess of Angouleme, so curiously ornamented with green and gold beetles, that she dazzled every one who beheld her.

Time passed on. C——'s good, indulgent husband died, and she gave up her beautiful residence in the country. But her ample jointure secured her the enjoyment of every luxury; and her ruling passion, so far from being checked by her widowhood, burst forth in new freshness when she laid aside her mourning. After some years, she went to live in London; still '*living in pleasure*,' without let or hindrance, but never exceeding the bounds of fashionable decorum.

At length, some years after she had passed her meridian, and approached the decline of life, her unbroken health met with a severe and painful check. Her beautiful bust became the seat of an incurable cancer; and, after enduring its agonies long in secret, she was obliged to hear from her physicians that her doom was sealed, and that it was now only a question of time with regard to the final result of her fearful disorder. About this time the Lord Mayor's ball approached, and C—— hankered after the scene of her former triumphs, when her noble face and queenly figure, aided by elegant taste and expensive ornaments, drew all eyes. Ill as she was, she contrived to get an invitation, which her state of health would seem to have made useless. But she made a great effort; was dressed in her usual magnificence; and, blazing with diamonds, was wheeled into the banquet-hall in her invalid's chair; and, suffering all the tortures of her disease, sat up till midnight, her eyes revelling in the gay scene, of which he could be now a passive spectator. Her attendants wheeled her away before the assembly broke up, undressed the exhausted invalid, restored her diamonds to their casket, and laid their poor mistress in her bed, from which she never rose again. In three days C—— was summoned to the world of spirits; and before the week had closed, her once beautiful but now faded form was laid in 'the narrow house appointed for all living.' *She died as she lived, a lover of pleasure*, not a lover of God: *a lover in pleasure*, and so *dead* even while she lived, and a total stranger to those 'pleasures which are to be found at God's right hand for evermore.'

Dear young female reader, consider this sad story, and take warning. C—— had all that this world could give,—*but no more*. Would that satisfy you? What is her estimate of pleasure now?—of beauty?—of dress?—of fashion? O how mistaken was her whole course, and how sad her end!

O that we may be able to avoid the sad fate of the pleasure-lover!

'Jesus! Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joys shall I lift up my head.'

REMARKABLE STORY.

The Bible class devotional meeting, held at 165 Aldersgate street, London, on a late Sunday was marked by features of a very peculiar and interesting character. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Achile Manhault, pastor of the French Church, Guernsey; M. Francois Pepin, from Lower Canada; and M. Balogh-Ferencz, from Hungary. The address of M Manhault afforded peculiar illustrations of the work of this society. "Nine years ago," said he, "your Association was led in the Providence of God, to circulate gratuitously among young men in the large warehouses in the City, a little paper entitled, 'City Life,' prepared by one of your then secretaries Mr. Tarlton, now the Rev. T. H. Tarlton, incumbent of Stroud. It chanced that a copy fell into the hands of a chemist in the City, who, by its means, learned the address and objects of the Association. A few days after a young Frenchman presented himself to the chemist, requesting medicine and assistance. He was wretchedly poor, without food, almost without clothes, a deserter from the French army, and, in consequence, unable to revisit his native country; and, even here, he went in terror that by some means he might be arrested, and made to suffer for his fault. The medicine for which he asked the chemist gave him, and for relief he was directed to the Young Men's Christian Association. He came on Easter Sunday, 1855, and found here that welcome with which you are always ready to greet a stranger who comes to throw himself upon your sympathy. He was placed under the care of a foreign Christian at that time in communion with your Association, and under his guidance and teaching he learned the great truths of Christianity, and resolved to devote himself to the service of God. He continued for some time to attend your meetings which were the source of much benefit to him; but in his altered state of mind, he considered it was his duty to make what reparation he could for the fault of which he had been guilty in deserting his regiment. He returned to France, presented himself, and the president specially interrogated him on this point. He replied, 'When I ran away from France I was in the darkness of nature, and under the power of sin; now I have learned the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and am His servant. It is by the teaching of His Word that I come back to my duty, and submit myself to you for the punishment I have deserved.' Kind friends took an interest in his welfare, and tried to procure a mitigation of his punishment. They were successful. Twelve years' imprisonment was the ordinary penalty for his offence; this was reduced to four, and the severity of the imprisonment greatly mitigated. After undergoing it for a year and nine months, he was allowed to return to duty in the army. Here he was employed as a sort of regimental clerk for about two years, and then finally granted a discharge. Released from all obligation, he went to Geneva to study for the ministry. When his studies were completed, he laboured for some time in the south of France, as an evangelist, and then was appointed to the charge of the French Independent Church at Guernsey. He now stands before you to acknowledge that this happy change of position, and far happier change of mind, he owes to the kindly influence of the Young Men's Christian Association. The starving French deserter who sang in the streets of London for a morsel of bread, is the Pasteur Manhault, who now speaks to you. The address of M. Balogh-Ferencz condensed in a highly interesting manner the statistics (educational and religious) of the Protestant church in Hungary.

NO BIBLE.

The Bible is often more talked of than read, even by those who profess to revere it. It is often praised when it is not studied. Many neglect the Bible, not because they disbelieve it, but through the pressure of other thoughts and cares. There is a little anecdote which just illustrates the neglect of the Bible, often observed in our busy age.

When the fever for emigration to California was at its height, there was a young man in New York, named Alfred Bell, who did not escape contagion, and nothing would do but he must leave a pleasant home, a kind mother and a little sister, and go and dig for gold in the newly found State. It was three years before he returned, and his mother and sister greeted him with warm embraces.

"I have something pretty for you in my trunk Minnie," he said to his little sister, "though you see I have but little luggage. That small trunk has been with me through sunshine and storm."

"Let me unpack it brother, please," said Minnie; "I will be careful not to tumble your clothes;" and taking the key from Alfred's hand she proceeded to take out one article after another, and put them on one side till she came to the bottom of the trunk; she now paused a moment and seemed to distrust herself; she put her hand on one article and then on another, then looking up earnestly into her brother's face while he sat on the floor beside his unpacked things, she said,

"Where is your Bible, brother?"

"I have none," he said quickly.

"No Bible, Alfred," said Minnie, as she arose and laid her hand on his arm; "no Bible, brother!"

"No, Minnie," he said, a little impatient at her questions. "I left all my books in New York when I started for California; they took up too much room."

"And have you had no Bible for three whole years, brother?"

"No, Minnie, I haven't and I don't know that I have ever seen once since I have been in California."

The little girl stood and looked at him in utter astonishment, while the tears coursed over her cheeks. At length, raising her eyes, she said, in a low earnest voice. "Oh, brother, were you not afraid that God would forget you?"

What an appeal to a brother's heart!—He took the little Minnie in his arms, and kissing her, he said, "I am almost afraid I have been forgetting God, Minnie."

The earnest pleading of the child touched the brother's heart. That night, for the first time for all those years, he opened the Sacred Volume and read aloud from its pages, "Pray for me mother," he said, "for I have wandered far from God."—Night after night the earnest prayer ascended to the throne of grace, and the pious thoughts and holy feelings of the past worked up again within his soul, and he now lives to be a blessing to his home, a truly Christian man, fearing God, and walking in his commandments.—*S. S. Gazette.*

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

All men, of all ages, climes, and complexions, have a common parentage—all are involved in the consequences of the fall—all are regarded by a common salvation. Every human creature is entitled to our beneficence, and wherever he comes within the range of our help, the law of love enjoins that we should render whatever aid we can. We are commanded to love our neighbour, to endeavour to lead the unconcerned into the paths of righteousness, and save immortal souls from death To save the guilty Christ died, and thousands of thousands, who are strangers to His love, are yet to love Him and reflect His image. The duty of every Christian is to seek to save souls; but this duty is too often neglected, and by the indifference displayed each practically repeats the question—"Am I my brother's keeper?" We now intend to show that all who love the Lord Jesus Christ should exert their influence in persuading others to follow Him; and great will be the honour and delight enjoyed by those who have been instrumental in leading some to glory Eminently faithful men and women have been the instruments of rescuing many; and we are assured that they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

Love to the souls of men, and an earnest desire to promote the glory of God, should be the motives constantly animating the true Christian. Well we know, that in the high and proper sense it is God only that can save the soul. It is He who converts the sinner—who redeems and saves the soul, yet in Scripture human instruments are said to convert and save. To be instrumental in converting a single soul, is so great a blessing and honour, that, if there were no other way of accomplishing it, any true and devoted Christian would be willing to lay down his life. To save lost souls from death is the noblest work man can possibly accomplish, and it is high time that all who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ should consider this duty and privilege, and seek to lead the wandering sheep into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, Christian, thou art. Wherever man may be placed it is the Christian's duty to make known God's love in the gift of His Son. There must be individual earnestness, and a spirit of love and devotion, in bringing sinners to Christ, for no sooner does a believer taste that the Lord is gracious, than he desires to make that excellency known to others. Such is the way in which the work of the Lord progresses. When Andrew heard John and followed the Redeemer, he instantly went in pursuit of his brother Simon, and brought him to Jesus. When Philip, the townsman of these disciples, had been called to follow Jesus, he instantly sought to bring in Nathanael, that he might share his joys, and possess the same bright hope of everlasting blessedness. In like manner the disciples of Christ are now in duty bound to work zealously and prayerfully in leading their fellow men to the feet of Jesus, an[illegible]at will be the reward of those who are found [illegible]ful to the solemn trust.

Every Christian—whatever may be the sphere in which he moves—possesses the means, under the Divine blessing, of doing much and lasting good. In the family circle, among relatives, friends, and and acquaintances, and in the place of business, every opportunity should be embraced to show the unconverted the greatness of their danger, and by precept and example to commend the religion of Christ to those who are strangers to His love. There are many who are tempted to exclaim, "No man cared for my soul," and we fear that the indifference which calls forth this solemn rebuke is but too often displayed by those who go on from day to day without having tried to save a soul from death. The young, and the aged, the poor, the ignorant, and degraded, have each a claim upon our sympathy, as well as the more highly favoured brethren, and we are glad to know that many devoted Christians are actively engaged among the lower classes in endeavouring to lead them to nobler and holier pursuits than those in which they too frequently indulge. We want more zeal and devotion in the Church; all should labour in this holy work, and we should then witness a great change effected in the daily life of those who now are, or should be, the objects of our solicitude and care.

The uncertainty of life should lead to activity, for none can tell the number of his days. Now is the time to labour in the Lord's vineyard; the night speedily cometh when no man can work. To-day is God's time; to-morrow may not be ours. For future days God makes no promises, and all the exhortations in the Scriptures speak only of to-day. The present only belongs to us, the future we cannot claim. Eternity lies before us, and we cannot tell how soon we may be called to enter upon it. Life is uncertain; "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth; therefore, we ought to be active in our Master's service, lest immortal souls should perish through our apathy or neglect. There is abundant work for all to do, and that work should be done at once.—(*London*) *Chris. Herald.*

A GOOD LIFE MAKES A HAPPY DEATH.

We find the statement at the head of this article very beautifully illustrated in the following narrative of the death of a christian in New York, recently deceased. The sketch is by the pen of his friend, the editor of the *N. Y. Observer*:—

Dr. John Carpenter, who died recently at his residence in New Utrecht, Long Island, was well known in Kings County and elsewhere, as a faithful and intrepid friend of every good word and work. He came to this city, from his birth-place near Goshen, N. Y., at a very early age, and was, for a while, in the law office of Dewitt Clinton. But his intercourse with a surgeon, who succeeded in remedying some trouble of his eyes, induced him to take up the profession of surgery and medicine. He was subsequently appointed assistant surgeon in the New York Hospital, and afterwards in the U. S. army, where he served with acceptance in the war of 1812.

While he was still a young stranger in the city, and a stranger in the Kingdom of Heaven, he was one day accosted by old elder Coit of blessed memory, one of the elders of the Cedar street church, and pointed to the refuge and rest in the Gospel. He became a Christian, of the type which marked so many of the members of that church, under the pastoral care of Dr. Romeyn.

A long, laborious professional life, crowded with extra duties of executorship, trusteeship, and frequently with the over-sight of public schools, still found time to be punctual, in the house of God, at the prayer meeting, and in his place as Superintendent of the Sunday school. Although retaining his attachment to his native church, he chiefly served as a member and elder of the Reformed Dutch church in the village where he resided.

As his life drew manifestly to a close, he sorrowed most of all to leave his wife, the close companion of forty-seven years of Christian pilgrimage, in such utter desolateness of bereavement as she seemed unable to support. The prospect was a burden on his spirit, and a terror to her own.

But one night, about three weeks before he breathed his last, she lay quietly down; then, lifting herself up to take one more look at him, and give a charge for his comfort, she suddenly fled away, without a struggle or a groan. She left sweet testimonies of her readiness to go, in letters, journal, and the memory of her life.

He lingered on for those three weeks, giving thanks to God for her deliverance, lifting up his voice to bless his fellow men, and calling upon those about him: "O magnify the Lord with me!" When borne into the room where lay her lifeless remains, he called for his glasses, and looking long, and fondly, on the speechless clay of her whose every thought and latest breath had been spent for him, after praying within himself awhile, he broke out in apostrophe: "O my companion! the partner of my vicissitudes, thou hast gone to look upon the face of the Beloved whom thou didst so desire to see. Surely, that is a peaceful countenance in death. Very precious hast thou been to me. I desire to lay this sacred dust to its rest. But she is before the throne of God." And on some one's quoting, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more," he added: "O God! we will respond to thy blessed promises. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. Now let me go."

For some hours before his own decease, he seemed filled with rapture and surprise, greeting departed saints by name, as if he saw them, and endeavoring to tell those around him some wonderous thing which he saw, or heard, but could not express. At one time he cried out: "Found! found! found! Will you remember? No doubt! No fear!" And at length, abandoning the attempt to express himself, he contrived only to say plainly; "The Spirit of the Lord will speak;" and, waving his right hand to each in turn, in token of adieu, dropped asleep in Jesus.

Dr. Carpentr was known as an eminently practical man. Judicious, cautious, conservative by constitution he was the personal counsellor of many individuals and households. He was pre-eminent as a man of sagacity, and as a peace-maker. Self-sacrificing and lowly-minded was his walk in life; but, positive in his convictions and tenacious in his principles, he was none the less an ardent man, zealous in his loyalty, his patriotism, his sacred confidence, and his daily duty.

No man has ever been more beloved than he by a church and village. A weeping throng filled the church and flowed into the graveyard at his funeral; and the sobs of the children mingled with the sighs of men and women. On the Sabbath after his interment, it was found almost impracticable to carry on the service of the Sabbath school, such was the unfeigned lamentation of both teachers and scholars at sight of the chapel draped in black. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

A CONVERTED FIDDLER.

The conversion during the past few years of several notorious transgressors, and their subsequent usefulness in making Christ known as the sinner's friend, has led to the revival of religion in several parts of the country; and thousands who once were in the broad road that leadeth to destruction have, by the instrumentality of these converts, been directed to the Saviour, and found peace and happiness in believing in Him. Among the number whose labours have been signally blessed, we may mention the names of Richard Weaver, Richard Bailey and Joshua Poole—men who once were among the most abandoned and degraded, but now, by Divine grace, are meek and lowly followers of the Lamb. To the majority of our readers the invaluable services rendered by Richard Weaver and Richard Bailey in leading sinners to the feet of Jesus have long been known, but as Mr. Poole is not equally well known in the metropolis, we now give a sketch of this zealous indefatigable evangelist.

Mr. Poole is a native of Bradford, in Yorkshire, and although in his early days he had the advantage of a pious father and mother's example, he nevertheless became a wanderer from the paths of righteousness. The periods of infancy and childhood were passed through without any particular indications of the depraved taste which was afterwards to be so fully developed. At an early age he was sent to the Sabbath School, but the instruction he received made no impression upon his youthful heart. How frequently, we may here remark, have Sabbath School and Ragged School teachers to lament the want of success in their work. They labour earnestly—they sow the seed of the kingdom beside all waters, but they perceive no fruit. Souls are not saved as frequently as they desire, and they are oftentimes disheartened by the discouragements they meet with. To such we would say—"Faint not: be not weary in well-doing, for in due time ye shall reap if you faint not." Sow the seed in faith—pray for the outpouring of the Spirit on your efforts, and in God's appointed time, though now you may sow in tears you shall reap in joy; and ever remember that they that go forth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with great joy, bearing their sheaves with them.

"Then shall countless myriads, wearing
Robes made white in Jesus' blood,
Palms, like rested pilgrims, bearing
Stand around the throne of God.

'These redeem'd from every nation,
Shall in triumph bless His name;
Every voice shall cry 'Salvation'
To our God and to the Lamb!'"

After passing some few years as a scholar in the Sabbath School, he was deemed eligible to become a teacher, and was appointed to a class. But he had not yet experienced that change of heart which alone could give him peace and make him successful in winning souls to Christ. Several of his ungodly companions at last persuaded him to forsake the Sabbath School, to spend his hours in the pursuit of worldly pleasure. Too eagerly did he obey the tempter's voice, and his first step in the downward direction was a fatal one—he grew careless and indifferent, his heart soon became hardened, and, going on from one evil to another, he became one of the most intemperate, profligate, and degraded young men in the neighbourhood. Being fond of music and singing, and possessing a powerful voice, he spent his time, day after day, in visiting the different publichouses in his native town, and speedily acquired the most intemperate habits, resulting in the indulgence of the most vicious propensities. Familiar with all the scenes of degradation and misery arising from intemperance, he now boldly and unflinchingly denounces the traffic in strong drink as our national curse, and lifts up his voice to rescue poor drunkards who have fallen beneath the destroyer's power. Full well he knows the unhappiness and misery occasioned by intemperance, for he has felt the bitter pangs it causes. A neglected and wretched home in a cellar, an ill-clad and ill-fed wife and family were the results of that portion of his life spent in the pursuit of folly, and being now delivered from his evil ways, he exerts his talents and his influence in showing that the way of transgressors is hard, and that happiness can only be obtained through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. All honour is due to him for his earnest endeavours in persuading men to abandon the publichouse, to forsake their evil ways, and to come to Jesus for salvation.

For seventeen years Joshua Poole continued his career as a fiddler, and was well known in every tavern, concert room, or race-course near his native town. He became a gambler as well as a drunkard, displayed considerable pugilistic prowess, could run a race as well as fight, and could curse and swear from morn till night, as well as play his fiddle. When married he neglected wife and children, leaving them frequently in want while he squandered his time and money in the publichouse, until at length his wife died, and shortly after that his little girl. He endeavoured to drown his sorrows by drinking—indeed he was drunk when his wife died, and continued so for a long time after. For five years he was never sober, and several times suffered from delirium tremens, and endeavoured to destroy himself. He cared not for God or man—he drank to the very depths of the cup of dissipation, going on from one stage to another, until his career reached its climax by his imprisonment in Wakefield Gaol for six months. The crime for which he was punished was ill-treating his wife, for it was no novelty for him to cruelly ill use those whom he was bound to love and protect. When he was sentenced by the magistrates to find two sureties in £5 each to keep the peace for six months, not one of the publicans (although several of them were in court) with whom he had spent all his money for several years would come forward to befriend him. So much, he now justly argues, for the friendship of those who eagerly take the drunkard's money and ruin both body and soul. When the money is not forthcoming, then the publican's friendship soon ceases. Finding no friend to help him in the hour of need, he had to submit to six months' incarceration in a felon's cell; but God's ways are not as man's ways; He had designs to carry out; Divine mercy and love were to be exhibited to this the chief of sinners, and while a prisoner in Wakefield gaol, God resolved to bring back the wanderer into His fold, and to give him that liberty wherewith Christ alone can make his people free. The warder who attended him was a godly man, and one day pointed out to him the folly of his past career, and exhorted him to change his course of life and to give himself to Jesus. He at first declined the offer, but thought of the words which had been addressed to him, and a day or two after he found a Bible in his cell, and on opening ts pages the first words that met his eye were "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." His heart was melted—he remembered his father's and mother's prayers—the happy moments spent in the Sabbath School, and how he had sinned and transgressed continually for many years. The Bible, so long neglected, was searched, and there, to his unspeakable joy, he found the Pearl of Great Price, having earnestly sought in prayer forgiveness through the precious blood of Jesus. Before he left prison he gathered some of his fellow prisoners together; told them how the Lord had made himself known to him as his deliverer, that He was able to save to the uttermost, and exhorted them to follow his example, that they might, when life was over, join in praising the Lamb slain on Calvary's Mount. His first sermon after his conversion was, therefore, preached within the walls of a prison, and he now blesses the day when he was led to give himself to Jesus.

On leaving prison his aged father and mother met him, for they still dearly loved their prodigal son, and greatly did their hearts rejoice when he told them of his conversion. They all wept tears of joy and gratitude, and fell upon their knees and thanked the God of redeeming love for the mercy He had displayed. On passing through the streets his old companions eagerly sought a renewal of his acquaintance, and invited him to visit his former haunts, but he at once told them of his conversion to God, and of having forsaken the paths of sin and folly in which he once trod. He forsook all his former pursuits and companions, and resolved to live for Jesus, and for Jesus to die. Joshua, the once degraded fiddler, having become a true Christian, resolved to make the Redeemer known to others, and he accordingly embraced every opportunity of

"Telling to sinners round
What a dear Saviour he had found."

He had been saved from destruction, and he was anxious that his fellow sinners might be saved too, so he made up his mind to use every exertion to direct immortal souls to the Redeemer, that they might drink of the refreshing streams which flow from the wells of salvation. His friends and acquaintances were astonished at the wondrous change, and, we believe, that many of them have, through his instrumentality, found peace and joy in believing.

We will now look at Joshua Poole, the once despised fiddler of Bradford, as a preacher of the everlasting Gospel. In personal appearance there is nothing remarkable, save a pleasing smiling countenance, indicative of inward peace and happiness. He possesses a stentorian voice, which he exerts frequently beyond its natural compass. He is very energetic and active, and uses every endeavour to bring home the truths of the Gospel to the hearts of his hearers. There is every indication of a neglected education, but he atones for this shortcoming by his earnestness and persuasive manner. He exhorts, he entreats all, however vile, to come to the Fountain opened for sin. He warns the indifferent, the undecided, the impenitent of their great danger, and in the most impassioned manner sets forth the Crucified One as the Friend of sinners still. To the working men he is accustomed to address he is very acceptable. The truths he delivers are given in a very peculiar and telling manner, conveying conviction to the mind, and in very many instances leading to their conversion. Not only is he engaged in proclaiming the truths of the Gospel, but his wife (the second), frequently preaches to large congregations also, and it has happened that thousands of persons in Yorkshire have flocked to hear him deliver the message of redeeming love, and while he is preaching inside the building, his wife has preached to hundreds unable to obtain admittance. The family is now a happy and united one. His old father's prayers for a prodigal son have been heard and answered: his wife and family are well cared for; happiness reigns in their midst, and are all looking forward to the happy time when, free from the fetters that bind them to earth, they shall meet before the throne of God in heaven, to praise the Lamb for ever.

But Mr. Poole must not be forgotten as a first-rate Temperance advocate. We say first-rate because he speaks earnestly, forcibly, and affectionately to all around him on the subject of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors; never for a moment losing sight of the lamentable fact that thousands annually perish through intemperance. He speaks as though he feels and means what he says, and he adopts no half measures in rescuing souls from the sad consequences of this great evil. All are exhorted—both young and old—to shun even the moderate use of stimulants, and above all, to give themselves to Jesus at once, that through Him, they may enjoy His forgiving love while on earth, and at last possess a mansion in the skies, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

We have been privileged during the past week to attend some of the services held at Edmonton, where Mr. Poole has addressed a large number of the working classes, and we doubt not, under the Divine blessing with much success. These revival services—for such they really are—have received valuable aid from the Rev. Arthur Hall, the esteemed pastor of the Congregational Church, and brother of the Rev. Newman Hall, of Surrey Chapel. We trust that during Mr. Poole's visit to Edmonton he may be greatly cheered in his work, and that many who have this week listened to his addresses may be led to forsake their evil ways and take up their cross and follow Christ. Let all who love the Saviour remember that—

He ever lives, no more to die;
He lives, our Head, enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives eternally to save.
O let our souls in Him rejoice,
And sing his praise with cheerful voice!
Our doubts, our fears, for ever gone,
For Christ is on the Father's throne.

—*Christian Herald* (*London*).

THE BIBLE IN ITALY.

Slowly but surely the light of the gospel is breaking upon Italy, and all attempts of the Pope and priesthood to shut out the Holy Scriptures are ineffectual. The *Christian World* has the following paragraph on the circulation of the Bible in this country:—

In the last three years, not less than 100,000, copies of the Scriptures have been *sold* to the Italians. We say *sold* in italics for two reasons:

1. To call the attention of those who give their money for helping us to supply Italy with the Scriptures to the fact that every precaution is taken against their destruction by the priests. The poor man who pays even a little of his hard-earned gains for the Holy Book is the man who will try to keep it.

2. To show how great is the desire of the people to search the Scriptures.

This desire may not always arise from the highest motives. It may be, in some, because the Bible denounces tyranny—in others, from curiosity; but whatever motive it is read, the truth is God's truth, inspired by God's Spirit, who often makes it mighty to strike conviction to the heart of the most careless. Travellers ranging the country have come upon humble workmen late in the evening, neither in bed nor at the cafe, but occupied with the Bible. Others have found readers of the Scriptures earnestly intent on the study lying on the banks of the Arno, or some classic stream of Italy. The blessed results are attested, not only by the reports of the colporters, but more strikingly by the rapid increase all over the country, in the number of evangelicals. In the good providence of God, they have a Protestant translation of the Bible to read, made three hundred years ago by Diodati—Protestant because a very exact rendering of the original. There is no delay for translation; no necessity of reading a bad one. As in almost every point connected with evangelization, so in this vital point, God has wonderfully prepared the way for the evangelization of Italy.

CHINA, PAST AND PRESENT.

The following is from a speech made by Rev. Samuel Coley, before the late missionary anniversary of the British Wesleyans;

I suppose that no country has ever had such a power of invention, and yet such a stunted intellectual development as China. The Chinese is the largest—yet beyond its own realm the least influential, of monarchies. From China no mission ever started, no conqueror ever marched. Before all people in rudimental invention they are behind all people in development. They had gold and silver coins before the first Daric was minted, yet they traffic by the scales to this day. They first had gunpowder, but have got little further with its free use than to blaze it away in crackers. They were long before-hand with the magnet, but no junk ever crossed the ocean except in tow of a British ship. They have printed from time immemorial, but their literature awakens no progressive intellect. They have made glass for 2000 years, and ordinarily do not make it clear enough to see through. Their astronomy is still astrology, nor has their chemistry awoke from the dreams of alchemy. They have politeness, but its odd forms and slavery of etiquette only make them more unsociable. They have a wonderful language, but its elaborate cleverness is a curse and a fetter to their minds, making it the labor of a life to learn to read. They are not without notions of dignity; but men find it in nails long enough for claws, and the women in feet crushed into shapelessness of hoofs. In the South Atlantic there is a sea—the great Sargazo. All the currents pass by it, the winds of outer waters seem never to reach it. Dull, dead, heaving waves just move the heaped-up tangle of weeds that grow, and the drift of wrecks that rot in that stagnant, melancholy ocean limbo. China is the Sargazo sea of the ocean of humanity. The Chinese are the Rip Van Winkles of our race.

THE GREAT CHANGE.—My brethren, said Dr. Payson, through the great change we have been considering you must all pass. Your bodies must be changed. In a few years, of all the bodies that now fill this house nothing but a few handfuls of dust will remain. Your mode of existence will be changed. Your disembodied but still living spirits will pass into a new state of being. Your place of residence will be changed. The places which now know you will soon know you no more. Another assembly will fill this house. Other inhabitants will dwell in your habitations. Other names will glitter over the marts of business, and yours will be transferred to the tombstone. And when this world has lost you, another will have received you. After you are dead and forgotten here, you will be alive and capable of exquisite happiness or misery elsewhere. After you are removed from all the objects which now affect you, a new world, new objects, new beings will rise upon you, and affect you in a manner far more powerful than you are, or can be now affected. Above all, when this world and all that it contains sink from your view, God, that Being of whom you have heard so much, and perhaps thought so little—that Being who formed, and invisibly surrounds you, will burst in upon and fill your mind—fill it with delight inconceivable or agony unutterable, according to the state of your moral character. And as its affects you the moment after death, so it will continue to affect you forever; for neither his character or yours will ever change. Long after all remembrance of you shall be blotted from the earth, during all the remaining centuries which the sun may measure out to succeeding generations of mortals, you will still be bathing in delight, or writhing in agony, in the beams of Jehovah's presence.