# 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.

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### THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION IN THE FEDERAL ARMY AND NAVY.

The *New York Observer* under date of the 17th ult., contains a "Thanksgiving Supplement" devoted exclusively to information in connection with the work of the CHRISTIAN COMMISSION in the armies and hospitals of the United States. The Christian Commission is an organization which proposes as its object the salvation of the bodies and souls of the soldiers and sailors. Its agency is intended to convey both bodily relief and spiritual blessings to the men who are fighting the battles of their country. From the leading article in the "Supplement" we make some extracts which will afford a little idea of the work of this new and wonderful Christian agency.

Its delegates, with waggons, steam-tugs, tents, cooking-waggon, stores, books, the Scriptures, and religious papers, are established in each of our armies; and its work is in successful progress, from Fortress Monroe to Fort Vancouver.

In our Western field and post hospitals, the diet kitchens, under the care of the ladies of the Commission, prepare delicate food for invalids unable to live on the ordinary fare cooked by the soldier nurses, and are being extended to our Eastern armies, by the request of many surgeons.

Our famished exchanged prisoners from Richmond and Savannah are tenderly received by its delegates—washed, clothed, comforted, and nursed. They counsel and pray with the sick and dying; advise their friends by telegraph or letter, and carefully transmit their relics to the mourners at home.

In the trenches before Richmond, with the ambulance and wagon trains of wounded in the valley of the Shenandoah, and even on the battle-field, the delegates are now cheering the weary sufferers, giving them cordials, warm tea, chicken soup, and biscuit; and thus, our surgeons testify, saving thousands of lives of our brave soldiers, and often those of our wounded enemies. The cooking-waggon has furnished hot coffee to the battleworn men of a whole division, under a shower of bullets. After the battles of Mine Run, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, large numbers of our wounded were absolutely dependent on the Christian Commission for every mouthful of food and drink, and for whatever dressing their wounds received for several days.

In the existing deficiency of chaplains, a large proportion of the regiments in the field, and almost all our field hospitals, are dependent on the Commission for the ordinances of religion. The chaplains look to it for chapel-tents, Testaments, Hymn-books, tracts, and papers, to make their services effective. Libraries for gunboats and hospitals are now in preparation. Of the standard religious newspapers, over 400,000 are distributed monthly; and of Testaments, $1,000,000 have been distributed; Psalm and Hymn Books, 1,000,000; besides millions of pages of tracts, and sheets of paper, envelopes, and postage stamps.

The number of delegates who have volunteered their gratuitous services for these ministrations is over 3000. This number will be greatly increased during the coming winter. A majority of them are ministers of the gospel; many of them surgeons, physicians, and lawyers, whose professional services would have brought them thousands of dollars; and merchants, leaving important business, to nurse our noble soldiers, without fee or reward. Most of the work of the Commission is performed gratuitously by the railroad and telegraph companies, so that ninety-five cents of every dollar expended by the Christian Commission, goes into the soldier's hands.

This Commission is no respecter of persons; the private soldier suffering in defence of our common country, being always esteemed by its delegates as worthy, and generally more needy than the officer; who, however, is never neglected.

Daily religious services are maintained by its delegates at every station, and the ministerial delegates of all the evangelical churches preach frequently during the week, as well as on the Sabbath; thus displaying the unity of all who love our Lord Jesus, and holding up Christ for the salvation of our sons and brothers, who may so soon be called to his judgment-bar.

The usual baneful influences of war upon the morals of the soldiers have, by these means, been greatly mitigated, and the prevalence of profanity, gambling, and debauchery, in many regiments, greatly abated; while the effusion of God's converting grace has caused some to shine as lights amid the darkness."

A Washington correspondent describes the work of the Commission in the Capital, from which we make extracts:

CLERICAL UNIFORM AND WORK.

"Come up to our rooms and see us," was the kind invitation of Rev. Mr. Thurston, of Newbury, n charge of the Christian Commission Rooms at Washington. I accepted the invitation, and reached the small one story brick house at the corner of I and Ninth streets. A waggon stood before the door. I peeped in and saw some cans of prepared milk, bottles of jellies, oranges, lemons, syrups, wines, cordials, shirts, drawers, slippers, newspapers, magazines, and hymn books. Entering the rooms of the Commission, I found twenty or thirty men. They had on woollen shirts, old clothes, and straw hats. Some were lifting boxes; one was diving to the bottom of a barrel, fishing for a bundle of tracts. Some were unpacking bottles from casks, and were covered with hay and straw. They did not look like ministers. I did not see a white neck-tie or a nice black broad-cloth coat, or kid gloves. They were more like a party of stevedores and waiters than men from the pulpit.

RATIONS.

It was the dinner hour, and I went down with the delegates into the cellar, through a bulkhead. The Commission does not dwell in ceiled houses. Its rooms are not capacious or gorgeous. There was a joint of mutton, soft bread, apple-sauce, potatoes, tomatoes, farina, tea, coffee and water—no wines for dinner; plain, simple, wholesome fare. There was no ceremony, no sitting after dinner, for there was no time to spare. Each man was up from the table and at his work, unpacking boxes just arrived—selecting parcels needed for afternoon use, and then away to the hospitals. They had been their morning rounds, and were off the afternoon.

DELEGATES' WORK.

I was present at the tent on Sunday evening last when the delegates came in and narrated their experiences of the day. From my note book I transcribe a brief report. There were about fifty delegates present. The narratives were condensed. Their work is washing and dressing wounds, aiding the sick and wounded in every possible way, distributing reading matter, writing letters for those unable to write, conversation upon religious topics and religious exercises, all with the permission of the Surgeons in charge. No delegate is allowed to give jellies and wines as food, or to hold meetings in any ward, unless permission is first obtained from the Surgeons. It is a rule of the Commission, and not of the medical department. The principle is to do anything possible for the good of the men, and nothing for their hurt.

ONE-THIRD CHRISTIANS.

The Carver Hospital delegate reported that he found full one third of the men in his wards professing Christians. They were glad to see him. Very glad to get religious reading. A few days before he gave an old man the little book entitled the "Blood of Jesus;" saw him to-day. The old man greeted him with a smile, "I have found Jesus, and oh, he is so precious!" said the old soldier.

CAN'T KEEP TRACK OF SUNDAY.

Another delegate from the same hospital: I found among the patients a minister who enlisted as a private. He has been in hospital sixteen months, and has maintained his Christian character through all the trials of camp and hospital life. I found some convalescents playing cards. "My boys, you don't play cards on Sunday, do you?" "It isn't Sunday, is it? Why hang it all, Chaplain, we can't keep track of the days in the army."

I talked to them of home, and of their mothers. The tears rolled down their cheeks. They put up their cards, and read the papers I gave them.

WANTS TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

The Emory Hospital delegate, said: I never saw men so ready to receive religious instruction, or who were so easily impressed with their truths. I am satisfied that this is a golden opportunity to the Christian Church. I found a young man today, who said: "I want you, Chaplain, to tell me just what I have to do to be a Christian. I will do just what you say. I want to be a Christian." It was a sincere desire. I find that the Catholics are just as eager to have religious instruction as others.

Another delegate of the same hospital, said: I found Sergeant—, of Massachusetts, very low, but he met me with a smile: "It is all right. I am happy, and I die content. Tell my friends so."

Another delegate said: I have been over the river to see some detached regiments—men who are not in hospital. I asked one noble looking soldier if he loved Jesus.

"No, I don't."

"Are you married?"

"No; but I have a sister. She isn't a Christian, but she wrote to me that she wanted me to become one, and I wrote to her that I wanted her to be one; and I guess, Chaplain, that everybody who believes the Bible, feels just so. If they ain't good themselves, they want their friends to be."

I found another soldier writing a letter on a little bit of paper. I gave him a full sheet and an envelope.

"Are you a Christian Commission man?"

"Yes."

"You are a d—d good set of fellows."

"Hold on, soldier, not quite so hard."

"I beg your pardon, Chaplain, I didn't mean to swear; but darn it all, I have got into the habit out here in the army, and it comes right out before I think."

"Won't you try to leave it off?"

"Yes, Chaplain, I will."

Another delegate; I went among the men and they all gathered about me with great eagerness. They were a little disappointed, however, when they saw that I was a delegate of the Commission. They took me to be the paymaster.

"But I have something that is better than gold."

"Give me some of it," said one, the son of a Baptist minister, a tender-hearted Christian.

A GOSPEL DRUM.

Another delegate just returned from the army at Petersburg, said that he had come across a drummer boy of one of the Massachusetts regiments, a member of the Sabbath-school at home, who had lost his Bible during the campaign, but had written the heads of his drum all over with texts of Scripture from memory. He beat a gospel drum.

An hour was spent in hearing the reports, and the meeting closed by singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

### "FAITHFUL ARE THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND."

"Of all earthly things, I detest a stingy man."

The words were uttered earnestly, and by one whom I deeply admired. But, for some reason, I could not tell why, they affected me unpleasantly; and, looking up, I caught the expression of satisfaction which I expected, but did not wish to see. Thinking of the matter afterward, an occurrence of my own life was brought to mind, and the painful feeling understood.

Years ago, when hopeful and self-reliant, I was walking boldly forward, trusting to my own strength, I had a friend. We were "girls together," and very tender feelings existed between us. I should have spurned the charge from a third person that any selfishness was interwoven in my intercourse with her. She was sensitive, deeply so, with very cautious opinions of her own powers and capabilities, but with strong confidence in mine. I can look back now and see how, in many ways, I took advantage of her trustfulness and yielding disposition. Was there a decision to be made as to how we should spend an hour or a half day, it usually happened that my own inclination were fully gratified. Were we, with unformed judgments, discussing the merits of a book, my opinion almost always swallowed up hers. Not that I made any great effort to have her thus yield—but she yielded so easily, and *I let her do so.* I was generous to her so far as sharing any thing with her was concerned—that I knew. And I did not suspect but that my whole conduct toward her was generous until, reproved, my eyes were opened. She had yielded to me in a little matter, as was her custom, without pressing her views, and I, perhaps unconscious of my growing overbearance, had accepted the sacrifice as my right; when, turning suddenly toward me with an expression of firmness entirely unusual to her, she spoke my name, earnestly, almost sternly. I looked at her, surprised, and for a moment she faltered; but, gathering strength again, she proceeded,—

"H——, there is not a *stingy* streak about you,—but,—*you are terribly selfish.*"

No language can describe the astonishment I felt. My eyes fell before hers; then, venturingly and inquiringly, were raised again. But there she stood looking at me calmly and firmly, not a vestige of embarrassment or vexation visible upon her countenance; resolute, yet kind, as though she was prepared for the trial, and meant to hold her ground. My social position was equal to hers—my age in advance; and, for a moment, I tried to think she was taking too much liberty. But—I could not. My eyes fell again before her steady gaze. Our whole acquaintance, with its varied events, passed rapidly through my mind, and acts upon which I had not bestowed a second thought before were suddenly magnified into serious errors. Guilty and condemned, I stood there, with such a sense of unworthiness as no mortal had ever made me feel before.

She seemed to read my thoughts, and be satisfied. Stepping nearer, she gently laid around me again the arm that had fallen when she spoke, and drew me to her in forgiving love. The matter was never mentioned between us again, and a tenderer friendship, if possible, existed between us after than before the occurrence. I took the lesson home to my heart, and, by the grace of God, trust I have somewhat profited by it. Truly, "*the wounds of a friend are faithful.*"—*Tract Journal.*

### THE FIVE CLERKS.

In one of our inland towns, were, a few years since, five boys, apprentices in as many different stores. By a similarity of disposition, education and age, they became very intimate, and in a revival that occurred in that village, all became Christians.

They at once identified themselves as such before the world, and went out to labour in the vineyard of the Master. In Sabbath and mission schools they were faithful, zealous, earnest workers; their voices were heard in prayer and praise in the weekly church meetings; the outcast, the sorrowing, the despondent, were cheered with words of hope and courage, their respective pastors looked to them, even in their youthfulness, for active co-operation in every good word and work, and did not look in vain.

Although entirely dependent upon their own industry for support, and, in some instances, aiding dependent brothers and sisters, with the meagre salary of clerks under age, yet from a sense of duty they made a mutual pledge to each other to give one-tenth of their income to the Lord.

Nobly has that pledge been fulfilled, and God has testified in their experience that He will honor those who honor Him. Without money or influential friends, each has attained an enviable position in business circles and in society.

One is a highly esteemed merchant in one of our cities, whose heart is ever devising liberal things, responding to every call made in behalf of the poor and needy. As he once remarked to the writer, "I can't help giving, there is so much pleasure in it."

Another is an active, energetic business man in Cleveland, O., but even more active in the church and Sabbath school, disbursing freely of his own substance, and the trusted almoner of others' bounty.

The third is the cashier of a bank in Wisconsin, of whom a well-known West ern missionary writes thus: "Noble soul that he is! Your town has sent out none more noble. think that for Christ daily his example tells as much as any that I know."

The fourth is a partner in a Banking-House of one of the most responsible firms in Wall-street. Upon few men do such heavy business responsibilities rest. Honored, trusted, loved by his partners, and held in respect and confidence by the Wall street fraternity, he has attained a position that few could reach after years of most laborious effort. In the church and Sabbath school he is a faithful devoted laborer. The other is also a business man of rare probity, shrinking from no duty, though it lead through fire and flame, conscientious as to the last degree, and ever "diligent in business, serving the Lord."

The enviable position these once poor and penniless boys, now sustain, shows the truth of the eternal word, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," and proves that godliness is profitable even in this life. Their benefactions are not limited by their pledge, but in many cases, perhaps in each, exceed that amount.

Great power for the church and for Christ lies in the hand of business, Christian men, and it is a beautiful sight to witness an extended business carried on in the fear of the Lord, making Him—with reverence we speak it—a partner, and a partaker of the profits. We know of firms that open on their ledger a regular account to the credit of Benevolence, and as conscientiously pay this debt as any other. Such men are an honor to the church and world. "Go and do thou likewise."—*S. E. B. in Congregationalist.*

### THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

The efforts the Jews have made, and the sufferings, losses, and humiliations they have borne for the purpose of obtaining sepulture in the Valley of Jehoshaphat form a singular feature in human history. No other has ever thus struggled, not to live in their own land, but to be suffered to lay their dust therein. Many descriptions have been made of this marvellous place; but I confess none of them ever afforded me a notion of its actual appearance. Wandering alone past the fountain of Siloam and by the arid bed of Kedron, it suddenly opened on me a perfect mountain of graves—a hill-side paved with sepulchral slabs. Each stone is small, so small as to lead to the conclusion that the bodies must be buried perpendicularly. At all events, if the multitudes there interred were simultaneously to arise, they would form a crowd as dense and compact as it would be enormous. Short Hebrew inscriptions (some evidently of great age) are on all the stones; and these are laid together with intervals only of a few inches, as in our oldest city church-yards. The slabs are almost on the level of the ground, and of equal height, so that it is literally one large pavement of death—an appalling, almost an overwhelming sight.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

### PRAYER ANSWERED.

In one of the cottage houses of a densely peopled village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about nineteen years ago, a pious woman was sitting waiting the return of her husband from his daily toil. It was almost midnight: her children were in bed—they were accustomed to rise early, from the eldest to the youngest, to add to the common stock—a stock diminished by the intemperance of the father, who, for some time, had been in the habit of spending his evenings at a neighboring public house. His wife was an industrious woman, and the duties of her family had engaged her attention up to that hour. She put away some articles of clothing she had been mending for one of the children; and, wearied in mind and body, anxiously waited for the well-known step of her husband. Her thoughts wandered back to her early wedded life; they were both at that time thoughtless and gay. She thought of the gradual estrangement from home of her once devoted husband; of the birth of her first child; and how, when watching over it, she had been led to think of the prayers of a now glorified mother; how she, too, had knelt and prayed for the forgiveness of sins, and obtained mercy, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and how she had been enabled to hold on her troubled way, at times rejoicing even in tribulation. She had prayed long for her husband's conversion, and, thus far, saw no answer to her prayers; but her confidence in God remained unshaken; and now, placing the Bible (her solace and joy since she had found the way of peace) on the seat of the arm-chair, she knelt and read some of the precious promises of God; then, pouring forth her soul in simple child-like prayer, such as only a woman strong in faith could have offered, she rose, refreshed, strengthened, and calm. Throwing a shawl over her head, she wended her way to the too well-known public house. As she raised the latch, the clock struck one.

Her husband was sitting in the bar with some of his fellow workmen and the landlady, when she entered. In an angry tone he bade her go home. The landlady said, "Wait a little, your husband will go with you." She advanced to the table where they were sitting, and said in a calm voice to the landlady:

"Mrs. ——, seven years is a long time to wait for anything, is it not?"

"Yes," said the landlady, "but fourteen years is longer, is it not?"

"Yes," answered the wife, "but twenty-one years is longer still. I have waited and prayed twenty-one years for the conversion of my husband; and as sure as he is sitting in your bar, I shall live to see him pass this house, and have no inclination to enter; for God will answer my prayer."

She turned to leave the room, and her husband followed her; but no angry word passed his lips—he seemed to quail before her.

About this time, the Rev. J. Rattenbury was stationed at Leeds. On the Sunday following the night just mentioned, Martin —— was induced to accompany his praying wife to hear him. The text announced was the pious resolution of Ruth: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." The word came home with power, the arrow of conviction sank deep into his soul. For several days he groaned for mercy; but the hour of deliverance came.

"The Spirit answered to the blood,
And told him he was born of God."

On the Sunday after his conversion, Martin returned from the chapel to his own happy home, with a firm step—the mid-day meal was spread upon the table—children were already seated; but his heart was full. "Children," said he, "your mother's prayers are now answered. I have passed that house where I spent so much time and money, without the least desire to enter. Let us praise the Lord together." They fell upon their knees—he by the arm-chair, on the spot which had been, in times past, a Bethel and an Ebenezer to his wife—and, with joyful hearts, they too raised their hearts and voices in gratitude and praise to God, who had plucked him as a brand from the burning; alike acknowledging his weakness and asking strength to stand in the hour of temptation.

God heard those prayers: and Martin—— became as eminent for piety as he had before been prominent in the service of Satan.

LEARN TO BE WORKING CHRISTIANS.—"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." It is very striking to see the usefulness of many Christians. Are there none of you who know what it is to be selfish in your Christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place, to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by his companions. So it is with some Christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness; but it is alone and for themselves. Are there not some of you who can enjoy being a Christian, while your dearest friend is not, and yet will not speak to him? See, here you have got work to do, when Christ found you, he said, "Go, work in my vineyard." What were you hired for if it was not to spread salvation? What blessed for?—O, my Christian friends! how little you live as though you were the servants of Christ? How much idle time and idle talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself? How few for Christ and his people! This is not like a servant.—*McCheyne.*

A CHRISTIAN HINDOO.—Attending the London Mission Institution at Madras lately, was a youth of eighteen, belonging to the Chetty or merchant caste. Brought under the influence of Divine truth, he refused to worship the idols in his father's house, would no longer wear the sacred thread, and cut off the sacred lock of hair at the back of his head. His father attempted to confine him, and bought a chain to chain him up. He managed to escape, and besought the missionaries to afford him an asylum. This, after a time, they did. The father, who is a wealthy man, collected a mob, who tried to force an entrance into the mission premises; this, however, was prevented. The father was admitted; but the police interfered, and the mob was kept outside. The missionaries, in his presence and that of other relatives, told the young man to go with them if he wished, but all the entreaties and arguments of his former friends were in vain. He decided to remain where he was, and still continues firm in the faith.

### NEW BRUNSWICK AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY.

The following is the speech of the Rev. Henry Gill (Agent of the Parent Society), delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of the above Auxiliary, held on the 1st December:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—It gives me great pleasure to appear before you to-night as the representative of that great institution to which allusion has been made—the British and Foreign Bible Society. About ten years ago, the Rev. Philip Kent was sent out from England from our Society, and visited the greater part of these Provinces. After the lapse of ten years it was thought desirable to repeat the deputation, hence I am here before you to-night. The objects of my mission are, first of all, to thank our Christian friends for what they have done in connection with our great work. I will, therefore, thank you for what you have done in past years. This I do in the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society. And secondly, we want you to do still more than you have done. To this latter result I hope the facts I shall state will tend. Your respected President has told you that since April last I have been employed in this work in these Provinces; and the first question you will likely ask me—a question which has been put to me every where—is: "Well, Sir, what do you think of these Colonies?" Let me tell you I have been agreeably disappointed in them. I have been struck with many things which I have seen in these Colonies, and one among others has been the extreme loyalty of the people. I have been in Canada, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia, as well as here, and I can say that you are a most loyal people. (Cheers.) Here I know you all heartily join in the prayer, May God bless and save the Queen. In my travels through the Province I was also struck with the deep hold which the Bible has upon the people everywhere. I have travelled through the greater part of Upper Canada, and there I have met those who love God's word, and who seek to circulate it throughout the world. I am here to-night not to give you a speech on the Bible; it would scarcely be proper. I am here to tell you of the Bible Society, and what it has done for the past sixty years. We are living in days in which the inspiration of Scripture is denied. The Bible is the best evidence for itself; they have cast it into the fire, but it has not been burned: they have flung it into the sea, but it has not been drowned; they have chained it, but it has burst its bands and it has cast its cords from it. And this night the grand old Bible is the same glorious Book that ever it was, a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, and our only sure guide to immortality and to God. The miracles of God have now ceased. Now, no hand goes forth to write God's purposes; no letters of flame; no spiritual voice; the vision is ended; the testimony is sealed; the word of God is finished. Let us then clasp the Bible closer to our bosoms; let us rejoice that notwithstanding all the attacks on this blessed book, the declaration has gone forth that heaven and earth may pass away, but not one jot or tittle of God's word shall pass away.

I rejoice to tell you that our President is Lord Shaftesbury, a nobleman who devotes his time, talents, and property to the cause of the kingdom of Christ. We have the honour to rank on the list of our Society's Vice Presidents, two Archbishops, and thirty-two Bishops, together with a host of clergymen of other denominations; and all banded for one similar purpose of giving the Bible to the world. I have no doubt that frequent allusion is made at the meetings here to the parent Committee. A word or two about that committee. It is composed of 36 Christian laymen, 15 of that number must be members of the Church of England, 15 are members of other denominations, and 6 are foreigners. I would here state that these gentlemen do not receive any kind of emolument whatever. We, at home, carry on our work pretty much as you do here. In England we have Auxiliaries, Branches, and Associations. Besides, in England we have very largely spread through the country Ladies' Societies. If you look to our report you will see the list of all our Societies in England and Wales; let me tell you this significant fact, that these Societies are mainly sustained by Christian ladies. Ladies, you as women have more to be thankful for than we as men. Go to those countries where Bible principles are not known, and what do you find? Women reduced to the lowest possible degree of slavery; but wherever the Bible is acknowledged, woman is elevated to her proper sphere in society as man's equal and helpmate. I ask you, ladies, then, to give us your prayers and efforts in this great cause.

In presenting to you an account of the present state of our Society, I scarcely know where to begin; and I am afraid when I begin, I shall not know where to end. I will not trouble you much with figures, as they are not easily remembered. Let me say then, first of all that Her Majesty the Queen has her name down on our subscription list for £100; the Crown Princess of Prussia lately sent £50, and Lord Palmerston £50. Last year our income was larger than it has ever been during any previous year. From legacies alone we have received £21,628 17s. 11d., the largest amount that we have ever received from this source. This money was given by those who, in their lifetime knew the value of God's word, and who at their death did not forget that Society which engaged their love in their brightest and healthiest days.

We have received for the year £169,703 17s. 11d. You must bear in mind that this represents the purchase account and the free subscriptions. You may take £80,000 or £90,000 of the whole sum [illegible] sentinel free subscriptions. [illegible] not much when we [illegible] as representa- [illegible] into consideration the great object for which it has been given, namely, to enable us to supply the world with the Bible; but it amounts to £2000 more than we have received in any previous year. At a meeting in Belfast, Ireland, I was mentioning those things, and when I sat down a warm-hearted Irishman signed a check for £100, and passed it to the platform. I will just say if any of you good people have a hundred pounds which you do not know what to do with, send it to our society. You may say we cannot do this, we are not a wealthy people. Perhaps not, but you can give us according to your means, and you can give us your prayers more sincerely and earnestly than you have done, that God's blessing may rest on the Bible Society. There used to be an inscription in St. Paul's Cathedral, which was, "if you ask for a monument to Christopher Wren, look around you." In the same way if you ask for a monument to this Society, I say look around you; and in the light which it has cast upon human literature; in the inspiration which it has given to the human philosophy; in the impetus which it has given to the human mind during the past half century; in that civilization which it has everywhere produced; in these things you will see a monument taller than the pyramids, and more enduring than brass. The expenditure of the Bible Society 60 years ago was £691 10s. 2d., in 1864 we spent over £151,000. What a contrast? That cloud which at first was only as big as a man's hand has spread and gathered until it has poured down a shower of blessings on every country. When the Bible Society commenced, there might have been 50 translations of the Scriptures in the world, and now they are printed in a hundred and sixty-four different languages of the earth. In the first ten years of the existence of this Society it circulated 987,000 copies of the Scriptures. The last ten years it circulated over 17 million copies. During the past year we have circulated two million one hundred and eighty-four thousand one hundred and eighteen copies in whole or part of the Word of God, in 164 different languages, and they have been sent to every part of the world. To put down figures is easy; we know them very well by sight, but we can form very little conception of their magnitude. Is not the Bible Society the noblest organization that exists within the bosom of the Church? The Church has a great responsibility to circulate the Word of God throughout the world. Is there not a voice coming to us from every land, saying, "O Zion that bringest good tidings, get thee up into thy high mountain. O, Jerusalem that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice, with strength lift it up, say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God."

Let me now tell you how we carry on our work at *Home.* I am glad to use this word, and I rejoice to find that feeling in these Colonies of love to the Old Country which prompts the people to call it "Home." In connection with the working out of the objects of our Society are the Bible women. Two hundred of these Bible women are employed in London. These have sold during the past year 9,589, and during the last seven years 50,000 copies of the Word of God. These copies have been sold in the lowest districts in London. And let me tell you, if you want to do poor people good you must go and visit and teach them in their places of abode. This is the principle of the Bible women's work. There is not a more blessed organization existing at the present time than that of these women. We have two colporteurs employed on the River Thames, and as you go over London Bridge, sometimes it is very delightful to look down upon the water and see the colporteur's boat, and watch him as he climbs up the vessel's side, and introduces himself to the Captain and the men. During the past year they visited 14,000 ships and sold over 4000 copies in foreign languages, and chiefly to foreign sailors. The Mayor of North Shields lately handed in at the Bible House a canvas bag of money which had been received in return for books sold at that Port. He had not changed it into English money, and when he emptied it out on the table, it contained almost every species of Continental coin. I introduce this to show you what our Society is doing to circulate the Bible in the ports of England. I came across the Atlantic with Rev. Mr. Thornton, President of Conference, who told me on the deck of the steamer, "Sir, I do not know what the Wesleyan Mission would do were it not for the help the Society is giving us."

The "Propagation Society" is largely indebted to us, seven out of its twelve translations belonging to the Bible Society. "The Church Missionary Society" comes to us for nineteen out of the twenty-four translations which it circulates. There is not an existing Presbyterian Missionary Society that we are not helping. There is scarcely a month in the year that we are not helping the London Missionary Society. This forms a strong argument for all denominations to support the Bible Society. By supporting it you are supporting your own church. Are you a Methodist? we are helping your Church. Do you belong to the English Church? we are helping it, and if you are an Independent, that denomination also receives help. We might write over the door of the Bible House, Ask and ye shall receive. I don't know a country where any Missionary Society has applied to the Bible Society for help and been refused; and therefore by helping this Society you are but fulfilling the great command of your great Master, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." There are also our Sunday Schools. Next to the preaching of the Word do I regard our Sunday Schools. We have circulated in Sunday Schools in England and Wales and Ireland, during the past nineteen years 826,483 copies of the sacred Scripture. We have put a copy of the Bible by the side of every bed in every hospital in London, and also in every cell of every prison. On every line of Railway in England and Wales, we have also placed copies of the blessed Word. All these facts are recorded in our Report. I ask you, my friends, to get the Report, and when you get one do not throw it into the waste basket as a thing not to be looked at again. Do you know what Rowland Hill said about a Report. "If you have a five pound note which you want to keep safe, just put it in the leaves of a Report, no one will go there to touch it." Our Report contains the account of our work for the last year. I must speak to you about the Foreign operations of the Society. In France alone, during the past year, we have circulated 74,000 copies, 7000 copies have been sold to military men of France. During the past 60 years we have circulated in France, 6,000,000 of copies. It is estimated that from the year 1500, to the year 1804, in which the Society took its rise, the whole Christian Church did not circulate more than 4,000,000 copies; so that we have done more for France alone during the past half century than the whole Christian Church did for the world 300 years before. Why, a few years ago you could not have found a French Bible in one volume for love or money; but now you cannot go to any part of France where you may not procure the Holy Scriptures. This is mainly to be attributed to the efforts of the British Bible Society. You have heard of the unhappy war in Denmark. We sent colporteurs immediately to the seat of war. See that hospital; it is filled with wounded and dying soldiers. There they are, Prussians, Hungarians, Poles, &c., on beds side by side; they cannot comfort each other, because they do not understand each other's language. Who is that man stooping down, whispering to the dying soldiers? It is the colporteur of the Bible Society. He is asking that poor soldier to what nationality he belongs. As soon as he knows, he gets a copy of the Bible in his native tongue, puts it into his hands, and leaves it with him. In this way we carry on our work. During that war hundreds of copies were sold to soldiers [illegible] battle [illegible] there amid the groans of the dying many a poor warrior has been able to receive comfort out of that blessed volume ere his spirit took its flight to God.

In Austria a few years ago we were not permitted to circulate the Scriptures. Now our enemies are jealous of our progress. There is also Italy. Most of you have heard of the wonders in Italy; but perhaps there is one wonder in that country that you have not heard of. The priest shows the people a bottle; and what do you think is in that bottle? There, he says, is some of the darkness that overspread the land of Egypt in the days of Moses. About the distribution of the Scriptures in Italy, let me tell you that in Milan our colporteurs stand at the sides of the streets and sell the blessed book to passers by. In Naples you will see our colporteurs holding up the Bible in the market places, begging of those present to purchase. Many copies were sold in that way. In Pisa they hold up the Bible, ballooing out—The Light! The Light! In another city in Italy you would see them with their wheelbarrows full of Bibles and Testaments going from house to house. During the past year we have circulated in Italy 20,000 copies of the Word. You may ask what is the use of all this circulation. We believe the Bible to be the want of the human family. We ask you to engage in this enterprise. God can do without you if you are unfaithful; but then God will raise up other instruments if thou holdest thy peace altogether. Let me tell you a word or two about India. We have very little conception of the extent of India. If you look at your maps when you go home, you will find the most Southern point of India is Cape Comorin, and far to the North are the Himalaya mountains. A pigeon flying at the rate of 50 miles a day from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya mountains would take nearly seven weeks to finish its journey. This vast country lies under the shadow of the British crown, and is swayed over by the sceptre of Britain's great and mighty Queen. How comes it to pass that God has given us India? The Queen reigns over [illegible] of the human family; over more Roman Catholics than the Pope, and over more Pagans than you could find in Africa. God has given those nations to us that we may give them the Bible. And shall we be unfaithful to our mission?