

## A GLANCE AT THE WORLD.

More than three-fifths of the race of Man are idolaters, though we are near the termination of the sixtieth century of its history, and of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. Nearly sixteen generations of men,—numbering forty thousand millions, have lived and died, since Jesus Christ "brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."—There are now one thousand millions on earth, of whom

630,000,000 are Idolaters,  
100,000,000 " Mohammedans,  
6,000,000 " Jews,  
264,000,000 " nominal Christians.

A few millions more than one fourth, have nominally recognized Jesus Christ as the Saviour of mankind! Of these, 130,000,000 are members of the Roman Church.

56,000,000 are members of the Greek Church,  
8,000,000 are members of the Armenian Ch.  
70,000,000 are members of the nominally Protestants.

There are, then, 194,000,000 bearing the Christian name, to whom the Bible is a sealed book, and only about one fourth of the population of the globe who are permitted to read it, and are favourable to its circulation. Of these, not more than 40,000,000 are professors of any kind of Christianity,—one sixth of nominal Christians,—one twenty-fifth of the population of the world. Of these, not more than 25,000,000,—one tenth of nominal Christians,—one fortieth of the entire population, are the evangelical followers of Christ. Therefore, we have reason to believe, that at this very hour, thirty-nine fortieths of mankind possess unregenerate hearts! In this condition do we find the world, having passed through the revolutions of nearly six thousand years.

It is now nearly half a century since the commencement of the Modern Missionary Effort. The following table exhibits the brief results of what has been accomplished in these fifty years among the heathen:—

2,000 Missionaries,  
7,500 Assistants,  
4,000 Churches,  
250,000 Converts,  
3,000 Missionary Schools,  
250,000 Children and adults belonging to them,  
200 Dialects into which the Bible is translated.

32,000,000 of Bibles scattered over the earth in languages spoken by 600,000,000!

But such a table will give no adequate idea of what has been accomplished. If the slightest disturbance of the least particle of matter is felt throughout the confines of the material universe, and the influence of a single thought is perpetuated forever throughout the universe of mind, who shall undertake to limit the influence of a single impulse of good? If no one can estimate the influence which a single regenerated soul can exert on the corrupt mass of humanity, what will be said of the influence which two hundred and fifty thousand can exert scattered among heathenized millions? If one Bible left to its leavening influence would work out in time the evangelization of the world, what shall be said of the power which thirty-two millions are every where exerting at this moment?

But vast as are these results, what remains to be done is still more immense. Only one fortieth of mankind have felt in their hearts the power of the gospel; the remaining thirty-nine fortieths are "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world;" Eph. ii. 12. When we consider, that thirty-two millions of Bibles are abroad in the earth, translated into languages spoken by 600,000,000; let us not forget that only one in thirty-one, on an average, have in their hands the bread of life; that 968,000,000 are destitute, and that to 400,000,000 the Bible is a sealed book this very hour. When we consider that several hundred thousand have been rescued from heathenism in the last fifty years, 200,000 of whom, perhaps, are now alive, let us not forget the millions that have perished in their sins, and the millions that have been heathenized during the same period. Heathenism has been on a terrible increase for centuries. It is a startling fact, that the disparity between the friends and the foes of Christianity, between the disciples of the Saviour and unconverted men, is greater, vastly more so at the present time, than it was fifty years since. Such, indeed, is only a "glance at the

world," *coup d'œil* upon this vast missionary field,—this terrific moral harvest, which so deepens and widens and waves in the distance!—J. L. Batchelder.

## WHAT MAKES DEATH FEARFUL.

[From the Puritan Recorder.]

In a world of partings like ours, there are few who have not at some time been called to look on death. We have seen it in the aged, when as a shock of corn fully ripened, they have been garnered home;—in the middle aged, summoned as they are from the cares and business of life to what too often seems an unwelcome rest;—in the young, who here and there, earlier in their pilgrimage, and while the future in this world is bright and cheering, have laid down to sleep;—and in childhood and infancy, when the sinless spirit has gone to a better world, before it had learned the ills of this. And to stand by the bed of the dying, or to look upon the face of the dead, will always in the interested spectator, give rise to feelings of resignation to the will of a righteous God, or of bitter, comfortless grief. A saddening interest ever attaches to such a scene; but often there are circumstances attendant upon a bereavement, either to mitigate or add to the mourner's sorrow. We have seen a fond mother lay down a darling child upon its couch to die, and witnessed her painful struggling with her heart, calmly to give it back again to Him who gave. But the thought, that of such as this is indeed the kingdom of Heaven, reconciled her soon to the loss, for she knows her child is happier there, and though she may regret, would never call it back. There is nothing fearful in the death of infancy. We have stood, it may be, in the chamber where the Christian, youthful or aged, was going through the dark valley, and have felt that in this scene there was nought to dread, for dying to such, "is but going Home." There is nothing fearful in the Christian's death. What then, makes death fearful?

Nothing but *unpardoned sin*, is the answer which every one is forced to make, who proposes this question to himself. This is death's sting. In this the grave obtains its victory. The consciousness that when we come to enter the cold river which sooner or later we every one must pass, there will be no friend to hold us up, no arm upon which to lean, no angel on the other side to take us to the bright city, no crown for us to wear, no harp, no pardoning God, *no heaven*, is enough to make us shrink back and be fearful. A friend falls at our side. We shudder to think of our future, had we been in his place taken. Rumors of the distant pestilence with its unnumbered dead reach our ears, and of its slow but sure approach, and we tremble to think of becoming ourselves victims, and *death is fearful*. Unpardoned sin makes it so. But when these things come to the Christian, his consolation is, that he rests in the hands of a Heavenly Father, who will not take him hence until he pleases, or until his work is done. And to him who has this trustfulness in God, it seems cause for wonder that this friendship, a friendship of such infinite importance and value, should be so grievously neglected; that from the kind hand that has ever been extended to lead us in the only right and happy way, we turn so often; that Him who so constantly remembers us in mercy, we so often forget; that the happiness we could enjoy in this world, and the bliss which would be in store for us in another, we esteem so lightly; and that, fearing ever, we hesitate to come to that Saviour who alone can take away the fearfulness of death.

## "TRIFLES."

The principle involved in the maxim of Franklin, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," is universally just, and susceptible of quite other applications than the philosopher gave it. As applied to literary pursuits, for example, it might be rendered: "Take care of each point of inquiry as you successively reach it, and the resources of the whole will ere long have been mastered;" or as applied to one's business in the world, mercantile, professional or other: "Accomplish carefully each duty as it meets you, without waiting for opportunities for conspicuous exertions, and your entire life-plan will at last have been accomplished;" or as applied to the daily domestic and Christian life, it might read thus: "Attend to the 'trifles' and see that they are what they should be, and the sum of your life will take care of itself."

It is these trifles which make the life, "as moments make the year." Slight in themselves, in their accumulation and aggregate they constitute by far the larger part of that which memory reverts to as she reviews the past. They affect others even more constantly and intimately than do things which seem more important; and they express more clearly, and so in their reciprocal influence modify more influentially, the character of their performer. They are the small stones, by the silent addition of which each to the other in the masonry of our daily activities, the Temple of our life is gradually reared; and of that temple the most important part is of the fine facade of the few lofty columns that stand in front, but the encircling walls and the unseen foundations. These Trifles are the familiar voices that daily and hourly fill the ear. If they be musical and sweet we shall care little though we even lose now and then the more studied expression of artistic excellence; but if we want in our social atmosphere this genial and continuous harmony, we cannot be compensated for it by any occasional conspicuous displays.

A "Trifle" too has sometimes an intrinsic importance which is hardly imagined. As a slight dust-grain in the eye will cause inflammation and pain, and except as removed may destroy the eye, so a harsh word hastily spoken, a momentary carelessness of another's kindness, a wounding reproof, or a sharp jest, which springs from the lips almost thoughtlessly, may cause permanent though silent sorrow in a heart whose affections are quick and sensitive, and so are more precious in their continuance and more liable to be wounded. And by a succession of such "Trifles" bitterness may be made to take the place of affection, and a life that should have been as a golden tissue may be shaded thickly by dark-grained griefs. While on the other hand, as the drop of oil relieves the friction upon the worn surface, as the point of light in the eye of the portrait illustrates all the features, so the kind word cheerfully spoken, the slight act of thoughtful and attentive affection, the cheering recognition of the effort or the anxiety that have been wearing the system, and the affectionate assurance of sympathy and remembrance,—will often relieve a long day's gloom, and give freedom and pleasantness to the movements of a household. True politeness has therefore been well defined "Benevolence in trifles;" and he who will see to it that in the trivial details of life he manifests a kindly and Christian spirit, while he will never lack opportunity for the more visible acts of exertion and self-sacrifice, may be assured that the whole fabric of his life will grow to be what he would have it; that his own character will rapidly become more beautiful and noble, and that his influences on others, distilling as the dew and falling as the light, will be as refreshing and gladdening as they.

## THE SKY-ROCKET DISCIPLE.

Reader, you may have doubtless seen a sky-rocket. You saw it start and flash—go hissing with its fiery train into the sky—sparkle for a moment, and then leave all in darkness again.

The rocket, beside being the glory "of stupid stagers and loud huzzas," has some other uses. It affords a good illustration of the character of "certain of the disciples." There are some, who start out of their slumbers now and then, like the rocket bursting out of the darkness. Some flash or other has set them in a blaze. They were powder inert enough under the lock and key of the magazine. But the spark has fallen and ignition has taken place.

Now the suddenness of the start is not so much the object of rebuke, as that moral state which makes anything like a start necessary. Disciples, "lights of the world," should shine on like the unwearied sun.—Kindled once, they should burn with increased brightness forever.

The rocket dashes furiously on its way—so do some disciples. It is not the steady march and firm footstep of the disciplined soldier—the cool, determined advance of the veteran. The disciple, who so lives that he requires to be started before he can do his duty, will be like to start off in some erratic course; as the rock, whose hardness requires powder, is likely to be scattered in dangerous fragments.

"Then you would rebuke all promptness and energy in religion." That hasty and rash interference of yours is the very sky-rocket sort of proceeding at which I am. I condemn

not enlightened, well-directed zeal and energy in doing good. I would throw my whole body, soul, and spirit into the scale in favour of such a course. But I do condemn fury and fierceness. I would not have a man leap in such haste from his bed as to throw himself through the window into the street. I rejoice in the speed and energy of my horse, but I beg of him not to dash the vehicle to pieces. I would have my little son obey my commands, but not in such haste as to knock his little sister down, or break his own limbs over a chair.

But the rocket. There it flies, brilliant and sparkling. But suddenly all is darkness! So with that disciple. He does not endure. There was light and flame. But they have gone out. He was swift-winged—but his wings were wax. They have melted. He flies no longer. Runs? No! Walks then? No, not that. He has stopped movement altogether. Rocket-like he has burnt out.—All his glory has departed. The transient gleam has left still deeper darkness.

Suppose that rocket to soliloquise a little as it goes gleaming up the sky. Such splendour, such elevation, such power to excite the gaping wonder of the multitude, may we excite some complacency. Thus "this is grand! How delightful to soar thus. What a splendid train point out my path! I rival the very stars of the firmament. A few more of us would confound the sun and make the moon ashamed." So some vehement disciples "Give us a few kindred spirits, and we would drive the chariot of salvation." As it now is, the great mass of Christians around us look like the rush-lights at noonday.

"You poor, sorry thing," said the rocket as it saw the feeble glimmering of a distant lamp, "you poor sorry thing, burning down there all alone, nobody notices you. You had better go out and be done with it. How insignificant!"

The lamp modestly replied, "I cannot go like thyself, dear brother, gleaming into the sky, but I trust I have a useful though an humble employment, where I am. And as for going out, I am living among other things to do thee a kind office in return for thy present scorn. Notwithstanding all thy present glory and triumph, I am expecting every moment a summons to thy funeral. It will shortly be true, brother, that if there be anything of all thy glory worth looking for, they will need thy poor aid to find it, and furnish it for a decent burial."

A lamp in Zion, shining with a clear and steady light—a firm, faithful, enduring Christian, is better than a sky-rocket disciple, flashing and dazzling for a hasty moment, and then sinking suddenly into darkness.—*Religious Magazine.*

## Where there is a Will there is a Way.

TO YOUNG CLERGYMEN.

In nothing is it more important for a man to open his own path, than in habits of study. As a general thing, it would seem to be well (using Scott's words,) "to break the neck of the day's work," as early as possible. There have been clergymen of great eminence, who observed no certain hours. Dr. Payson never denied himself to visitors; his motto was, "The man who wants to see me, is the man I want to see." Such was also the practice of the late Dr. John H. Rice. There are situations where the young minister is constrained to act in this way. Where we cannot get the whole we must make vigilant use of a part. Even itinerants may gain knowledge; and I have heard eminent scholars say, that nothing they ever read made so deep impression on them, as volumes which they found in their chamber window, and which they devoured with the greater avidity, because they doubted whether they should ever see them again.—Great concentration of mind is produced by such straits. John Wesley, as his journals show, perused hundred of volumes on horseback; you will find his notices of books in French, Latin, and Greek. More than twenty years ago, when I was much in the saddle, I was on a tour of preaching with the Rev. Abner W. Clopton, of the Baptist church. He was a man of much learning, and of such ministerial earnestness, that it was commonly said that he preached at least three hundred and sixty-five sermons in the year. It was summer time, and I observed, that after an early breakfast, he would take his saddle-bags and retire into the shade of the woods for about three hours. For this purpose he always carried a volume or two of solid reading; and that time he was making a second forest.