

# The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

MR. JAMES DE MILL, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

GEO. W. DAY, Printer.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1855.

VOL. 8.--NO. 7.

## Poetry.

**"An Angel in the Way."**  
 "Faint the downward path is spread,  
 Love and light thy way to tread,  
 Fruit is bursting o'er thy head,  
 Flowers are springing 'neath thy feet,  
 Mirth and sin, with tossing hands,  
 Wave thee on, a willing prey;  
 And the instant pause—there stands  
 An Angel in the way.  
 Heed the heavenly warning, know  
 Fairest flowers the festal trip;  
 Fruits, that like the sunset glow,  
 Turn to ashes on the lip;  
 Though the joys be wild and free,  
 Though the paths be pleasant, stay!  
 Even mortal eye can see  
 An Angel in the way.  
 With this drawn in worldly pleasure,  
 Watch the downward path is spread,  
 Length of days and store of treasure,  
 Wisdom, glory, power, and gold;  
 Life and limb, shall sickness waste,  
 Want shall grind thee day by day,  
 E'en to win thee, God hath placed  
 An Angel in the way."

## History of Bunyan.

The history of Bunyan is the history of a most exciting mind in an age of excitement. By most of his biographers he has been treated with gross injustice. They have understood in a popular sense all those strong terms of self-condemnation which he employed in a theological sense. They have therefore represented him as an abandoned wretch, reclaimed by means almost miraculous; or to use their favourite metaphor, as a brand plucked from the burning. Mr. Iremy calls him the depraved Bunyan, and the wicked linker of Elstow. Surely Mr. Iremy ought to have been more familiar with the bitter accusations which the most pious people are in the habit of bringing against themselves, to understand literally all the strong expressions which are to be found in the *Grace Abounding*. It is not quite clear, as Mr. Southey most justly remarks, that Mr. Bunyan was a vicious man. He married very early; and he solemnly declares that he was strictly faithful to his wife. He does not appear to have been a drunkard. He owns, indeed, when a boy, he never spoke without an oath. But a single admonition cured him of this bad habit for life; and the cure must have been wrought early; for at eighteen he was in the army of the Parliament; and if he had carried the vice of profanity into that service, he would doubtless have received something more than an admonition from Sergeant Bind-their-kings-in-chains, or Captain Hew-Ag-iz-in-pieces-before-the-Lord. Boiling, and playing at hockey on Sundays, seems to have been the worst vices of this depraved linker. They would have passed for virtues with Archbishop Laud. It is quite clear that from a very early age, Bunyan was a man of a strict life and of a tender conscience. "He had been," says Mr. Southey, "a blackguard." Even this we think too hard a censure. Bunyan was not, we admit, so fine a gentleman as Lord Digby; yet he was a blackguard no otherwise than as every linker that ever lived has been a blackguard. Indeed Mr. Southey acknowledges this: "Such he might have been expected to be by his birth, breeding, and vocation. Scarcely indeed, by possibility, could he have been otherwise." A man whose manners and sentiments are decidedly below those of his class, deserves to be called a blackguard. But is surely unfair to apply so strong a word of reproach to one who is only what the great mass of every community must inevitably be.

Those horrible internal conflicts which Bunyan has described with so much power of language prove, not that he was a worse man than his neighbours, but that his mind was constantly occupied by religious considerations, that his fervour exceeded his knowledge, and that the imagination exercised despotic power over his body and mind. He heard voices from heaven; he saw strange visions of distant hills, pleasant and sunny as his own Delectable mountains; from those seats he was shut out, and placed in a dark and horrible wilderness, where he wandered through ice and snow, striving to make his way into the happy regions of light. At one time he was seized with an inclination to work miracles. At another time he thought himself actually possessed by the devil. He could distinguish the blasphemous whispers. He felt his infernal enemy pulling at his clothes behind him. He spurred with his feet and struck with his hands, at the destroyer. Sometimes he was tempted to sell his part in the salvation of mankind. Sometimes a violent impulse urged him to step up from his bed, to fall on his knees, and break forth into prayer. At length he fancied that he had committed the unpardonable sin. His agony convulsed his robust frame. He was, he says, as if his breast bone would split; and this he took for a sign that he was destined to burst asunder like Judas. The agitation of his nerves made all his movements tremulous; and this trembling he supposed, was a visible mark of his reprobation, like that which had been set on Cain. At one time, indeed, an agonizing spasm seemed to rush in at the window, like the noise of wind, but very pleasant, and commanded, as he says, a great calm in his soul. At another time, a word of comfort, "as spoken loud into his ear," it showed a great word; it seemed to be written in great letters. "But these intervals of ease were short. His state, during two years and a half, was generally the most horrible that the human mind can conceive. "I walked," says he, with his own peculiar eloquence, "to a neighbouring town,

and set down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and after long musing, I lifted up my head; but me thought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give me light; and as if the very stones in the streets and files upon the houses did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world! I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell amongst them; because I had sinned against the Saviour. Oh! how happy now was every creature over me! for they stood fast and kept their station. But I was gone and lost." Scarcely any madhouse could produce an instance of delusion so strong, or of misery so acute.

It was through this Valley of the Shadow of Death, overhung by darkness, peopled with devils, resounding with blasphemy and imprecation, and passing amid quagmires, snares and pitfalls, close by the very mouth of hell, that Bunyan journeyed to that bright and fruitful land of Beulah, in which he sojourned during the latter days of his pilgrimage. The only trace which his cruel sufferings and temptations seem to have left behind, was an affectionate compassion for those who were still in the state in which he had once been. Religion has scarcely ever worn a form so calm and soothing as in his allegory. The feeling which predominates through the whole book, is a feeling of tenderness for weak, timid, and harassed minds. The character of Mr. Fearing, of Mr. Feeble-minded, of Mr. Despondency and his daughter Miss Muchafraid; the account of poor Littlefaith, who was robbed by the three thieves of his spending money; the description of Christian's terror in the dungeon of Giant Despair, and in his passage through the river, all clearly show how strong a sympathy Bunyan felt, after his own mind had become clear and cheerful, for persons afflicted with religious melancholy.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several passages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For unguineeness, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, the homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolished English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose, Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse, and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's Essay on Poetry, appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. We live in better times, and we are not afraid to say that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter part of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of these minds produced the *Paradise Lost* the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

**The Ten Tribes.**  
 Peshawar, in the Panjab, might be suggested as a suitable station for the exertions of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. The people there, or very many of them, claim to be of Jewish origin, and their features support their assertion.—They go by the name of Beni Israel. There seems to be no slavish fear of the European; but men think for themselves, and assert their own independence to judge for themselves. There is, as you are aware, a very striking resemblance to the Jewish features; and there seems to be here no doubt at all that they are the lost ten tribes. I hope to send to our Society (the Church Missionary) some papers, which will give the opinions of the people themselves on the subject, which one or two friends who know the country and the people well, have kindly offered to obtain for the purpose. In the mean time I can only say that I have talked on the subject with almost every European whom I have met, and who knows the country, and the opinion seems almost universal. General —, who has commanded here, and who had long been connected with Afghanistan, says: "They bear it in their faces, and their customs declare it." Colonel —, thoroughly believes it. Dr. —, who has been travelling in the country, tracing and endeavouring to investigate the causes of a malignant fever, which lately broke out, took some pains to collect information, and he believes there can be no doubt of it. The deputy commissioner, who they say, knows more about the people here than any other European, is, I believe, writing a book to prove it, from sources which no other person has access to, and from all books found among the people themselves. If this be true, what an honour will it not be to those who are privileged to be the first to preach the Gospel to them, who as far as we can trace from prophecy, are to be restored to their own land and to be ultimately converted. I know of no greater honor which any man could aspire to, than to be one of the instruments in God's hands to lead them to Christ. Mr. Clark's Code to Church Mts. Society.

## Communications.

### European Correspondence.

Rome, Jan. 4, 1855.  
 (Concluded.)

The principal of the other Basilicas is that of St. John Lateran, which is the Pope's own church, he being its official minister. It is a very beautiful as well as very ancient church. It is said to have been founded by Constantine, and the Baptistery in which that Emperor was baptized is near by. Like that at Pisa and indeed like all the early baptisteries which I have seen, it appears to have been made for immersion. It contains the famous chapel of the Corsini, which is reckoned the finest in the world, and said to have cost £400,000. Perhaps the most interesting object about St. John Lateran, is the flight of steps called the Santa Scala. These steps are said to have belonged to the Palace of Pilate, and to have been those by which Jesus descended to the Judgment Hall. This is no doubt a mere monkish legend, but another circumstance will render it forever remarkable. Latter while doing penance by crawling on his knees up these steps, was suddenly arrested as these words "the just shall live by faith" flashed through his mind. He saw the folly of his action, left Rome, and returned to his native town, where he soon afterwards struck Romanism that blow from which it has never recovered. None but penitents on their knees go up these steps, and so great is the number of these that the stone becoming worn, boards were placed over them, which are renewed every two or three years.

You have no doubt heard often of the Catacombs. I started one afternoon with a party of friends to see these celebrated quarries. They extend for fifteen or twenty miles beneath the Campagna, and are supposed to have been formed by excavating the sand for cement. They consist of long narrow passages, eight or ten feet in height, which wind and branch off from one another in so intricate a manner, that once lost in them it would be impossible to get out. They were used as burial places in the time of the Emperors, and it was in these dark and dismal caverns, shut out from the light of day and the society of the fellow creatures, that the early Christians lived, during the persecutions which for hundreds of years were carried on against them. Small rooms are shown in different parts which are said to have been used as chapels. Formerly people in visiting them ran the risk of losing their lives in these labyrinths, but the danger has in a great measure been done away with, by stopping up all but one main passage way. A monk accompanies the visitors.

A propos of Churches and Catacombs, I have made many acquaintances since I have been in Rome. Strolling into the Caffè Nuovo one morning, I was surprised to see my old Parisian friend Bufont, seated at one of the tables, and my good nature gratified I was to see his good nature faded again. My "used-up" friend finding Rome a bore, a few days ago went to Naples, so his apartments being vacant, Bufont has taken them, and we are consequently together, an arrangement very pleasant for both. Perhaps you would like to know how we spend our time. We rise at seven or eight and take a stroll in the streets; breakfast follows, consisting of coffee, macaroni, eggs, fruit, &c., after which we resort to the Vatican or St. Peter's, or else we take a walk through the City, a very pleasant employment I can assure you, unless, perhaps, several hundred beggars happen to accompany one in these peregrinations;—this with other amusements we continue till six or seven in the evening, when dinner and Galligani finish the day. The Roman beggars are beyond doubt the most ingenious, the most indefatigable, and at the same time the *jolliest* of the kind in the world. This morning we took a walk after breakfast to the Capitol. On the steps were two of the most remarkable specimens of the Italian lazzaroni which I have ever seen. On the right was one who though ragged seemed in exceedingly good health and spirits. He smiled, and touching his hat very politely enquired if we would do him the favor of allowing him to thank us for a *bacio*, "a mere *bacio*, Signori, which will be no loss to you, and of inestimable service to me," and so winning was his manner, that he obtained what he desired. A little further up lay an object, a mass of rags and filth, who seemed the very image of misery and want, as beginning his tale of suffering in a sweet low whine, it continued, *crecendo, forte, fortissimo*, till it rose to a tremendous howl,—"O Signori!" he cried, "m'è uno *potero*, miserabile! *DESPERADO!*"

Among the many "princes of the church" who are here from all parts of the earth, are many from the United States and England. I heard a sermon from the famous Dr. Wiseman, the other day. He gave an account of the progress of Roman Catholicism in England and earnestly recommended that heathen and heretic country to the prayers and aims to the faithful. At a ceremony in front of St. Peter's several days ago, forty days indulgence were granted me by the Pope, as also the benefit of his benediction. Pio Nono is a not very old man, with a rather good natured benevolent countenance. He is as pious as I suppose, any one in his situation could be, and though he has done the Romans very little good since his accession, few better than he have occupied the *Papa's* throne. The French garrison here only keeps the people from rising, and if Italy were left free from Foreign interference, it is entirely different.

Though now I would remain, &c.,

## Karen Missions.

Written for the Christian Visitor.

Thirty years ago, and the existence of the Karen people was scarcely known to the Christian missionary; now nearly ten thousand of their number are converts to the Christian faith. The progress of Christianity among heathen nations has in modern times been slow, and almost imperceptible. To this remark, the history of the Karen mission furnishes an exception. Among them the knowledge of the truth has advanced with a rapidity, unequalled since the days of the apostles.

The Karens are found all over the Burman empire, from the borders of Siam to those of China; from the most northern point of Arracan, to the most distant point of Tenasserim.

But though they live in Burmah, they differ essentially from the Burmese in appearance, condition, character and religion. The Burman has attained to a comparatively high state of civilization. He has a vigorous mind, is energetic and industrious beyond most nations of the East. He has a written language, a literature, and a history in which he loves to linger. He is proud of himself and his people, and cherishes a most profound contempt for foreigners.

The Karen, on the other hand, is wild, and uncivilized. He is not remarkable for mental, or bodily vigor. He is without a written language, and consequently, without a literature. The history of his race, is but little fitted to excite pride, while his own life is generally debased by the grossest intemperance. Yet though degraded, he seems to be conscious of his degradation, and instead of treating others with contempt, he manifests towards them feelings of deference and respect. But a difference still more striking is observed as we trace the respective religions of the two people.

The Burman professes a religion whose history reaches back into the remotest antiquity, and which is made respectable by its own merits, by the thousands of pagodas reared in its honor, and by the armies of priests and monks which are ready to do battle in its defence. The Karen possesses no such religion as this, he offers no gifts to Gandatas, he erects no pagodas in his honor, he is without priest or ritual. Yet though destitute of temple and altar, he is not destitute of a religion. This people with all its vice and degradation, has treasured up some wonderful truths. Traditions have come down to them from the olden time, which reveal many Bible truths with astonishing clearness. Those traditions tell how a God, pure, changeless and eternal, created this world, and placed on it an upright man. They tell how this holy creature, seduced by an evil spirit, fell into sin, and brought misery upon all his descendants. These strange traditions have led thousands to inquire for that revelation, in which these truths are revealed more explicitly.

The history of the Karens is a most painful one. They have drunk to the dregs of the bitter cup of slavery. They have been torn from their homes; beaten, and often murdered by their Burmese oppressors. The treatment which they have received has driven them from towns and villages, far into the interior. To find the Karen in his home, you must not search the crowded city.—Wild and tangled woods must be penetrated; streams and rivers must be forded; steep mountain ridges must be climbed; and then, far in the jungle, where the footsteps of the Burman is seldom heard, you may find the Karen. Under such circumstances we might expect in him, a full development of the vices of the savage and the slave. When we see him exposed to robbery, degradation, and slavery; driven into the jungle; made to tremble at the sound of a human foot; we begin to wonder, not at the extent of his vices, but that he is not even more degraded and vicious.

SECTION I.  
 THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SAVOY KAREN MISSION.

In 1828, the attention of Mr. Boardman was drawn to this singular people. It will be interesting to notice the manner in which this acquaintance was made. A few years previously, a Karen, named Ko-Thah-Bu, had been redeemed from slavery by the missionaries. This man had been notorious for his vices. He was known as a robber, murderer, and a drunkard. It was hoped that the power influences by which he was surrounded, might be blessed to his conversion, but these hopes were long cherished in vain.—That mind was so degraded, that heart so hard, those passions so ungovernable, that the missionaries began to despair of a change. At length, however, the grace and truth of Christianity produced their usual results, and there was reason to believe that this man, hitherto a slave to the most debasing passions, had been born again.

His character had been so notoriously bad, his resistance to the truth so obstinate,—that, even after his conversion, the little church of Maulmain, could not trust him, and for nearly a year refused to admit him to their privileges. The evidence of a change, however, became so marked and convincing, that at length distrust was banished, and a day was set apart for his baptism. Before the day arrived, Mr. Boardman left Maulmain to establish a mission at Savoy. Ko-Thah-Bu went with him as attendant, and was baptized soon after his arrival. He now began to manifest a desire that others might experience the mysterious influences, which had enlightened his own mind, and filled his own heart. He felt himself bound by new ties to his fellow creatures, especially to his fellow countrymen. He saw the Karens sinking against a holy God, and exposed to a fearful retribution. He knew that had he in Christ

## China.

### A MISSIONARY'S VISIT TO THE CAMP OF THE INSURGENTS.

The Rev. Mr. Taylor while at Shanghai determined to make an excursion up the river to the camp of the insurgents, to penetrate into the midst of them, have a personal interview with their leader, and learn, if possible, his real designs, and the spirit by which he was impelled. He succeeded, after great exposure, in reaching the city of Ching-kiang-foo, which was then their head quarters. He threw himself at once upon the mercy of the insurgents, who demanded of him the object of his visit. This he refused to disclose till he was conducted into the presence of the chief. "On my way," he says, "as I passed along, I frequently heard the sound of people chanting; and inquiring of my attendants what was the meaning of those sounds, I was told that the people were worshipping God; and that it was the hour of morning worship. I saw idols thrown down in all directions as I passed through the streets, and I was frequently saluted by the term 'brother.' This was perfectly new, for at Canton the appellation is 'foreign devil;' and while walking in the suburbs of Canton, you will hear this perhaps a hundred times. I at last arrived at the head quarters, and after passing through a number of gateways, on either side of which were curtains of yellow silk, and a great deal of embroidered drapery of various kinds, for a distance of 300 or 400 yards from the street, I came at last to the inner recess, and there I was requested to sit. Agniz I was interrogated as to my object, but I said I must communicate with the chief. He presently made his appearance, but, owing to the simplicity of his dress, I for some time doubted whether it was the chief. In order to remove my doubts, he took his seat in the middle of the hall, and his attendants arrayed him in his robes. And when I was persuaded he was the man, I opened my carpet-bag, spread before him the Gospels, the Acts, and the Tracts, and told him the object of my visit, which was to give him a complete knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity. He seemed grateful for the books, and entertained me hospitably. The hour of breakfast was approaching, and I had morning prayer before breakfast. He and his attendants were seated in this large hall, on cushioned chairs; one individual read a portion of scripture, and then they chanted a literal translation of the Doxology. After this they all took their cushions, placed them on the pavement, knelt on them, closing their eyes, and lifting up their faces towards heaven, while the secretary of the chief (I think it was) read a prayer. At the close of this we proceeded to breakfast in the adjoining hall. As a guest it would have been etiquette to have commenced with my 'chop sticks' first; but I waited, thinking they would ask a blessing. This I told them, when they informed me it was their custom, but it had been included in the previous prayer. I explained to them that it was not exactly our course, and asked to be allowed to do so; which they requested me to do, and I did it accordingly in Chinese. Mr. Taylor became fully acquainted with the military resources and ability of the insurgent army, and entertains a strong conviction of their ultimate success. He says:—I ascertained that these people were sincere worshippers of the one true God; that they had sworn the extermination of idolatry in every form; that they were exceedingly friendly to foreigners, and expressed themselves desirous of becoming more instructed in Christianity, only the difficulties at present were so great, that they thought I had better wait for some months.—This movement has for its object the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty, and the establishment of the old Chinese Government. Therefore, it is strictly a patriotic movement; and we are in the habit, in China, rather of calling them 'patriots' than 'insurgents.' It should be borne in mind that China has one-third of the human race. A struggle is therefore going on in China at this moment, that promises to work a more sudden and tremendous change, than the sum of England and France in Turkey. These Chinese 'rebels' are sworn enemies of idolatry. The people everywhere receive them, and yield their gods to destruction. Great ignorance may prevail, and much error be mingled with the faith of these warrior preachers, but there is no denying that they are crusaders, and will batter down paganism wherever they triumph. If they do overthrow the Tartar dynasty, and with it the idolatry of China, how speedy will be the illumination of that mysterious and multitudinous Empire. Three hundred mil-

## Betty's Sermon.

Selected for the "Visitor," by Amicus.

A few years since there lived in one of our large cities a poor colored woman named Betty, who had been confined by sickness for nearly twenty years. By the few friends that knew her she was familiarly called "poor Betty." Betty had seen comfortable days. She had been kind and good at service. Eighty years shed their blight upon her robust limbs before they yielded to the hardships of toil. She had acquired a hale constitution by sporting for twenty years upon her native hills, upon the burning sands of Africa, before the slave ship stole its guilty, accursed way over the waters, laden with chains and manacles to bind her limbs, and to mar her sable beauty, to agonize her soul, and to subject her to the horrors of the middle passage. Betty had long been blind, and was said to be 105 years old. An aged daughter, whom God in mercy to his bruised reed in a strange land had kindly permitted to be the companion both of her bondage and her freedom, arranged and administered the few comforts with which former industry and present charity furnished their decayed cottage. Betty was indeed a relic of former days, and was noted both for her good sense and her discreet, warm-hearted piety.

Mr. B. was a man of wealth and business in the same city. His signature was better than silver on the exchange, because it was more easily transferred. His sails whitened the ocean, his charity gladdened many hearts, and his bounty gave impulse to many benevolent operations.—Notwithstanding the pressure of business, Mr. B. often found time to drop in and see what became of poor Betty. His voice and even his step had become familiar to her, and always lighted up a smile on her dark, wrinkled face. He would often say some pleasant thing to cheer this lonely pilgrim on her way to Zion.

One day Mr. B. took a friend from the country to see Betty. As he stopped and entered the cottage door, he said, "Ah, Betty, you are alive yet!" "Yes, thank God," said Betty. "Betty—say to me, why do you suppose God has kept you long in this world, poor, sick and blind, when you might go to heaven and enjoy so much?"

While Mr. B.'s tone and manner were sportive, he yet uttered a serious thought which had more than once come over his mind. *Now comes the Sermon.*

Betty assumed her most serious and animated tone, and replied, "Ah, massa, you no understand it. Der be two great things to do for de church: one be to pray for it, tudder be to work for it. Your great gift no do much good, widout poor Betty's prayers."

For a few moments Mr. B. and his friend stood silent, thrilled, astonished. They felt the knowledge, the dignity, the moral sublimity of this short sermon. It seemed to draw aside the veil a little, and let them into heaven's mysteries.—"Yes, Betty," in the most serious and subdued tones, "your prayers are of more importance to the church than my alms." This short sermon preached by poor Betty was never forgotten by Mr. B. or his friend. It made them more humble, more prayerful, more submissive in afflictions.

**Did he Die for Me?**

A little child sat quietly upon its mother's lap, its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story, the tones of the voice were low and serious for the tale was one of mingled sadness and joy. Sometimes they scarcely rose above a whisper; but the listening babe caught every sound—the crimson deepened on its little cheek as the story went on increasing in interest, tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a low sob broke the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment and the ruby lips parted, and in tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired,

"Did He die for me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child, for you—for all!"

"May I love Him always, mamma, and dearly too?"

"Yes, my darling; it was to win your love that He left his bright and beautiful home."

"And He will love me, mamma; I know He will; He died for me? When may I see Him in his other home?"

**The Power of Prayer.**

In a certain town there had been no revival for many years; the Church was nearly run out, the youth were all unconverted, and desolation reigned unbroken. There lived in a retired part of the town an aged man, a blacksmith by trade, and of so stammering a tongue that it was painful to hear him speak. On one Friday as he was at work in his shop alone, his mind became greatly exercised about the state of the Church and of the unconverted. His agony became so great that he was induced to lay by his work, lock the shop door, and spend the Sabbath in prayer. He prevailed; and on the Sabbath called on the minister and desired him to appoint a Conference Meeting. After some hesitation the minister consented, observing, however, that he feared he could not attend. He appointed the same evening at a large private house. When evening came, were assembled those who could be accommodated in the house. All was silent for a time,