

The Christian Visitor.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth

Peace, good will toward Men."

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ENGLISH BAPTIST MISSION.

The Anniversary of this important mission, as reported in our last issue, was one of unusual interest. The speeches on the occasion were all highly instructive and deeply impressive, and none more so than the one made by the Rev. Mr. Mullens, of Calcutta. Having been long in the field himself, he was enabled to speak as an eye-witness, and to testify to the things which he had seen and heard. In contrasting the past condition of India with its present state and prospects, he furnishes most satisfactory evidence that the Gospel is taking a deep and permanent hold of the people, and that a work is in progress, through the power of the truth, which is destined at no very distant day to work out the spiritual redemption of that mighty empire. We thought of condensing this address, but every passage is so full of interest, that we cannot do so, without marring its excellence, and detracting from its force; we therefore furnish it entire.

In moving the second resolution, Mr. Mullens said—

My lord and Christian friends,—This resolution leads our thoughts directly to the singular character of the year that has just passed, and points out to us those increased facilities for carrying on missionary labour which the year has secured in India, in China, and Japan. Rarely has any period exceeded it in importance in relation to the cause of God, since the first dawning of the gospel, in a single year. The English empire in India, with its vast responsibilities, has been re-established more firmly than before. The mighty cities of the immortal plains of China, with their 300,000,000 of immortal souls, have been opened by treaty to the teaching of missionaries. During the same year the heart of Africa, in its southern portion, has been occupied by missionaries for the first time; while one of our enterprising officers has entered the heart of Africa, in its upper portion, and laid it bare to our enterprise. And now comes the important question, pressing home upon all missionary societies,—"Who shall be found most worthy to go up, and to possess these lands of promise in the name of the King of kings?" Passing, however, from two of these great spheres of labour, I would direct your attention for a short time to that English empire in India, in which the missionaries of this Society have laboured with distinction, with usefulness, and honour, for a long series of years. And here, my lord, it appears to me that to-day, especially in relation to India, we ought to meet together with a smile upon our face, and our language should be that of congratulation and thankfulness. We look back upon the year that is past, and we find that that empire that seemed to be slipping from our grasp has been re-established. Enemies have been subdued, rebellion has been put down, and heated statesmen have felt compelled to move onward with the age, and now that the atmosphere is cleared a little, the more clearly we can discern that whoever has lost during the process of this Indian rebellion, the cause of the gospel has been a decided gainer. The more we look at the circles in which the gospel is now placed, the more thoroughly we shall see that it occupies a new and a more firm position than it ever had. If, therefore, we now look back at all to the massacre, and the trouble, and the losses of the past two years, we should look at them only that we may continue to learn the solemn lesson of humility which they have been intended to teach. But I think we may well turn away from these scenes of trial; we may well turn away from the burnt bungalows and plundered dwelling-houses, from deserted churches, from the scattered flocks, from the unburied bodies of brethren honoured and beloved; we may well turn from these vestiges of this fearful rebellion, and look at the position which we occupy, and see what new elements of usefulness are now placed in our hands, in order that, stirred by the interference of God's providence, we may resolve to do in the future more than we have done in the past—to carry to that great empire the gospel of the grace of God. The more we look at those things, the more we find that our home has been rendered more secure. We see that where we had opportunities before, those opportunities have been doubled. In this Society alone we find that all the old fields of labour have been re-occupied, and others that are quite new have been entered upon for the first time. Thus we see that Gya, a hot bed of revolution and disorder, has been occupied by a missionary of this Society for the first time; we see that Benares, and Agra, and Muttra have been occupied again, and their missions recom-

menced in stronger force than before; and we hear that everywhere crowds of listeners come round the missionary, and listen without fear to the exposition of that gospel of which, in former years, they had such strange and erroneous ideas. Even Delhi, with its blood-stained soil and its burnt homes, has been reoccupied by your energetic missionary, Mr. Smith; and he has preached there that gospel of peace and forgiveness which far transcends the gentle message of mercy and of amnesty which has gone forth from our gracious Queen; and I am sure that every one here will sympathise heartily with his endeavours to reopen the mission, and give him the earnest prayer that he may receive a more than Pentecostal blessing while he preaches the gospel of forgiveness and of grace. We hear, indeed, that in this mission the station of Chitpoua is never to be reoccupied; but, my lord, the necessity for Chitpoua, with its artificial noisiness, has entirely passed away. We may well rejoice to be contented, therefore, with its burnt and plundered homes, and its ruined looms, when we find that the dependent Christians, who gathered round their missionary in fear, looking to him as their only friend, and who were accustomed to hide their heads for very shame, are now in Government employ in Agra, and walk fearlessly in the face of that great city, who in former days so bitterly despised them. In every way, therefore, we see that our work is going forward, the more we see that this Society and in relation to our missions in this land. As Englishmen and as Christians, we are occupying a new position in India. We have begun a new period of life and a new period of duty. The men that sought to take our lives and to destroy our religion have all passed away, ruined, expelled, or dead. The great Brahmin army of Upper India, the stronghold of caste, the great bulwark of Hindooism, that stood in the way of the progress of Western civilization, of sound knowledge and education, of evenhanded justice, and, above all, of the gospel of Christ, has, in the endeavour to ruin the influence of Christianity, only swept itself away, and we may well hope that its influence will never be restored. And, while they have gone into darkness, there are other openings now made for us, and we see societies occupying new stations even in positions that they never occupied before. Our brethren of the Church Missionary Society, with great enterprise and energy, have taken up a new station in the city of Lucknow, and our American Methodist brethren stand side by side with them, and have resolved to establish a large number of missionary stations in the whole of the province of Oude. Shall we not, therefore, as the signs of progress, and shall not we at home endeavour to do more than we have ever yet done to sustain the hands of our brethren, and encourage them to go forward, and bid them God speed, with the earnest determination to sustain them to the very last? And then there is one change, my lord, that we cannot forget—a change that has taken place in the Government of India—too important in its influence, and, I think, so fruitful for good, that in our missionary meetings it becomes us to recognize it with thankfulness. We should never forget, at least in this Society, the death of that great East India Company, who, in the days of the Society's youth, voluntarily stepped forward as such a bitter enemy, and desired to stand between the welfare of the souls of the Hindoos and the efforts of our brethren here. We should never forget how for years they persecuted missionaries of this Society, and hunted others—Americans—from the land, resolved, if possible, to prevent them from ever opening their lips on the glorious theme of man's redemption.

The East India Company has had a great history. Raised from the low level that it once occupied of traders cringing before native princes, it has become a race of kings and has built up a kingdom and an empire that has gradually grown higher, broader, deeper, until it has absorbed a population six times as numerous as the population of our own land. It has had amongst its Governors some of the wisest statesmen of modern times. Lord Wellesley, Lord Bute, and Lord Dalhousie, endeavoured to govern and to maintain that empire with large and comprehensive views, after the dictates of a sound judgment, and with a desire to secure the stability and the success of the empire, exhibiting a wisdom and a statesmanship that may well stand side by side with the reputation of some of the greatest men of modern years. And then the officers of the East India Company have been themselves distinguished. We have seen men in former times like Malcolm, and Monroe, and Metcalfe; and we have seen that a galaxy of talent, ability, and Christian principle, has been exhibited by that grand cluster of officers, both civil and military, who have distinguished themselves during the troubles of the last two years. The story of the Company contains the history of many a brave deed of many an earnest action, dictated by high principle, self-denial, and true devotion of heart. The story of the Company contains many a record of a wise law; and above all, the victories of the Company in the cause of humanity during the last twenty years ought never to be forgotten. They have endeavoured to put down infanticide as well as the Suttee, to put a stop to human sacrifice among the Koons, and in other parts of the country they have endeavoured to step forward in the cause of humanity in opening the way for the legal marriage of widows; and they have endeavoured to improve their courts of justice, to supply all the large towns with hospitals and dispensaries, and in a small degree to improve the education of the people. But they have committed great crimes; they have stood forward as a witness of weakness in their Government instead of strength. They voluntarily came forward as the patrons of idolatry; they stood side by side with the Brahmins in presenting offerings to the shrines and temples of Hindooism; they sought to put a stop to the gospel by hunting missionaries from the land; and therefore they deserve no panegyric at our hands; and although we are Englishmen, and now that they are abolished can afford to be generous as well as just, as Christians we cannot but rejoice that the accusers of our brethren, who sought to interfere between them and their labours, have been swept away, and have met with the punishment that was so justly deserved.

And now our gracious Queen has sent forth her proclamation of affection and peace. We read in the old Anglo-Saxon history how, hundreds of years ago, the good King Alfred heard that, on the coast of Malabar, the Syrian Christians had fallen into a dire persecution, in which they had found few friends, and stirred up by his

Christian sympathy for them, he despatched one of his good prelates, the Bishop of Sherbourne, with presents and with messages of affection and of sympathy. The bishop made his way, amid the difficulties of that age, and traversed seas and continents until he reached the spot where those troubles were going on. He was received with thankfulness and affection by the princes and the people in that time of trouble, and having received from them these words of gratitude to their good King, and presents that should answer his own, he returned to report to King Alfred how much his message had been an encouragement and a defence to the down-stricken Christians, while they found that the name of our Sovereign at home was highly honoured by all his neighbours for the trouble and the sympathy that he had displayed. And now, after the lapse of centuries, a Royal Proclamation of affection, sympathy and peace, has gone over the mighty seas to the Continent of India once more, in words of wisdom, and in words of gentleness, that become the sex the character, and the position of our Sovereign. The Queen of England sends forth her few words of pardon and forgiveness to the repenting,—offers to re-establish the reign of justice, of enlightenment, and of order,—offers that, if obedience is rendered, under God's mighty blessing, she and her people will try to staunch the wounds of many years, and strive to secure the highest good to this vast empire, now comprehending a population six times as great as our own. And, my lord, this proclamation puts us, and puts all our labours, in an entirely new position. We stand side by side with the people of India. As our fellow-subjects they are no longer aliens, no longer strangers; they are under the same rule and the same law; and all the arguments that we would use to carry on missions for those who are our kith and kin, our flesh and blood, appeal to us with greater weight to carry on these missions in India, which God has put under our hands and has committed to us as our trust. And I think that the more we look at what has been done in the past, and the success which has already been secured, the more we shall see with what advantage we prosecute the labours that are now devolving upon us. Look at the different English population that we have in India now from what we had in former years. When good Dr. Carey first landed in Calcutta, there was living in the city an Indian officer, well known amongst his colleagues, Colonel Stewart, whose house was full of Hindoo idols, and who every day was accustomed to go down to the banks of the river, clothed like a Brahmin, with a sacred thread around his neck, and there for two hours every morning he would make the little mud idols that he worshipped, and repeat all the prayers and all the sacred texts that any Brahmin would then utter every day. Colonel Stewart was so infatuated with his attachment to Hindooism, that he not only filled his house with Hindoo idols, but, when on a particular occasion, his regiment was going within the neighbourhood of the sacred city of Benares, he asked permission to accompany them in order that he might pay his respects at the great shrine of Siva. At the same time at the other end of India there was a man in Travancore, named Captain Powell, who left such an impression upon the people amongst whom he dwelt, simple devil-worshippers, that when he died they built a little altar upon his tomb, and there, as the most suitable offering they could present to appease his malignant anger in times of peril, danger, and calamity, they presented to him large quantities of brandy and cigars. That is a sad fact, that any one of our countrymen, in name a Christian, could so act and so live in the sight of a heathen that he should be treated as a malignant devil, and that his name and their wrath should be appeased by the offering of those things to which he had been such a slave in life. Such evils were common in India in that day. Why, we find in the great temples of Madras there were men like Mr. Place and Mr. Garrett, who, to show their sympathy with idolatry, not only used all their Government influence to bring these temples under official charge, but they presented one jewel, and then another, and another, a crown for the idol, bracelets for the goddess, plates for her to eat out of, and other similar offerings, just as the Hindoo men and women were themselves accustomed to offer. This plague of infidelity, and irreligion, and love for idolatry, were common throughout the whole of India, and the Government sympathized with these things. The Government were then composed to a large extent of men who were personally involved in these things. But, ah, how different it is now. The more we look at the state of English society in India, and look at the number of those Christian friends who are the best supporters and friends of missions, the more thankful should we be that we stand in a position far higher than that which our distinguished brethren first occupied when they first took up their station at Serampore. Only last year we had brought to our notice for the first time one of the most singular things that has ever occurred in India in relation to our Government officers. It is published on the authority of Colonel Edwards, that when good Colonel Nicholson, who was commissioner of the Benares, in the Punjab, left his district, the people came crowding round him, poured out their sorrows and their tears, and declared that the Government had removed from their midst the father to whom they all looked up as their best friend. And one man, who thought himself wiser than his brethren, resolved that he would institute a special sect for the worship of "Nicholson" as he called him. He gathered his disciples around him, and they all agreed Hindoo fashion, that such a man could never be a mortal man, but must be an incarnation of one of the great and wise spirits or deities of former years, and they all began worshipping Colonel Nicholson as a divine benefactor. However, he heard the story, and sent for the man. He reasoned and argued with them, and showed them that he was a man and a brother, that he loved their interests and sought to promote them, but that he was no God; and when the man would not be convinced, the story tells us, he gave him a friendly thrashing, and then dismissed him. But the man went back and said to his people that, while the good colonel had refused such homage, nothing was clearer than that he was more divine than ever.

The worship was still repeated. Colonel Nicholson sent for the man again, but he told him he would let him off the thrashing he deserved if he promised that he would let his people transfer their homage to Colonel Boucher, who had just joined the district, and who would carry on the same course of justice and fatherly kindness which Colonel Nicholson had himself

adopted. We would much rather see our Indian officers honoured like Colonel Nicholson than worshipped as malignant spirits like Captain Powell. And not only have we this great change in English Society. Look at the position the natives occupy. They were so ignorant and degraded as they could possibly be. In Bengal, for instance, the Bengalee language was scarcely recognised as anything better than rude *patois*. They were thoroughly enslaved, and knew nothing better than Hindoo idolatry. They had no wise thoughts current among them, introduced by a wiser people, of the common ideas of everyday life that are now pouring into India in a settled stream. No books existed—there was scarcely a single school in the whole of Upper India—there was scarcely any roads—the country was going off into barbarism. But the company has changed it all, especially under the progress which society has made during the last twenty years. Missionaries have been able to secure all the material necessary for their mission, and they have been able to secure far higher blessings than these in the large number of sincere converts, both living now in the churches which exist, and in the men who have passed away to glory after a life of honour, consistency, and usefulness. How often has it been said that we have been able to gather of late years nearly 20,000 communicants in our native churches from one end of the land to the other, and more than 100,000 native Christians who enjoy all the blessings and ordinances of the gospel as fully as we enjoy them ourselves! There is but one argument, my lord, that follows from these things. God has preserved the empire. "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad. Had not the Lord been upon our side when men rose up against us, then had they swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us." They had said, "Come and let us cut them off from being a nation." But he appeared. God was our refuge and strength. He said, "Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth." He has given us a new lease of empire, a new lease of our influence, and the work that we have done before just furnishes a vast elevation far higher than that on which our brethren stood, from which we shall climb higher and higher still in our course of usefulness and Christian fidelity. I am glad to know that this Society has gathered no less than £5,000 as a special offering to India; I am glad to know that several brethren are ready to go out during the ensuing summer; and I trust that many others will go forth to increase these honoured missions, and to extend their usefulness on every side.

All the general arguments upon which we base our missionary efforts come home to us with greater power than ever; and all the special reasons based upon the mutiny, the wider openings for the gospel, the preserving care of our Father in heaven, the duty we owe to him, the responsibility under which he has laid us—all these come home with power to our minds, and should lead us now and henceforth to adopt for ourselves, and to hold up aloft among our Christian assemblies, and in all the work we do in the world that banner with the strange device, "Excelsior!" The more we look at all the claims of home, the people that are around us, the ignorance still existing at our very doors, and feel that superadded to this God gives us a mighty field abroad to cultivate, the more we shall feel that nothing but the most earnest self-denial the most complete consecration, will enable us to fulfil the duty devolving upon us, and the more resolved, therefore, shall we be to cry as we go on with our duty, "Excelsior!" And while we see the world around us, with its influences, secularising our thoughts, closing the eyes of faith by the objects of sense, teaching us to be satisfied with the world, instead of looking to these immortal souls perishing at our doors, and looking across the wide ocean to this mighty empire with its 130 millions, the more we look at these things, the more we contemplate the new fields and the new opportunities of usefulness, the more should we be stirred up to adopt this as our motto, "Excelsior!" And thus stirred up to duty, casting our care and our faith upon God, denying self, giving our whole power to the work that is committed to our trust, we will go forward, looking only to him; and thus pressing onward, when our work shall be concluded, when the world swept of its sins shall indeed become the Kingdom of Christ, the habitation of the Spirit, and the kingdom shall be given back to God the Father, then the glorious company of the ransomed, gathered from every clime, converts speaking every tongue, shall rise with peans of victory to the upper air, and, welcomed by the shouts of rejoicing angels and by the Redeemer's smile, shall begin their new song higher than earth can hear, "Excelsior, for ever in the sky!"

THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD.

"Can any man tell me when the beginning was? Years ago, we thought the beginning of this world was when Adam came upon it; but we have discovered that thousands of years before that God was forming chaotic matter to make it a fit abode for man, and putting a race of creatures upon it, that they might die and leave tracks of his handiwork and marvellous skill, before he tried his hand on man. But this was not the beginning, for revelation points to a period long ere this world was fashioned, to the days when the morning stars were begotten—when, like drops of dew from the fingers of morning, stars and constellations fell thickly from the hand of God; when, by his own lips, he launched forth ponderous orbs; when, with his own hand, he sent comets, like thunderbolts, wandering through the sky, to find one day their proper sphere. We go back to those days when worlds were made and systems were fashioned, and we have not approached the beginning yet. Until we go back to the time when all the universe slept in the mind of God, as yet unborn—until we enter the eternity where God, the Creator, dwells alone, everything sleeping in his mighty, gigantic thought—we have not guessed the beginning. We may go back, back, back—ages upon ages. We may go back, if we may use a word, whole eternities, and yet never arrive at the beginning. Our wing may be tired, or imagination die away. Could it outstrip the lightning's flashes in majesty, power and rapid-

ty, it would soon weary itself ere it could get to the beginning. But God, from the beginning, chose his people, when un navigated ether was yet unfanned by the wing of a single angel, when space was shoreless, or unborn, when universal silence reigned, and not a voice or whisper shocked the solemnity of silence, when there was no being, no motion, naught but God himself in his eternity; when, without the song of an angel, without the attendance of even a cherubim, long ere the living creatures were born, or the wheels of the chariot of Jehovah were fashioned; even then, "in the beginning was the Word," and in the beginning God's people were—in the beginning he chose them all into eternal life.—Rev. G. H. Spurgeon.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.—PSALM 61: 2.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." In its shelter I'll hide while the storm passes by, I'll yield like the flower that bends to the gale, And bows without breaking when tempests assail: Then, rising anew when the storm is o'er past, Adore Him who sends both the calm and the blast.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." When the glare of noontide is fierce in the sky, When faint from the "burden and heat of the day," Oh, lend me thy screen from the sun's burning ray!

Within thy cool shadow my altar I'll raise, And send up the incense of prayer and of praise.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." When my path through the desert is scorching and dry, My spirit shall find her deep craving supplied In the streams of salvation that flow from thy side.

I'll bathe where thy waters refreshingly stray, And then with rejoicing go forth on my way.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." When the night wind is chill, to thy covert I'll fly:

Beneath thy protection my couch will I spread, No damp of the midnight shall fall on my head; And when the bright morning sheds light through the skies My grateful thanksgiving to thee shall arise.

Oh, draw me, kind Father, in faith to thy side; In the "secret pavilion" I fain would abide, My covert in danger, my screen from the heat, My spirit's Refreshment, my own sure Retreat, O strong Rock of Ages, my frailty sustain! Though mountains should crumble, thou still shalt remain. W. & R.

LADY HUNTINGDON.

Lady Huntingdon gave away for religious purposes the princely sum of more than half a million of dollars! She even sold all her jewelry, to erect chapels for the poor! She also gave up her equipage, liveried servants, and costly residence, to increase her means of usefulness! Purchasing deserted houses, halls, and empty chapels in London and Dublin, she repaired them for religious worship, and erected new chapels in England, Wales and Ireland. She made tours through England and Wales, accompanied by pious noble ladies, and zealous preachers, who declared the truth wherever they went, in the churches and open air.

The Countess next prepared a college for the preparation of clergymen, in a romantic and dilapidated castle, built during the twelfth century, the more should we be stirred up to adopt this as our motto, "Excelsior!" And thus stirred up to duty, casting our care and our faith upon God, denying self, giving our whole power to the work that is committed to our trust, we will go forward, looking only to him; and thus pressing onward, when our work shall be concluded, when the world swept of its sins shall indeed become the Kingdom of Christ, the habitation of the Spirit, and the kingdom shall be given back to God the Father, then the glorious company of the ransomed, gathered from every clime, converts speaking every tongue, shall rise with peans of victory to the upper air, and, welcomed by the shouts of rejoicing angels and by the Redeemer's smile, shall begin their new song higher than earth can hear, "Excelsior, for ever in the sky!"

Condenn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—John Wesley.

BE BUSY.

You have your work to do for Christ where you are. Are you on a sick-bed? Still you have your work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the midday sun. Only live for Christ where you are.—McGhegan.

CHRISTIAN LIFE IN THE CITY.

The Independent thus balances the perils and advantages of a Christian life in the city:—

"The difficulties are great; the exposures numerous; the dangers confessedly imminent and urgent. And yet it is not always noticed as it should be, that the compensating advantages, and opportunities of culture are also many. So that, on the whole it may be said, here as elsewhere, privilege and peril balance each other; the chance for a swifter darker ruin is confronted by the chance for reaching a more energetic righteousness; and he who lives as a faithful and patient Christian disciple, amid the multitudinous temptations and pressures that characterize the town, may be an even more thoughtful, vigilant, prayerful follower of the one divine Master,—more aggressive, effective, indomitable in his service, more complete in development, and more useful in work,—than if he had stayed in quieter scenes. The choicest wealth of Christian culture may be found hereafter to have been plucked often from flinty pavements; and the richest, brightest crown of rejoicing to have been won by those who have passed unvanquished, because ever consecrated in heart and mind to the work of the Master, through the manifold dangers of life in the city.

"LEADING MEN."—It is customary to speak of sundry men in the church of Christ, as "leading men," i.e., they go before others, and make and second the motions which others vote for. It should not be forgotten however that a man in a christian church who really deserves the name of a "leading man," serves the church. He moves and goes in the right direction; and determines others in that direction. As Baxter well remarks, "Church greatness consists in being greatly serviceable."

RELIGION IN DAILY LIFE.

Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books. Religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances. These are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying God among the duties and trials of the world; the guiding of our course amid adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the starlight of duty and the compass of divine truth; the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ, our great Leader, in the conflict of life.—Cairy.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The northernmost paper in the world is printed at Tronsor, a little island village of about 4,000 inhabitants, on the coast of Norway, at three degrees within the Polar circle. The summer sun kindly looks in at midnight to see that the forma are properly set up.

It would take a man three thousand years to read all the books now extant, yet printing is but five hundred years old. And volumes multiply by the hundreds of thousands yearly. A single country in Europe furnished 10,000 distinct new books last year.

An anonymous letter is a mode of moral murder, which, using only an instand for a bowl, and a pen for a poinard, poisons confidence and stabs characters, without fear of detection.

A Russian merchant announces the sale of 451,000 lbs. or 731 tons of iron or cast iron picked up in the Crimea after the war. This will give an idea of the prodigious consumption of shot and shell in the siege of Sebastopol.

The American system of advertising has been adopted in London. The Times and other newspapers are giving up entire columns, and even pages, to single advertisements.

The population of the United States increases one million a year, or two thousand every day.

Miss Matilda Sawyer, a young lady of New York, who was about to be married, was sitting up to make her garments when the explosion of a camphene lamp caused her death.

The rush of foreign emigrants to the United States this year will doubtless be greater than for many years past.

A wrapper-writer in this office, says the *Scientific American*, wrote seventeen thousand one hundred (17,100) wrappers in six days, from Monday April 11, to Saturday, April 16. There are not many, if there is one wrapper-writer in the United States, who can beat this.

Extraordinary as it may appear, says an exchange, a piece of brown paper, folded and placed between the upper lip and gum, will stop bleeding at the nose.

Nearly eighty tons of human hair are annually worked into Wigs and other fabrics by civilized nations.

The quantity of gold extracted from the earth, from the earliest times to the present day, is estimated to be nine thousand millions of dollars.

The Directors of the London Missionary Society have secured the services of a number of well qualified missionaries for China, six of whom at the least, will leave England during the summer.