The Christian Visitor.

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

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The Christian Visitor

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A SERMON.

JUSTICE SATISFIED.

DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING, BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE MUSIC HALL, ROYAL SURREY GARDENS, LONDON.

(Concluded.)

"Just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.—*Romans* iii. 27.

"Just, to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 *John*, i. 9.

II. The second text says that not only can God be just, but it says something more: it says, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Now, if I understand this text, it means this: That it is an act of justice on God's part to forgive the sinner who makes a confession of his sin to God. Mark! not that the sinner deserves forgiveness; that never can be. Sin can never merit anything but punishment, and repentance is no atonement for sin. Not that God is bound from any necessity of his nature to forgive every one that repents, because repentance has not in itself sufficient efficacy and power to merit forgiveness at the hand of God. Yet, nevertheless, it is a truth that, because God is just, he must forgive every sinner who confesses his sin. And if he did not—mark, it is a bold thing to say, but it is warranted by the text—if a sinner should be led truly and solemnly to make confession of his sins and cast himself on Christ, if God did not forgive him. then he were not the God he is represented to be in the Word of God; he were a God unjust, and that may God forbid, such a thing must not, cannot be. But how, then, is it that Justice itself actually demands that every soul that repents should be pardoned? Is it so? The same Justice that just now stood with a fiery sword in his hand, like the cherubim of old keeping the way of the tree of life, now goes hand in hand with the sinner. "Sinner," he says, I will go with thee. when thou goest to plead for pardon, and plead for thee. Once I spoke against thee, but now I am so satisfied with what Christ has done that I will go with thee. I will change my language I will not say a word to oppose thy pardon, but I will go with thee and demand it. It is but an act of justice that God should now forgive." And the sinner goes up with Justice, and what has Justice got to say? Why, it says this: "God must forgive the repenting sinner, if he be just according to his promise." A God who could break his promise were unjust. We do not believe in men who tell us lies. I have known some of so gentle a disposition, that they could never say "No;" if they were asked to do a thing they have said, "Yes;" But they have never have earned a character for it when they said "Yes," and afterwards did not fulfil. It is not so with God. He is no tender hearted being, who promises more than he means to perform, and no forgetful one who promises what afterwards shall slip from his memory. Every word which God utters shall be fulfilled whether it be decree, threatening, or promise. Sinner! go to God with a promise in your hand—"Lord, thou hast said, 'He that confesseth his sin, and forsaketh it, shall find mercy.' I confess my sin. and I forsake it: Lord, give me mercy!" Don't doubt but that God will give it to you. You have his own pledge in your hand; you have his own bond in your keeping. Take that pledge and that bond before his throne of mercy, and that bond never shall be cancelled till it has been honored. You shall see that promise fulfilled to the uttermost letter, though your sin be never so black. Suppose the promise you take should be this, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "But," says the Law, "thou art one of the greatest sinners that ever lived." "Ay, but the promise says, 'Him that cometh,' and I come, and claim the fulfilment of it." "No, but thou hast been a blasphemer." "I know it, but the promise says, 'Him that cometh,' and I come, and blasphemer though I am, I claim the promise." "But thou hast been a thief, thou hast deceived thy neighbor and hast robbed men." 'I have, but the promise says, 'Him that cometh, to me, I will in no wise cast out;" I come, and I claim the promise. It does not say anything about character in the promise; it says, 'Him that cometh,' and I come, and if I be black as the devil, nevertheless God is true, and I claim the promise. I confess all that can be said against me' Will God be untrue, and send a seeking soul away with a promise unfulfilled? Never!" "But," says one, "you have lived many years in this way, your conscience has often checked you, and you have resisted conscience often; it is too late now." "But I have the promise, 'Him that cometh,'—there is no time stipulated in it—'Him that cometh,' I come, and O God, thou canst not break the promise." Challenge God by faith, and you will see that he will be as good as his word to you. Though you are worse than words can tell, God, I repeat it, as long as he is just, must honor his own promise. Go and confess your sin, trust in Christ, and you shall find pardon.

But, again, not only did God make the promise, but according to the text man has been induced to act upon it; and therefore this becomes a double bond upon the justice of God.—Suppose you made a promise to any man, that if such a thing was done, you would do something else, and suppose that man were to do something quite contrary to his own nature, quite abhorrent to himself, but he did it nevertheless, because he expected to get great blessings thereby, do you mean to say you would tempt a man to do that, and put him to vast expense, and care and trouble, and then turn round and say, "There, I shall have nothing to do with that promise: I only promised to make you do so-and-so, now, I will not fulfil my engagement?" Why the man would turn about and call you base to make a promise to lead him to do something, and then not fulfil your promise.—Now, God has said, "If we confess our sins, and trust in Christ, we shall have mercy." You have done it; you have made the most abject and sincere confession, and do declare that you have no trust but the blood and righteousness of Christ. Now, on the faith of the promise you have been led into this state. Do you imagine when God hath brought you through much pain and agony of mind to repent of sin, to give up self-righteousness, and rely on Christ, he will afterwards turn round and tell you he did not mean what he said? It cannot be—it cannot be. Suppose, now, you were about to engage a man to be your servant, and you say to him, "Renounce such a situation, give that up; come and take a house in the neighbourhood where I live, and I will take you to be my servant." Suppose he does it, and you then say, "I am glad for your own sake that you have left your master, still I will not take you." What would he say to you? He would say, "I gave up my situation on the faith of your promise, and now, you break it." Ah! but it never can be said of Almighty God, that, if a sinner acted on the faith of his promise, then that promise was not kept. God ceases to be God when he ceases to have mercy upon the soul who seeks pardon through the blood of Christ. No, he is a just God, "Faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness"

One more aspect of this case. God's justice demands that the sinner should be forgiven if he seeks mercy, for this reason: Christ died on purpose to secure pardon for every seeking soul. Now I hold it to be an axiom, a self-evident truth, that whatever Christ died for he will have. I cannot believe that when he paid to his Father the price of blood, and groans, and tears, he bought something which the Father will not give him. Now, Christ died to purchase the pardon of sin for all those who believe on him, and do you suppose that the Father will rob him of what he has bought so dearly? No, God were untrue to his own Son, he would break his oath to his well beloved and only begotten Son, if he were not to give pardon, peace and purity to every soul that comes to God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, I would that I could preach it as with a tongue of thunder everywhere, that God is just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth. God is just to forgive us our sins, if we confess them; just to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

III. Now, to close. I must just enter into some little explanation of the two great duties that are taught in the two texts. The first duty is *faith*—"believeth in Christ," the second text is *confession* "if we confess our sins."

I will begin with *confession* first. Expect not that God will forgive you until you confess; not in the general confession of a prayer book, but in the particular confession of your inmost heart. You are not to confess to a priest or a man, unless you have offended against him. In that respect, if you have been an offender against any man, be at peace with him, and ask his pardon for aught you have done against him. It is a proof of a noble mind when you can ask pardon of another for having done amiss. Whenever, grace comes into the heart it will lead you to make amends for any injury which you have done either by word or deed to any of your fellow men; and you cannot expect that you shall be forgiven of God until you have forgiven men, and have been ready to make peace with those who are now your enemies. That is a beautiful trait in the character of a true Christian. I have heard of Mr. John Wesley, that he was attended in most of his journeyings by one who loved him very much, and was willing, I believe to have died for him. Still he was a man of a very stubborn and obstinate disposition, and Mr. Wesley was not perhaps the very kindest man at all times. Upon one occasion he said to this man, "Joseph, take these letters to the post." "I will take them after preaching, sir." "Take them now, Joseph," said Mr. Wesley. "I wish to hear you preach Sir, and there will be sufficient time for the post after service." "I insist upon you going now, Joseph." "I will not go at present." "You won't!" "No, sir." Then you and I must part," said Mr. Wesley. "Very good, sir." The good men slept over it. Both were early risers. At four o'clock the next morning, the refractory helper was accosted with, "Joseph, have you considered what I said—that we must part?" "Yes, sir," "And must we part?" "Please yourself, sir." "Will you ask my pardon, Joseph?' "No, sir." "You won't?" "No, sir." "Then I will ask *yours*, Joseph!" Poor Joseph was instantly melted, and they were at once reconciled. When once the grace of God has entered the heart, a man ought to be ready to seek forgiveness for an injury done to another. There is nothing wrong in a man confessing an offense against a fellow man, and asking pardon for wrong he has done him. If you have done aught, then, against any man, leave thy gift before the altar, and go and make peace with him, and then come and make peace with God. You are to make confession of your sin to God. Let that be humble and sincere. You cannot mention every offense, but do not hide one. If you hide one it will be a millstone round your neck to sink you into the lowest hell. Confess that you are vile in your nature, evil in your practice, that in you there is no good thing. Lay as low as ever you can at the footstool of divine grace, and confess that you are a wretch undone unless God have merby upon you.

Then, the next duty is *faith*. Whilst thou art laying there in the dust turn thine eye to Christ and say, "Black as I am, and hell-deserving as I confess myself to be, I believe that Jesus Christ died for the penitent; and inasmuch as he died, he died that the penitent might not die. I believe thy merits to be great; I believe thy blood to be efficacious; and more than that, I risk my eternal salvation—and yet it is no risk—I venture my eternal salvation upon the merit of thy blood. Jesus, I cannot save myself. Cast the skirts of thy blood-red atonement over me.—Come, take me in thine arms; come, wrap me in thy crimson vest, and tell me I am thine: I will trust in nothing else but thee. Nothing I can do or ever did shall be my dependence. I rely simply and entirely upon thy mighty cross, upon which thou didst die for sinners."

My dear hearers, as to any probability of your being lost after such a confession and such a faith, I assure you there is neither possibility nor probabilty thereof. You are saved; you are saved in time, you are saved in eternity. Your sins are forgiven; your iniquities are all put away. In this life you shall be fed and blessed and kept. Remaining sin within you shall be overcome and conquered; and you shall see his face at the last in glory everlasting, when he shall come in the glory of his Father, and all his holy angels with him. "Whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath eternal life, and shall never come into condemnation" "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus and is baptized, shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned."

And now in conclusion, I have tried to tell out simply and plainly the story of how God's justice is satisfied, and has become the sinner's friend, and I look for fruit, for where the gospel is simply preached it is never preached in vain. Only let us go home and pray now, that we may know the Savior. Let us pray that others may know him too. If you are convinced of sin, my dear friends, do not lose a moment. Go to your chamber as soon as you get home, shut to your door, go alone to Jesus, and there repeat your confession, and once more affirm your faith in Christ; and you shall have that peace with God which the world cannot give, and which the world cannot take away. Your troubled conscience shall find rest: your feet shall be on a rock; and a new song shall be in your mouth, even praise for evermore.

We have been requested to publish the following from the Minutes of the 12th Session of the Western Association held at Fredericton in September last:

EDUCATION SOCIETY DEBT.

At the 7th Session of the Eastern Association, held at Cambridge in 1854, it was resolved that the debt on the Seminary be proportionately divided by the Education Committee among the Baptist Churches in this Province.

At the 7th Session of the Western Association, held at Fredericton in 1854, it was resolved to agree to the above resolution; and a Committee was formed to apportion the debt, amounting to £575, on the Churches (consisting of Elders Miles, J. Hughes, Todd, W. Harris, Francis, and J. Blakeney.)

EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

Salisbury	£5	0	0
Shediac	1	0	0
1st Moncton	10	0	0
1st Elgin	4	0	0
1st St. Martins	17	10	0
2nd Elgin	2	0	0
2nd Moncton	2	10	0
2nd Wickham	10	0	0
Harvey	15	0	0
1st Springfield	12	10	0
Cambridge (2 sections)	8	0	0
Sussex	5	0	0
Butternut Ridge	10	0	0
Hampton	7	10	0
Hopewell	22	10	0
2nd Salisbury	7	0	0
2nd Grand Lake	7	10	0
Upham	7	10	0
New Canaan	10	0	0
1st Hillsborough	15	0	0
2nd Dorchester	3	0	0
Studholm	2	0	0
2nd Hillsborough	2	10	0
3rd Springfield	4	0	0
1st Jemseg	9	0	0
1st Johnston	3	0	0
Point de Bute	7	10	0
2nd Sackville	25	0	0
2nd Johnston	1	0	0
Kingston	1	0	0
1st Grand Lake	5	0	0
1st Sackville	15	0	0
Upper Loch Lomond	1	0	0
Norton	7	10	0
Mill Cove	5	0	0
Buctouche	1	10	0
Point Monash	1	10	0
2nd St. Martins	3	0	0
2nd Springfield	1	0	0
Restigouche	2	0	0
Gondola Point	1	0	0
Coverdale	5	0	0
Dalhousie	1	0	0

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

1st St. George,	18	0	0
Woodstock,	7	0	0
New Jerusalem,	3	0	0
Newcastle,	5	0	0
2nd St. George,	7	0	0
Ledge, St. Stephen,	5	0	0
St. John, Brussells Street,	47	10	0
Do. Germain Street,	30	0	0
Do. Portland,	17	0	0
Do. Carleton,	14	0	0
Nashwaak,	7	10	0
Jacksontown,	6	0	0
2nd St. Patrick's,	6	0	0
Prince William,	8	10	0
Simonds,	3	0	0
Oak Bay,	2	10	0
Canning,	11	0	0
St. Andrews,	2	10	0
Kingsclear,	5	0	0
Fredericton,	11	0	0
2nd Fall, St. George,	9	10	0
Maugerville,	10	0	0
Pennfield,	10	0	0
Dipper Harbor,	1	0	0
1st St. Patrick,	5	0	0
Arestook,	2	0	0
African Church, Douglas,	2	0	0
Tobique,	5	0	0
Brighton,	2	0	0
Blissville,	5	0	0
Cardigan,	1	10	0
Chipman, Q. C.,	3	0	0
Macknaquack,	6	0	0
Keswick,	7	10	0
Little South West,	2	10	0
North Esk,	5	0	0
Rushagonis,	2	0	0
1st St. David,	2	10	0
St. James,	2	0	0

The sums which have been paid will be published next week.

SINNERS ARE LOSING THEIR SOULS.

Oh! what a stirring thought! It has been burdening my heart and may it be impressed on all yours. Sinners are perishing daily. It is not a future thing. It is a present act. It is a process that is going on—going on in this meeting, this morning. My dear unconverted friends, every step you take, while you are out of Christ, is leading you so much nearer to perdition.—The harvest is passing now; it soon will be past. The summer, every day, is drawing to an end that will soon be *ended*, and *then* where will your soul be? So long as you stay away from Christ, you are losing your immortal soul, and with it all you can lose.

Suppose one of these ladies here had a necklace of pearls or diamonds, and the spring should break as she was walking along the street, and jewel after jewel be scattered along the way and be lost, would she not wish those who saw the loss, of which she herself was unconscious, to tell her of it? Oh! when I see those every day who are losing priceless jewels, losing their *all*, why—oh! why should I not tell them of it? As a man bleeding to death, drop by drop, so the sinner, day by day, is losing his soul; at death the loss will be inseparable—consummated.—God help us all to feel this, and *act* towards sinners accordingly.

Do you feel that the language of the hymn we have just sung,

"Lord, even so, I wait thine hour,
Jesus, my Saviour come,"

is your own? I wonder how many in this congregation feel it really to be their utterance? Brethren, when you utter these words that speak of the coming of the Lord Jesus, do you sing them as if you were longing for that day when he shall come? Are you longing to be free from this sinful clay tabernacle? I don't ask you if you have that miserable, desponding, desolate feeling that sometimes says,

"I would not live alway,"

that is tired of life, and wants to die, just to escape its ills. No, no! I don't ask if you have such desires; but I do ask if you want to go to be with Jesus. Do you feel that you are ready, when Jesus' hour comes, to go home, and be at rest with him? Oh! if that is the case, it may be said to you, as it is said to the righteous, "it shall be well with you." Yes, it shall be well—well in sickness, well in trials—and oh! it shall indeed be *well* in the hour of death, which is his hour, and which you are waiting to welcome as your release from earth, and your introduction into the glories of heaven.—[P. Visitor.

DO A LITTLE.

Many a Christian destroys his peace and usefulness because he is not willing to do little things. He wants to speak and pray well, eloquently, edifying, or not at all. Because he cannot do some great thing, he won't do anything. He must sit in the highest seat or nowhere.—Now no brother is fit to do large things unless he is willing to do little things. He must be faithful in the least or he will never be useful in the greatest. Can you make a good minister out of a poor layman? or a good deacon out of a man who is unwilling to do the least honorable duties of the church? If all were willing to add a little to the interest of a prayer meeting, a Sabbath school, or covenant meeting, or to the strength and influence of the church, there would not be so many praying to be excused. If we were willing to be weak, that is, appear weak and ignorant, as we really are, make simple prayers and speeches when we can do no better, we should pray oftener, better, and in every way do more good. Happy is the man who is willing to be little, the servant of all, a door keeper, bell ringer, fire builder, lamp lighter, anything that will serve Christ, in the House of God.—*Morning Star.*

BE YE ANGRY AND SIN NOT.

A command also given in the Bible, which seems strange, to children especially, whether ungrown or grown, is this: "Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Now parents are perpetually telling their children that it is sinful to be angry; and when they come to read in the Bible, "Be ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the thing were cross ploughed and turned up by the roots. The anger of cruelty, the anger of selfishness, the anger of avarice, the anger of lust, the anger of mortified vanity, the anger of pride,—the anger of all forms of low and mean feelings, is detestable. But there is an anger of a different character from this. Honor may be offended, love may be outraged, justice may find itself tampered with and abused, and then the lifting up of these noble feelings in their own defence is godlike.

I understand the command to be this: Nobody is at liberty to carry himself in an irritated an ill tempered, a waspish mood. That is not right in anybody. It is sinful always and everywhere. There may be palliations for it in cases where physical reasons exist; but it is without excuse in any man. But, on the other hand, where in our carriage we meet with things that are mean, we should *feel* that they are mean.—Where in our carriage we meet with things that are dishonorable, we should *feel* that they are dishonorable. When in our carriage we find men doing things that offend our deepest sense of honor, in its very core and centre, God says: "Give it the bolt—blast it; but do not let your anger on. Do not let it be dripping, dripping, dripping all day long." If you are roused up by the sight of injustice, by the sight of avarice, by the sight of cruelty, do what you can at once—do as the bolt does when it lunges at the oak; but do not be, in respect to your indignation, like a northeast storm, which drizzles, drizzles, drizzles from morning to night. Do not hesitate to give expression to your hatred of things which are essentially untrue, essentially base, essentially mean; but let not the sun go down on your wrath. Do not be angry by the day.—Be angry when there is a just cause for it, but get over it as speedily as possible. A man could not live and be in a constant blaze of anger. It is only now and then that one can afford to be angry.

PRESERVING GRACE

Reader! how comforting to thee amid the ebbings and flowings of the changing history, to know that the change is all with thee, and not with God! Thy spiritual bark may be tossed on the waves of temptation in many a dark midnight. Thou mayest think thy pilot hath left thee, and be ready continually to say, "Where is my God?" But fear not! The bark which bears thy spiritual destinies is in better hands than thine; a golden chain of convent love links it to the eternal throne! That chain can never snap asunder. He who holds it in his hand gives thee this pledge of thy safety,—"Because I live, ye shall live also." "Why art thou then cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God!" Thou wilt assuredly ride out these stormy surges, and reach the desired haven. But be faithful with thyself, see that there be nothing to hinder or impede thy growth in grace. Think how little may retard thy progress. One sin indulged—one temptation tampered with—one bosom traitor, may cost thee many a bitter hour and tear, by separating between thee and thy God. Make it thy daily prayer. "Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

THE WONDERFUL REVIVAL.

The revival is still progressing with wonderful power in Ireland and Scotland. Tipperary, almost a Catholic country, has been the field of some late manifestations of the Spirit's power, and public meetings for united prayer are attended by crowded and anxious multitudes. All Scotland may now be said to be more or less moved, there being manifestations of the power of God in the remotest districts of Caithness and of Ross. London is in much the same state as hitherto, though prayer is becoming more exunded among the people. Some of the preachers, whose labors have been most blessed during the revival in the revival in other sections, propose visiting the metropolis this winter. A letter from Rev. Dr. Boyde, Moderator of the United Presbyterian Synod, gives account of the revival at Camqeltown, Ireland. After speaking of the unusual religious interest prevading all classes, he gives the fellowing account of his ordinary daily labor since the commencement of the movement.

I have five hours' visiting every day; I call upon and converse with inquirers at their own houses. I have two mid-day classes, that are specially under the charge of Messrs. Sachane and Calvill, for the instruction of the young. I have two large classes weekly, the one for young men, and the other for young women; they meet on the Tursday and Friday evenings, at seven o'clock. We have a prayer-meeting in the church every evening at eight, attended by about 700; we dismiss at half-past nine, when we adjourn to the session-house to meet with inquirers, which is crawded to suffocation every night. This meeting occupies myself, and about a dozen friends who aid me, till eleven. The difficulty is to get them to go home. You will thus see that my work is very exhausing; but, oh! it is most pleasant. I am convinced that this excitement will spread, that it will reach England, and that you will share with us in the blessing. Urge upon your friends in Christ the cultivation of the spirit of humble, earnest, united, and exhortant prayer. This, I am persuaded, prepared us for the Spirit's action.—*Examiner.*

THE SONGS OF THE BIBLE

Our readers have, we are sure, sung and resung, read and re-read the 150 Psalm, perhaps for the thousandth time, with new wonder and admiration. It is such a noble burst of Divine song! Each verse seems like a trumpet peal, or more aptly, a thunder-peal of praise. It runs through the diapason of celestial and terrestial music.

Hallelujah!
Praise God in His sanctuary;
Praise Him in the firmament of His power;
Praise Him for His might acts;
Praise Him according to His excellent greatness;
Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet;
Praise Him with the psaltry and harp;
Praise Him with the timbrel and dance;
Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs;
Praise Him upon the loud cymbals;
Praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals;
Let every thing that breathes praise Jah;
Hallelujah!

Was there ever such a song of praise as this. It sounds like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of mighty thunderings. If at the close of the 72 Psalm it was said, "the *prayers* of David, the son of Jesse, are ended;" it may be no less truly added here, "the *praises* of David the son of Jesse are ended."

Through the prophets we find the repetition of of the same strains. The New Testament carries on the music, and apostles complete the praise that Old Testament saints began. The last note of praise which the Bible records is that heard at the Lamb's marriage-supper,—a note full of joy unspeakable:—

Praise our God, all ye His servants!
Ye that fear Him, both small and great,
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,
Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him.

COFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

Some years since there was a pamphlet published in England, entitled the "Confessions of Drunkard." The statements made in it are asserted on good authority to be authentic, and what does the writer say? "Of my condition there is no hope that it should change; the waters have gone over me; but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood.

"Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will: to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to hear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's debauch, and feverish loaking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."—[London Quarterly Review.

From the Boston Recorder.

CHRONICLES OF OLD SOUTH CHAPEL.

Dec. 7. Capt. Girdler presided.

Rev. Mr. Earle stated that a person was converted at Bowdoin Square Church, yesterday. She gave the best possible evidence of conversion; not by receiving the word anon with joy. This she might have done and remained an impenitent sinner. The stony ground hearer did this; but he had no root in himself. Within twelve hours after her conversion she came weeping, crying, "Oh what shall I do for my poor father, who is bound to hell?" No impenitent sinner ever weeps over his impenitent friends. This is a feeling peculiar to Christians.

Our brother said that he had often blessed God that the Old South people had opened this house for the daily prayer meetings. God has accomplished great things in this house. Several brethren narrated facts confirming this statement,

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READING ALOUD.

There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman or lady in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. An indistinct utterance, whines, nasal twangs, guttural notes, hesitations, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday-school, gives the styles in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the most valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if anything is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read; one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another chokes, another has an abominable sing-song, evidently a tradition of the way he said, Watts' hymns when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad wheel wagon; another has a way of reading, which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be listened to.

The Portland, Maine, *Argus*, reports that Rev. Dr. Chickering and Rev. Mr. Moore, of that city, exchanged pulpits on Sabbath morning last. When the latter was about half through with his discourse, he suddenly stopped and remarked that the sermon had cost him a great deal of labor; but as it seemed not to interest the audience, and as many of them were asleep, he would proceed with it no longer. He then closed the meeting with a prayer and benediction.

A NEWSPAPER DRESS.—A young lady of Edgefield, South Carolina, recently attended a family soiree as "The Evening News."—One who was there describes her dress (made entirely of newspapers) as being decidedly unique and very beautiful. It is said to have presented by cradle-light a resemblance to the richest brocade so skilful and tasteful was the arrangement of its columns.

Mr. Spurgeon, from money sent to him for the purpose, is bearing the expenses of nine young men who are studying for the ministry. It is said that he succeeds in infusing them with his own fearless spirit, and that three or four of those who have studied under his supervision have settled and become eminently seccessful pastors.

The Old South church in Boston (Congregational) it has said, has an annual income from its real estate of nearly $30,000. It has two ministers, pays each of them a salary of $4,000 supports a free chapel, and contributes liberally to city missions and other charities.

It is reported that Nena Sahib, infamous for his enormous cruelties in the last Sepoy war, is dead.

AN EDITOR'S PLACE.—"In my opinion," writes a friend in the West, "an editor's place is far more responsible than his who stands in the pulpit, and it is my prayer that you may have grace given you from the Head of the church, that you may fulfil this high calling for the glory of Christ."

The funeral of John Brown took place at North Elba on Thursday last. The remains were exposed to view, and the neighbors came in crowds to take a last look. The face was hardly changed, and wore its usual serene expression. Before leaving the house Mr. Brown's favorite hymn, beginning "Blow ye the trumpet—blow," was sung, and an impressive prayer offered. At the grave, remarks were made by I. M. McKim and Wendell Phillips.

AGRICULTURAL.

CARE OF HENS IN WINTER.

A correspondent from Cheshire County writes us that he has been very successful in his hen business, and thinks they pay more, in proportion to the outlay, than any other farm operation. He feeds all his waste meat and fresh fish to his fowls, which he considers a substitute for the insects they devour in summer, and then again, as meat produces more heat than grain, it assists in protecting them from the cold. He feeds in the morning with corn and cob meal, mixed with milk or hot water, and in the after part of the day allows corn, oats, peas or rye.—Buckwheat he thinks very good. They also relish cabbage leaves occasionally. Ashes, lime, and burnt bones, are kept by them constantly.—His hens produce about as many eggs in January and February, as in June and July. As long as eggs will fetch a cent a piece, he thinks it folly to raise chickens to sell.

He thinks an effectual remedy may be found for the depredations that hens are apt to make in the garden, and among the ripening grain, in giving them a sufficient and proper quantity of food.

It is a matter that is becoming pretty well understood, that to make cows, sheep, hens or horses profitable, they have got to be kept well. We don't care what the breed may be, poor keeping will result in small profits.—*N. H. journal of Agriculture.*