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

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DR. LIVINGSTONE AND MODERN RESEARCHES IN AFRICA.

A LECTURE delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, at the Mechanics' Institute on Friday evening, January 20th, 1860, by

REV. MR. LATHERN.

A characteristic of the last times was foretold by the Hebrew Prophet, in language which applies unmistakably to the age in which we live: "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." Knowledge has increased—Science has made marvellous discoveries, and achieved wonderful results. Geographical details have become more accurate and complete. Commerce hath sent her and her ships, wherever love of gold, or love of adventure might find a path, or where merchandise might find a mart, and noble and honourable have been her efforts—

"To furnish and accommodate a world,
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit the unsocial climates into one."

The affluence of exploration has come down upon travellers, merchants and missionaries, leading them into new and unknown regions, making them the pioneers of civilization, of commerce, and of Christianity. But the interests of science, and of trade, or the love of daring adventure, have not been the only inducements prompting travellers, scientific and religious, to carry out their explorations and researches with such laudable enterprise and such indefatigable energy. There is a growing disposition to recognize the claims, and affinities, and relationships of "the blood"—of the grand brotherhood. There are ties and bonds of family relationship, and we are anxious to claim acquaintance—to be on sociable and visiting terms—and to have an interchange of friendly feeling. Barriers of color, of clime, of creed, of prejudice, of national antipathies, have long kept us asunder—but these are doomed:

"Between us all may oceans roll,
Yet still from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech—
We are one."

I have somewhere read of three sages who paid a visit to the moon—they travelled thither neither by railway nor by telegraph, but Jupiter, consulting the convenience of these worthies, sent aloud for their conveyance to that interesting spot of creation. They found the planet inhabited with a race of mortals subject to the same sins and sorrows as ourselves. After gratifying their curiosity and getting into a serious quarrel with the inhabitants, they were right glad, on the third day after their arrival, to find the cloud awaiting them for transport back to the earth—thinking three days quite sufficient to spend amongst the inhabitants of that planet.

Now I have no doubt that if a Lecture was announced in this Hall upon "Modern Researches in the moon, with a description of its inhabitants, their manners, customs, religion, etc.," that it would be very popular—we should have a crowded hall and much applause. Now while researches and explorations in regions of our own world, concerning which we have hitherto been altogether unacquainted, and tribes whose very existence was unknown, may be less exciting; they can scarcely be of less interest to us.

India has now for some time been the subject of interest to all thoughtful men. We have had lectures upon India, speeches upon India, pamphlets and volumes upon India. Its geography, its political history, its religions, its relation to the British Crown, all invest them with a degree of interest that can scarcely attend any other subject.

But Africa, what of Africa? its wrongs have oft wrung our hearts, its degradation has often been sounded in our ears. We have been long accustomed to speak of its burning deserts, and barbarous races, that these ideas and phrases have been stereotyped upon our minds and memories. But in actual knowledge we have been sadly deficient.

In turning your attention to this subject, I have connected the name of Dr. Livingstone with "Modern researches in Africa," not because he is the latest explorer in that interesting field; nor because there is the freshness of interest, that this would have created about two years ago—but because Dr. Livingstone is such a fine character for the study of young men—because he is in my opinion the greatest as well as most successful of African travellers; and because he is still on his mission of exploration—still making new and marvellous discoveries, and all intelligent and thoughtful men are taking a deep interest in his labors and researches; and because his volume furnishes a larger accession to our knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, than can be obtained elsewhere.

Probably we are not far wrong in saying that the places which Newton occupies amongst Philosophers and Milton amongst Poets—Dr. Livingstone occupies amongst the pioneers of African research.

And yet many of these African travellers have been glorious men. The names of Ledyard, of Mungo Park, of Bruce and Burkharts, of Clapperton, and the Landers, have been celebrated among them.

Ledyard was the first employed under the auspices of the African Association. He was admirably adapted for this enterprise. He said, before leaving England the last time: "I have known hunger and nakedness to the extremity of human suffering. My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned, or ever will own to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear, but they never yet had power to turn me aside from my purpose." His individual energy and enterprise may be inferred from his reply to the Committee of the African Association. "When will you leave?" he was asked by the Committee at the time of his appointment to be their agent. "To-morrow!" was the reply. And amongst other good things told of that great and good soldier, Sir Colin Campbell, on his appointment to the Generalship of British India, at the time of the mutiny, that these were his last words. "When will you come?" he was asked. "To-morrow," was the prompt reply of the veteran hero. No wonder that such a man could win victories, and uphold the honor of the English name, and cause the British flag once more to wave victorious over the magnificent continent of India.

Burkhart's travels were confined principally to the Abyssinian countries. Bruce discovered one of the sources of the Nile, and was filled with unbounded enthusiasm, that he, a lone British traveller, should accomplish what many had attempted in vain. We may just remark in this connection, that a recent explorer, Captain Speke, has thrown much light on the other and principal source of the Nile.

He has traced it to the Lake Nyanga, a vast

sheet of water, a kind of inland sea—extending from the Equator for more than 800 miles, south latitude. Another link would have made this chain of discovery complete; unfortunately, Captain Speke and his party were compelled, for the want of a few small beads, to return just at the point of greatest interest; but as far as the main features and utility of such a discovery are concerned, it may be said to be complete.

The discovery of the source of the Nile has longer been a subject of interest and of adventure, has longer occupied the attention of thoughtful and enterprising men, than any other unthought problem in Geography. For thousands of years, from Ptolemy to the present time, a singular interest has been gathered around it; immense sums of money have been expended and ambitious monarchs have eagerly, but unsuccessfully engaged in the enterprise. To a British traveller in the nineteenth century must the palm of discovery be awarded.

Another important problem in African geography was the course and termination of the river Niger. It was a subject of much speculation amongst scientific men. By some it was supposed to flow into the Nile; by others that a great lake or swamp received its waters; and many thought that they sunk in the sands of the great central desert. Mungo Park, whose travels have been so celebrated, was the pioneer of discovery on the Niger. He reached the banks of this famous but mysterious river, and determined to sail to its mouth, wherever that might be. Obstacles were formidable. Many of his companions died. But with a heart that knew not how to blanch or quail, Mungo Park wrote, "though all die, and I be half dead, I will persevere, and if I do not succeed I will die on the Niger." And Mungo Park did die on the Niger, surrounded by savage men. The Landers—Richard and John—had the honor of making this discovery. The narrative of their travels, I remember to have read in my school-boy days, and it was the first to awaken an interest in my mind on the subject of African discovery; as it was the first work of that description that I purchased with my own money, I prized it all the more highly.

One of the most accomplished, and energetic of modern travellers is Dr. Barth, who, in five volumes, published travels and discoveries in North Central Africa, from a journal of an expedition undertaken under the auspices of Her British Majesty's Government in the years 1849 to 1855.

He travelled through countries which have been the enigma, and almost the despair of geographical science. But what a change. Northern Central Africa is no longer to be mapped out as waste desert, or inaccessible mountains. There are rich, fertile plains, broad rivers and streams, large towns and populous villages; agriculture to some extent; and in Rave, for instance, with its 30,000 inhabitants, right in the heart of Africa, are manufactures on no mean scale, and all this under the influence of the withering Moslem creed. The climate, not as we supposed, scorching to an European constitution, but generally healthy. What a pity but the British Colony in the sickly settlement of Sierra Leone, on the western coast, had been right in the heart of Africa, on some of its rivers communicating with the coast.

The whole of Northern Central Africa we are given to understand by Dr. Barth, abounds in fertile lands, irrigated by large and navigable rivers and central lakes, ornamented with timber, and capable of producing in unlimited abundance, grass, sugar, cotton, rice, indigo, and other commodities of trade. You remember the maps in various geographies have represented a mountain range, called the "Mountains of the Moon." Looking over the magnificent scenery of this part of Central Africa, in such striking contrast with the fictions and fancies of earlier geography, Dr. Barth remarks:—

"Here we stood a while and looked with longing eyes to the opposite shore, it was a most interesting and peculiar scenery, highly characteristic of those level equatorial regions of Africa. What an erroneous idea has been entertained of those regions in former times! Instead of the massive mountain range of the north we had discovered only a few isolated mountains—instead of a dry plateau, we find wide and extensively fertile plains, interspersed with innumerable broad streams."

The grand success of Dr. Barth was the discovery of the river Benue. He found it flowing from east to west in a broad majestic course—a river eight hundred yards wide, and its tributary flowing from the south, 600 yards wide. And he quotes his own words. "I looked long and silently on the stream, it was one of the happiest moments of my life. It had been the object of my lively desire to throw light on the retinal arteries and hydrographical network of the unknown regions of Central Africa. I had now with my own eyes clearly established the course and direction of this mighty river. Hence I cherish high and founded conviction that along this national high road European influence, and commerce will penetrate the very heart of the continent, and abolish slavery, or rather those infamous slaveholders, and religious wars, destroying the germ which are spontaneously developed in the simple life of the pagans, and spreading devastation and destruction all around." And in taking leave of this enterprising traveller we can not but add an amen to his hopes that the time may speedily come when British influence, and British power, and British commerce, shall have destroyed the last vestige of that inhuman traffic in the blood and bones, bodies and souls of our fellow-men in those beautiful regions of Central Africa.

But we now come to the explorations of a traveller, whose Researches, mark a new era in African discovery. They take us into a new field, they make us acquainted with new tribes and they furnish us with knowledge of rich and varied interest.

About twenty years ago a young man from Scotland offered his services to the London Missionary Society. Many noble men had laboured in connection with it. The names of Morrison and Medhurst in China, and of Philip and Moffat in Africa are familiar. The young Scotchman was trained for the work, he had a heart that knew not to flinch or quail, he had hope for the heathen, trust in God, sympathy with the Redeemer, his commission in the Bible, and longed to extend the missionary cause in regions beyond. He reaches Africa, labors for several years in quiet unostentatious missionary toil, finally he and his people are disturbed by a tyrannical colony of barbarous Dutchmen who detest missionary labour. He travels far northward into the territory of a powerful chief—favorable to his mission—the chief dies, the country is unhealthy, the plague spot of slavery has appeared—he finds

a noble purpose of doing something for the black, of putting a stop to that growing evil which can never be accomplished by the British cruisers on the coast—he enters territories where the slave trader has never been—he finds out that the interior of that part of Africa is not a scorched waste nor a sandy desert, but a country with rivers, forests, and fertile plains—he finds highways by which science and civilization, merchants and missionaries may quickly make their way, he finds villages and communities of people to be found among ourselves. The soil, the trees, the plants, the grasses, and even the weeds disclose the undeveloped capabilities of regions till now unknown.—He conceived the thought of employing these resources, of cultivating these lands, of navigating these rivers, and of elevating these out-cast tribes. He purposes, not to accomplish this, by draining the wealth of his own country, he does not ask for this purpose £500,000 from the British government, the amount expended in keeping up a watch on the coast in one year; but to enrich his own country, to extend her commerce, to open a new market for the consumption of her produce, and to provide material for her factories—to render her manufacturing capitalists independent of slave labor, and thus strike at the root of that system the world over.

With such plans and projects, and sanguine anticipations that missionary returned, after an absence of eighteen years to his own country. Need we wonder that a calm and sober statement of such discoveries, hopes and prospects, should stir the heart of Old England—that such a man should be lionized in every circle, or need we say that missionary explorer, was David Livingstone. As Dr. Livingstone, wherever he happens to be is one of God's nobility, a man that does honor to humanity—and as perhaps no better study could be recommended than the character of this glorious evangelist and traveller, and as his name stands at the head of this lecture—it will be expected that something better should be said about him as well as his researches.

David Livingstone, long a missionary of the London Society, is now gold medalist, and corresponding member of the Geographical Societies of London and Paris, Doctor of Civil Laws of the University of Oxford, and perhaps the most prominent man of the age—who since his wonderful achievements were known has filled the largest space in the public eye of any man living.

Yet had David Livingstone not had energy and perseverance, and a soul for high purpose, he might still have been a common factory labourer on the banks of the Clyde. The chapter of his early life is given—we quote from him to show that Dr. Livingstone has not become a great man by accident, but by bodily circumstances, by industry, and indomitable energy.

"At the age of ten," he writes, "I was put into a factory as a piecer, to aid by my earnings in lessening a mother's anxiety. With part of my first week's wages I purchased 'Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin,' and pursued the study of that language for many years afterwards with unabated ardor, at an evening school between the hours of eight and ten. My dictionary lessons lasted till twelve or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books from my hand. I had to be back to the factory at six in the morning and continue my work with intervals for breakfast and dinner till eight in the evening. I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now." Such is the picture of early life. Probably there are few young men in St. John not placed in more advantageous circumstances.

One thing which the early life of Livingstone teaches us is the folly of that maxim. "Let the cobbler stick to his last." No, I would say if a purpose to fit him for a higher sphere, and for more brilliant achievements than making shoes and mending soles, let him leave his last, there will always be cobbler enough to do all the cobbling that is needed in this world; and if God has given to the cobbler an ability for some great work, I would say leave the last and the awl just as soon as the way is clear. Had a certain shoemaker in the last century adhered to the maxim one of the most powerful and thrilling pulpits of modern times would have remained in obscurity, and Samuel Bradburn would never have been known as the Demosthenes of Methodism.

If that maxim had influenced a certain tinker in Bedfordshire, we should never have had the Pilgrim's Progress. If it had influenced a certain plough-boy in Yorkshire, that same John Hunt would never have been known as the apostle of Fejee. If it had been acted upon by a young shoemaker in Northamptonshire, Oriental Literature would never have received lustre from the name of William Carey, and the Edinburgh Reviewer might never have had to make the attempt to write down the pioneer of Missionary Evangelization in India as a "consecrated cobbler." Had that same maxim influenced a certain factory boy on the banks of the Clyde, the interior of South Africa might still have been unexplored, science and religion would never have had the services of one who has done more for them than any man of the present day, and David Livingstone, instead of having a name higher than any living man, might only have been one of a small circle of labouring men in Glasgow.

I never say to any one, be dissatisfied with your present condition—for if you are, you are not likely to succeed in anything better. I will venture to say that young Livingstone was one of the best laborers in the factory, and always gave satisfaction to his employers. Make the best of your present position, but resolve to fill a higher, if God in his providence shall open your way.

David Livingstone was especially earnest in storing his mind with reading. He tells he "read every thing that came in his way, except novels," and that is a remark I would recommend to the consideration of my young friends, "every thing except novels." It is almost unfashionable to utter a word against novels. We have so many works of fiction, so many good ones, that it is regarded as bad taste to object to them. Do they not carry instruction? Have they not a fine moral tendency? Are they not highly entertaining? They may be, and yet they produce such a distaste for severer studies, for those exercises of mind which form its best discipline, that I can have very little hope for the future distinction of those young men who read little except novels.

Our author continues: "Scientific works and books of travel were my especial delight, though my father believing with many of his time who ought to have known better, that the former were inimical to religion, would have preferred to have

seen me poring over the "Cloud of Witnesses," or Boston's "Fourfold State."

I can sympathize with Livingstone in that part of his youthful experience. My own father, though eminently wise and judicious in other respects, yet strangely Puritan in some of his notions, entertained the same idea; for one of my severest trials was when, at a very early age in life, my father took from me D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation," which I was greedily devouring—but had not completed—recommending me to read instead "Fletcher's Checks to Antinomianism," which gave me a dislike to those valuable polemic works, which for many years I did not overcome.

There is little need, however, to enter a protest against an idea so entirely wrong, that History or science should be hurtful to religious feeling, or for the acquirement of Scriptural and theological knowledge. The extreme is, perhaps, in more danger now of running to the opposite of that Puritanical notion.

(To be concluded)

MR. SPURGEON AT EXETER HALL.

On Sunday last the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon commenced a new series of Sunday morning services, which notwithstanding the frost, snow, and chilling wind, was crowded to excess. There was not, in fact, standing-room for another individual; and many who came late were obliged to leave. Our readers are already aware that the reason why the Rev. Genl. left the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, where for three years and a half he has been accustomed to exercise his ministrations, is the fact that it is now opened on Sunday evenings for musical entertainments. The congregation was as usual admitted by tickets up to half-past ten, when the general public in a very few minutes filled up the remaining seats. A few stragglers dropped in just as the Rev. gentleman was about to commence his discourse, and Mr. Spurgeon told them that it was a point of his religion to disturb nobody else, and that therefore in Exeter Hall, immediately after the commencement of the service, the door for the future would be closed. Selecting for his text I Kings xvii. 16—"And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord which he spake to Elijah," he preached a discourse on divine faithfulness—first, its object; second the singular method of its exemplification; third, the undying faithfulness of divine love. At the conclusion of the discourse, Mr. Spurgeon said that they all knew the cause which had led to his leaving the large edifice which they had so long previously been accustomed to use. He had entered his protest against what he considered the desecration of the Lord's-day. That protest had failed—and, therefore, in stern obedience to duty, he had come thither. The collection which would be taken up at the doors would go towards the speedy erection of their large Tabernacle, and if all friends would help him now, it would spare them the trouble of a greater effort at a future time. If each person present contribute only a penny, a considerable amount would be realized.—*London Freeman.*

A GOOD SERMON AND A SMALL CONGREGATION.

We have heard a good story of the elder Dr. Beecher, that is said to be true, and is worth putting into type, as illustrating the truth that we can never tell what may result from an apparently insignificant action. The Doctor, once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange; and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was in mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult.—Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house; and, after looking around, the old gentleman (then young) took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the doors opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not, was the question; and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it because only one could reap the benefit of it, and accordingly, he actually went through the whole service, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only one hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from his desk to speak to his "congregation;" but he had departed. A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally; but twenty years after, it was brought to the Doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the Doctor alighted from the stage one day, in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the Doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we spent two hours together, in a house, alone, once in a storm." "I do not recollect it," said the old man; "pray where was it?" "Do you remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the Doctor, grasping his hand, "I do indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to speak to you ever since." "I am the man, Sir, and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church!" The converts of that Sermon, Sir, are all over Ohio!" So striking a result made no little impression on the old veteran's mind. He learned that the man was at that time a lawyer, who was in the town on business, and living of a Sunday morning at a country hotel, went in despite of the storm to hear that sermon. The Doctor often tells the story, and adds, "I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had."

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.—From a letter addressed by Mr. S. C. Hall to *The Times*, it appears that Miss Nightingale's ill-health has delayed the application of this fund to its intended purpose—the formation of an Institute for Nurses. He adds, "the sum collected (invested in Exchequer-bills), with the interest accumulated since the Committee ceased its labours, amounts, I believe, to about £48,000."

The Globe says the greatly increased European force required for India will render it necessary to make some permanent addition to the regular garrison in our own and colonial possessions; and it anticipates an immediate increase of our army of some 10,000 men.—*L. Freeman.*

Mr. Russell, *The Times'* correspondent, is busy preparing for the press his diary kept during the Indian campaign, which will shortly be published in two volumes, by Routledge. The matter is altogether distinct from *The Times'* letters. He has received £1,500, for the work.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—We learn, on authority which we consider perfectly reliable, that government has decided upon providing Dr. Livingstone with a new steamer for the purpose of enabling him to carry out his exploration of the Zambesi. In addition to this, the present administration interest with which the present administration views the efforts for opening up Central Africa to the influences of civilization, Mr. Gladstone, we are informed, has appropriated a sum of £2,500, to the further exploration of the great Nyanza chain of lakes. The command of this latter expedition will be entrusted to Captain Speke.—*Manchester Guardian.*

The *Court Circular* reports that a noble lord, the eldest son of a popular peer, has written an original poem of such surpassing beauty as to perfectly enchant all who have read it. It will soon be submitted to the ordeal of the public through the medium of Mr. Murry. "Orestes" is the title of the new work.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* announces that the commerce of Russian subjects in China meets with no impediment; and that the members of lay and ecclesiastical missions enjoy every desirable protection and liberty, both at Peking and in the neighbourhood.

The two Canadas have an area of 250,000 square miles, with a population of over 2,000,000; New Brunswick 27,700 square miles with a population of 225,000; Prince Edward's Island is 2,143 square miles, with a population of 62,398; and Newfoundland of 57,000 square miles, with a population of 120,000; Nova Scotia 18,746 square miles, with a population of 300,000—total area of 553,446 square miles, and an aggregate population of 3,000,000.

HYMN.

COLD is my heart to things divine,
My love to Christ grows faint;
Spirit of holiness come down—
I for thy influence pant.

Long have I grieved'd here below,
Content with fleeting joys;
O, Sun of Righteousness appear,
And in my heart arise.

O, bring the things of Jesus Christ,
And show them to my heart;
And bear thy witness with my soul—
I've in His love a part.

Enable me to testify
The power of faith divine—
To spread his glorious name below,
Then in his likeness shine.

Temperance and Prohibition.

A DRUNKEN MAN'S ARGUMENTS.

The speaker was a well formed, and fine-looking man, who had on the clothes of a mechanic. He was one of the best mechanics in our country, and whilst sober, had laid up property. In an evil hour he yielded to the temptations of an old habit of drinking rum. He descended from one stage of degradation to another with great rapidity, and his best friends despaired of his reformation.

One day I met him in the office of a lawyer. Although in the forenoon, he was quite tipsy. He was such a bright man, so superior in many respects, that I was pained to see him going to ruin. My feelings were indicated in my countenance, and perhaps, anticipating an admonition, he said, "I see you want to talk to me about my habits."

I admitted it.

"I thought so," said he, "and now, as I want you to confine yourself to things new, let me tell you something which you are disposed to say, but which you need not say, for I know them already a great deal better than you can tell me!"

"You were just thinking what a bloody shame it is that a man whose mechanical skill is sought after at high price, and who could make himself independent in a short time, should sacrifice all this to his drunken appetite, and reduce himself to pauperism. Be candid. Were you not thinking so?"

I said he had hit the nail on the head.

"I thought so," said he; "now you need not say anything on this point, for I am already convinced; I know what a fool I am in this respect."

"Then you were thinking of my trembling nerves," he continued, "and were amazed that I dare pour this 'distilled damnation' down into my stomach, when I am on the verge of delirium tremens all the time. Confess now, if you were not thinking this?"

I was not disposed to deny it.

"Just so," he said. "Now, sir, I know about this matter better than you do. I have felt all that Gough or Dr. Jewett has described. I have seen the devils who haunt the victim, and know how he has this disease, for the time, in perdition. You can't tell me anything on that point, so when you speak, please omit this!"

I could not repress a smile at the man's ingenuity and frankness.

"But," said he, "there is another view of my case, which you are disposed to urge. You want to remind me how ten years ago I courted my wife (and no man has a better wife than mine), and how she refused to marry me until she was assured that I had left off drinking. I loved her then, and love her now. I promised to treat her as a man should treat his wife. You want to remind me that I have, by my drunkenness, converted my home into a place of torment, and that I have actually laid violent hands on my wife!"

His voice trembled and his eyes moistened as he alluded to his wife.

"And here are my children: You want to remind me of the dangers and sorrows I am exposing them to; but you, sir, cannot tell me anything pertaining to my family. I know all about it. I curse myself as a wretch and a fool. I have no mercy in my self-condemnings. Yes, sir, I know all about this by an experience which may the Lord deliver you from! So you need say nothing on this point."

I could not but admit that he had drawn the case with a bolder hand than I would have dared to attempt.

"But there is one chief argument which you want to try on me. You wanted to draw a motive for reformation from the future retribution

which God will visit on the drunkard. It is a terrible motive, and I believe it to be a true one. I believe there is a hell; may I know there is, for I have sometimes felt its fires, and I have seen its tormentors. I sometimes am overwhelmed with agony at the bare anticipation of meeting God in judgement. I admit that I am hurrying very fast in that direction, and present appearances indicate that I shall be turned into hell as a drunkard.

This was not said defiantly or jestingly, but with gravity and feeling.

"And so you need say nothing to me on this point. I know it already; but if you have anything new to urge, I shall be glad to hear it."

And thus he anticipated, and most forcibly stated some of the general arguments which a person would be likely to use in endeavoring to recall him to a life of temperance. I could not refrain from laughing to see how he had taken the wind of my sails.

But thoroughly warmed with his subject, my neighbor stated his case still further; "Sir, you know nothing about the appetite for rum. My father taught me to drink it from my childhood. I inherited drunkenness from him, and I was a drunkard before I was of age. For the love of my wife I made a mighty effort to conquer my appetite, and thought I had succeeded. Time and temptation showed me my mistake. The appetite was not removed. In due time it woke like a raging demon, and filled me with unutterable torments. I would think of my property and my reputation; then of my health and the horrors of delirium tremens; then of my wife, and children, and home; and then of the hell into which the drunkard will be cast, I would rush into my business with furious energy, and thus try to overcome the appetite; and yet, in the face of all these motives, I would go straight to the tavern and drink myself drunk. My remorse and shame were added to other motives to keep me from repeating the deed but all these seemed like the ropes and whips on the limbs of Samson. This, sir, is my case; have you anything new to add which I am not already better acquainted with than you can be?"

It was the most impressive temperance discourse I ever heard, because pronounced with that union which came from a terrible experience of the evil which held him with its death gripe.

But there is a bright side to the picture. The half-drunk lecturer, whose discourse I have outlined, in spite of his gloomy anticipations to the contrary, has reformed his life, and for several years has lived a sober life, during which time he has acquired property rapidly.

Within a few miles I know of two other cases quite similar. Both these men were as far gone as the one described, and were regarded as perfectly desperate cases, but both of them were reformed, and are now in independent circumstances.

I write these facts to encourage all whom it may concern.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Religious Items.

A TERRIBLE WARNING.—The Richmond papers of the last week announced the death, in the poor-house of that city, of Dr. Thomas Johnston, at one time the popular and skilful physician of that metropolis. Dr. Johnston held a professorship at the University of Virginia, at a later period was head of the medical faculty of Richmond, and for many years enjoyed a lucrative practice in that city. With talents to adorn any station, possessed of rare professional skill, loved and respected by hundreds, whose lives he had rescued from imminent death, blessed with all the endearments of a loving, trusting and forgiving wife could add to the home circle, yet with these multiplied providences of heaven to render earth happy and desirable, he threw them all away, crushed the heart of his wife, drove away by constant degradation, friends, fame and fortune, for the gratification of an appetite, moderate in its demands but which, like the folds of the serpent wound closer and firmer round the heart, until all that was manly, noble and elevated, was crushed out forever, leaving but the bloated and degraded brutalizing carcass of him who was once the pride of his profession, and a bright ornament to the social circle.

He who had ministered consolation to many a bleeding heart, healed the sick, and made joy and gladness leap forth in the midst of death; died in the poor-house of the metropolis, a wretched, degraded pauper! Yet he was once but a moderate drinker. Remember, young men, the teaching of experience, and, ere it is too late, shun the deadly upas of drunkenness before its poison shall have been ineffaceably rooted in thy heart. There is but one road, "Touch not, taste not the drunkard's bowl."

Religious Items.

RELIGIOUS FEELING IN ENGLAND.—The English correspondent of the *N. Y. Chronicle* speak of the decline of religious interest in Ireland, but of its increase in England and Scotland. He says:

Scotland is animated throughout the length and breadth of the land with an extraordinary religious influence. It is pervading all ranks and penetrating most of the churches. Its influence has greatly augmented since my last visit and some of the characteristics of the awakenings are not inferior to any of those unfolded in the one in Ireland. England is waiting, and the evening are multiplying. On Monday, or at noon being at Hull, and has continued dull I have attended all, with one exception. Ministers from all the Nonconforming bodies were there and the attendance of the people from 300 to 400. The clergy are expected to unite with them next week.

Of our own denominational affairs he writes follows:

The spiritual condition of our own body is, I think, very hopeful. Many of our churches are in, what would in most parts of the world, considered a healthy state.

Thirty, forty, fifty, and in some cases sixty or more additions are reported during the year. Wales presents an increase, probably, of upwards of 9,000 this year to our body, and in many parts of the principality the work of God steadily progressing.

PRAYER-MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.—Over a hundred prayer-meetings are held in Perth, Scotland, every week. The editor of the *British Standard* calls for the establishment of an Exeter prayer-meeting.