

Mr. Eboron—My last letter contained a brief outline of the way in which the investments and deposits in the society are brought into profitable operation. I propose now to show how provision may be made against sickness or old age. In doing this, it is unnecessary for me to draw an imaginary picture of the ills which afflict humanity, or of the casualties to which we are exposed more or less; enough out of these melancholy records is read or heard of every day, to urge the thoughtless and justify the prudent to make provision for the future.

Much has been justly said in favor of "Life Assurance;" however, I shall show by the following that an equally safe provision may be made through this society, and that by a much more convenient mode, and also at a cost not exceeding thirty and one-third per cent. on the amount paid to a respectable Life Assurance Company to secure the same amount.

To illustrate how this may be accomplished, let us begin with a young man in a respectable situation, who takes five shares, on which he pays \$5 monthly (most young men in good situations can save this sum monthly, many could save it from horse-hire alone, some from the ball-alley, some in one way and some in another); this is \$60 in the course of the year, and in the course of one hundred and twenty months, i. e. ten years, his payments will amount to \$7200—this entitles him to receive \$1,000.

Instead of withdrawing this sum, let him invest it in the purchase of ten paid-up shares, which, upon the expiration of another decade, will entitle him to receive \$2,000. This sum again invested in the purchase of twenty paid-up shares, will, at the end of another decade, entitle him to receive \$4,000. To secure the like amount through the Assurance Company, for thirty years, he would have to pay the yearly premium of \$69.60, or an aggregate of \$2,088. Contrast this sum with the yearly sum of \$60—and that for ten years only. Here is a difference of \$1,488 in favour of this Society.

The circumstances of most people will admit of their investing two or three dollars monthly. Two dollars invested monthly, in the manner already described, will, at the end of ten years from the date of his first payment, entitle him to \$400, and instead of withdrawing it, let him re-invest the amount in the purchase of four paid-up shares; this at the close of a like period, will entitle him to \$800. Provision for young men entering on the active duties of this life may be profitably made, and on such a scale as is convenient to families. In the same way marriage portions may be provided for daughters. Shares at maturity, instead of being withdrawn, may be invested as permanent stock, and in such case receive a half-yearly dividend, equal to that which is accruing on investing paid-up shares.

What is it, my soul, that causes this uneasiness, this dissatisfaction, this deep inward yearning after something which thou hast not, or dost not at present enjoy? I am not at rest. I am not rejoicing in God. I am not singing from the heights of Zion. Yet, I have no slavish fears, I have no gloomy doubts of my interest in Christ. I have no actual dread of death or judgment. But I feel a desire to climb higher, to know more, and to enjoy the power of religion within me as I have not of late. It seems to me that all my wants lead me to Christ, and all my desires go out toward Christ. I want—well, what do I want?

I want to feel more of my need of Christ. I have fancied at times that I could not have a deeper sense of my need of Christ, and of all that Christ is, and has, than I have already experienced. But I am persuaded now that I may, and that only in proportion as I daily feel my need of Christ, shall I desire to know him, trust in him, and enjoy him. I know theoretically that I need Christ in every office that he sustains, in every relationship he fills, and in every character he has assumed. I need him not only to rescue me from death, but to feed me, clothe me, teach me, keep me, guide me, and comfort me. I need him to do all for me, and all within me, which either God or my circumstances require. O to feel more of my need of Jesus, that I may lean on him, and receive from him!

I want to know more of Christ. O how little do I really know of Christ! I have thought of him, spoken of him, and written about him, but how little I really know of him. I want to know more of the person of Christ, more of the grace of Christ, and more of the work of Christ. I want to know more of Christ for me, and more of Christ within me. More of the words of Christ, more of the thoughts of Christ, and more of the heart of Christ. I want to know Jesus as God's Christ, and as my Christ. I want to know Christ as never to doubt his love, question his veracity, or to fear his coming. Yes, so to know him, as to devote myself wholly to him, and be ready at any time to depart and be with him.

I want more affection for Christ. Yes, I want to love Jesus, and to feel that I love him. I want to love him, and to prove by my conversation, conduct, and spirit, that I do so love him. There ought to be no doubt on my own mind on this point, but I should be ready to say, "I love him, because he first loved me." There ought to be no cause or occasion for any who know me to question whether I love him. O no; his love should so influence my conduct, and his love should so season my conversation, that all about me may feel sure that if I love any one I love Jesus. O that the Holy Spirit would shed abroad the love of Christ in my heart more and more, that my love to him may be as strong as death!

I want to realize more sensibly my union with Christ. Christ is the head of his church, and all the true members of that church are in union with him. I cannot but believe that I am one with Christ. I often feel as if I could not live without Christ. But I want daily and hourly to live under the impression that Christ and my soul are one. That I am a member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. What privilege can exceed this, to be united to Christ! Then, because he lives, we shall live also. Then he will use his influence for us, spend his wealth upon us, and desire to have us with him to behold his glory. O Jesus, dwell thou more sensibly in my heart, and let me dwell more sensibly in thee!

I want more communion with Christ. Communion flows from union, and proves its vitality. No union to Christ, no communion with Christ; and if there be no communion with Christ, there is no evidence of the union to Christ. This branch being one with the vine, receives its life, sap, and nourishment from the vine; so we being one with Christ, receive our spiritual life, holiness, and happiness from Christ. The member lives, grows, and is strong, because it is in union with the head; just so the believer lives, grows, and is strong, because he is in union with Christ. In proportion as we realize our union with Christ, will be the sweetness and constancy of our communion with Christ; and in proportion to the sweetness and constancy of our communion with

Christ, will be our assurance of our union to Christ. O for more sweet, sanctifying, and soul-ennobling communion with Jesus!

I want more assimilation to Christ. What I see in Christ I admire, and I admire all that I see in Christ; but admiration is not enough. I want to be like Jesus, just like him—altogether like him. The more I am with him, and the more I see of him, the more I sigh, cry, and long to be like him. I think one may live at such a distance from Christ, and have so little to do with Christ, that we may not be very anxious or desirous to be like him; but I am sure that we cannot be much in his company, or be led by the Holy Spirit to see much of his moral and spiritual beauty, but we shall desire to be like him. At times this seems to be the one thing needful with me, the one thing that I desire of the Lord, that I may be like Jesus. But it is not always so, it is not sufficiently so, therefore I cannot but wish for more assimilation to Christ.

I want to be fully possessed of Christ. Not only to be like him, but to be with him; not only with him in grace, but with him in glory. I am sure I shall never be perfectly satisfied until I have Christ always with me; until I am always with him in his Father's kingdom. This is promised me; I must believe the promise and wait for its fulfillment. Soon it will be true in my experience. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." I shall "depart and be with Christ, which is far better" than being here, distant from him, and so often sighing for the enjoyment of him, then I shall possess Christ. Then I shall be fully satisfied with the presence of Christ. O Lord, let me have a deeper sense of my interest in Christ now, let me enjoy more of him while on earth, and then I know that I shall be satisfied when I awake up in his glorious likeness!

Now it seems to me that these things go together, or naturally follow each other. In proportion as I feel my need of Christ, shall I desire to know Christ—so know him fully—to know him experimentally, in proportion as I know Christ, shall I desire to set my affections on Christ, and to love him with an unquenchable love; just in proportion to my love to him, will be my desire to realize close and vital union to him; in proportion as I realize my union to Christ, shall I want to have and enjoy communion with Christ; in proportion as I enjoy communion with Christ, shall I long for assimilation to Christ; and as I long for assimilation to Christ, shall I desire fully to possess him, and to be forever with him.

Reader, do you know anything about these things? I have written these lines out of my own heart, and they express the feelings and desires of my soul. If I know anything, I do know in a degree my need of Christ; if I desire anything, I do desire to know Christ; if I wish to love to all, I wish to love Christ; if I prize anything, I prize union to Christ; if I desire anything, I desire communion with Christ; if I aspire to anything, I aspire to be like Christ; and if I am persuaded that I shall be satisfied with anything, I am persuaded that I shall be satisfied with the presence and possession of Christ. All my religion finds its centre in Christ. All my Christian experience is connected with Christ. My whole creed begins, goes on, and ends with Christ. I value doctrines, but I think more of Christ. I prize ordinances, but I set more value on Christ. With me it is Christ first, Christ middle, Christ last; is it so with you?

A NEGRO PASTOR IN NEW ORLEANS. In 1847 I resided in New Orleans. My first acquaintance with a negro pastor was in that city. I sometimes attended his church, and it was an unusual circumstance to meet there on Sunday many whites, both ladies and gentlemen, citizens and strangers, who were in attendance at those meetings.

This was a church composed entirely of blacks, most of whom were slaves. The congregation numbered quite a thousand persons. The building and lot were owned by the church, and the title-deeds were held in their name by responsible individuals. The pastor had been sold from Virginia to Louisiana, was a mechanic by trade, and the church had purchased his freedom. They paid him, in weekly collections, a yearly salary of something more than a thousand dollars. His character as a preacher and pastor will appear from the narrative; and though he is not a representative of the whole body of slave preachers in the Southern cities, yet he is a representative of a class. To understand the whole truth concerning the subjects before us, we must contemplate both the good and the bad, for there are bad ministers even among the slaves, though in the main the good greatly predominate.

One Sunday afternoon I entered the African church among a lively throng of worshippers. I was a little late in my arrival, and the members of the church, anxious to secure seats, were hurrying impatiently to the sanctuary. If any one has ever associated with the slave the idea of unvarying gloom, depression and suffering, he should have seen the chattering girls and fashionable-dressed boys who were pouring through the church court-yard. The younger "girls" were dressed in pretty, French-looking costumes, many of them exceedingly tasteful. The "boys" sported kid gloves, glossy beavers, patent-leather boots, and were many of them quite exquisite. This was the Sunday costume of house servants, clerks, porters, etc., in an Anglo-French city, and is no criterion for slave costume any where else; certainly not upon the plantations. As we seated ourselves near the pulpit we saw it occupied by the pastor of the church, another colored preacher, and a white preacher from Mobile; and we were informed, greatly to our disappointment, that the "white brother" was to preach. The services were commenced by the pastor, who prayed and read the hymns, in all which there was nothing peculiar. You might have as well been in a white congregation, and in a city any where else, for all that was distinctive in those services. But soon we had something peculiar. One of the deacons sitting at the right of the pulpit, in attempting to "raise the tune," unfortunately pitched upon the wrong metre, and couldn't make the music and the words fit. Here was an occasion for personal authority, and it came from the pulpit as follows:—

"Who dat start dat tune! Who dat don't know how sing! Stop dat, and let somebody sing knows how to sing. Brudder Peter, you sing."

Poor deacon! he was overwhelmed; he fairly wilted under the pastoral crook. But "Brudder Peter" rose most sublimely to the occasion; hitting at a dash the right time; and the immense congregation, who really "knew how to sing," carried the rolling melody triumphantly to the skies.

And here was noticeable that particular element of negro worship which you can hear but not see in their meetings—devotional singing. Here the negro is within the sphere of his spiritual manifestations. His singing is not artistic; not wonderful for its vocalization; but you can hardly keep from weeping under its influence. There is

about it a particular pathos, and it is the pathos of devotion. There is nothing which thus affects you at their "corn-shucking." There they are simply boisterous and monotonous; they are not even mournful. But let them sing of Jesus, of salvation, of heaven, and you see how susceptible they are to the religious impressions which appeal to their gratitude, their sympathies and their hopes. You feel at once that you are listening to worshippers.

The usual prayer following the singing was by the "white brother;" and this, and even the white brother's sermon, were nothing remarkable, except for dullness. But the closing exercises by the pastor were remarkable, and exceedingly effective. These exercises consisted, first, of a minute and critical review of the white brother's sermon, with notes and corrections of said sermon, and a running practical application of the whole to his hearers; and, secondly, of another exposition of the same chapter, in the pastor's own peculiar style, and for all the world as if he was showing the white brother how he should have preached it. And, indeed, as to ability, there was no comparison between them. The pastor was a master. The subject had been an exposition of a chapter in James. The preacher belonged to a sect calling themselves Christians, though called by their neighbors Campbellites, and expository preaching is one of their weaknesses. The review of this performance was not highly complimentary to the expositor; and contained many effective hits, too palpably just to be ignored. Thus:—

"My brudder call your 'temptation de fact dat God did tempt Abram; and den he, go on to tell you 'bout Abram's temptation. Now I don't like dat word 'temptation.' God cannot be tempted with evil; neither temptest He any man." Suppose, we read that word temp. try, Ah, my brudder, (turning to the white brother, why you no say try?—After dese things God did try Abram." He try His people now! Who has'n't trials and tribulations from God! But I don't like dat word temp. I—tell—you! (to the congregation) "God—don't—temp—any—body!"

This was fair exposition. The white preacher had also made another point in which he was open to correction; and the pastor corrected him—thus:—

"My brudder also tell you 'bout de las' day; and 'bout de angel Gabriel blowin' de trumpet to wake de dead and call de people to judgment. Ah, my brudder" (turning to the preacher), "where you read dat 'bout angel Gabriel blowin' de trumpet? I tell you! (to congregation) 'dare ain't no word in dis blessed book 'bout angel Gabriel blow de trumpet! God give to blow His own trumpet—DE TRUMP OF GOD! Angel Gabriel nothing to do wid it!"

This was also fair criticism. The practical application also was not wanting. In alluding to what the preacher had said during his exposition about the government of the tongue, he gave his fair hearers the full benefit of the application—thus:—

"My brudder also speak about de government ob de tongue! de gouvernement ob de langue!! Ah, my suster, you got a big slap dar!"

This was a hit, as was evident from the sensation. Then came what I suppose was the showing of how the subject should have been handled by his white brother; and how it couldn't have been better illustrated. And in the resume which was given of the sacrifice of Isaac, and the results of Abraham's "trial," some of the negro peculiarities when under preaching were manifested. Especially was this true during the very graphic description given of the prospective sacrifice. There was but little of the negro syllabication or intonation in the finest parts of the description. How the man accomplished it, I have never been able to conjecture, but the description of the offering of Isaac was intensely affecting. We were all in tears. Such pathos, such descriptive eloquence, such simple imagery, such analysis of the father's emotions when the rescue came, such an overwhelming effect when all this in a sudden burst of appeal was applied to the hearers, and their deliverance by Christ. Such pathetic tones when alluding to the sacrifice on Calvary, and "no ram in the thicket there." It was a most extraordinary exhibition.

As for the hearers, it was very easy to see what most moved them. At the description of their rescue by Christ—the coming from heaven as a substitute—the intonation that "no hand should be laid upon the lad," and the assuring, exhilarating parts of the discourse—they would first begin a gentle swaying, rocking motion—the intensity of their emotions increased they would throw up their hands and half shout, as if their enjoyment was irrepressible. Then would come down the pastoral crook with,

"Now look at dat. I'm 'shamed ob you! dese white bredren here too! You won't let me go on wid de glories ob salvation. You 'ga shoutin'." I hab to keep you on de tribulations! to keep you quiet!"

Here was the explanation of the whole philosophy of the effect produced upon his impressive hearers. In their simplicity they were literal believers. They believed the promises and assurances of the preacher without caviling; and they shouted over their certain salvation. They believed that they were to reach heaven through tribulation, and they were saddened at the allusion. It was the exhibition of what is one peculiar element of the negro character—his simple receptive nature, and his earnest emotional faith. "He believeth with the heart," and "receiveth the truth as a little child." Here, too, was illustrated the character of the preaching which is to affect the negro. The white preacher was didactic, dry and powerless; and the same is true of all the white preaching which I have heard addressed to the negro. None can move the negro but a negro. He alone understands the avenue to their emotions and sympathies, because they are identical with his own.

As in most white churches the contribution-box came at the close of the exercises. But who would have expected a plate full of silver from slaves! They were as liberal as princes, though it was only their usual Sunday collection. The contribution amounting to about thirty dollars.

These services as I then witnessed them, and as I afterward had occasion to learn during a two years' residence in New Orleans, were a fair specimen of negro worship in that city. So orderly was the congregation that they were not even watched by the authorities. Such exclusive meetings among the negroes were, however, peculiar to that city. At services which I have attended in Savannah, Charleston and Richmond, the congregations were under much greater restraint, and were therefore more formal in their manner of worship. I have selected my illustrations from the church in New Orleans because of this, preacher and audience were alike unrestrained, and showed the negro's peculiarities

when under the influence of the civilization and refinements of a city.—Harper's Magazine for September.

THE WITHERED FIG-TREE. There are two difficulties connected with the story of the withered fig-tree, which weigh considerably on some minds, and therefore deserve notice:—

1. It is a difficulty with some persons that our Lord should have pronounced any curse at all on the fig-tree. They say that it looks like a needless destruction of an innocent and unoffending creature, and out of keeping with the spirit of Deut. xx. 19.

Such objectors appear to forget that the withering of the fig-tree was not a mere empty exhibition of power, like the pretended miracles of Mahomet and other false prophets. It was a mighty typical act, teaching deep spiritual lessons, lessons of such importance as might well justify the destruction of one of God's unintelligent creatures, in order to convey them. Remembering this, we have no more right to object to it, than to object to the daily offering of a lamb under the Mosaic law. In that offering the life of an innocent and unoffending creature was daily taken away. But the great end of daily setting before the eyes of man the one sacrifice for sin, justified the taking away the life of the lamb. Just in the same way we may justify our Lord's taking away the life of the tree.

2. It is a difficulty with some persons that the account of St. Mark contains the words, "the time of figs was not yet." They ask to be told why our Lord should have gone to the tree seeking fruit, when the season for figs had not yet arrived? The answers to this difficulty are various. The simplest of them appears to be as follows—"The time of figs, as a general rule, had not yet come. But our Lord seeing a fig-tree covered with leaves, unlike the other fig-trees, had a right to suppose that figs were to be found on it, and therefore came to it."—It is no small recommendation of this view that it supplies an exact illustration of the state of the Jewish church, when our Lord was upon earth. The time of figs was not yet, that is, the nations of the earth were all in darkness, and bore no fruit to the glory of God. But among the nations, there was one covered with leaves, that is the Jewish church, full of light, knowledge, privileges, and high profession. Seeing this fig-tree full of leaves, our Lord came to it seeking fruit, that is, he came to the Jews justly expecting them to have fruit according to their outward profession. But when our Lord came to this leafy Jewish fig-tree, he found it utterly destitute of fruit, faithless and unbelieving. And the end was that he pronounced sentence on it, gave it over to be destroyed by the Romans, and scattered the Jews over the earth.—Rev. J. C. Ryle.

ESCAPING FROM FIRE. Human life has been often thrown away from persons not taking the precaution to accustom their minds to dwell at times on the proper method of acting in emergencies. From want of this, many rush into the jaws of death, when a single moment's calm reflection would have pointed out a certain and easy means of escape. It is more necessary to fix in the mind a general course of action in case of being in a house while it is on fire, since the most dangerous conflagrations occur at the dead of night; and at the moment of being aroused from a sound sleep, the brain is apt to become too confused to direct the bodily movements with any kind of appropriateness, without some previous preparation in the manner contained therein. The London Fire Department suggests, in case premises are on fire:—

1. Be careful to acquaint yourself with the best means of exit from the house, both at the top and bottom.

2. On the first alarm, reflect before you act. If in bed at the time, wrap yourself in a blanket or bedside carpet. Open no more doors than are absolutely necessary, and shut every door after you.

3. There is always from eight to twelve inches of pure air close to the ground; if you cannot, therefore, walk upright through the smoke, drop on your hands and knees, and thus progress. A wetted silk handkerchief, a piece of flannel, or a worsted stocking, drawn over the face, permits breathing, and to a great extent, excludes the smoke.

4. If you can neither make your way upward nor downward, get into a front room; if there be a family see that they are all collected here, and keep the door closed as much as possible, for remember that smoke always follows a draught, and fire rushes after smoke.

5. On no account throw yourself, or allow others to throw themselves, from the window. If no assistance is at hand, and you are in extremity, tie the sheets together, having fastened one end to some heavy piece of furniture, and let down the women and children one by one, by tying the end of the line of sheets around the waist, and lowering them through the window that is over the door, rather than one that is over the area. You can easily let yourself down after the helpless are saved.

6. If a woman's clothes catch fire, let her instantly roll herself over and over on the ground. If a man be present, let him throw her down and do the like, and then wrap her in a rug, coat, or the first woollen thing that is at hand.

Of the preceding suggestions, there are two which cannot be too deeply engraven on the mind, that the air is comparatively pure within a foot of the floor, and that any wetted silk or woollen texture thrown over the face excludes smoke to a great extent; it is often the case that the sleeper is awakened by the suffocating effects of the smoke, and the very first effort should be to get rid of it, so as to give time to compose the mind, and make some muscular effort to escape.

In case any portion of the body is burned, it cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind that putting the burned part under water, or milk, or other bland fluid, gives instantaneous and perfect relief from all pain whatever; and there it should remain until the burn can be covered perfectly with half an inch or more of common wheaton flour, put on with a dredging-box, or in any other way, and allowed to remain until a cure is effected; when the dry, caked flour will fall off, or can be softened with water, disclosing a beautiful, new, and healthy skin, in all cases where the burns have been superficial. But in any case of burn, the first effort should be to compose the mind, by instantaneously removing bodily pain, which is done as above named; the philosophy of it being, that the fluid, whether water, milk, oil, &c., excludes the air from the wound; the flour does the same thing; and it is rare indeed that water and flour are not instantaneously to be had in all habitable localities.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Morning and evening, commit yourself to God in prayer.

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

Old Series, Vol. XVI, No. 40.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1863.

"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, i. 13.

NEW SERIES, Vol. I, No. 40.

of ruins. Think not this picture merely fanciful. Ah, these day-dreams, these times of castle-building, have a much greater influence upon our lives than we may imagine. If it be not true that castle-building is always plan-laying, that day-dreams are always to be realized, it is more frequently true, than we may suppose, not that he who builds most air-castles will erect the most magnificent life-structure, nor that he who dreams most will work most, for he who spends his life in drawing the plan, will never even lay the foundation, and he who always dreams will be always idle; but these day-dreams that will come o'er the mind, that form themselves of their own free will, and almost without our guidance, these are they that tell powerfully in our lives. How oft are they like the first clay model of the sculptor's conception of the statue to be! The boy Napoleon fights the battles in imagination, as a man, in earnest. The boy Davy dreams of science, and of fame. A man, a sculptor, he works out in marble the realization of the ethereal model.

Our day-dreams are of wealth, and to the abodes thereof; when free, the mind turns instantly and loves there to linger. Then our whole life is but a struggle for its realization. The mind of the boy wanders away among foreign lands; he loves in dreams to visit the splendid cities of Europe or Asia; to view the magnificent scenery of the Alps, or of Italy. These dreams please him most, they come in upon him without call, and because they please him he allows them to take their course. That boy, ten chances to one, will be a traveller.

The boy's waking-dreams are of crime, though his outward life may be pure; but ere long some dreadful wickedness shall astonish not only the world, but himself. Horace said truly, "No one becomes suddenly totally corrupted." Depend upon it, that the murder committed by him, hitherto thought incapable of crime, or the fraud by him, heretofore esteemed honest, is not his first guilt; mayhap it is the first actually committed; but were his day-dreams known, we should find them the first steps in a career of crime, of which this is the first openly done.

These day-dreams you may check, and you may guide them, should they go astray, into right paths. Keep a watch over them. Let not the hour of action be spent in dreams, and let not the thoughts wander over ground forbidden. If you will be pure, if you would keep your life unspotted, in short, if you would be good, keep a strict watch over your thoughts, when like school children they are turned loose from labor, else by and by you may find that, in their play, they have been weaving the threads of your destiny.

MORE OF CHRIST!—MORE OF CHRIST!! BY THE LATE REV. J. SMITH, CHURCHMAN.

What is it, my soul, that causes this uneasiness, this dissatisfaction, this deep inward yearning after something which thou hast not, or dost not at present enjoy? I am not at rest. I am not rejoicing in God. I am not singing from the heights of Zion. Yet, I have no slavish fears, I have no gloomy doubts of my interest in Christ. I have no actual dread of death or judgment. But I feel a desire to climb higher, to know more, and to enjoy the power of religion within me as I have not of late. It seems to me that all my wants lead me to Christ, and all my desires go out toward Christ. I want—well, what do I want?

I want to feel more of my need of Christ. I have fancied at times that I could not have a deeper sense of my need of Christ, and of all that Christ is, and has, than I have already experienced. But I am persuaded now that I may, and that only in proportion as I daily feel my need of Christ, shall I desire to know him, trust in him, and enjoy him. I know theoretically that I need Christ in every office that he sustains, in every relationship he fills, and in every character he has assumed. I need him not only to rescue me from death, but to feed me, clothe me, teach me, keep me, guide me, and comfort me. I need him to do all for me, and all within me, which either God or my circumstances require. O to feel more of my need of Jesus, that I may lean on him, and receive from him!

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I want to realize more sensibly my union with Christ. Christ is the head of his church, and all the true members of that church are in union with him. I cannot but believe that I am one with Christ. I often feel as if I could not live without Christ. But I want daily and hourly to live under the impression that Christ and my soul are one. That I am a member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. What privilege can exceed this, to be united to Christ! Then, because he lives, we shall live also. Then he will use his influence for us, spend his wealth upon us, and desire to have us with him to behold his glory. O Jesus, dwell thou more sensibly in my heart, and let me dwell more sensibly in thee!

I want more communion with Christ. Communion flows from union, and proves its vitality. No union to Christ, no communion with Christ; and if there be no communion with Christ, there is no evidence of the union to Christ. This branch being one with the vine, receives its life, sap, and nourishment from the vine; so we being one with Christ, receive our spiritual life, holiness, and happiness from Christ. The member lives, grows, and is strong, because it is in union with the head; just so the believer lives, grows, and is strong, because he is in union with Christ. In proportion as we realize our union with Christ, will be the sweetness and constancy of our communion with Christ; and in proportion to the sweetness and constancy of our communion with

Christ, will be our assurance of our union to Christ. O for more sweet, sanctifying, and soul-ennobling communion with Jesus!

I want more assimilation to Christ. What I see in Christ I admire, and I admire all that I see in Christ; but admiration is not enough. I want to be like Jesus, just like him—altogether like him. The more I am with him, and the more I see of him, the more I sigh, cry, and long to be like him. I think one may live at such a distance from Christ, and have so little to do with Christ, that we may not be very anxious or desirous to be like him; but I am sure that we cannot be much in his company, or be led by the Holy Spirit to see much of his moral and spiritual beauty, but we shall desire to be like him. At times this seems to be the one thing needful with me, the one thing that I desire of the Lord, that I may be like Jesus. But it is not always so, it is not sufficiently so, therefore I cannot but wish for more assimilation to Christ.

I want to be fully possessed of Christ. Not only to be like him, but to be with him; not only with him in grace, but with him in glory. I am sure I shall never be perfectly satisfied until I have Christ always with me; until I am always with him in his Father's kingdom. This is promised me; I must believe the promise and wait for its fulfillment. Soon it will be true in my experience. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." I shall "depart and be with Christ, which is far better" than being here, distant from him, and so often sighing for the enjoyment of him, then I shall possess Christ. Then I shall be fully satisfied with the presence of Christ. O Lord, let me have a deeper sense of my interest in Christ now, let me enjoy more of him while on earth, and then I know that I shall be satisfied when I awake up in his glorious likeness!

Now it seems to me that these things go together, or naturally follow each other. In proportion as I feel my need of Christ, shall I desire to know Christ—so know him fully—to know him experimentally, in proportion as I know Christ, shall I desire to set my affections on Christ, and to love him with an unquenchable love; just in proportion to my love to him, will be my desire to realize close and vital union to him; in proportion as I realize my union to Christ, shall I want to have and enjoy communion with Christ; in proportion as I enjoy communion with Christ, shall I long for assimilation to Christ; and as I long for assimilation to Christ, shall I desire fully to possess him, and to be forever with him.

Reader, do you know anything about these things? I have written these lines out of my own heart, and they express the feelings and desires of my soul. If I know anything, I do know in a degree my need of Christ; if I desire anything, I do desire to know Christ; if I wish to love to all, I wish to love Christ; if I prize anything, I prize union to Christ; if I desire anything, I desire communion with Christ; if I aspire to anything, I aspire to be like Christ; and if I am persuaded that I shall be satisfied with anything, I am persuaded that I shall be satisfied with the presence and possession of Christ. All my religion finds its centre in Christ. All my Christian experience is connected with Christ. My whole creed begins, goes on, and ends with Christ. I value doctrines, but I think more of Christ. I prize ordinances, but I set more value on Christ. With me it is Christ first, Christ middle, Christ last; is it so with you?

A NEGRO PASTOR IN NEW ORLEANS. In 1847 I resided in New Orleans. My first acquaintance with a negro pastor was in that city. I sometimes attended his church, and it was an unusual circumstance to meet there on Sunday many whites, both ladies and gentlemen, citizens and strangers, who were in attendance at those meetings.

This was a church composed entirely of blacks, most of whom were slaves. The congregation numbered quite a thousand persons. The building and lot were owned by the church, and the title-deeds were held in their name by responsible individuals. The pastor had been sold from Virginia to Louisiana, was a mechanic by trade, and the church had purchased his freedom. They paid him, in weekly collections, a yearly salary of something more than a thousand dollars. His character as a preacher and pastor will appear from the narrative; and though he is not a representative of the whole body of slave preachers in the Southern cities, yet he is a representative of a class. To understand the whole truth concerning the subjects before us, we must contemplate both the good and the bad, for there are bad ministers even among the slaves, though in the main the good greatly predominate.

One Sunday afternoon I entered the African church among a lively throng of worshippers. I was a little late in my arrival, and the members of the church, anxious to secure seats, were hurrying impatiently to the sanctuary. If any one has ever associated with the slave the idea of unvarying gloom, depression and suffering, he should have seen the chattering girls and fashionable-dressed boys who were pouring through the church court-yard. The younger "girls" were dressed in pretty, French-looking costumes, many of them exceedingly tasteful. The "boys" sported kid gloves, glossy beavers, patent-leather boots, and were many of them quite exquisite. This was the Sunday costume of house servants, clerks, porters, etc., in an Anglo-French city, and is no criterion for slave costume any where else; certainly not upon the plantations. As we seated ourselves near the pulpit we saw it occupied by the pastor of the church, another colored preacher, and a white preacher from Mobile; and we were informed, greatly to our disappointment, that the "white brother" was to preach. The services were commenced by the pastor, who prayed and read the hymns, in all which there was nothing peculiar. You might have as well been in a white congregation, and in a city any where else, for all that was distinctive in those services. But soon we had something peculiar. One of the deacons sitting at the right of the pulpit, in attempting to "raise the tune," unfortunately pitched upon the wrong metre, and couldn't make the music and the words fit. Here was an occasion for personal authority, and it came from the pulpit as follows:—

"Who dat start dat tune! Who dat don't know how sing! Stop dat, and let somebody sing knows how to sing. Brudder Peter, you sing."

Poor deacon! he was overwhelmed; he fairly wilted under the pastoral crook. But "Brudder Peter" rose most sublimely to the occasion; hitting at a dash the right time; and the immense congregation, who really "knew how to sing," carried the rolling melody triumphantly to the skies.

And here was noticeable that particular element of negro worship which you can hear but not see in their meetings—devotional singing. Here the negro is within the sphere of his spiritual manifestations. His singing is not artistic; not wonderful for its vocalization; but you can hardly keep from weeping under its influence. There is

about it a particular pathos, and it is the pathos of devotion. There is