

Drowsiness in the Pew.

One of the most serious embarrassments with which Christian ministers, and especially stated pastors, have to contend, is the tendency to sleep in the pew. Occasionally the person who slumbers in the church is more to be pitied than blamed. Physical fatigue or disease may be the cause, and then, though every effort be made to resist drowsiness, come it will. Again, if the preacher be dry, formal, tedious or monotonous he produces slumber, and therefore must not blame his sleepy hearers. If sermons have no thought, no soul, no power, who can find fault in hearers take occasion to redeem the time otherwise lost, by gaining the rest a quiet sleep imports? Christless discourses; empty harangues, be they read or preached, cannot be otherwise than tame and uninteresting. For stupidity in such cases, the pulpit and not the pew must be held accountable. But when the Gospel of God's grace is faithfully proclaimed by God's sent ambassador, for persons in bodily health and vigor to sleep, is not only embarrassing to the pastor beyond measure, but it is impious in the sight of righteous heaven. Says the Christian World:

"Where the Word of the Lord is faithfully dispensed there should be no drowsy pews, for a Gospel sermon is never uninteresting, and to make the house of the Lord a dormitory is a most unseemly and reprehensible thing. To sleep when the blessed God is offering salvation with eternal glory to men who deserve condemnation! It is a terrible evidence of spiritual insensibility. When men are gathered together to hear a will read, they do not sleep. Every ear is keenly alive, not a whisper is heard, all are profoundly attentive; and yet, after all, what is it that so deeply interests the group? Simply the hope of a legacy, a hope which in many cases is doomed to disappointment; and even when it is gratified what is the legacy? A little property, the possession of which may prove any thing but a blessing, or which the owner may be speedily summoned to leave by death. Yet the knowledge of these facts does not make the company indifferent. Should not, then, the wonderful truth that there is a legacy in the Gospel for every one who will accept it, the truth that this legacy always proves a blessing, and the truth that no one who receives it shall be called to surrender it, makes all to whom the Gospel is preached eagerly alive to its infinitely gracious propositions? But sleep may be taken metaphorically as well as literally. There is, therefore, also, the drowsy pew where the eye is not closed, and where there are truly no indications of physical slumber."

Alas! that drowsy pew is too conspicuous in too many places; and to the faithful servant of the Lord Jesus, who feels the importance of his Master's message, and consequently yearns over souls, earnestly desiring their salvation, it is a painful, a most distressing sight. Literally, the occupant of this pew sleeps not, but so far as a hearty reception of the truth and a practical subjection to the Head of the Church are concerned, he is like a man locked in profound slumber. Having eyes, he sees not; having ears, he hears not. Warning, admonition, entreaty, persuasion, are alike lost upon him. The treasures of grace kindle no desire for enjoyment in his heart, and the terrors of the Lord move not his spirit with fear. To mercy and wrath he is alike indifferent; the blood of the cross and the day of judgment are equally things of no importance; he can hear of both without concern, and return to his house the same man that he left it, spiritually asleep, spiritually dead! How awfully true are the Scripture representations of men, and how deep must human depravity be that these descriptions do not startle them out of their perilous slumber! O, the infatuation that soothes men with promises of future amendment, whilst they persistently refuse the offers of infinite mercy!"

The Criminality of Drunkenness.

NO. IV.

It is a sin against God who made us. He gave us our bodies and our souls, and therefore we cannot dishonor and ruin them without insulting Him. But, in harmony with this train of thought, Jehovah has indicated in his word most distinctly in what light He regards this debasing vice. Here are a few plain inspired paragraphs, which we commend to the serious consideration of all lovers of strong drink:

"They have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean."—Isaiah xxviii. 7-8.

"The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty. Who hath we? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea; or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."—Prov. xxiii. 21, 29, 30, 34, 35.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. xx. 1.

"It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted."—Prov. xxx. 4-5.

"Be not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh; look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. xxiii. 20, 21, 32.

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till they inflame them: And the harp, and the viol, the tabour, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands."

"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."—Isaiah vi. 11, 12.

"We to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys: of them that are overcome with wine."—Isaiah xxviii. 1.

"Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness. And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess."—Rom. xiii. 13; Eph. v. 18.

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, drunkenness, revellings and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things, shall not inherit the kingdom of God."—Gal. v. 19, 21.

Now all must acknowledge that every one of these distinct utterances the inebriate wholly disregards and most emphatically violates; and as the result of this criminality the drunkard is frequently smitten down by the judicial visitations of the Almighty.

No vice so imperils the safety of the body or the salvation of the soul. The drunkard above all others is exposed to be cut off in his sins and hurried into the presence of his offended Judge. Thousands upon thousands perish annually in a state of deadly intoxication. What a spectacle for men and angels to look upon is an immortal being, originally made in the image of his God, thus madly exposing himself to perils of every sort and to sins of every hue, and hastening on to perdition's awful depths, in that state of delirium which closes the eyes to the opening terrors, and hardens the heart against all entreaties to escape the death which never dies! Young men beware how you tamper with this poisonous cup, lest

in your sad experience you should be made to realize the full meaning of the awful utterance in the passage above quoted. "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Can the Drunkard be reclaimed?

Some have thought not, but it is a mistake; he can be reclaimed from this awful vortex of ruin and raised to respectability and usefulness in the world. John B. Gough is a glorious illustration of this fact. He was once a penniless drunkard on the very verge of despair; but now he stands forth an unrivaled advocate of the "temperance reform," and his income is said to be not less than \$3,000 per annum. Reformed drunkards, if not numerous, may be found in all the walks of social and religious life. The *Examiner* gives a touching incident illustrative of the truthfulness of our remarks:

At the daily prayer-meeting, Fulton street, New York, a request for prayer was made which excited all hearts. The writer, who was understood to be present, represented himself to be hopelessly intemperate. Neither prayers, tears, nor resolutions availed against his soul-destroying appetite. Very earnest prayer followed the reading of this request, and at its close a young man arose and said:

"Two weeks ago I was a hopeless drunkard—a poor, lost, wretched creature, who had made every effort to reclaim me, but with no avail. I had often resolved, with many tears, to break away from the cruel bondage in which I was bound. I took upon myself the most solemn vows that I would reform. What were resolutions and vows before such an inexorable enemy as mine! I could not stand to them a moment. At last I gave myself up to perish. There was no hope for me. I was given up, too, of all the world. In this state of despair I went down to the Fishing Banks one day. There I was attracted by the very pleasing countenance of a young man. I knew he must be a poor man, and a fisherman by profession. He helped me to understand the art of fishing. There was a world of happiness in his face. I loved to look at it. At last, out of gratitude for the kind words he had spoken to me, I took out my flask of liquor and offered him to drink."

"No," he said, "I never drink intoxicating drink, and I ask the Lord Jesus to help me never to touch it."

I looked at him with surprise, and inquired, "Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I trust I am," he said.

"And does Jesus keep you from drinking intoxicating liquor?"

"He does, and I never wish to touch it."

That short answer set me to thinking. It was revealed a new power. I went home that night, and said to myself as I went, How do I know but Christ would keep me from drinking, if I would ask him? When I got to my room I thought over my whole case, and then I knelt down and told the Lord Jesus, just as I would tell you what a poor, miserable wretch I was; how I had struggled against my appetite, and had always been overcome by it. I told him if he would take that appetite away I would give myself up to him to be his forever, and I would forever love and serve him. I told him I felt assured that he could help me, and that he would.

Now I stand here, and I tell you all most solemnly that Jesus took me at my word. He did take away my appetite then and there, so that, from that sacred moment of my casting myself on his help I have not tasted a drop of liquor, nor desired to taste it. The old appetite is gone, and I tell you, moreover, that I gave myself up to Jesus in that very hour, and I received him as a power in my soul against every enemy of my salvation, and he saves me in his infinite mercy to this moment. I have never since, I have been coming every day for two weeks, and O, what happy weeks! I am delivered through the power of Jesus from the awful destruction which was before me. Such has been the method of my relief.

The young man was known to some in the meeting as belonging to a distinguished law firm of New York.

Second Advent.

We have given the recent sermons by the Rev. I. W. D. Gray, D. D., on the "Second Advent of our Lord," a hasty reading, and regard them as a valuable acquisition to our home literature. The Rev. author conducts his argument, in confirmation of this great truth, upon a purely scriptural basis, and presents his thoughts in a style of glowing eloquence. His parishioners acted wisely in suggesting their publication. We bespeak for them an extensive reading.

The following passage from the sermon on the suddenness of Christ's coming may serve as a specimen of the general style of the whole work. The author refers to the parables of the fig-tree, and says:

"What a dread! I shudder much when I realize that? What an icy coldness must seize upon the springs of life when doubt gives way to conviction, when delusion flees before the actual vision of the Christ of God, when the scoff cannot banish, and the laugh cannot drown, and companions cannot hide the solemn truth, that all must stand before the Judgment Seat! Our imaginations may give us some faint conceptions of the thrill of horror which rushes through the soul of an exultant criminal, when he sees before him, on the deck, the officer of Justice; but who can measure, in his thoughts, the terrible consternation, heightened by the sympathy of millions, which will seize the unconverted, when they look upon the radiant countenance of the Lord of Glory? Whose lips could then sing, in unaltered tones?"

"Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of all things! The Judge of all men does appear, 'On clouds of glory seated.' The trumpet sounds, the graves restore the dead, the accursed are reborn."

Yes, the graves will restore their dead. What a preliminary, my Brethren! to the solemn events that are to follow! That restoration I presume, will include the bodies of the just as well as the unjust, for I see no intimation here or elsewhere, of any protracted interval between the rising of these two classes, unless we are to find it in one highly figurative passage in Revelations, which, I think, a totally different meaning, and which would have to form an exception to the general mode of interpretation which that Prophecy demands, in order to warrant this view of it."

And when this stupendous event has occurred, when the tombs of successive ages, and the areas of battle fields, and the recesses of the mighty deep, have yielded up their tenants, and their kindred spirits have come from the invisible world to occupy their seats, then shall all stand, under the scrutiny of the truth, that would be so contracted a sphere, but in the regions of the clouds above us, where all, angelic as well as human, who encircle the throne of our Incarnate God, will find a place prepared for them. And that, my Brethren! will be your *leaving-taking* of the present world as you now behold it, though not your immediate introduction to that different scene, which you are to occupy, when the cycles of time have completed their revolutions.

For then comes the awful crisis which is properly termed "the day of Judgment" because it will witness that final adjudication as to the state and destinies of men, of which all temporal and intermediate judgments are but the feeble adumbrations. Then each one of us must give an account of himself or herself to God, a separate account, a full account, touching every transaction, every word and every thought that has been connected with our personal history, and each of these, with a precision that cannot mistake and an impartiality which cannot be impeached, will have to pass under the scrutiny of the Omnipotent God. All these elements of personal character will then be analysed before the myriads that are assembled there, analysed, not to inform the Judge as to what we have done or said or thought, but to display to the whole intelligent creation His Justice in condemning the wicked, and His Grace in pardoning the believer.

This neat pamphlet of 48 pages is for sale at the publishers, J. & A. McMillan, 78 Prince William St.

"The author is quite aware of the number of pious and learned writers who have advocated the Millennium view of this text, and has carefully noted what they say. He has, however, been guided by the spirit of the text, and has endeavored to present the subject as he believes it to be, in accordance with the analogy of faith."

Rev. E. Hickson writes under date of the 14th: "I baptized four in the North Lake since I wrote you last. Others are converted and are coming into the churches. Last evening the Newmarket church three deacons, viz—Jesse Harding, Allan Vaughan, and Alex. McKeon. Dr. Jno. Robinson is Clerk. The Lord is prospering us. To Him be the praise."

Obituary.

Died on Saturday morning the 21st inst., Colin D. Alline, in the 36th year of his age, leaving a wife and five children to mourn their loss.

There are circumstances in connection with the death of our brother, the relation of which may tend to encourage the hearts of some, to establish their faith and hope, and to lead others to a serious consideration of the position in which they stand to God and Christ to them.

Possessed of a fine manly frame, endowed with an unwonted measure of good nature, and enjoying in a large degree those social virtues which endeared him to his family and friends, our brother had passed through youth and fairly entered on manhood without having experienced the joys that spring from faith in Christ. Yet the early religious training of pious parents and devoted Sabbath school teachers, and the circle of christian friends by whom he was constantly surrounded, preserved him from many of the snares to which those of his free, genial temperament are usually exposed. Through life the example of devout followers of Christ was an arrow in his soul, continually ranking and giving him no rest.

As is common in such cases, he frequently determined to amend his ways, to forsake the paths of sin, and flee to Christ. Yet like "the morning cloud and early dew," these impressions and determinations would pass away, again to return with greater urgency.

During the past two years, as his health was gradually failing, he felt more than ever the necessity of a preparation of heart to meet the summons that should call him away.

Suffering from disease of the heart and pulmonary consumption, his friends were fearful lest he might fall ere reconciled to God through Christ Jesus, and fervent were the prayers offered up by his christian wife, family, and friends, that he might be led to see his state and embrace the Saviour.

In answer to their prayers, a deep feeling of seriousness became apparent, and after a severe struggle with the enemy, he was enabled by divine grace to view the Saviour as his Redeemer and his all.

On Sabbath morning, November 27th, he was led down into the baptismal waters by Rev. S. Robinson, and at once connected himself with the Brussels street Baptist Church.

The diseases from which he suffered rapidly developed themselves, and it became apparent that his strength was daily failing. But the new joy of a found Saviour was more than sufficient to overbalance the anguish of the body, and after a brief but fierce conflict with dark fears and doubts, he came out as though purified by fire, the radiant light in the eye, and the smile on the countenance, testifying to the peace that reigned within. This calm and holy repose never left him, and in the midst of agonies of body he was yet enabled to preserve a calm exterior, verifying the truth of the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

On Friday last it was evident his end was near. He freely conversed with those who wished to speak of Jesus, but his strength failed him when the conversation turned on temporal affairs. His theme was Christ, and in extolling his name, and in silent prayer he passed the hours.

During Friday night he sank very fast, and his family and many friends pressed around his bed to see "how a christian would die."

Would that scoffers at religion and professed infidels could have witnessed the triumphant death of Brother Alline. He was much oppressed for breath, and it was a painful effort for him to speak, yet in a pause after a severe fit of coughing, in reply to a question put by his brother, "Is Jesus with you in the dark valley?" he calmly said, "Christ is all in all."

About fifteen minutes before he died he recognized a lady friend who stood by, distinctly uttering her name, as if to show he still had full possession of every faculty. Directly he requested to be told when he was dying. His sister stooping over him said, "You are dying now, dear, the end is very near."

"Bless the Lord," he replied, "that's good news—that's good news." He now asked for a drink of water, and for his sister, who leaned over and kissed his brow. His breathing became more difficult, and fixing his eyes on his brother who supported his head, he continued for a few moments to breathe slowly without any muscular contraction—then came a pause—a breath—another pause—during which his agonized wife put the question, "Charles, is he gone?" His brother replied, "Yes, his spirit is in the paradise of God."

So died a true believer, in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life. May we live the life of the righteous, that our last end may be like his. J. M. [Christian Messenger please copy.]

A Surprise Party.

Composed of the Choir of Brussels Street, unceremoniously took possession of their pastor's residence on Monday evening last, with baskets in hand filled with the choicest luxuries of the season. The pastor and his good lady having had no hint of the movement, were astonished at this unexpected rush of some fifty persons or more, and asked for an explanation, but they were politely requested to keep cool, and allow Mr. C. L. Tuttle, the leader of the Choir, and the master of ceremonies, to proceed with his arrangements. Knowing that resistance in the presence of such a formidable invasion was useless, they quietly surrendered all control. A table was immediately spread in admirable style with a sumptuous feast, as rich in variety as it was delicious to the taste. When all were assembled to partake, Mr. Tuttle addressed the pastor and his lady in behalf of the Choir, in words expressive of the affection and esteem which had prompted this surprise call, to which the pastor gave a hearty and grateful response. Mr. T. P. Davies followed in a few appropriate remarks, after which a blessing was invoked by the pastor, and then came the social feasting, and the consequent disappearance of the good things provided, until all were amply supplied. The feasting was followed by social converse and delightful music, Mr. Robinson, the organist of Brussels Street, presiding at the piano-forte. A brief address and prayer by Rev. I. E. Bill, closed the proceedings, and the company separated, each feeling that the occasion had been one of peculiar joyousness and of unusual interest to all present. May our venerable Brother Robinson, and his esteemed companion, enjoy many such expressions of good will on the part of their people, to cheer them in the arduous duties of their high vocation!

Baptist Progress in Chicago.

The *Examiner* says a friend gives us this good news from Chicago:

The 6th of January will be memorable to the Baptists of Chicago. The second Baptist Church dedicated their house of worship to God, with the very interesting services, on that day. Dr. Colver preached the sermon to an audience of 1,200 or 1,500 persons. Rev. S. M. Osgood made the prayer of dedication. The pastor, Rev. E. J. Goodspeed, then baptized two young men and two young married ladies. The services were highly impressive. The audience room is the finest in Chicago. In the evening, a joint communion of the Baptist churches was held in this house, and six hundred persons, at least participated. Thirty-two persons received the hand of fellowship. Several clergymen were present, and gave interest to the services. The exhibition of union and fraternity was most gratifying. The Baptists of this metropolis are awake, in some measure, to their responsibilities, and are reaching out after the thronging multitudes.

Dr. Everett's congregation have entered their elegant lecture-room, and are prosecuting the work on their fine new church with energy. Dr. Dixon's people are about to build a commodious and beautiful house in a promising field. Rev. E. G. Taylor's people are free from debt, and prosperity attends them. The prospects of the University are flattering, and if we obtain Dr. Williams, as we hope to do, we shall have a seminary second to none on the continent. All our churches and enterprises seem to have the Divine favor resting on them. We thank God and take courage."

The *Christian Era*, Boston, reports favorably regarding the revival of God's work in some of the New England churches. The issue of the 20th says:

SOMERVILLE.—We have already referred to the good work in progress in Perkins Street church and society in Somerville. We are glad to learn that it is deepening and extending. Last Sabbath the pastor, brother Miller, baptized eleven persons, and gave the hand of fellowship to seventeen. It is supposed that nearly fifty persons have already experienced the change of heart, and are now engaged in the church daily. Last Monday was observed by the church as a day of fasting and prayer. It was an occasion of deep interest; and in the evening some ten or a dozen new inquirers came forward. On the Sabbath the house is filled with a deeply solemn and interested audience. Brother Miller is laboring earnestly, and is being assisted somewhat by Rev. A. Higgins, from Lawrence, who we have good tidings. The first church, as we learn, has just paid off the debt which has always rested upon the house of worship, and is now in a condition to settle a good man who shall be a worthy successor of the lamented Knox. The second church and society have just moved and remodeled their house of worship. They have entered a fine lecture room, and hope soon to enter the main audience room. They are making a vigorous effort to pay off all indebtedness, say \$8,000. Some of the members are taking hold nobly, and in such a manner as to ensure success if all will only do what they can. They have just extended a unanimous call to Rev. H. A. Cook, late of the Spring Garden church, Philadelphia, to become their pastor, and he will probably accept if his pecuniary affairs are removed. The Baptist church in Brattleboro, Vt., has just extended a call to Rev. Mr. Sherwin, of R. I. He has been laboring there for several weeks, and there is already much to encourage the hope of good days soon to be enjoyed there.

CONNECTICUT.—The *Secretary* speaks of the work of grace in Hartford, as follows:—

Last Sabbath was a day of delightful interest to the two Baptist churches in this city. At the North church Dr. Turnbull baptized twenty, and in the afternoon gave the hand of fellowship to twenty-six. Many of us with our families have special occasion for gratitude to the God of all grace for his wonderful loving kindness. There are numerous other conversions, and inquirers, and the meetings continue with much interest.

The efforts of brother Earle have been of incalculable profit to these two churches, as well as to many others in our community. His preaching was by means "with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." It was plain and simple to a remarkable degree, and yet as remarkably Scriptural and cogent and quickening to the soul. His visits among us will ever be remembered as a season of peculiar refreshing; and although we do not profess to estimate the number converted through his labors, we feel that eternity alone can measure the extent and value of the harvest.

For the Christian Visitor.

Donation Visit to Rev. T. Todd.

On Monday evening, 9th inst., the Baptist Parsonage, Sackville, was well filled with the friends of the Rev. Thos. Todd, presenting to him their annual donation, which was quite in keeping with their former liberality. The evening was pleasantly spent in social interview. The presentation address was delivered by Dea. E. Read, accompanied by a large purse well filled with cash, which the happy and grateful pastor received with all cordiality, as expressed in his suitable reply. Rev. W. A. Coleman, W. F. Cutten, and C. E. Knapp, Esqs., and Mr. H. Black, having been called upon, responded very appropriately. Bro. Todd has entered upon his fourth year in Sackville, and this is the third donation which his friends have made, all independent of his annual salary.

A few weeks previous to the donation, a surprise party, composed of a number of the members of the Sabbath School, entered the parsonage and presented the pastor with a very handsome Shawl, accompanied with the following address:—

ESTEEMED PASTOR—We, a few of the members of your Sabbath School and Congregation, on behalf of ourselves, beg leave to present for your acceptance, this wrapper, as a small token of our affection. We are not unmindful of the value of your teachings and unceasing efforts to bring many of ourselves and others into the fold of Christ, and to lead us to Him who is now we trust our chief delight. You have been to us not only the patient, able, and successful teacher, but the kind friend and cheering guide, and we will recollect you not only while we have minds to educate, but hearts to feel. We were desirous to manifest in some way the feelings that have been so pleasantly togetherness, and to present to you in a pleasant form, this token of our feelings. We do not offer it for its beauty or value, but simply to show that we appreciate your labors. Take it, then, as a memorial of our deep and abiding sympathy—as a testimonial of our gratitude for your unceasing efforts to benefit us; and, above all, like it as a pledge that we will endeavor to profit by your instructions.

And then, our best wishes for the health of Mrs. Todd, yourself, and family. Long may you live together usefulness, honor, and happiness, and may we all meet in that grand hall of instruction where the great teacher himself can purify our souls with the light of all truth, and lead us in His ways of pleasantness, and His paths of peace.

For the Christian Visitor.

Donation Visit to Rev. W. A. Coleman.

We are happy to acknowledge a very agreeable and profitable visit from our beloved people of Dorchester and Midgie, accompanied by a large number of christian friends of other denominations. These tokens of favour and kindness merit our most hearty thanks.

We were presented by those kind friends and brethren with the very handsome sum of \$142—\$50 in cash, and \$92 in other valuables. This is not received as a part of our salary, but is a free-will offering. May the donors be so rewarded as to realize it to be "more blessed to give than to receive."

Most respectfully, W. A. COLEMAN, Dorchester, Jan. 16th, 1865.

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A Stirring Appeal.

Christian pastors living in great cities, where vice is rampant, and where multitudes are rushing on to ruin, may do much to arouse their respective churches to hasten to the rescue. Dr. Weston, a Baptist pastor of New York, according to the *Examiner*, appeals thus to his people in behalf of the destitute of the great city. Who will speak in similar tones for the demoralized portions of our own beloved city?

Read what Dr. Weston says:—

Last year, at this time, I addressed you a few words on the special claims of the Missionary field. You responded to that appeal with a liberality that far exceeded the expectations of the most hopeful among you, though your noble beneficence did not at all surprise me, who had better knowledge than any other of the measure of your readiness to respond to all such claims.

Suffer me at this time to direct your attention, not to those that are afar off, but to those who are near, and to that part of which lies within the field which God has placed more immediately under our influences. The sight is enough to move our hearts. Look at that section of our city between the Fourth Avenue and East River, and between Twenty-Third Street and Eighty-Second Street. Count the population there—enough to make one of the largest American cities—and then count the Baptist churches. Here is a field occupied to a very large extent by the middle class—the most valuable class of the community—the class above all others in which the principles and practices of our churches find a welcome. Shall it be left unoccupied by us? Shall we be guiltless if we leave entirely to Christians of other names the burden of cultivating so large and so fair a part of our city?

Brethren and Friends! Last year this church and congregation surpassed every other Baptist church in the country in the amount of its contributions to the Missionary treasury. Your zeal provoked many others. From all parts of the land thanks came for your example and incitement, and even from the depths of India one of our most honored missionaries sent his heartiest acknowledgments for the cheer with which your words and deeds gave us for a worn laborer there. Brethren! this year do something for our field in New York that no church has ever done. Plant not for yourselves, but for others, a flag-staff, from which shall stream out the banner of salvation long after you look on the face of the Lord Jesus Christ in glory.

One year ago you were asked to double the contributions of the previous year. You did more than this. You doubled the amount, and then added fifty per cent. to that. Take, this year, a step of like progress, and raise twice the amount of last year! Put at once into living condition an enterprise which will give the surest promise of success. Already may be heard the first note of your kindling zeal. Entirely unshaken, times of you, with accustomed large-heartedness, have said, "I will upon me for a thousand dollars," we need not desire a better beginning.

Brethren! hear the cry of our city, with its teeming population, marching with solemn and measured tread to the judgment seat. Hear the cry of our city, with its untold influence on the character and destiny of our beloved country; of our city, the spiritual birthplace of many of you and of your children; of our city, the scene of your struggles, your prayers, your hopes, and your prosperity. Oh! hear the cry of our city for help. Respond to that call in a manner worthy of this great metropolis, worthy of yourselves, worthy of him whom you serve. Plant this year a monument which shall be an enduring memorial of your love and care for others