The [illegible] AN[illegible]ELICAL ADVOCA[illegible]

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Recovery from Sickness.

How pleasant after days of pain,
And nights retreating slow,
To feel the genial air again
Breathe freshly on the brow!
How sweet to leave the darkened room
For open earth and sky,
And feel the sunlight and the bloom
Revive the languid eye!

With lovelier tints each little flower
That stars the hedge is clad,
And every bird has sweeter power
To make the spirit glad.
Our pulses beat to Nature's chime,—
We see the golden glow
That was about us in the time
Of childhood, long ago,

Joy comes in trances like the wind,—
And in the after-calm,
The heart interprets to the mind
Creation's choral psalm;
We hear it, and we swell the song
With Love's harmonious breath,—
Adoring Him to whom belong
The issues out of death.

More fervent thoughts the spirit thrill,
When words are sealed or slow;
The current of its bliss is still,
But deep and swift of flow:
For gladness sinks beneath the weight
Of undeserved good,
And meekness is the graceful mate
That walks with gratitude.

Oh, if to sick and weary hearts
Such joy on earth be given,
What is it when the saint departs
To breath the air of heaven!
When from Earth's narrowness and gloom
Gone out, with dazzled eyes
He steps within the light and bloom
Of God's pure Paradise!

—*J. D. Burns.*

Influence of a Village Carpenter.

BY A CANADIAN MERCHANT.

Having tarried a few days in a beautiful village in the West, I embarked in a vessel which was crossing one of the great lakes.—Three other individuals had taken passage, and night coming on found us waiting for a breeze.

About nine o'clock, as the sails were hoisted, another passenger came on board. When we had cleared the harbour he entered the cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was alone; for we had all retired to our births.—The lamp was burning dimly on the table, but it afforded sufficient light for me to discover that he was young. Seating himself beside it, he drew a book from his pocket and read a few minutes. Suddenly, from on deck, was heard the voice of the captain uttering oaths, terrefic beyond description. The youth arose, laid his book on the chair, and, kneeling beside it, in a low whisper engaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and, though his soul seemed to burn within him, I could gather only an occasional word, or part of a sentence, such as "mercy," "dying heathen," "sinners," &c. Presently he seemed in agony of spirit for these swearers, and could scarcely suppress his voice while pleading with God to have mercy on them. My soul was stirred within me. There was a sacredness in this place, and I was self-condemned, knowing that I also professed the name of Jesus, and had retired with my fellow-passengers to rest, not having spoken with God, or committed myself to his care.

Early in the morning I was awaked by a loud voice at the door of the companion-way,—"Here! whose tracts are these?" followed by other voices in threats and imprecations against tract distributors, bethels, temperance societies, &c.

I thought of the young stranger, and feared they would execute their threats upon him; but I calmly said, "Those tracts, Sir, are mine. I have but a few, as you see, but they are very good, and you may take one if you wish. I brought them on board to distribute, but you were all too busy last night." The sailor smiled and walked away, making no reply.

We were soon called to breakfast with the captain and mate. When we were seated at the table, "Captain," said our young companion, "as the Lord supplies all our wants, if neither you nor the passengers object, I would like to ask a blessing on our repast."

"If you please," replied the captain, with apparent good-will. In a few minutes the cook was on deck, and informed the sailors, who were instantly in an uproar, and their mouths filled with curses. The captain attempted to apologize for the profanity of his men, saying, "It was perfectly common among sailors, and they meant no harm by it."

"With your leave, captain," said the young stranger, "I think we can put an end to it."

Himself a swearer, and having just apologized for his men, the captain was puzzled for an answer; but, after a little hesitation, replied, "I might as well attempt to sail against a head wind as to think of such a thing."

"But I meant all I said," added the young man.

"Well, if you think it possible, you may try it," said the captain.

As soon as breakfast was over the oldest and most profane of the sailors seated himself on the quarter-deck to smoke his pipe. The young man entered into conversation with him, and soon drew from him a history of the adventures of his life. From his boyhood he had followed the ocean. He had been tossed on the billows in many a tempest; had visited several missionary stations in different parts of the world, and gave his testimony to the good effects of missionary efforts among the Sandwich Islands, [illegible] of his nautical [illegible] S[illegible], a [illegible] unanimous.

"I can," answered the hardy tar, "and will not be outdone, my word for it."

"Well, when a sailor passes his word he ought to be believed. I knew a sailor who resolved that he would stop swearing; and he did so."

"Ah!" said the old sailor, "you've anchored me; I'm fast—but I can do it."

"I know you can," said the young man, "and I hope you will anchor all your shipmates oaths with yours."

Not a word of profanity was afterwards heard on board the vessel. During the day, as opportunity presented itself, he conversed with each sailor singly on the subject of his soul's salvation, and gained the attention of all.

After supper he requested of the captain the privilege of keeping worship in the cabin. His wishes were complied with, and soon all on board, except the man at the helm, were assembled. The captain brought out a Bible, which he said was given him in early life by his father, with a request that he would never part with it. We listened as our friend read Matthew's account of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection; and then looking round upon us, he said, "He is risen—yes, Jesus lives; let us worship him."

It was a melting scene. Knees that seldom bowed before, now knelt at the altar of prayer, while the solemnities of eternity seemed hanging over us. After prayer we went on deck and sung a hymn. It was a happy place, a *floating Bethel.* Instead of confusion and wrath, there was sweet peace and solemnity. We ceased just as the setting sun was flinging upon us his last cheering rays.

The captain, deeply affected, went into the cabin, lit his lamp, took his Bible, and was engaged in reading till we had retired to rest.

After this, for three days we regularly attended family worship, and had much interesting conversation on various subjects; for there was nothing in the religion of the young stranger to repress the cheerfulness of social intercourse. From his familiarity with the Bible, his readiness in illustrating its truths and presenting its motives; and from his fearless but judicious and persevering steps, we concluded that he was a minister of the gospel. From all he saw, he gathered laurels to cast at his Master's feet, and all his movements aimed to show that eternity was not to be trifled with. A few hours before we arrived in port we ascertained that he was a *mechanic, a village carpenter.*

Before we reached the wharf the captain came forward, and with much feeling, bade him farewell; declared that he was resolved to live as he had done no longer—his wife, he said, was a Christian, and he meant to go and live with her; and added, "I have had ministers as passengers on my vessel Sabbath-days and week days, but never before have I been so touchingly reminded of the family-altar where my departed parents knelt."—As we left the vessel, every countenance showed that our friend had, by his decided, yet mild and Christian faithfulness, won the gratitude of many, and the esteem of all.

We soon found ourselves in a canal boat, where were about thirty passengers of various ages and characters; and my curiosity was not a little excited to learn how my companion would proceed among them. The afternoon had nearly passed away, and he had conversed with no one but myself. At length he inquired of the captain if he were willing to have prayers on board.

"I have no objection," said he, "if the passengers have not; but I sha'n't attend."

At an early hour the passengers were invited into the cabin, and in a few minutes the captain was seated among them. After reading a short portion of Scripture, our friend made a few appropriate remarks, and earnestly commended us to God.

As soon as he rose from prayer, a gentleman, whose head was whitening for the grave, said, "Sir, I should like to converse with you. I profess to be a Deist. I once professed religion, but now I believe it is all a delusion."

"Sir," said the young man, "I respect age, and will listen to you; and as you proceed, may, perhaps, ask a few questions; but I cannot debate, I can only say, that I *must* love Jesus Christ. He died to save me, and I am a great sinner."

"I do not deny that men are sinners," said the old man; "but I don't believe in Christ."

"Will you, then, tell us how sinners can be saved in some other way, and God's law be honoured?"

We waited in vain for a reply, when my friend proceeded:—"Not many years since I was an infidel because I did not love the truth and was unwilling to examine it. Now I see my error; and the more I study the Bible, the firmer is my conviction of its truth; and that there is no way of salvation but through a crucified Redeemer."

As the passengers sat engaged in conversation, one of them at length turned to our young friend, and related the circumstances of a murder recently perpetrated by a man in the neighbourhood, while in a fit of intoxication. To this all paid the strictest attention. The captain joined them to hear the story, the conclusion of which afforded an opportunity for the stranger to begin his work. He was the advocate of temperance as well as religion, and here gained some friends to this cause.

"But," said he at length, "though intoxication occasions an immense amount of crime and misery in our world, I recollect one instance of murder with which it had no connexion." He then related as nearly as I can remember the following story:

"In a populous city of the East, was a man who seemed to live only for the good of others. He daily exhibited the most perfect benevolence towards his fellow-men; sought out the poor and needy, and relieved their wants; sympathized with and comforted the sick and the afflicted; and, though he was rich, his unsparing beneficence clothed him in poverty. He deserved the esteem of all, yet he had enemies. He took no part in politics, yet many feared that his generosity was a cloak of ambition, and that he was making friends in order to secure to himself the reins of government. Others feared that his religious views, connected with his consistant life, would expose their hypocrisy. At length a mock trial was held by an infuriated mob, and he was condemned and put to death."

"Where was that?"—"When was it?"—"Who was it?" was heard from several voices.

"It was in the city of Jerusalem, and the person was no other than the LORD JESUS CHRIST. By his enemies He was hung upon the cross, and for us, guilty sinners, he died."

Every eye was fixed upon the young man, and a solemn awe rested on every countenance. He opened a Bible which lay upon the table, and read the account of Christ's condemnation and death: the captain nodded to him as a signal for prayer, and we all fell again on our knees, while he wept over the condition of sinners, and, for the sake of Christ, besought God's mercy upon them.—Here again was a floating Bethel.

In the morning the stranger was not forgotten; and he evidently did not forget that there were immortal souls around him, hastening with him to the bar of God. During the day he conversed separately with each individual, except an elderly gentleman, who had followed him from seat to seat, and showed much uneasiness of mind; the realities of eternity were set before us, and the Holy Spirit seemed to be striving with many hearts.

As the mantle of evening was drawing around us, our friend requested an interview with the aged man.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I have been wishing all day to see you, but you were talking with others."

He acknowledged that he had tried to be a Universalist; and, though he could not rest in that belief, he never, until the previous evening, saw his lost condition. "And now," said he, "I want you to tell me what I shall do."

The young man raised his eyes to heaven as if imploring the Spirit's influences: and, then, briefly explaining the nature and reasonableness of repentance and faith, accompanied by a few striking illustrations in proof of the justice of God in condemning, and his mercy in pardoning sinners.

The old man saw the plan of redemption so clearly, that he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, my soul, my soul! How have I sinned against God! I see it—I feel it; yes, I have sinned all my days."

"But Jesus died to save sinners," replied the young man; "will you, my friend, give Him your heart?"

"O yes, yes! if I had a thousand hearts He should have them all," was the answer.

The young man turned away and wept.—For some minutes silence was broken only by the deep sighs of the aged penitent. There was something, in an hour like this, awfully solemn. Heaven was rejoicing. I doubt not, over a returning prodigal. As he stood alone and wept, he reiterated again and again, "Yes, I will serve God; I will, I will." After a time his feelings became more calm, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, with both hands raised, he broke out in singing:—

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my weary breast."

And then again he wept, and said, "Yes, O Jesus, precious Saviour!"

The time had come for our young friend to leave us. By his zeal in his Master's service he had stolen our hearts, and all pressed forward to express their friendship in an affectionate farewell.

Such was the influence of one individual, whose unwavering purpose it was to *live* for God. He felt for dying sinners; and, relying on the help of the Holy Spirit for success, laboured for the salvation of souls around him. Will not the reader solemnly resolve, in God's strength, that henceforth, *whether at home or abroad*, he will make the glory of Christ, in the salvation of men, the one object of his life? When Christians universally shall do this, we may expect soon to hear the song of Zion float on every breeze: "Alleluia! The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

Correspondence of the N. Y. Observer.

Dr. Duff at the Conference.

PARIS, August 30th 1855.

Messrs. Editors,—I have once more enjoyed the privilege of listening to the stirring appeals of Dr. DUFF. This illustrious friend of Missions arrived in this city at the beginning of this week. He looks better, yet it is commonly said here that we effectually used him up in the United States. You know he has been an invalid since his return from our country. I mean that he has been almost wholly unfitted for any further public service.

Yesterday he appeared for the first time before the Committee of Conference on Religious Liberty. Dr. Smith, of Glasgow, sprang to his feet and caught Dr. Duff by the hand and warmly exclaimed, "My dear brother, I never saw you look better." Many pressed around him to greet him. It was refreshing to see that beloved and unselfish servant of God, of whom it is said with double emphasis, that he is rapidly consumed, while he gives light to others. The large Lutheran chapel on Rue de Chanchet was crowded by twelve o'clock. Many eyes, of different nations were fixed upon that distinguished servant.

He arose in his usual embarrassed manner, and apologized for his inability to address them in the French language. Then he launched out upon his chosen theme. He had listened to the report of the state of Missions in the world. He feared that there would spring up, in view of the millions collected, the missionaries sent out, and the many converts gathered, a feeling of complacency. He would not despise any measure of success, but he thought we should rather consider what we have not done. The earth might be traversed, and her jewels, pearls and diamonds might be collected, and while looking at that radiance, we dare not take that dazzling exhibition as a sample of the earth. Many sterile plains and desolate regions are everywhere found, with barrenness all around. So we may look upon the world lying in sin. Lost men everywhere appear. For, whatever German rationalists may say, he was contented to receive exactly what God says. That is proof enough for him. Then in the most thrilling manner he spoke of what ought to be done to save the lost. As it is evidenced by the soul's capacities and immortality, and by all that God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost had sacrificed for the rescue. The stream of his burning appeal went strait to every heart, and our tears would gush out, despite of all resistance. I know not how it is, but as this man of God uttered those vast and earnest truths, with one consent our hearts responded.—*All is true.*

He asked with great point about the sacrifices Christian men make. Who has left his palace for a plainer house? Who sent his expensive furniture to auction to prevent the restriction of his contributions? Nay, the beginning of their retrenchment had been in what they had given to the treasury of the Lord.

He warned the church to take care how she yields to a spirit of worldliness. That her avowed zeal for orthodoxy would be no compensation for the want of Christ's self-sacrificing and self-denying zeal. He feared there would be a great sweeping, when Christ would come to accomplish his promises. That as he laid aside the Temple, the Ark, the imposing grandeur of all relating to the formal worship of that people who complacently cried—"The Temple of the Lord,—the Temple of the Lord are we,"—and raised up a few obscure fishermen to do his work with power and success,—so he might come again, and say to us, as to the formal, heartless Jews,—"Your house is left unto you desolate;" and he might call from other sources those whom he may honor in this great work, which must and shall be accomplished.

Wholly exhausted, as he sat down on his chair, with his back to the immense audience, and seemed for a few moments intensely engaged in prayer. A holy solemnity pervaded the silent multitude as we felt the truth this man of God had said so touchingly at the outset—that as he had been drawing nearer to eternity, he cared less and less for what men said or thought of him.

I went out with a few of his Ame[illegible] friends from Philadelphia, and received [illegible] more the most earnest farewell of [illegible] bling, almost fainting man, who s[illegible] expect soon my release. [illegible] no more; but take heed to [illegible] uttered in the name of our[illegible] could not but wish that [illegible] from pole to pole, and t[illegible] the professed servants [illegible] seen, heard, and felt as ma[illegible] under this, perhaps his last appeal. If all could have heard him say what his thoughts and feelings had been, as he lately sat at Jacob's well, and in the garden of Gethsemane, few indeed would be willing to turn coldly away from our sin-ruined race. Yours truly,

H. G. C.

Dr. Payson and the Lawyer.

A lady, who was the common friend of Mrs. Payson, and a lawyer's wife, was sojourning in the family of the latter. After the females of the respective families had interchanged several "calls," Mrs. ——— was desirous of receiving a formal visit from Mrs. Payson; but to effect this, Mr. Payson must also be invited; and how to prevail with her husband to tender an invitation, was the great difficulty. He had been accustomed to associate experimental religion with manners, and, of course, felt or affected great contempt for Mr. Payson, as if it were impossible for a man of his religion to be also a man of talents.

He knew by report something of Mr. Payson's practice on such occasions, and, dreading to have his house the scene of what appeared to him a gloomy interview, resisted his wife's proposal as long as he could and retain the character of a gentleman. When he gave his consent, it was with the positive determination that Mr. Payson should not converse on religion, nor ask a blessing on his food, nor offer a prayer in his house. He collected his forces, and made his preparations in conformity with this purpose; and when the appointed day arrived, received his guests very pleasantly, and entered at once into animated conversation,—determined, by obtruding his own favourite topics, to forestall the divine. It was not long before the latter discovered his object, and summoned together his power to defeat it. He plied them with that skill and address for which he was remarkable; still, for some time, victory inclined to neither side, or to both alternately.

The lawyer, not long before, had returned from Washington city, where he had spent several weeks on business at the supreme court of the United States. Mr. Payson instituted some inquiries respecting sundry personages there, and, among others, the chaplain of the House of Representatives. The counsellor had heard him perform the devotional services in that assembly. "How did you like him?" "Not at all; he appeared to have more regard to those around him than he did to his Maker." Mr, Payson was very happy to see him recognise the distinction between praying to be heard of men, and let fall a series of weighty observations on prayer, passing into a strain of remark, which, without taking the form, had all the effect, on the lawyer's conscience, of a personal application.

From a topic so unwelcome he strove to divert the conversation, and, every few minutes, would start something as wide from it as the east is from the west. But as often as he wandered, his guest would dexterously and without violence bring him back; and as often as he was brought back, he would wander again. At length the trying moment which was to turn the scale arrived. The time for the evening repast had come: a serva[illegible] with the tea and its accompani[illegible] master of the feast became unusually d[illegible] resolved to engross the conversation, to [illegible] no questions or reply, to allow no interva[illegible] "grace," and to give no indication by the [illegible] the hand, the lips, that he expected or wish[illegible] for such a service. Just as the distributi[illegible] was on the very point of commencing, M[illegible] Payson interposed the question,—"Wh[illegible] writer has said, the devil invented the fashi[illegible] of *carrying round* tea, to prevent a blessi[illegible] being asked?" Our host felt himself "co[illegible] cerned," but, making a virtue of necessity promptly replied,—"I dont know what writer [illegible] it is; but, if you please, we will foil the devil [illegible] this time;—will you ask a blessing, Sir?" A [illegible] blessing, of course, was asked, and he brooked, as well as he could, the first certain defeat, still resolving not to sustain another by the offering of thanks on closing the repast. But in this too, he was disappointed. By some well timed sentiment of his Reverend guest he was brought into such a dilemma that he could not, without absolute rudeness, decline asking him to return thanks. And thus he contested every inch of his ground until the visit terminated. But at every stage, the minister proved too much for the lawyer. He sustained his character as a minister of religion, and gained his point in everything; and that, too, with so much admirable tact, in a way so natural and unconstrained, and with such respectable deference to his host, that the latter could not be displeased, except with himself. Mr. Payson not only acknowledged God on the reception of food, but read the Scriptures, and prayed before separating from the family—and did it, too, at the request of the master, though this request was made, in every successive instance, in violation of a fixed purpose. The chagrin of this dissappointment, however, eventually became the occasion of his greatest joy.

His mind was never entirely at ease until he found peace in believing. Often did he revert, with devout thankfulness to God, to the visit which had occaioned him so much mortification, and ever after regarded, with more than common veneration and respect, the servant of God whom he had once desp[illegible] glad to receive his min[illegible] for those on [illegible] Cutters [illegible] —*Dr. P*[illegible]

[illegible] one of th[illegible] this late day. [illegible] mers or projectors, [illegible] just reward while they live. On the c[illegible] they usually have to encounter opposition, misrepresentation, and reproach. In some cases justice is rendered soon after they are in their graves, when they can no longer be pursued from motives of personal pique or jealousy; but in other cases they and their labours are not fully appreciated till centuries after their death. The seed they have sown does not produce its fully ripe fruit till generation after generation has passed by. Such a reformer was John Calvin. I am not going to say whether his theology might or might not be improved. Nor do I say he was always right in his views or his conduct. No mere man is always right."

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'Tis time to sing your evening hymn
My youngest infant dove!
Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn thy lay of love:
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng!
Cling, as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angels' song.

Begin, sweet birds! the accustomed strain,
Come, warble lone and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all—
You're sobbing in my ear.
Good night!—go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed—
The lips that used to bless you there,
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life;
His care protect the shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife;
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the springs that rule the soul?
Dear smitten flock!—good night

DeWitt Clinton on Calvinism.

The *Christian Intelligencer* lately published an interesting article, describing a conversation between Governor Clinton, Chancellor Kent, Abraham Van Vechten, and Stephen Van Rensselaer, on evangelical religion, in which the following striking remarks occur:

"But," continued Governor Clinton, "here is another thought that has often presented itself to my mind. So far as I know, when men of enlarged and diciplined minds have renounced infidelity and embraced Christianity, they have very generally become what is usually called evangelical Christians."

"Yes it is so," was observed by several in the company; and name after name being given in proof of it, I was asked, "Why is it that such men usually embrace evangelical doctrines?" when I replied,

"It is because they have studied the subject carefully. We must suppose that their change from infidelity to faith in the Bible, as an inspired book, is the result of thoughtful investigation; and, in my view, no man can study the Bible in the spirit of sound philosophy, and not find in it, as its prominent teachings, what are usually termed the doctrines of grace."

"You remind me," said Chancellor Kent, "of the story respecting Lord Bolingbroke and Dr. Church."

"Let us hear it," was the general reply.

"As the story runs," said the Chancellor, "Lord Bolingbroke was one day sitting in his house at Battersea, reading Calvin's Institutes, when he received a morning visit from Dr. Church. After the usual salutations, he asked the Doctor if he could guess what the book was which then lay before him; 'and which (says Lord Bolingbroke) I have been studying.' 'No, really, my lord, I cannot,' quoth the Doctor. 'It is Calvin's Institutes,' said Lord Bolingbroke; 'what do you think of these matters, Doctor?' 'O, my lord, we don't think about such antiquated stuff, we teach the plain doctrine of virtue and morality, and have long laid aside those abstruse points about grace.'

"'Look you, Doctor' (said Lord Boling-

Bible Examples—Domestic Worship.

The Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, wherever, in their pilgramages, they fixed on a place of residence, erected an altar to God for family devotion, and called on the name of the Lord.

Joshua resolved that, as for him and his family, they would serve the Lord, that is, worship. Pepsin is th[illegible] Digestin[illegible] "He sent [illegible]

Cornelius, the centurion, it is said "feared God with all his house," meaning, worshipped him with his family.

The Apostle speaks, in his epistles, of churches in private houses. By this phrase, he means religious families, or families where religious services were observed.

In the Lord's Prayer we have a command for family devotion. "After this manner, therefore, pray ye: *Our* Father who art in Heaven." The form of prayer is plural. It must therefore, mean social prayer, and, if social, then family prayer, for a family is the most proper society to engage in this devotion.

Paul, in his epistle to the Colossians, having pointed out the duties of husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, adds, "Continue in prayer, and, watch the same with thanksgiving." The subject upon which he was speaking, and the manner of his speaking, lead us to conclude he meant family prayer.

In his epistle to the Ephesians, he enjoins it as a duty, to "pray always with all prayer;" that, is to offer prayer of every kind, and in form, and at every proper season. Family prayer must, therefore, be included in this injunction.

The apostle Peter exhorts husbands and wives to live together in the discharge of the duties of conjugal affection and Christian obedience, that "their prayers be not hindered;" that nothing may occur to indispose them to social or family devotion.

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.—Hugh Miller remarks that there was never, perhaps, a time in which the doctrine of a particular Providence was more questioned and doubted than in the present; and yet the scepticism which obtains regarding it, seems to be very much a scepticism of effort, conjured up by toiling intellects, in a quiet age, and among the easy classes; while the belief which, partially and for the time, it overshadows, lies safely entrenched all the while amid the fastnesses of the unalterable nature of man. When danger comes to touch it, it will spring up in this old proportions; nay, so indigenous is it to the human heart, that if it will not take its cultivated form as a belief in Providence, if it will, to a certainty, take to it its wild form as a belief in Fate or Destiny. Of a doctrine so fundamentally important that there can be no religion without it, God himself seems to have taken care when he moulded the human heart.

THE WESLEYAN BODY.—The total number of members of the Wesleyan body in connection with the British conference is said to be £355,678. This includes 76,071 at missionary stations abroad. The return shows a decrease of 2346 on the preceding year.

A GOOD IDEA.—The Protestant Bible Society of Paris has declared its intention to present hereafter every newly married couple of the Protestant churches of France with a Bible.

THE MORMONITES.—In various parts of South Wales the emissaries of the Mormonites are most active in propogating and spreading the doctrines of the latter Day Saints, and among the labouring population they have been indefatigable in urging the odious practice of polygamy. Among the miners and colliers of the iron and coal districts of South Wales the tenets of this sect find peculiar favour.