

The Presbyterian Witness,

AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

THE BIBLE IS OUR GREAT CHURCH DIRECTORY, AND STATUTE BOOK... Dr. Chalmers.

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1855.

NO. 25.

VOL. VIII.

Captain Hedley Vicars, 97th Regiment.

Day by day good men die, and the children of God are taken to their rest. Their memorial remains in the hearts which loved them, and in the particular circles which they adorned. The genuineness, or even the greatness of their piety, demands no public record.—That is called for only when the public, or some considerable part of it, has been instructed by their writings, profited by their labours, or interested in their career. Such has been our own rule in regard to the "Obituary" papers which find an occasional place in these pages. Yet there is no rule from which a departure is not sometimes justified by circumstances; and such circumstances appear to us to exist in regard to the little memoir which we are about to introduce to our readers.

For some time all eyes have been fixed on one scene; and Christians watch the events which pass there not only with the same feelings as the rest of the community, but with interests and anxieties which are especially their own. If we have the opportunity of meeting those interests, and of showing how the prayers of the people of God are answered, in the history of one who, at the same instant, fell in battle and slept in Jesus, they will not complain that the name is that of a young man of twenty-eight, which may never have reached them before, except in the honourable record of his death, presented in some of the public journals.

Hedley Shafto Johnstone Vicars was the son of an officer in the Engineers, who himself died in Christ. His dying hand was laid upon the head of his eldest son, then twelve years of age, with the charge and the prayer that he might be a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and with a holy confidence, extended under peculiar circumstances, he committed his widow and young children to the same faithful hands into which he commended his own departing spirit.

The five years which followed developed in the boy a bold and hard spirit, great simplicity, honesty, and openness of character, and very warm and tender domestic affections. On Christmas-day 1843, his mother received the letter which accorded a commission to her son. On Good Friday 1845, a despatch, written by the same hand, informed her in what manner the career then opened to him had been closed.

At parting, she placed a Bible in his hand, which was neglected, and even lost; and his life for several years, first in the Mediterranean and afterwards in the West Indies, was that of a young soldier, foremost among his companions in enterprise and amusements, but living without God in the world. In Jamaica, the cholera raging around him, and sweeping off tens of thousands of the inhabitants, awoke a greater seriousness of mind; and his letters spoke the language of remorse for particular errors and deficiencies towards his earthly parents, but not yet of any return to God.

It was at Halifax, under the faithful ministry of the garrison chaplain, Dr. Twining, that the great change was begun and established. An earnest sermon on the duty of the personal use of the Bible arrested his attention. On opening the precious volume, the words which speak of the blood which cleanseth from all sin, took forcible hold upon his mind. With characteristic honesty of spirit, he resolved that the duty of regular reading of the Scriptures should never be omitted. He saw not yet to what it would lead him; but it was a duty, and it should be done. With characteristic openness and courage he placed a large Bible on his table, that his brother officers might see that he meant henceforth to be the law to his life. Scenes of astonishment and pity, of grief and anger, ensued; but the open Bible survived them, and accomplished its intended work of banishing from that room the language which had been heard in it before. Meantime, the great truth which had so vividly shone upon him from its pages became the life of his soul, and free forgiveness through the blood of the cross was henceforth the centre of his thoughts and fountain of his hopes.

Thus the Word of God was the instrument, and the cross of Christ was its "power," and the religion thus formed bore the stamp of its origin in a character eminently simple and fervent, evangelical and consistent. Early in the year 1852 came a letter written in a new strain, speaking of "a purifying process gradually but surely taking place within," and breathing a wish (oh, how well fulfilled!)—"I was always foremost and daring enough in sin; would that I could show the same spirit in the cause of Christ!" And he did show it at once. His open, honest nature hid nothing of the standard at which he aimed, or of the motives which led him to aim at it. He sought to do good,—made himself the companion of the sick and the teacher of the ignorant; in a very short time he could speak of three soldiers, "once great sinners, nearly as bad as myself," who had followed him in turning to the Lord; while his letters to his family, increasing in affection, expressed the greatest anxiety for their spiritual welfare. "Never," writes Dr. Twining, "in the course of my ministry, did I witness any thing to exceed the rapidity of his growth in grace, or his earnest, self-denying labours in the cause of Christ."

In the spring of 1853, the 97th returned to England, and a year passed, a happy one to him, and to those who loved him,—among the foremost of whom were henceforth numbered some to whom he had been before unknown. Everywhere he was followed by affection and respect. There was no mistaking the spirit of the Christian in the manly independence, the genuine humility, the open, unselfish heart, and the singleness of purpose, which ever seemed to say, "One thing have I desired, one thing I do." To his mother he left the remembrance of unreserved affection and communion in the Lord; to his brother and sisters, of a love more than brotherly, but which, where there was need, did not cease to be faithful. In the camp at Cholham, and in the places where he quartered, while he entered with all his heart into the interests and duties of a soldier, his

lips and life held one unchanging story of the love of Christ.

In May 1854, he sailed for the Piræus. All know the trial to which the regiment was there subjected. To use his own expressions while in the midst of it, "Nothing but death, death on every side." He rose to the occasion,—rather let us say, "the grace of God which was in him" did so. Now hearts were opened to his influence which had been closed before. He passed hours by day and night in the cholera and fever hospital, and brought the Word of God and prayers to the bed-side of the sick and dying. He volunteered for funeral parties, read the service, and addressed the survivors by the side of the fast-multiplying graves. The opposition which he had encountered gave way before such proofs of the reality of his religion, and love and respect succeeded. His own soul, meantime, sinking more deeply into the truth of the gospel, was kept in peculiar peace; and the thought of a removal to the immediate presence of his Saviour grew daily more attractive to his mind. "Death is dreaded as a fearful thing to go through; but I think, with Jesus very near me, I could welcome it to-morrow. The prospect of meeting in a few hours that glorious Saviour, whose love we can never conceive here in all its magnitude, makes me long to depart and be with Christ."

With all the earnestness of one who was a soldier in heart, he had longed to be at the seat of war, and had felt it a distinct exercise of resignation to the will of God to be satisfied with military inaction. At last the order came, and on November 20 he landed in the Crimea. His men were always his first care; and that night, when he visited his company in bivouac, and told them that he should stand by the colours and rely on them to stand by him, he was cheered by evidences of confidence and attachment which he could not mistake. All through the sad trials of that winter his letters breathed only the spirit of alacrity and cheerfulness, without a sound of despondency or complaint. And the same spirit was a subject of remark to those around him. He did his work as a soldier, "full of gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favour with all" around him. There was a secret source of all this, though he made no secret of it. "Christ within, the hope of glory." The nights in these gloomy trenches were nights of communion with God; and the watch-fire threw its light upon the holy page. The souls for whom Christ died were sought after among the healthy and among the sick. Others more or less likened were drawn around him, and strengthened by his unswerving walk and unflinching testimony. He had longed for this communion. "You cannot tell," he wrote, "how lonely the heart feels when long debarrated from the communion of saints. I know there is nothing I have more felt the want of in this wilderness; for although we may often view the Saviour near to our souls, yet one loves to hear others testify to his faithfulness and goodness." Six or seven persons under these influences often met together in a tent for reading and prayer. A light from heaven shone in that tent, and shone from it too. One of the number, Captain Craigie, fell the week before his friend. Others have survived to express the grief with which they feel their loss.

In the midst of all this there was the frequent wish "for a brush with the Russians," and a readiness, and almost a desire, for a soldier's death. It was not only natural courage which spoke thus, but the hope of showing the character of true religion to those about him in a way which they could understand. He nearly missed the kind of death which he would have chosen; for, on the morning of January 5, he was found insensible. He had slept with a charcoal stove in the tent, and life was nearly extinct. In a neighbouring tent another officer lay dead from the same cause; but he himself was restored for a few more weeks of faithful service, and for a nobler end.

How bright those few weeks of restored life appeared! when he could write again, "I am, thank God, safe and well in body and soul. I never was better in health; and the Lord continues to favour me with the sunshine of his presence, filling me with peace and joy in Jesus. How precious I find the Saviour in these perilous times! With what trust can I place myself, both for time and eternity, beneath the shelter of his cross!" Then followed notices of those in whom he was interested, and of his labours in the Lord. One letter contained the journal of a Sabbath just ended, full of Christ and the work of Christ, and closing with the words, "What a happy Sabbath I have had!" The last letter ended, "Remember, if I fall, all is well—I die in Jesus."

On the 21st of March, the fast-day in England, he read a service for the day, choosing the Psalms and Lessons for the occasion. All present were impressed with the earnestness of his manner, and the suitability of his selections. "If it had been the Archbishop of Canterbury," said one man, "he could not have done it better."

On the night of the 22d, it was Captain Vicars' turn to command a detachment in the trenches. That night 15,000 Russians attacked the lines of the allies. His eye was the first to recognise the advancing columns. He made his men lie down till they were within twenty yards, then fire on the enemy. In a few moments they were engaged. "Nothing," says Lord Raglan's official despatch, "could be more distinctly seen than the gallantry and good example which he showed to the men under his command." He led the attack on the advancing enemy, had cut down two, and was attacking a third, when a ball, fired close to him (for his dress was singed), entered beneath the arm, and he fell. "The Russians tried to get him," says a private of the regiment, writing to his wife, "but our gallant lads bravely defended him, and carried him to the camp;" and the writer adds, with emphasis, "He was so deeply loved."

An officer, standing in the darkness, saw the wounded carried by. A party passed. He

asked whom they carried. It was a name well known to him,—that of one who had been a playmate of his childhood, unseen since then, one whose father's death-bed his own father had comforted, watching beside him as a minister and friend. He found a stretcher, placed him upon it, and spoke to him the last words of kindness. The bearers and their burden disappeared into the darkness. Spirit had taken but a few steps before the spirit of him whom they bore had passed into the light, leaving behind for ever wounds and war, the troubled earth and the body of this death.

Testimonies of deep respect and wide-spread sorrow, from Christian friends who know what they have lost, and from others who had witnessed his consistent course, have again borne out the often-tested declaration, "Them that honour me I will honour." When death has closed the career, one thinks that too much has been done for God. Even over minds unaccustomed to such thoughts, there will then pass, at least for a moment, a sense of the true use, the true value, the true glory of life, and a new impulse is communicated to hearts that have already begun to live to the Lord.

Of the holy influence thus left behind, we do not gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. Our only desire is, that those influences may last a little longer and reach a little further than they otherwise might, and breath over a wider circle from the tomb the name and the memory of a "good soldier of Jesus Christ."—*Christian Observer.*

The Departed.

The buried friends of by-gone years,
They meet us in our dreams,
When in the holy hush of night
The light of memory shines
Athwart the darkness that enshrouds
Our prison'd spirits in,
And makes us long to quit this world
Of darkness and of sin.

They fill the vacant chairs again,
Where oft in days of yore
They sang those songs that linger yet
Within our bosom's core;
For memory hoards in secret caves
Those sweet and happy tones
That mingle still, and ever will,
With all our tearful moans.

We miss them at the morning hour,
When hymns of praise and prayer
Arise to him who maketh us
The object of his care.

We miss the music of their voice,
So soft, so sweet, so clear,
And long to hush them in that land,
Undim'd by sorrow's tear.

We miss them at the twilight hour,
When holy thoughts arise,
And strains look sweetly down on us
From far and happy skies;
When only hearts can scarce contain
Their weight of grief and tears,
And life seems but a gloomy waste
Of death-enriched years.

We miss them, O we miss them then
Around the altar where
With youthful hearts we first did meet,
And found the Saviour there.
Then hopes were high, and life was young,
And all devoid of tears—
Alas! dark shadows from their graves
Now point to vanish'd years.

We miss them here; but in that clime
Where death is never known,
We'll hail them with the kiss of peace,
And find a tearless home.
Their father, mother, kindred, friends—
The sanctified and blest—
Shall sing the sunny years away,
And rest, with Jesus rest.

Things New and True about Missions.

Protestants conduct the commerce of the world. Four-fifths of its shipping is British or American, and the rest belongs chiefly to other Protestant nations. "Christian" Protestants,—soldiers and sailors, merchants and colonists,—mingle with heathens daily in every country,—nay, in every accessible town. Surely then the Kingdom of God must be coming very nigh. Surely all these are pioneers for the Lord, preparing His way, casting it up, making it straight!

Alas, no. Too often they equal the heathen in immorality and ungodliness. Look at Africa. The slave trade is now all but abolished. We buy palm oil and other lawful goods instead of the bodies and souls of men. But to a great extent we pay in liquor; and in our African colonies the liquor shops have outnumbered the churches and schools just as they have done at home.

In the West Indies the conduct of our countrymen, while slavery lasted, was generally notorious for ungodliness. All were interested directly or indirectly in the making and sale of rum.

In America Brainerd and Elliot and other sainted men laboured among some Indian nations with blessed effect. But it did not last. Drink exterminated these nations with their ancient heathenism and budding Christianity.

From New Zealand the Church missionaries write that almost all the natives have abandoned heathenism, and that they have made great progress in outward prosperity. But the report (year 1852-3) adds that "prosperity, and the associations into which it has brought them with worldly minded and ungodly Europeans, have tended to diminish the hold on their minds which the missionaries formerly possessed, and to introduce drunkenness and other vices." They knew nothing of strong liquor till taught by Europeans.

India is pre-eminently the country of missionaries. Hundreds of them are there carrying the Water of Life to its millions of perishing souls. But alas!—tens of thousands are scattering the Water of Death.

Grog shops and liquor merchants spring up wherever British commerce thrives or troops are quartered; and soon draw in customers of every class and colour. The lamentation of every class journals on the subject, and the

ing government to stop the traffic are truly distressing. They say that the English brought drink there, but that Hindoos are fast learning to like it; that the licenses make it profitable to the government; and that the increase of drinking is constantly increasing the revenue, and enlivening the country. They therefore pray that the traffic should be stopped altogether, so that they might be sober as they had been before.

Our British nation and parliament, which truly rules India, though under the name of the East India Company, is deeply and directly guilty in promoting this.

It seems too probable that drunkenness and unbelief will take the place of Buddhism and Brahminism as the great opponents of Christianity in India. We feel the difficulty of battling with them in London and Glasgow and Manchester, in every town and village. And are they to be less formidable in Calcutta and Bombay, in Benares and Madras?

China has suffered grievous wrongs in her health and morals from the opium trade. Yet here again our British nation is directly implicated. Our government, under the name of the East India Company, conducts the whole sale trade in opium, makes advances to the growers to enable them to produce it, and even compels them to do so when unwilling. On what is grown in other states we levy an enormous duty, by means of a custom-house establishment, strong enough to stop the trade entirely. They have raised in the minds of a great part of the Chinese most bitter feelings against the British nation and the Christian name!

Suttee was a crime which we did not create. It was reckoned not to cost more than one thousand lives yearly, and the murders for Juggernaut were trifling in comparison. Yet these abominations were rightly the theme of many a missionary meeting and many a parliamentary petition and debate, till at last they were abolished. But our Indian and Chinese spirit trade and opium trade, which we produce wholly, if not wholly, created, four and five millions sterling, which annually destroy the lives of countless myriads of our fellow-creatures, and which could at once be stopped by a vote of parliament, are mentioned by no one.

The South Sea Island missions have surely the brightest history of any. Nations were there born in a day. Murderous savages became civilized patriots and intelligent Christians. But the wise and holy John Williams, the instrument of that wonderful work, found that strong drink, introduced in his absence, had in a few months almost ruined the labour of years. He got the island chiefs to forbid its importation, manufacture, and sale; and the ships which brought the destructive liquors and the liquors themselves were sent by professing Christians.

Then look at our new colonies. Australia fills fast with men of our nation and faith. It should soon be a bright light of one quarter of the world. Meanwhile Popery strives hard to spread its darkness. Enlightened far-seeing Christians here mourn the great numbers, resources, and success of Popish priests there, and some few dozen of evangelical ministers are sent to uphold the old orthodox faith.—But Popery is the religion of sensuality and ignorance, and liquor is fast pioneering the way for it. Last year, for instance, in the colony of Victoria, about four gallons of spirits, and six gallons of wine, were consumed for each man, woman, or child, besides an untold quantity of other strong liquors, being several times more than in the worst places of Scotland and England. Three or four millions of gallons of strong drink in one year, dispensed among less than three hundred thousand souls, overbear all the lessons of morality and true religion, and will soon degrade the population into fit victims for any superstition. The same process is going on in every Australian colony. And if Christians even here continue to call these evil things good; if Christians here continue to send drink thither,—what hope have we that the future usefulness of these colonies shall be like that of the New England States,—the pious offspring of the Pilgrim Fathers! Even those States in their ripe and vigorous manhood were attacked and all but destroyed by beer and whiskey, rum and cider; and the long and desperate struggle of their piety and intelligence against these unworthy foes is only being gained now by the actual prohibition of liquor. But how shall Australian heathens, nursed in drunkenness and crime, rise into a lovely youth or a righteous maturity?

When we pray, "Thy Kingdom come," we pray that Satan's kingdom may be destroyed, and the kingdom of grace may be advanced, and the kingdom of glory hastened. The destroying of the one and advancing of the other seem to be regarded by many as one work, single and indivisible. And indeed it is all God's work; all directed by the Captain of Salvation. But the parts of the work are several and diverse. The pulling down of Satan's strongholds is a separate duty from the building up of Zion's walls. Neither is it to be neglected.

It is a little more than fifty years since Protestant missions were begun in earnest by the British and Americans; and already the fruits are wonderful. What may not other fifty years effect, would the Christians of Britain sit themselves, as the Christians of America have generally done, to put down drink and drinking customs, to stop liquor traffic, and at least to raise a sober new generation, if they cannot quite reclaim a drinking old one! And who shall despise this work, or call it other than great and glorious? Comparatively few in Britain yet see its necessity. But accomplished it must be before the nations shall sit at the feet of Jesus clothed and in their right mind,—before the gospel can have full effect,—and before the earth be his possession.

Abridged from a Tract by J. M. Douglas, 1854.

Hints to a Professor of Religion.

Some professing Christians are not true disciples of Christ. Perhaps you, reader, are among the number, for you may be easily deceived. It is difficult to judge the heart, and to decide whether the various emotions, or states of mind, have their origin in nature or in grace. Moreover, you are not an impartial judge. You are strongly biased in your own favour. You wish a favourable decision, and it is natural that your judgement should be warped by your inclinations. The Scriptures speak of danger. Paul thought it necessary to be watchful, lest he might be a castaway. Christ, in the parable of the foolish virgins, teaches there is danger. He declares in another place that many in the judgment-day will rise up expecting to be received by Him, because they had taught or wrought in His name, whom He will then profess that He never knew.

It is important that you should come to a proper decision on the subject, for if you have hastily, while unconverted, made a profession of religion, you did a great wrong. You deceived the Church; and you increase your guilt by living as you are. You are also in much greater peril of being eternally lost than if you had never joined the Church, for you are no longer uneasy, nor alarmed by the denunciations against the sinner. You will, however, not only destroy your own soul, if you remain a false professor, but will involve others in your ruin. Such professors must necessarily lower the standard of piety. Others will imitate your example, and, falling far short of Gospel piety, perish. Sinners will note your defects, and fling their contempt at the Church and the religion of Jesus Christ. God will frown upon the Church in whose camp there is an Achan, and leave it to struggle alone, and to flee before the men of Ai. Christians are the light of the world; but if the light be darkness how profound the gloom! Pirates sometimes build false beacon-lights on dangerous coasts, to lure vessels on the rocks. Unconverted Church members are the false beacon-lights of Satan that destroy multitudes.

It becomes you therefore, to examine yourself prayerfully in the light of God's Word. Let us try to assist you. We take it for granted that you are living a moral life. But in what respect do you differ from those moral men around you that make no profession of religion? We suppose you are honest. But are you not just keen for money, as greedy for gain, as others that come not to the Lord's table? Jesus speaks of his followers as carrying a cross, as making sacrifices for him. What is your cross, and your sacrifice? Are you more religious than is necessary for your respectability? When invited to a party on prayer-meeting evening, which do you attend? When you can make a shilling by staying from the house of prayer, do you stay? With what motive do you contribute to benevolent objects? Do you, like the Pharisees, love only your friends? Do you your Sabbaths spent? Do you make and receive visits on that day, and think and converse on worldly matters, and read irreligious books and secular newspapers?

What is your evidence that you are a Christian?—if we may be allowed to ask a reason of the hope that is in you. Have you any, except that you are a member of a Church, which is just none at all? Could you prove your title to the heavenly inheritance before a court of justice on earth? Do your prayers come gushing up from the heart? Do you hate sin? Do you feel that you justly deserve God's wrath? Do you place all your hopes in Christ for salvation? Have you an experimental acquaintance with the spiritual warfare? It is to be feared that some professors have no knowledge of it. Be faithful to yourself in this examination. Rest not satisfied until you have found some convincing proof of your title to heaven. Gather such evidence as will endure the scrutinizing gaze of the Judge of the quick and the dead in that great and terrible day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest. If you are deceived, your poor soul must suffer in hell for ever. Remember that some are deceived, and you may possibly be among the number. "The time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God."

Watching for the Souls of Children.

"It is now," said Dr. Chalmers, "becoming a deep concern with me, to watch over the souls of my children." It would seem impossible that Christian parents should not watch for the souls of their children; but we are convinced by observation and sometimes, alas! by our own sad experience, that we may cruelly neglect the highest interest of those who are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. A child lost forever! What parent can endure the thought! A beloved child suffering beneath the fierceness of the wrath of God to all eternity!

There are professing Christians with whom watching over the souls of their children is not a deep concern. The father who, for the sake of advantage in obtaining wealth, places his son in a family where God is not feared, and among associates whose influence is adverse to religion, does not watch over the soul of his child. He says, by his actions, that wealth is preferable to salvation. How many sons of Christian parents have become careless, irreligious, and, in some cases, hostile to religion, in consequence of the influences to which they were deliberately exposed by their parents, that they might gain a portion of the wealth that perishes in the using!

Those parents who permit and encourage their children to associate with the lovers of pleasure, who would prepare them to receive the admiration of those who are devoted to the follies of time, do not feel a deep concern for the souls of their children. No son was ever made better by the foolish talking of the fashionable party, and "giddy mazes" of the dance. Those parents who are so immersed in the cares of business, that they have no time to

attend to their children, do not watch for their souls. "I wish," said one, "to engage a person to take the entire charge of my sons: I am willing to pay any price to a competent person. My business will not allow me to give them my care."

What was his business? An extensive manufactory. He had time to watch over his spindles, but no time to watch over the souls of his children!

Those parents who do not watch over the souls of their children, have no care for their own souls. He who does not care for his own soul, cannot of course be a Christian parent. But the fact that he is not a Christian, does not render him less responsible for the neglect of the soul of his child. God did not give children to such a parent that he might lead them, by his example, to the gates of eternal death. But this is what he will do, if God in sovereign mercy does not interpose.

Unconverted parents sometimes feel on this subject. "Would that they would see, that they might be led to right action. 'I do not wish my child to be lost, if I am lost myself,' said an impatient mother to one who spoke to her respecting her son. And there are many should they throw the powerful weight of parental example into the scale of ruin? Why say to their children that God is not to be feared, and Heaven is not to be won?—*Pres. Banner.*

A Word in Season, how good it is.

Kilstein, a pious German minister, once heard a laboring man use the most awful curses and imprecations in a fit of passion, without reproving him for it. This so troubled him, that he could scarcely sleep the following night. In the morning he arose early, soon saw the man coming along, and addressed him as follows: "My friend, it is you I am waiting to see."

"You are mistaken," replied the man, "you have never seen me before." "Yes, I saw you yesterday," said Kilstein, "whilst returning from your work, and heard you praying."

"What! heard me pray?" said the man, "I am sure now that you are mistaken; for I never prayed in my life."

"And yet," calmly but earnestly replied the minister, "if God had heard your prayer, you would not be here, but in hell; for I heard you beseeching God, that he might strike you with blindness and condemn you into hell fire."

"The man turned pale and tremblingly said: "Dear sir, do you call this prayer? yes, it is true, I did this very thing."

"Now, my friend," continued Kilstein, "as you acknowledge it, it is my duty to beseech you to seek with the same earnestness the salvation of your soul, as you have hitherto its damnation, and I will pray to God that he will have mercy upon you."

From this time the man regularly attended upon the ministry of Kilstein, and ere long was brought in humble repentance to Christ as a true believer.

"A word in season, how good it is." "Be instant in season and out of season; rebuke, reprove, exhort, with all long suffering and patience."—*1st Cor. ix. 13.*

Concert for Prayer

The condition of the country has roused the people of God, and made them feel that in the heavy judgments which are descending from an offended God, there is a loud call to prayer, and this feeling is not confined to Christians of any one denomination. It is proposed that all should unite in pleading with God in their secret devotions. An admirable paper has been drawn up by Mr. Brown, an Edinburgh Free Church minister, setting forth the importance of this concert, the urgency of it, and some of the topics that should form the subject of confession or petition. To indicate the presence or approach of a great crisis, the paper points—1.—to the peculiar and convulsed state of the continental nations, previous to the rise of the present war. 2.—to different aspects of the present power of our beloved country, especially the rise and triumphs of Tractarianism. 3.—to the position of our own vast colonies, exposed as they are on one side to worldliness, and on the other to rampant Romanism. 4.—to China, its momentous revolution, and the openings offered for the gospel. 5.—to India, with special reference to the 100 millions of the mission work there. 6.—to the fact that, in the opinion of so very many, the downfall of Babylon is approaching.

On these grounds, all of which indicate that we have fallen on momentous times, it is proposed that God's people in every Church should wrestle with him in secret, and that the exercises should be continued daily for a period extending over twelve months, commencing on the first of May of the present year.

The paper above noticed contains a summary of topics that might be brought up in remembrance before God, and abounds in appropriate Scriptures references.—*Tract Presbyterian.*

Christian Literature in Turkey.

There were printed last year at the mission press of the American Board of Missions in Constantinople 5,268,000 pages in the Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Greek, and Hellenic, Armeno-Spanish languages, and 2,132,000 pages of the Scriptures. This agency will probably be far more extensively employed during the present year. At a recent weekly business meeting of the station, letters were read from the British and Foreign Bible Society, offering funds for printing two editions of the Bible in different languages, and one of the New Testament, and from the London Religious Tract Society, expressing the desire of the committee to print in the great work, and requesting to know in what way they may co-operate conformably to the principle of these institutions.