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ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

COMPILED

BY REV. DANIEL SMITH.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY REV. D. W. CLARK, A. M.

New-York:

PUBLISHED BY LANE & SCOTT,

200 Mulberry-street.

JOSEPH LONGKING, PRINTER.

1850.

B. 2.

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P R E F A C E .

PHILOSOPHERS lay it down as an axiom, "That our Creator has so formed us, and adapted us to the world in which we live, that the view of certain *objects and scenes* in nature is fitted to excite in the mind certain corresponding emotions." These emotions will be those of fear or delight, grandeur or sublimity, according to the nature of the objects and scenes which inspire them. Experience and observation teach us, that from the same primary laws of our nature, FACTS which illustrate important truths, or develop human motives, produce certain corresponding *emotions*. When, for example, we examine a process of reasoning, in which every part is brought to bear upon the point to be demonstrated, and in which each example and illustration gives additional clearness and force to the argument, we cannot fail to admire the skill of the writer, and we become sensible of an *agreeable emotion*. When we follow a Wiclif, a Huss, or a Luther, through his struggles for truth and the rights of conscience, and when we see selfishness, bigotry, and malice arming themselves with penal laws and instruments

of torture, for the purpose of crushing the moral hero, we feel deep and powerful *moral emotions*. There are passages in such narratives where we hold our breath, and the mind, in the intensity of its feelings, at once desires and dreads to reach the crisis. Struggling with *conflicting* emotions, we *detest* the tyrant, while we *admire* and *weep* over the hero. Thus we perceive there is a deep philosophy in facts. They appeal to the primary laws of our nature. The learned and the ignorant alike feel their force. It is both instructive and amusing to observe their effect, when *skilfully* used in the pulpit, on the platform, or even at the bar. The very persons who affect to despise them—and some such there are—though listless and uninterested before, become “all eye, all ear.” Thus they pay an extorted homage to the laws of their own being. So also it is with the *reader* of a well-selected and well-arranged book of anecdotes. Who falls asleep over such a book? And whose memory is so treacherous as to forget the principle impressed by a well-selected and well-told fact? When mere didactic reasoning solicits in vain a record upon the tablet of memory, the illustrative fact *records itself*, and oftentimes indelibly too.

The great fault of books of anecdotes has generally been, that no principle of analysis has governed their construction. The materials might be good, but they were like the stones of Solomon's temple before the edifice was erected—heaped together in promiscuous confusion. A book of anecdotes should

have as specific an end as any other book. The principles to be enforced and illustrated being first settled in the compiler's mind, he should go on adding fact to fact under each head, making his work assume the form and perform the office of a cumulative argument.

On this principle the compiler aimed to construct a preceding volume—“*Anecdotes for the Young, or Principles illustrated by Facts;*”—and the same principle has guided him in the preparation of this volume.*

The character and design of the work will be obvious to the reader. The compiler flatters himself that the young minister, or candidate for the ministry, will derive no little advantage from the storehouse of interesting incidents to which he is here introduced. The way in which Divine Providence led many of those who became eminent in that position, of which it may be truly said,

“No post on earth affords a place
Of equal honour or disgrace—”

is here marked out. The piety which distinguished these servants of Jesus Christ, is illustrated by facts and examples. The *skill* and *boldness* with which they wielded the weapons of their spiritual

*The plan of the former volume differs materially from any other with which the compiler is acquainted. In this work he is much indebted to a small volume published by the London Tract Society. The plan of that small work was in part adopted, and a small portion of its contents transferred to these pages. To the twelve small volumes issued by the same Society the compiler is much indebted.

warfare, and the success which crowned their efforts, are faithfully delineated. The whole is a moving panorama, a life-like picture.

Nor is this a book for *young* ministers merely, or a book for ministers of only one denomination. It is a genuine "EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE." Here are ministers from all quarters, and of all orders—Churchmen, Dissenters, Methodists, and Presbyterians, Baptists and Quakers, Bishops, Elders, Deacons, and Licentiates.

Neither is it designed for *ministers only*. While its title is appropriate, and descriptive of its character, it is hoped and believed it will prove instructive and interesting in any Christian family into which it may find its way. That it may be numbered among that class of books which are properly denominated *useful*, is the devout prayer of the compiler.

New-York, April, 1850.

D. SMITH.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHITEFIELD, from a boy, talked of becoming a minister. "But," said he, on one occasion, "I shall not tell stories in the pulpit, like old Cole;" referring to a preacher distinguished for *reciting* anecdotes, but without sympathy, pathos, or power. In due time Whitefield entered the ministry, and began to wield this element of oratorical power with unparalleled effect. The old man then quietly remarked, "I find that young Whitefield can now tell stories in the pulpit, as well as old Cole." The importance of illustration, and especially of *illustrative facts*, has been rarely insisted upon, even in works upon homiletics and pulpit eloquence, to that degree to which it is fairly entitled. A solid, massive argument, without figure, without illustration, moving onward from its premises, patiently removing the obstacles in its way, deliberately interweaving the successive links of its chain, till the whole is complete, and the conclusion has been reached, might possibly be sufficient for the mere logician, the mere thinker; but to the great mass of both educated and uneducated men, unless the subject possessed an interest beyond that of the argument, it would appear dull, tiresome, and heavy. They would require something to relieve the tedium of the process; would seek relief from that *intense*, and almost *painful mental* effort necessary to thread the complicated windings of the logical process. Nay, it is often difficult for the mind readily to follow out a strictly logical train of reasoning, perceiving at once the affinity and coherence of the subordinate parts, and like-

wise the symmetry and perfection of the whole. Here, then, we have a double use for illustration, namely, to relieve the tedium of the reasoning, and to render more obvious and palpable the subject.

And in relation to this, men are not very much unlike children. Those who have been charged with the education of the latter, can well attest to the usefulness of *illustrations* in imparting clear views of intricate and difficult subjects, in making them feel the force and the claims of practical truth, and also in fixing indelibly that truth in the memory. Hence this form of instruction enters largely into all judicious systems of juvenile education. Hence, also, the pictorial representation, and the illustrative stories, with which juvenile books abound. Here is an element of vast power, which the judicious Christian parent, and the Sunday-school teacher, and also the Christian minister, will not fail to employ for the benefit of the young. Perhaps there is no department of education in which this mode of instruction can be employed with more power and effect, upon the minds of the young, than upon moral and religious subjects. Truth is personified, and stands before the mind's eye with all the distinctness of a living verity. That which we have predicated of children and youth is also true of the great majority of hearers. He has studied human nature to but little purpose, who has not discovered the power of simple and truthful illustration. Who has not observed a previously listless congregation excited to the greatest intensity of interest, by a well-narrated illustrative fact? What the didactic discussion of the subject failed to effect, the illustration achieves, often by a single stroke. The judgment is convinced, the heart is impressed. The ministrations of the Divine Redeemer abounded with beautiful and impressive illustrations. This constituted one of the most attractive and effective elements of his discourses. Illustrations by means of metaphor, simile, parable, and classical allusion, all have their significance and use. But in no department

is there opened so comprehensive, rich, and varied a store-house, from which the minister may draw material to give point and edge to his truth, as in that of illustrative fact.

But the employment of such material must be to *illustrate*, and the discourse must have in itself the principle to be illustrated. To employ illustrations when you have nothing to illustrate, to use them as a substitute for substantial truth, or as a means of extending the discourse, is the work of a wrong judging or unskilful workman. To use them without proper adaptation of subject, feeling, pathos, intonation, is to use them as "old Cole" did, and not as did "young Whitefield." The heart must be moved, the spirit must flow, or the illustration will be tame, lifeless, ineffect-ive. Whitefield infused the very soul of his genius into the incidents and illustrative facts that shot forth like so many meteors from the body of his discourse. They flashed upon the understanding, they burned into the heart, and long did they leave their impression there.

But there are other and scarcely less important ends to be accomplished, by such collections of interesting and instructive facts as those teeming in this little volume, and another previously given to the public by the same author. They place before the Christian examples to be admired and imitated. They erect beacon lights, and raise a warning voice, where dangers are to be apprehended. Is a young man meditating whether it be his duty to enter the sacred ministry? Here may he find light in the experience of the godly and successful. Here, too, are illustrated the graces of ministerial character, presented, not in the dry, didactic formula of the schools, but in the light of living example. Is instruction needed by the Christian on various points of duty? Here may be found most valuable and timely suggestions in the example of others, in like manner beset and perplexed. *Facts are suggestive*, and here a fund of such material has been gathered; not carelessly huddled into one confused mass to make out a book, but culled by

the hand of a master, and pruned and arranged with the skill and severity of a critic.

The Christian minister who aims only to be logical, who employs argument, but eschews illustration, is neglectful of one of the noblest elements of effectiveness in pulpit ministrations. The private Christian, who turns aside from the narration of brief and appropriate illustrations, that have been gleaned from the records of the experience and history of men, is neglectful of one of the richest sources of moral and spiritual improvement. The Christian parent and the Sunday-school teacher who do not avail themselves of incident and anecdote, to arrest the attention, enlighten the understanding, and impress the heart, will rarely become successful educators of the youthful mind. A volume providing materials for such a work is a rich store-house of practical and useful knowledge, and should be welcomed by the Christian public.

New-York, April, 1850.

D. W. CLARK.

CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

INCIDENTS INTRODUCTORY TO MINISTERIAL LABOUR.

MARTIN LUTHER.

“My parents,” said Luther, “were very poor. My father was a wood-cutter, and my mother has often carried the wood on her back that she might earn wherewith to bring up us children. They endured the hardest labour for our sakes.” John Luther, the father of little Martin, gradually made his way, and established two small furnaces for iron. The child grew up by the side of these forges, and with the earnings of this industry his father was able to send him to school. In those days fear was regarded as the grand stimulus in the business of education. “My parents,” said Luther, in after life, “treated me severely, so that I became timid. They truly thought they were doing right, but wanted discernment.” At school the poor child was treated with even greater severity. The master flogged him fifteen times in one day. “It is right,” said Luther, relating this fact, “it is right to correct children,

but at the same time we must *love* them." With such an education Luther early learned to despise the attractions of a self-indulgent life. When Martin was fourteen years of age, his father sent him to the school of the Franciscans at Magdeburg. Here he was cast upon the world, without friends or protectors. According to the custom of those times, he and some children, as poor as himself, begged their bread from door to door. The practice is still preserved in many towns in Germany. "I was accustomed," says he, "with my companions, to beg a little food to supply our wants. One day about Christmas time, we were going all together through the neighbouring villages, from house to house, singing in concert the usual carols on the infant Jesus born at Bethlehem. We stopped in front of a peasant's house which stood detached from the rest, at the extremity of the village. The peasant, hearing us sing our Christmas carols, came out with some food which he meant to give us, and asked, in a rough loud voice, 'Where are you, boys?' Terrified at these words, we ran away as fast as we could. We had no reason to fear, for the peasant offered us this assistance in kindness; but our hearts were no doubt become fearful from the threats and tyranny which the masters then used towards their scholars, so that we were seized with sudden fright. At last, however, as the peasant still continued to call after us, we stopped, forgot our fears, ran to him, and received the food that he offered us. It is thus," adds Luther, "that we tremble and flee when our con-

science is guilty and alarmed. Then we are afraid even of the help that is offered us, and of those who are our friends, and wish to do us good."

Often the poor modest boy, instead of bread, received nothing but harsh words. More than once, overwhelmed with sorrow, he shed many tears in secret; he could not look to the future without trembling.

One day, in particular, after having been repulsed from three houses, he was about to return fasting to his lodging, when, having reached the Place St. George, he stood before the house of an honest burgher, motionless, and lost in painful reflections. Must he, for want of bread, give up his studies, and go to work with his father in the mines of Mansfeld? Suddenly a door opens, a woman appears on the threshold—it is the wife of Conrad Cotta, a daughter of the burgomaster of Eilfeld. Her name was Ursula. The chronicles of Eisenach call her "the pious Shunammite," in remembrance of her who so earnestly entreated the prophet Elijah to eat bread with her. This Christian Shunammite had more than once remarked young Martin in the assemblies of the faithful: she had been affected by the sweetness of his voice and his apparent devotion. She had heard the harsh words with which the poor scholar had been repulsed. She saw him overwhelmed with sorrow before her door; she came to his assistance, beckoned him to enter, and supplied his urgent wants.

Conrad approved his wife's benevolence; he even found so much pleasure in the society of young

Luther, that, a few days afterwards, he took him to live in his house. From that moment he no longer feared to be obliged to relinquish his studies. He was not to return to Mansfeld, and bury the talent that God had committed to his trust !

At the age of eighteen Luther went to the University of Urfurth. Here the young student spent, in the library of the university, the moments he could snatch from his academical labours. Books being then scarce, it was in his eyes a great privilege to be able to profit by the treasures of this vast collection. One day, (he had been then two years at Erfurth, and was twenty years of age,) he was opening the books in the library one after another, in order to read the names of the authors. One which he opened in its turn drew his attention. He had not seen anything like it till that hour. He reads the title—it is a Bible ! a rare book, unknown at that time. His interest is strongly excited ; he is filled with astonishment at finding more in this volume than those fragments of the gospels and epistles which the Church has selected to be read to the people in their places of worship every Sunday in the year. Till then he had thought that they were the whole word of God. And here are so many pages, so many chapters, so many books, of which he had no idea ! His heart beats as he holds in his hand all the Scripture divinely inspired. With eagerness and indescribable feelings he turns over these leaves of God's word. The first page that arrests his attention, relates the history of Hannah and

the young Samuel. He reads, and can scarcely restrain his joyful emotion. This child, whom his parents lend to the Lord as long as he liveth; Hannah's song, in which she declares that the Lord raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set him among princes; the young Samuel, who grows up in the temple before the Lord; all this history, all this revelation which he has discovered, excites feelings till then unknown. He returns home with a full heart. "O!" thought he, "if God would but give me such a book for my own!" Luther did not yet understand either Greek or Hebrew. It is not probable that he should have studied those languages during the first two or three years of his residence in the university. The Bible that had filled him with such transport was in Latin. He soon returned to the library to find his treasure again. He read and re-read, and then, in his surprise and joy, he went back to read again. The first gleams of a new truth then arose in his mind.

In the summer of 1505, Luther was returning from a visit to his parents. He was within a short distance of Erfurth, when he was overtaken by a violent storm. The thunder roared; a thunderbolt sunk into the ground by his side. Luther threw himself on his knees. His hour is perhaps come. Death, judgment, eternity, are before him in all their terrors, and speak with a voice which he can no longer resist. "Encompassed with the anguish and terror of death," as he himself says, he makes a vow, if God will deliver him from this danger, to forsake

the world, and devote himself to His service. Risen from the earth, having still before his eyes that death that must one day overtake him, he examines himself seriously, and inquires what he must do. The thoughts that formerly troubled him return with redoubled power. He has endeavoured, it is true, to fulfil all his duties. But what is the state of his soul? Can he, with a polluted soul, appear before the tribunal of so terrible a God? He *must* become holy. He now thirsts after holiness as he had thirsted after knowledge. But where shall he find it? How is it to be attained? The university has furnished him with the means of satisfying his first wish. Who will assuage this anguish, this vehement desire that consumes him now? To what school of holiness can he direct his steps? He will go into a cloister; the monastic life will ensure his salvation. How often has he been told of its power to change the heart, to cleanse the sinner, to make man perfect! He will enter into a monastic order. He will there become holy. He will thus ensure his eternal salvation.

Such was the event that changed the vocation and the whole destiny of Luther. The hand of God was in it. It was that powerful hand that cast to the ground the young master of arts, the aspirant to the bar, the intended jurisconsult, to give an entirely new direction to his after life.

Luther re-enters Erfurth. His resolution is unalterable. Still, it is with reluctance that he prepares to break ties that are so dear to him. He

does not communicate his design to any of his companions. But one evening he invites his college friends to a cheerful and simple repast. Music once more enlivens their social meeting. It is Luther's farewell to the world. Henceforth the companions of his pleasures and studies are to be exchanged for the society of monks; cheerful and witty discourse for the silence of the cloister; merry voices, for the solemn harmony of the quiet chapel. God calls him; he must sacrifice all things. Now, however, for the last time, let him give way to the joys of his youth! The repast excites his friends. Luther himself encourages their joy. But at the moment when their gayety is at its height, the young man can no longer repress the serious thoughts that occupy his mind. He speaks. He declares his intention to his astonished friends; they endeavour to oppose it; but in vain. And that very night Luther, perhaps dreading their importunity, quits his lodgings. He leaves behind his books and furniture, taking with him only Virgil and Plautus. (He had not yet a Bible.) Virgil and Plautus! an epic poem and comedies! Singular picture of Luther's mind! There was, in fact, in his character the materials of a complete epic poem; beauty, grandeur, and sublimity; but his disposition inclined to gayety, wit, and mirth; and more than one ludicrous trait broke forth from the serious and noble ground-work of his life.

Furnished with these two books, he goes alone in the darkness of the night to the convent of the hermits of St. Augustine. He asks admittance. The

door opens and closes again. Behold him forever separated from his parents, from his companions in study, and from the world. It was the 17th of August, 1505. Luther was then twenty-one years and nine months old.

The monks had received him joyfully. It was no small gratification to their self-love to see the university forsaken, by one of its most eminent scholars, for a house of their order. Nevertheless, they treated him harshly, and imposed upon him the meanest offices. They perhaps wished to humble the doctor of philosophy, and to teach him that his learning did not raise him above his brethren; and thought, moreover, by this method, to prevent his devoting himself to his studies, from which the convent would derive no advantage. The former master of arts was obliged to perform the functions of door-keeper, to open and shut the gates, to wind up the clock, to sweep the church, to clean the rooms. Then, when the poor monk, who was at once porter, sexton, and servant of the cloister, had finished his work, "*Cum sacco per civitatem*—With your bag through the town!" cried the brothers; and, loaded with his bread-bag, he was obliged to go through the streets of Erfurth, begging from house to house, and perhaps at the doors of those very persons who had been either his friends or his inferiors. But he bore it all. Inclined, from his natural disposition, to devote himself heartily to whatever he undertook, it was with his whole soul that he had become a monk. Besides, could he wish to spare the body?

to regard the satisfying of the flesh? Not thus could he acquire the humility, the holiness, that he had come to seek within the walls of a cloister.

The poor monk, overwhelmed with toil, eagerly availed himself of every moment he could snatch from his degrading occupations. He sought to retire apart from his companions, and give himself up to his beloved studies. But the brethren soon perceived this, came about him with murmurs, and forced him to leave his books: "Come, come! it is not by study, but by begging bread, corn, eggs, fish, meat, and money, that you can benefit the cloister." And Luther submitted, put away his books, and resumed his bag. Far from repenting of the yoke he had taken upon himself, he resolved to go through with it. Then it was that the inflexible perseverance with which he ever prosecuted the resolutions he had once formed began to develop itself. His patient endurance of this rough usage gave a powerful energy to his will. God was exercising him first with small trials, that he might learn to stand firm in great ones. Besides, to be able to deliver the age in which he lived from the miserable superstitions under which it groaned, it was necessary that he should feel the weight of them. To empty the cup, he must drink it to the very dregs.

This severe apprenticeship did not, however, last so long as Luther might have feared. The prior of the convent, upon the intercession of the university of which Luther was a member, freed him from the mean offices the monks had imposed upon him. The

young monk then resumed his studies with fresh zeal.

He loved, above all, to draw wisdom from the pure spring of the Word of God. He found in the convent a Bible, fastened by a chain. He had constant recourse to this chained Bible. He understood but little of the Word ; but still it was his most absorbing study. Sometimes he would meditate on a single passage for a whole day ; another time he learned by heart some parts of the Prophets, but above all, he wished to acquire, from the writings of the Apostles and Prophets, the knowledge of God's will—to increase in reverence for His name—and to nourish his faith by the sure testimony of the Word.

Burning with the desire after that holiness which he had sought in the cloister, Luther gave himself up to all the rigour of an ascetic life. He endeavoured to crucify the flesh by fastings, macerations, and watchings. Shut up in his cell as in a prison, he was continually struggling against the evil thoughts and inclinations of his heart. A little bread, a single herring, were often his only food. Indeed, he was constitutionally abstemious. So it was that his friends have often seen him—even after he had learned that heaven was not to be purchased by abstinence—content himself with the poorest food, and go four days together without eating or drinking.

Luther did not find, in the tranquillity of the cloister and monkish perfection, the peace he was in quest of. He wanted an assurance that he was saved.

His conscience, enlightened by the Divine Word, taught him what it was to be holy ; but he was filled with terror at finding, neither in his heart nor in his life, the transcript of that holiness which he contemplated with wonder in the Word of God. Melancholy discovery ! and one that is made by every sincere man. No righteousness within ; no righteousness in outward action ; everywhere omission of duty—sin, pollution. The more ardent Luther's natural character, the more powerful was this secret and constant resistance of his nature to that which is good, and the deeper did it plunge him into despair.

The monks and theologians encouraged him to do good works, and in that way satisfy the divine justice. “ But what works,” thought he, “ can proceed out of a heart like mine ? How can I, with works polluted even in their source and motive, stand before a Holy Judge ? ”—“ I was, in the sight of God, a great sinner,” says he ; “ and I could not think it possible for me to appease him with my *merits*.”

A tender conscience led him to regard the least sin as a great crime. No sooner had he detected it, than he laboured to expiate it by the strictest self-denial ; and that served only to make him feel the inutility of all human remedies. “ I tormented myself to death,” says he, “ to procure for my troubled heart and agitated conscience peace in the presence of God : but, encompassed with thick darkness, I nowhere found peace.”

His bodily powers failed, his strength forsook him ; sometimes he was motionless as if dead.

One day, overcome with sadness, he shut himself in his cell, and for several days and nights suffered no one to approach him. One of his friends, Lucas Edemberger, uneasy about the unhappy monk, and having some presentiment of his state, took with him some young boys, choral singers, and went and knocked at the door of his cell. No one opened or answered. The good Edemberger, still more alarmed, broke open the door, and discovered Luther stretched on the floor in unconsciousness, and without any sign of life. His friend tried in vain to recall his senses, but he continued motionless. Then the young choristers began to sing a sweet hymn. Their clear voices acted like a charm on the poor monk, to whom music had always been a source of delight, and by slow degrees his strength and consciousness returned. But if for a few instants music could restore to him a degree of serenity, another and more powerful remedy was needed for the cure of his malady; there was needed that sweet and penetrating sound of the gospel, which is the voice of God. He felt *this* to be his want. Accordingly his sufferings and fears impelled him to study with unwearied zeal the writings of the Apostles and Prophets.

About this time the visit of Staupitz, vicar-general of the Augustines, was announced. This good man had passed through similar exercises, and had at length found peace in believing. Soon after his arrival, one of the brothers attracted his notice. He was a young man of middle stature, reduced by study,

fasting, and watching, so that you might count his bones. His eyes, which were afterwards compared to a falcon's, were sunk ; his demeanour was dejected ; his countenance expressed a soul agitated with severe conflicts, but yet strong and capable of endurance. There was in his whole appearance something grave, melancholy, and solemn. Staupitz, who had acquired discernment by long experience, easily discerned what was passing in that mind, and at once distinguished the young monk from all his companions. He felt drawn towards him, had a kind of presentiment of his singular destiny, and soon experienced for his inferior a paternal interest. He, like Luther, had been called to struggle ; *he* could therefore understand his feelings. He could, above all, show him the path to that *peace* which he had himself found. What he was told of the circumstances that had induced the young Augustine to enter the convent, increased his sympathy. He enjoined the prior to treat him with more mildness. He availed himself of the opportunities his office afforded for gaining the confidence of the young monk. He approached him affectionately, and endeavoured in every way to overcome the timidity of the novice—a timidity increased by the respect and fear that he felt for a person of rank so exalted as that of Staupitz.

His venerable guide proves to him that there can be no real conversion, so long as man fears God as a severe judge. “What will you say, then,” cries Luther, “to so many consciences, to whom are pre-

scribed a thousand insupportable penances in order to gain heaven?"

Then he hears this answer from the vicar-general—or rather he does not believe that it comes from a man; it seems to him a voice resounding from heaven. "There is," said Staupitz, "no true repentance but that which begins in the love of God and of righteousness.* That which some fancy to be the end of repentance is only its beginning. In order to be filled with the love of that which is good, you must first be filled with the love of God. If you wish to be really converted, do not follow these mortifications and penances. *Love him who has first loved you.*"

Luther listens, and listens again. These consolations fill him with a joy before unknown, and impart to him new light. "It is Jesus Christ," thinks he in his heart; "yes, it is Jesus Christ himself who comforts me so wonderfully by these sweet and salutary words."

Still the work was not finished. The vicar-general had prepared it. God reserved the completion of it for a more humble instrument. The conscience of the young Augustine had not yet found repose. His health at last sunk under the exertions and stretch of his mind. He was attacked with a malady that brought him to the gates of the grave. It was then the second year of his abode at the convent. All his anguish and terrors returned in the prospect of death. His own impurity and God's

* An unguarded statement.

holiness again disturbed his mind. One day when he was overwhelmed with despair, an old monk entered his cell, and spoke kindly to him. Luther opened his heart to him, and acquainted him with the fears that disquieted him. The respectable old man was incapable of entering into all his doubts, as Staupitz had done; but he knew his *Credo*, and he had found *there* something to comfort his own heart. He thought he would apply the same remedy to the young brother. Calling his attention therefore to the Apostle's creed, which Luther had learned in his early childhood at the school of Mansfeld, the old monk uttered in simplicity this article: "*I believe in the forgiveness of sins.*" These simple words, ingeniously recited by the pious brother at a critical moment, shed sweet consolation in the mind of Luther. "I believe," repeated he to himself on his bed of suffering, "I believe the remission of sins." "Ah," said the monk, "you must not only believe that David's or Peter's sins are forgiven: the devils believe that. The commandment of God is that we believe *our own sins* are forgiven." How sweet did this commandment appear to poor Luther! "Hear what St. Bernard says, in his discourse on the Annunciation," added the old brother. "The testimony which the Holy Ghost applies to your heart is this: '*Thy sins are forgiven thee.*'"

From that moment the light shone into the heart of the young monk of Erfurth. The word of grace was pronounced, and he believed it. He renounced the thought of meriting salvation—and trusted him-

self with confidence to God's grace in Christ Jesus. He did not perceive the consequence of the principle he admitted—he was still sincerely attached to the Church—and yet he was thenceforward independent of it; for he had received salvation from God himself; and Romish Catholicism was virtually extinct to him. From that hour Luther went forward—he sought in the writings of the Apostles and Prophets for all that might strengthen the hope which filled his heart. Every day he implored help from above, and every day new light was imparted to his soul.

THE BISHOP AND THE BIRDS.

A BISHOP who had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto, “Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?” thus explains the matter to an intimate friend:—

Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up some sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper-berries, and carry them to a neighbouring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He was quite aware

it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster ; and he often passed the whole day thinking, whilst he was gathering the juniper-berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for. The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper-wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative ; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master.

“ A present, my good boy ! ” cried the school-

master ; “ you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides.”

“ I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please,” said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy who stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers that reached only half-way down his naked legs. “ You are a very singular boy !” said he, “ but if you will not take money you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you ?”

“ O, yes !” said the boy, trembling with delight, “ you can do for me what I should like better than anything else.”

“ What is that ?” asked the schoolmaster, smiling.

“ Teach me to read,” cried the boy, falling on his knees. “ O, dear, kind sir, teach me to read !”

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at his leisure hours, and learned so rapidly that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman residing in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in mind as in birth, patronized the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities ; and when he rose, as he soon did, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms.

“ What do you mean ?” cried the bishop’s friend.

“ I mean,” returned the bishop, with a smile, “ that the poor boy was MYSELF.”

DR. COKE AND THE YOUNG MINISTER.

THE following interesting anecdote was related by Dr. Coke to his brother-in-law :—

In attempting to cross a river in America, Dr. Coke missed the ford, and got into deep water ; he and his horse were carried down the stream, and were in considerable danger ; he caught hold of a bough, and with some difficulty got upon dry land ; his horse was carried down the stream. After drying his clothes in the sun, he set out on foot, and at length met a man, who directed him to the nearest village, telling him to inquire for a Mrs. —, from whom, he had no doubt, he would receive the kindest treatment. Dr. Coke found the good lady's house, and received all the kindness and attention she could show him ; messengers were sent after his horse, which was recovered and brought back. The next morning he took leave of his kind hostess, and proceeded on his journey. After a lapse of five years, Dr. Coke happened to be in America again. As he was on his way to one of the annual conferences, in company with about thirty other persons, a young man requested the favour of being allowed to converse with him ; he assented with Christian politeness. The young man asked him if he recollected being in such a part of America about five years ago ; he replied in the affirmative. “ And do you recollect, sir, in attempting to cross the river, being nearly drowned ? ” “ I remember it quite well. ” “ And do you recollect going to the house of a widow lady

in such a village?" "I remember it well," said the doctor; "and never shall I forget the kindness which she showed me." "And do you remember, when you departed, leaving a tract at that lady's house?" "I do not recollect that," said he; "but it is very possible I might do so." "Yes, sir," said the young man, "you did leave there a tract, which that lady read, and the Lord blessed the reading of it to the conversion of her soul; it was also the means of the conversion of several of her children and neighbours; and there is now, in that village, a little flourishing society." The tears of Dr. Coke showed something of the feelings of his heart. The young man resumed, "I have not, sir, quite told you all. I am one of that lady's children, and owe my conversion to God, to the gracious influence with which he accompanied the reading of that tract to my mind, and I am now, Dr. Coke, on my way to conference, to be proposed as a preacher."

A CHAPLAIN AND A CADET.

THE following interesting statement of facts was made by Bishop M'Ilvaine, at the ordination of Bishop Polk:—

It is now nearly thirteen years since a very remarkable work of grace occurred in the Military Academy of the United States. During a condition of almost universal indifference to religion, and of wide-spread infidelity, against which the efforts of the ministry of one man, set for the defence of the gospel, seemed for a long time to make not the least

way, suddenly almost, in a very few days, many minds without communication with one another, and without personal intercourse with the minister, appeared deeply, and almost simultaneously interested in the great matters of eternal life. Officers as well as cadets participated in this, and to such an extent, that the minister's study was soon occupied every evening with assemblies, composed of both, for prayer and the exposition of the word of God; and a serious impression, more or less deep and abiding, was spread over a large part of the whole military community. Several became at that period very decided soldiers of Christ. Many others received impressions then, which God has since ripened into manifest and energetic piety. Many more received the seed of the word, in whom, though it seemed to die, it has since, under the continued influence of the Spirit, sprung up and brought forth fruit. Some are still in military life. Others have been, long since, adorning the Christian profession in the ministry of the gospel.

The very first appearance of this work of grace, so remarkably and singularly the work of God, was the coming of a cadet, alone and most unexpectedly, to introduce himself to the chaplain, and unburden the sorrows of a contrite heart. All around him was coldness and skepticism. To speak decidedly in favour of religion was then so unusual in the academy, that it made one singular. To converse with the chaplain on that subject had not been ventured by any, except out of opposition to the truth. That

any one would appear there seriously seeking eternal life, even the chaplain was afraid to hope. A cadet, however, did venture to come, in open day, to the chaplain's study, too deeply concerned to heed what would be said of him. He was personally unknown to the chaplain. His message he tried to utter, but could not. Again he tried, and again; but his heart was too full for speech. At length he said, "Tell me what I must do; I have come about my soul. I know not what I want; I am entirely in the dark. What must I seek? where must I go?" Such was the first declaration of one who, for some days, had been awakened under the preaching and reading of the truth. A sermon preached on the Scriptures, and a tract,* sent at a venture from the chaplain's study, to whomsoever it might meet, had been bless-

* The tract was sent by a cadet, who, in obedience to the request of a pious father, of whose death he had just heard, had come to introduce himself to the chaplain. He was not then of a serious mind in religion. A tract was put into his hand for himself; another, as bread upon the waters, with the direction, "Drop it anywhere in the barracks—perhaps I shall hear from it." He smiled, promised compliance, and dropped it unseen, in the room of his friend, the cadet above named. That day week the chaplain heard from it, as is above related. But still he who dropped it was not known to care for his own soul. The other, having learned from the chaplain to what cadet he was so indebted, put a serious book in his way, (Gregory's Letters.) Soon they were in prayer together in private. Soon, he who was first in Christ presented the other, as one seeking the peace of God, at the place where the prayers of cadets were then "wont to be made," (the chaplain's study.) One of them is now a bishop; the other, a most beloved minister of the gospel, well known as the devoted and successful pastor of one of the largest flocks of the diocese of Virginia.

ed to his soul. Doubts and cavils were all abandoned. Implicit submission seemed his engrossing principle. From that moment the young man appeared to take up the cross, and to stand decidedly and boldly on the Lord's side. The singular and very prominent evidence of the hand of God in this case, was very greatly blessed to others. After graduating at that institution, and leaving the army, he passed through a regular course of study for the holy ministry, and was successively ordained deacon and presbyter. Many years have since elapsed. The chaplain has since been called to a higher order in the ministry, and more enlarged responsibilities in the church. The cadet, meanwhile, after many vicissitudes of active duty and of disabling ill health, supposed he had settled himself for the rest of his life as a preacher and pastor to an humble and obscure congregation of negroes, whom he had collected together from neighbouring plantations; to whom, living entirely upon his own pecuniary means, he appropriated a part of his own house for a church, and to whose eternal interests he had chosen cheerfully and happily to devote himself, as their spiritual father, with no emolument but their salvation. But such was just the true spirit for the highest of all vocations in the church. To be a servant of servants is the very school in which to prepare for the chief ministry under Him who "took upon himself the form of a servant." The church needed a missionary bishop for a vast field, for great self-denial, for untiring patience, for courageous enterprise.

Her eye was directed to the self-appointed pastor of that humble congregation. With most impressive unanimity did she call him away to a work, not indeed of more dignified duty, but of more eminent responsibility; not indeed of more exquisite satisfaction to a Christian heart, (for what can give a true Christian heart more exquisite satisfaction than to lead such of the poor to Christ?) but of severer trials, and vastly greater difficulties and hardships. Counting the cost, he has not dared to decline it. Regarding the call as of God, he has embraced the promised grace, and is now ready to be offered. And thus the chaplain has here met the beloved cadet again, seeing and adoring the end of the Lord in that remarkable beginning.

A THRILLING EXORDIUM.

IN a sea-port town on the west coast of England, some years ago, notice was given of a sermon to be preached there one Sunday evening. The preacher was a man of great celebrity; and that circumstance, together with the object of the discourse being to enforce the duty of a strict observance of the Sabbath, attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prayers and praises, the preacher read his text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leaning his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he

begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came hither that evening, were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intention of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in this pulpit. Accordingly, they had not attended long to the discourse, when one of them said, impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' But the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he, too, said, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said, 'It would be better altogether to give up the design which has brought us here.' At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the place, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men! The first was hanged many years ago for forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death, for murder, in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren,"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused, and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, is he who is now about to address you!—listen to him."

REV. W. E. MILLER AND HIS VIOLIN.

THE late Rev. W. E. Miller, before he devoted himself to the Wesleyan ministry, was an eminent musician in Sheffield. He possessed a violin which, it is said, he estimated at the value of three hundred guineas; the probability is, that with his well-known disregard of money it was invaluable. The tradition in current vogue used to be, that when young Miller was in India, he heard, that, in the Court of Tippoo Saib, an exquisite instrument was in use by one of the Sultan's band; and having pushed his way to Seringapatam, he so enchanted the sovereign by his performances, as to obtain possession of the prize. Whatever may have been the means by which he came to be possessed of it, he acquired it in India. That which is the *instrument* of happiness or glory, though in itself unimportant, becomes interesting to its possessor, and often the fond object of superstitious affection. The horse which carried Alexander through his wars, was next to deified by the hero. Mr. Miller's violin had more than carried him to the height of his fame and popularity; it had been the companion of his wanderings in a foreign land; it had soothed his hours of weariness on board ship; and it had given life to, and made vocal, the deep, tender, enthusiastic, and melancholy emotions of his inmost soul. When, however, Mr. Miller was brought to feel the necessity of a perfect decision in religion, he found that this instrument stood in his way; it was the idol of his heart; he was perfectly

wedded to it ; and he felt it to be a great snare. “ With almost unexampled firmness and resolution,” adds his biographer, “ he laid it aside—though at the time he was esteemed the second, if not the first, performer in England—with the purpose never to touch it more ; and he kept his resolution to the day of his death.”

ADAM CLARKE.

A LETTER from Mr. Wesley, inviting him to Kingswood school, preparatory to commencing the ministry, brought matters to a crisis with his parents :—they were highly displeased. His father would neither see nor speak to him ; his mother threatened him with God’s displeasure, and said, as before, “ We have brought you up with much care and trouble ; your brother is gone, your father cannot last always ; you should stay with the family, and labour for the support of those who have so long supported you, and not go to be a fugitive and vagabond over the face of the earth. I believe you to be upright, I know you to be godly ; but remember, God has said, *Honour thy father and thy mother ; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.* This is the first commandment with promise : and remember what the Apostle hath said : *Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all.* Now I allow that you are unblamable in your life, but you are now going to break that solemn law, *Honour thy father and thy mother ;* and if you do, what will

avail all your other righteousness?" It would not do to reply to an aggrieved parent. All he could say was, *I wish to do nothing contrary to the will of God; and in this respect I labour to keep a conscience void of offence before God and man.* His poor mother was so far transported and off her guard, that she said, "If you go, you shall have a parent's curse, and not her blessing."

He was thus brought into a dilemma, and had no choice but of *difficulties*. He had advanced too far to retreat safely; and to turn back he could not with a clear conscience. He had the most decided disapprobation of his parents, and with such, expressed as mentioned above, he could not think of leaving home. *Prayer* was his stronghold, and to this he had recourse on the present occasion. God knew the way that he took, and appeared for him. Having gone into Coleraine a few days on some business, he was greatly surprised on his return to find his mother's sentiments entirely changed. She had got the persuasion that God had required her to give up her son to his work; she instantly submitted, and had begun to use all her influence with his father, to bring him to the same mind; nor had she exerted herself in vain. Both his parents received him, on his return, with a pleasing countenance: and though neither said *go*—yet both said, *we submit*. In a few days he set off to the city of Londonderry, whence he was shortly to embark for Liverpool, London, or Bristol. On his departure he was recommended by the pious society of Coleraine to God. He had lit-

tle money, and but a scanty wardrobe ; but he was carried far above the fear of want ; he would not ask his parents for any help ; nor would he intimate to them that he needed any. A few of his own select friends put some money in his purse, and having taken a dutiful and affectionate leave of his parents and friends, he walked to Derry, a journey of upwards of thirty miles, in a part of a day, found Mr. Bredin waiting, who had agreed for their passage in a Liverpool trader, which was expected to sail the first fair wind.

POOR JACK.

THE following account is given by the Rev. Legh Richmond, as having been related by a minister in a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society :—

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea.

A British man-of-war, passing by, discovered the plank and child ; and a sailor, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name

was Jack. They gave him the name of Poor Jack. He grew up on board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the suffering stranger, but could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer: "For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of—(presenting him with a Bible, bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society.) It was given me by a lady; has been the means of my conversion; and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, and it will lead you in the way you should go." He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his Bible: and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needed food.

The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge if you can of his feelings at recognizing in the dying old man his father, dying a penitent under his care! And judge of the feelings of the dying penitent at finding that the same young stranger was his son—the very son whom he had plunged into the sea; and had no idea but that he had immediately perished. A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the

arms of his son. The latter left the service, and became a pious preacher of the gospel. On closing this story, the minister, in the meeting of the Bible Society, bowed to the chairman, and said, "*Sir, I am poor Jack.*"

REV. MR. ROBINSON.

THE Rev. Mr. Robinson, a member of the Presbytery of New-Brunswick, was the son of a wealthy Friend in England. On visiting London he became dissipated, got in debt, and had to leave his native land to seek his fortune in America. On his arrival in New-Jersey he opened a school. After being thus engaged for some time, without any practical realization of religion, he was riding at a late hour one evening, when the moon and stars shone with unusual brightness. While he was meditating on the beauty and grandeur of the scene, and was saying to himself, "How transcendently glorious must be the Author of all this beauty and grandeur!" the thought struck him with the suddenness and force of lightning,—"*But what do I know of this God? Have I ever sought his favour, or made him my friend?*" This happy impression, which proved, by its permanency and effects, to have come from the best of all sources, never left him until he took refuge in Christ.

DISARMED AND CONVERTED BY KINDNESS.

"A MAN of my acquaintance," says Dr. Dwight, "who was of a vehement and rigid temper, had,

many years since, a dispute with a friend of his, a professor of religion, and had been injured by him. With strong feelings of resentment, he made him a visit, for the avowed purpose of quarrelling with him. He accordingly stated the nature and extent of the injury ; and was preparing, as he afterwards confessed, to load him with a train of severe reproaches, when his friend cut him short by acknowledging, with the utmost readiness and frankness, the injustice of which he had been guilty ; expressing his own regret for the wrong which he had done, requesting his forgiveness, and proffering him ample compensation. He was compelled to say that he was satisfied, and withdrew, full of mortification that he had been precluded from venting his indignation, and wounding his friend with keen and violent reproaches for his conduct. As he was walking homeward, he said to himself to this effect : ‘ There must be something more in religion than I have hitherto suspected. Were any man to address me in the tone of haughtiness and provocation with which I accosted my friend this evening, it would be impossible for me to preserve the equanimity of which I have been a witness, and especially with so much frankness, humility, and meekness, to acknowledge the wrong which I had done ; so readily ask forgiveness of the man whom I had injured ; and so cheerfully promise a satisfactory recompense. I should have met his anger with at least equal resentment, paid him reproach for reproach, and inflicted wound for wound. There is something in

this man's disposition which is not in mine. There is something in the religion which he professes, and which I am forced to believe he feels ; something which makes him so superior, so much better, so much more amiable, than I can pretend to be. The subject strikes me in a manner to which I have hitherto been a stranger. It is high time to examine it more thoroughly, with more candour, and with greater solicitude also, than I have done hitherto.'

“From this incident, a train of thoughts and emotions commenced in the mind of this man, which terminated in his profession of the Christian religion, his relinquishment of the business in which he was engaged, and his consecration of himself to the ministry of the gospel.”

DR. VANDERKEMP.

THE conversion of Dr. Vanderkemp, missionary in South Africa, was preceded by a very remarkable interposition of the providence of God in the preservation of his life. He was sailing on the river, near Dort, in company with his wife and daughter, when a violent storm arose, and a water-spout broke on the boat, by which it was instantly upset. Mrs. Vanderkemp and her daughter were immediately drowned, and the survivor, clinging to the boat, was carried down the stream nearly a mile, no one daring, in so dreadful a storm, to venture from the shore to his assistance. A vessel then lying in the port of Dort, was, by the violence of the storm, driven

from her moorings, and floated towards the part of the river in which he was just ready to perish, and the sailors took him from the wreck. Thus remarkably was a life preserved, which was afterwards to be employed for the advantage of mankind, and for the propagation of that faith which he had laboured to destroy. The sudden loss of his earthly comforts, and his long struggle against a painful death, softened his hard heart, shook the infidel principles he had hitherto cherished, and ended in the consecration of his life to the cause of God.

THE PRODIGAL RECLAIMED.

THE Rev. Mr. — was, many years since, a laborious minister in the kirk of Scotland. He had a large family, but his eldest son was a grievous trial to him, and filled him with distress. While his father was engaged in preaching on a week-day evening, he would join his wicked associates in robbing the orchards of some of the congregation. He was locked up in his bed-room, but contrived to escape from the window by a rope-ladder. When he arrived at eighteen years of age, he placed himself at the head of the wildest youths of this parish, to concert and execute every possible description of mischief. In short, it would be impossible to say what he did not do ; and such was his prowess, that whether he was the perpetrator or not, every species of mischief was laid at his door.

About the time we are speaking of, the sacrament was to be administered in his father's parish ; and

upon these occasions, according to the custom of the kirk of Scotland, many of the surrounding parishes met at an appointed church, where several days were appropriated for the solemnity. When this occurs, presents of cold provisions are usually forwarded to the minister's house whose turn it may be to receive the brethren. Such had been the case in this instance, and abundant supplies poured in from all quarters, and were forwarded to the parsonage.

The tables were laid over night, and some of the provisions placed upon them. Among these was a large meat pie, which any one person could scarcely lift. The following day, when all the ministers were assembled, the Rev. Mr. — invoked a blessing, and took his seat at the head of his guests. On removing a portion of the crust from the pie, it was discovered that the whole contents had been removed, and their place supplied with grass; and on a piece of paper the following text was written, "All flesh is grass."

The aged parent was so distressed at the occurrence, that his knife and fork dropped from his hands, and exclaiming, "Poor — has been here," he fainted away. Search was made for the lad, and he was brought in. When he stood before the assembled company he was somewhat abashed; but when he saw his hoary-headed father lost in unconsciousness of what was passing, and when his conscience told him that he had occasioned it, his heart smote him, and the turning-point was taken. From

that day forward he was an altered character. He clung to his rebel companions, but it was only for the purpose of turning them from the evil courses in which they had been associated. He insisted upon kneeling down with them to prayer, but they acknowledged him no longer as their leader. However, his unwearied efforts were not without success ; one or two listened with profit to his instructions, and the rest avoided him as a poor dispirited fellow. This young man subsequently entered the ministry, and preached the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

TOO MUCH MONEY AND TOO LITTLE WORK.

THE Rev. John Fletcher, we are told by one of his biographers, accepted the vicarage of Madeley in preference to another of above double the value, which was offered to him about the same time ; his previous intercourse with the people having excited within him an affection which would not suffer him to be then separated from them, and which remained unabated till his death. The circumstances connected with his appointment are remarkable and characteristic. One day Mr. Hill informed him that the living of Dunham, in Cheshire, then vacant, was at his service. "The parish," continued he, "is small, the duty light, the income good, (£400 per annum,) and it is situated in a fine healthy sporting country." After thanking Mr. Hill most cordially for his kindness, Mr. Fletcher added, "Alas ! sir, Dunham will not suit me ; there is too much money, and too little labour." "Few clergymen make

such objections," said Mr. Hill ; " it is a pity to decline such a living, as I do not know that I can find you another. What shall we do ? Would you like Madeley ?" " That, sir, would be the very place for me." " My object, Mr. Fletcher, is to make you comfortable in your own way. If you prefer Madeley, I shall find no difficulty in persuading the present vicar to exchange it for Dunham, which is worth more than twice as much." In this way he became vicar of Madeley, with which he was so perfectly satisfied, that he never afterwards sought any other honour or preferment.

REV. T. ROBINSON.

THE late Rev. T. Robinson, vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, was a native of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and was originally intended for trade ; but discovering considerable literary talent, his parents consulted the clergyman on whom they attended, and determined to confer on him the advantages of a university education, with a view to his entering on the Christian ministry. When he was about leaving home to proceed to Cambridge, he was one day met by a poor shoemaker, who inquired whether he was not about to be trained for a clergyman ; and being answered in the affirmative, the man replied, " Then, sir, I hope you will study your Bible, that you may be qualified for feeding the sheep of Christ with the bread of eternal life." The hint was seasonable, and a divine blessing attended it. Mr. Robinson never forgot it while he lived ; and he la-

boured, as is well known, for many years, as a faithful and successful minister of the gospel.

SOMETHING IN THE GOSPEL BESIDE THE
MERE LETTER.

SOME years ago a clergyman, who was a widower, married the widow of a deceased minister of another denomination. She was a woman highly esteemed for her correct views of Divine truth, and for sincere and consistent piety. She had not long accompanied her new companion in his public and social worship before she became pensive and dejected. This awakened the solicitude of her companion, who insisted on knowing the cause. At length, with trembling hesitancy, she observed, "Sir, your preaching would starve all the Christians in the world." "Starve all the Christians in the world!" said the astonished preacher; "why, do I not speak the truth?" "Yes," replied his wife, "and so you would were you to stand in the desk all day, and say my name is Mary. But, sir, there is something beside the letter in the truth of the gospel." The result was, a very important change in the ministerial efforts of this clergyman; after which his partner sat and heard him preach with great delight.

REV. SOLOMON STODDARD.

THE Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, Mass., the predecessor of President Edwards, was engaged by his people on an emergency. They soon found themselves disappointed, for he gave no

indications of a renewed and serious mind. In this difficulty their resource was prayer. They agreed to set apart a day for special fasting and prayer, in reference to their pastor. Many of the persons meeting for this purpose had necessarily to pass the door of the minister. Mr. S. hailed a plain man whom he knew, and addressed him: "What is all this? What is doing to-day?" The reply was, "The people, sir, are all meeting to pray for your conversion." It sunk into his heart. He exclaimed to himself, "Then it is time I prayed for myself!" He was not seen that day. He was seeking in solitude what they were asking in company; and "while they were yet speaking," they were heard and answered. The pastor gave unquestionable evidence of the change; he laboured amongst a beloved and devoted people for nearly half a century; and was, for that period, deservedly ranked among the most able and useful of Christian ministers.

DR. CHALMERS.

FROM Dr. Chalmers' own confession, he preached twelve years without either knowing himself or the gospel. In his address to his former parishioners he says:—"I cannot but record the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment which I prosecuted for upwards of twelve years among you. For the greater part of that time I could expatiate on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villany of falsehood, on the despicable arts of calumny; in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the

natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and disturbers of human society. Even at this time I certainly did press the reformations of honour, and truth, and integrity, among my people ; but I never once heard of any such reformations having been effected amongst them. If there was anything at all brought about in this way, it was more than ever I got any account of. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and proprieties of social life, had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not until I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God, it was not till reconciliation to Him became the distinct and prominent object of my ministerial efforts, it was not till I took the scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them, it was not till the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Ghost, given through the channel of Christ's mediatorship to all who ask him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers ; it was not, in one word, till the contemplations of my people were turned to these great and essential elements in the business of a soul providing for its interest with God, and the concerns of its eternity, that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforetime made the earnest and zealous, but I am afraid, at the same time, the ultimate object of my earlier administrations."

D'AUBIGNE'S CONFLICT WITH RATIONALISM.

THIS eminent man has recently given to the world the following statement of his final establishment in the gospel :

After his conversion to God, and after he had begun to preach Christ with fulness of faith, he was so assailed and perplexed, in coming into Germany, by the sophisms of rationalism, that he was plunged into unutterable distress, and passed whole nights without sleeping, crying to God from the bottom of his heart, or endeavouring by arguments and syllogisms without end to repel the attack and the adversary. In his perplexity he visited Kleuker, a venerable divine at Kiel, who for forty years had been defending Christianity against the attacks of infidel theologians and philosophers. Before this admirable man D'Aubigné laid his doubts and difficulties for solution. Instead of solving them, Kleuker replied, "Were I to succeed in ridding you of these, others would soon rise up. There is a shorter, deeper, and more complete way of annihilating them. Let Christ be really to you the Son of God—the Saviour—the Author of eternal life. Only be firmly settled in this grace, and then these difficulties of detail will never stop you; the light which proceeds from Christ will dispel all darkness." This advice, followed as it was by a study, with a pious fellow-traveller at an inn at Kiel, of the apostle's expression, "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or

think," relieved him from all his difficulties. After reading together this passage, they prayed over it. "When I arose from my knees in that room at Kiel," says this illustrious man, "I felt as if my wings were renewed as the wings of eagles. From that time forward I comprehended that my own syllogisms and arguments were of no avail; that Christ was able to do all by his power that worketh in me, and the habitual attitude of my soul was to be at the foot of the cross, crying to him, Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do anything to get away from the enemy that oppresses me. Do all thyself. I know that thou wilt do it; thou wilt even do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask. I was not disappointed. All my doubts were soon dispelled, and not only was I delivered from that inward anguish, which in the end would have destroyed me had not God been faithful, but the Lord extended unto me peace like a river. If I relate these things, it is not as my own history alone, but that of many pious young men, who in Germany and elsewhere have been assailed by the raging waves of rationalism. Many, alas! have made shipwreck of their faith, and some have even violently put an end to their lives."

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

THE Rev. John Angell James, of Manchester, Eng., has publicly stated, that all his usefulness in the ministry and the church of God may be traced to "the sight of a companion, who slept in the same

room with him, bending his knees in prayer, on retiring to rest. Nearly fifty years have since rolled away," he says, "but that little chamber, that humble couch, that praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amid the splendours of heaven."

AMIALE INSTINCTS AND CORRECT DEPORTMENT NOT CHRISTIAN PIETY.

It was a beautiful afternoon of a summer Sabbath, when a younger brother, about sixteen years of age, came into my room, and throwing his arms around my neck, said, "I want you to pray for me."

It was a moment of surpassing interest, and emotions never to be told, or forgotten, were awakened in my heart. He had always been what is called "a good boy"—his life had been marked by the strictest morality, and his attendance on the duties of religion made it impossible to detect in his character anything amiss. And while I had looked on him as a stranger to the Saviour, and in need of regenerating grace, I never expected to see him strongly excited in view of sin, or the prey of peculiar distress. He seemed so near the kingdom of God; like the young man in the gospel, he had outwardly kept all the commandments, so that it appeared as if he must be easily led to embrace the Saviour. His *morality* had allayed my anxiety in his behalf, and the interest he had ever manifested in the subject of religion, tempted me almost to forget that he was still in his sins, an enemy of God, and an heir

of hell. And when he broke in upon me with the solemn demand that I should pray for him, it startled me, as if he had come in starving and asked for bread.

Perceiving that he was in great distress of mind, I desired him to sit down for a moment, and tell me the occasion of his anxiety freely, and then I would comply with his request. He said that the subject of religion had for years been often before him, and he had always intended to become personally interested in it ; but, he added, " when in your prayer-meeting last evening you closed your remarks with the words, ' Choose ye *this day* whom ye will serve,' I resolved that I would seek earnestly the salvation of my soul. But at that time I felt no unusual concern, and this morning scarcely any more ; but my resolution was firm to choose the Lord for my portion. And this afternoon, in church, the sermon came home to my case, and I feel that I am a sinner, a great sinner, sinking into hell ; and I want you to pray for me."

- We kneeled down, and I offered prayer, while he wept in bitterness by my side. After a few moments, and still on our knees, I asked him what appeared to weigh the most heavily on his heart. He said that he had been chiefly distressed by the fear of the hell to which he was exposed, but *now* that had ceased to fill him with peculiar horror, and his *sins* appeared so great, and so wicked, that he must sink under their power. We spoke of the peculiar aggravation of his guilt, who had enjoyed the high-

est religious privileges, had been early consecrated by pious parents to God, and had been the child of many prayers and tears, and had still refused to give his heart to Christ. And as his ingratitude was revealed, he seemed to abhor himself as unworthy of the dust. And now despair was filling his breast. Such sins, so many, so great, so inexcusable, can never be forgiven. I asked him if he felt that God would be just in shutting him out of heaven, and making him miserable forever. O yes, he replied, he deserved the everlasting wrath of a holy God. He could never suffer more than he deserved ; but it was not hell, it was sin that made him miserable. He would suffer anything, everything, if he could only be delivered from this dreadful load of sin.

We spoke of the character of God ; of his spotless purity, that could not bear with sin ; of his justice, that burns to punish it ; of his truth, that had sworn to take vengeance on the ungodly. But he anticipated all this, and my words were too weak to meet the views he already had of these attributes, conspiring against his soul. I spoke of the love of God ; love against which he had sinned so long and deeply ; love, that had given him the religious privileges of his youth ; love, that was now keeping him out of hell ; love, that even now offered to pardon and save him.

“ No, no,” said he, “ I have sinned too much for that. There can be no pardon for so vile a wretch as I.” And sinking under this despairing thought, he gave utterance to his grief in sobs and tears.

It was an awful moment. I loved him as my own soul ; and his arm clung round my neck, as if I were holding him out of the pit. He seemed ready to perish. I pleaded at the throne of grace, that the convicted sinner might find mercy in this hour of his extremity. I asked him to pray ; and the few broken petitions that he was able to offer discovered the depths of distress from which he cried. Thus far I had said nothing to him of the Saviour, as waiting to be gracious. I had set before him his sins, as they appeared in contrast with the holiness of God, and had endeavoured to lead him to a deep sense of *guilt*, on account of those sins. He had been well instructed in the great truths of religion, but the thought of a possibility of finding salvation from such sins as he felt on his soul, seemed not to have entered his mind. And when at this juncture I spoke to him of the atonement, which Christ had made for guilty man, he could see no provision that met his case. I called up the precious and frequent promises of God ; the gracious and glorious offers of salvation that Jesus Christ has made ; I explained to him how consistent it was for God to pardon, since Christ had suffered ; and how willing that Saviour was to have mercy on the chief of repenting sinners. We went to Calvary, and dwelt on the dying sacrifice, and I asked him if, with that bleeding witness of God's willingness to provide salvation for sinners, he could doubt the eternal word. Here his unbelief was staggered. Seizing upon the first gleam of hope, I besought him to cast himself upon

the sovereign mercy of God in Christ Jesus. "You are a lost sinner, self-condemned and perishing. You acknowledge that God will be just in sending you to hell. But you see the provision which he has made for just such sinners. Can you not trust your immortal interests in the hands of that Saviour?"

The solemnity of eternity appeared to rest on his soul, as he poured out his heart in prayer, and committed himself unto Him who is able and willing to save. We wept in silence, in the fulness of our souls, that knew no words to express the emotions of that hour. With perfect calmness, almost incredible, after the storm through which he had just passed, we rose from our knees—we had been praying and conversing for about two hours—and walked out together. A Sabbath's sun was just setting, but a brighter sun, with healing in its beams, was rising on his heart. We met some young and unconverted friends, and at my request he told them what God had done for his soul, and tenderly invited them to seek the Saviour he had found.

My brother is now a minister of the New Testament, and will never forget the two hours that we spent on our knees in the summer of 1831.

REV. JOHN BROWN.

THE late Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, when a boy, was engaged in the service of a farmer in East Lothian. Having one day gone to Edinburgh market with grain, while his horses were resting and his companions asleep, he went to a bookseller's in Par-

liament Close, in search of a Greek Testament. The proprietor, standing at his door, was surprised to hear a poor boy ask for such a book, and inquired what he would do with it. "Why, read it, if it please your honour." "Can you read it?" "Why," replied the lad, "I will try at it." One of the shopmen, having found one, put it into his hand, and the master said, "If you can read it, you shall have it for nothing." The boy took it, and having read a page, translated it with great ease. The bookseller would receive no money, though the boy, who had pulled out half a crown from a purse in his pocket, urged him to take it, knowing that to be the price of the book. About twenty years after this, a well-dressed man, with a wig and staff, came to the same shop. He addressed the bookseller, who, as formerly, was walking before the door, saying, "Sir, I believe I am your debtor." The bookseller said, "I do not know; but step in, and any of the young men will tell you." "But," replied he, "it is to you personally that I am indebted." Looking in his face, the other said, "Sir, I do not know that you owe me anything." "Yes, I certainly do. Do you recollect that, about twenty years ago, a poor boy came and got a Greek Testament from you, and did not pay for it?" "Yes, perfectly," replied the bookseller, "and I have often thought of it; and the boy was no sooner gone, than I was angry with myself for not asking his name, and where he resided." "I," replied the clergyman, "was the boy; my name is Brown, and I live at Haddington." Upon looking

again in his face, and giving him his hand, he said, "Mr. Brown, I am glad to see you, and have often heard of you. We have here in our shop your Self-Interpreting Bible, your Church History, &c., which have brought me in much money; will you be so obliging as to dine with me?" The invitation was accepted, and a lasting friendship was formed between them.

THE VALUE OF A HALF-GUINEA.

DURING Dr. Adam Clarke's short stay at Kingswood, he often worked in the garden for exercise. "Observing one day," says he, "a small plat which had been awkwardly turned over by one of the boys, I took the spade and began to dress it: in breaking one of the clods, I knocked a half-guinea out of it. I took it up and immediately said to myself, This is not mine; it belongs not to any of my family, for they have never been here; I will take the first opportunity to give it to Mr. Simpson. Shortly after, I perceived him walking in the garden. I went to him, told him the circumstance, and presented the half-guinea to him; he took it, looked at it, and said, 'It may be mine, as several hundred pounds pass through my hands in the course of the year, for the expenses of this school; but I do not recollect that I ever lost any money since I came here. Probably one of the gentlemen has; keep it, and in the mean time I will inquire.' I said, 'Sir, it is not mine, take you the money: if you meet the right owner, well; if not, throw it in the funds of the school.'

He answered, 'You must keep it till I make the inquiry.' I took it again with reluctance. The next day he told me that Mr. *Bayley* had lost a half-guinea, and I might give it to him the first time I saw him; I did so:—three days afterwards Mr. *Bayley* came to me and said, 'Mr. C., it is true that I lost a half-guinea, but I am not sure that *this* is the half-guinea I lost; unless I were so, I could not conscientiously keep it; therefore you must take it again.' I said, 'It is not *mine*, probably it is *yours*; therefore I cannot take it.' He answered, 'I will not keep it: *I have been uneasy in my mind ever since it came into my possession;*' and, in saying this, he forced the gold into my hand. Mr. Simpson was present: I then presented it to him, saying, 'Here, Mr. S., take you it, and apply it to the use of the school.' He turned away hastily as from something ominous, and said, 'I declare I will have nothing to do with it.' So it was obliged to remain with its *finder*, and formed a grand addition to a purse that already possessed only three half-pence.

"Was this providential? 1. I was poor, not worth two-pence in the world, and needed some important articles. 2. I was out of the reach of all supplies, and could be helped only from *heaven*.

"The story is before the reader; he may draw what inference he pleases. One thing, however, I may add:—besides two or three necessary articles which I purchased, I gave Mr. *Bayley* 6*s.* as my subscription for his Hebrew Grammar: by which work I acquired a satisfactory knowledge of that

language, which ultimately led me to read over the *Hebrew Bible* and make those short notes which formed the basis of the *Commentary* since published! Had I not got that Grammar I probably should never have turned my mind to Hebrew learning; and most certainly had never written a *Commentary* on *Divine Revelation*! Behold how great matter a little fire kindleth! My pocket was not entirely empty of the remains of this half-guinea, till other supplies, in the ordinary course of God's providence, came in! O God! the silver and the gold are thine: so are the cattle upon a thousand hills."

THE VOICE OF "ASSURANCE."

A MINISTER of Christ should never stop short of a clear experience of those Gospel privileges which he proclaims to others. A fine illustration of this truth is found in Dr. Krummacher's "Elijah the Tishbite." "There was," says he, "some years ago, not far from this place, a very gifted preacher, who, for several years, preached with great earnestness and success the doctrine of the cross; but who, on that very account, was violently opposed. One of his opponents, a well-informed person, who had for a long time absented himself from the church, thought, one Sabbath morning, that he would go and hear the gloomy man once more, to see whether his preaching might be more tolerable to him than it had been heretofore. He went; and that morning the preacher was speaking of 'the narrow way,' which he did not make either narrower or broader than the word of

God describes it. 'A new creature in Christ, or eternal condemnation,' was the theme of his discourse; and he spake with power, and not as a mere learned reasoner. During the sermon, the question forced itself upon this hearer's conscience, 'How is it with myself? Does this man declare the real truth? If he does, what must inevitably follow from it?' This thought took such a hold upon him, that he could not get rid of it, amidst any of his engagements and amusements. But it became, from day to day, more and more troublesome, more and more penetrating, and threatened to embitter every joy of his life; so that, at last, he thought he would go to the preacher himself, and ask him, upon his conscience, if he were convinced of the truth of that which he had lately preached.

"He fulfilled his intention, and went to the preacher. 'Sir,' said he to him, with great earnestness, 'I was one of your hearers, when you spoke, a short time since, of the only way of salvation. I confess to you, that you have disturbed my peace of mind; and I cannot refrain from asking you solemnly, before God and upon your conscience, if you can prove what you asserted, or whether it was an unfounded alarm.' The preacher, not a little surprised at this address, replied, with convincing certainty, that he had spoken the word of God, and consequently infallible truth. 'What, then, is to become of *us*?' replied the visitor. His last word, *us*, startled the preacher, but he rallied his thoughts, and began to explain the plan of salvation to the inquirer, and to

exhort him to repent and believe. But the latter, as though he heard not one syllable of what the preacher said, interrupted him in the midst of it, and repeated, with increasing emotion, the anxious exclamation, 'If it be truth, sir, I beseech you what are *we* to do?' Terrified, the preacher staggered back. '*We*,' thinks he, 'what means this *we*?' and, endeavouring to stifle his inward uneasiness and embarrassment, he resumed his exhortation and advice. Tears came into the eyes of the visitor; he smote his hands together, like one in despair, and exclaimed, in an accent which might have moved a heart of stone, 'Sir, if it be truth, *we* are undone!' The preacher stood pale, trembling, and speechless. Then, overwhelmed with astonishment, with downcast eyes and convulsive sobbings, he exclaimed, 'Friend, down on your knees, let us cry for mercy.' They knelt down and prayed, and shortly afterwards the visitor took his leave.

"The preacher shut himself up in his closet. Next Sabbath, word was sent that the minister was unwell, and could not appear. The same thing happened the Sabbath following. On the third Sabbath, the preacher made his appearance before his congregation, worn with his inward conflict, and pale, but his eyes beaming with joy, and commenced his discourse with the surprising and affecting declaration, that he had now, for the first time, passed through the strait gate. You will ask what had occurred to him in his chamber, during the interval which had elapsed. A storm passed over him, but the Lord

was not in the storm ; an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake ; a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. Then came a still small voice, on which the man enveloped his face in his mantle, and from that time knew what was the gospel, and what was grace.”

DR. COKE.

THE Rev. Thomas Coke, LL. D., was born at Brecon, in South Wales, on the 9th of September, 1747. At the age of sixteen he was removed from Brecon to Oxford ; and in the Lent term of his seventeenth year was entered a gentleman commoner at Jesus College, in that university. In this seminary of learning he soon discovered a licentiousness of manners to which he had hitherto been a stranger. And to complete his astonishment, and excite his detestation, he unhappily found that, instead of apologizing for the enormity of their conduct, some of his fellow-students had contrived to discard with contempt those moral principles which he had been taught to consider as sacred, and to shelter themselves under the sorceries of argument, from the pangs of an upbraiding conscience. Between their practice and their principles he soon discovered a melancholy agreement. Infidelity had taken possession of their hearts, and its effects were fully unfolded in their lives.

Unfortunately, although he had been brought up in the general belief that revelation came from God, and that the doctrines which it taught, and the precepts which it inculcated, were calculated to make

men wise unto salvation, his belief was of the hereditary kind; so that the arguments which proved revelation to be genuine were totally neglected, from an implicit conviction of its being true. On finding revelation assailed by sophisms which he had never heard before, and those principles attacked which he had never been instructed to defend, silence succeeded to astonishment at first; but the poison was working its way through unguarded avenues to his heart; so that by slow and imperceptible degrees he became a captive to those snares of infidelity which he had at first surveyed with detestation and horror. This unhappy circumstance formed a memorable epoch in his life. The impression which it made upon his memory was too deep to be effaced. In public and in private he has frequently taken occasion to introduce it, accompanied with terms of compassionate indignation against those who cherish the viper by which he was stung, and to reckon his deliverance from this dreadful hydra as a most singular interposition of the providence of God.

The principles of our young student, being thus tainted, soon communicated their fatal influence to his practice. But the restraints imposed by conscience still remained, and preserved him from those excesses into which he would in all probability have been otherwise hurried.

But although he was thus preserved from the actual commission of the more abominable crimes, he fell an easy prey to the fashionable follies which reputed virtue does not blush to own. But amid this

career of dissipation and folly, the happiness which he sought invariably eluded his grasp. No noise was sufficient to silence the voice of conscience ; no torrent of excess could drown her secret whispers ; and no amusement could either extinguish remorse, or compensate for that anguish which involuntary reflection always occasioned. Miserable in the midst of gay companions, and haunted by the apparition of disregarded virtue, his life was wretched without any visible calamity ; and he sometimes sighed in solitude even while he partook of the stupifying opiates which his associates recommended by their pernicious example.

It was in this state of sorrowful indecision, having abandoned his old creed, without finding his new one to correspond with the dictates of his conscience, how much soever it might accord with the wishes he had cherished, that he paid a visit to a clergyman of Wales, whose name at that time had excited some degree of attention and respect. On the arrival of Sunday, this reverend gentleman, willing, in all probability, to please his Oxonian guest, selected a sermon, written in a masterly manner, on some of the most important doctrines of the Gospel. This he read with more than common animation ; and appeared, by the manner in which he delivered it, to declare the sentiments of his heart. Young Coke listened to the declaimer with all that attention and interest which the solemnity and importance of the occasion required ; and felt his attachment to those principles which he had hitherto endeavoured in vain

to forget, once more begin to revive in his bosom. The effects of infidelity now appeared in an inauspicious light ; and serious suspicions were entertained by him of the validity of those arguments by which he had been proselyted to adopt his fashionable creed.

On returning from church, the visitor took occasion to express his opinion of the sermon which he had just heard, in terms of unqualified approbation. To this he added some hints on the state of his mind ; and some remarks on the impression which the discourse had made ; expecting, no doubt, to receive more ample information on those momentous subjects from a minister who had so ably advocated the cause of Christianity in the pulpit. But, strange as it may appear, this unhappy man, instead of endeavouring to remove the objections, which were only formidable to youth and inexperience, archly smiled at the simplicity of his young friend, and frankly told him that he did not believe any of the doctrines he had been defending !

Disgusted at the conduct he had witnessed, without being induced by the clergyman's example to think more favourably of infidelity, which could thus sanction perfidy, and cover an avowal of it with smiles of conscious superiority, he returned once more to Oxford, with a fixed resolution to take some decisive measures, that should finally confirm him in open infidelity, or bring him back to the principles of Christianity. This, in all probability, was one of the most momentous periods of his life ; since, on the step he was about to take, without any visible guide or direc-

tor to confirm or correct his judgment, depended, in no small degree, his destiny through life, and his happiness both in time and eternity.

It providentially happened that, just at this eventful crisis, the discourses and dissertations of Bishop Sherlock fell into his hands. These he read with more than common attention and interest; and being a sincere seeker after truth, God was pleased to accompany them with his blessing. From this moment his mind decided in favour of Christianity, and all his deistical reasonings and objections disappeared. In this, also, he always found occasion to glorify the riches of Divine grace in secretly disposing him thus earnestly to search after truth, and in leading him to a treatise that should effectually cure the mental malady under which he had so long suffered.

The reasonings of Sherlock, however, only made him a Christian in theory. He was still a stranger to the religion of the heart, and knew nothing of the necessity of being born again. But an important point was gained; it had brought him within the precincts of revelation, and even laid him under an obligation to examine, with deep attention, the various doctrines of that system which he had thus embraced. The effect followed which might naturally be expected. From a treatise on regeneration, by Dr. Witherpoon, he obtained a considerable knowledge of the nature and the necessity of it; but it was not until some time afterward that he was put in actual possession of that genuine faith which unites the contrite soul to the Lord Jesus.

Having thus taken a decided part in favour of Christianity, he soon found occasion to leave his infidel companions, and with them the practice into which they had initiated him.

At the age of twenty-one, he was chosen common councilman for the borough of Brecon, which station his father had held when living; and, at the age of twenty-five, he was elected chief magistrate; which important office he filled with more than common reputation. The whole corporation were highly satisfied with the rectitude of his conduct during the time that he presided among them; and the good order of the town was much promoted by his unwearied exertions to advance the public benefit.

As it was now his full intention to enter into holy orders, the authority which his office gave him in Brecon, procured him many flattering prospects of rapid advancement in the Church. But preferment, through political interest, is a path in which disappointment frequently smiles at the simplicity of hope. Being properly qualified, he took out his degree of Doctor of Civil Laws on the 17th of June, 1775.

Dr. Coke, having exhausted his patience in waiting on those proficients in artificial friendship. "who squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow," began seriously to look around him for some respectable curacy that would promise to be permanent. It was not long before one of this description offered itself at South Petherton, in Somersetshire. This he readily embraced, as it afforded him an ample field for the exercise of his talents, of his zeal, and, above

all, of his earnest desire to be useful, which, from his earliest recollection, had always been predominant in his heart.

On his arrival at Petherton, though a stranger to vital godliness, he selected for the subjects of his discourses some of the most momentous truths of the Gospel; and delivering these with a degree of animation to which his auditors had not been accustomed, he soon attracted more than ordinary congregations.

But amid the solitudes, inquiries, and cares, which frequently engaged his midnight hours, instead of growing confident in his own attainments, every day furnished him with some new evidence of his ignorance. The prospects which opened before him appeared boundless; and in deep humility of soul, he saw the necessity of obtaining more light than he had hitherto acquired, upon many important truths; and of realizing the influence of Divine grace in his heart, more powerfully than he had hitherto experienced it. Prayer to God for Divine assistance now mingled with his private studies and his public ministrations. All his former, but long neglected impressions again returned; and he once more perceived, with unquestionable clearness, the necessity of being born of God.

The ardent desires of his heart soon became visible in his conversation, and in his preaching; and the report of his fervour and earnestness soon drew to his church the serious part of the neighbourhood; among whom were many who had already found that

invaluable blessing which Dr. Coke was now evidently seeking. To the truths which he thus delivered in great sincerity, he added a degree of eloquence which frequently so affected his congregation, that many faces were suffused with tears. It was not long that his church could contain the vast numbers who assembled to hear. He therefore applied to the parish vestry for a gallery to be erected at the public expense. Caution, however, was more predominant than zeal, with those to whom he made his appeal; and the consequence was, that his application was refused. But this refusal was insufficient either to damp his ardour, or to make him relinquish an undertaking which he thought necessary in itself, and likely to be attended with the most beneficial consequences. He therefore, without any further consultation, employed tradesmen, and actually built a gallery at his own private expense.

By this unexampled effort and display of liberality, he gave to the astonished farmers of his parish such a proof of his sincerity and disinterestedness, that the more crafty ones began to suspect their new minister was somewhat tainted with Methodism. From these sagacious discoverers it was whispered to others; and all watched him "with sly circumspection." At length, the suspicions appearing strongly against him, the report became general; and, in a tone of expression that at once partook of indignity and jest, the parson, without further ceremony, was pronounced guilty, and consequently loaded with the opprobrious appellation.

Happily, however, this report did not terminate either in indignity or jest ; but it soon led to consequences which its propagators had not taken into their calculation.

Among the early lay preachers whom the Rev. Mr. Wesley had been instrumental in raising up, was Mr. Thomas Maxfield. This pious man was afterward ordained by the bishop of Londonderry, who resided some time at Bath for the benefit of his health. On receiving Mr. Maxfield, at Mr. Wesley's particular recommendation, the bishop used the following remarkable words : " Sir, I ordain you to assist that good man, that he may not work himself to death." Some years after this circumstance, Mr. Maxfield quitted Mr. Wesley ; and in the revolution of events, about the time of which we speak, he had taken up his abode not far from South Petherton, where Dr. Coke resided. This minister, on hearing the tale which popular report had circulated, began to entertain an opinion of the Petherton curate very different from that which had floated on the breeze of fame. And feeling a desire to render all the assistance in his power to an amiable young man, who improved all the light he had, and who was anxious to procure more, he sought his acquaintance, and was introduced as a pious friend. During the first interview, their conversation turned on the nature and necessity of conversion ;—on experimental religion, as the genuine source of practical godliness ;—and on the inward witness of the Spirit, which it is the privilege of all believers to enjoy.

This conversation was of considerable service to the doctor, who was only yet able to "see men as trees walking." But from the repetition of these visits, his mind became gradually opened to see more clearly the things of God; many of his doubts were removed; and the whole plan of salvation by faith in the merits of the Saviour, unfolded its beauties to his susceptible understanding and ravished heart, in a manner he had never seen before.

But it was not to the conversation of this pious clergyman alone, that Dr. Coke had to acknowledge his obligations. Nearly about the same time "Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted" fell into his hands; and the forcible manner in which the author applies the language of Scripture, to confirm the salutary truths which his little book contains, riveted upon his heart the information he had received through the medium of conversation and of fervent prayer. "Sherlock's Discourses had produced a revolution in his opinions; but Alleine's Alarm now produced a revolution in his heart;" and from this time he became an earnest seeker of salvation, until he experienced a clear manifestation of the love of God.

But although he was an earnest seeker of salvation, he had not embraced any particular system, nor even yet begun to inquire into the ultimate tendency of the various tenets which courted his approbation. His final decision in the choice of doctrines, and in favour of those taught by Mr. Wesley, was however soon effected by the following circum-

stance. Among the pious clergymen who occasionally visited the doctor was the Rev. Mr. Brown, rector of Portishead, and vicar of Kingston, near Taunton. This gentleman, finding the state of indecision in which the doctor's mind at that time oscillated, put into his hands Mr. Fletcher's Appeal, and Checks to Antinomianism. These considerably assisted him in his religious progress, and were, as he has since declared, "the blessed means of bringing him among that despised people called Methodists, with whom," he adds, "God being my helper, I am determined to live and die."

It was nearly about the same time that the Rev. Mr. Hull, a dissenting minister, who had been induced to hear the doctor preach, addressed to him a letter, which tended to encourage him in the good way. To this letter he replied; and after a correspondence of some continuance, and of no small degree of advantage to him, an interview was proposed by Mr. Hull. To this the doctor had no personal objection, but so high were his prejudices in favour of the Establishment, that he chose rather to decline the friendly offer, than to contaminate himself by going to the house of a man who was an avowed dissenter; and the same prejudices prevented him from receiving Mr. Hull at Petherton. A compromise, however, took place, and they agreed to meet at a farm-house, as a neutral spot, to which they might resort without polluting each other. In this interview the doctor soon discovered that his heart disowned the prejudices

by which his head had been guided ; and that it was possible for piety and knowledge to exist without the pale of the Established Church.

With a man labouring under prejudices so strong as those which at this time held Dr. Coke in captivity, few could be found more suitable to converse than Mr. Hull. He had embraced the Calvinistic creed, but he was no bigot. Reasonable, communicative, and ingenuous, he was as willing to hear as to speak, and was more inclined to support his creed by argument than by dogma.

Among the happy effects which resulted to Dr. Coke from his conversation with Mr. Hull, the blow which had been given to his prejudices was not the least advantageous, since this prepared him to receive instruction from those who, in humble life, had experienced the pardoning love of God ; of which an opportunity very shortly occurred.

It happened, while he was thus earnestly seeking the salvation of his own soul, and strongly recommending the Saviour of mankind to others, that he had an occasion to visit a respectable family in Devonshire. Among the labourers belonging to this family there was a poor man who had for some considerable time been a member of the Methodist society, and who superintended a small class. This man was soon found out by the doctor, who quickly entered into conversation with him on things which belong to our everlasting peace. The poor man, though destitute of worldly knowledge, had extensively explored the unfathomable mines of Divine

love, and had large possessions of the unsearchable riches of Christ. On the nature of pardon—the evidence which accompanies it—the witness of the Spirit—the necessity of obtaining these inestimable blessings—and the manner in which we must come to God, they discoursed largely, and mutually opened their hearts to each other. From conversation they joined in prayer, and were so united in spirit that the doctor became solicitous to know something more concerning the Methodists, of whose doctrines and character he had heard many strange reports. To all his inquiries the old Christian gave him satisfactory replies, which induced him to think that he had been blinded by delusive representations, and he resolved to be the dupe of prejudice and imposition no longer. It was to the pious and communicative simplicity of this happy rustic, that Dr. Coke declared he owed greater obligations with respect to finding peace with God and internal tranquillity of soul than to any other person.

One evening, as he walked into the country to preach to his little flock, his heart was in a particular manner lifted up to God in prayer for that blessing which he had sought so earnestly and so long. He did not then receive any immediate answer to his petition. But while he engaged in his public duty, and was unfolding the greatness of redeeming love, it pleased God to speak peace to his soul, to dispel all his fears, and to fill his heart with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Transported with the enjoyment of this blessing he returned home, glorifying the Author of all his mercies, and tenderly concerned for his fellow-creatures, who were either seeking the same inestimable gem, or living without hope and without God in the world. He soon announced from the pulpit the blessing he had experienced ; and his language partook of the fervour of his spirit. His manuscript became too feeble either to convey the rapid energy of his thoughts, or to contain the sacred fire which glowed in his breast. He had already, on peculiar seasons, ventured to make excursions beyond its confines ; but from the lesson which experience had lately taught him, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, he found but little occasion for written discourses. His crutches were therefore thrown aside ; and, under the teachings of the Holy Spirit, he began to walk boldly onward as a master of Israel. In this step also God was pleased to acknowledge his servant ; a peculiar unction attended his word ; and under his first extempore sermon three souls were awakened by his ministry.

But it was not to be expected that the idle, the thoughtless, the ignorant, the self-righteous, and the profane, throughout the extensive parish of South Petherton, would quietly suffer all these changes and innovations. In all ages, and in all places, the carnal mind is enmity against God. This truth Dr. Coke was almost instantly called to witness. His preaching without a book,—the ear-

nestness of his exhortations,—the plainness of his language,—and his establishing evening lectures in the villages, all conspired to give offence, and to create a general ferment in the parish and neighbourhood. The clergymen in his vicinity were displeased at his violation of accustomed order, and because his preaching drew away many of their regular hearers. The genteel part of his own parish were offended at his uncommon zeal ; the profane at his severe reproof of sin ; and the moral at his enforcing the necessity of an experimental acquaintance with God. Above all, as he had introduced the singing of hymns into the church, the singers were much disgusted, and all parties joined in the general clamour.

The refusal of the bishops to interfere, induced the doctor's enemies to apply to the rector of the parish ; who, to gratify their wishes, became one of the party, and promised to dismiss his curate, who had rendered himself obnoxious, in proportion as he had become faithful and earnest in seeking the salvation of souls. The scheme was soon concerted ; and on an appointed day, without giving the doctor any opportunity of delivering his own soul in a farewell address to his congregation, he was abruptly dismissed, on a Sunday, before the people, from that church where he had preached upward of three years. And, in the estimation of his enemies, to complete his disgrace, to gratify their vengeance, and consummate their triumph, they actually caused the parish bells to chime him out of the doors.

As the removal of the doctor from his curacy, though sudden and unexpected to him, was the result of deliberate calculation among his enemies, another curate had been provided to supply his place. This gentleman, who stepped immediately into the vacant pulpit, perfectly understood the part he was to act. He accordingly introduced himself to the notice of his congregation by preaching against the doctor, and by attempting to counteract those heresies which he had of late propagated.

Banished from the citadel of consecration, it was resolved that, on the two ensuing Sundays, he should stand near the church, and begin to preach just as the people left it, since he could no longer address them from the pulpit within. When the day arrived, he took his stand and began his discourse, and found himself surrounded by a promiscuous crowd of enemies and friends.

It was plain to all, that the doctor had been crushed by an act of local authority, which, without appealing to justice, had sheltered itself under the sanction of law. Many, therefore, who disapproved of his preaching, viewed him now as an object of oppression, and espoused his cause more, perhaps, from enmity to his oppressors, than from any real attachment to him; and several among them determined to defend the injured man, whom they thought they had a right to ridicule, and even to traduce, on other occasions.

Thus circumstanced, between the jarring opinions of his avowed enemies,—of many who had taken no decided part,—of his transient supporters,—and of

his permanent friends, the doctor proceeded, and was permitted to conclude his first sermon in peace. His enemies, however, on finding that he intended preaching again on the ensuing Sunday, became quite exasperated; and, without any hesitation, threatened to stone him, in case he made his second appearance. But he was neither to be frightened nor deterred, though many of his friends began to think seriously of the consequences that might ensue if he persisted; especially as hostile preparations were actually making, in the face of open day.

There resided at this time, not far from Pether-ton, an amiable family of dissenters, named Edmonds. This family, which was of no small respectability, consisted of the gentleman and his lady, and a son and daughter, both grown to maturity. The son and daughter, though bred up as dissenters, on hearing the report of the doctor's preaching, in times past, had determined to attend the church. This they did; and conceiving an attachment for him, they became his regular hearers. On the morning of the second Sunday after his expulsion, when the parents proceeded to their own meeting-house, they cautioned their children against going to the church on that day; well knowing the plans that had been concerted, and their strong attachment to the doctor. Prudence, therefore, directed them to give these admonitions, from an apprehension that their children might be involved in troubles which they could neither remedy nor prevent.

Scarcely, however, had the cautious parents left

their home, before their courageous son and daughter began to reflect on the perilous situation of their friend ; and, thinking it mean to desert him in time of need, their affection prevailed over parental admonitions ; they therefore took their horses, and rode immediately to Petherton. Among the preparations that were made to annoy the congregation, and to drive the doctor from the field, a large quantity of stones had been collected and placed in some hampers, near the spot on which he was expected to stand. But these hostile appearances were insufficient to divert the Edmonds's from their purpose. They accordingly placed themselves, when the doctor began, one on the right hand and the other on the left, to wait the impending event. To these were joined a great number of other real friends, who had rallied around him in this moment of danger ; and with these associated the enemies of persecution, so that only an inconsiderable party was found to patronize the hampers, and discharge their contents ; and these were from the common rabble, which every town and parish can produce.

Why men, whose deeds are evil, should prefer darkness to light, requires no great degree of penetration to discover. It was now open daylight ; and the persons of all were well known to many, who, from the countenance which, by their present attitude, they seemed to give the doctor, tacitly declared that they intended to espouse his cause against every attempt of illegal violence. Under these circumstances, it became a matter of prudent calculation

with every one, to avoid casting the first stone. The event was, that the doctor proceeded in his discourse, and finally concluded, before the *hampere*d proselytes could resolve how to carry their premeditated threats and designs into execution. The service thus concluding without any act of hostility, the young Edmonds's took the doctor with them to their habitation, where he was kindly received by the parents; and from this period he always made this house his home during all his future visits to Petherton.

Soon after the occurrence of these events Dr. Coke united with Mr. Wesley, sharing the labours and successes, and enjoying the confidence of that eminent man to the period of his death.

“Meanwhile the doctor's opponents had no great comfort of their triumph. The worth of certain characters is not appreciated till we feel their loss. In walking the street, they everywhere met a mournful countenance. The poor had lost their benefactor, the people their pastor, the sick their comforter, and the wicked the only person that kept them in awe. But on the doctor's future visit, sober reason having regained the sovereignty, these same opponents were the foremost to chastise their own folly. ‘Well,’ said they, ‘we *chimed* him out, and now we will atone for our error, by *ringing* him in.’ Such are the issues of bearing adversity with a becoming temper of mind.”*

* History of the Wesleyan Methodists, p. 410.

LUTHER ON PILATE'S STAIRCASE.

FOR some time after the light of truth began to dawn on the mind of Luther, he submitted to all the vain practices which the Romish Church enjoins, in order to purchase the remission of sins. One day, during his visit to Rome, wishing to obtain an indulgence promised by the pope to any one who should ascend, on his knees, what is called *Pilate's Staircase*, the poor Saxon monk was slowly climbing those steps, which they told him had been miraculously transported from Jerusalem to Rome. But while he was going through with the meritorious work, he thought he heard a voice, like thunder, speaking from the depth of his heart, "The *just shall live by faith.*" He started up in terror on the steps up which he had been crawling; he was horrified at himself; and, struck with shame for the degradation to which superstition had debased him, he fled from the scene of his folly. This was the decisive epoch in the inward life of Luther.

"BEHOLD HOW GREAT A MATTER A LITTLE
FIRE KINDLETH."

THE following striking fact, related by one of the general agents of the American Tract Society, illustrates in a peculiar manner the feeble means which the Holy Spirit often employs in bringing about his blessed results. "Last week," says he, "among other donations, I received that of the little four-page tract, 'My Spirit shall not always strive,'

from a highly esteemed minister in Indiana, who said it was the means of his conversion. In 1837, while an officer of a brig lying in New-York harbour, a tract distributor came aboard, and handed him a tract. He received it very ungraciously, cursing the man to his face, asking him what wages he received, and telling him he might be in better business. The distributor mildly expostulated with him, and besought him to put the tract in his pocket, and when he should be at leisure to give it a careful reading. Impressed by his earnest manner and tearful eye, he put it in his pocket. While at sea, some time after, he discovered the tract in his pocket, and read it. Its solemn and awakening truths went like an arrow to his heart. During the remainder of the voyage he was in great agony lest the Holy Spirit might leave him before his peace was made with God. 'O, brother,' said he, 'could I then have had your other tract, "What is it to believe in Christ?" I should have found peace many months sooner than I did.' After his conversion he became very active as a Christian. His efforts were blessed to the conversion of many sailors. In the course of a year or two he abandoned the sea, and for several years has been labouring with no ordinary degree of success as a preacher of the gospel, having been the means of organizing several churches, and of converting many souls. When I look on this little tract, and think what trains of blessing and salvation never to end have been started by its feeble instrumentality, I find in it a

moving argument for increased faithfulness in sowing such seed myself, and in stirring up others to sow it more bountifully. O that Christians understood and realized how God's Spirit is hovering over dark, ignorant, sin-ruined minds, waiting to have such seed sown there, that he may cause it to spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God."

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

THIS celebrated man was the son of poor parents. His father died while he was young, and before he was fifteen he persuaded his mother to take him from school, saying, that she could not place him at the university, and more learning would only spoil him for a tradesman. Her own circumstances, indeed, were by this time so much on the decline, that his menial services were required: he began occasionally to assist her in the public house, till at length he "put on his blue apron, washed mops, cleaned rooms, and became a professed and common drawer." In the little leisure which such employments allowed, this strange boy composed two or three sermons; and the romances which had been his heart's delight, gave place for a while to Thomas à Kempis.

When he had been about a year in this servile occupation, the inn was made over to a married brother, and George, being accustomed to the house, continued there as an assistant; but he could not agree with his sister-in-law, and, after much uneasiness, gave up the situation. His mother, though her

means were scanty, permitted him to have a bed upon the ground in her house, and live with her, till Providence should point out a place for him. The way was soon indicated. A servitor of Pembroke College called upon his mother, and in the course of conversation told her, that after all his college expenses for that quarter were discharged, he had received a penny. She immediately cried out, This will do for my son ; and turning to him, said, Will you go to Oxford, George ? Happening to have the same friends as this young man, she waited on them without delay ; they promised their interest to obtain a servitor's place in the same college, and, in reliance upon this, George returned to the grammar-school. Here he applied closely to his books, and shaking off, by the strong effort of a religious mind, all evil and idle courses, produced, by the influence of his talents and example, some reformation among his school-fellows. He attended public service constantly, received the sacrament monthly, fasted often, and prayed often more than twice a day in private. At the age of eighteen he was removed to Oxford ; the recommendation of his friends was successful ; another friend borrowed for him ten pounds, to defray the expense of entering ; and with a good fortune beyond his hopes, he was admitted servitor immediately.

Whitefield found the advantage of having been used to a public house ; many who could choose their servitor preferred him, because of his diligent and alert attendance ; and thus, by help of the pro-

fits of the place, and some little presents made him by a kind-hearted tutor, he was enabled to live, without being beholden to his relations for more than four and twenty pounds in the course of three years.

At first he was rendered uncomfortable by the society into which he was thrown; he had several chamber-fellows, who would fain have made him join them in their riotous mode of life; and as he could only escape from their persecutions by sitting alone in his study, he was sometimes benumbed with cold; but when they perceived the strength as well as the singularity of his character, they suffered him to take his own way in peace.

Before Whitefield went to Oxford, he had heard of the young men there who "lived by rule and method," and were therefore called Methodists. They were now much talked of, and generally despised. He, however, was drawn toward them by kindred feelings, defended them strenuously when he heard them reviled, and when he saw them go through a ridiculing crowd to receive the sacrament at St. Mary's, was strongly inclined to follow their example. For more than a year he yearned to be acquainted with them; and it seems that the sense of his inferior condition kept him back. At length the great object of his desires was effected. A pauper had attempted suicide, and Whitefield sent a poor woman to inform Charles Wesley that he might visit the person, and administer spiritual medicine; the messenger was charged not to say who sent her:

contrary to these orders, she told his name, and Charles Wesley, who had seen him frequently walking by himself, and heard something of his character, invited him to breakfast the next morning. An introduction to this little fellowship [company of Methodists] soon followed; and he also, like them, “began to live by rule, and to pick up the very fragments of his time, that not a moment of it might be lost.”

INTERESTING MEETING.

WHEN visiting America, the Rev. G. Whitefield often stood on the outside steps of the court-house in Philadelphia, and preached to thousands who crowded the streets below. On one of these occasions, a youth pressed as near to his favourite preacher as possible; and, to testify his respect, held a lantern for his accommodation. Soon after the sermon began, he became so absorbed in the subject, that the lantern fell from his hand, and was dashed to pieces; and that part of the audience in the immediate vicinity of the speaker's station were not a little discomposed by the occurrence.

Some years after, Mr. Whitefield, in the course of his fifth visit to America, about the year 1754, on a journey from the southward, called at St. George's, in Delaware, where Mr. Rodgers was then settled in the ministry, and spent some time with him. In the course of this visit, Mr. Rodgers, riding one day with his visitor in a close carriage, asked him whether he recollected the occurrence of the little

boy who was so much affected with his preaching as to let the lantern fall. Mr. Whitefield answered, "O yes! I remember it well; and have often thought I would give anything in my power to know who that little boy was, and what had become of him." Mr. Rodgers replied, with a smile, "I am that little boy." Mr. Whitefield, with tears of joy, started from his seat, clasped him in his arms, and with strong emotions remarked, that he was the fourteenth person then in the ministry, whom he had discovered in the course of that visit to America, of whose hopeful conversion he had been the instrument.

REV. JOHN CLARK.

AFTER the late Rev. John Clark, of Trowbridge, had been engaged in the ministry for a few years, his mind became greatly depressed with a view of its responsibility, a sense of his own inability, and the want of more success. At length these discouragements were so oppressive, that he assured some Christian friends, one Sabbath afternoon, that he could preach no longer. In vain did they try to remove his difficulties, or to persuade him at least to address the congregation that evening, as no supply could be obtained. He declared his positive inability to preach any more. At this moment a pious old woman applied to speak to the minister. Being admitted, she requested him to preach from that text, "Then I said, I will speak no more in his name: but his word was in my heart as a burning

fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." Jer. xx, 9. She stated that she did not know where the words were, but that her mind was so much impressed with them, that she could not forbear to request him to preach from them that evening. Being satisfied that she was entirely unacquainted with the circumstances which had just transpired, Mr. Clark was assured that Providence had thus interposed that he should continue his ministry. He preached that evening from the text thus given, and never afterwards was greatly distressed on the subject.

REV. WILLIAM TENNENT.

DURING the great revival of religion in America, which took place under Mr. Whitefield, and others distinguished for their piety and zeal at that period, Mr. Tennent was laboriously active, and much engaged to help forward the work ; in the performance of which he met with strong and powerful temptations. The following is from his own lips :—

On the evening preceding public worship, he selected a subject for the discourse intended to be delivered, and made some progress in his preparations. In the morning he resumed the same subject, with an intention to extend his thoughts further on it ; but was presently assaulted with a temptation that the Bible was not of divine authority, but the invention of man. He instantly endeavoured to repel the temptation by prayer, but his endeavours proved unavailing. The temptation continued, and fastened

upon him with greater strength as the time advanced for public service. He lost all the thoughts which he had prepared on the preceding evening. He tried other subjects, but could get nothing for the people. The whole book of God, under that distressing state of mind, was a sealed book to him; and, to add to his affliction, he was "shut up in prayer:" a cloud, dark as that of Egypt, oppressed his mind.

Thus agonized in spirit, he proceeded to the church, where he found a large congregation assembled, and waiting to hear the word; and then he was more deeply distressed than ever; and especially for the dishonour which he feared would fall upon religion through him that day. He resolved, however, to attempt the service. He introduced it by singing a psalm, during which time his agitation increased to the highest degree. When the moment for prayer commenced he arose, as one in the most painful and perilous situation, and, with arms extended to heaven, began with this exclamation, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" On the utterance of this petition he was heard; the thick cloud instantly broke away, and light shone upon his soul. The result was a deep solemnity throughout the congregation; and the house, at the end of the prayer, was a place of weeping. He delivered the subject of his evening meditations, which was brought to his full remembrance, with an overflowing abundance of other weighty and solemn matter. The Lord blessed this discourse, so that it proved the happy

means of the conversion of about thirty persons. This day he ever afterwards spoke of as "his harvest-day."

REV. GIDEON OUSELEY.

IN this bold, generous, and intrepid man, there was nothing common-place. He refused a peerage, and gave up the estates of his ancestors for the privilege of preaching the gospel, amid dangers and difficulties seldom encountered in modern times. He usually preached twenty-one sermons in a week, two each day in the open air, and one in the evening in a church, house, or barn, as circumstances rendered convenient. Thousands of sermons he delivered on horseback, in the market-places, at horse-races, or cock-fights. He was often waylaid and beaten, and sometimes left for dead. The Romish clergy hated him with bitter hatred, and attempts were often made upon his life, yet he always escaped, except in one case with the loss of an eye. Thousands were converted through his instrumentality, many of them from Romanism. He had the advantages of a classical education, was fluent of speech, had a constitution of iron, and spoke with equal readiness in English and the native Irish languages. His fund of ready wit was inexhaustible, and his love to souls "like fire shut up in his bones." His introduction to the work of an evangelist is characteristic and instructive. Seeing the destitution of his countrymen, his soul pitied; the voice of their misery sounded in his ears. "Come over and help us."

The Divine Spirit spoke to his heart, "Go preach the gospel." "Lord," he replied, "I am a poor ignorant creature; behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child." Then would it rush into his mind, "Do you not know the disease?" "O, yes, Lord, I do." "And do you not know the cure?" "O, yes, glory be to thy name, I do." "Then go and tell them of the disease and the cure." "So, then," said he, "with only these two things, the knowledge of the disease and the cure, I went forth. All glory to my Divine Master!"

REV. WILBUR FISK.

"How ready he is to go,
Whom God hath never sent;
How cautious, diffident, and slow,
His chosen instrument."—C. WESLEY.

THIS eminent minister of the Lord Jesus felt the full force of the preceding lines. "We have," says his biographer, Dr. Holdich, "an insight upon this subject into his inmost feelings. It is afforded by a paper containing his reflections, thrown into the form of a dialogue between himself and his Divine Master, in which his objections to the step are stated and answered. This dialogue he once rehearsed, in the year 1838, as though it related to another person, at a meeting which he attended, of, I believe, the Preachers' Aid Society, in the city of Baltimore.

DIALOGUE.

Christ. Go preach my gospel.

Answer. But, Lord, I have other engagements.

C. You are not your own; you are bought with a price.

A. But, Lord, I have been preparing myself for another profession. I have been struggling for an education, and I have high prospects before me.

C. What have you that you have not received?

A. Lord, I have strong domestic feelings, and I hope one day to have a family and home of my own.

C. He that loveth houses or lands, wife or children, more than me, is not worthy of me.

A. Lord, I have aged parents, and I am an only son. Filial love and duty require that I should look after them.

C. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.

A. Lord, is there no excuse? May not another answer?

C. The gifts and callings of God are without repentance.

A. At least let me first stop and bury my father and mother.

C. Let the dead bury their dead.

A. At any rate, I must wait awhile, and acquire some property, &c.

C. He that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven.

A. Lord, I cannot go.

C. Wo unto you if you preach not the gospel.

A. But, Lord, wilt thou not pity a poor, helpless wretch, who begs for an excuse as one would plead for life?

C. Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich.

Here the dialogue ended. The young man covered his face with his hands, and bursting into tears, cried,

“Nay, but I yield, I yield!”

The bond was signed and sealed, and the youth was consigned over, soul and body, to the Church. The next thing I saw of him, he was threading a pathless forest among the Green Mountains, bordering upon the Canada line, driving his horse before him because of the roughness of the wilderness, cheerful as an angel on an errand of mercy. And I heard his song, with which he made the rugged mountaintops reverberate; and what, sir, do you think it was?

“No foot of land do I possess,
Nor cottage in this wilderness,—
A poor wayfaring man;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

“Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.”

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

AFTER Mr. Fletcher had gone through the usual course of study at the University of Geneva, it was the desire of his parents that he should be a clergyman. "And as far as nature can furnish a man," says Mr. Gilpin, "for offices of a sacred kind, perhaps there never was a person better qualified to sustain the character of a minister of Jesus Christ than Mr. Fletcher. His disposition and habits, his sentiments and studies, his reverential awe of God, his insatiable thirst after truth, and his uncommon abhorrence of vice, gave his friends abundant reason to apprehend that he was marked, at an early age, for the service of the Church. Contrary, however, to all expectation, and contrary to the first designs of his family, before he had arrived to the age of twenty, he manifested views of a very opposite nature. His theological studies gave place to the systems of Vauban and Cohorn, and he evidently preferred the camp to the Church. All the remonstrances of his friends, on this apparent change in his disposition, were totally ineffectual; and, had it not been for repeated disappointments, he would have wielded another sword than that of the Spirit. Happily, his projects for the field were constantly baffled and blasted by the appointments of that God who reserved him for a more important scene of action. His choice of the army is, however, to be imputed rather to principle than inclination. On the one hand, he detested the irregularities and

vices to which a military life would expose him ; on the other, he dreaded the condemnation he might incur by acquitting himself unfaithfully in the pastoral office. He conceived it abundantly easier to toil for glory in fields of blood than to labour for God, with unwearied perseverance, in the vineyard of the Church. He believed himself qualified rather for military operations than for spiritual employments, and the exalted ideas he entertained of the holy ministry determined him to seek some other profession more adapted to the weakness of humanity, and he preferred being an officer in the army to all others."

Not being able to gain the consent of his parents to his going into the army, according to Mr. Wesley, he went away to Lisbon. Here, it seems, he gathered a company of his own countrymen, accepted of a captain's commission, and engaged to serve the king of Portugal on board a man-of-war, which was just then getting ready with all speed in order to sail to Brazil. He then wrote to his parents, begging them to send him a considerable sum of money. Of this he expected to make a vast advantage. But they refused him. Unmoved by this, he determined to go without it as soon as the ship sailed. But in the morning the maid, waiting on him at breakfast, let the tea-kettle fall, and so scalded his leg, that he kept his bed for a considerable time after. During that time the ship sailed for Brazil. But it was observed that the ship was heard of no more.

The following incident is equally affecting and instructive :—“ About the time of my entering the ministry,” says he, “ I one evening wandered into a wood, musing on the importance of the office I was about to undertake. I then began to pour out my soul in prayer, when such a feeling sense of the justice of God fell upon me, and such a sense of his displeasure at sin, as absorbed all my powers, and filled my soul with an agony of prayer for poor lost sinners. I continued therein till the dawn of day, and I considered this as designed of God to impress upon me more deeply the meaning of those solemn words, ‘ Therefore, knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men.’ ”

REV. ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

THE celebrated Mr. Alexander Henderson, who lived in the seventeenth century, was presented by Archbishop Gladstones to the parish of Leuchars in Fife. His settlement was so unpopular, that on the day of ordination, the church doors were shut and secured by the people, so that the ministers who attended, together with the precentor, were obliged to go in by the window. Shortly after, having heard of a communion in the neighbourhood, at which the excellent Mr. Bruce was to be an assistant, he went thither secretly ; and, fearful of attracting notice, placed himself in a dark corner of the church, where he might not readily be seen or known. Mr. Bruce having come into the pulpit, paused for a little, as was his usual manner, a circumstance which ex-

cited Mr. Henderson's surprise ; but it astonished him much more when he heard him read as his text these very striking words, " He that entereth not in by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber ;"—which words, by the blessing of God, and the effectual working of the Holy Spirit, took such hold on him at that very instant, and left such an impression on his heart afterwards, that they proved the very first means of his conversion unto Christ. Ever after he retained a great affection for Mr. Bruce, and used to make mention of him with marks of the highest respect.

MINISTERIAL CHARACTER.

EMINENT PIETY.

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

OF this distinguished minister the poet Southey says, "He was a man of rare talents and rarer virtue. No age or country has produced a man of more fervent piety or more perfect charity; no church has ever possessed a more apostolic minister." Mr. Wesley says, "I was intimately acquainted with him for thirty years. I conversed with him morning, noon, and night, without the least reserve, during a journey of many hundred miles. And in all that time I never heard him speak an improper word, or saw him do an improper action. To conclude:—Within fourscore years I have known many excellent men, holy in heart and life. But one equal to him I have not known; one so uniformly and deeply devoted to God. So unblamable a man in every respect I have not found either in Europe or America. Nor do I expect to find another such on this side eternity."

The love of God and of man abounded in his heart; and finding among the Methodists that sympathy which he desired, he joined them, and, for a time, took to ascetic courses, of which he afterwards ac-

knowledged the error. He lived on vegetables, and, for some time, on milk and water, and bread ; he sat up two whole nights in every week, for the purpose of praying, and reading and meditating on religious things ; and, on the other nights, never allowed himself to sleep, as long as he could keep his attention to the book before him. At length, by the advice of his friend, Mr. Hill, and of Mr. Wesley, whom he consulted, he took orders in the English Church. The ordination took place in the Chapel-Royal, St. James's, and, as soon as it was over, he went to the Methodist chapel in West-street, where he assisted in administering the Lord's Supper. Mr. Wesley had never received so seasonable an assistance. "How wonderful are the ways of God!" said he, in his Journal. "When my bodily strength failed, and none in England were able and willing to assist me, He sent me help from the mountains of Switzerland, and an help meet for me in every respect. Where could I have found such another!" It proved a more efficient and important help than Mr. Wesley could then have anticipated.

By Mr. Hill's means, he was presented to the vicarage of Madeley in Shropshire, about three years after his ordination. It is a populous village, in which there were extensive collieries and iron-works ; and the character of the inhabitants was, in consequence, what, to the reproach and curse of England, it generally is, wherever mines or manufactures of any kind have brought together a crowded population. Mr. Fletcher had, at one time, officiated there as curate ;

he now entered upon his duty with zeal proportioned to the arduous nature of the service which he had pledged himself to perform. That zeal made him equally disregarding of appearances and of danger. The whole rents of his small patrimonial estate in the Pays de Vaud were set apart for charitable uses, and he drew so liberally from his other funds for the same purpose, that his furniture and wardrobe were not spared. Because some of his remoter parishioners excused themselves for not attending the morning service, by pleading that they did not wake early enough to get their families ready, for some months he set out every Sunday, at five o'clock, with a bell in his hand, and went round the most distant parts of the parish, to call up the people. And wherever hearers could be collected in the surrounding country, within ten or fifteen miles, thither he went to preach to them on week-days, though he seldom got home before one or two o'clock in the morning. At first, the rabble of his parishioners resented the manner in which he ventured to reprove and exhort them in the midst of their lewd revels and riotous meetings; for he would frequently burst in upon them, without any fear of the consequence to himself. The publicans and maltmen were his especial enemies. A mob of colliers, who were one day baiting a bull, determined to pull him off his horse as he went to preach, set the dogs upon him, and, in their own phrase, bait the parson; but the bull broke loose, and dispersed them before he arrived. In spite, however, of the opposition which his fidelity excited, not from

the ignorant only, but from some of the neighboring clergy and magistrates, he won upon the people, rude and brutal as they were, by the invincible benevolence which was manifested in his whole manner of life ; till at length his church, which at first had been so scantily attended, that he was discouraged as well as mortified by the smallness of the congregation, began to overflow.

TURNING ALL THINGS INTO PRAYER.

THE pious Elliott, the Apostle to the Indians, knew from happy experience the benefits of prayer, and was ever urgent to promote it among others. When he was informed of any important public news, he would say, "Brethren, let us turn all this into prayer."

When he paid a visit to his friends, he would say, "Come, let us not have a visit without prayer. Let us pray down the blessing of heaven upon your family before we go."

Whenever he was in company with ministers, he would say, "Brethren, the Lord Jesus takes notice of what is said and done among his ministers ; come, let us pray before we part."

To young preachers he frequently said, "Pray, let there be much of Christ in your ministry." Having heard a sermon that greatly savoured of Christ, he would say, "Blessed be God, that we have Christ so much and so well preached in poor New-England."

At the end of his Indian Grammar he wrote, "Prayers and pains, through faith in Christ, will do anything."

BISHOP ANDREWS.

THE bishop of Ely, in his funeral sermon for this excellent prelate, thus delineates his character :—His admirable knowledge in the learned tongues, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, besides other modern tongues, to the number of fifteen, as I am informed, was such, that he may well be ranked as one of the rarest linguists in Christendom. Of this reverend prelate, I may say his life was a life of prayer. A great part of five hours every day he spent in prayer and devotion to God. After the death of his brother, Thomas Andrews, whom he loved dearly, he began to anticipate his own, which he said would be in the end of summer, or the beginning of winter. And when his brother, Nicholas Andrews, died, he took that as a certain warning of his own death ; and, from that time to the hour of his dissolution, he spent his time in prayer. During his last sickness he continued, when awake, to pray audibly, till his strength failed, and then, by lifting up his eyes and hands, showed that he still prayed ; and even when voice, eyes, and hands failed in their office, his countenance showed that he still prayed and praised God in his heart, till it pleased God to receive his blessed soul to himself, which was about four o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 25th of September, 1626.

REV. JAMES HERVEY.

MR. HERVEY was eminently pious, and diligently cultivated personal religion. His man-servant slept in the room immediately above that of his master. One night, long after the family had retired, he awoke, and hearing the groans of his master in his bed-room, immediately went down and opened the door. But instead of finding his master in his bed, as he expected, he saw him prostrate on the floor, engaged in earnest prayer to God. Like Jacob, he wept and made supplication. Disturbed at this unseasonable interruption, Mr. H—, with his usual mildness, only said, “John, you should not have entered the room, unless I had rung the bell.”

For some years before his death, Mr. Hervey visited but few persons belonging to the higher classes of society in his neighbourhood; and being asked why he declined visiting those who were always ready to show him every token of respect, he replied, “I can hardly name a polite family where the conversation turns upon the things of God. I hear much frothy and worldly chit-chat, but not a word of Christ, and I am determined not to visit those companies where there is not room for my Master, as well as for myself.”

REV. THOMAS WALSH.

THOMAS WALSH was the son of a carpenter at Bally Lynn, in the county of Limerick. His parents

were strong Romanists ; they taught him the Lord's Prayer and the Ave Maria, in Irish, which was his mother tongue, and the hundred and thirtieth psalm in Latin : and he was taught also, that all who differ from the Church of Rome are in a state of damnation. At eight years of age he went to school to learn English ; and was afterwards placed with one of his brothers, who was a schoolmaster, to learn Latin and mathematics. At nineteen he opened a school for himself. The brother, by whom he was instructed, had been intended for the priesthood : he was a man of tolerable learning, and of an inquiring mind, and seeing the errors of the Romish Church, he renounced it. This occasioned frequent disputes with Thomas Walsh, who was a strict Catholic ; the one alleging the traditions and canons of the church, the other appealing to the law and to the testimony. "My brother, why do you not read God's word ?" the elder would say : "lay aside prejudice, and let us reason together." After many struggles between the misgivings of his mind, and the attachment to the opinions in which he had been bred up, and the thought of his parents, and shame, and the fear of man, this state of suspense became intolerable, and he prayed to God in his trouble. "All things are known to Thee," he said, in his prayer, "and Thou seest that I want to worship Thee aright ! Show me the way wherein I ought to go, nor suffer me to be deceived by men !"

He then went to his brother, determined either to convince him, or to be convinced. Some other per-

sons of the Protestant persuasion were present : they brought a Bible, and with it Nelson's Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England ; and, with these books before them, they discussed the subject till midnight. It ended in his fair and complete conversion. "I was constrained," said he, "to give place to the light of truth : it was so convincing, that I had nothing more to say : I was judged of all ; and at length confessed the weakness of my former reasonings, and the strength of those which were opposed to me. About one o'clock in the morning I retired to my lodging, and, according to my usual custom, went to prayer ; but now only to the God of heaven. I no longer prayed to any angel or spirit ; for I was deeply persuaded that 'there is but one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.' Therefore I resolved no longer to suffer any man to beguile me into a voluntary humility, in worshipping either saints or angels. These latter I considered as 'ministering spirits, sent to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation.' But with regard to any worship being paid them, one of themselves said, 'See thou do it not ; worship God, God only.' All my sophisms on this head were entirely overthrown by a few hours candid reading the Holy Scriptures, which were become as a lantern to my feet, and a lamp to my paths, directing me in the way wherein I should go." Soon afterwards he publicly abjured the errors of the Church of Rome.

This had been a sore struggle : a more painful part of his progress was yet to come. He read the

Scriptures diligently, and the works of some of the most eminent Protestant divines ; his conviction was confirmed by this course of study ; and, from perceiving clearly the fallacious nature and evil consequences of the doctrine of merits, as held by the Romanists, a dismal view of human nature opened upon him. His soul was not at rest ; it was no longer harassed by doubts, but the peace of God was wanting. In this state of mind, he happened one evening to be passing along the main street in Limerick, when he saw a great crowd on the parade, and turning aside to know for what they were assembled, found that Robert Swindells, one of the first itinerants in Ireland, was then delivering a sermon in the open air. The preacher was earnestly enforcing the words of our Redeemer,—words which are worth more than all the volumes of philosophy : “ Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ! Take my yoke upon you and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls ! For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.” Walsh was precisely in that state which rendered him a fit recipient for the doctrines which he now first heard. Yet for some weeks he remained in a miserable condition ; he could find no rest, either by night or day. “ When I prayed,” says he, “ I was troubled ; when I heard a sermon, I was pierced as with darts and arrows.” He could neither sleep nor eat ; his body gave way under this mental suffering, and at length he took to his bed. After a while fear and wretchedness gradually gave place

to the love of God, and the strong desire for salvation : at a meeting, where, he says, “ the power of the Lord came down in the midst of them ; the windows of heaven were opened, and the skies poured down righteousness, and his heart melted like wax before the fire.”

“ And now,” says he, “ I felt of a truth, that faith is the substance, or subsistence, of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. God, and the things of the invisible world, of which I had only heard before by the hearing of the ear, appeared now, in their true light, as substantial realities. Faith gave me to see a reconciled God, and an all-sufficient Saviour. The kingdom of God was within me. I drew water out of the wells of salvation. I walked and talked with God all the day long : whatsoever I believed to be his will, I did with my whole heart. I could unfeignedly love them that hated me, and pray for them that spitefully used and persecuted me. The commandments of God were my delight : I not only rejoiced evermore, but prayed without ceasing, and in everything gave thanks ; whether I ate or drank, or whatever I did, it was in the name of the Lord Jesus, and to the glory of God.” He had now to undergo more obloquy and ill-will than had been brought upon him by his renunciation of the errors of the Romish Church. That change his relations thought was bad enough ; but to become a Methodist was worse, and they gave him up as undone forever. And not his relations only, nor the Romanists : “ Acquaintances and neighbours,” says

he, "rich and poor, old and young, clergy and laity, were all against me. Some said I was a hypocrite, others that I was mad; others, judging more favourably, that I was deceived. Reformed and unreformed I found to be just alike; and that many, who spoke against the Pope and the Inquisition, were themselves, in reality, of the same disposition."

Convinced that it was his duty now to become a minister of that gospel which he had received, he offered his services to Mr. Wesley, as one who believed, and that not hastily or lightly, but after ardent aspirations, and continued prayer and study of the Scriptures, that he was inwardly moved by the Holy Spirit to take upon himself that office. He had prepared himself, by diligent study of the Scriptures, which he read often upon his knees; and the prayer which he was accustomed to use at such times, may excite the admiration of those even in whom it shall fail to find sympathy. "Lord Jesus, I lay my soul at thy feet, to be taught and governed by Thee. Take the veil from the mystery, and show me the truth as it is in Thyself. Be thou my sun and star, by day and by night!" Mr. Wesley told him it was hard to judge what God had called him to, till trial had been made. He encouraged him to make the trial, and desired him to preach in Irish. The command of that language gave him a great advantage. It was long ago said in Ireland, "When you plead for your life, plead in Irish." Even the poor Catholics listened willingly, when they were addressed in their mother tongue: his hearers frequently shed si-

lent tears, and frequently sobbed aloud, and cried for mercy; and in country towns the peasantry, who, going there upon market-day, had stopped to hear the preacher, from mere wonder and curiosity, were oftentimes melted into tears, and declared that they could follow him all over the world. One, who had laid aside some money, which he intended to bequeath, for the good of his soul, to some priest or friar, offered to bequeath it to him if he would accept it. In conversation, too, and upon all the occasions which occurred in daily life,—at inns, and upon the highway, and in the streets,—this remarkable man omitted no opportunity of giving religious exhortation to those who needed it; taking care always not to shock the prejudices of those whom he addressed and to adapt his speech to their capacity. Points of dispute, whether they regarded the difference of churches or of doctrines, he wisely avoided; sin, and death, and judgment, and redemption, were his themes; and upon these themes he enforced so powerfully at such times, that the beggars, to whom he frequently addressed himself in the streets, would fall on their knees, and beat their breasts, weeping, and crying for mercy.

Many calumnies were invented to counteract the effect which this zealous labourer produced wherever he went. It was spread abroad that he had been a servant boy to a Romish priest, and having stolen his master's books, had learned, by that means, to preach. But it was not from the Catholics alone that he met with opposition. He was

once waylaid near the town of Rosgrea, by about fourscore men, armed with sticks, and bound by oath in a confederacy against him; they were so liberal a mob, that provided they could reclaim him from Methodism, they appeared not to care what they made of him; and they insisted upon bringing a Romish priest, and a minister of the Church of England, to talk with him. Walsh, with great calmness, explained to them, that he contended with no man concerning opinions, nor preached against particular churches, but against sin and wickedness in all. And he so far succeeded in mitigating their disposition toward him, that they offered to let him go, provided he would swear never again to come to Rosgrea. Walsh would rather have suffered martyrdom than have submitted to such an oath, and martyrdom was the alternative which they proposed; for they carried him into the town, where the whole rabble surrounded him, and it was determined that he should either swear, or be put into a well. The courage with which he refused to bind himself by any oath or promise, made him friends even among so strange an assembly: some cried out vehemently that he should go into the well; others took his part: in the midst of the uproar the parish minister came up, and, by his interference, Walsh was permitted to depart. At another country town, about twenty miles from Cork, the magistrate, who was the rector of the place, declared he would commit him to prison, if he did not promise to preach no more in those parts. Walsh replied by asking

if there were no swearers, drunkards, Sabbath-breakers, and the like in those parts ; adding that, if, after he should have preached there a few times, there appeared no reformation among them, he would never come there again. Not satisfied with such a proposal, the magistrate committed him to prison. But Walsh was popular in that town ; the people manifested a great interest in his behalf ; he preached to them from the prison window, and it was soon thought advisable to release him.

His friends described him as appearing like one who had returned from the other world ; and perhaps it was this unearthly manner which induced a Romish priest to assure his flock, that the Walsh, who had turned heretic, and went about preaching, was dead long since ; and that he who preached under that name was the devil in his shape. It is said that he walked through the streets of London with as little attention to all things around him as if he had been in a wilderness, unobservant of whatever would have attracted the sight of others, and as indifferent to all sounds of excitement, uproar, and exultation, as to the passing wind. He showed the same insensibility to the influence of fine scenery and sunshine ; the only natural object of which he spoke with feeling was the starry firmament,—for there he beheld infinity.

Mr. Wesley acknowledged him to be the best biblical scholar whom he had ever known. If he were questioned concerning any Hebrew word in the Old, or any Greek one in the New Testament,

he would tell, after a pause, how often it occurred in the Bible, and what it meant in every place. Hebrew was his favourite study ; he regarded it as a language of divine origin, and therefore perfect. "O truly laudable and worthy study !" he exclaims concerning it : "O industry above all praise ! whereby a man is enabled to converse with God, with holy angels, with patriarchs, and with prophets, and clearly to unfold to men the mind of God from the language of God !"

Sometimes he was lost in glorious absence on his knees, with his face heavenward, and arms clasped round his breast, in such composure, that scarcely could he be perceived to breathe. His soul seemed absorbed in God ; and from the serenity, and "something resembling splendour, which appeared on his countenance, and in all his gestures afterwards, it might easily be discovered what he had been about." Even in sleep the devotional habit still predominated, and "his soul went out in groans, and sighs, and tears to God."

REV. JOHN SMITH.

THIS extraordinary man died at the early age of thirty-seven. He commenced his labours as a Wesleyan minister in 1816, and closed them nearly simultaneously with his life on the 3d of November, 1831. From his memoir, which none can read without profit, and few without tears, a number of incidents have been extracted for the present volume. The following, which reveals the secret of his success, is from

“Sketches of Wesleyan Preachers,”* a very interesting work, by Robert A. West.

“Constant communion with God was at the foundation of Mr. Smith’s great usefulness. In this he was surpassed by none of any age. Whole nights were often given up to prayer, and always, when in anything like moderate health—often too when wasted by painful disease—he arose at four o’clock in the morning, and throwing himself before the mercy-seat, for three hours wrestled with God in mighty prayer. The writer has heard, from persons in whose houses he has been temporarily residing, that in the coldest winter morning they have heard him at that hour with suppressed voice pleading with God, while his groans have revealed the intensity of his feelings. Immediately after breakfast and family worship, he would again retire with his Bible into his study, and spend until near noon in the same hallowed employment. Here unquestionably was the great secret of his power in *public prayer* and in preaching—the Lord, who seeth in secret, rewarding him openly. Every sermon was thus sanctified by prayer. On one occasion, when at a country appointment, the time for commencing the service had elapsed, and Mr. Smith did not make his appearance. He had left the house where he was a guest about half an hour before, after being some time in his closet. At length he was found in an adjoining barn, wrestling in prayer for a blessing upon the approaching service; having re-

* Published by Lane & Scott, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York.

tired thither, that unobserved he might pour out his full soul before his heavenly Father. He arose, briefly expressed his regret at not having observed the lapse of time, and on the way to the chapel relapsed into silent prayer.

“During the sermon that evening the fervent prayer of the righteous man proved effectual. The Spirit of God descended upon the congregation; the deep attentive silence observed at the commencement of the discourse was soon interrupted by sobs and moans, and these ere long were followed by loud and piercing cries for mercy, as one after another the hearers were pricked to the heart, and the strongholds of Satan were beaten down, until, so universal was the cry of the broken-hearted, that Mr. Smith found it necessary to desist from preaching, and descend into the altar. As he had continued his discourse for some time after its remarkable effects first showed themselves, there was considerable confusion for want of a leading and controlling spirit, and the disorder was rapidly increasing; but when he descended from the pulpit, and took charge of the meeting, his admirable plans and great influence, aided by a voice almost equal to the roar of thunder, soon wrought a change, and in perfect order, though not in silence, the meeting was continued until midnight. Whatever apparent confusion there might be in these meetings, they were, actually, conducted systematically. Mr. Smith had his *method* amid all the surrounding excitement, and he never delegated the control to another, but was

the last to retire from the scene of the Redeemer's triumphs.

An anecdote was related in the hearing of the writer by Rev. James Methley, and is also mentioned by Mr. Treffry, which annihilated, in the minds of all who heard it, whatever feelings were entertained adverse to the course adopted by this holy man. While he was stationed in the Windsor circuit, he was attending an anniversary at Canterbury, where his friend and school-fellow, Mr. Methley, was stationed. At this time Mr. Smith's labours were almost superhuman, and his constitution was manifestly giving way under them. It was resolved, by his brethren, that he should be affectionately remonstrated with, and Mr. Methley was deputed to introduce the subject. At the supper-table a favourable opportunity presented itself, and Mr. Methley opened the matter to him. The friendship between them was strong and ardent; they were both men of noble, generous natures. Mr. Smith laid down his knife and fork, and listened to his friend with affectionate respect; then, bursting into tears, he replied, 'I know it all. I ought to put a restraint upon myself. But what can I do? God has given me such a view of the perishing condition of sinners, that I can only find relief in the way I do—in entreating them to come to Christ, and wrestling with God to save them.' And then, his feelings overcoming him, he paused a few moments, and added, 'Look around you, my dear friend and brother; do you not see sinners perishing

on every hand, and must they not be saved? O do not seek to turn me from my purpose; for while I thus see and feel, I am *compelled* to act as I do.' All were silenced, and all were melted into tears; —Mr. Methley being so overcome that he was compelled abruptly to leave the room. 'Never,' said Mr. M., his eyes filling with tears at the recollection, 'never shall I forget that evening. Often was I applied to afterward, as known to be his friend, to use my influence to arrest his self-sacrifice; but I could not do it; my mouth was closed; I dared not say a word; the expression of his countenance that evening remains with me to this day.'"

REV. WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

THE Rev. William Bramwell, well known as having been the honoured instrument, in the hands of the Spirit, of many conversions among the Wesleyans, was eminently a man of prayer. "Perhaps," observes Mr. William Dawson, in his funeral sermon, "it will not be asserting too much, if it be said, that, upon an average, he employed six hours out of the twenty-four in prayer and other exercises of the closet." "This is nothing like an exaggeration," add the members of his family, in their memoir. "On the contrary, it is probably much within the real truth, though it still embraces only a part of his devotional duties. There were, in addition, the supplications of the pulpit, in the prayer-meetings, in his pastoral visits; and besides this," continues Mr. Dawson, "through the whole of the day he was

darting the feelings of his heart to God by perpetual ejaculations, and when in company with his friends, he was continually leading them into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, and offering the sacrifices of prayer and praise." "Here, then," add his biographers, "was an amount of devotion which recalls the feats of some of the puritan or covenanting divines. Take the case of Mr. Welsh, of Ayr, the son-in-law of John Knox. Out of every twenty-four hours eight were consumed in private prayer. Like his Wesleyan brother, he would wake in the middle of the night, throw a plaid around him, and renew his supplications, without regard to the lapse of time."

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

ARCHBISHOP USHER and Dr. Preston, two eminently pious and learned men, were very intimate, and often met to converse on learning and general subjects; when it was very common with the good archbishop to say, "Come, doctor, let us say something about Christ before we part."

REV. MR. ROGERS.

MR. ROGERS, one of the Puritans, was remarkable for seriousness and gravity in every society to which he was introduced. A gentleman in company with him and some other persons once said to him, "Mr. Rogers, I like you and your company very well, only you are too precise." "O, sir," replied the good man, "I serve a precise God." Important as

this idea is, we should yet remember that gravity ought to be enlivened by holy cheerfulness, if we would recommend religion to others.

REV. MR. SHEPHERD.

THE celebrated Mr. Shepherd, when on his death-bed, said to some young ministers who had come to see him, "Your work is great, and calls for great seriousness." With respect to himself, he told these three things : First, That the studying of his sermons very frequently cost him tears. Secondly, Before he preached any sermon to others, he got good by it himself. And, Thirdly, That he always went to the pulpit as if he were immediately after to render an account to his Master.

REV. THOMAS HOOKER.

OF Mr. Thomas Hooker, of Hartford, Conn., his biographer says, "He was a man of prayer;" which, indeed, was a ready way to become a man of God. He would say, "that prayer was the principal part of a minister's work: it was by this that he was to carry on the rest." Accordingly, he devoted one day in a month to prayer, with fasting, before the Lord, besides the public fasts, which often occurred. He would say, "that such extraordinary favours as the life of religion and the power of godliness, must be preserved by the frequent use of such extraordinary means as prayer, with fasting; and that if professors grew negligent of these means, iniquity would abound, and the love of many wax cold."

When he lay dying, a friend standing by his bed said, "You are going to receive the reward of all your labours." He replied, "Brother, I am going to receive mercy."

REV. MR. BLACKERBY.

OF this good man, it is said, "He was much in prayer; much in closet prayer; much in walking prayer; much in conjugal prayer, for he prayed daily with his wife alone; much in family prayer, daily with his own family, and almost daily with some other family. He used to ride about from family to family, and only alight and pray with them, and give them some heavenly exhortations, and then away to some other family. Also, he was very much in fasting and prayer.

HUMILITY.

REV. MR. DURHAM.

WHEN this good man was one day walking to the place of worship in which he was to preach, in company with a much admired young minister, who was to officiate in an adjoining church, multitudes were thronging into one, and only a few into the other. "Brother," said he to his young friend, "you will have a crowded church to-day." "Truly," said the other, "they are greatly to blame who leave you and come to me." "Not so, dear brother," re-

plied Mr. Durham ; “ for a minister can receive no such honour and success in his ministry, except it be given him from Heaven. I rejoice that Christ is preached, and that his kingdom and interests are gaining ground, though my estimation in people’s hearts should decrease ; for I am content to be anything, so that Christ may be all in all.”

BISHOP HUTTON.

WHILE Dr. Hutton, bishop of Durham, was once travelling between Wensleydale and Ingleton, he suddenly dismounted, delivered his horse to the care of one of his servants, and retired to a particular spot, at some distance from the highway, where he knelt down, and continued for some time in prayer. On his return, one of his attendants took the liberty of inquiring his reason for this singular act ; when the bishop informed him, that when he was a poor boy he travelled over that cold and bleak mountain without shoes or stockings, and that he remembered disturbing a cow on the identical spot where he prayed, that he might warm his feet and legs on the place where she had lain. His feelings of gratitude would not allow him to pass the place without presenting his thanksgivings to God for the favours he had since shown him.

DR. COTTON MATHER.

“ THE apprehension of cursed pride (the sin of young ministers) working in my heart,” says Dr. Cotton Mather, “ filled me with an inexpressible bitterness

and confusion before the Lord. In my youth, when some others of my age were playing in the streets, I was preaching to large assemblies, and I was honoured with great respect among the people of God. I feared (and thanks be to God that he made me fear) lest Satan was hereby preparing a snare and a pit for such a novice. I therefore resolved that I would set apart a day to humble myself before God, for the pride of my own heart, and to supplicate his grace to deliver me from that sin, and from the dreadful wrath it would expose me to.”

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

THE commencement of the friendship which subsisted between the Rev. Messrs. Berridge and Fletcher for many years, is worthy of being placed on record. Soon after Mr. Fletcher had received ordination, on a journey to London, he made it in his way to call on Mr. Berridge, introducing himself as a new convert, who had taken the liberty of calling upon him for the benefit of his instruction and advice. From his accent and manners, Mr. Berridge perceived that he was a foreigner, and asked what countryman he was. “A Swiss, from the canton of Berne,” was the reply. “From Berne! Then, probably, you can give me some account of a young countryman of yours; one John Fletcher, who has lately preached a few times for the Wesleys, and of whose talents, learning, and piety, they both speak in terms of high eulogy. Do you know him?” “Yes, sir, I know him intimately; and did those

gentlemen know him as well, they would not speak of him in such terms, for which he is more obliged to them for their partial friendship, than to his own merits." "You surprise me," said Mr. Berridge, "in speaking so coldly of a countryman, in whose praise they are so warm." "I have the best reasons," he rejoined, "for speaking of him as I do—I am John Fletcher." "If you are John Fletcher," replied his host, "you must do me the favour to take my pulpit to-morrow; and when we are better acquainted, without implicitly receiving your statement, or that of your friends, I shall be able to judge for myself." Thus commenced an intimacy which even controversy could not destroy.

When one or another mentioned anything unkind which had been said of him or his writings, if the person who had said it was named, he would stop the speaker immediately, and offer up the most fervent prayer for the person of whom he spoke. Indeed, he did not willingly suffer any one to say anything against his opponents. And he made all the allowance for them which, on a change of circumstances, he would have wished them to make for him.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

It is usually seen that true greatness is associated with humility and lowliness of mind. This was exemplified by the late Rev. Robert Hall. When he was at Leicester, there was an elderly person, long a member of his church, but differing from him in some theological views, who had formerly been at-

tached to the ministry of his excellent father, at Arnsby, but could not so well enjoy the son's preaching. Meeting this person, he said, "We should be glad to see you at our place, if you could attend only occasionally; for you were a friend of my father's, and have long been in fellowship with us, and it would pain me very much to have the connexion dissolved." "Ah!" was the reply, "I should be glad to attend, if you could but preach like your blessed father." "Well, I preach as well as I can, but you can hardly expect me to preach so well as my father; for he, you know, was an eminent man." This mild and gentle reply softened the objector, and retained in communion one whom he respected for his father's sake, and who was endeared to him by every fresh recollection.

REV. JAMES HERVEY.

MR. HERVEY, being in company with a person who was paying him some compliments on account of his writings, replied, laying his hand on his breast, "O, sir, you would not strike the sparks of applause, if you knew how much tinder I have within."

SELF-DENIAL.

REV. GORDON HALL.

THIS heroic missionary at Bombay had acquired so thorough a knowledge of the Mahratta, that the English East India Company offered him a salary of \$13,000, if he would relinquish his calling and aid them in writing and making contracts with the natives. On his peremptory refusal, they offered him \$50 per week if he would afford occasional assistance two hours in a day. This offer he also rejected, saying no money could tempt him to relinquish the work he was sent to perform. He lived and died a faithful missionary of the cross.

DR. WALLIS.

IN the reign of James II., Dr. Wallis was then dean of Waterford, in Ireland, and, during the troubles of that unhappy country at that period, suffered greatly in his private fortune, from his strong attachment to the Protestant faith. After peace was restored, and the Protestant religion firmly established by the accession of King William, Wallis was presented at the court of London, as a gentleman who had well merited the royal patronage. The king had before heard the story of his sufferings : and therefore, immediately turning to the dean, desired him to choose any church preferment then vacant. Wallis, with all the modesty incident to men of real worth, after

a due acknowledgment of the royal favour, requested the deanery of Derry. "How," replied the king, in a transport of surprise, "ask the deanery, when you must know the bishopric of that very place is also vacant?" "True, my liege," replied Wallis, "I do know it; but could not in honesty demand so great a benefice, conscious there are many other gentlemen who have suffered more than myself, and deserved better at your majesty's hands; I therefore presume to repeat my former request." It is needless to add, his request was granted. They parted; the dean highly satisfied with his visit, and the king astonished at the noble instance of disinterestedness of which he had just been a witness.

REV. JOSEPH HUGHES.

WHEN the late Rev. Joseph Hughes, A. M., was once travelling in the service of the Bible Society, he found by his side, upon the coach, a grave and respectable looking person. In conversing on topics of general attention, they soon came to the Bible Society. His companion launched forth, in vituperative terms, on its utopian character, and especially on its lavish expenditure; noticing, in a marked way, the needless and extravagant travelling expenses of its vaunted secretaries, as well as their enormous salaries. No one, from Mr. Hughes' countenance and manner, could have conjectured that he was a party concerned. "But what," he mildly expostulated, "would be your conclusion, were you informed that their services were gratuit-

ous ; and that, with a view of curtailing as much as possible the expense of travelling, they usually, even in very inclement seasons, fix on the outside ? as," he added, "one of them is now doing before your eyes !" Need it be added, that both the fact and the tone in which it was announced, with the friendly conversation that ensued, converted an enemy into a friend ?

REV. JOHN HOWE.

DURING the days of the commonwealth, the Rev. John Howe, one of Cromwell's chaplains, was frequently applied to by men of all parties for protection, nor did he refuse his influence to any on account of difference in religious opinions. One day the Protector said to him, "Mr. Howe, you have asked favours for everybody besides yourself ; pray when does your turn come ?" He replied, "My turn, my Lord Protector, is always come when I can serve another."

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

It is difficult, in such a world as this, so to live as that "our good" shall not be "evil spoken of." Mr. Whitefield has been charged with mercenary motives : his whole life showed the fallacy and weakness of such a charge. During his stay in Scotland, in 1759, a young lady, Miss Hunter, who possessed a considerable fortune, made a full offer to him of her estate, both money and lands, amounting

to several thousand pounds, which he generously refused : and, upon his declining it for himself, she offered it to him for the benefit of his orphan-house. This also he absolutely refused. This incident is given on the authority of his original biographer, Dr. Gillies, who received it from unquestionable testimony.

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

DURING the struggle between the colonies and the mother country, Mr. Fletcher deemed it his duty to write upon the subject. Believing the colonies in the wrong, a sentiment in which we of course could not coincide, he wrote vigorously in favour of the king and parliament. Lord North, highly gratified with his pamphlet, sent to know what service would be acceptable to him. Mr. Fletcher returned for answer, that he wanted but one thing, and that it was out of his lordship's power to give—he wanted more *grace*.

WESLEY AND NELSON IN CORNWALL.

THESE indefatigable missionaries rode from common to common, in Cornwall, preaching to a people who heard willingly, but seldom or never proffered them the slightest act of hospitality. Returning one day in autumn from one of these hungry excursions, Wesley stopped his horse at some brambles to pick the fruit. “Brother Nelson,” said he, “we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for

this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst that ever I saw for getting food. Do the people think we can live by preaching?" They were detained some time at St. Ives, because of the illness of one of their companions; and their lodging was little better than their fare. "All that time," says John, "Mr. Wesley and I laid on the floor: he had my great-coat for his pillow, and I had Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here near three weeks, one morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet; for the skin is off but on one side.'"

MARTIN LUTHER.

DISINTERESTEDNESS was a leading feature in the character of Luther: superior to all selfish considerations, he left the honours and emoluments of this world to those who delighted in them. The following extract from a will he executed some years before his death, proves how little he regarded that wealth, to attain which thousands sacrifice every enjoyment in this life, and every hope of happiness in the next. The reformer says, "Lord God! I give thee thanks that thou hast willed me to be poor upon earth, and a beggar. I have neither house, land, money, nor possessions of any kind, which I can leave. Thou hast given me a wife and children; I commend them to thee: nourish them, teach

them, preserve them, as thou hast hitherto preserved me, O Father of the fatherless, Judge of the widow!" The poverty of this great man did not arise from wanting the means of acquiring riches; for few men have had it in their power more easily to obtain them. The Elector of Saxony offered him the produce of a mine at Sneberg; but he nobly refused it, "Lest," said he, "I should tempt the devil, who is lord of these subterraneous treasures, to tempt me." The enemies of Luther were no strangers to his contempt for gold. When one of the popes asked a certain cardinal, why they did not stop that man's mouth with silver and gold, his eminence replied, "That German beast regards not money!" It may easily be supposed, that the liberality of such a man would often exceed his means. A poor student once telling him of his poverty, he desired his wife to give him a sum of money; and when she informed him they had none left, he immediately seized a cup of some value, which accidentally stood within his reach, and giving it to the poor man, bade him go and sell it, and keep the money to supply his wants. In one of his epistles Luther says, "I have received one hundred guilders from Taubereim; and Scharfts has given me fifty: so that I begin to fear, lest God should reward me in this life. But I declare I will not be satisfied with it. What have I to do with so much money? I gave half of it to P. Priorus, and made the man glad."

BISHOP BERKLEY.

THE very ingenious and amiable Bishop Berkley, of Cloyne, in Ireland, was so entirely contented with his income in that diocese, that when offered by the late Earl of Chesterfield (then lord-lieutenant) a bishopric much more beneficial than that he possessed, he declined it with these words:—"I love my neighbours, and they love me; why, then, should I begin in my old days to form new connexions, and tear myself from those friends whose kindness is to me the greatest happiness I can enjoy?" Acting in this instance like the celebrated Plutarch, who, being asked why he resided in his native city, so obscure and so little, "I stay," said he, "lest it should grow less."

BENEVOLENCE.

JOHN ELIOT.

It is related of John Eliot, "the apostle to the Indians," that one day, while minister of Roxbury, the parish treasurer, having paid him his salary, put it into a handkerchief, and tied it into as many hard knots as he could make, to prevent him from giving it away before he reached his own house. On his way he called upon a poor family, and told them that he had brought them some relief. He then began to untie the knots; but finding it a work of

great difficulty, gave the handkerchief to the mistress of the house, saying, "Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you."

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

No writer of modern times appears to have been more deeply penetrated with the declaration of our Lord, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." His three maxims on this subject were, "*Get all you can, Save all you can, Give all you can.*" "I defy," says he, "all the men on earth, yea, all the angels in heaven, to find any other way of extracting the poison from riches. And I call God to record upon my soul, that I advise no more than I practise. I do, blessed be God, gain, and save, and give, all I can. This was the practice of all the young men at Oxford who were called Methodists. For example, one of them [himself] had thirty pounds a year; he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings. The next year he receiving sixty pounds, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away two and thirty. The third year he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two. The fourth year he received a hundred and twenty pounds; still he lived as before on twenty-eight, and gave to the poor ninety-two." It is said, by his biographers, that during the course of his life he gave to the various objects of benevolence not less than *thirty thousand pounds*, or *one hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred dollars*. All the profits of his literary labours, (and he

was his own publisher,) and all that he received from other sources, except enough to meet his daily wants, was given away. What he did himself, allowing for the difference of circumstances, for he had no family, he wished his brethren to do. He saw clearly, if professing Christians grow rich they generally grow worldly, proud, and covetous. Or, if they barely escape themselves, their children generally fall victims to the seductions their parents have thrown around them. Accordingly, we hear him pathetically exclaiming, just before his departure, "*Beware of hoarding.* After having served you between sixty and seventy years, with dim eyes, shaking hands, and tottering feet, I give this advice before I sink into the dust. I am pained for you that are rich in this world."

The following intensely interesting incident furnishes a fine illustration of the benevolent disposition of this great man:—

"Mr. Dudley was one evening taking tea with that eminent artist, Mr. Culy, when he asked him whether he had seen his gallery of busts. Mr. D. answering in the negative, and expressing a wish to be gratified with a sight of it, Mr. Culy conducted him thither, and after admiring the busts of the several great men of the day, he came to *one* which particularly attracted his notice, and on inquiry found it was the likeness of the Rev. John Wesley. 'This bust,' said Mr. C., 'struck Lord Shelbourne in the same manner it does you, and there is a remarkable fact connected with it, which, as I know you are

fond of anecdote, I will relate to you precisely in the same manner and words that I did to him.' On returning to the parlour, Mr. C. commenced accordingly :—'I am a very old man ; you must excuse my little failings ; and, as I before observed, hear it in the very words I repeated it to his lordship. My Lord, said I, perhaps you have heard of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists ? O, yes, he replied ; *he,—that race of fanatics !* Well, my lord, Mr. Wesley had often been urged to have his picture taken, but he always refused,—alleging as a reason that he thought it nothing but vanity ; indeed, so frequently had he been pressed on this point, that his friends were reluctantly compelled to give up the idea. One day he called on me on the business of our Church. I began the old subject of entreating him to allow me to take off his likeness. Well, said I, knowing you value money for the means of doing good, if you will grant my request, I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes that you sit, and for every minute that exceeds that time you shall receive a guinea. 'What,' said Mr. Wesley, 'do I understand you aright, that you will give me ten guineas for having my picture taken ? Well, I agree to it.' He then stripped off his coat, and lay on the sofa, and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. He then washed his face, and I counted to him ten guineas into his hand. 'Well,' said he, turning to his companion, 'I never till now earned money so speedily—but what shall we do

with it?' They then wished me a good morning, and proceeded over Westminster bridge. The first object that presented itself to their view was a poor woman crying bitterly, with three children hanging round her, each sobbing, though apparently too young to understand their mother's grief. On inquiring the cause of her distress, Mr. Wesley learned that the creditors of her husband were dragging him to prison, after having sold their effects, which were inadequate to pay the debt by eighteen shillings, which the creditors declared should be paid. One guinea made her happy! They then proceeded on, followed by the blessings of the now happy mother. On Mr. Wesley's inquiring of Mr. Barton, his friend, where their charity was most needed, he replied he knew of no place where his money would be more acceptable than in Giltspurstreet Compter. They accordingly repaired thither, and on asking the turnkey to point out the most miserable object under his care, he answered, if they were come in search of poverty they need not go far. The first ward they entered they were struck with the appearance of a poor wretch who was greedily eating some potato skins. On being questioned, he informed them that he had been in that situation, supported by the casual alms of compassionate strangers, for several months, without any hope of release, and that he was confined for the debt of half a guinea. On hearing this, Mr. Wesley gave him a guinea, which he received with the utmost gratitude, and he had the pleasure of seeing him

liberated with half a guinea in his pocket. The poor man, on leaving his place of confinement, said, 'Gentlemen, as you come here in search of poverty, pray go up stairs, if it be not too late.' They instantly proceeded thither, and beheld a sight which called forth all their compassion. On a low stool, with his back towards them, sat a man, or rather a skeleton, for he was literally nothing but skin and bone; his hand supported his head, and his eyes seemed to be riveted to the opposite corner of the chamber, where lay, stretched out on a pallet of straw, a young woman in the last stage of a consumption, apparently lifeless, with an infant by her side, which was quite dead. Mr. Wesley immediately sent for medical assistance, but it was too late for the unfortunate female, who expired a few hours afterwards from starvation, as the doctor declared. You may imagine, my lord, that the remaining eight guineas would not go far in aiding such distress as this. No expense was spared for the relief of the now only surviving sufferer. But so extreme was the weakness to which he was reduced, that six weeks elapsed before he could speak sufficiently to relate his own history. It appeared he had been a reputable merchant, and had married a beautiful young lady, eminently accomplished, whom he almost idolized. They lived happily together for some time, until, by failure of a speculation in which his whole property was embarked, he was completely ruined. No sooner did he become acquainted with his misfortune than he called all his

creditors together, and laid before them the state of his affairs, showing them his books, which were in the most perfect order. They all willingly signed the dividend except the lawyer, who owed his rise in the world to this merchant: the sum was £250, for which he obstinately declared he should be sent to jail. It was in vain the creditors urged him to pity his forlorn condition, and to consider his great respectability—that feeling was a stranger to his breast, and in spite of all their remonstrances he was hurried away to prison, followed by his weeping wife. As she was very accomplished, she continued to maintain herself and her husband for some time solely by the use of her pencil, in painting small ornaments on cards. And thus they managed to put a little aside for the time of her confinement. But so long an illness succeeded this event, that she was completely incapacitated from exerting herself for their subsistence, and their scanty savings were soon expended by procuring the necessaries which her situation then required. They were driven to pawn their clothes, and their resources failing, they found themselves at last reduced to absolute starvation. The poor infant had just expired from want, and the hapless mother was about to follow it to the grave, when Mr. Wesley and his friend entered; and, as I before said, the husband was so reduced from the same cause, that without the utmost care he must have fallen a sacrifice; and as Mr. Wesley, who was not for doing things by halves, had acquainted himself with this case of extreme misery,

he went to the creditors, and informed them of it. They were beyond measure astonished to learn what he had to name to them ; for so long a time had elapsed without hearing anything of the merchant or his family, some supposed him to be dead, and others that he had quitted the country. Among the rest, he called on the lawyer, and painted to him, in the most glowing colours, the wretchedness he had witnessed, and which he (the lawyer) had been instrumental in causing ; but even this could not move him to compassion. He declared the merchant should not leave the prison without paying him every farthing ! Mr. Wesley repeated his visit to the other creditors, who, considering the case of the sufferer, agreed to raise a sum and release him. Some gave £100, others £200, and another £300. The affairs of the merchant took a different turn : God seemed to prosper him, and in the second year he called his creditors together, thanked them for their kindness, and paid the sum so generously obtained. Success continuing to attend him, he was enabled to pay all his debts, and afterwards realized considerable property. His afflictions made such a deep impression upon his mind, that he determined to remove the possibility of others suffering from the same cause, and for this purpose advanced a considerable sum as a foundation fund for the relief of small debtors. And the very first person who partook of the same was *the inexorable lawyer !*

“ This remarkable fact so entirely convinced Lord Shelbourne of the mistaken opinion he had formed

of Mr. Wesley, that he immediately ordered a dozen of busts to embellish the grounds of his beautiful residence.”

REV. BERNARD GILPIN.

THE following is related as an illustration of the benevolent disposition of this good man:—One day, returning home, he saw in a field several people crowding together; and judging something more than ordinary had happened, he rode up, and found that one of the horses in a team had suddenly dropped down, which they were endeavouring to raise, but in vain, for the horse was dead. The owner of it seeming to be much dejected with the misfortune, and declaring how grievous a loss it would be to him, Mr. Gilpin bade him not be disheartened:—“I’ll let you have,” said he, “honest man, that horse of mine,” pointing to his servant’s. “Ah! master,” replied the countryman, “my pocket will not reach such a beast as that.” “Come, come,” said Mr. Gilpin, “take him, take him, and when I demand the money then thou shalt pay me.”

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

It is said of the saintly George Herbert, the quaint old English Church poet, that once in a walk to Salisbury, to join a musical party, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and

after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse. Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed. But he told them the occasion; and when one of the company told him "he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," his answer was, "that the thought of what he had done *would prove music to him at midnight*, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whenever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for; and let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I bless God for this occasion." O, how many might have the anxious thoughts which infest often their midnight hours changed into sweet music, if they would only be more frequently seen, with full hands and friendly words, in the abodes of poverty and suffering!—These are the places in which to attune one's conscience to midnight harmonies!

BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.

A VIOLENT Welsh squire, having taken offence at a poor curate who employed his leisure hours in

mending clocks and watches, applied to the bishop of St. Asaph, with a formal complaint against him for impiously carrying on a trade contrary to the statute. His lordship having heard the complaint, told the squire he might depend upon the strictest justice being done in the case; accordingly the mechanic divine was sent for a few days after, when the bishop asked him, how he dared to disgrace his diocese by becoming a mender of clocks and watches. The curate, with all humility, answered, "To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children." "That won't do with me," rejoined the prelate; "I will inflict such a punishment upon you, as will make you leave off your pitiful trade, I promise you:" and immediately calling in his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation for the astonished curate, to a living of at least one hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

HE THAT GIVETH TO THE POOR LENDETH TO THE LORD.

MR. THOMSON, a clergyman in the west of England, had made it his custom for many years to distribute the overplus of the proceeds of his farm among the poor of his parish, after having supplied the wants of his own household. One year, however, he engaged to subscribe thirty pounds for the building of a chapel in a distant town. Being unable to raise the money by any other means than by breaking upon the little hoard of his poor parishioners, he was under the necessity of selling so

much as would raise the thirty pounds for his subscription to the chapel. The expedient, though painful to him, was unavoidable.

Having procured the money, he left home to be the bearer of his benefaction. In his journey he overtook a young lady riding on horseback, whom he thus accosted : “ Well overtaken, fair lady, will you accept of an old clergyman as your companion over the down ? I am too old, indeed, to promise you much protection, but I trust God will protect us both.” There was a certain something in the manner with which Mr. T. said this, that was very attractive, so that the young lady felt a strong prepossession in his favour, before he had half finished what he said. She expressed herself much satisfied with his company ; and, by inquiring, found they were both going to the same town. In the course of conversation, he told her his name, and the name of his church ; what a happy village of poor people his was, and how dear they were to him. When they arrived at the town, and were about to part, Mr. T. informed the lady of the name of the friend to whose house he was going, expressing a wish that she would call upon him before he left the place. The young lady, the same evening, mentioned to her friends, to whom she was on a visit, the name of the clergyman, and the many precious subjects of conversation with which he had entertained her. “ Thomson !” cried the lady, “ I wish I knew it was a Mr. Thomson we have been so many years inquiring after in vain. I have thirty

pounds tied up in a bag by my late husband, due to a person of that name, who desired to leave it till called for. But I suppose he is dead : and his executor, whoever he be, knows nothing of it." Mr. Thomson was sent for, when it soon appeared that the Mr. Thomson, to whom this money had been so long due was his own brother, who had been dead for several years ; and to whose effects he was the executor and residuary legatee. On the bag being put into his hand by the lady of the house, he fell on his knees, and with eyes lifted up, exclaimed, "Blessed be God! how wonderful thus to provide money for my poor people at home! The money will be theirs again." He hastened to his friend in the town to inform him of what had happened ; and as he entered his house he cried out, "Praise God : tell it in Gath, publish it in Askelon, that our God is a faithful God."

REV. C. J. LAVATER.

THE following is an extract from the private diary of the late Rev. C. J. Lavater, of Zurich, in Switzerland, dated Jan. 2, 1769 :—

Awoke at six o'clock—remembered that I am mortal : gave thanks to God, and read the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel. What a treasure of pure morality! I now went to my avocations, and continued them till noon.

My wife asked me, during dinner, what sentiment I had chosen for the day. "Give to him that ask-

eth thee ; and from him that would borrow, turn not thou away." " Pray, how is this to be understood ?" said she. " Literally : we must take the words as if we heard Jesus Christ himself pronounce them. I am the steward, not the proprietor, of my possessions."

Just as I arose from dinner, a widow desired to speak to me. " You will excuse me, dear sir," said she, " I must pay my rent, and I am six dollars short. I have been ill a whole month, and could scarcely keep my poor children from starving. I have laid by every penny, but I am six dollars short, and must have them to-day or to-morrow ; pray hear me, dear sir." Here she presented me a book encased with silver. " My late husband," said she, " gave it me when we were betrothed. I part with it with reluctance, and know not when I can redeem it. O, dear sir, cannot you assist me ?" " My poor woman, indeed I cannot." So saying, I put my hand in my pocket, and touched my money : it was about two dollars and a half. " It won't do," said I to myself : " and if it would, I shall want it." " Have you no friend," said I, " who would give you such a trifle ?" " No, not a soul living ; and I do not like to go from house to house ; I would rather work whole nights. I have been told that you are a good-natured gentleman ; and if you cannot assist, you will, I hope, excuse me for having given you so much trouble. I will try how I can extricate myself ; God has never forsaken me ; and I hope he will not begin to turn his

back on me in my 76th year." The same moment my wife entered the room.

I was—O thou traitorous heart!—I was angry, ashamed, and should have been glad if I could have sent her away under some pretext or other, for my conscience whispered to me, "Give to him that asketh thee." My wife, too, whispered irresistibly in my ear, "She is a pious, honest woman; she has certainly been ill; assist her if you can." "I have no more than two dollars," said I, "and she wants six; how, therefore, can I answer her demand? I will give her something, and send her away." My wife squeezed my hand, tenderly, smiling, and beseeching me by her looks. She then said aloud, what my conscience had whispered to me before, "Give to him that asketh thee; and turn not away from him who would borrow of thee." I smiled, and asked her whether she would give her ring in order to enable me to do it. "With great pleasure," said she, pulling off her ring. The old woman was either too simple to observe this, or too modest to take advantage of it: however, when she was going, my wife told her to wait a little in the passage. "Were you in earnest, my dear, when you offered your ring?" said I, as soon as we were in private. "I am surprised that you can ask that question; do you think I sport with charity? Remember what you said a quarter of an hour ago. You have been always so benevolent, and why are you now backward in assisting that poor woman? Why did you not give her what money you had in your purse?"

Do you not know that there are six dollars in your bureau, and that it will be quarter-day in ten days?" I pressed my wife to my bosom, and dropped a tear. "You are more righteous than I! Keep your ring; you have made me blush." I then went to the bureau, and took the six dollars. When I was going to open the door to call the widow I was seized with horror, because I had said, "I cannot help you."—O thou traitorous tongue! thou deceitful heart!—"There, take the money," said I, "which you want." She seemed at first to suppose it was only a small contribution, and kissed my hand. But when she saw the six dollars, her astonishment was so great that for a moment she could not speak. She then said, "How shall I thank you? I cannot repay you; I have got nothing but this poor book, and it is old." "Keep your book and the money," said I, "and thank God, and not me. Indeed, I do not deserve it, because I have hesitated so long to assist you. Go, and say not one word more."

JOHN FOX.

JOHN FOX, the celebrated author of the "Book of Martyrs," was remarkable for his piety. He devoted whole nights to prayer, withdrew as much as possible from all worldly pursuits, and was eminently skilled in imparting consolation to the afflicted. But, among all his excellences, none was more conspicuous than his liberality to the poor. What was sometimes offered him by the rich (for he was himself sometimes distressed) he accepted, but imme-

diately gave it to those who had less than himself. So entirely did he give of his goods to the poor, that when he died he possessed no ready money. This benevolence was maintained by a sense of the love of Christ, and was shown with a view to his glory. A friend once inquiring of him if he recollected a poor man, whom he was accustomed to relieve, he replied, "Yes, I remember him well, and would willingly forget lords and ladies to remember such as him."

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

AT the last Wesleyan Conference which the Rev. John Fletcher attended, when Mr. Wesley was about to read over his own name and those of all the preachers, that any present might object to whatever was deemed reprehensible in them, Mr. Fletcher rose to withdraw. He was eagerly recalled, and asked why he would leave them. "Because," said he, "it is improper and painful to my feelings to hear my brethren canvassed, unless my own character were submitted to the same scrutiny." They promised, if he would stay, that his character should be investigated. On these terms he submitted. When his name was read, an aged preacher rose, bowed to him, and said, "I have but one thing to object to Mr. Fletcher : God has given him a richer talent than his humility will suffer him duly to appreciate. In confining himself to Madeley, he puts his light, comparatively, under a bushel ; whereas, if he would come out more among us, he would draw

immense congregations, and would do much more good." In answer to this, he stated the tender and sacred ties which bound him to his parish ; its numerous population ; the daily calls for his services ; the difficulty of finding a proper substitute ; his increasing infirmities, which disqualified him for horse exercise ; his unwillingness to leave Mrs. Fletcher at home ; and the expense of travelling in carriages. In reply to this last argument, another preacher rose, and observed that the expense of his journeys would be cheerfully paid ; and that though he knew, and highly approved of, Mr. Fletcher's disinterestedness and delicacy in pecuniary transactions, yet he feared that there was a mixture of pride in his objection ; for that by no importunity could he be prevailed upon to accept a present to defray his expenses on his late visit to Ireland. "A little explanation," replied Mr. Fletcher, with his characteristic meekness, "will set that matter right. When I was so kindly invited to visit my friends at Dublin, I had every desire to accept their invitation ; but I wanted money for the journey, and knew not how to obtain it. In this situation I laid the matter before the Lord, humbly requesting that, if the journey were a providential opening to do good, I might have the means of performing it. Shortly afterwards I received an unexpected sum of money, and took my journey. While in Dublin, I heard our friends commiserating the distresses of the poor, and lamenting the inadequate means they had to relieve them. When, therefore, they offered me a

handsome present, what could I do? The necessary expenses of my journey had already been supplied; my general income was quite sufficient; I needed nothing. Had I received the money I should have given it away. The poor of Dublin most needed, and were most worthy of, the money of their generous countrymen. How, then, could I hesitate to beg that it might be applied to their relief? You see, brethren, I could not in conscience do otherwise than I did."

BISHOP BUTLER.

THE late Rev. John Newton relates, that a friend of his once dined with Dr. Butler, then bishop of Durham; and though the guest was a man of fortune, and the interview by appointment, the provision was no more than a joint of meat and a pudding. The bishop apologized for this plain fare, by saying that it was his manner of living, and that, being disgusted with the fashionable expense of time and money in entertainments, he was determined it should receive no countenance from his example. Nor was this conduct the result of covetousness; for, large as were his revenues, such was his liberality to the poor, that he left at his death little more than enough to discharge his debts and pay for his funeral.

CONSISTENCY OF CONDUCT.

PRAYING AND GIVING.

THE venerable father Sewall, of Maine, once entered a meeting in behalf of foreign missions, just as the collectors of the contributions were resuming their seats. The chairman of the meeting requested him to lead in prayer. The old gentleman stood, hesitatingly, as if he had not heard the request. It was repeated in a louder voice; but there was no response. It was observed, however, that Mr. S. was fumbling in his pockets, and presently he produced a piece of money, which he deposited in the contribution-box. The chairman, thinking he had not been understood, said loudly, "I didn't ask you to give, father Sewall, I asked you to pray." "O, yes," he replied, "I heard you, but I can't pray till I've given something."

THE PRAYING SHEPHERD.

ONE of the ejected ministers of Wales went to England, and hired himself as a shepherd to a nobleman of that country. One day the nobleman's wife was ill, and he sent for the officiating clergyman of the parish to come and pray for her. The clergyman, being a sportsman, told the messenger that he would comply with the request after his return from hunting. The nobleman, hearing this, became very un-

easy in his mind, and thought it very strange that a professed minister of the gospel preferred hunting to praying. A domestic told him that the shepherd could pray very well ; that he went out every night to pray in a certain private place ; and that he had watched him, and heard him pray frequently. The shepherd was immediately sent for, and prayed so powerfully, that the nobleman's heart was melted. He urged the poor man to recite his whole history, and he reluctantly complied. " Well, then," said the nobleman, " you shall henceforth be a shepherd of men." He built him a meeting-house, attended his ministry, and never again troubled the sportsman.

NOTHING LOST BY KEEPING THE SABBATH.

THE Rev. Mr. E—— was going down the Ohio river in a steamboat. On Saturday night he arrived at M., and although strongly tempted to go on, as others did, he concluded to stop, and went on shore. On the Sabbath he preached. His labours were greatly blessed. Numbers were awakened, who afterwards became hopefully pious ; and he will be remembered with gratitude by that people to the end of life.

Let all good men, when they travel, as well as at home, keep the Sabbath day holy ; and as they have opportunity do good, and they will become eminently benefactors of mankind.

Another boat arrived in season, carried him safely to his place of destination, and in time to accomplish the object of his journey, as well as if he

had not stopped on the Sabbath. Nothing was lost to himself, while to others his stopping was the cause of infinite gain.

REV. D. BROWN.

THE late Rev. D. Brown, of Calcutta, on his voyage from England to India, was placed in circumstances which at once illustrated his character, and proved the advantages of Christian principle. The following relation is in his own language:—

“After my glass of claret, I declined taking more; when the captain forcibly urged me, and would have taken my glass and filled it: but, with a determined air, I told him he might attempt as easily to shake Gibraltar as to shake me from my purpose. It was replied, ‘Then you must sing.’ I told them I considered it as inconsistent with my character, and I could not oblige them by a violation of my judgment. This was followed by arguments on the necessity of being good company, and on the innocency of festivity. The captain observed, that we ought to accommodate ourselves to the spirit of the company we sit down with, and that it was good breeding and harmless to do so. I replied, that I was a great advocate for liberty; that I gave large scope to others to follow their own judgment, and that I valued myself upon this prerogative of man. I had opinions that I could not part with, to oblige any company whatever; that a man must be dastardly and unprincipled who would, to please others, act contrary to his judgment, and thus give up the

most precious right of human nature. That respecting the innocency of table singing, I would not hesitate to affirm that some songs were really criminal, and to be justified by no rules of morality in the world, and that to me all seemed improper and inconsistent. I added, that it was contrary to good sense, as well as good breeding and all the laws of freedom, to press a person after such a declaration; and that I did not doubt but the present company, every one of them, would have as contemptible an opinion of me as I deserved, should I comply and give up my opinion; and concluded by answering to the captain's argument, saying, that I did not believe it would give him any satisfaction to hurt my feelings, but that I should disoblige him by granting what they had asked. To this the captain made a short and proper answer—that I should never more be pressed to anything disagreeable, or contrary to my judgment, as long as I was in his ship.”

REV. T. ROBINSON.

WHEN the late Rev. Thomas Robinson first went to Leicester, there was a place of rendezvous, a sort of garden-seat, at the door of a bookseller, in the market-place, to which many persons resorted to discuss the news of the day, and which one of its frequenters called “the seat of the scornful.” Here, amongst other subjects of debate, the merits and demerits of the new curate of St. Martin's were discussed. They were for the most part agreed that he was a *Methodist*; but then, what is a *Methodist*?

One said his idea of a Methodist was a man who preached in a tree. Another said, one who never smiles. What could be done with this stranger and his new-fangled notions? Different expedients were suggested. Most of them were for applying to the vicar to dismiss him. But the wise man of the party reminded them that this would be a very uncertain expedient. They might have another who was no better. "Your best way," added he, "would be to get a new Bible."

REV. S. WALKER.

AFTER the late Rev. Samuel Walker, of Truro, had begun to feel the unspeakable importance of the truth as it is in Jesus, his preaching became of a different character to what it had previously been. When he urged the importance of regeneration, and devotedness to God, those who were living in a sensual and dissipated manner, or who were building their hopes of heaven on the morality of their lives, were offended. Accordingly, some of the most wealthy inhabitants of the town complained of him to the rector, and requested his dismissal. The rector promised compliance with their wishes, and waited on Mr. Walker to give him notice to quit his curacy. He was received with much politeness and respect, and Mr. Walker soon took an opportunity, from some passing remark, to explain his views of the importance of the ministerial office, and the manner in which its duties ought to be performed. His sentiments and manner were such, that the rec-

tor went away without having accomplished his purpose. He endeavoured a second time to effect the wishes of the people, but was again so awed by Mr. W.'s superiority, that he could not speak to him on the subject. Being afterwards pressed by one of the principal persons on the topic, he replied, "Do you go and dismiss him if you can, I cannot. I feel, in his presence, as if he were a being of a superior order, and am so abashed, that I am uneasy till I can retire from it."

REV. MR. KELLY.

THE Rev. Mr. Kelly, of the town of Ayr, once preached an excellent sermon from the parable of the man who fell among thieves. He was particularly severe on the conduct of the priest, who saw him, and ministered not unto him, but passed by on the other side; and, in an animated and pathetic flow of eloquence he exclaimed, "What! not even the servant of the Almighty! he whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity, whose bosom was appointed the seat of brotherly love, whose heart the emblem of pity; did he refuse to stretch forth his hand, and to take the mantle from his shoulders to cover the nakedness of wo! If he refused, if the shepherd himself went astray, was it to be wondered at that the flock followed?" Such were the precepts of the preacher, and he practised what he preached. The next day, when the river was much increased, a boy was swept overboard from a small boat by the force of the current. A great concourse

of people were assembled, but none of them attempted to save the boy ; when Mr. Kelly, who was dressed in his canonicals, threw himself from his chamber window into the current, and at the hazard of his own life saved that of the boy.

REV. DR. CHALMERS.

DR. CHALMERS, on his return from England, a few years ago, lodged in the house of a nobleman, not far distant from Peebles. The doctor excelled in conversation, as well as in the pulpit. He was the life and soul of the discourse in the circle of friends at the nobleman's fireside. The subject was pauperism—its causes and cure. Among the gentlemen present, there was a venerable old highland chieftain, who kept his eyes fastened on Dr. C., and listened with intense interest to his communications. The conversation was kept up to a late hour. When the company broke up, they were shown up stairs into their apartments. There was a lobby of considerable length, and the doors of the bed-chambers opened on the right and left. The apartment of Dr. C. was directly opposite to that of the old chieftain, who had already retired with his attendant. As the doctor was undressing himself he heard an unusual noise in the chieftain's room ; the noise was succeeded by a heavy groan ! He hastened into the apartment, which was in a few minutes filled with the company, who all rushed in to the relief of the old gentleman. It was a melancholy sight which met their eyes. The venerable white-headed

chief had fallen into the arms of his attendant in an apoplexy. He breathed for a few moments and expired. Dr. C stood in silence, with both hands stretched out, and bending over the deceased. He was the very picture of distress. He was the first to break silence. "Never in my life," said he, in a tremulous voice, "did I see, or did I feel, before this moment, the meaning of that text, 'Preach the word : be instant in season, and out of season ; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine.' Had I known that my venerable old friend was within a few minutes of eternity, I would not have dwelt on that subject which formed the topic of this evening's conversation. I would have addressed myself earnestly to him. I would have preached unto him and you, Christ Jesus and him crucified. I would have urged him and you, with all the earnestness befitting the subject, to prepare for eternity. You would have thought it, and you would have pronounced it, out of season. But ah ! it would have been in season, both as it respected him and as it respects you."

JOHN NELSON.

PRIOR to his entrance upon the ministry, Nelson was a stone mason. Being desired, by his master's foreman, to work on the Lord's day, on the ground that the king's business required despatch, and that it was common to work on the Sabbath for his majesty, when anything was wanted in a particular haste ; Nelson boldly declared, "That he would not

work upon the Sabbath for any man in the kingdom, except it were to quench fire, or something that required immediate help." "Religion," says the foreman, "has made you a rebel against the king." "No, sir," he replied, "it has made me a better subject than ever I was. The greatest enemies the king has are Sabbath-breakers, swearers, drunkards, and whoremongers; for these bring down God's judgments upon the king and country." He was told he should lose his employment if he would not obey his orders; his answer was, "he would rather want bread than wilfully offend God." The foreman swore that he would be as mad as Whitefield if he went on. "What hast thou done," said he, "that thou needest make so much ado about salvation? I always took thee to be as honest a man as I have in the work, and would have trusted thee with £500." "So you might," answered Nelson, "and not have lost a penny by me." "I have a worse opinion of thee now," said the foreman. "Master," rejoined he, "I have the odds of you, for I have a worse opinion of myself than you can have." The issue, however, was, that the work was not pursued on the Sabbath; and Nelson rose in the good opinion of his employer, for having shown a sense of his duty as a Christian.

PREACHING FOR A CROWN.

THE Rev. H. Davies, sometimes called "The Welsh Apostle," was walking early one Sabbath morning, to a place where he was to preach. He

was overtaken by a clergyman on horseback, who complained that he could not get above half a guinea for a discourse. "O, sir," said Mr. Davies, "I preach for a crown!" "Do you?" replied the stranger, "then you are a disgrace to the cloth." To this rude observation he returned this meek answer: "Perhaps I shall be held in still greater disgrace, in your estimation, when I inform you that I am now going nine miles to preach, and have but sevenpence in my pocket to bear my expenses out and in; but I look forward to that *crown of glory* which my Lord and Saviour will freely bestow upon me, when he makes his appearance before an assembled world."

"SUPPORT YOUR CHARACTER, AND WE
WILL RESPECT YOU."

WHEN the late Rev. Mr. K—— was settled in his congregation of S——, they could not furnish him with a manse, or even with lodgings. In these circumstances, a Captain P——, in the neighbourhood, though a stranger to religion, generously took him into his family, and gave him his board, it is believed, gratuitously. But our young clergyman soon found himself in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the captain's usual practice of profane swearing. Satisfied of his duty, however, he determined to perform it at all hazards. Accordingly, one day at table, after a very liberal volley of oaths from the captain, he observed calmly, "Captain, you have certainly on the present occasion made use of

a number of very improper terms." The captain, who was rather a choleric man, was instantly in a blaze. "Pray, sir, what improper terms have I used?" "Surely, captain, you must know," replied the clergyman, with greater coolness; "and having already put me to the pain of hearing them, you cannot be in earnest in imposing upon me the additional pain of repeating them." "You are right, sir," resumed the captain, "you are right. Support your character, and we will respect you. We have a parcel of clergymen around us here, who seem quite uneasy till they get us to understand that we may use any freedoms we please before them, and we despise them." It ought to be known, that the captain never afterwards repeated the offence in his presence, and always treated Mr. K—— with marked respect, and befriended him in all his interests.

DR. WAUGH.

DR. WAUGH being in company with a number of ministers, the bad conduct of a brother in the ministry became the subject of conversation, and every gentleman in the room joined warmly in condemning him. Dr. Waugh sat for a long time silent. At last he walked up to his companions, and said, "My dear friends, surely we are not acting in accordance with our profession. The person you speak of is one of ourselves, and we ought not to blow the coal. But do you know that he is as bad a man as he is represented? and if he is, will railing against him

do him any good? It is cowardly to speak ill of a man behind his back; and I doubt if any of us would have sufficient courage, if our poor friend were to appear among us, to sit down and kindly tell him of his faults. If there be one here who feels himself quite pure, and free from error, let him throw the first stone; but if not, let us be silent, and I confess that I feel that I must not say one word." He resumed his seat, and the company looked at each other, struck silent by this rebuke from one so good and mild.

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.

THE Rev. Dr. Philip, of South Africa, mentions, in a letter descriptive of the character of the late Rev. John Campbell, of Kingsland, several anecdotes of the disinterestedness of that worthy man, the particulars of which we transcribe from his published memoirs.

Before Mr. Campbell left London, in 1818, for Africa, he had £60 put into his hands anonymously, and it was doubtful, from the manner in which the note accompanying it was worded, whether it was intended as a gift to himself, or to be expended for charitable purposes in Africa. He was then £60, to use his own phrase, behind-hand, which was to him a source of considerable uneasiness; yet, with this doubt on his mind, he would not appropriate a shilling of it to his own use, but gave it away in Africa to objects of benevolence in connexion with the mission.

Such was his carefulness of public money, and the exactness with which he kept his accounts, that Dr. Philip says, "I have heard him several times mention, as a matter of surprise, that on returning to England after his first visit to Africa, there was one shilling and sevenpence halfpenny that he could never account for; and he used to add, with great gravity, which it was impossible to listen to without a smile, "and I cannot, sir, to this day, account for that nineteenpence halfpenny!"

REV. THOMAS SCOTT.

THE Rev. Thomas Scott, in the early part of his life, was exceedingly fond of cards, but was induced to leave off the practice in the following manner:—"Being on a visit to one of my parishioners at Ravenstone," he writes, "I walked out after dinner, as was my common practice on such occasions, to visit some of my poor people; when one of them (the first person, as far as I know, to whom my ministry had been decidedly useful) said to me, 'I have something which I wish to say to you; but I am afraid you may be offended.' I answered that I could not promise, but I hoped I should not. She then said, 'You know A— B—; he has lately appeared attentive to religion, and has spoken to me concerning the sacrament; but last night, he, with C— D—, and others, met to keep Christmas; and they played at cards, drank too much, and in the end quarrelled, and raised a sort of riot. And when I remonstrated with him on his conduct, as incon-

sistent with his professed attention to religion, his answer was, '*There is no harm in cards—Mr. Scott plays at cards.*' This smote me to the heart. I saw that if I played with cards, however soberly and quietly, the people would be encouraged by my example to go farther; and if St. Paul would eat no flesh while the world stood, rather than cause his weak brother to offend, it would be inexcusable in me to throw such a stumbling-block in the way of my parishioners, in a matter certainly neither useful nor expedient. So far from being offended at the hint thus given me, I felt very thankful to my faithful monitor, and promised her that she should never have occasion to repeat the admonition. That very evening I related the whole matter to the company, and declared my fixed resolution never to play at cards again. I expected I should be harassed with solicitations, but I was never asked to play afterwards. Let me, therefore, from my own experience, as well as from the reason of the case, urge persons, from their first entrance upon a religious course, when asked to do anything they disapprove, fairly to state their disapprobation as a point of conscience."

REV. JOHN HOWE.

THE celebrated John Howe being introduced to one of the bishops, formerly an acquaintance, his lordship expostulated with him respecting his nonconformity. Mr. Howe told him he could not have time, without greatly trespassing upon his patience,

to go through the several objections he had to make to the terms of conformity. The bishop pressed him to name any one that he reckoned to be of weight. He instanced the point of *re-ordination*. "Pray, sir," said the bishop to him, "what hurt is there in being twice ordained?" "Hurt! my lord," said Mr. Howe, "the thought is shocking; it hurts my understanding; it is an absurdity, for nothing can have two beginnings. I am sure I am a minister of Christ, and am ready to debate that matter with your lordship, if you please; and I cannot begin again to be a minister." The bishop then dropped the matter, and told Mr. H. that if he would come in amongst them he might have considerable preferment, and at length dismissed him in a very friendly manner.

REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.

AT an ordination of elders, the late Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne, of Dundee, made the following statement:—"When I first entered upon the work of the ministry among you, I was exceedingly ignorant of the vast importance of church discipline. I thought that my great and almost only work was to pray and preach. I saw your souls to be so precious, and the time so short, that I devoted all my time, and care, and strength, to labour in word and doctrine. When cases of discipline were brought before me and the elders, I regarded them with something like abhorrence. It was a duty I shrank from; and I may truly say it nearly drove me from the work of the ministry among you altogether. But it pleased

God, who teaches his servants in another way than man teaches, to bless some of the cases of discipline to the manifest and undeniable conversion of the souls of those under our care ; and from that hour a new light broke in upon my mind, and I saw that if preaching be an ordinance of Christ, so is church discipline. I now feel very deeply persuaded that both are of God,—that two keys are committed to us by Christ, the one the key of doctrine, by means of which we unlock the treasures of the Bible, the other the key of discipline, by which we open or shut the way to the sealing ordinances of the faith. Both are Christ's gift, and neither is to be resigned without sin."

DR. ADAM CLARKE

It is impossible, says Dr. Clarke, that a minister should *ever* be a *private* man ; even in his most trivial intercourse with others, it is never forgotten what his office is : the *habit* of every one's mind is, to expect information or example from his company and conduct ; he is constantly living under the observation of mankind, and he who is always observed, should *never* venture on dubious conduct, or suppose for a moment that what he does in the view of another can ever for a moment be a matter of indifference, or be regarded as a trifle. I will tell you a curious circumstance that happened to me some years ago. In a day or two from the time I refer to, I was about to set off from London to Ireland : a friend desired me to take charge of a young lady to Dublin, to which

I readily agreed, and she was sent to me at the coach. I soon found from her conversation that she was a Roman Catholic, and also quickly perceived that she had been led to entertain a very high opinion of me. After we had travelled some distance, talking occasionally on various subjects, the daylight began to sink fastly away, when she took out of her reticule a small Catholic book of prayers, and commenced seriously her evening devotions. While she was reading, such thoughts as these occurred to me:—"I believe this lady to be sincere in her religious creed, which I think to be a very dangerous one; she appears to be of an ingenuous temper, and to feel much personal respect for me; is there not here, then, a good *opportunity*, as well as subject, to exercise my influence, and to deliver her, if possible, from her erroneous creed? But," continued I in my thoughts, "was she not intrusted to my care? Would her friends have so intrusted her, had they ever suspected that an attempt at proselytism would be made? Would not the attempt be a breach of trust, and should I, even were ultimate good to accrue to her, be a *morally honest man*?" I instantly felt that *my own honesty* must be preserved, though the opportunity of apparent good might be apparently lost. In a short time Miss — closed her book with this observation, "We Catholics, Dr. Clarke, think it much better to believe too much than too little." I replied, "But, madam, in our belief we should recollect that we never should yield our assent to what is *contradictory in itself*, or

to what *contradicts other ascertained facts.*" This was the only observation that I made that looked at all towards Catholicism. In process of time we arrived at our journey's end, and I deposited her safely in the hands of her friends.

From that time till about two years ago I never heard of her, till we met in the following way. I had been preaching at Chelsea chapel, and on entering the vestry after service a lady followed me, shook hands, spake with much emotion, and said, "Do you not recollect me, Dr. Clarke? I am Miss —, whom you kindly took care of to Ireland: I was then a Catholic; now I am a Protestant, and have suffered much in consequence of the change." I inquired how the alteration in her views was effected, and she gave me in detail the account which I will shortly sum up to you. When she heard to whom she was about to be intrusted, she resolved to observe and watch closely this eminent Protestant minister; she was pleased with the conversation and friendliness shown her; and was so struck with the observation I had made in the coach, that she said it afterwards absolutely haunted her, caused her to examine and think for herself, and at last led her to freedom from her thralldom: "but," said she, "I should never have been induced to examine, had it not been for the previous examination I had made of *you*. From the first moment you entered the coach I watched you narrowly; I thought, now I have a fair opportunity of knowing something of these Protestants; and I will judge if what I have

heard of them be true. Every word, every motion, every look of yours, sir, was watched with the eye of a lynx ; I felt you could not be acting a part, for you could not suspect that you were so observed ; the result of all was, your conduct conciliated esteem, and removed prejudice ; your one observation on belief led me to those examinations which the Spirit of God has blessed to my conversion : and I now stand before you the convert of your three days' *behaviour* between London and Dublin." You see from this account how all ministers should ever feel themselves to be public men ; how cautious should be their conduct, and how guarded their conversation. Had I attempted to proselyte this lady, all her prejudices would have been up in arms ; had my behaviour been unbecomingly light, or causelessly austere, she would have been either disgusted or repelled, and her preconceived notions of Protestants would have been confirmed ; she saw and heard what satisfied her : thus, even in social intercourse, the public teacher should always be the Christian instructor.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER appeared almost alone, in the higher classes, as the friend of truth in evil times, and a plot was formed to take away his life. The providence of God, however, so ordered it, that the papers which would have completed the plan were intercepted, and traced to their authors, one of whom lived in the archbishop's family, and the other he had greatly served. He took these men apart in his palace, and told them that some persons in his confidence had disclosed his secrets, and even accused him of heresy. They loudly censured such villany, and declared the traitors to be worthy of death; one of them adding, that if an executioner was wanted, he would perform the office himself. Struck with their perfidy, after lifting up his voice to heaven, lamenting the depravity of man, and thanking God for his preservation, he produced their letters, and inquired if they knew them. They now fell on their knees, confessed their crimes, and implored forgiveness. Cranmer mildly expostulated with them on the evil of their conduct, forgave them, and never again alluded to their treachery. His forgiveness of injuries was so well known that it became a by-word, "Do my lord of Canterbury an ill turn, and you make him your friend forever."

The archbishop's first wife, whom he married at Cambridge, lived at an inn, and as he often went there, the popish party raised a report that he was but an hostler, and had never received the advantages of a learned education. This story had been emphatically told by a Yorkshire priest, who added, that the archbishop had no more learning than a goose. Some persons informed Lord Cromwell, the minister of state, of this circumstance, who sent for the priest, and committed him to prison. When he had lain there nine or ten weeks, he sent a friend to entreat Cranmer's pardon; who instantly sent for him, and expostulated with him on trifling with his character. He excused himself by pleading his drunkenness at the time, which Cranmer told him only increased his sin. The archbishop invited him to examine him in his learning, but the priest told him he was himself only an English scholar. On further conversation, he confessed he was not sufficiently acquainted with genealogies to tell the father of either David or Solomon, and was dismissed by the archbishop mildly telling him to visit ale-houses less, and his study more; and not to complain of the want of learning in others, till he possessed more himself.

REV. GEORGE WISHART.

WHILE Wishart, the celebrated reformer, was engaged in relieving the temporal wants of the inhabitants of Dundee, during the prevalence of the plague in that city, and daily preaching to them the way of salvation, Cardinal Beton bribed a popish

priest to murder him. On one occasion, Wishart had finished his sermon, the people were retiring, and the preacher was descending from the pulpit, when his keen eye noticed that Weighton, the priest, had a drawn dagger concealed under his gown. He immediately spoke to him, and deprived him of the murderous weapon. The priest fell on his knees, confessed his intention, and entreated his forgiveness. The people were greatly enraged at the conduct of the priest, and would immediately have taken away his life, had not the reformer taken him in his arms, and said, "Whatsoever hurts him shall hurt me; for he hath done me no mischief, but much good, by teaching me more heedfulness for the time to come."

REV. W. HERRING.

MR. HERRING, one of the puritan ministers, was eminently distinguished for Christian meekness, and for love to his greatest enemies. Dr. Lamb, a violent persecutor of the puritans, and especially of this good man, being on a journey, unhappily broke his leg, and was carried to the inn where Mr. Herring happened to be staying for the night. Mr. H. was called on to pray that evening in the family, when he prayed with so much fervour and affection for the doctor as to surprise all who heard him. Being afterwards asked why he manifested such respect to a man who was so utterly unworthy of it, he replied, "The greater enemy he is, the more need he hath of our prayers. We must prove ourselves to

be the disciples of Christ by loving our enemies, and praying for our persecutors." On another occasion, Archbishop Laud having said, "I will pickle that Herring of Shrewsbury," the good man meekly replied, "If he will abuse his power, let it teach Christians the more to use their prayers, that their enemies may see they have a God to trust in, when trampled upon by ill-disposed men."

MEEKNESS UNDER PROVOCATIONS.

THE PATRIARCH OF ALEXANDRIA.

JOHN, patriarch of Alexandria, had a controversy with Nicetas, a chief man of that city, which was to be decided in a court of justice. John defended the cause of the poor, and Nicetas refused to part with his money. A private meeting was held, to see if the affair could be adjusted, but in vain; angry words prevailed, and both parties were so obstinate that they separated more offended with each other than before. When Nicetas was gone, John began to reflect on his own pertinacity; and although his cause was good, "yet," said he, "can I think that God will be pleased with this anger and stubbornness? The night draweth on, and shall I suffer the sun to go down upon my wrath? This is impious, and opposed to the apostle's advice." He therefore sent some respectable friends to Nicetas, and

charged them to deliver this message to him, and no more : " O, sir, the sun is going down ! " Nicetas was much affected, his eyes were filled with tears ; he hastened to the patriarch, and, saluting him in the most gentle manner, exclaimed, " Father, I will be ruled by you in this or any other matter. " They embraced each other affectionately, and settled the dispute instantly.

REV. MR. DODD.

It is said of Mr. Dodd, one of the puritan divines, that a person being enraged at his close and awakening doctrine, raised a quarrel with him, smote him in the face, and dashed out two of his teeth. This meek and lowly servant of Christ, without taking the least offence, held the teeth out in his hand, and said, " See here, you have knocked out two of my teeth without any just provocation ; but if I could do your soul good, I would give you leave to dash out all the rest. " Thus he was not overcome of evil, but overcame evil with good.

REV. MR. DEERING.

MR. DEERING, one of the puritan ministers in the sixteenth century, being at a public dinner, a young man, who sat on the opposite side of the table, indulged in profane swearing, for which Mr. D. sharply reproved him. The young man, taking this as an affront, immediately threw a glass of beer in his face. Mr. Deering took no notice of the insult, but wiped his face, and continued his dinner. The

young gentleman presently renewed his profane conversation, and Mr. D. reprovèd him as before ; upon which, but with increased violence, he threw another glass of beer in his face. Mr. Deering continued unmoved, still showing his zeal for the glory of God, by bearing the insult with Christian meekness. This so astonished the young gentleman, that he rose from the table, fell on his knees, and asking Mr. Deering's pardon, declared that if any of the company had offered him similar insults he would have stabbed them with his sword. Here was practically verified the New Testament maxim, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

It is related by the Rev. Melville Horne, that on his way to Ireland the Rev. John Fletcher preached in a large town, and, towards the conclusion of his sermon, stated his sentiments respecting the eminent degree of holiness to which a Christian might attain in this life. All the ministers of the place attended to hear him, and all but one stayed to shake him by the hand after the service. That one was the principal clergyman, a polished gentleman, and an old acquaintance. In the morning Mr. Fletcher, who suspected no offence, said to Mr. Gilbert, "I had not the pleasure last night of shaking hands with my friend Mr. — ; I cannot think of quitting the town without seeing him ; as you are acquainted with him, perhaps you will walk with me." They accordingly called, and were introduced ; but when

he presented his hand, with his usual respectful cordiality, it was rudely declined. "I never preach anything," said his friend, "but what I experience. Do you, Mr. Fletcher, experience that eminent degree of holiness, that Christian perfection, which you spake of last night?" Unprepared for discussion, especially with an angry disputant, he answered mildly, "My dear brother, we serve the same blessed Lord;—why then should we disagree because our liveries are not turned up exactly alike?" Finding his friend still rude and repulsive, he suddenly caught his hand, and kissed it, and bowing low, said, "God bless you, my brother," and retired. It is creditable to the religious principles of this gentleman, that Mr. Fletcher's patient kindness was not without effect. On his return from Ireland his friend called upon him, asked his pardon in the handsomest terms, and treated him with the most respectful distinction.

REV. JOHN ELIOT.

THE attachment of the Rev. John Eliot, usually called "the apostle to the Indians," to peace and union among Christians, was exceedingly great. When he heard ministers complain that some in their congregations were too difficult for them, the substance of his advice would be, "Brother, compass them!" "Brother, learn the meaning of those three little words—bear, forbear, forgive." His love of peace, indeed, almost led him to sacrifice right itself. When a bundle of papers was laid be-

fore an assembly of ministers, which contained the particulars of a contention between parties who he thought ought at once to be agreed, he hastily threw them into the fire, and said, "Brethren, wonder not at what I have done; I did it on my knees this morning before I came among you."

DR. WALL.

DR. WALL, some time bishop of Norwich, was as humble and courteous as he was learned and devout, and had, in a very large degree, the qualifications of a good bishop. In reference to injuries he received, he used to say, "I would suffer a thousand wrongs rather than do one; I would suffer a hundred rather than return one; and endure many rather than complain of one, or obtain my right by contending: for I have always observed, that contending with one's superiors is foolish; with one's equals, is dubious; and with one's inferiors, is mean-spirited and sordid. Suits at law may be sometimes necessary, but he had need be more than a man who can manage them with justice and innocence."

REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

THE late Rev. Legh Richmond was once conversing with a brother clergyman, on the case of a poor man who had acted inconsistently with his religious profession. After some angry and severe remarks on the conduct of such persons, the gentleman with whom he was discussing the case concluded by saying, "I have no notion of such pretences; I will

have nothing to do with him." "Nay, brother, let us be humble and moderate. Remember who has said, 'making a difference : ' with opportunity on the one hand, and Satan at the other, and the grace of God at neither, where should you and I be ?"

REV. JOHN COTTON.

THE Rev. John Cotton, of Boston, was distinguished for his forbearance and meekness, which greatly contributed to his happiness and usefulness. When he was once told that his preaching was very dark and comfortless, he replied, "Let me have your prayers, brother, that it may be otherwise." Having once observed to a person, who boasted of his knowledge of the book of Revelation, that he wanted light in those mysteries, the man went home, and sent him a pound of candles, which insolence only excited a smile. "Mr. Cotton," says Dr. Mather, "would not set the beacon of his great soul on fire at the landing of such a little cock-boat." A drunken fellow, to make merriment for his companions, approached him in the street, and whispered in his ear, "Thou art an old fool." Mr. Cotton replied, "I confess I am so ; the Lord make both me and thee wiser than we are, even wise unto salvation."

THE ITALIAN BISHOP.

AN Italian bishop, who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and been much opposed without ever manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his

being always so happy, replied, "It consists in a single thing, and that is, making a right use of my eyes." His friend, in surprise, begged him to explain his meaning. "Most willingly," replied the bishop. "In whatsoever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business on earth is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad on the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself. And thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever have to murmur, or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit is to be always happy."



CONFIDENCE IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.



REV. OLIVER HEYWOOD.

It is related of Rev. Oliver Heywood, a non-conformist minister, that on a time he was reduced to great straits, his little stock of money was quite exhausted; the family provisions were entirely consumed, and Martha, a maid-servant, who had lived in his family for several years, and who had often assisted them, could now lend no more from the little savings of former years.

Mr. Heywood trusted that God would still pro-

vide for him, who had nothing but the divine providence to live upon. He said,

When cruise and barrel both are dry,
We still will trust in God most high.

When the children began to be impatient for food, Mr. Heywood called his servant, and said to her, "Martha, take a basket, and go to Halifax, call on Mr. N., the shop-keeper, and say I desire him to lend me five shillings: if he will be kind enough to do it, bring us some bread, some cheese, and such other little things as you know we most want; be as expeditious as you can in returning home, for the poor children begin to be fretful for want of something to eat; put on your hat and cloak, and the Lord give you good speed; in the mean time, we will offer up our request to Him who "feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and who knows what we have need of before we ask him." Martha observed her master's direction; but when she came near the house, where she was ordered to beg for the loan of five shillings, through timidity and bashfulness her heart failed her. She passed by the door again and again, without having courage to go in and tell her errand. At length Mr. N., standing at his shop door, and seeing Martha in the street, called her to him, and said, "Are you not Mr. Heywood's servant?" When she, with an anxious heart, had answered in the affirmative, he added, "I am glad I have this opportunity of seeing you: some friends at M—— have remitted me five guineas for your master, and I was just thinking how I should contrive

to send it." Martha burst into tears, and for some time could not utter a syllable; the necessities of the family, their trust in Providence, the seasonableness of the supply, and a variety of other ideas entering in upon her mind at once, quite overpowered her. At length she told Mr. N. upon what errand she came, but that she had not courage to ask him to lend her poor master money. The gentleman could not but be affected with the story, and told Martha to come to him when the like necessity should press upon them at any future time. She made haste to procure the necessary provisions, and with a heart lightened of its burden, ran home to tell the success of her journey.

Though she had not been long absent, the hungry family had often looked wishfully out of the window for her arrival. When she knocked at her master's door, which must be locked and barred for fear of constables and bailiffs, it was presently opened, and the joy to see her was as great as when a fleet of ships arrives laden with provisions for the relief of a starving town, closely besieged by an enemy. The children danced round the maid, eager to look into the basket of eatables; the patient mother wiped her eyes; the father smiled, and said, "The Lord hath *not* forgotten to be gracious; his word is true from the beginning. The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Martha related all the circumstances of her little expedition as soon as tears of joy could permit this; and all partook of the

homely fare, with a sweeter relish than the fastidious Roman nobles ever knew, when thousands were expended to furnish one repast. Had you been present when this pious family were eating their bread and cheese, and drinking pure water from the spring, you might have found the good man thus addressing the wife of his bosom :—“ Did I not tell you, my dear, that God would surely provide for us? Why were ye so fearful, O ye of little faith! Our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of these things. Jesus said unto his disciples, ‘ When I sent you without purse or scrip, lacked you anything?’ and they said, ‘ Nothing, Lord.’ ”

REV. MR. NOSWORTHY.

THE Rev. Mr. Nosworthy, who died in the seventeenth century, was an amiable and excellent man, but during the persecution of the times was imprisoned at Winchester, where he was cruelly treated. After his release he was occasionally reduced to great straits. Once when he and his family had breakfasted they had nothing left for another meal, and his wife asked, “ What shall I do for my poor children?”—He persuaded her to take a walk with him, and seeing a little bird, he said, “ Take notice how that bird sits and chirps, though it knows not from whence it shall have a dinner. Therefore be of good cheer, and do not distrust the providence of God; for are we not better than many sparrows?” They returned, and before dinner-time they had plenty of provisions brought them. Thus was the

promise fulfilled, "They who trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing."

THE MISSIONARIES AND THE PRIVATEER.

THE following anecdote is recorded in the diary kept at Frerensburg, a settlement of the Moravians, in St. Croix, a Danish West India island:—

"In March, 1819, Mr. Bell, a captain of a ship from Philadelphia, who is a religious man, living some time in this island, paid us several visits. One day he brought with him another captain, from Baltimore, of the name of Boyle. Having for some time conversed on religious subjects, the latter inquired whether any of our family were on board an English vessel, with only six guns, and twenty-two men, which in the year 1814 was attacked by a North American privateer of fourteen guns, and one hundred and twenty men, on her voyage to St. Thomas; and which, after a most desperate conflict, beat off the enemy. He added that he supposed very fervent prayer had been offered up on board that vessel. Sister Ramuch answered, that she was on board the English vessel, and could assure him that there was. 'That I believe,' replied the captain, 'for I felt the effect of your prayers.' He then informed us that he was the captain who commanded the privateer. 'According to my way of thinking at that time,' said he, 'I was determined to strain every nerve to get possession of the British vessel, or sink her; but she was protected by a higher power, against which all my exertions proved

vain.' This disappointment and defeat astonished him; but when he afterwards heard that missionaries were on board the English vessel, it struck him that their fervent prayers to God had brought them protection and safety. This led him to a further thought about these things; and at length, by God's mercy, to a total change of mind. On his making this statement, we joined him in thanking the Lord for his goodness. From this authentic fact, we learn that under all circumstances, however bad and hopeless, it is the Christian's duty to pray and not to faint; to exercise faith and hope in that Almighty Jehovah, 'whose ear is never heavy that he cannot hear; nor his hand shortened that he cannot save; for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few.' 1 Sam. xiv, 6. While then the Christian can joyfully say, 'Is there anything too hard for the Lord?' let him hold fast his confidence in his God. When the pious Moravian missionaries saw a ship so superior in force coming against their poor little vessel, they did not cast away their anchor of hope in the promises of God; they did not sit down in despair, when it was the very time for their 'God, who doeth wonders,' to make his power to be known; but they called to mind his wonders of old time, and exercised that faith which has given them such wonderful success in the preaching of the gospel of his Son. That faith in God which had called forth his power to the subduing of kingdoms, stirred up these righteous men to effectual, fervent prayer; and their spiritual weapons were too

mighty for the carnal weapons of their powerful and determined enemies. They had but one refuge to flee unto; but that refuge was the mighty God of Jacob; the God to whom salvation belongeth; and because they trusted in his power, he caused them to rejoice in his mercy. Well might they exclaim one to the other, as they saw their enemies retreating with shame and confusion from contending any longer with their little vessel, ‘O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten the victory.’”

SIMPLICITY OF LANGUAGE.

REVOLTING AVOWAL.

I REMEMBER some years ago to have heard, says a writer in the Cong. Magazine for 1826, a young minister, who was settled in a small obscure town, preach a sermon at an association meeting, which was richly adorned with the graces of finished composition. He was afterwards asked by a senior brother whether he preached such sermons at home; and having answered in the affirmative, “And how many of your people,” it was said, “do you think can understand you?” “About five or six,” he replied. The avowal produced, as might be expected, among men of piety and experience, a mixed emotion of grief and indignation. Nor can

we conceive of a more gross and revolting inconsistency than that of a Christian pastor and teacher pleasing himself, and a few fond admirers, by picking flowers and weaving pretty garlands, when the sheep of his flock are ready to perish for want of being properly watched and fed. What ! will a man who has assumed an office of deep and awful responsibility spend his time, his strength, and his ingenuity, in courting the muses, and canvassing for literary honours, when the souls of his charge are many of them rushing, unprepared, into eternity ! O shameful prostitution of the noblest function !

REV. J. COTTON.

THE Rev. John Cotton was an eminent minister of the seventeenth century, who laboured for many years at Boston, in Lincolnshire. When at the University of Cambridge, he was remarkable for learning and eloquence ; and being called upon to preach at St. Mary's church in that town, high expectations were raised as to the character of the sermon. After many struggles in his own mind, arising from the temptation to display his talent and learning, and from a powerful impression of the importance of preaching the gospel with all simplicity, he at length wisely determined on the latter course. The vice-chancellor and students were not pleased, though a few of the professors commended his style ; but his sermon was blessed to the conversion of Dr. Preston, who became one of the most eminent ministers of his day.

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

IN June, 1790, the Rev. John Wesley preached at Lincoln; his text was, Luke x, 42: "One thing is needful." When the congregation were retiring from the chapel, a lady exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise, "Is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we hear so much in the present day? Why, the poorest might have understood him." The gentleman to whom this remark was made replied, "In this, madam, he displays his greatness; that, whilst the poorest can understand him, the most learned are edified, and cannot be offended."

REV. DR. EVANS.

THE late Rev. Dr. C. Evans, of Bristol, having once to travel from home, wrote to a poor congregation, to say that he should have occasion to stay a night in their village, and that if it were agreeable to them he would give them a sermon. The poor people hesitated for some time, but at length permitted him to preach. After sermon he found them in a far happier mood than when he first came among them, and could not forbear inquiring into the reason of all this. "Why, sir, to tell you the truth," said one of them, "knowing that you were a very learned man, and that you were a teacher of young ministers, we were much afraid we should not understand you; but you have been quite as plain as any minister we ever hear." "Ay, ay," the doctor replied, "you entirely misunderstood the nature of

learning, my friend ; its design is to make things so plain that they cannot be misunderstood." Similar was the view of Archbishop Leighton, who says, in one of his charges to his clergy, "How much learning, my brethren, is required to make these things plain !"

"A MAN CANNOT FEED UPON FLOWERS."

THE late Rev. Robert Hall was once asked what he thought of a sermon which had been delivered by a proverbially fine preacher, which had seemed to excite a great sensation among the congregation : — "Very fine, sir," he replied, "but a man cannot feed upon flowers."

DR. MANTON.

DR. HARRIS relates, that while Dr. Manton was minister at Covent Garden, he was called on to preach before the lord mayor and the companies of the city, at St. Paul's. He studied for the occasion an elaborate discourse, and was heard by the most intelligent part of his congregation with great admiration. But, as he was returning home in the evening, a poor man pulled the sleeve of his gown, and asked if he was the gentleman who had preached before the lord mayor in the morning. On the doctor's replying in the affirmative, the man added, "Sir, I came with the hope of getting some good for my soul, but I was greatly disappointed ; for I could not understand a great deal of what you said ; you were quite above me." The doctor wept, and replied,

“Friend, if I did not give *you* a sermon, you have given *me* one ; and, by the grace of God, I will never again play the fool, in preaching before my lord mayor in such a manner.”

REV. DR. CAMPBELL.

“Is not Mr. B. a deep preacher ?” asked a friend of the late Dr. Campbell, of Aberdeen. “Eh !” replied the doctor, smiling, “I will tell you a story, sir. When I was a boy, I was amusing myself, with some other boys, in a pool. Some of them were going farther in than I was disposed to go, and I was frightened. To a man, who was passing by, I called out, ‘Is this pool deep ?’ ‘No, man,’ replied he, ‘it is only *muddy*.’ There is such a thing as preaching the deep things of God, which will be neither understood nor relished by the natural man. But it is very possible to preach the plain truths of the gospel, in a language and style which at once clothe them with mystery, and expose them to ridicule. It ought never to be forgotten that the gospel is a *revelation* ; and that it is by *manifestation* of the truth that the preacher is to commend himself to every man’s conscience. I have heard of a minister discussing the *unrevealed* glories of Christ. This may be *deep* preaching ; I am sure it must be very nonsensical and unprofitable.”

REV. S. KILPIN.

ON one occasion, whilst the late Rev. S. Kilpin was preaching, but not in his own pulpit, he mentioned

the great God by the name of "the Deity." A sailor, who was listening, immediately started from his seat, his elbows fully spread, and exclaimed aloud, "Deity! well, who is He? is He our God-almighty?" The attendants were about to turn him out; but the minister stood reprov'd, and requested him to resume his seat, with the remark, "Yes, my friend, I did mean the almighty God." The sailor rejoined, "I thought so, but was not quite sure; I never heard that name before." The humbled minister replied, "You had a right to inquire; I was to blame: whilst delivering God's message of mercy and justice to immortal souls, I ought not to have given my divine Master a name which prevented the message from being understood." "Thank you, sir," was the sailor's reply; and he looked as though he would have devoured the remaining part of the sermon. After the service, he came and begged pardon for the interruption; and, with a sailor's frankness, requested the kind gentleman to take some refreshment with him to make it up.

REV. ANDREW FULLER.

"I DON'T know," said a gentleman to the late Andrew Fuller, "how it is that I can remember your sermons better than those of any other minister, but such is the fact." "I cannot tell," replied Mr. Fuller, "unless it be owing to simplicity of arrangement; I pay particular attention to this part of composition, always placing things together which are related to each other, and that naturally follow each

other in succession. For instance," added he, "suppose I were to say to my servant, 'Betty, you must go and buy some butter, and starch, and cream, and soap, and tea, and blue, and sugar, and cakes.' Betty would be apt to say, 'Master, I shall never remember all these.' But suppose I were to say, 'Betty, you know your mistress is going to have friends to tea to-morrow, and that you are going to wash the day following; and that for the tea-party you will want tea, and sugar, and cream, and cakes, and butter; and for the washing you will want soap, and starch, and blue;' Betty would instantly reply, 'Yes, master, I can now remember them all very well!'"

"I SHOULD HAVE LEFT MY BIBLE AND
BROUGHT MY DICTIONARY."

A GENTLEWOMAN went one day to hear Dr. — preach, and, as usual, carried a pocket Bible with her, that she might turn to any of the passages the preacher might happen to refer to. But she found that she had no use for her Bible there; and, on coming away, said to a friend, "I should have left my Bible at home to-day, and have brought my dictionary. The doctor does not deal in Scripture, but in such learned words and phrases as require the help of an interpreter to render them intelligible."

REV. J. THOROWGOOD.

THE Rev. J. Thorowgood, a dissenting minister in England, though a learned critic himself, did not

approve of introducing any parade of criticism into the pulpit. In a letter to an intimate friend, written in the first year of his ministry, he mentions an instance of his indiscretion one time in preaching : —“ I bite my lips,” says he, “ with vexation at my folly last Lord’s day. I was preaching upon a very alarming subject. My people were all silence and attention, when, in the midst of an important theme, I meanly stopped to divert them with a trifling criticism. O, how did I blush at my folly !—This I mention, my dear friend, for your caution.”

DR. CHALMERS.

THERE was a little old woman in the city of Glasgow who much admired Dr. Chalmers, and diligently attended all his sermons, on Sunday and week-days, whether they were doctrinal or practical, theological or astronomical. One day she came home in great perplexity. Dr. Chalmers had dwelt much upon a “ moral lever,” with which he wished to uplift human nature. What a “ moral lever” was the little old woman could not divine. A friend took the poker, and placed it on the bar of the grate, trying to realize the idea, and make the imagery palpable. The old woman paused—mused—and at last the fire burned. She thought of the indignity of the pulpit, and the subject, the doctor, and herself, by so gross a materialization of the “ moral lever,” and, bursting with indignation, she asked, “ Do you mean to tell me that Dr. Chalmers would preach a hale hour about a poker !”

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

THE following extract, from the British Critic, will be found to suit some other latitudes besides those of the United Kingdom, and to describe a style not confined altogether to the Church of England.

“ At no period, probably, has the Church of England possessed a larger proportion of sound, good, and effective preachers ; but we confess, that of pulpit eloquence, which is most popular, at least in towns, our opinion is very low. It is a thing *sui generis*,—it constitutes a peculiar style. It is like the miserable thing which we sometimes see in the streets,—a boy or girl, gaudy with worn tinsel, tricked out in a smart dress, unusually extravagant, and walking upon stilts. There is no simplicity in it, no nature, no depth ; little or nothing but a flood of confused metaphors and bombastic exaggerations. It proceeds upon fundamentally wrong principles, fostered by the publications whose business it is to print, week after week, the tumid and declamatory rant, which passes, we fear, with too many, for the climax of sublimity. We apprehend, indeed, that the tendency of pulpit eloquence is now, more than ever—although it cannot last—to florid declamation, and the clap-traps of a false style. Certain it is that the preacher, who is lavish of ornaments, or softens into pathetic tenderness, or melts and flares by turns, or scatters flowers with an unsparing hand, is tolerably sure to carry away the suffrages of the majority of his audience. Here, therefore, is a very

sore and perilous temptation, against which a young and aspiring man needs, most particularly, to be put upon his guard.

“The modern eloquence of the pulpit too often conveys the impression, not that the words have been used to explain the matter, but that the matter has been dragged forward to introduce the words. ‘*The best style,*’ as Coleridge has remarked, ‘*is that which forces us to think of the subject, without paying attention to the particular phrases in which it is clothed.*’ The true excellence of style is to make us feel that words are absorbed in things; and to leave upon the mind a strong impression of the sense and tenor of reasoning, rather than a broken and piece-meal recollection of particular expressions and images. The result, on the contrary, if not the intention, of too much pulpit oratory, is to fill the ear with a multitude of grand terms, and bewilder the fancy with a crowd of tropes; while it is comparatively ineffectual in stamping the general argument or exhortation upon the understanding. It is not the steady prosecution of an important topic, half so much as a collection of fine bits; putting us in mind of Sir Robert Peel’s happy description, at the merchant tailors’ dinner, of what he calls ‘that elaborate concatenation of phrases, which is sometimes called eloquence, in which you have the smallest possible quantity of common sense, enveloped in the greatest multitude of equivocal words.’

“In truth, if the distinctive feature of the favourite style could be expressed in one word, that one

word should be amplification. We do not mean the amplification like that of Barrow, or Jeremy Taylor, which consists in the multitude of ideas and ingenious illustrations, arising from the affluent fertility of an exuberant fancy; but the mere amplification of words and sounds. Thus, the great size of a thing is, 'the gigantic amplitude of its colossal dimensions;' and the whole race of the *Tudor* family of words,—if we may borrow an execrable pun,—such as amplitude, altitude, plentitude, latitude,—is in especial request, together with all others which are grandiloquent and polysyllabic, puffing themselves out like the frog in the fable. * * * *

A writer, or speaker, with a bold and common style, might say, '*no man ever thought so.*' But observe the modern process of indefinite circumlocution. First it is, 'no man alive;' then, 'no human being under heaven;' then, 'no human being who lives and breathes under the canopy of the skies;' then, 'no sentient, intelligent, rational, accountable, immortal being, who inhales the gladsome breath of human existence'—or, perhaps, 'who plods his weary way through this howling wilderness of earth, under the azure vault of the empyreal canopy'—and so on, '*ad infinitum.*' In the same way 'has ever thought so' comes out as, 'has ever entertained the shadow of such an imagination in the caverned chambers and curtained recesses of his inmost mind.' But really our specimen is very poor. We are mere tyros in the art. The adepts themselves—those magnificent gold-beaters of language—would hammer out the

thought to a far more glittering and prodigious length. For practice makes perfect, and they appear almost to spin sentences by a receipt ; like unfortunate boys at school, who, when they are at a loss for ideas, eke out their Latin verses by culling a very liberal wreath of synonymes, and phrases, and epithets, from the *Gradus ad Parnassum*.

“ In fact, we might also produce a specimen of a popular sermon, which should be a fit companion to ‘*Verses by a Lady of Quality*.’ It ought to contain some mellifluous compounds about ‘the melodies of the ether regions,’ and ‘the harp-notes of the angelic squadrons ;’ and its shortest word ought to be ‘incomprehensibility.’ Perhaps, indeed, it might begin—‘The incomprehensibility of the apparatus developed in the machinery of the universe may be considered a supereminent manifestation of stupendous majesties. Whether a man stands upon the platform of his own mind, and ponders scrutinizingly on its undecipherable characters, or whether he looks abroad over the magnificent equipments and regalities of nature, surveying its amplitudes in all their scope, and its unfathomabilities in all their profundity,’ &c. But we stop ; for we may be treading on almost sacred ground, although a school-girl might make such a sermon, ‘*stans pede in uno* ;’ and the style is really not so difficult, with the help of a dictionary.

“ One mischief of it is, that while, on the one side, it burlesques all sense, and corrupts all language, on the other hand, it may eventually throw

disrepute on the real beauty of rich and brilliant diction, and frighten men out of the reality by their disgust at the caricature. It may have the effect of inducing them to abjure all eloquence, and eschew all tropes and figures, although metaphors may be, in many cases, the most natural, and the most forcible, of all modes of expression."

BISHOP HURD.

"THE venerable Dr. Hurd, bishop of Worcester," says the author of "The Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon," "being in the habit of preaching frequently, had observed a poor man remarkably attentive, and made him some little presents. After a while he missed his humble auditor; and meeting him, said, 'John, how is it that I do not see you in the aisle as usual?' John, with some hesitation, replied, 'My lord, I hope you will not be offended, and I will tell you the truth. I went the other day to hear the Methodists, and I understood their plain words so much better, that I have attended them ever since.' The bishop put his hand into his pocket, and gave him a guinea, with words to this effect:—'God bless you! go where you can receive the greatest profit to your soul.'"

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

"I HOPE," says Dr. Doddridge, "my younger brethren in the ministry will pardon me, if I entreat their particular attention to this admonition—Not to give the main part of their time to the *curiosities* of

learning, and only a few fragments of it to their great work, the *cure of souls*; lest they see cause in their last moments to adopt the words of dying Grotius, perhaps with much more propriety than he could use them—‘ I have lost a life in busy trifling.’ ”

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

REDEEMING THE TIME.

COMING hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass ; fear lest I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it ; but alas ! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret ! The hour-glass was but crystal—each hour a pearl ; that but like to be broken, this lost outright ; that but casually—this done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought ; but time, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but to be in me ; *Teach me to number my days.* An hour-glass to turn me, *that I may turn my heart to wisdom.*

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

THIS great man was not less remarkable for his industry than for his other eminent characteristics. Even to hoary hairs, and beyond the usual life of man, he was abundant in labours. He soared above

the harmless wish which the generality of mankind indulge,

“To crown a youth of labour with an age of ease ;”

for he slackened not his pace to the last week of his life.

“When I cast my eyes,” says Mr. Thomas Olivers, “on a hundred volumes which he has published ; when I think of about five thousand miles which he has yearly travelled, of about one thousand discourses which he has yearly delivered, of one thousand sick-beds which he has yearly visited, and, perhaps, twice that number of letters which he has yearly answered ; when I see him now between seventy and eighty years of age, refusing, absolutely refusing, to abate anything of all these mighty labours ; (unless it be that of so much riding on horse-back ;) when I see him, at this very time, with his silver locks, with a meager, worn-out, skeleton body, smiling at storms and tempests, and labours and fatigues ; in short, when I still see, what I have constantly seen ever since I have known Mr. Wesley, how lavish he is of his strength, time, money, and influence, for the relief of the poor, the support of the weak, the prosperity of the church, the conversion of sinners, and the glory of God, I am ashamed of myself, and of all about me.”

“I believe,” says the Rev. Henry Moore, “it is hardly possible for those not intimate with this extraordinary man, to have a just idea of his faithfulness in this respect. In many things he was gentle and easy to be entreated, but on this point decisive

and inexorable. One day his chaise was delayed beyond the appointed time. He had put up his papers and left his apartment. While waiting at the door he was heard to exclaim, ‘*I have lost ten minutes forever!*’”

REV. MATTHEW WILKS.

AN aged American minister states, that in the early part of his ministry, being in London, he called on the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. Mr. W. received him with courtesy, and entered into conversation, which was kept up briskly till the most important religious intelligence in possession of each had been imparted. Suddenly there was a pause—it was broken by Mr. W. “Have you anything more to communicate?” “No, nothing of special interest.” “Any further inquiries to make?” “None.” “Then you must leave me; I have my Master’s business to attend to—good morning.” “Here,” says the minister, “I received a lesson on the impropriety of intrusion, and on the most manly method of preventing it.”

REV. S. BREWER.

THE late Rev. Samuel Brewer, of Stepney, was distinguished through life for punctuality. When a youth, in college, he was never known to be a minute behind time in attending the lectures of the tutors, or the family prayers, at which the young men who boarded in private families were expected to assemble. One morning the students were assembled:

the clock struck seven, and all rose up for prayers ; but the tutor, observing that Mr. Brewer was not present, paused awhile. Seeing him enter the room, he thus addressed him : “ Sir, the clock has struck, and we were ready to begin ; but, as you were absent, we supposed the clock was too fast, and therefore waited.” The clock was actually too fast by some minutes.

BISHOP HALL.

IN a letter which this excellent prelate wrote to his friend Lord Denny, he gives an account of the way in which Christians should spend their days, and from many circumstances it is evident, that he delineated the manner in which he himself spent them, so far as it was in his power.

“ I desire to awake, not when I will, but when I must ; pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health. Now when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever wake with God. My first thoughts are for Him, who hath made the night for rest, and the day for labour ; and as he gives, so he blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with his presence, it will savour of him all the day after.

“ While my body is dressing, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task ; bethinking what is to be done, and in what order ; and marshalling, as it may, my hours with my work. That done, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books ; and sitting down among them, I dare not reach forth my hand to any of them till I have first looked up to heaven,

and craved favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred ; without whom, I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no over-great variety, I cull forth those which may best suit my occasions—always God's book : that day is lost whereof some hours are not improved in those Divine monuments. Ere I can have sat unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions ; not without some short preparation. These heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety. Now I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One hour is spent in textual divinity ; another in controversy ; histories relieve them both. Now when the mind is weary of other labours, it begins to undertake her own ; sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use ; sometimes it lays forth unto present discourse ; sometimes for itself, oftener for others.

“ Thus could I, all day, as ringers use, make myself music with changes ; and complain oftener of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil ; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. Company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome. These prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous but medicinal. The palate may not be pleased, but the stomach, and that not for its own sake. Neither would I think any of

these comforts worth respect in themselves ; but in their use, in their end, so far as they may strengthen me for better things. If I see any dish to tempt the palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself in a wilful denial. I rise capable of more, not desirous ; not now immediately from my trencher to my book, but after some intermission. After my latter meal my thoughts are slight ; only my memory may be charged with her task of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day, and my heart is busy in examining all my senses of that day's behaviour.

“ And now the evening is come, no tradesman does more carefully take in his wares, clear his shopboard, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts, and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably, who, like a camel, lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God.” He then says, that his practice is not to be an example for all, the lives of different ranks and callings must be different ; yet all must conspire in honest labour. “ Sweat is the destiny of all trades ; whether of the body or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, who spend the time as if it were given to them, and not lent ! as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for ! as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning : ‘ Item, spent upon my pleasures, forty years !’ These men shall find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing

is more precious to God, than that which they desire to cast away, TIME.

“Such are my common days. But God’s day calls for other respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it: yet because the sun of righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God’s moral precept unto it, therefore justly do we sing with the psalmist, ‘This is the day which the Lord hath made!’ Now I forget the world, and in a sort myself; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who at some times of their privacy forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the businesses of this day, which I dare not bestow on any work or pleasure, but heavenly.”

Such was the course of life which enabled bishop Hall to produce his numerous and valuable writings. He sought the Divine blessing in all his works, and it was imparted unto him.

LEANG AFA.

In a letter written by the late Rev. Dr. Morrison, of China, when giving an account of Leang Afa, the Chinese evangelist, he observes, “At this moment, and for some time past, he is thinking much, and acting much, under the vivid impression that he has to give an account to his Saviour; and it is often a solemn question with him, ‘What shall I say to Jesus, when I see him as he is, if I am afraid of men, and neglect his work now?’”

REV. DR. DODDRIDGE.

It is observed of Dr. Dodridge, that before he went to visit his friends, and especially before he undertook a journey, it was his custom to employ some time in seriously considering what opportunities he might have of doing good, that he might be prepared to embrace and improve them ; to what temptations he might be exposed, that he might be armed against them ; and on his return he examined himself, what his behaviour had been, and whether he had most reason for pain or pleasure on the reflection ; and his previous and subsequent reflections were attended with correspondent devotions.

REV. R. CECIL.

“ HAVING some business,” said the Rev. R. Cecil, “ to transact with a gentleman in the city, I called one day at his counting-house ; he begged I would call again, as I had so much more time to spend than he had, who was a man of business. ‘ An hour is nothing to you !’ said he. You seem little to understand the nature of our profession,” Mr. Cecil replied. “ One hour of a clergyman’s time, rightly employed, sir, is worth more to him than all the gains of your merchandise.”

WHITEFIELD AND TENNENT.

WHEN Mr. Whitefield was last in America, Mr. Tennent made him a visit, as he was passing through New-Jersey ; and one day dined with other minis-

ters at a gentleman's house. After dinner Mr. W. adverted to the difficulties attending the gospel ministry; lamented that all their zeal availed but little; said that he was weary with the burdens of the day; declared the great consolation that in a short time his work would be done, when he should depart and be with Christ; he then appealed to the ministers if it was not their great comfort that they should go to rest. They generally assented, except Mr. T., who sat next to Mr. W. in silence, and by his countenance discovered but little pleasure in the conversation—on which Mr. W., tapping him on the knee, said, “Well, brother Tennent, you are the oldest man among us, do you not rejoice to think that your time is so near at hand when you shall be called home?” Mr. T. bluntly answered, “I have no wish about it.” Mr. W. pressed him again. Mr. T. again answered, “No, sir, it is no pleasure to me at all; and if you knew your duty it would be none to you. I have nothing to do with death; my business is to live as long as I can—as well as I can—and to serve my Master as faithfully as I can, until he shall think proper to call me home.” Mr. W. still urged for an explicit answer to his question, in case the time of death were left to his own choice. Mr. T. replied, “I have no choice about it; I am God's servant, and have engaged to do his business as long as he pleases to continue me therein. But now, brother, let me ask you a question. What do you think I would say, if I was to send my man into the field to plough, and if at noon

I should go to the field, and find him lounging under a tree, and complaining, ‘ Master, the sun is very hot, and the ploughing hard ; I am weary of the work you have appointed me, and am overdone with the heat and burden of the day. Do, master, let me return home, and be discharged from this hard service.’ What would I say ? Why, that he was a lazy fellow ; that it was his business to do the work that I had appointed him, until I should think fit to call him home.”

REV. JOSEPH ALLEINE.

MR. JOSEPH ALLEINE, when in health, rose constantly at or before four o’clock, and on Sabbath sooner, if he awoke. He was much troubled if he heard any smiths, or shoemakers, or other tradesmen at work, before he was in his duties with God, often saying to his wife, “ O how this noise shames me. Does not my Master deserve more than theirs ? ” He used often to say, “ Give me a Christian that counts his time more precious than gold.”

REV. THOMAS SHEPHARD.

MR. THOMAS SHEPHARD was an excellent preacher, and took great pains in his preparations for the pulpit. He used to say, “ God will curse that man’s labours who goes idly up and down all the week, and then goes into his study on a Saturday afternoon. God knows that we have not too much time to pray in, and weep in, and get our hearts into a fit frame for the duties of the Sabbath.”

COMPASSION FOR THE PERISHING.

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

LIKE a vigilant pastor, he daily acquainted himself with the wants and dispositions of his people, anxiously watching over their several households, and diligently teaching them from family to family. Esteeming no man too mean, too ignorant, or too profane to merit his affectionate attention, he condescended to the lowest and most unworthy of his flock, cheerfully becoming the servant of all, that he *might gain the more*. In some of these holy visits, the earnest and constraining manner in which he has pleaded the cause of piety has melted down a whole family at once; the old and the young have mingled their tears together, and solemnly determined to turn right humbly to their God. There were indeed several families in his populous parish, to which he had no access, whose members, loving darkness rather than light, agreed to deny him admission, lest their deeds should be reproved. In such cases, where his zeal for the salvation of individuals could not possibly be manifested by persuasion and entreaty, it was effectually discovered by supplication and prayer; nor did he ever pass the door of an opposing family without breathing out an earnest desire that the door of mercy might **never** be barred against their approaches.

The following interesting incident occurred while he was seeking relief from the pressure of suffering amid the mountains and valleys of his native Switzerland :—" I have ventured," says he, " to preach once, and to expound once in the church. Our ministers are very kind, and preach to the purpose : a young one of this town gave us lately a very excellent Gospel sermon. Grown-up people stand fast in their stupidity, or in their self-righteousness. The day I preached I met with some children in my wood, walking or gathering strawberries. I spoke to them about our Father, our common Father. We felt a touch of brotherly affection. They said they would sing to their Father as well as the birds ; and followed me ; attempting to make such melody as you know is commonly made in these parts. I outrode them, but some of them had the patience to follow me home, and said they would speak with me ; but the people of the house stopped them, saying I would not be troubled with children. They cried, and said, *They were sure I would not say so, for I was their good brother.* The next day when I heard it, I inquired after them, and invited them to come to me ; which they have done every day since. I make them little hymns, which they sing. Some of them are under sweet drawings. Yesterday I wept for joy on hearing one of them speak of conviction of sin, and joy unspeakable in Christ which had followed, as an experienced believer would do in Bristol. Last Sunday I met them in the wood ; there were one hundred of them, and as many adults. Our first

pastor has since desired me to desist from preaching in the wood (for I had exhorted) for fear of giving umbrage ; and I have complied, from a concurrence of circumstances which are not worth mentioning : I therefore meet them in my father's yard."

Rev. Melville Horne relates the following characteristic incident :—On my occasional visits I was struck with several things. Preaching on Noah as a type of Christ, he was in the midst of a most animating description of the terrible day of the Lord, when he suddenly paused. Every feature of his expressive countenance was marked with painful feeling, and striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, he exclaimed, "Wretched man that I am! Beloved brethren, it often cuts me to the soul, as it does at this moment, to reflect that, while I have been endeavouring to enforce the truth, by the beauties of holiness, and even by the terrors of the Lord, to bring you to walk in the peaceable paths of righteousness, I am with respect to many of you who reject the gospel, only tying millstones about your neck to sink you deeper in perdition!" The whole church was electrified, and it was some time before he could resume the subject.

On another occasion, after the morning service, he asked if any of the congregation could give him the address of a sick man whom he was desired to visit. He was answered—"He is dead, sir." "Dead! dead!" he exclaimed ; "another soul launched into eternity! What can I do for him now? Why, my friends, will you so frequently serve me in this man-

ner? I am not informed that you are ill till I find you dying, or hear that you are dead!" Then, sitting down, he covered his head with his gown; and when the congregation had retired, he walked home buried in sorrow, as though he had lost a friend or a brother.

THE PREACHER AND THE ROBBERS.

A METHODIST preacher, many years ago, in Ireland, was journeying to the village where he had to dispense the word of life, according to the usual routine of his duty, and was stopped on his way by three robbers. One of them seized his bridle reins, another presented a pistol and demanded his money,—the third was a mere looker-on.

The grave and devoted man looked each and all of them in the face, and with great gravity and seriousness said, "Friends, did you pray to God before you left home? Did you ask God to bless you in your undertakings to-day?"

These questions startled them for the moment. Recovering themselves, one said, "We have no time to answer such questions, we want your money."

"I am a poor preacher of the Gospel," was the reply; "but what little money I have shall be given you." A few shillings was all he had to give.

"Have you not a watch?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, give it to us."

In taking his watch from his pocket, his saddlebags were displayed.

“What have you here?” was the question again.

“I cannot say I have nothing in them but religious books, because I have a pair of shoes and a change of linen also.”

“We must have them.”

The pious preacher dismounted. The saddle-bags were taken possession of, and no further demands made. Instantly the preacher began to unbutton his great-coat, and to throw it off his shoulders, at the same time asking, “Will you have my great-coat?”

“No,” was the reply, “you are a generous man, and we will not take it.”

He then addressed them as follows: “I have given you everything you asked for, and would have given you more than you asked for; I have *one* favour to ask of *you*.”

“What is that?”

“That you will kneel down and allow me to pray with you, and to pray to Almighty God in your behalf; to ask him to turn your hearts and put you upon better ways.”

“I’ll have nothing to do with the man’s things,” said the ringleader of them.

“Nor I either,” said another of them. “Here, take your watch—take your saddle-bags; if we have anything to do with you, the judgments of God will overtake us.”

So each article was returned. That, however, did not satisfy the sainted man. He urged prayer upon them. He knelt down; one of the robbers

knelt with him; one prayed, the other wept—confessed his sin, and said it was the first time in his life he had done such a thing, and should be the last. How far he kept his word is known only to Him to whom the darkness and the light are equally alike; to Him whose eyelids try the children of men.

REV. JOHN SMITH.

THE following anecdote, says the author of “Sketches of Wesleyan Preachers,” was related in the hearing of the writer by Rev. James Methley, and is also mentioned by Mr. Treffry, which annihilated, in the minds of all who heard it, whatever feelings were entertained adverse to the course adopted by this holy man. While he was stationed in the Windsor circuit, he was attending an anniversary at Canterbury, where his friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Methley, was stationed. At this time Mr. Smith’s labours were almost superhuman, and his constitution was manifestly giving way under them. It was resolved by his brethren, that he should be affectionately remonstrated with, and Mr. Methley was deputed to introduce the subject. At the supper-table a favourable opportunity presented itself, and Mr. Methley opened the matter to him. The friendship between them was strong and ardent; they were both men of noble, generous natures. Mr. Smith laid down his knife and fork, and listened to his friend with affectionate respect; then, bursting into tears, he replied, “I know it all. I ought to put a restraint upon myself. But what can I do? God has given me such a view

of the perishing condition of sinners that I can only find relief in the way I do—in entreating them to come to Christ, and wrestling with God to save them.” And then, his feelings overcoming him, he paused a few moments, and added, “Look around you, my dear friend and brother; do you not see sinners perishing on every hand, and must they not be saved? O do not seek to turn me from my purpose; for while I thus see and feel, I am *compelled* to act as I do.” All were silenced, and all were melted into tears;—Mr. Methley being so overcome that he was compelled abruptly to leave the room. “Never,” said Mr. M., his eyes filling with tears at the recollection; “never shall I forget that evening. Often was I applied to afterward, as known to be his friend, to use my influence to arrest his self-sacrifice; but I could not do it; my mouth was closed; I dared not say a word; the expression of his countenance that evening remains with me to this day.”

THE LAZAR-HOUSE.

IN the south of Africa there is a large lazarus-house for lepers. It is an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields, which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. Whenever any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is ever allowed to come out again. Within this abode of misery, there are multitudes of lepers in all stages of the dis-

ease. Dr. Halbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighbouring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet,—these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet upon his back, and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot—and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by an ardent love for souls, have chosen the lazaret-house as their field of labour. They entered it never to come out again; and it is said that as soon as these die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their places. “Ah! my dear friends,” adds the late Rev. Robert M’Cheyne, “may we not blush, and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same Spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart-consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men!”

FIDELITY AND CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

REV. J. W. FLETCHER AND HIS NEPHEW.

THE fearless intrepidity of the Rev. John Fletcher's Christian character was strikingly exemplified in his conduct towards one of his nephews during his residence in Switzerland. This young man had been in the Sardinian service, where his profligate and ungentlemanly conduct had given such general offence to his brother officers, that they were determined to compel him to leave their corps, or to fight them all in succession. After engaging in two or three duels with varied success, he was obliged to quit the service, and return to his own country. There he soon dissipated his resources in profligacy and extravagance. As a desperate man, he resorted to desperate measures. He waited on his eldest uncle, General de Gons ; and having obtained a private audience, he presented a loaded pistol, and said,—“ Uncle De Gons, if you do not give me a draft on your banker for five hundred crowns I will shoot you.” The general, though a brave man, yet seeing himself in the power of a desperado, capable of any mischief, promised to give him the draft if he withdrew the pistol, which, he observed, might go off and kill him before he intended it. “ But there is another thing, uncle ; you must promise me, on your honour, as a gentleman and a soldier, to use no

means to recover the draft, or to bring me to justice." The general pledged his honour, gave him a draft for the money, and at the same time expostulated freely with him on his infamous conduct. The good advice was disregarded, and the young madman rode off triumphant with his ill-gotten acquisition. In the evening, passing the door of his uncle, Mr. Fletcher, a fancy took him to call and pay him a visit. As soon as he was introduced he began to tell him, with exultation, that he had just called upon his uncle De Gons, who had treated him with unexpected kindness, and generously given him five hundred crowns. "I shall have some difficulty," said Mr. Fletcher, "to believe the last part of your intelligence." "If you will not believe me, see the proof under his own hand," holding out the draft. "Let me see," said Mr. Fletcher, taking the draft, and looking at it with astonishment. "It is, indeed, my brother's writing; and it astonishes me to see it, because he is not in affluent circumstances; and I am the more astonished, because I know how justly and how much he disapproves of your conduct, and that you are the last of his family to whom he would make such a present." Then folding the draft, and putting it into his pocket, "It strikes me, young man," he said, "that you have possessed yourself of this note by some indirect method; and in honesty I cannot return it to you, but with my brother's knowledge and approbation." The pistol was immediately at his breast; and he was told, as he valued life, immediately to return the draft. "My

life," replied Mr. Fletcher, "is secure in the protection of the Almighty power who guards it; nor will he suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity and of your rashness." This firmness drew from the other the observation, that his uncle De Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than he was. "Afraid of death!" rejoined Mr. Fletcher, "do you think I have been twenty-five years a minister of the Lord of life to be afraid of death now? No, sir; thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory! It is for you to fear death, who have every reason to fear it. You are a gamester and a cheat, yet call yourself a gentleman! You are a duellist, and your hand is red with your brother's blood; and for that you style yourself a man of honour! Look there, sir; look there! See, the broad eye of Heaven is fixed upon us! Tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can in a moment kill your body, and forever punish your soul in hell!" By this time the unhappy man was pale; he trembled alternately with fear and passion; he threatened, he argued, he entreated. Sometimes he withdrew the pistol, and, fixing his back against the door, stood as a sentinel to prevent all egress; and at other times he closed on his uncle, threatening instant death. Under these perilous circumstances Mr. Fletcher gave no alarm to the family, sought for no weapon, attempted neither escape nor manual opposition. He conversed with him calmly; and, at length, perceiving that the young man was affected, addressed him in language truly paternal, until he

had fairly disarmed and subdued him. "I cannot," said he, "return my brother's draft; yet I feel for the distress in which you have involved yourself, and will endeavour to relieve it. My brother De Gons, at my request, will, I am sure, voluntarily give you a hundred crowns. I will do the same. Perhaps my brother Henry will do as much; and I hope your own family will make out the sum among them." He then prayed with him and for him. By Mr. Fletcher's kind mediation, the sum he had promised was obtained; and with much good advice on one side, and many fair promises on the other, they parted.

HUGH LATIMER AND HENRY VIII.

BISHOP LATIMER having one day preached a sermon before king Henry VIII., which had displeased his majesty, he was ordered to preach again on the next Sunday, and to make an apology for the offence he had given. After reading his text, the good bishop thus began his sermon:—"Hugh Latimer, dost thou know before whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch, the king's most excellent majesty, who can take away thy life if thou offendest; therefore, take heed that thou speakest not a word that may displease: but then, consider well, Hugh, dost thou not know from whence thou comest; upon whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God! who is all-present! and who beholdeth all thy ways! and who is able to cast thy soul into hell! Therefore, take care that thou deliverest thy message faith-

fully." He then proceeded with the same sermon he had preached the preceding Sunday, but with considerably more energy. The sermon ended, the court were full of expectation to know what would be the fate of this honest and plain-dealing bishop. After dinner the king called for Latimer, and, with a stern countenance, asked him how he dared to be so bold as to preach in such a manner. Falling on his knees, he replied, his duty to his God and his prince had enforced him thereto; and that he had merely discharged his duty and his conscience in what he had spoken. Upon which the king, rising from his seat, and taking the good man by the hand, embraced him, saying, "Blessed be God I have so honest a servant!"

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II., chose Andrew Marvell, a young gentleman of little or no fortune, and maintained him in London for the service of the public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the then infamous administration. Persuaded he would be theirs if properly asked, they sent his old school-fellow, the lord treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting the lord treasurer slipped into his hand £1,000, and then went to his chariot. Marvell, looking at the paper, called after the treasurer, "My lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and the servant-boy was called. "I ask, child, what had I for dinner

yesterday?" "Don't you remember, sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market?" "Very right, child; what have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to broil?" "It is so; very right, child, go away. My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided: there is your piece of paper, I want it not; I know the sort of kindness you intended; I live here to serve my constituents, the ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one."

A MINISTER CHALLENGED.

THE preaching of the late Rev. J. Scott having been made effectual to the production of a great change in a young lady, the daughter of a country gentleman, so that she could no longer join the family in their dissipations, and appeared to them as melancholy, or approaching to it,—her father, who was a very gay man, looking upon Mr. Scott as the sole cause of what he deemed his daughter's misfortune, became exceedingly enraged at him; so much so, that he actually lay in wait, in order to shoot him. Mr. S., being providentially apprized of it, was enabled to escape the danger. The diabolical design of the gentleman being thus defeated, he sent Mr. S. a challenge. Mr. S. might have availed himself of the law, and prosecuted him, but he took another method. He waited upon him at his house, was introduced to him in his parlour, and with his charac-

teristic boldness and intrepidity thus addressed him : “ Sir, I hear you have designed to shoot me, by which you would have been guilty of murder. Failing in this, you sent me a challenge : and what a coward you must be, sir, to wish to engage with a blind man, (alluding to his being short-sighted.) As you have given me the challenge, it is now my right to choose the time, the place, and the weapon ; I therefore appoint the present moment, sir ; the place, where we now are ; and the sword for the weapon, to which I have been most accustomed.” The gentleman was evidently greatly terrified, when Mr. Scott, having attained his end, produced a pocket Bible, and exclaimed, “ This is my sword, sir, the only weapon I wish to engage with.” “ Never,” said Mr. S. to a friend, to whom he related this anecdote, “ never was a poor careless sinner so delighted with the sight of a Bible before.” Mr. Scott reasoned with the gentleman on the impropriety of his conduct in treating him as he had done, for no other reason than because he had preached the everlasting gospel. The result was, the gentleman took him by the hand, begged his pardon, expressed his sorrow for his conduct, and became afterwards very friendly to him.

PREACH THE TRUTH, AND LEAVE EVENTS TO GOD.

A MINISTER, preaching very practically, was found fault with by his people, who gave him to understand that they must part with him, if he did not alter the

strain of his preaching. The minister, having a family, shrank for a time, but it preyed upon his health, which his wife observing, plainly told him that he distrusted God out of fear of man, and was unfaithful; and begged of him to preach according to his conscience, and leave the event to God. Accordingly he did so, and was expelled. But just at that time a larger church, with a better salary, and a more lively people, being vacant, he was invited thither, and settled among them; lived in plenty, and preached with acceptance and usefulness till removed by death.

THE MINISTER AND THE DYING ROBBER.

IT is not easy to determine under what head to place the following *unique* narrative. It evinces not a little "fidelity and Christian courage," and may therefore, perhaps, as properly come under this general description as any. At all events, it records a thrilling adventure.

"During the awful visitation of the cholera, a clergyman of the Church of England, after a day spent in visiting many a sick and dying person, had retired early, fatigued and exhausted, to his bed, hoping to enjoy, for a few hours, the repose which he had so much needed. He lay for some time, but he could not sleep; the scenes he had witnessed that day—the countenances of the dying, some racked with agonizing pain, and some in the livid, death-like torpor of the collapsed state—seemed still before him, and nervous feverishness from this excitement ban-

ished sleep from his eyelids. 'O!' thought he 'that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!' 'Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound of the Gospel; they will walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance; and when they pass through the valley of the shadow of death, they will fear no evil, for thou art with them; thy rod and thy staff they comfort them;' and he shuddered at the fearful contrast which that day had presented to him, in the case of too many. The clock struck twelve, and he had just fallen into a slumber, when a knock at the hall door aroused him: he heard it opened, and in a few minutes his servant entered the room. 'Sir, there is a man below who says he must speak with you.' 'Ask him his name and his business.' Mr. T—— rose, dressed himself in haste, and taking the candle left by the servant, descended into the hall. The man stood close to the door. Mr. T—— approached, and held the light to his face, which he seemed rather anxious to conceal. The countenance which he beheld was appalling; dark and thick mustaches covered his upper lip; the beard was long and neglected; the eye was sunk, and exhibited an expression of being long familiarized with crime, and reckless of its consequences. 'What do you want with me?' said the clergyman. 'I want you to come to a dying man, who wishes to speak with you.' 'What is his complaint?' 'Cholera.' Mr. T—— hesitated; and at length said, 'I cannot go with you; you do not even tell me your name, nor the place to which

you would lead me ; I fear to trust my life in your hands.'

“ ‘ You need not fear,’ said the stranger ; ‘ what end would it serve to take your life ? Come with me, take no money, and, on my honour, you are safe.’ Mr. T—— gave another glance at the man, and the word *honour*, connected with the appearance of such a being, made him smile. ‘ Sit down,’ said he ; ‘ I will go with you.’ He went again to his chamber, committed himself to the care of his Heavenly Father, prayed for his blessing on the visit to the dying man, and felt so strengthened and assured by his communion with Heaven that he seemed to have lost all apprehension of accompanying his ferocious-looking guide.

“ He followed the man through many a street of a large and populous city ; it seemed as if they traversed it in the whole length thereof, so tedious did the way appear. The watchmen were calling the hour of one, and still they proceeded. At length they came to a street, long and narrow, with houses bespeaking wretchedness, and well known as a quarter of the town remarkable for the vice as well as the poverty of its inhabitants. Here the guide stopped, and took out of his pocket a knife, and began to scrape away some earth from the ground. ‘ I can go no farther with you,’ said the clergyman ; but, considering he was as much in the power of the man as he could be in any possible situation, his courage revived, and he watched with intense interest the movements of his strange companion. After some time, he opened a

small trap-door, which disclosed a vault of considerable depth, from whence no ray of light proceeded. 'Fear not, sir,' said the man, as he let himself down by a rope fastened at the inside. Mr. T.——— felt at this moment the awful horror of his situation. He might have fled, but he knew the man might soon overtake him, and in the dark he could scarcely find his way back. He therefore determined to see the end of this strange adventure, and committing himself again to the care of the Almighty in a short ejaculatory prayer, he watched at the end of the pit, until he saw a light glimmer within it, by the faint rays of which, as it approached nearer, he saw the man place a ladder firmly, ascend a few steps, and entreat him to descend, assuring him again of his safety. He did descend into this pit of darkness, which reminded him of the descent of the prophet into the den of lions; for at the bottom, stretched upon the ground in different attitudes, he beheld a number of men, savage and ferocious as beasts of prey, who, raising their haggard countenances, stared wildly upon him. Their appearance appalled him. 'Have I,' thought he, 'got into the region where hope never comes that comes to all?' The vault was large; the candle which the man held scarcely enlightened where they stood, and left the other end in pitchy darkness. The man then led the clergyman to the farthest end, where, in a corner, stretched upon some straw, lay a man dying of cholera. Here was a picture of human nature brought to the last extremity of wretchedness, cramped in every limb, his eye sunk and hol-

low, and his skin exhibiting the blue-black hue attendant on this awful malady when there is scarce a hope of recovery. Mr. T—— shook in every limb; he had been used to patients in this dreadful malady, but here was one in such a state as he had never before witnessed. ‘Did you wish to see me?’ he asked the dying man. ‘I did,’ he replied, in a clear and distinct tone. ‘Why do you wish to see me?’ ‘Because,’ said the man, ‘some short time ago, I wandered into your church, and heard you read what I wish you to read to me again; I want to hear it again before I die. O! it has never left my mind; night and day it sounded in my ear. I thought I could hide myself from God, but the darkness hideth not from him; he has found me out, he has laid his hand heavily upon me, and soon shall I appear before him, covered over with my crimes. And did not I hear you say, sir, that God would slay the wicked—that he would say: Depart from me, ye bloody men? O God! I have sinned against thee; there can be no hope for a wretch like me.’ Every nerve in his body seemed convulsed with agony; and he fixed his eye eagerly on the clergyman, waiting anxiously to hear again that portion of Scripture which had first convinced him of his sin. ‘Tell me some verse that will bring it to my memory,’ said the clergyman. ‘O, it told me,’ said the dying man, ‘that God knew my down-sitting and my up-rising; that he understood my thoughts; that he compassed my path and my lying down, and was acquainted with all my ways; and there was not a word in my

tongue but God knew it altogether. That if I could climb into heaven he was there ; if I went down to hell he was there also.' The clergyman then knew that it was the 139th Psalm that had carried conviction to this poor sinner's heart ; he prayed that this might be the work of the Holy Spirit ; and, taking out his Bible, he read the 139th Psalm.

“ ‘O! that is it, that is it,’ said the dying man, in a low voice ; ‘thank God, I have heard it again.’ The clergyman then said : ‘The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.’ ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’

“ ‘To save sinners!’ said he ; ‘but O! not such sinners as I have been.’ ‘Yes, such as you,’ said the clergyman. ‘Hear what comfortable words are here ;—‘If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins.’ Hear what God says :—‘Come now and let us reason together ; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’ ‘How ? how ?’ said the man, eagerly ; ‘what must I do to be saved ?’ ‘Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Your past sins will not condemn you ; Christ is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him.’ The man stretched out his hands, with upraised eyes, as if imploring mercy : ‘God be merciful to a poor sinner!’ he faintly uttered, and in that attitude his soul departed.

“The clergyman looked around him ; the light of, the glorious Gospel can illumine even this dungeon of darkness and horror, thought he ; on him who lay in darkness and the shadow of death has this light now shined. The rest of the men had kept at a distance, from the idea that something mysterious must pass between a dying soul and his spiritual instructor, which others were not to hear, ‘corrupted,’ as their minds were, ‘from the simplicity that is in Christ.’ But he determined not to depart without a word of exhortation to them ; and coming forward in the midst of them, he spoke to them of the awful state in which they were sunk ; invited them also to come to Jesus, and obtain from him a full and free pardon for all their past offences. ‘You know not, my fellow-sinners,’ said he, ‘how soon each of you may be summoned, like that poor man, before the awful bar of God. Cholera is sweeping this city, from one end to the other ; there is contagion in that corpse ; I know not but this may be the last time I may have an opportunity of declaring the Gospel to poor perishing sinners. I am a dying man, addressing dying men ; but, O ! let the love of Christ, who poured out his blood upon the cross to save lost sinners, speak to you, and urge you to quit this pit of destruction, a faint type of that hell to which sin must lead you ; return to habits of industry ; nothing but idleness and crime would have brought you into this place.’ ‘It is true,’ said the man who led him there, ‘it was crime brought us here—we are a gang of robbers. Our lives, sir, are in your hands ; but, as a minister

of religion, I depend on your not betraying us. We could not now get employment—no one could trust us.’ ‘Trust in the Lord,’ said the clergyman; ‘hear his words—‘Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands that which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.’ Farewell; we may never meet again in this world; but a time will come when we shall meet; and O! on that awful day, may I find that this message of mercy has been blessed to all your souls!’ The man conducted the clergyman until he was past the dark narrow street, and could find his way easily to his home, when he returned with sensations of astonishment at the strange and almost romantic scene he had just witnessed; it almost appeared to him like a dream; but he blessed God for sending him as his messenger to declare the Gospel to that poor sinner—to proclaim liberty to this wretched bond-slave of Satan. ‘O!’ said he, ‘is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?’

“This is no fictitious narrative; it is truth, however romantic it may seem. What an important testimony does it afford to the efficacy of God’s word, when applied to the heart by the Holy Spirit! The simple word of God, as read in the ordinary service of his Church, was ‘quick and powerful; it was sharper than any two-edged sword; it pierced even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and was a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart;’ like what was said by the Samaritan woman, it told this robber ‘all that he ever did.’ He had wandered into

the church by accident, as he thought; but was it chance? No. May we not hope that this poor man was one of those rare instances of a mercy which has no bounds, extended at the last hour, so that none need despair? An arrow of conviction was sent into his heart, which rankled there till a messenger was sent to speak peace to his soul, and pour the Gospel balm into his wounded conscience; and He who has all hearts in his hands, so disposed the hearts of his ferocious and hardened companions in guilt, as to induce them to consent to have the clergyman sent for whom he wished to see, although it exposed themselves to danger, and put their lives, as they said, in his hands."

DANGER AND DELIVERANCE.

NEARLY a hundred years ago, a Moravian missionary went to Guiana, in South America, to form a mission among the natives living there. These poor heathen were very unwilling to have him amongst them, and he could persuade but one of them to live with him. After some time his only companion was taken ill; and the Indian doctors who passed by told him he would never recover if he continued to live with the white man, who was under the power of the devil, and would likewise soon turn sick. Influenced by these representations, the poor fellow, as soon as he got a little better, forsook his teacher, and returned to his own countrymen. But though the missionary was left alone, without either friend or companion, even in this so-

litude he was happy and content. "Our Saviour," says he, "was always with me, and comforted me with his gracious presence; so that I can truly say I spent my time in happiness and peace."

The Indians at first had strong suspicions against him, and even formed the design of putting him to death. He was informed of his danger, but his mind was kept in perfect peace. One day, however, as he sat at his frugal meal, about fifty of the Carabeese landed from their canoes, and surrounded his cottage, intending to kill him. Some of them were armed with swords, others with tomahawks. This was truly an alarming sight; nevertheless, he went out and bade them welcome. They then asked him, through the medium of an interpreter, who gave him liberty to build on their land. To this he replied, "The governor." They next inquired what design he had in coming thither; to which he answered, "I have brethren on the other side of the great waters, who, having heard that many of the Indians on this river were ignorant of God, have, from the great affection they felt towards you, sent me to tell you of the love of God, and what he has done to save you." The chief then said, "Have you never heard that the Indians intend to kill you?" "Yes," answered Daehne, "but I cannot believe it. You have among you one who lived with me; and he can tell you that I am the friend of the Indians." To this the chief replied, "Yes, I have heard so; they say you are a different sort of a Christian from white people in general." The mis-

sionary then said, "I am your friend ; how is it that you come to kill me ?" "We have done wrong," answered the chief. Every countenance now altered, and the Indians quickly dispersed. The chief, however, remained behind, behaving in a very friendly manner, and left him a supply of cassava. Thus the missionary, by his magnanimous yet temperate conduct, warded off the blow which threatened his life, and converted his enemies into friends.

FROM THE CLOSET TO THE PULPIT.

IT was the constant endeavour of the Rev. S. Kilpin to go from the closet to the pulpit. His expression was, "I need to have my heart warmed by the Sun of Righteousness ere I address the hearts of others." He often remarked, "I have preached with self-application to-day, and have been humbled in the dust, or have derived divine light from the subject presented to view, if no one else is benefited." Frequently he exclaimed, after four or five public services on the Sabbath-day, "Never does the blood of Christ appear so valuable as at the close of such a Sabbath. In this fountain I bathe. Lord, pardon the sins of my holy duties."

ROBERT HALL AND HIS SOCINIAN HEARER.

THE first sermon which the late Rev. Robert Hall preached at Cambridge, after he became a settled pastor, was in confirmation of the atonement. Immediately after the service, one of the congregation, who had followed Mr. Robinson through all his

changes of sentiment, until he was hovering over the very undefinable barrier which separates the colder Socinianism from infidelity, went into the vestry, and said, "Mr. Hall, this preaching won't do for us ; it will only suit a congregation of old women !" "Do you mean my sermon, sir, or the *doctrine*?" "Your *doctrine*." "Why is it that the *doctrine* will only do for *old women*?" "Because it may suit the musings of people tottering on the brink of the grave." "Thank you, sir," said Mr. Hall, "for your concessions. The doctrine will *not suit* people of *any* age if it be not *true*; and if it be *true*, it is equally important at *every* age. So that you will hear it again if you hear me."

REV. JOHN WELSH.

MR. JOHN WELSH was the son of Josias Welsh, minister of Temple-patrick in Ireland, and grandson to the celebrated John Welsh, of Ayr; and was, consequently, great-grandson of the illustrious reformer, John Knox. He was settled in the parish of Irongray, from whence he was ejected in 1662; but, though compelled to leave the scene of his stated pastoral labours, Mr. Welsh did not remain idle; he was constantly engaged in preaching at field meetings, and frequently, notwithstanding all the edicts passed against him, returned and preached, sometimes once a week, in his old parish, and baptized all the children. Nothing is more remarkable than the escapes which this faithful and undaunted minister met with on these occasions. He was present at

Pentland, and at Bothwell Bridge ; and at the latter place he took an active but unsuccessful part in endeavouring to allay the animosities about the Indulgence, and counselling the younger and more violent leaders to adopt moderate measures. "He was," says Kirkton, "a godly, meek, humble man, and a good popular preacher ; but the boldest undertaker (adventurer) that ever I knew a minister in Christ's Church, old or late ; for notwithstanding all the threatenings of the State, the great price of £500 set upon his head, the spite of bishops, the diligence of all blood-hounds, he maintained his difficult task of preaching upon the mountains of Scotland many times to many thousands for near twenty years, and yet was kept always out of his enemies' hand. It is well known that bloody Claverhouse, upon intelligence that he was lurking in some secret place, would ride forty miles in a winter night, yet, when he came to the place, he always missed his prey. I have known Mr. Welsh ride three days and two nights without sleep, and preach upon a mountain at midnight on one of the nights. He had for some time a dwelling-house near Tweedside, and sometimes, when Tweed was strongly frozen, he preached in the middle of the river, that either he might shun the offence of both nations, or that two kingdoms might dispute his crime." After all his dangers, he died peaceably in his bed in London, on the 9th of January, 1681.

The intrepidity and self-possession of this worthy minister, to which, no doubt, under Providence, he

owed many of his escapes, are illustrated by the following anecdote :—On one occasion, being pursued with unrelenting rigour, he was quite at a loss where to flee ; but depending on Scottish hospitality, he called at the house of a gentleman of known hostility to field-preachers in general, and to himself in particular, though he had never seen Mr. Welsh before. He was kindly received. In the course of conversation Welsh was mentioned, and the difficulty of getting hold of him. “I am sent,” said Welsh, “to *apprehend rebels* ; I know where he is to preach to-morrow, and will give you the rebel by the hand.” The gentleman, overjoyed at this news, agreed to accompany his informant next morning. When they arrived, the congregation made way for the minister and his host. He desired the gentleman to sit down on the chair, at which, to his utter astonishment, his guest of the previous night stood and preached. During the sermon the gentleman seemed much affected ; and at the close, when Mr. Welsh, according to his promise, gave him his hand, he said, “You said you were sent to apprehend rebels, and I, a rebellious sinner, have been apprehended this day.”

There is only one instance recorded in which Welsh spoke in a prophetic or foreboding strain, but it is one of the most remarkable we have met with. A profligate youth at the University of St. Andrews, who had come to hear Mr. Welsh preach, threw something at him in mockery, which struck him. Mr. Welsh paused, and, before the whole

multitude, which was very large, said, "I know not who has put this public affront on a servant of Jesus Christ; but be he who he may, I am persuaded there will be *more present at his death* than are hearing me preach this day!" It turned out to be a son of Sir James Stanfield, of Newmilns, near Haddington; and, strange to say, some years after, this unhappy youth was executed for the murder of his own father.

REV. SAMUEL WESLEY.

THE Rev. Samuel Wesley, the father of the celebrated John Wesley, being strongly importuned, by the friends of James II., to support the measures of the court in favour of popery, with promises of preferment, absolutely refused even to read the king's declaration; and though surrounded with courtiers, soldiers, and informers, he preached a bold and pointed discourse against it, from these words:—
 "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of thy hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

MR. OUSELEY AND LORD —.

WHEN I last resided in Dublin, says Mr. Reiley, a pious friend of mine was exceedingly anxious about the salvation of a noble friend of his. He frequently complained to me that he could get no clergyman to go with him and visit his dear old friend, Lord —,

to speak to him about his soul, although on the very borders of eternity. "I had a promise," he said one day, "from Mr. B., (an eminent clergyman of the Establishment,) that he would come with me; but six months have elapsed, and he has not fulfilled his promise. He is like every one else—afraid of his lordship. O, will nobody come with me to see my dear lord? I'll tell you *what!* I'll go to Gideon: he's in town: *he'll* come with me." The gentleman seemed quite relieved; went off to Mr. Ouseley, and took him in his carriage to the mansion of the noble Lord. The object of their visit being briefly hinted by the gentleman, Mr. Ouseley very affectionately and respectfully urged upon his lordship the indispensable necessity of preparing for an eternal world. "Mr. Ouseley," replied his lordship, "public business must be attended to; and we have no time for these things." Mr. O. rejoined, "But, my lord, we must have time to die, and we should be prepared for that inevitable event." His lordship said, "And what am I to do, Mr. Ouseley?" To which he replied, "There is the New Testament: it contains the will of the Lord Jesus Christ, and tells you what you are to do, my lord." "But, Mr. O., there are many things in that book which I can understand, and that I admire. I must confess, however, there are other things I cannot agree with." "Ah! my lord, that will never do. What if your lordship had a case submitted to you by an individual for an opinion; and after your opinion had been drawn up with the utmost care and

legal accuracy, he should say, 'Why, my lord, there is part of this I like pretty well, but with other parts I cannot agree:' what would you say, my lord?" "Ah! I perceive your meaning; we must receive the *whole* as a revelation from God." "Exactly so, my lord. Take up that book; *believe* what it says, and *do* what it commands, and you will, my lord, be prepared, by His mercy, for the hour of death, and for that day when the great Judge shall appear."

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, Felix trembled." The nobleman expressed his feelings of gratitude to Mr. Ouseley, and invited him and his friend to dinner. They obeyed; but Mr. Ouseley, not losing sight of the primary object of his visit, treated his lordship with a faithfulness to which he had been wholly unaccustomed. Whether any beneficial result followed we cannot tell—we can only hope.

"The day of judgment shall declare."

REV. R. CECIL.

"SOMETIMES," says the late Rev. R. Cecil, in his valuable "Remains," "we have a painful part to act with sincere Christians who have been carried too much into the world. I was called in to visit such a man. 'I find no comfort,' he said; 'God veils his face from me. Everything around me is dark and uncertain.' I did not dare to act the flatterer; I said, 'Let us look faithfully into the state of things. I should have been surprised if you had

not felt thus. I believe you to be sincere ; your state of feeling evinces your sincerity. Had I found you exulting in God, I should have concluded that you were either deceived or a deceiver ; for, while God acts in his usual order, how could you expect to feel otherwise, on the approach of death, than you do feel ? You have driven hard after the world ; your spirit has been absorbed in its cares ; your sentiments, your conversation have been in the spirit of the world. And have you any reason to expect the repose of conscience and the clear evidence that await the man who has walked and lived in close friendship with God ? You know that what I say is true.’

“ His wife interrupted me, by assuring me that he had been an excellent man. ‘ Silence ! ’ said the dying penitent, ‘ it is all true. ’ ”

ANDREW MELVILLE AND JAMES VI.

IN a season of great peril to the Church of Scotland, in 1596, a deputation of the clergy waited upon King James VI., at the palace of Falkland, in Fife-shire. They were admitted to a private audience, when the celebrated Andrew Melville thus boldly and nobly addressed the king:—“ Sir, we will always humbly reverence your majesty in public ; but since we have this occasion to be with your majesty in private, and since you are brought into extreme danger both of your life and crown, and along with you the country and the Church of God are like to go to wreck, for not telling you the truth

and giving you faithful counsel, we must discharge our duty, or else be traitors both to Christ and you. Therefore, sir, as divers times before I have told you, so now again I must tell you, there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland: there is King James the king of the commonwealth, and there is Christ Jesus the Head of the Church, whose subject James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member. We will yield to you your place, and give to you all due obedience; but again I say, you are not the head of the Church; you cannot give us that eternal life which we seek for even in this world, and you cannot deprive us of it. Permit us then freely to meet in the name of Christ, and to attend to the interests of that Church of which you are a chief member."

REV. DAVID DICKSON AND THE ROBBERS.

ON one occasion, when riding between Edinburgh and Glasgow, he was attacked by robbers. Instead of giving way to his fears, Mr. Dickson boldly admonished them of their danger in regard to their souls, and concluded by earnestly exhorting them to try some other profession, more safe and creditable than that in which they were engaged. Some years after this, when quietly seated in the College of Edinburgh, he was surprised by receiving the present of a pipe of wine, accompanied with a message, that the gentleman who sent it requested the

pleasure of drinking a glass of the wine with him next evening in his study. The request was granted ; and, in the course of conversation, the gentleman, after finding that the minister retained no recollection of having seen him before, informed him that he was one of the robbers who had attacked him,—that he had been seriously impressed by his admonition,—and that, having adopted his advice, he had prospered in foreign trade, and now came to thank his benefactor.

WICLIF.

AT one period of his life, this eminent reformer's health was considerably impaired by the labour of producing his numerous compositions, and the excitements inseparable from the restless hostilities of his enemies. Being supposed to be in dangerous circumstances, his old antagonists, the mendicants, conceived it next to impossible that so notorious a heretic should find himself near a future world without the most serious apprehensions of divine anger. Whilst they declared that the dogmas of the reformer had arisen from the suggestions of the great enemy, they anticipated some advantages to their cause, could the dying culprit be induced to make any recantation of his published opinions. Wiclif was in Oxford when this sickness arrested his activity, and confined him to his chamber. From the four orders of friars, four doctors, who were also called regents, were gravely deputed to wait on their ex-

piring enemy ; and to these the same number of civil officers, called senators of the city, and aldermen of the wards, were added. When this embassy entered the apartment of the rector of Lutterworth, he was seen stretched on his bed. Some kind wishes were first expressed as to his better health, and the blessing of a speedy recovery. It was presently suggested, that he must be aware of the many wrongs which the whole mendicant brotherhood had sustained from his attacks, especially in his sermons, and in certain of his writings ; and as death was now apparently about to remove him, it was sincerely hoped that he would not conceal his penitence, but distinctly revoke whatever he had preferred against them to their injury. The sick man remained silent and motionless until this address was concluded. He then beckoned his servants to raise him in his bed ; and, fixing his eyes on the persons assembled, summoned all his remaining strength, as he exclaimed aloud, “ I shall not die, but live ; and shall again declare the evil deeds of the friars.” The doctors and their attendants now hurried from his presence, and they lived to feel the truth of his saying ; nor will it be easy to imagine another scene more characteristic of the parties composing it, or of the times in which it occurred.

REV. H. MARTYN.

WHEN the Rev. Henry Martyn was at college, he was called to visit a family in great distress, on ac-

count of the expected death of the husband and father. Some of the family, lest the agony of their grief should add to the distress of the dying man, had removed to another house, where Martyn found a gownsman reading a play to them, with a view to their consolation. He very properly rebuked him with some severity for this great impropriety, and was led to fear, from the manner in which his reproof was received, that some unpleasant results might follow. But mark the goodness of God in blessing the means employed for the advancement of his glory. When this gownsman again saw Martyn, it was to thank him for his faithful admonition, which proved the means of a saving change of heart ; and these two holy men laboured together in India in extending the knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

REV. MR. BERRIDGE AND THE BISHOP.

As soon as the late Mr. Berridge, vicar of Everton, began to preach in a different strain from the neighbouring clergy, it was observed they found themselves hurt at the emptiness of their own churches, and the fulness of his. The squire of the parish, too, was much offended ; he did not like to see so many strangers, and be so incommoded, and endeavoured to turn Mr. Berridge out of his living, by a complaint to his bishop. Mr. Berridge being sent for by his lordship, he was accosted in the following manner :—“ Well, Berridge, they tell me you go

about preaching out of your own parish ; did I institute you to any other than Everton ?” “ No, my lord.” “ Well, but you go and preach where you have no right so to do.” “ It is true, my lord ; I remember seeing five or six clergymen out of their own parishes playing at bowls.” “ Pho !” said his lordship, “ if you don’t desist, you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon jail.” “ As to that, my lord, I have no greater liking to a jail than other people ; but I had rather go there with a good conscience, than be at liberty with a bad one.” Here his lordship, looking hard at Berridge, gravely assured him “ he was beside himself, and that in a few months time he would be either better or worse.” “ Then,” said he, “ my lord, you may make yourself easy in this business ; for if I am better, you must suppose I shall desist of my own accord ; and if worse, you need not send me to Huntingdon jail, as I shall be provided with an accommodation in bedlam.”

PASTOR OBERLIN.

M. OBERLIN was appointed minister of the Ban de la Roche in the year 1767 : he was then twenty-seven years of age. His parish was a very rude and ignorant district, secluded from the rest of the province. His predecessor, an excellent individual, had commenced the execution of several plans which were likely to improve the moral and religious state of his parish. M. Oberlin determined

to carry on and extend these measures as far as he could, to the great satisfaction of those who had approved them ; but the greater part of the inhabitants were resolved to oppose the designs of their excellent pastor, and laid a plan to waylay him, and treat him with such severity as might effectually deter him from continuing his admonitions.

Their pastor was informed of this intention, and that an approaching Lord's day was fixed for the perpetration of their wicked design. On that day he took for his text the words of our Lord :—" Resist not evil : but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." In the course of his sermon he spoke of the Christian patience with which we ought to suffer injuries.

After service the conspirators assembled at the house of one of their number, and were probably amusing themselves with the idea that their minister would himself soon have to put in practice the lessons he had just given. While conferring upon the execution of their plan, the door suddenly opened, and, to their great astonishment, M. Oberlin himself stood in the midst of the assembly. " Here am I, my friends," said he, with a calmness which inspired even the most violent with respect : " I am aware of your intentions with regard to me. You intend to beat me, and to chastise me for acting in a manner which you disapprove. If I have broken the rules of conduct which I have laid down for you to follow, then punish me. I would much rather give myself up to you, than have you guilty of the

baseness of lying in wait for me." This simple address produced an immediate effect. The peasants, ashamed of themselves, entreated his pardon, and promised that they would not again doubt his affection for them. From that period he was enabled to pursue his benevolent designs, and, eventually, a most pleasing change was effected.

VARIOUS METHODS OF USEFULNESS.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

STREET PREACHING—CONVERSION OF A CLERGYMAN.

IN the autumn of 1806, Messrs. Alcorn and Bell, Wesleyan Missionaries, as at other times, preached in the streets of Naas, a principal town in the county of Kildare, (Ireland,) on which occasion the Rev. John Isaac Harrison, the clergyman of the parish, and master of the diocesan school, was among their hearers. Mr. H., a gentleman of accomplished mind, was possessed of more than common talents, and ranked among the most celebrated pulpit advocates on behalf of charitable institutions, in the metropolis, previous to the days of Kirwan. Mr. Alcorn's subject was founded on Matt. ix, 37, 38 : "The harvest truly is plenteous," &c. The word of God was accompanied to the heart of Mr. H. ; he felt that with all his endowments he was an unpardoned sinner before God, and must, in order to be saved, enter into the kingdom of heaven as a little child. He "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." He came forward to Mr. Alcorn, and, under deep emotion, said, "I am a clergyman of the Established Church ; but alas ! though I have been a minister for twenty years, I am one of those idlers

whom I have heard described in the sermon." He then kindly invited the preachers to his house ; and after Mr. Bell had preached a second sermon, they accompanied him home. A large company of ladies and gentlemen were engaged at the card-table when they entered the drawing-room. Mr. H. introduced Messrs. Alcorn and Bell as Methodist preachers, whom he had heard in the street. The cards were soon laid aside ; and, after a short interval of silence, a reasonable conversation was entered on, and the Bible introduced. Mr. Alcorn was requested by Mr. H. to sing the hymn by which he had been so deeply affected in the street :—

" From Salem's gate, advancing slow,
 What object meets my eyes ?
 What means this majesty of wo ;
 What mean these mingled cries ?" &c.

During the singing of the hymn every face was suffused with tears, and every heart heaved with contrition. It was sung a second time with like effect. While Mr. Alcorn engaged in prayer, the penitent spirit of Mr. Harrison laid hold on Christ as his only Saviour ; he gave up every plea beside,

" Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died ;"

and received the witness of his acceptance with God through Christ Jesus ; and, to the glory of the grace of God, this delightful consciousness he retained until he exchanged mortality for life. The whole family soon participated in his joy, and became heirs together of the grace of life. His parish felt the bene-

fit of this happy change, in his future pious exertions. Mr. Harrison's career, from this time, was short. In about two years and a half after this scene, he caught a fever in visiting one of his parishioners, and in three weeks died in the full triumph of faith.

CONVERSION OF REV. MR. NOBLE.

REV. MR. NOBLE, who shared the missionary labours of Mr. Ouseley for seven or eight successive years, was one of Mr. O's. spiritual children. The interesting circumstances of his conversion are thus given by Mr. Reilly :—

A short time after their appointment to the Irish mission, Messrs. Graham and Ouseley, with their Bibles in their hands, their black caps on, rode into the town of Fintona, and opened their great commission to surrounding multitudes. Mr. Ouseley was the preacher on the occasion ; his text was Rev. vi, 17, " For the great day of his wrath is come ; and who shall be able to stand ? " All heard with the deepest attention and many tears. A youth, about fifteen years of age, was by curiosity drawn to the spot, and was deeply struck with the appearance of that extraordinary man, while tears, mingled with perspiration, rolled down his face. At the conclusion of his discourse, and just as he was riding away through the crowd, he raised his voice, and vehemently cried out, " O Fintona, Fintona ! remember that on the great day which I have been endeavouring to describe, you will recall to mind that a man, sitting on his horse in the street, warned you to pre-

pare to meet your God." The lad referred to was overwhelmed with a sense of his sin and guilt, cried earnestly for mercy, and soon obtained forgiveness, and a sense of his acceptance through the atoning blood.

FRUIT SEEN AFTER MANY DAYS.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, the Rev. John Flavel, the author of many excellent works, was settled at Dartmouth, where his labours were greatly blessed.

Mr. Flavel's manner was remarkably affectionate and serious, often exciting very powerful emotions in his hearers. On one occasion he preached from these words, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maranatha." The discourse was unusually solemn, particularly the explanation of the words *anathema, maranatha*,—"cursed with a curse, cursed of God, with a bitter and grievous curse." At the conclusion of the service, when Mr. Flavel arose to pronounce the benediction, he paused, and said, "How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it, who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ, is anathema, maranatha?" The solemnity of this address deeply affected the audience, and one gentleman, a person of rank, was so overcome by his feelings, that he fell senseless to the floor.

In the congregation was a lad named Luke Short, then about fifteen years old, and a native of Dartmouth. Shortly after the event just narrated, he

entered into the seafaring line, and sailed to America, where he passed the rest of his life.

Mr. Short's life was lengthened much beyond the usual term. When a hundred years old, he had sufficient strength to work on his farm, and his mental faculties were very little impaired. Hitherto he had lived in carelessness and sin ; he was now a " sinner a hundred years old," and apparently ready to " die accursed." But one day as he sat in his field, he busied himself in reflecting on his past life ; recurring to the events of his youth, his memory fixed upon Mr. Flavel's discourse above alluded to, a considerable part of which he was able to recollect. The affectionate earnestness of the preacher's manner, the important truths which he delivered, and the effects produced on the congregation, were brought fresh to his mind. The blessing of God accompanied his meditations : he felt that he had not " loved the Lord Jesus Christ ;" and feared the dreadful " anathema : " conviction was followed by repentance, and at length this aged sinner obtained peace through the blood of atonement, and was " found in the way of righteousness." He joined the Congregational Church in Middleborough, and to the day of his death, which took place in his hundred and sixteenth year, gave pleasing evidence of piety.

In this case, eighty-five years passed away, after the seed was sown, before it sprang up and brought forth fruit. Let the ministers of Christ be encouraged ; " in due season they shall reap, if they faint not."

“DOST THOU WELL TO BE ANGRY?”

It is related of a clergyman, distinguished alike for his eloquence and exemplary piety, that having an appointment to preach in a certain village, he stopped on Saturday evening at the house of one of his early acquaintances, who was a resident of the village. To his surprise, he found his old friend a distiller and vender of ardent spirits, and exceedingly bitter against the temperance cause. He could not refrain, all the evening, from giving vent to his feelings against all the temperance men, and every temperance movement. The next day the preacher took his text from Jonah, “Dost thou well to be angry?” He showed what good was doing in the days in which we live, and especially in the temperance cause; how that cause was drying up the fountains of pauperism, and crime, and brutality; saving thousands on thousands from the drunkard’s path, and restoring many a lost man to society and his family; transforming the most degraded and abject beings in the community, into useful, respectable, and wealthy citizens. And as he enumerated one blessing after another, he would cast his eye down upon his friend, and ask, “Dost thou well to be angry?” It was more than the poor man could bear; shame and confusion were his. He hid his face from the congregation, and as soon as possible made his way from the church, and from that day no man has been a stronger advocate for the temperance reform, or made greater pecuniary sacrifices in its behalf. He

will be rewarded a thousand fold, we doubt not, by an approving conscience, through life and in death, and the blessing of Providence will smile upon his children to the third and fourth generation.

REV. JOHN SMITH.

ON one occasion, when a remarkably good influence appeared to rest on the congregation, and several persons were penitentially seeking pardon, Mr. Smith remarked a woman standing near the door, and looking at what was going forward with much apparent curiosity and surprise. Her garb indicated extreme poverty, and it afterward appeared that she gained a miserable subsistence, partly by gathering and selling water cresses. She had attended the chapel a few times before, but her ignorance was extreme. Mr. S. went up to her and said, "Woman, get down on your knees and begin to pray." She immediately knelt down and asked, "What shall I say, sir?" "Ask God to give you true repentance," was the reply. The poor woman for the first time opened her mouth in prayer;—"Lord, give me true repentance." She had not long uttered this petition, before it was in a measure answered, and she came under the gracious influence which was in the meeting. She began to tremble, and with great anxiety inquired, "What shall I do now? what shall I pray for?" "Ask God to have mercy upon you," said Mr. S. "Lord, have mercy upon me, a poor sinner," cried she, "a guilty sinner!" Who need be told the sequel? She was that night clearly converted, and

filled with the love of God. When Mr. Smith was about to leave Windsor, she came, with many others, to look once more on him who had proved her best friend, and so deep was her emotion, that when he extended his hand to her, she fell down on her knees, filled with a gratitude which she could not express. Mr. S. was deeply affected, and no doubt that moment amply repaid him for all his labours in that circuit.

A similar incident occurred at a prayer-meeting on another occasion. He observed an old man looking on with much surprise. "Well," said Mr. S., "do you intend to leave off your sins and be saved to-night?" "Why, no," replied the other, with great coolness, "I think I will wait till next time." Had this been his real design, his policy would have been immediately to have left the place. He remained, however, and presently the hand of God came upon him. He cried aloud in anguish and horror, and in a short time the Lord gave him "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." About twelve months since he died in peace. The following incident also, which belongs to the same class of facts, deserves insertion here:—A young lady of Frome, who was very ill, expressed a strong desire to see Mr. S. Her state of weakness, however, was such, that it was with difficulty her friends were prevailed on to comply with her wishes. At length he was admitted to visit her, and he had the happiness of leading her into the enjoyment of the peace which passeth all understanding. For two or three days

she retained the assurance of her acceptance, and her spirit then returned to God. Shortly afterward, her sister, who was religiously disposed, remarked to a pious female, that she feared Mr. Smith's visit had hastened the death of her deceased relative. The person to whom this observation was made, replied, that if this was her feeling, she would recommend her to go to Mr. S. and express it to him, at the same time offering to accompany her. They went, and found him at home. He immediately addressed the young lady on the subject of personal salvation. "Your sister," he said, "has gone to heaven; are you preparing to follow her?" She was much affected, and when he inquired if she wished to obtain the present pardon of her sins, she replied in the affirmative. They then united in prayer, and before she had the opportunity of stating the object of her visit, the light of God's countenance broke upon her soul, and she was filled with unspeakable delight.

REV. MR. N——.

THE Rev. Mr. N. one Sabbath morning opened his Bible, to mark the passage he had been studying throughout the week, and from which he intended to deliver his discourse that day; but, to his great surprise, he could not find the passage; for neither words nor text could he recollect. He endeavoured to recall the subject to memory; but all to no effect. While thinking how he should be confounded before the congregation, another passage darted into his

mind with peculiar energy. He accordingly preached from it, and during the discourse, he observed a person, apparently in a clerical habit, enter the place, and after having heard a little, seemed bathed in tears, and never raised his head through the whole of the sermon. Mr. N. never had more liberty in preaching. In the evening, this person called on Mr. N., and after expressing his obligation for the sermon he had heard, he added, "Two or three years ago, I heard you in such a place, preach upon a subject, and ever since I have been under the spirit of conviction and bondage. This day I took my horse and rode to hear you, and blessed be God, he has now given me to see him as my reconciled God and Father in Christ Jesus, and has also given me to enjoy that liberty wherewith he makes his people free." "After some interesting conversation, we both," says Mr. N., "began to see the good hand of God in this matter, and his good providence in determining me, in such a remarkable manner, to preach upon a subject I had never before proposed, and which he had accompanied with such a powerful efficacy. To me it was one of my best days, and one which, both by him and me, will be remembered through a joyful eternity."

THE SECRET OF POWERFUL PREACHING.

No sermon preached in New-England has acquired greater celebrity than that preached by President Edwards, at Enfield, July 8th, 1741, from the words, "*Their foot shall slide in due time.*" "When they

went into the meeting-house the appearance of the assembly was thoughtless and vain ; the people hardly conducted themselves with common decency." But as the preacher proceeded, it is certain that the audience was so overwhelmed with distress and weeping, that the preacher " was obliged to speak to the people and desire silence that he might be heard ;" and a powerful revival followed. And it is said, that a minister in the pulpit, in the agitation of his feelings, caught the preacher by the skirt, and cried, " Mr. E., Mr. E., is not God a God of mercy ?" and that hearers were seen unconsciously bracing themselves against the pillars and the sides of the pews, as if they already felt themselves sliding into the bottomless pit. This fact is often cited simply as a proof of President Edwards' peculiar eloquence—the more striking, because it was his habit simply to read from his notes without gestures.

But there is another element to be taken into the account in explaining this result. The following quotation will exhibit it. " While the people of the neighbouring towns were in great distress for their souls, the inhabitants of Enfield were very secure, loose, and vain. A lecture had been appointed there ; and the neighbouring people were so affected at the thoughtlessness of the inhabitants, and in such fears that God would in his righteous judgment pass them by, as to be prostrate before him a considerable part of the evening previous, supplicating mercy for their souls. When the time appointed for the lecture came, a number of the neighbouring ministers attend-

ed, and some from a distance ;” a proof of the extent of prayerful interest in behalf of the town. Here, then, we have the secret of the powerful impression of that sermon, in the fact that Christians in the churches around, themselves under the unusual influences of God’s Spirit, were *offering their fervent prayers for God’s blessing on that sermon.*

Another sermon, the immediate results of which were perhaps more striking than the results of any sermon of modern times, was preached by Mr. Livingstone, in Scotland. This, also, is often cited as an illustration of the power of eloquence. But in an old work by Robert Fleming of Rotterdam, entitled, “The Fulfilling of the Scriptures,” will be found precisely the same explanation of these extraordinary results :—“ I must also mention that solemn communion at the kirk of *Shotts*, June 20, 1630, at which time there was so convincing an appearance of God and down-pouring of the Spirit, even in an extraordinary way, that did follow the ordinances ; especially that sermon on the Monday, 21st June, with a strange unusual motion on the hearers, who in a great multitude were there convened of divers ranks, that it was known (which I can speak on sure ground) near five hundred had at that time a discernible change wrought on them, of whom most proved lively Christians afterwards : it was the sowing of a seed through Clidesdale, so as many of the most eminent Christians in that country could date either their conversion or some remarkable confirmation in their case from that day. And truly this was the more

remarkable, that one after much reluctance, by a special and unexpected providence, was called to preach that sermon on the Monday, which then was not usually practised ; and that night before, by most of the Christians there, was spent in prayer ; so that the Monday's work as a convincing return of prayer might be discerned." Here then is the secret. Christians, having received on the Sabbath an anointing from on high, spent the night in that wrestling and prevailing prayer which such an anointing alone calls into exercise. These two extraordinary facts, therefore, are to be cited as examples, not of the power of *eloquence*, but of the power of *prayer*.

REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

THE biographer of Mr. Legh Richmond one day submitted to him the following question :—" What is the scriptural and right way to preach to the Jews ?" " I know of no scriptural way," he replied, " of preaching to men, otherwise than *as sinners* ; and why the Jews, whose sins are of so aggravated a nature, should be dealt with in a different way, I do not see. I would address the Jew as I would address any other man ;—that is, *as a sinner* ; and, till he is convinced of his sin, he will never believe in a Saviour. ' Christ crucified,' is declared to be, ' to the Greeks foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling-block ; but to them that believe, the power of God and the wisdom of God.' No man will ever feel the power of God, whether he be Jew or Gentile, till he learn it at the foot of the cross."

REV. G. WHITEFIELD.

AN irreligious young man went to hear Mr. Whitefield, who took his text from Matt. iii. 7, " But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers! who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" " Mr. Whitefield," said the young man, " described the Sadducean character; this did not touch me,—I thought myself as good a Christian as any man in England. From this he went to that of the Pharisees. He described their exterior decency, but observed that the poison of the viper rankled in their hearts. This rather shook me. At length, in the course of his sermon, he abruptly broke off, paused for a few moments, then burst into a flood of tears; lifted up his hands and eyes, and exclaimed, ' O my hearers! the wrath to come! the wrath to come!' These words sunk deep into my heart, like lead in the waters. I wept, and, when the sermon was ended, retired alone. For days and weeks I could think of little else. Those awful words would follow me wherever I went, ' The wrath to come! the wrath to come!'" The result was, that the young man soon after made a public profession of religion, and in a short time became a very eminent preacher.

LOST BOTH TEXT AND SERMON.

A MINISTER of the Gospel was once preaching in a public hospital. There was an aged woman present, who for several weeks had been aroused to attend to the

concerns of her soul ; and was now in a state of wretchedness, approaching to despair. When she heard the word of God from the lips of his servant, she trembled like a criminal in the hands of the executioner. She was an object of pity to all who knew her. Formerly she had entertained hope of acceptance with God ; but she had departed from her comforter, and now she was the prey of a guilty conscience. A short time after this, the same minister was preaching in the same place ; but during the first prayer, his text, and the whole arrangement of his discourse, went completely from him, he could not recollect a single sentence of either ; but Romans v. 1, took possession of his whole soul : “ Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.” He considered this a sufficient intimation of his duty, and descanted freely on justification by faith, and a sinner’s peace with God, through the atonement of Christ. It was the hour of mercy to this poor distracted woman. A ray of divine consolation now penetrated her soul ; and she said to the minister, when taking his leave, “ I am a poor vile sinner, but I think, being justified by faith, I begin again to have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. I think Christ has now got the highest place in my heart ; and, O ! I pray God he would always keep him there.”

REV. THOMAS HOOKER.

THE Rev. Thomas Hooker, some time after his settlement at Hartford, having to preach among his old

friends at Newton on a Lord's day in the afternoon, his great fame had collected together a vast concourse of people. When he came to preach, he found himself so entirely at a loss what to say, that, after a few shattered attempts to proceed, he was obliged to stop and say, that what he had prepared was altogether taken from him. He therefore requested the congregation to sing a psalm while he retired. Upon his return, he preached a most admirable sermon with the greatest readiness and propriety. After the public service was closed, some of his friends speaking to him of the Lord's withholding his assistance, he meekly replied, "We daily confess that we have nothing, and can do nothing, without Christ; and what if Christ will make this manifest before our congregations? Must we not be humbly contented?"

REVIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

IN the church of Scotland, at Stewarton, there was an extensive revival of religion in 1625; and the minister who details its particulars tells us, that "many were so choked and taken by the heart that they have been made to fall over, and thus carried out of the church; but have after proved most solid and lively Christians." And in consequence of persons under conviction falling down and crying out, the same minister states that the good work was, by the ungodly of that town, called "the Stewarton sickness." Revivals, in the same country, and connected with the same church, took place at Shotts,

in 1730, Cambuslang, Baldernock, Kirkintilloch, Muthill, and at some other places, in 1742, in which there are said to have been "outreries," "bodily agitations," and other appearances of powerful excitement. And at Kilsyth, about eight years ago, the same things have been witnessed in connexion with a revival of religion in that town. A minister who describes the revival informs us, that on July 23, 1839, whilst the Rev. William Burns, jr., was preaching in his father's church, "he clasped his hands, lifted his eyes to heaven, and, in an agony for the Holy Ghost to descend upon the people, exclaimed, 'O come! come!' and being strengthened in his faith, 'He is coming! he is coming!' Suddenly a voice was heard from among the congregation, 'He is come! He is come! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory be to God!' This ran like electricity through the whole assembly of fifteen hundred persons; and the scene which succeeded will not admit of description. Here was the formalist of fifty years standing in the church, shaking from head to foot, and crying aloud for mercy. Then the cry was heard, 'What must I do to be saved?' While others were in exultation, exclaiming, 'Behold, God is become my salvation!' An elder, who was endeavouring to direct and comfort his aged mother, was seized by the convincing power of the Spirit, and with a voice which, had it not been heard whence it came, could scarcely have been believed to be human, cried out, 'O Christ, have mercy on my soul! O break this hard heart!' Presently

one ran to the manse with tidings of what had taken place in the church, when one of the ministers ascended the pulpit, gave a few words of advice, sung, prayed, and dismissed the congregation. But although the people left the church, many of them would not and did not go home till God had blessed them. The vestry was filled with penitents ; other places in the town were opened for them ; and scenes were witnessed that day in Kilsyth, the like of which had not been known within the memory of any then living. Numbers felt the gospel to be the power of God to salvation."

CAME TO MOCK, BUT WENT AWAY TO PRAY.

A MINISTER from England being some years since at Edinburgh, was accosted very civilly by a young man in the street, with an apology for the liberty he was taking : " I think, sir," said he, " I have heard you at Spafields chapel." " You probably may, sir, for I have sometimes ministered there." " Do you remember," said he, " a note put up by an afflicted widow, begging the prayers of the congregation for the conversion of an ungodly son ?" " I do very well remember such a circumstance." " Sir," said he, " I am the very person ; and, wonderful to tell, the prayer was effectual. Going on a frolic with some other abandoned young men one Sunday, through the Spafields, and passing by the chapel, I was struck with its appearance, and hearing it was a Methodist chapel, we agreed to mingle with

the crowd, and stop for a few minutes to laugh and mock at the preacher and the people. We had only just entered the chapel when you, sir, read the note, requesting the prayers of the congregation for an afflicted widow's son. I heard it with a sensation I cannot express. I was struck to the heart; and though I had no idea that I was the very individual meant, I felt that it expressed the bitterness of a widow's heart who had a child as wicked as I knew myself to be. My mind was instantly solemnized. I could not laugh; my attention was riveted on the preacher. I heard his prayer and sermon with an impression very different from that which had carried me into the chapel.

“From that moment the truths of the gospel reached my heart; I joined the congregation; cried to God in Christ for mercy, and found peace in believing; became my mother's comfort, as I had long been her heavy cross, and, through grace, trust I have still been enabled to consecrate myself to the service of God. An opening having lately been made for an advantageous settlement in my own country, I came hither with my excellent mother, and for some time past have endeavoured to dry up the widow's tears, which I had so often caused to flow, and to be the comfort and support of her old age, as I had been the torment and affliction of her former days. We live together in the enjoyment of every mercy, happy and thankful; and every day I acknowledge the kind hand of the Lord that led me to the Spafields chapel.”

REV. HOWEL HARRIS.

WHEN Mr. Howel Harris began his itinerant preaching in South Wales, which was some years before the Messrs. Wesley visited that part of the country, Mr. Gwynne was alarmed at his conduct; and imagining that this Howel Harris might be an incendiary in church and state, he, being a magistrate, determined to put an end to these portentous irregularities. For this purpose he sallied out one day; but said to his lady on going, "I will hear the man myself before I commit him." The sermon was so truly evangelical, so calculated to arouse the careless, to alarm the wicked, and to encourage the penitent, and the preacher's manner was so zealous and affectionate, that Mr. G. thought he resembled one of the apostles. He was so convinced of the purity of his doctrines, and of the benevolence of his motives, that, at the end of the discourse, he went up to Howel Harris, shook him by the hand, told him how much he had been misled by slanderous reports; avowed his intention of committing him, had they been true; asked his pardon, and, to the amazement of the assembly, entreated him to accompany him back to Garth to supper.

Mrs. Gwynne, his lady, was a worthy woman, endowed with a superior understanding, and distinguished by her love of the poor, whom she supplied regularly with food, clothing, and medicine; but she had the strong prejudices of birth and fortune. She was one of six heiresses, each of whom had

£30,000 for her portion, and all had married into opulent families. She was a violent enemy to all Presbyterians ; and when her husband returned, introducing to her Howel Harris, whom she deemed a man of inferior class, an innovator in the church, and a rebel to the king—when she heard Mr. Gwynne himself, in the presence of his whole family, entreat his forgiveness, acknowledge his error, and pay him great respect—she thought that her poor dear husband must have lost his senses ; and in grief and consternation she quitted the room, nor would return to it till after supper, and till Howel Harris had departed.

It is gratifying, however, to add, that such was the effect of Mr. H.'s piety, that Mrs. G. became reconciled to him ; the family became devoted to God ; their house was thrown open to the minister of Christ, and their daughter became the wife of Mr. Charles Wesley.

J. WESLEY AND MR. MADAN.

THE late Rev. Mr. Madan was educated for the bar. His conversion arose from the following circumstance :—He was desired one evening, by some of his companions who were with him at a coffee-house, to go and hear Mr. John Wesley, who, they were told, was to preach in the neighbourhood, and to return and exhibit his manners and discourse for their entertainment. He went with that intention, and just as he entered the place, Mr. Wesley named as his text, “ Prepare to meet thy God,” with a solemn-

nity of accent which struck him, and which inspired a seriousness that increased as Mr. Wesley proceeded in exhorting his hearers to repentance. Mr. M. returned to the coffee-room, and was asked by his acquaintance, "if he had taken off the old Methodist?" To which he answered, "No, gentlemen, but he has taken me off;" and from that time he left their company altogether, and in future associated with serious people, and became himself a serious character.

"WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING."

A PERSON who travelled in the country in the character of a pedler, and who was exceedingly partial to Mr. Dawson as a preacher, was on a certain occasion one of his auditors. The person referred to generally carried a stick with him, which answered the double purpose of a walking-stick and a "yard wand;" and having been employed pretty freely in the former capacity, it was worn down beyond the point of justice, and procured for him the appellation of "Short Measure." He stood before Mr. Dawson, and being rather noisy in his religious professions, as well as ready with his responses, he manifested signs of approbation, while the scales were being described and adjusted, and different classes of sinners were placed in them, and disposed of agreeably to the test of justice, truth, and mercy,—uttering in a somewhat subdued tone, yet loud enough for those around to hear, at the close of each particular,—"Light weight"—"short again," &c. After taking up the

separate character of the flagrant transgressor of the law of God, the hypocrite, the formalist, &c., Mr. Dawson at length came to such persons as possessed religious light, but little hallowed feeling, and the semblance of much zeal, but who employed false weights and measures. Here, without having adverted in his mind to the case of his noisy auditor, he perceived the muscles of his face working when the report of "short measure" occurred to him. Resolved, however, to soften no previous expression, and to proceed with an analysis and description of the character in question, he placed the delinquent, in his singularly striking way, in the scale, when, instead of the usual response, the man, stricken before him, took his stick—the favourite measure—from under his arm, raised one foot from the floor, doubled his knee, and taking hold of the offending instrument by both ends, snapped it into two pieces, exclaiming, while dashing it to the ground, "Thou shalt do it no more." So true is it, to employ the language of an eminent minister, that "no man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it."

REV. DR. L. BEECHER.

THE doctor once engaged to preach, by way of exchange, for a country minister, and the Sabbath proved to be excessively cold, stormy, and uncomfortable. It was mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the doctor urged his

horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put his horse into a shed, and went in. As yet, there was no person in the house, and after looking about, he took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat.

The hour came for commencing service, but there were no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not, was only a momentary question with Lyman Beecher. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and that he had no right to refuse to do it, because one man only could reap benefit; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with his *one* hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his "congregation," but he had departed.

So rare a circumstance was, of course, occasionally referred to, but twenty years after a very delightful discovery came to light in connexion with this service. The good doctor was travelling somewhere in Ohio, and alighting from the stage in a pleasant village, a gentleman stepped up to him and familiarly called him by his name. "I do not remember you," said Dr. B. "I suppose not," said the stranger, "but we spent two hours together in a house, alone, once, in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," added the old minister; "pray where was it?" "Do you remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed; and if you are the

man, I have been wishing to see you ever since.”
 “ I am the man, sir ; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church ! The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio ! ”

So striking a result made no little impression on the doctor’s mind. He learned that the man was at the time a lawyer, who was in the town on business, and tired of a Sunday morning at a country hotel, went, in despite of the storm, to church, and heard that sermon. The doctor added, “ I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had.”

JOHN SUNDAY.

“ I UNDERSTAND,” said John Sunday, the converted Indian chief, to a congregation which he was called to address at Plymouth, in the year 1837, “ that many of you are disappointed, because I have not brought my Indian dress with me. Perhaps, if I had it on, you would be afraid of me. Do you wish to know how I dressed when I was a pagan Indian ? I will tell you. My face was covered with red paint. I stuck feathers in my hair. I wore a blanket and leggins. I had silver ornaments on my breast, a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping-knife in my belt. That was my dress then. Now, do you wish to know why I wear it no longer ? You will find the cause in second Corinthians, fifth chapter and seventeenth verse : ‘ Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature ; old things are passed away ; behold, all things are become new.’ ”

When I became a Christian, feathers and paint 'passed away.' I gave my silver ornaments to the mission cause. 'Scalping-knife 'done away ;' tomahawk 'done away.' That my tomahawk now," said he, holding up, at the same time, a copy of the Ten Commandments, in the Ojibwa language. "Blanket 'done away.' Behold," he exclaimed, in a manner in which simplicity and dignity of character were combined, "Behold, all things are become new !"

CONFLICTING ADVICE.

"I REMEMBER, on one occasion," says the Rev. Dr. Kennaday, "in the early part of my ministry, when I visited one of my appointments upon the circuit I then travelled, I was seated amid my studies, seriously reflecting upon my labours in that village, when one of the brethren, an aged and judicious man, entered my room, and after a few moments conversation on the state of the congregation, more marked for the greatness of its numbers, and the solemnity of its general attention, than for the instances of conversion, observed, 'I have thought that I would suggest to you the propriety of preaching, this evening, on the love of God. I sometimes think we hear so much of terror and of wrath, that the people become hardened.' I thanked him for his advice, for I believed it was given in candour and affection. He had been gone from my room but a little while, when another entered, a brother deservedly beloved, and of no less influence. I soon perceived that the state of the congregation was the burden of his heart.

In a little time he remarked, ‘ I thought I would take the liberty of advising you to preach a sermon to-night, on the terrors of the law. It is a long time since we heard a sermon truly alarming, and the people, I fear, are presuming unjustly upon that love of which they hear so constantly. Give us something, brother, that will arouse.’ Could opinions be more conflicting? And yet they were men of sound piety, and of no ordinary judgment. This little incident, so early occurring, taught me, through my ministry, incessantly and intensely, so to ‘ speak, not as pleasing men, but God.’ ”

CONVERSION OF GENERAL BRYAN.

“ AT one of our quarterly meetings,” says Rev. T. Ware, “ on New River, a religious concern was waked up in many, which pervaded a large district of country, and suspended for many weeks almost all worldly concerns. In one family, where I passed many happy days, there were thirty who claimed to be born again, twelve of whom were whites, the fruits of that meeting. This was the family of General Bryan, who was a barrister at law, and, previous to the meeting, a professed deist. His lady had watched a favourite opportunity, and had obtained a promise from the general to attend her to the expected quarterly meeting. When the day arrived, the coach was in readiness to convey Mrs. Bryan to the meeting, and servants to attend her, but the general declined going himself. This was a disappointment that went to the heart, for she had

said she would not go without him. After a little pause, she stepped to the door and ordered the coach to be put up, and then, with a forced smile, said, 'I must forgive you, general, this ungentlemanly act, as it is the first time I have had to complain of you. If you, sir, can lightly get over your pledge, I cannot get over mine. I have said I would not go without you;' adding, 'if my husband was a Christian, I should be one of the happiest of women.' She then burst into tears, and was about to leave the room, when the general caught her in his arms, and said, 'I cannot resist the eloquence of tears; dry them up, and I will go.'

"On Sunday morning the general and his lady were seated again in the congregation. Preaching, with short intervals, continued for several hours, and the whole assembly were, from time to time, bowed down like the slender reed before the passing breeze; but none of them as yet lost their elasticity. Many hearts seemed bruised, but none broken. The last that spoke melted his auditors on these affecting words, namely, 'Which none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.' Under this discourse General Bryan was seen to weep, and when the collection was made many wondered much to see him volunteer in making it, at the close of which he asked the privilege of addressing the people, and, having mounted the stand, spoke nearly in the following strain:—

" 'Fellow-citizens,—I have sometimes trembled

before the majesty of courts. But where am I now? and what? An advocate? Yes! Before a judge weak and erring like myself? No, but before the Judge eternal! To plead the cause of truth against myself, and against many of you, who, like myself, have crucified the Lord of glory! Had I known it, I would not have done so wickedly, nor would you, nor you,' pointing to two of his deistical fraternity. 'You see my tears; they are tears of penitential grief, for myself and for you, for we have denied the Lord that bought us with his own blood.

"'Ye dear heralds of the gospel! I am an advocate for Christ. You have convinced me. You say, when the Eternal would save the world, he chose a way known only to himself. None of the princes of this world knew it, and they could not until it was told them, and then they would not believe! So neither would I until you melted me into the belief. Some may doubt it, but I know God has sent you, and your God and people shall be mine.'

"During this speech the people were silent as death, save now and then a sob or shriek; but now a loud cry arose, and continued with many until the going down of the sun; and the slain of the Lord were many.

"General Bryan lived, I think, not quite two years after this happy change; but he lived truly an advocate for Christ, and died happy, lifting his arm in token of victory when his tongue failed to articulate words."

CONVERSION OF GEN. RUSSELL AND LADY.

“OUR first conference in Holston,” says Rev. T. Ware, “was held in 1788. As the road by which Bishop Asbury was to come was infested with hostile savages, so that it could not be travelled except by considerable companies together, he was detained for a week after the time appointed to commence it. But we were not idle; and the Lord gave us many souls in the place where we were assembled, among whom were General Russell and lady, the latter a sister of the illustrious Patrick Henry. I mention these particularly, because they were the first-fruits of our labours at this conference.

“On the Sabbath we had a crowded audience; and Mr. Tunnell preached an excellent sermon, which produced great effect. The sermon was followed by a number of powerful exhortations. When the meeting closed, Mrs. Russell came to me and said, ‘I thought I was a Christian; but, sir, I am not a Christian—I am the veriest sinner upon earth. I want you and Mr. Mastin to come with Mr. Tunnell to our house, and pray for us, and tell us what we must do to be saved.’ So we went and spent much of the afternoon in prayer, especially for Mrs. Russell. But she did not obtain deliverance. Being much exhausted, the preachers retired to a pleasant grove, near at hand, to spend a short time. After we had retired, the general, seeing the agony of soul under which his poor wife was labouring, read

to her, by the advice of his pious daughter, Mr. Fletcher's charming address to mourners, as contained in his Appeal. At length we heard the word 'Glory!' often repeated, accompanied with the clapping of hands. We hastened to the house, and found Mrs. Russell praising the Lord, and the general walking the floor and weeping bitterly, uttering at the same time this plaintive appeal to the Saviour of sinners: 'O Lord, thou didst bless my dear wife while thy poor servant was reading to her—hast thou not a blessing also for me?' At length he sat down, quite exhausted. This scene was in a high degree interesting to us. To see the old soldier and statesman—the proud opposer of godliness, trembling, and earnestly inquiring what he must do to be saved, was an affecting sight. But the work ended not here. The conversion of Mrs. Russell, whose zeal, good sense, and amiableness of character, were proverbial, together with the penitential grief so conspicuous in the general, made a deep impression on the minds of many, and numbers were brought in before the conference closed. The general rested not until he knew his adoption; and he continued a faithful member of the church, and an official member, after he became eligible for office, constantly adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour unto the end of his life."

PRIVATE INTERCOURSE.

THE EAR-TRUMPET HELD FAST.

AN aged sailor, on the coast of Kent, (Eng.,) was recently an object of much solicitude to some pious persons, who were acquainted with his state. He had passed his eightieth year, was so deaf that he could hear no one speak, and was rapidly advancing to the grave, as he could not take food, and would not employ medicine. The opposition he had manifested to divine truth was now diminished, but it was only as, in common with other objects of dislike, he became less sensible of their real character.

The anxiety of those who pitied his spiritual condition was in consequence increased, and a speaking and an ear trumpet were both employed, in the hope of gaining an entrance to his mind. The experiment succeeded; he could now hear what was said, and truths of the first importance were plainly and faithfully stated. So offended, however, was he with the appeal of a Christian minister, that for ten days he would not allow him to be re-admitted to his room. But tracts—so often useful under the blessing of God—were not thus excluded, and he suffered several of them to be read to him, some of which proved both interesting and instructive. Still it was observed that he carefully removed the ear-trumpet whenever any part of a sentence bore hard on his state as a sinner before God.

In his second interview, the minister made more guarded and careful approaches to the conscience of the old sailor, and by gradually exhibiting his state in the use of seafaring allusions, he awakened his attention. Aware of the artifice of his auditor, he held the ear-trumpet fast with his own hand, and by day and night he explained and enforced the great truths of the gospel of God.

At length success crowned his efforts. Animated by the injunction—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good;" he had the happiness of seeing that sailor, once so hostile to divine truth, humble, teachable, grateful, and prayerful. He died in the spring of 1839, in the attitude of prayer, leaving behind him satisfactory evidence that the language of devotion was followed by that of praise. His remains were interred before a small place of worship in one of the bays of the Kentish coast; and it is delightful to add, that his widow and three daughters rejoice, it is believed, in a scriptural hope of meeting him in glory.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

THE biographer of Mr. Ouseley remarks, that he never let an opportunity pass unimproved, whether riding by the way, or at the houses of his friends. Among other instances of his fidelity and success he relates the two following:—

“I remember spending an evening in his com-

pany, in the house of a friend in Burrisokane, where a large company were at tea. A young lady sat at his right hand, who had not discovered any indications of seriousness ; he turned to her sister-in-law, who was on his left, a person of piety and sense, and said, 'Is this young lady born again?' The lady replied, 'She is of age, ask her.' That moment the young lady was filled with deep emotion—cried to God for mercy, and soon tasted that the Lord was gracious. The whole company felt the divine influence ; such, indeed, was his general mode of spending a social hour with his friends that these opportunities were turned into means of grace. Very often his occasional conversations, as he travelled, were attended with similar gracious effects. One instance of this kind Mr. Noble mentions. 'On one occasion,' says Mr. N., 'as he was travelling in the county of Wicklow, and while his horse stopped to drink in a stream that ran across the road, Mr. O. saw a young woman standing at her father's door ; he went toward her, took her by the hand, spoke to her a few moments about her soul, and at parting prayed that the blessing of the Lord might rest upon her. About two years afterward he happened to be in the country : after preaching in a gentleman's house in that neighbourhood, a young man came up to him, and invited him to his house. The next evening, on his arrival, the lady of the house received him in the most affectionate manner, saying, 'Mr. Ouseley, I believe you don't know me.' He replied, 'No, my dear, I do not.' She then re-

called the circumstance above narrated to his recollection, and added, ‘ I am the person you addressed on that occasion ; up to that period I had known nothing of the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, but the observations you made resulted in my conversion : I am now a married woman ; the young man who invited you is my husband, and is a class-leader. The Lord is with us, and is blessing us ; and we now rejoice to see under our roof my father in the gospel.’ ”

REV. JOHN SMITH.

“MR. SMITH,” says his biographer, “ excelled in pastoral qualifications and duties, and was often eminently useful in private society. ‘ Kindness,’ says Mr. Calder, ‘ was peculiarly prominent in his moral constitution, and gave to his piety the most interesting forms of sweetness and benignity. Hence the absence of all austerity from his manners. Of this children seemed to be conscious, and soon attached themselves to him with peculiar fondness, which he amply returned. In this respect he resembled the founder of Methodism, and I may add, the Founder of our holy religion also. Not satisfied with merely doing the work of the pulpit, he deemed it right to acquaint himself with, and frequently to visit, every family connected with the society. An unconverted individual in such a family became the subject of his peculiar solicitude, and he was placed upon his list to be specifically remembered before God with many tears and persevering intercessions. This

ceaseless concern for the children and servants of our people was attended with glorious results. My house was frequently the scene of holy triumph; for if a visit was paid to me by any of the children of our friends, residing in other parts of the kingdom, they became the objects of his peculiar regard. By his kind and affectionate behaviour, he first ingratiated himself into their favour, and then, watching the effect of his admonitions, he was restless till they obtained the mercy of God. Never shall I forget the case of one of the sons of the late Mr. B., of London, upon whom, while paying a visit to my house at Brighton, Mr. S. commenced a serious attack on the subject of his salvation. This was followed up from day to day, till the young man became duly impressed with the importance of religion; and not long after, our departed friend called me into his study, to join with them in praising God for having bestowed upon this person a sense of pardon. He shortly after returned to his family a truly converted character, and subsequently became a zealous local preacher. 'The daughter of one of our London friends,' Mr. C. adds, 'was brought to God in a similar manner.'

"Another incident which occurred about this time, will serve to exemplify the same subject. Having to go to a distant part of the Brighton circuit, Mr. S. stayed to dine at an intermediate village. After dinner, an interesting and intelligent servant girl, of about fourteen years of age, who was engaged in the room in which he sat, arrested his attention.

‘Come hither, my dear,’ said he, in his usually serious and impressive manner, ‘I wish to speak to you.’ She immediately came, and, looking very earnestly in his face, awaited, with an appearance of great interest, what he had to say. ‘Do you know that you are a sinner?’ he asked. Heaving a deep sigh, she replied, ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Do you know that you will be lost unless your sins are pardoned?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Are you unhappy?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Do you ever pray?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Do you *say* your prayers, or do you ask for anything you feel you want?’ ‘I say my prayers.’ ‘But you could ask me for anything you wanted, could you not?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Suppose you were a very poor girl, and went to Mrs. S. to beg, you could tell her of your distress, and ask her to give you something?’ In a voice full of emotion, she replied, ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Well, you are a poor distressed sinner: God pities you: you can ask him to forgive you. Shall I pray for you? what shall I pray for?’

“The poor child could not reply for weeping. They then kneeled down, and in a very few minutes she began to cry aloud for mercy, and to confess and bewail her sins in a remarkably fluent and affecting manner. She continued to cry till God revealed his Son in her heart. The change in her countenance and accents was astonishing. She praised God in a loud and joyful voice; and with a faith that greatly surprised Mr. S., who stood at her side, interceded for her relations, for all sinners, and for the world at large. Her gratitude taught her new and elo-

quent language! With extraordinary emphasis she said, over and over again, 'Jesus has died for me! Jesus has died for me! Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus! my God!—my Father! God pities me; God loves me, and I love my God! O when shall I be with thee in glory, to praise thy name forever and ever?' &c. She continued on her knees for more than an hour, and her state of rapture was so extreme, that, as Mr. S. afterward said, it seemed as if it had been impossible for her to have survived so overpowering a revelation of the divine love."

REV. J. WESLEY AND THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

SPEAKING one day of the late Lady Huntingdon, says Rev. Henry Moore, "Mr. Wesley, shortly before his death, gave me this account respecting her ladyship's only son. His lordship, who had a great personal respect for Mr. Wesley, as they were sitting alone together one day, observed, 'I should wish, sir, to have some conversation with you on the subject of religion; the lady my mother is too importunate with me on these matters.' Mr. Wesley assented, replying, 'What point would your lordship choose for discussion?' 'The difficulties of revelation,' it was subjoined. Mr. Wesley continued, 'My lord, had we not better begin with the difficulties of what is termed natural religion?' The earl replied, 'Sir, you surprise me; I thought there were no difficulties in natural religion.' Mr. Wesley answered, 'My lord, there are difficulties; and such as I doubt neither you nor I

can answer. What does your lordship think of the first point in all religion, the worship of an eternal God? What idea has your lordship of a Being without beginning and without end?' His lordship was silent for some time, and then expressed himself as 'utterly lost in the idea of such an existence.' 'And yet,' observed Mr. Wesley, 'you must believe it; can your lordship get on one step without believing it?' The reply was, 'I cannot.' 'Well, then,' added Mr. Wesley, 'my lord, in all religion we must take the very first point for granted, and that, too, with the highest reason; and yet we can form no conception of it: the idea of an eternal Being is too vast for finite intelligence: let us, then, converse a little respecting the evidences of religion.' Mr. Wesley being fully master of this subject, the conversation was long, interesting, and satisfactory. His lordship made this objection, 'How can I be certain that this record, while I cannot deny any part of it, was ever realized by any man?' 'The same record, my lord, which assures you of the facts, gives the clearest account of those who testify to the facts; and in such a manner as, admitting one, doubt is shut out from the other; and I could bring you a hundred witnesses, *out of the book*, who can now, any day, assure you of the same facts.' 'O,' replied his lordship, 'my mother tells me enough of these; that would bring me to personal experience, which as yet I cannot receive.'

"And so the conversation ended; but, observed Mr. Wesley, 'I have a good hope in reference to the

earl; believing that for some time before his death, his lordship was a changed man.' ”

The earl of Huntingdon died in the prime of youthful vigour, in a fit of apoplexy, while sitting at table with a party of friends.

WESLEY AND HOWARD.

THE name of Howard, throughout Christendom, is a household word. There is scarce an intelligent school-boy who has not heard of the philanthropist “ who visited all Europe, not to collect médals or collate manuscripts, but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distress of all men, in all countries.” But it is not so generally known, that, although each moved in his own sphere, the *exemplar* of Howard was Wesley. That such was the fact, will appear by the following incidents, from the life of Rev. Henry Moore.* In a letter from Alexander Knox, Esq., to Mr. Moore, Mr. Knox remarks:—

“ In the course of Mr. Howard’s tour through Ireland, in the year 1787, he spent a few days in Londonderry, (where I then resided.) I earnestly wished to see him, but bad health confined me to the house, and I thought I could not be gratified: such

* A very interesting volume, published at the Methodist Book Concern, 200 Mulberry-street.

were my thoughts, when I was told a gentleman had called to see me. It was Mr. Howard : I was delightfully surprised : I acknowledged it as one of the happiest moments of my life. He came to see me, because he understood I was Mr. Wesley's friend ; he began immediately to speak of him. He told me he ' had seen him shortly before in Dublin ; that he had spent some hours with him, and was greatly edified by his conversation. I was, said Mr. Howard, encouraged by him to go on vigorously with my own designs. I saw in him how much a single man might achieve by zeal and perseverance ; and I thought, why may not I do as much in my way as Mr. Wesley has done in his, if I am only as assiduous and persevering ? and I determined I would pursue my work with more alacrity than ever.' I cannot quit this subject," continues Mr. Knox, " without observing that, excepting Mr. Wesley, no man ever gave me a more perfect idea of angelic goodness than Mr. Howard : his whole conversation exhibited a most interesting tissue of exalted piety, meek simplicity, and glowing charity. His striking adieu I shall never forget. ' Farewell, sir,' said he ; ' when we meet again may it be in heaven, or further on our way to it.' Precious man, may your prayer be answered, ' May my soul be with thine !' "

Mr. Moore proceeds to his own personal interview with Mr. Howard thus :—

" In the beginning of the year 1789 Mr. Howard called at Mr. Wesley's house, in the City Road, London, in order to take his leave of him previously to

his again flying to the continent at the call of mercy. Mr. Howard carried his last quarto upon the jails under his arm, in order to present it to his friend ; but Mr. Wesley was on his way to Ireland. We were then residing at the City Road, and Mr. Howard favoured us with his company for upwards of an hour.

“ He delightfully called to mind the former days, when he had first heard Mr. Wesley, at his seat in Bedfordshire, and well recollected the discourse *which made the first impression on his mind.*

“ ‘ Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for *there is* no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.’ Eccles. ix, 10. ‘ I have,’ added Mr. Howard, ‘ but one thing to do, and I strive to do it with my might.

“ ‘ The Lord has taken away whatever might have been an incumbrance : all places are alike to me, for I find misery in all. He gives me continual health ; I have no need to be careful for anything. I eat no animal food, and can have all I want in the most inconvenient situations. Present my respects and love to Mr. Wesley : tell him I had hoped to see him once more : perhaps we may meet again in this world ; but if not, we shall meet, I trust, in a better.’

“ We hung upon his lips delighted. Such a picture of love, simplicity, and cheerfulness, we have seldom seen. Taking his leave, Mr. Howard said, ‘ I think I have gained a little knowledge concerning the plague : I shall therefore, after visiting the Rus-

sian camp, pass into the Turkish, and from thence, by Constantinople, to Egypt.' So he purposed," adds Mr. Moore, "his heart being enlarged with the love of God and man.

"But while this angel of mercy was ministering to the sons of war, in the hospital of the Russian camp, God said, 'It is enough, come up hither, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'"

REV. MR. DODD AND A NOBLEMAN.

A NOBLEMAN, one of the former lords Say and Sele, who lived in the neighbourhood of the Rev. Mr. Dodd, one day asked him to dine with him. Before dinner they walked into the garden, and after viewing the various productions and rarities with which it abounded, his lordship exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Dodd, you see I want for nothing; I have all that my heart can wish for." As Mr. Dodd made no reply, but appeared thoughtful, his lordship asked him the reason. "Why, my lord," said the old man, "I have been thinking that a man may have all these things, and go to hell after all!" The words powerfully struck the nobleman, and, through the blessing of God, terminated in his lordship's conversion.

REV. W. E. MILLER.

It was the daily and constant practice of the late W. E. Miller, and which he carried down to the close of his life, to preach, as his biographer terms it, to persons in the streets, and by the road-side.

He habitually accosted parties he might meet, whether rich or poor, young or old. And his appearance was so saintly, his manners so courteous, and his spirit so Christian and holy, that he seems rarely to have given offence. He informed a friend of ours, that though he had done this for many years, yet he had never met with anything remarkably rude in return for his kind offices, but once; that was from a gentleman, who threatened corporeal punishment. The same friend observed him on a cold winter's day, with the sleet furiously falling, in pursuit of a poor beggar. He had accosted him on the usual subject, and not relishing his affectionate appeals, he crossed the street to make his escape. But Mr. Miller, in the feebleness of age, (for it took place only a year or two before his death,) girt up his utmost strength, followed the poor man, and was seen in close conversation with him, till some turn of the street placed them out of sight.

“Knowing that a friend had lived in one of the places where Mr. Miller was stationed,” adds his biographer, “I inquired if he knew him. ‘Not in the place in question,’ was the reply, ‘but I and my sisters met him once in a street in Sheffield, the only time I ever saw him, and he accosted us. ‘Well, my dears, are you praying this morning? are you happy in the love of Jesus?’ gave us some good advice, and passed on. One instance more may be mentioned. Two ladies of my acquaintance, then recently come to Sheffield, were walking in one of the lanes in the suburbs of the town, when they

were met by Mr. Miller. He knew them not, and one had at that time never seen him. The other had been present at a meeting the night before, in which he had engaged in prayer, and being much struck with his spirit, was speaking of him, when he suddenly broke in upon them, and accosting them—‘ Well, my dears, is it all prayer this morning? Are you lifting up your souls to God for his blessing? Is Jesus all in all? Is he precious?’ One answered his inquiries. ‘ Bless the Lord! bless the Lord!’ he exclaimed. ‘ Now seek for a clean heart, my dears; get entirely sanctified. O! the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.’ Then speaking of his experience, he exclaimed, ‘ Good morning, get to your knees, my dears.’ Being impressed by his manner and address, they turned round to look after a form so lovely; when at a short distance, they beheld him stopping a servant-maid who was bustling up the road, apparently on an errand, with a jug in her hand. What passed could not be heard, but after a parley of two or three minutes, the girl was seen moving off, and as soon as she had got clear of her instructor, she gathered up her apron, and wiped her tears. Those tears, it is to be hoped, were tears of godly sorrow.”

REV. MR. CHARLES.

WHEN the Rev. Mr. Charles, of Bala, in Wales, met a poor man or woman on the road, he used to stop his horse, and make the inquiry—“ Can you read the Bible ?” He was so much in the habit of doing this,

that he became everywhere known from this practice. "The gentleman who kindly asked the poor people about the Bible and their souls," was Mr. Charles. Meeting one day with an old man, on one of the mountains, he said to him,—“You are an old man, and very near another world.” “Yes,” said he, “and I hope I am going to heaven.” “Do you know the road there,—do you know the word of God?” “Pray are you Mr. Charles?” said the old man. He suspected who he was from his questions. He was frequently thus accosted when asking the poor people he met with about their eternal concerns. “Pray are you Mr. Charles?” was often the inquiry. When he had time, he scarcely ever passed by a poor man on the road, without talking to him about his soul, and his knowledge of the Bible. When he found any ignorant of the word of God, and not able to read it, he represented to them, in a kind and simple manner, the duty and necessity of becoming acquainted with it, and feelingly and compassionately set before them the awful state of those who leave the world without knowing the word of God, and the way of saving the soul. He sometimes succeeded in persuading them to learn to read; and the good he thus did was no doubt very great.

REV. DR. SPRING.

THE Rev. Dr. Spring, of New-York, related some time ago that, during the period of a revival of religion, a young lady of his congregation, the object of high hope, the centre of wide influence,

capable of noble things, yet careering on the giddy steep of fashion and of folly, created in him no small solicitude, as every avenue to her soul seemed most sedulously guarded. He delayed the visit of counsel and exhortation, and delayed till, rebuked by conscience, he could do so no longer. As soon as he called and was ushered into the parlour, the first and only person whom he saw was this young lady bathed in tears, who immediately exclaimed, "My dear pastor, I rejoice to see you. I was fearful I was the only one who had escaped your friendly notice." What a rebuke to fear! What an encouragement to hope and to action!

THE BROKEN WING.

A GENTLEMAN, who saw and conversed with Dr. Payson in Boston, when he visited that city towards the latter part of his life, was led by his preaching and conversation to a degree of serious concern for his soul. His wife was still in a great measure indifferent to the subject. One day, meeting her in company, he said to her, "Madam, I think your husband is looking upwards; making some efforts to rise above the world, towards God and heaven. You must not let him try alone. Whenever I see the husband struggling alone in such efforts, it makes me think of a dove endeavouring to fly upwards while it has one broken wing. It leaps and flutters, and perhaps raises itself up a little way, and then it becomes wearied, and drops back again to the ground. If both wings co-operate, then it mounts easily."

REV. MR. VENN AND THE INN-KEEPER.

A YEAR or two after the publication of his "Complete Duty of Man," that excellent minister, the Rev. Henry Venn, observed, whilst sitting at the window of an inn, in the west of England, the waiter endeavouring to assist a man who was driving some pigs on the road, while the rest of the servants amused themselves only with the difficulties which the man experienced from their frowardness. This benevolent trait in the waiter's character induced Mr. Venn to call him in, and to express to him the pleasure which he felt in seeing him perform this act of kindness. After showing him how pleasing to the Almighty every instance of good-will to our fellow-creatures was, he expatiated upon the love of God, in sending his Son, from the purest benevolence, to save mankind. He exhorted him to seek for that salvation which God, in his infinite mercy, had given as the most inestimable gift to man. He promised to send him a book which he had himself published; and taking down the address of the waiter, which he was very anxious to give, he sent him, upon his return to London, a copy of *The Complete Duty of Man*. Many years after this, a friend travelling to see him, brought him a letter from this very person, who then kept a large inn in the west of England, having married his former master's daughter. His friend told him, that coming to that inn on a Saturday night, and proposing to stay there till Monday, he had inquired of the servants, whether any of them

went on Sunday to a place of worship. To his surprise, he found that they were all required to go, at least one part of the day, and that the master, with his wife and family, never failed to attend public worship, and to have family prayer, at which all the servants, who were not particularly engaged, were required to be present. Surprised by this uncommon appearance of religion where he little expected to find it, he inquired of the landlord by what means he possessed such a sense of the importance of religion. He was told that it was owing to a work which a gentleman had sent to him several years ago, after speaking to him, in a manner which deeply interested him, of the goodness of God in giving his Son to die for our sins. On desiring to see the book, he found it to be "The Complete Duty of Man." Rejoiced to find that his guest was going to pay a visit to Mr. Venn, the inn-keeper immediately wrote a letter, expressing, in the fulness of his heart, the obligations which he owed to Mr. Venn, and the happiness which himself, his wife, and many of his children and domestics enjoyed daily, in consequence of the conversation which Mr. Venn had had with him, and the book which he had sent him ; and which he had read again and again, with increasing comfort and advantage.

REV. ROBERT STEPHENS M'ALL.

THE most eminent men have generally been distinguished even in youth, for what have afterwards proved the most prominent features of their charac-

ter. This was strikingly the case with the late Rev. Dr. M'All, of Manchester. Dr. Raffles, in his funeral sermon, speaking of his youth, says :—

“ At this period an event occurred which I cannot forbear to mention, because it marks the vigour of his intellect, and the extent of his information, and the estimation in which, on these accounts, even at that early age, he was held by one well qualified to form an accurate estimate of both. Calling one afternoon on Dr. Olinthus Gregory, at Woolwich, intending to stay a short time and return, the doctor constrained him to remain, saying, that he expected some young men, students in the military college, to tea, who were under the influence of infidel principles, and that he knew of no one with whom he was more desirous they should converse upon the points at issue, than his youthful visitor. With his characteristic modesty, he shrank from the proposed interview, and would fain have retired. Dr. Gregory, however, would take no denial, and he at length consented to remain, but only so far to take part in the conversation as that, in the event of Dr. Gregory omitting anything that might seem to him to be material, he would endeavour to supply the deficiency. The expected guests arrived ; the subject of Christianity was introduced ; its young apologist was induced to speak ; and, having once begun, he poured forth such a strain of eloquent and irresistible argumentation, that the conversion of at least two of the party was the happy result.

JOHN FOX AND MRS. HONIWOOD.

Mrs. HONIWOOD, an honourable matron, had long followed the truth, and, in the days of Queen Mary, used to visit the prisons, and comfort and relieve the distressed confessors. Afterwards, she was under most distressing fears and doubts respecting her salvation; her sorrow was such that she sunk into despair. Her health became affected; she appeared to be in a deep consumption, even on the brink of the grave. In this desponding state she had been for twenty years, and neither physicians nor divines were able to benefit her, either as to her body or her soul. At length she sent for Fox, the author of "The Book of Martyrs." Those who went with him, said that they never entered a more sorrowful or afflicted house. Several friends, relatives, and servants, sat by the sick woman, some on seats, some on the chamber floor, not weeping as in a common case of sorrow, but absolutely silent, as though their tears were all spent, scarcely noticing any that entered. The sick woman lay upon her bed, apparently near her end, faintly breathing forth a few words, which were in effect a desire to end her days. Fox did not attempt the ordinary methods of consolation, but prayed earnestly, pleading the faithfulness of God's promises, and Christ's sufferings. This course he pursued for some days, though with but little effect. At length he told her, that she should not only recover from that disease, but also live to a great age, and, what was far better, that she had an interest in

Christ, and should go to heaven. She, moved at his words, and earnestly beholding him, exclaimed that she should surely be damned, adding, "As well might you say, that if I should throw this glass against the wall, I might expect that it should not be broken in pieces." And immediately dashed down a Venice glass she had in her hand. It struck a chest, from whence it fell to the ground, without receiving the smallest injury. The event proved according to the words of Fox. Mrs. Honiwood, who was then sixty years of age, recovered, and lived till she was ninety, in peace and comfort, being able to reckon up three hundred and sixty-seven descendants.

REV. R. CECIL.

"I HAD been known," says one, "to Mr. Cecil, as an occasional hearer at St. John's, and by soliciting his advice at my commencing master of a family; but some years had passed since I enjoyed the pleasure of speaking to him, when he called at my house on horseback, being then unable to walk, and desired to speak with me. After the usual salutations, he addressed me thus:—'I understand you are very dangerously situated!' He then paused. I replied, that I was not aware of it. He answered, 'I thought it was probable you were not; and therefore I called on you; I hear you are getting rich; take care, for it is the road by which the devil leads thousands to destruction!' This was spoken with such solemnity and earnestness, that the impression will ever remain on my memory."

THE SUFFERER COMFORTED.

DR. PAYSON one day called upon a sick person, who was very much troubled because she could not keep her mind all the time fixed upon Christ, on account of the distracting influences of her sufferings, and the various objects and occurrences of the sick-room, which constantly called off her attention. She was afraid that she did not love her Saviour, as she found it so difficult to fix her mind upon him. Dr. Payson said, "Suppose you were to see a sick little child, lying in its mother's lap, with its faculties impaired by its sufferings, so that it was generally in a troubled sleep; but now and then, it just opens its eyes a little, and gets a glimpse of its mother's face, so as to be recalled to the recollection that it is in its mother's arms; and suppose that always, at such a time, it should smile faintly with evident pleasure to find where it was; should you doubt whether that child loved its mother or not?" The poor sufferer's doubt and despondency were gone in a moment.

REV. W. E. MILLER.

AFTER his conversion, the Rev. W. E. Miller, in private amongst his friends, used persuasion of the most tender and importunate kind, to win them to Christ, never failing to bear witness to the great work wrought in his own heart, and extolling the free and all-sufficient grace of God. The following anecdote is told by one of the parties who furnished notes for his memoir, in illustration of this. "Being

at that time in the habit of visiting, professionally, the family of the late Lord ——, he took an opportunity to rehearse to them the particulars of his conversion, thinking, like most young converts, that they had only to be told these wonderful things, in order to receive and embrace them. This was '*as bread cast on the waters,*' for, after the lapse of many years, the present Lord ——, who was then a youth, wrote to him, expressing his grateful remembrance of his visits to his father's house, and the religious testimony he bore." This instance is only the pattern of a general practice. It shows, however, the heroic nature of his faith at this early period, as well as fidelity to God. He did not, like too many, "*put his light under a bushel,*" or appear in the presence even of the noble and the wealthy, after his profession of Christ, as a criminal, with downcast looks and ignominious shame.

AN EXPERIMENT.

"I THINK it was during the year 1834," says the Rev. J. S., "I called upon an ingenious mechanic, who has since become noted for useful patented inventions, and who was a skeptic. I said to him, 'William, you are an ingenious person, and love to make experiments in chemistry, and other branches of science,—now, will you not be willing to make one experiment, in reference to that religion you deem a fable? If it should be true, of course you wish to know it. If it is but a fable, you cannot be injured by the experiment, as it will be attended with

no great sacrifice, nor expense.' He replied, 'What do you wish me to do, in order to experiment on such a mysterious subject?' 'I wish you to go into your closet every evening of the present week, commencing with this, (Monday,) and kneel down, and repeat the Lord's prayer, on your knees, and I will call again and see you on Saturday night.' He replied, 'I think I will,' and I left him. On Saturday night I found him sitting bent forward, with his face resting on his hand, in a thoughtful mood. 'Well, William, have you made the experiment agreed upon?' He replied, after a sigh and a pause, 'I have; and I am at a loss to account for the operation of my own mind. On Monday evening, about sunset, I ascended the steps leading to my bed-room, and kneeled down with no kind of seriousness. I recited the prayer, and laughed at what appeared a ridiculous absurdity! On Tuesday evening, on going again to my retirement, I was affected in a more serious manner. In ascending the stairs, my knees grew weak, I trembled, but knew not why. On Wednesday evening, when bowed on my knees, I found that the power of speech was withdrawn. I was a long time in a kneeling posture before I could utter a word. On Thursday and Friday evenings, I had to drag myself to the place, where I promised you I would repeat the Lord's prayer; and had I not made an engagement on my honour, I would not have gone. This evening, I was longer on my knees than on any former evening; and now I give it as my deliberate conviction, that *man* never ori-

ginated that form of prayer. I believe, also, that there is a Divine religion revealed in the Bible, and that there is an evil spirit, that has an influence on man, to hinder him in his praying efforts. What I may be hereafter, I know not. My peace is now interrupted, and I would like to be right.'

"I gave him the best advice in my power. His infidelity received from this experiment a mortal blow, but it was more than two years before he experienced justification by faith. After his conversion he joined the M. E. Church, of which he continues a member until the present time."

SAMUEL HICK.

THIS singular but most devoted man was in the habit of visiting much among the sick, and as he was no respecter of persons, he attended people of every persuasion, and in every rank in life, to whom he could find access. Among others, he visited the wife of old William Hemsworth, who died in 1820. William and his sons, having united themselves to the Wesleyan society, were in the habit of accompanying Samuel to different places, in his religious excursions. She, being a rigid Roman Catholic, looked upon Samuel as a heretic, leading them astray from the true faith. Affliction at length overtook her, on her route to the grave; and, what was not a little singular, she sent for Samuel to pray with her. His prayers were effectual—her heart was smitten—the clouds of ignorance and superstition rolled off in succession from her understanding, like mists

from the face of a landscape before the morning sun. On the arrival of the priest, under whose guidance she had been for a number of years, he was shown to her apartment ; but instead of waiting for instruction, she upbraided him for not having inculcated upon her the necessity of the “ new birth,” stating at the same time, that she derived “ more good from Sammy Hick’s prayer, than from all that” she “ had heard before, and that if” she recovered, she would “ go among the Methodists.” The daughter asked the priest to pray with her mother ; but supposing her too far gone in heresy for recovery, he retired, saying, “ I have done with her.” It is pleasing to add, that the woman died in possession of “ perfect peace.”

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

REV. JOHN JANEWAY.

THE father of this eminently devoted young minister was Rev. Wm. Janeway, minister of Kelshall in Hertfordshire, England. Being sick, and under somewhat dark apprehensions as to the state of his soul, he would often say to his son John, “ O ! son ! this passing into eternity is a great thing, this dying is a solemn business, and enough to make one’s heart ache, that hath not his pardon sealed, and his evidence for heaven clear. And truly, son, I am under no small fears as to my own estate for another world. O that God would clear his love ! O that I could say

cheerfully, 'I can, upon good grounds, be able to look death in the face, and venture upon eternity with well-grounded peace and comfort!'"

Seeing his father continuing under despondings of spirit, (though no Christian that knew him but had a high esteem of him for his uprightness,) he got by himself, and spent some time in wrestling with God upon his account, earnestly begging of God that he would fill his father with joy unspeakable in believing, that he might joyfully and honourably leave this world. After he was risen from his knees, he came down to his father, and asked him how he felt himself. His father made him no answer for some time, but wept exceedingly, (a passion that he was not subject to,) and continued for some considerable time weeping, so that he was not able to speak. But at last, having recovered himself, with unspeakable joy he burst out: "O son, now it is come! it is come! it is come! it is come! I bless God, I can die; the Spirit of God hath witnessed with my spirit that I am his child. Now I can look up to God as my dear Father, and Christ as my Redeemer; I can now say, 'This is my friend, and this is my beloved.' My heart is full, it is brimfull, I can hold no more. I know now what that sentence means, 'The peace of God which passeth understanding;' I know now what that white stone is, wherein a new name is written, which none know but they who have it. And that fit of weeping which you saw me in, was a fit of overpowering love and joy, so great that I could not contain myself: neither can I express what glori-

ous discoveries God hath made of himself unto me. And had that joy been greater, I question whether I could have borne it, and whether it would not have separated soul and body. Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name, that hath pardoned all my sins, and sealed the pardon. He hath healed my wounds, and caused the bones which he hath broken to rejoice. O help me to bless the Lord! He hath put a new song into my mouth: O bless the Lord for his infinite goodness! O! now I can die! It is nothing, I bless God, I can die. I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ." You may well think that his son's heart was not a little refreshed to hear such words, and see such a sight, and to meet the messenger that he had sent to heaven, returned back again so speedily. It was so immediate and clear an answer of his own prayers, as if God had said to him, "Thy tears and prayers are heard for thy father: thou hast, like a prince, prevailed with God; thou hast got the blessing: go down and see."

Upon this the young man too broke forth into praises, and even into an ecstasy of joy, that God should deal so familiarly with him; and the father and son together were so full of joy, light, life, love, and praise, that there was a little heaven in the place. He could not then but express himself in this manner: "O blessed, forever blessed be God for his infinite grace! O who would not pray unto God? Verily, he is a God that heareth prayers, and that my soul knows right well." And then he told his

joyful father how much he was affected with his former despondings, and what he had been praying for just before, with all the earnestness he could. His father hearing this, and perceiving that his former comforts came by prayer, and his own child's prayer too, was the more refreshed, and the more confirmed that it was from the Spirit of God, and no delusion. And immediately, his son standing by, he fell into another fit of triumphant joy, his weak body being almost ready to sink under that great weight of glory that shone so powerfully upon his soul. He could then say, "Now let thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

PRAYING FOR FAIR WEATHER.

IN the life of the Rev. Robert Blair, a Scottish minister of the seventeenth century, the following passage occurs:—

"There having been incessant rain for a month in harvest, the corn was growing a finger-length in the sheaves, and the whole crop was in hazard of perishing. In this deplorable situation, the people resolved solemnly, by humiliation and fasting, to beseech the Lord to avert the threatened famine. When the day came it rained heavily from morning till night; so that the Lord seemed to be thrusting out their prayers from him. But that same night he sent a mighty wind, which did fully dry the corn and check the growing; and this wind continuing to blow fair for two days, the people ceased neither night nor day, till the whole corn was got in. During these

two days, I and two neighbouring ministers were continuing our supplications and thanksgivings to the Lord for this great mercy.”

“THE PRAYER OF FAITH SHALL SAVE
THE SICK.”

A CLERGYMAN, some time since, concluding a sermon to youth, took occasion to press upon parents the duty of parental faith, and illustrated its power in the following manner:—“About two-and-twenty years ago, a little circle were met around the apparently dying couch of a male infant; the man of God who led their devotions, seemed to forget the sickness of the child in his prayer for his future usefulness. He prayed for the child who had been consecrated to God at its birth, as a man, a Christian, and a minister of the word. The parents were enabled to pray and believe with him. The child recovered, grew towards manhood, ran far in the ways of folly and sin. One after another of that little circle ascended to heaven; but two of them at least, and one of them the mother, lived to hear him proclaim the everlasting gospel. It is,” said the preacher, “no fiction: that child, that prodigal youth, that preacher, *is he who now addresses you.*”

LUTHER'S PRAYER FOR MELANCTHON.

AT a certain time Luther received an express, stating that his bosom friend and co-worker in the reformation, Philip Melancthon, was lying at the point of death; upon which information he immediately set

out upon the journey of some hundred and fifty miles, to visit him, and upon his arrival he actually found all the distinctive features of death, such as the glazed eye, the cold clammy sweat, and insensible lethargy, upon him. Upon witnessing these sure indications of a speedy dissolution, as he mournfully bent over him, he exclaimed with great emotion, "O, how awful is the change wrought upon the visage of my dear brother!" On hearing this voice, to the astonishment of all present, Melancthon opened his eyes, and looking up into Luther's face, remarked, "O, Luther, is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" Upon which Luther replied, "O no, Philip, we cannot spare you yet." Luther then turned away from the bed, and fell upon his knees, with his face towards the window, and began to wrestle with God in prayer, and to plead with great fervency, for more than an hour, the many proofs recorded in Scripture of his being a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God; and also how much he stood in need of the services of Melancthon, in furthering that cause, in which the honor and glory of God's great name, and the eternal welfare of unnumbered millions of immortal souls, were so deeply interested; and that God should not deny him this one request, to restore him the aid of his well-tried brother Melancthon. He then rose up from prayer, and went to the bedside again, and took Melancthon by the hand. Upon which Melancthon again remarked, "O, dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?" To which Luther again answered,

“No, no, Philip, we cannot possibly spare you from the field of labour yet.” Luther then requested the nurse to go and make him a dish of soup, according to his instructions; which being prepared, was brought to Luther, who requested his friend Melancthon to eat of it. Melancthon again asked him, “O, Luther, why will you not let me go home, and be at rest?” To which Luther replied as before, “Philip, we cannot spare you yet.” Melancthon then exhibited a disinclination to partake of the nourishment prepared for him. Upon which Luther remarked, “Philip, eat, or I will excommunicate you.” Melancthon then partook of the food prepared, and immediately grew better, and was speedily restored to his wonted health and strength again, and laboured for years afterwards with his coadjutors in the blessed cause of the reformation.

Upon Luther’s arrival at home, he narrated to his beloved wife Catharine the above circumstances, and added, “God gave me my brother Melancthon back in direct answer to prayer;” and added further, with patriarchal simplicity, “God on a former occasion gave me also you back, Kata, in answer to my prayer.”

DELIVERANCE OF NEW-ENGLAND.

“BLESSINGS,” says Dwight, “have in many instances been given, after fervent prayers have ascended to God, when none but God could have contributed to their existence; when they were utterly unattainable.”

ble by any human efforts, and after all hope of obtaining them, except by prayer, had vanished.

“I am bound, as an inhabitant of New-England, solemnly to declare, that, were there no other instances to be found in any other country, the blessings communicated to this would furnish ample satisfaction concerning this subject, to every sober, much more to every pious man. Among these, the destruction of the French armament under the Duke D’Anville, in the year 1746, ought to be remembered with gratitude and admiration by every inhabitant of this country. This fleet consisted of forty ships of war; was destined for the destruction of *New-England*; was of sufficient force to render that destruction, in the ordinary progress of things, certain; sailed from *Chebucto*, in *Nova Scotia*, for this purpose; and was entirely destroyed, on the night following a general fast throughout New-England, by a terrible tempest. Impious men, who regard not the work of the Lord, nor the operation of his hands, and who, for that reason, are finally destroyed, may refuse to give God the glory of this most merciful interposition. But our ancestors had, and it is to be hoped their descendants ever will have, both piety and good sense sufficient to ascribe to Jehovah the greatness, and the power, and the victory, and the majesty; and to bless the Lord God of Israel forever and ever.”

SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS.

PURSUING THE SINNER.

IN his efforts to do good this apostolic minister [Rev. J. Fletcher] manifested a zeal and perseverance rarely seen, and was frequently rewarded with a success as striking as the means employed to obtain it. A poor collier, still living a few years since, and upwards of eighty years of age, used to relate that in the former part of his life he was extremely profligate, and that Mr. Fletcher frequently sought opportunities to warn him of his danger: "for," added he "he used always to run after such wicked fellows as I was whenever he saw us, in order that he might talk with us and warn us." Being aware of his pious minister's intentions, this man was accustomed as soon as he saw him to run home with all speed and close the door before Mr. Fletcher could reach it, and thus, for many months together, he escaped his deserved reproofs. The holy man, however, still persevering in his attempts, on one occasion outran this determined sinner, and obtained possession of his house before him. The poor man, awed by the presence of his minister, and softened by the persuasive kindness of his manner, was greatly affected, and received those religious impressions which soon ended in a thorough change of heart and life.

REV. JOHN SMITH AND THE CORPORAL.

AMONG those for whom Mr. Smith was peculiarly interested, was a corporal who once enjoyed religion, but who had forsaken God and his people. His wife was a pious woman : she mourned deeply on his account, and perseveringly prayed for his restoration. It was one day impressed on Mr. Smith's mind to visit this man, and, accompanied by Mrs. S., he walked as far as the door of his house, where he met his wife. "Well, Mrs. B.," said he, "where is your husband?" With much confusion, she replied, "Yonder he is, going to the races." "I will follow him," he said, and without entering the dwelling, hastily set off in the direction indicated. The corporal soon perceived that he was pursued, and quickening his pace, succeeded, before Mr. S. came up with him, in getting into a ferry-boat, which would have taken him across the river to within a few minutes' walk of the race-course. The boatman, however, had to put back for another passenger. This brought him near the friend whom he so much wished to shun, who solemnly accosted him with, "Did you pray about it before you set out?" The inquiry fastened on his conscience : he went to the races, and was wretched : "Did you pray before you set out?" still seemed to ring in his ears. He soon returned home, but he could not succeed in dislodging the arrow which was fixed in his heart. When Mr. Smith next visited him, he was in deep distress. Mr. S. invited him to unite himself to the people of

God. He did so, and never rested till the Lord healed his backslidings, and restored him to his favour. He became a useful character, and an active class-leader in the regiment.

REV. J. SMITH AND THE PUBLICAN.

MR. SMITH'S house was frequently resorted to by persons under the awakenings of the Holy Spirit, and scarcely a week elapsed in which it was not the scene of devout exultation, on account of the liberation of some captive soul. One afternoon, a stranger called in deep distress. Mr. S. invited him to take tea, and inquired into the means by which he had come under religious concern. He stated that his name was D——, that he was a publican at Hampstead, and that for many years he had given himself up to the love and practice of vice. He never attended any place of worship, was a gambler, a hard drinker, and, in short, a sinner in almost every conceivable way. One of his companions in riot, having left his house in a state of intoxication, had fallen into a river and was drowned. This accident aroused him to alarm and inquiry, which was increased by the discovery that his own mind was so weakened, probably in consequence of intemperance, that he was unable to keep his accounts. He thought that he was about to lose his reason, and while under the influence of this distressing apprehension, the enormity of his past sins was powerfully presented to his mind, with the fear of something more awful than even madness. In this state, he recollected a pious

person whom he had formerly known ; to him he applied for counsel, and this friend brought him down to Windsor, that he might receive the benefit of Mr. Smith's direction and prayers. Such was the account which he gave of himself ; but his distress was so great, that before tea was concluded he was down upon the floor ; and it was a solemn spectacle,—to see a large, muscular man prostrated by extreme anguish, while he groaned and prayed in unspeakable disquietude. It happened to be the night on which Mr. Smith met a class which he had formed, to the members of which, after the ordinary conversation had concluded, he introduced the case of this penitent, and requested their intercession on his behalf ; at the same time urging him to the exertion of faith in Christ, and the expectation of a present salvation. The struggle was continued for a considerable time. At length Mr. S. perceived that the man was relaxing in his efforts. “ What, will you give it up ? ” said he. Mr. D. complained of exhaustion. “ You have danced for whole nights together,” was the reply. “ That's true,” said the other, and with renewed energy he began again to cry to God ; nor did he rest till about eleven o'clock, when his guilt was removed, and he rejoiced in the assurance of the divine favour. The following morning, as he and Mr. S. were walking out, he suddenly stopped and cried, “ O, my load is all returned ! ” In vain did Mr. S. tell him, that this was only an effort of the tempter ; in vain did he remind him of the peace which he had before enjoyed. He remained almost on the verge

of despair the whole day. The religious services of the next, which was Sunday, seemed to produce no beneficial effect on his mind. In the evening prayer-meeting he was again made the subject of special intercession. One of the friends employed to him an argument similar to that of Naaman's servants,—“If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?” “Yes,” said he, with an air of desperate energy, “I would stand and be shot.” The meeting was continued to a late hour; his strength was exhausted, but his soul refused comfort; and the next day he returned, promising that he would try to believe all the way home. He immediately disposed of his inn, and retired to a private house at Hoxton. For some weeks his despondency continued, but at length the Comforter returned, and he wrote to Mr. Smith, giving him an account of his deliverance. A short time afterward he took cold, fell into a rapid consumption, and died in peace.

To the above the following instances may be added:—

To several members of a large family residing in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, Mr. S. had been rendered very useful; and the greater part of them were members of the society. The mother, however, lived without any sense of religion, and had a particular dislike to him. Her pious children had frequently solicited permission to invite him to the house, but this she strongly refused. One Sunday morning he ventured to call. The moment she saw

him, she said he seemed to look through her, and she felt that he knew all that was in her heart. After he had taken some refreshment, and while a hymn was sung, she was smitten with deep conviction for sin, and when prayer was proposed, she was glad to kneel down, that she might not be observed to weep. While Mr. S. prayed, a peculiar divine influence rested upon all present, and when another person began to pray, he went to her and said, "Well, Mrs. B., you feel yourself a sinner!" "O yes," she replied. "And are you willing to give up your sins?" Wringing her hands in deep anguish she rejoined, "O yes, sir, I am." He then exhorted her without delay to believe on Christ for present pardon. She instantly cried, "O Lord Jesus, I *will* believe! O Lord Jesus, I *do* believe!" She was at once filled with a joy so extreme, that for a time it seemed to overwhelm her faculties;—she immediately united herself to the people she had once despised, and continued an example of God's abundant grace.

In the beginning of the year 1828, Mr. Smith's health began to decline. One day when he was very unwell, a person called and said he must see him, as he had come upwards of twenty miles for that purpose. His urgency procured him admission to the chamber where Mr. S. was confined to his bed, suffering at once from weakness and pain. The man told him that he had been a backslider, and that for some time past he had been under deep convictions of sin; that he had sought the Lord with many tears,

and had fasted and prayed, but still remained without comfort. "Yes," said Mr. S., "and you may do so a long time, and be no better, unless you believe God. You do not need to leave this room without salvation. God would rather save you *to-day* than *to-morrow*. You may die to-day, and if you die unpardoned you are lost forever: but God wishes to save you. He says it, and he means what he says." "But," said the man, "if I should believe and not get the blessing!" "Do not meddle with God's business," replied Mr. S. "But it is God that saves the soul, is it not?" "Yes; but it is not God's work to believe, that's your business. Do your part, man, and God will do his. Go down on your knees and ask God to save you at once." He did as he was directed. Mr. S. then turned himself in bed and began to pray, but finding that his strength was gone, he stopped and said, "We cannot get a step farther, unless you will believe. How long is God Almighty to wait for you?" "I will believe," cried the penitent, "I will believe; I cannot do wrong in believing. I do believe." God answered in a moment, and filled him with such joy that he literally danced on his knees. "Did I not tell you," said Mr. S., exultingly, "that God would attend to his own business?" The poor fellow rose, kissed Mr. Smith's hand, and hurried home in unspeakable delight.

Mr. H. Beeson of Sheffield gives the following account of a visit paid by Mr. S. in April, 1829, to a dying backslider in that town. "J. W. was the son of pious parents, and a child of many prayers and

admonitions. He had at one period of his life known the power of divine grace ; but he unhappily turned aside from following the Lord, and for a number of years had persevered in his rebellious course, when it pleased the Lord to afflict him ; or, as Mr. S. used to say, ‘ God took him aside to remonstrate with him.’ His friends became very assiduous in their attention to his spiritual interests, but such was the carnal obstinacy of his heart, that he appeared rather annoyed than profited. Several weeks passed ; his disease was making fearful progress ; he began to yield, was brought into bitterness of soul, and in this state Mr. S. found him. He said that he was very unhappy, that he had been seeking the Lord, but had not obtained mercy. Mr. S. seemed to enter into a deep sympathy for him, and inquired whether he rested on Christ for salvation. He replied that he did. ‘ Well, then, God accepts you in Christ, and God accepts you *now* in Christ,’ repeating the declaration again and again with much emphasis. He spoke and prayed for nearly an hour, and while he was pleading the promise, ‘ I will heal their backslidings,’ &c., the man was clearly set at liberty ; and notwithstanding his weakness, he rose up in bed and shouted the praises of God with such energy, that his voice overpowered the voices of all present.”

“ IN PRISON AND YE VISITED ME.”

NOTHING is more striking in the history of the first Methodists than their labours of love in prisons. Nor were these labours without success. The fol-

lowing incidents from the Life of Rev. Henry Moore furnish interesting illustrations.

“I began,” says Mr. M., “to visit the sick, and those in prison, in company with my band-mates, and others who joined us in those labours of love, several years before Dr. Adam Clarke founded the Strangers’ Friend Society. On those occasions we had to witness the most appalling scenes of disease, and every species of misery. The jail fever at that time made dreadful havoc among the prisoners, and I was warned against its pestilential effects ; but ‘ my hope was full of immortality,’ and I had rather ‘ a desire to depart,’ knowing that I should ‘ be with Christ.’ I felt also what Mr. Charles Wesley used to call ‘ a cowardly fear of life.’ I therefore shunned not any sick-bed, nor the dreadful fever-ward of the Dublin Newgate.

“ Upon one of these occasions I was introduced by the turnkey to the cell of the condemned prisoners, where I found a young man, a soldier, under sentence of death ; but the fever seemed very near delivering him from the executioner. I continued to visit him, and he soon amended. He was an Englishman, and his name was St. George ; and being rather a superior young man, I made further inquiries respecting him, and found he had been favoured with some religious knowledge, and it was ‘ not in word only ;’ but he declined from it after he entered the army, and at length became so abandoned, that he, with others of the same corps, became a highway robber. But his career was soon mercifully stopped ; for in

an attack on a post-chaise, at night, in the Phœnix Park, a gentleman fired from the chaise; and St. George, who was foremost, had his arm shattered by the ball. His companions escaped, but he was taken on the spot. The case was clear, and he was condemned to die, and would certainly have been executed, (as many of the soldiers then in garrison were become notorious robbers,) but his name saved him. The lady of Lord St. George, a very eminent family in Ireland, a daughter of which had a little before become duchess of Leinster, declared, it seems, that she could not live if one of that name was hanged! The lord lieutenant could not stand out against her distress and importunity, and St. George's life was spared.

“ He informed me that while he was engaged in his vicious career, he had the most dreadful convictions for sin; and that when he felt the shot take place, he thanked God in his heart that he had arrested him even thus in his dreadful course, and he now anticipated death with satisfaction. The Lord was very gracious to him in his confinement, and had healed his backsliding. I had much fellowship with him in the ‘Friend of sinners,’ and parted from him with regret. He was sent to one of the foreign settlements—I believe to Africa—to serve for life in a corps stationed there.

“ We continued our merciful visits, and received much blessing and encouragement from the Lord. I have known malefactors die, not only in peace, but with joy, while they abhorred themselves! One

case was singular. A condemned felon of the name of Huggins, a Romanist, received with mere civility the word of exhortation from us ; but he seemed not only insensible to the horrors of his condition, but more careless and hardened than any of his wretched companions. He had also a most disagreeable and forbidding countenance,—a villain in look as well as act. He generally stood up when we spoke to him or prayed, but immediately after resumed his wretched pallet, and seemed as careless as ever. One night, however, after we had left him and his wretched companions, as I was informed, he suddenly rose, and dashed himself, irons and all, against the stone floor of the cell, with such violence that those who were with him were apprehensive that his death would be the consequence, and that perhaps he had so designed it. He was raised up, but he immediately attempted the same violence again. At length he became horribly quiet, proclaiming his perdition as certain ; and this doom having come from God, there could be no mercy for him. He continued in this state for a few days, thankful to those who spoke to him, but refusing all comfort. I was at length informed that God had spoken peace to his troubled soul. I hastened to the jail, and being admitted to the cell, I eagerly inquired for Huggins ; he was standing near to me, but I really did not know him ! A countenance so transformed I never beheld. He was quite changed in aspect ! The smile of God was evident in his features, and his whole frame partook of the happiness of his spirit. In this state he

lived and died, proclaiming his guilt and sin, and the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. The astonishing change had a good effect on his fellow-sufferers ; for as they were all going to execution, one of them, a Protestant, who was deeply penitent, regarded Huggins (whose face shone with happiness) with feelings that could not be uttered ; frequently crying out, ‘ O Lord, give *me* an *item* of it ;’ that is, of pardon, which he knew Huggins possessed. The Popish priest, who attended on horseback at the place of execution, and drew up to the side of the cart, knew not what to think respecting Huggins. He seemed to regard him as the priests did Madame Guion, when they confessed her, and were confounded at the depth and purity of her religion ; or like Latimer while confessing Bilney the martyr. When the criminals had repeated the usual prayers after the priest, he pronounced them ready to die ! Huggins immediately broke out in prayer and praise, and began to exhort the people, especially the young men. ‘ Hold your tongue, sirrah ! hold your tongue, I say !’ vociferated the zealous priest. ‘ Sir,’ said Huggins, ‘ the Lord encourages me ; I cannot be silent.’ The whole scene was highly impressive : the sheriffs and officers seemed astonished. The happy criminal was soon translated to the paradise of God.”

ALEXANDER PATRICK.

THE late Alexander Patrick, of Airdrie, in Scotland, although regularly employed as a local preacher, devoted himself chiefly to private personal appeals, —it being in the class-room, or by the fire-side, that he felt himself most in his place. He was distinguished by the readiness with which he could simplify and insinuate the truth. The following illustrations are given by the Rev. John Drake, of the way he was wont to take in bringing his auditors to actual saving faith. “He would dwell with delight on the universality, the fulness, the freeness, and the readiness of the mercy of Christ; but, said he, ‘Suppose I be hungry, and there be ever so much food in the press, what am I the better of it if the door be locked? And if it even be brought out and dressed for me, is my hunger appeased by that circumstance? Nay, although ’tis served up on the table in braw dishes, with knives, and spoons, and every convenience, and I be actually sitting by, ready and hungry, it will still do me na guid. ’Tis for me; I am welcome; all things are ready; yet still, unless I cut and eat, I may and will, for all that, perish with hunger. Just so it is with the gospel. I must not only know about Christ, that He is able, and willing, and waiting to save me, but I must believe *on* Him, trust *in* Him, *take* Him as my Saviour, and feed on Him in my heart by faith. Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.’ This little illus-

tration was much used by our friend ; and when given in his broad Scottish accent, with allusions to the customs which he knew to obtain in the family where he employed it, it has often been very effective in teaching the inmates the nature of simple faith, and persuading them to exert it.

“ On another occasion, having to deal with a person who had long rested in mere dogmas and theory, which had left his heart unchanged, and to whom the act of personal faith was unintelligible, Alexander Patrick, in order to point out his duty, and to encourage him to perform it, ‘ put his hand into his pocket, and drawing out a shilling he said, ‘ Weel, noo, brother C., were I to say I’ll give you this shilling, wad ye believe me ? ’ ‘ Yes, I would, for ye’re no trifler, Sandy.’ ‘ And what, then, wad ye da, if ye thocht me in earnest ? ’ ‘ Why, I’d reach out my hand and take it.’ ‘ Very well, God has in like manner gied his Son Jesus Christ for you, and to you ; and if ye would believe, ye maun just *tak* Him, and *trust* in Him.’ ‘ O ! but I have been such a sinner.’ ‘ Ah weel, but God does na reject sinners because they ha’ sinned, but because they winna believe on, and *lippen* (listen or hearken) to his Son.’ ‘ Well,’ said C., with animation, ‘ d’ye say so, Sandy ? If God will not send me to hell for my sin only, he shall not for my unbelief. I will believe, I do believe, I believe just now ; O Jesus, thou art my Lord, my God ! ’ At this moment he was accepting and trusting in the Saviour, and the token of divine acceptance was instantly afforded ;

‘His chains fell off,
His heart was free.’

The Spirit witnessed to his spirit that he was now a child of God. The assembled friends who came to pray remained only to rejoice, because God had made known so fully and clearly his readiness to pardon. And this person, after proving for some years the genuineness of his conversion, has lately been called home to God, dying in the faith.”

In another instance “an intelligent female, who was labouring under a deep sense of sin, was visited by Mr. Patrick, and notwithstanding all his encouragements and prayers, she seemed to be only increasingly distressed, and almost in despair. At length, while on their knees, Mr. P. said to her, ‘Let us sit up a wee;’ and placing himself beside her, and looking steadily in her face, he said, ‘Do ye believe the Bible?’ ‘I do,’ she replied. ‘Can ye tell me wha made the world?’ She smiled a little contemptuously, and after a pause said, ‘It was God.’ To which he replied, ‘How d’ye ken? were ye there to see?’ She seemed surprised, perceiving that there was evidently more meant by the question than she had supposed, and then remarked, ‘No, I was not there, but the word of God says that he made it.’ ‘Ah, well, then ye believe a’ that the Bible says, d’ye?’ She said ‘Yes.’ ‘Ah, weel, we’ll see; ‘This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him.’ Wha says that?’ ‘The Father.’ ‘Weel, will ye da as the Father bids ye? He commands ye to hear the Son.’ To this

she assented. 'Weel, then, what does the Son say? 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' To the woman in the gospel he said, 'Daughter, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee,' and will he no say the same to you? Is he no saying it even the noo? Ye dinna believe that, ye dinna believe him. I telt ye, ye dinna believe a' the Bible.' She instantly saw the shame and sin of not trusting in a promising, present Redeemer, and as instantly ventured upon his mercy. Confiding in the love and power and truth of the world's Redeemer, she trusted herself in his hands, and found the peace she sought. The word of acquittal was applied to her conscience, not by her own will, which would have been presumption, but by the Spirit of God, who attested his divine presence by the love, joy, and peace which he then diffused through her humble soul."

"On returning from preaching one night in Kilbride, a person followed Alexander Patrick, and showed signs of a wish to enter into conversation. Mr. P. inquired whether he had been to the meeting. The stranger replied that he had, and liked to hear the preaching, adding, 'but, man, I am a queer sinner.' 'Pray, what kind of a sinner is that?' inquired Mr. P. But, as the man seemed willing to enter upon particulars immediately, and the labour of preaching had greatly heated him, Mr. P. declined pursuing the conversation further at present, but engaged to call on him the next day. He did so, and

was cordially welcomed. On the Bible being brought and laid before him, being unable to use it himself, on account of his blindness, he requested his host to read a portion ; but this was resolutely refused, and with a manifestation of feeling that was very extraordinary. The following conversation brought out the facts, that this miserable man was in the state of habitual despair, persuading himself that he was one of those characters described in Hebrews vi, 4-6, whom it is impossible to renew again into repentance ; that whenever he opened his Bible, this terrible passage seemed always to be ready to meet his eye ; and it had often occasioned so much terror to him, that he frequently hurled the book from him as far as he could. Our friend, it seems, did not inquire into the nature of his imaginary sin, but applied himself to show that he misunderstood the passage, giving, as his own view, that the persons referred to had had, in proof of the truth of Christianity, both the outward evidence of miracles, and the inward one of personal pardon manifested to their own souls by the witness of the Holy Ghost, and that they had afterwards so fallen away as to renounce the gospel from principle, and to treat the Lord Jesus as an impostor, and moreover obstinately persisted in that rejection. ‘Is this like yoursel?’ said he. ‘Why mon, ye ken weel enough ye’re aye vexed and awfu fashed because of your fall. In a’ this ye’re no minded to mock the Lord, but to mourn your loss. Jist tak a wee thought of the blessed words of Christ : ‘All

manner of sin and iniquity shall be forgiven the sons of men.' Why, mon, Christ says this till you : he says it till you even the noo. Look up, mon ; be not faithless, but believing. This is the accepted time, and the day of salvation.' The affectionate warmth and the fervent confidence with which these words were uttered, under the divine blessing, roused the hopes of the poor desponding soul. He was persuaded to pray, and directed to look to the Saviour as willing and waiting to save even him ; and while he was yet speaking, the Lord heard and delivered him, filling his soul with confidence and peace. A complete change was made in his feelings and purposes at that hour. His conversion was sudden, but proved to be real by the blameless life he was enabled thenceforth to lead ; and about two or three years afterwards he died in the faith, triumphing in his last moments in the confident hope of eternal life."

"LORD, SHOW ME THYSELF."

THE following interesting incident, connected with the Rev. Hector M'Phail, an old highland minister, is related by the Rev. T. M. Fraser, of Yester. On one occasion he was appointed to attend the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which sits in Edinburgh. At that time there were no such conveniences for travelling as those to which we are now accustomed ; and the only resource which the minister then had was to travel on horseback. From so distant a home as his, travelling at the rate of

from thirty to forty miles a day, his journey to Edinburgh would occupy a full week, and would frequently oblige him to pass the night in the then by no means comfortable inns upon the highland road. It will not surprise any of my readers to be told that it was Mr. M'Phail's invariable practice to hold family worship in these houses, and to insist upon the attendance of every individual inmate. Resting one night at a little inn amid the wild hills of Invernessshire, he summoned, as usual, the family together for devotional purposes. When all had been seated, the Bibles produced, and the group were waiting the commencement of the devotions, Mr. M'Phail looked around him, and asked whether every inmate of the house were present. The landlord replied in the affirmative. 'All?' again inquired the minister. 'Yes,' answered the host, 'we are all here; there is a little lassie in the kitchen, but we never think of asking her in, for she is so dirty that she is not fit to be seen.' 'Then call in the lassie,' said Mr. M'Phail, laying down the Bible which he had opened; 'we will wait till she comes.' The landlord apologized. The minister was peremptory. 'The scullery-maid had a soul, and a very precious one,' he said; 'and if she was not in the habit of being summoned to family worship, all the greater was her need of joining them now.' Not one word would he utter until she came. Let her, then, be called in. The host at length consented; the kitchen-girl was taken in to join the circle, and the evening worship proceeded. After

the devotions were concluded, Mr. M'Phail called the little girl aside, and began to question her about her soul and its eternal interests. He found her in a state of the most deplorable ignorance. 'Who made you?' asked the minister, putting the usual introductory question to a child. The girl did not know. 'Do you know that you have a soul?' 'No; I never heard that I had one. What is a soul?' 'Do you ever pray?' 'I don't know what you mean.' 'Well, I am going to Edinburgh, and I will bring you a little neck-kerchief if you promise to say a prayer that I will teach you; it is very short, there are only four words in it—'*Lord, show me myself;*' and if you repeat this, night and morning, I will not forget to bring you what I have promised.' The little kitchen-maid was delighted; a new piece of dress was a phenomenon she had rarely witnessed. The idea was enchanting; the condition was easy; Mr. M'Phail, after explaining, no doubt, the meaning and force of the prayer, retired to rest, and next morning resumed his journey. Before he returned from Edinburgh, Mr. M'Phail did not forget the promise he had made to the little highland maid; he purchased the trifling present that was to make her happy. On his arrival at the inn, he again summoned the household to the worship of God. Again, however, the little kitchen-maid is absent, and again he inquires the cause. But it is now a different reason that withholds her. 'Indeed, sir,' replied the hostess to Mr. M'Phail's inquiry, 'she has been of little use since you were here; she has done no-

thing but sit and cry night and day, and now she is so weak and exhausted that she cannot rise from her bed.' 'O, my good woman, let me see the girl immediately,' exclaimed the minister, instantly divining the reason of her grief. He was conducted to a hole beneath the stairs, where the little creature lay upon a straw bed, a picture of mental agony and spiritual distress. 'Well, my child,' said the amiable man, affectionately addressing her, 'here is the neck-kerchief I have brought you from Edinburgh; I hope you have done what you promised, and said the prayer that I taught you.' 'O no, sir, no, I can never take your present; a dear gift it has been to me: you taught me a prayer that God has answered in an awful way; *He has shown me myself*, and O what a sight that is! Minister, minister, what shall I do?''* I need not say how rejoiced the faithful man of God was to see that the Spirit of Jehovah had been dealing with this young soul, and that, although still operating as a 'spirit of bondage,' in the production of a true though partial and imperfect faith, there were yet hopeful signs that, ere long, He would exhibit himself as 'the spirit of adoption,' generating in her heart a full and perfect trust, and leading her to cry, 'Abba, Father.' But how reconcile such an experience with the strange opinion which denies to the Holy Ghost any special

* Of course, the conversation is to be understood as having been carried on in Gaelic. This will account for the correctness of the language used by the little girl; for in Gaelic not even a child commits a grammatical error.

agency in conversion, giving to each of the human race a certain modicum of influence, to be communicated only through the medium of the Word? Whence had this child derived, in the course of little more than a fortnight, and through the use of such prayer, this experimental acquaintance with her own heart? Read the Word she could not; sympathy of feeling in the careless household was out of the question; whence, then, that mysterious ray which all at once illumed the darkened chamber of the soul, and as it shot its clear strong light through the once benighted understanding, exposed in all its barrenness the deformity of self? It was the Spirit of God that wrought independently of the Word, and came into 'warm contact' with her living soul in a manner altogether special, and hitherto unknown by herself or a carnal world. It was 'the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him:' but she knew Him, for He dwelt with her and was in her. On no other principle can we account for the fact, that one but a few weeks ago so totally ignorant that she had asked, 'What is a soul?' should now have been able to pursue that most difficult and severe of all subjective mental processes—the reflex inspection of self. Now, this is no fictitious case got up for the occasion; 'I tell but what was told to me;' but who that reads it can deny the absolute necessity of a special agency, and a personal and immediate indwelling of the blessed Spirit, sent forth into the soul in answer to the prayer, 'Lord,

show me myself?' After some further conversation, Mr. M'Phail opened up to the distressed girl the great gospel method of salvation, and closed the interview by recommending the use of another, and equally short and comprehensive prayer, '*Lord, show me Thyself.*' Next morning the minister was once again on his way to his still distant home. But he had 'cast his bread upon the waters.' Did he ever 'find it again after many days?' Many years had passed since this memorable journey, and the vigorous and wiry minister, who could ride forty miles a day for a week without intermission, was now become an old and feeble man, worn out in his Master's service, scarcely any longer 'spending,' because already 'spent,' for Christ. One day his servant intimated that a stranger was desirous to speak with him. Permission being given, a respectable matronly woman was ushered into the study, carrying a large parcel in her hand. 'You will scarcely know me, Mr. M'Phail,' said the person, with a modest and deferential air. The minister replied that he certainly did not recognize her. 'Do you remember a little scullery-maid at — inn, in whose soul you once took a deep interest upon your journey to Edinburgh?' Mr. M'Phail had a perfect recollection of the events. 'I was that little girl; you taught me two short but most expressive prayers. By the first I was brought to feel my need of a Saviour; by the second I was led to behold that Saviour himself, and to view Jehovah in the character of a reconciled God and Father in Christ. I am

now respectably married, and comfortably settled in life ; and although the mother of a numerous family, have travelled far to see your face, and to cheer you, by telling with my own lips the glorious things which, by your means, the Lord has been pleased to do for my soul.' Before parting with Mr. M'Phail she entreated his acceptance of the parcel she carried, which contained a large web of linen of her own spinning, made long before, for the purpose of being presented to the blessed and beloved old man, should she ever be permitted to see his face in the flesh once more. She lived for many years, not only a consistent character, but an eminently holy Christian."

REV. JOHN RYLAND.

THE late Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, being on a journey, was overtaken by a violent storm, and compelled to take shelter in the first inn he came to. The people of the house treated him with great kindness and hospitality. They would fain have shown him into a parlour, but being very wet and cold, he begged permission rather to take a seat by the fireside with the family. The good old man was friendly, cheerful, and well stored with entertaining anecdotes,—and the family did their utmost to make him comfortable ; they all supped together, and both the residents and the guest seemed mutually pleased with each other. At length, when the house was cleared, the stranger appeared uneasy, and looked up every time a door opened, as if

expecting the appearance of something essential to his comfort. His host informed him that his chamber was prepared whenever he chose to retire. "But," said he, "you have not had your family together." "Had my family together! for what purpose? I don't know what you mean," said the landlord. "To read the Scriptures, and to pray with them," replied the guest: "surely you do not retire to rest in the omission of so necessary a duty?" The landlord confessed that he had never thought of doing such a thing. "Then, sir," said Mr. Ryland, "I must beg you to order my horse immediately." The landlord and family entreated him not to expose himself to the inclemency of the weather at that late hour of the night; observing, that the storm was as violent as when he first came in. "May be so," replied Mr. R., "but I had rather brave the storm than venture to sleep in a house where there is no prayer. Who can tell what may befall us before morning? No, sir, I dare not stay." Mr. R. proposed to conduct family worship, to which all readily consented. The family being assembled, Mr. R. called for a Bible; but no such book could be produced. However, he was enabled to supply the deficiency, as he always carried a small Bible or Testament in his pocket. He read a portion of Scripture, and prayed with much fervour and solemnity, acknowledging the goodness of God, that none had been struck dead by the storm, and imploring protection through the night. He earnestly prayed that the attention of all might be awa-

kened to the things belonging to their everlasting peace, and that the family might never again meet in the morning, or separate at night, without prayer. A deep impression was made on the family, and much interesting conversation ensued when worship was over. Mr. Ryland conducted family worship next morning, and obtained from the landlord a promise, that, however feebly performed, it should not in future be omitted. This was indeed the beginning of days to the family; most, if not all of them, became sincere followers of the Lord Jesus, and were instrumental in diffusing a knowledge of the gospel in a neighbourhood which had before been remarkably dark and destitute.

“I SHALL THANK GOD THROUGH ALL ETERNITY THAT I EVER SAW YOU.”

A MINISTER asked the maid at an inn in the Netherlands if she prayed to God? She replied, she “had scarce time to eat, how should she have time to pray?” He promised to give her a little money if, on his return, she could assure him she had meanwhile said three words of prayer, night and morning. Only three words and a reward led her to make him the promise. He then solemnly gave her the following words to repeat,—“Lord, save me!” For a fortnight she said the words unmeaningly; but one night she wondered what they meant, and why he bade her repeat them. God put it into her heart to look at the Bible, and see if it would tell her. She liked some verses where she opened so well, that

next morning she looked again, and so on. When the good man went back, he asked the landlord for her, as a stranger served him. "O, sir, she got too good for my place, and lives with the minister!" He went to see her, and as soon as she saw him at the door, she cried, "Is it you, you blessed man? I shall thank God through all eternity that I ever saw you; I want not the money, I have reward enough for saying those words!" She then described how salvation by Jesus Christ was taught her by the Bible, in answer to this prayer.

REPROOF.

CAUSTIC RETORT—MR. SPENCE AND THE SCOFFERS.

ON one occasion, when at Bath, he met, in the travellers' room, several unusually profligate men, who on the Sabbath invited tradesmen of a similar character to spend the day with them. After dinner Mr. Spence immediately retired, saying, that he was going to the Methodist chapel. "The old gentleman does not seem ashamed of his religion; there is real honesty about him," said they, as he retired. But when he returned in the evening, he found them flushed with wine and prepared to scoff and persecute. One of them in particular made himself profanely merry at the expense of Method-

ism. Mr. Spence knew how to “ answer a fool according to his folly :” and with a severity he could well assume, (selecting this man to reprove the rest,) said to him, “ Sir, did you ever read Esop’s Fables ?” The man answered in the affirmative. “ Then, sir, you must remember the fable of the bear and the poultry ?” “ I do not recollect it ; will you repeat it ?” “ A bear,” proceeded Mr. Spence, relating *substantially* the apologue, “ that was bred on the savage deserts of Siberia, had an inclination to see the world. He travelled from forest to forest, from one kingdom to another, making many profound observations in his way. Among the rest of his excursions he came by accident into a farmer’s yard, where he saw a number of poultry standing to drink by the side of a pool. Observing that at every sip they turned up their heads towards the sky, he could not forbear inquiring the reason of so peculiar a ceremony. They told him that it was by way of returning thanks to Heaven for the benefits they received ; and was indeed an ancient and religious custom, which they could not with a safe conscience, or without impiety, omit. Here the bear burst into a fit of laughter ; at once mimicking their gestures, and ridiculing their superstition, in the most contemptuous manner. On this the cock, with a spirit suitable to the boldness of his character, addressed him in the following words : ‘ As you are a stranger, sir, perhaps you may be excused the indecency of this behaviour ; yet give me leave to tell you, that none but a *bear* would ridicule any religious ceremonies whatsoever, in the pre-

sence of those who believe them of importance.'” The man was confounded, and shared but little sympathy from his companions; and such time as Mr. Spence continued in the room at supper, he received the most serious and respectful attention.

HAD READ NEITHER THE BIBLE NOR THE KORAN.

A SHORT time since, an aged clergyman was traveling in a stage-coach, and finding himself in the company of two or three young men, who were rather inclined to amuse him and one another by frivolous conversation, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. He was shortly afterwards aroused by one of his companions, who wished for his decision on the point on which they were disputing. One of them had said, “that he would rather believe the Koran than the Bible;” and it was submitted to the clergyman to say, to which of these books he thought the greater credit due. He complained of having been awakened from his sleep to settle their disputes, but, however, said, he was happy to be able to receive some information respecting the Koran, and accordingly inquired of the person who said “he would rather believe the Koran than the Bible,” what sort of book it was, whether it was divided into chapters and verses, like our Bible, &c. The young man could not inform him; and the minister, suspecting that he was ignorant of the book, inquired a little further, and found that he had never seen the Koran, and had never read the Bible. “Now,” said

he, "gentlemen, is it fair that I should be awaked from my sleep, to decide a question thus raised by a man who knows nothing of either of the books of which he speaks? Surely it is not too much to ask men to read what they condemn; and if you will all take my advice, you will immediately apply yourselves to the prayerful study of the word of God, which is able to make you wise unto salvation. You will then not have occasion to inquire whether the Koran or any other work is equally entitled to your belief, but you will *know*, and be *assured*, that it is indeed the word and truth of God."

REV. LEMUEL HAYNES AND THE SCOFFERS.

OF Mr. Haynes, the coloured preacher, it is said, that some time after the publication of his sermon on the text, "Thou shalt not surely die," two reckless young men having agreed together to try his wit, one of them said, "Father Haynes, have you heard the good news?" "No," said Mr. Haynes, "what is it?" "It is great news indeed," said the other, "and, if true, your business is done." "What is it?" again inquired Mr. Haynes. "Why," said the first, "the devil is dead." In a moment the old gentleman replied, lifting up both hands, and placing them on the heads of the young men, and in a tone of solemn concern, "O, poor fatherless children! what will become of you?"

REV. DANIEL ISAAC AND THE SCOFFER.

AN instance of the indignant and sarcastic severity with which Mr. Isaac sometimes rebuked open profanity occurred while he was stationed in the Sheffield circuit. An infidel bookseller, copying, and probably emboldened by, the example of a London tradesman of infamous memory, exhibited in his shop window a hideous and obscene picture, as a representation of the sacred Trinity ; and, surpassing the metropolitan in utter and shameless profanity, attached a label to the picture, to the effect that a portrait of the devil was wanted as a companion picture. This caught Mr. Isaac's eye as he passed, and his righteous anger was awakened. Stepping into a grocer's shop on the opposite side of the street, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, and hastily scrawling these words, addressed them to the offender : " Sir, if you want a portrait of the devil, get your own taken ; for who so like the father as the son ?—D. Isaac." " There," said Mr. I. to the clerk, " just take that to the vile fellow across the way." The young man declined, perhaps thinking it unneighbourly, or fearing an unpleasant result. " Then I'll take it," said Mr. Isaac. The message was soon noised abroad, for the grocer told many of his friends ; and, in the course of the day, first one vagrant boy, and then another wicked urchin, would put his head just inside the door of the infidel's shop, in the window of which the offensive requisition was still suspended, and call out, "*Get your own taken, for who*

so like the father as the son?" On the following day, quite a crowd of youngsters was assembled, and the inquiry was repeated in almost every possible modulation of voice, until the wretched man was so annoyed that he called in the aid of the police. This but increased the notoriety of the rebuke, and that again swelled the numbers of the crowd. The public feeling, too, was with the boys, for common decency had been outraged. The result was, that in the course of two or three days the man was obliged to close his shop and decamp, unable to withstand the torrent of ridicule and contempt which Mr. Isaac had been the means of turning upon him.

A STRAIGHT WAY.

It is stated, that as an eloquent preacher delivered a discourse, in which he set forth the intense and eternal torments of the finally impenitent, one of the modern restorationists was present; and having a desire to show his knowledge, followed the preacher to the house, where he took tea after the exercises of the day were closed, and introduced himself by saying—

“Well, sir, I have been to hear you preach, and have come here to request you to prove your doctrine.”

“I thought I had proved it, for I took the Bible for testimony,” was the reply.

“Well, I do not find anything in *my* Bible to prove that the sinner is *eternally damned*, and I do not believe any such thing.”

“What do you believe?”

“Why I believe that mankind will be judged according to the deeds done in the body: and those that deserve punishment will be sent to hell, and remain there until the debt is paid,” &c.

Said the preacher, “I have but a word to say to you; and first, for what did Christ die? And lastly, there is a straight road to heaven; but if you are determined to go round by hell to get there, I cannot help it.”

The man took his leave, but his mind was “ill at ease.” There is a straight road to heaven still rang in his ears; he went home, read his Bible attentively, and was soon convinced of, and acknowledged his error, and after a suitable time united with the followers of Christ.

OLD FATHER MORRIS.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE gives the following specimens of the manner in which this aged clergyman sometimes administered reproof:—

Sometimes he would give the narration an exceedingly practical turn, as one example will illustrate:

He had noticed a falling off in his little circle, which met for social prayer, and took occasion, the first time he re-collected a tolerable audience, to tell them concerning “the conference meeting which the disciples attended,” after the resurrection.

“But Thomas was not with them,” said the old man, in a sorrowful voice. “Why! what could keep Thomas away?” “Perhaps,” said he, glanc-

ing at some of the backward auditors, "Thomas had got cold-hearted, and was afraid they would ask him to make the first prayer; or perhaps," said he, looking at some of the farmers, "Thomas was afraid the roads were bad; or perhaps," he added, after a pause, "Thomas had got proud, and thought he could not come in his old clothes." Thus he went on: significantly summing up, with great simplicity and emotion, he added, "but only think what Thomas lost, for in the middle of the meeting the Lord Jesus came, and stood among them! How sorry Thomas must have been!" This representation served to fill the vacant seats for some time to come.

Father Morris sometimes used his illustrative talent to a very good purpose in the way of rebuke. He had on his farm a fine orchard of peaches, from which some of the ten and twelve year old gentlemen helped themselves more liberally than the old gentleman thought expedient.

Accordingly he took occasion to introduce into his sermon one Sunday, in his little parish, an account of a journey he took, and how he saw a fine orchard of peaches, that made his mouth water to look at them.

"So," says he, "I came up to the fence, and looked all around, for I would not have touched one of them, without leave, for all the world. At last I spied a man, and, says I, 'Mister, won't you give me some of your peaches?'"

"So the man came, and gave me nigh a handful. And while I stood there eating, I said—

“ ‘Mister, how do you manage to keep your peaches?’

“ ‘Keep them!’ he said, and stared at me. ‘What do you mean?’

“ ‘Yes,’ said I, ‘don’t the boys steal them?’

“ ‘Boys steal them?’ said he, ‘no indeed!’

“ ‘Why, sir,’ said I, ‘I have a whole lot full of peaches, and I cannot get half of them, (here the old man’s voice grew tremulous,) because the boys in my parish steal them so.’

“ ‘Why, sir,’ said he, ‘don’t their parents teach them not to steal?’

“ ‘And I grew all over in a cold sweat, and told him I was afeard they didn’t.’

“ ‘Why how you talk,’ says the man, ‘tell me where you live.’

“ ‘Then,’ says Father Morris, (the tears running over,) ‘I was obliged to tell him I lived in the town of G——.’”

After this, Father Morris kept his peaches.

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

“I WAS attending,” says Rev. Henry Moore, “on one occasion at City Road, the Sunday morning breakfast meeting of the travelling and local preachers, at which Mr. Wesley presided; when one of the young local preachers rose and found fault with his senior brother: Mr. Rankin, who was present, said, ‘Sir, you are a young man, and ought not to find fault with a senior brother.’ Mr. Wesley instantly rose and replied, ‘I will thank the youngest man

among you to tell me of any fault you see, or believe you see in me : in doing so, I shall consider him as my best friend.' This observation," continued Mr. Moore, " put an end to all further remarks ; for it was felt to be but in accordance with Mr. Wesley's universal conduct : he never felt himself the master—only as the elder brother,—or when his brethren were in distress, then indeed he felt for them as a father."

REPROOF OF PROFANENESS.

A LATE distinguished president of one of our western colleges was one day walking near the college with his slow and noiseless step, when a youth who had not observed his approach, while engaged in cutting wood, began to swear profanely in his vexation. The doctor stepped up, and said, " Give me the axe ;" and then quietly chopped the stick of wood up himself. Returning the axe to the young man, he said, in his peculiar manner, " You see now the wood may be cut without swearing." The reproof was effectual, and led, we have reason to believe, to an entire abandonment of that impious habit.

REV. WILLIAM DAWSON.

THE late Mr. William Dawson was one day accosted by an individual, who said he had been present at a certain meeting ; that he liked the preaching very well indeed ; but was much dissatisfied with the prayer-meeting ; adding, that he usually lost all the good he had received during the sermon, by remain-

ing in these noisy meetings. Mr. D. replied, that he should have united with the people of God in the prayer-meeting, if he desired to retain or obtain good. "O!" said the gentleman, "I went into the gallery, where I leaned over the front, and saw the whole, but I could get no good; I lost, indeed, all the benefit I had received during the sermon." "It is easy to account for that," rejoined Mr. Dawson. "How so?" inquired the other. "You mounted to the top of the house, and on looking down your neighbour's chimney, to see what kind of a fire he kept, you got your eyes filled with smoke. Had you entered by the door, gone into the room, and mingled with the family around the household hearth, you would have enjoyed the benefit of the fire, as well as they. Sir, you have got the smoke in your eyes!"

SAMUEL HICK AND THE MISER.

IN one of his Yorkshire preaching tours he fell in with one of those characters who seem to think the chief end of man is to get all they can, and keep all they get. Having met on former occasions, they were known to each other, and as great an intimacy subsisted between them as was possible in the admixture of fine gold and the coarsest clay. Samuel addressed him on the behalf of Christian missions, but found every part of the fortress provided with arms against any regular and deliberate attack. Poverty was pleaded—objections to the object urged—and reasons given why help should be sought in other quarters. On finding all "special pleading"

ineffectual, and as though aware that a city, which would be proof against a regular siege, might nevertheless be taken by surprise, he dropped, in his accustomed manner, upon his knees, and turning from the miser, directed his addresses to God. Every sentence was like inspiration, and penetrated the soul of the miser like the fire of heaven—withering him with fear. Impressed apparently with a dread of the Being before whom he was immediately brought in prayer, in whose hearing he had pleaded poverty, though possessed of thousands of gold and silver, and who could in an instant as easily take away life as annihilate property, he exclaimed, with hurried vehemence,—“Sam, I’ll give thee a guinea if thou wilt give over.” Samuel, unruffled in his pleadings by the oddity of the circumstance, and who, in fact, had too many of his own to be moved by those of others, and encouraged withal by the symptoms which appeared, proceeded with earnestness in his addresses, and changing the subject, with the quickness of thought, told his Maker how inadequate a guinea was to effect the conversion of the world, and how trifling a sum it was in return for the thousands which the recipient had received in the dispensations of Providence. The miser was again met in an unexpected way, and in the genuine “love of money,” which seemed to excite a fear lest he should be further wrought upon by the prayer of the petitioner, or God should extort from him, in the moment of excited feeling, more than the selfishness of his nature would allow, he again roared out,—“Sam, I tell thee to give

over,—I'll give thee two guineas if thou wilt only give it up." Anxious to maintain his ground, Samuel started up with the same abruptness with which he had knelt—held the miser to his word—secured two notes—and bore them away in triumph to a missionary meeting about to be held in the neighbourhood, where he exhibited them on the platform, with the high-wrought feelings of a man who had snatched a living child from the clutch of an eagle. To be grave in the rehearsal or hearing of such facts, is as difficult as it is to believe in the sincerity of the giver; and were it not for the general artlessness of conduct and disposition manifested by Samuel, it would have been impossible to view it otherwise than as a species of dexterous acting, practised with a view to impose. But a preconcerted plan would have spoiled it; he had not a mind to carry him forward in such a thing beyond the length of his own shadow, beneath a meridian sun; he was the mere creature of impulse—knew no more of plot than a child.

DR. STAUGHTON AND THOMAS PAINE.

THE late Rev. Dr. Staughton, residing at Borden-town, was one day sitting at his door, when the infidel Thomas Paine, who also resided there, addressed him, and said, "Mr. Staughton, what a pity it is that man has not some comprehensive and perfect rule for the government of his life." Mr. S. replied, "Mr. Paine, there is such a rule." "What is that?" asked Paine. Mr. Staughton repeated the passage, "Thou shalt love the Lord

thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength ; and thy neighbour as thyself." " O," said Paine, " that's in your Bible," and immediately walked away.

REV. DR. WAUGH.

THE late Dr. Waugh, of London, had a great dislike to everything bordering on slander or defamation. The following is an illustration of his character in this point :—

One of his people had travelled all the way from Newton to his father's house, where he usually resided, to communicate to him an unfavourable report concerning another member of the congregation. Some friends being with him, this person was requested to stay and dine with them. After dinner, he took occasion, in a jocular manner, to ask each person in his turn, how far he had ever known a man travel to tell an evil report of his neighbour ; when some gave one reply, and some another. He at last came to this individual ; but without waiting for his self-condemning reply, or unnecessarily exposing him, he stated, that he had lately met with a Christian professor, apparently so zealous for the honour of the church, as to walk fourteen miles with no other object than that of making known to his minister the failings of a brother member. He then in a warm and impressive manner enlarged on the praise of that charity which covers a multitude of sins ; which " rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

REV. MR. DOD.

MR. DOD having preached against the profanation of the Sabbath, which much prevailed in his parish, and especially among the more wealthy inhabitants, the servant of a nobleman, who was one of them, came to him and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord to-day." Mr. Dod replied, "I should not have offended your lord, except he had been conscious to himself that he had first offended my Lord; and if *your* lord will offend *my* Lord, let him be offended."

SLEEPERS REPROVED.

THE late Rev. Mr. More, minister of the gospel in Selkirk, while preaching from these words of Moses, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory," observing many of his hearers fast asleep, made a pause, on which they awoke. He then, in a very solemn manner, addressed them to the following effect:—"Do you think, my friends, had Moses been asleep while the glory of God passed by him, that he would have seen it? The glory of God, in the dispensation of the gospel, has just been passing by you, and yet you were asleep!" It need not be added, that during that day, at least, he had a more attentive audience.

THE CROOKED TREE.

"SEEING a tree growing somewhat irregular, in a very neat orchard," says Mr. Flavel, "I told the owner, it was a pity that tree should stand there; and that if it were mine I would root it up, and there-

by reduce the orchard to an exact uniformity. He replied, 'that he rather regarded the fruit than the form; and that this light inconvenience was abundantly compensated by a more considerable advantage. This tree,' said he, 'which you would root up, hath yielded me more fruit than any of those trees which have nothing else to commend them but their regular situation.' I could not but yield to the reason of this answer; and could wish it had been spoken so loud, that all our uniformity men had heard it; who would not stick to root up many hundreds of the best bearers in the Lord's orchard, because they stand not in exact order with other more conformable, but less beneficial trees, who do destroy the fruits to preserve the form."

REV. J. SHERWOOD AND JUSTICE ROBINSON.

MR. JOSEPH SHERWOOD, one of the nonconformist ministers of England, having preached on that text, "I will avenge the quarrel of my covenant," was carried to a petty session of justices, where one Mr. Robinson sat as chairman, who greatly reviled Mr. Sherwood, and called him a rebel, &c., which he bore patiently, only making this reply, "That as he was a minister of the gospel, and at the church where there was so great an assembly, he could not but have compassion on the multitude, and give them a word of exhortation." Mr. Robinson said, "But did ever man preach from such a rebellious text?" "Sir," replied Mr. Sherwood, "I know man is a rebel against his Creator, but I never knew that the

Creator could be a rebel against his creature." On which Robinson cried out, "Write his mittimus for Launceston jail." And then turning to Mr. Sherwood, said, "I say, Sir, it was a rebellious text." Mr. Sherwood looked him full in the face, and addressed him in these words: "Sir, if you die the common death of all men, God never spake by me." He was then sent to prison, where he found favour with the keepers, and had liberty to walk about the castle and town. Robinson returned home; and a few days after, walking in the fields, a bull that had been very tame, came up to a gate where he stood, and his servant-maid before him, who had been milking, when the creature turned her aside with his horns, ran directly upon Robinson, and tore out his bowels! He was carried home in this miserable state, and soon afterwards died.

A WORD IN SEASON.

A MINISTER of the gospel occasionally visiting a gay person, was introduced to a room near to that in which she dressed. After waiting some hours, the lady came in and found him in tears. She inquired the reason of his weeping; the minister replied, "Madam, I weep on reflecting that you can spend so many hours before your glass, and in adorning your person, while I spend so few hours before my God, and in adorning my soul." The rebuke struck her conscience,—she lived and died a monument of grace.

“NO SERMON GOOD THAT HAS NOTHING OF CHRIST IN IT.”

THE late bishop F——, of Salisbury, having procured a young clergyman of promising abilities to preach before the king; and the young man having, in his lordship's opinion, acquitted himself well, the bishop, in conversation with the king afterwards, wishing to get his sovereign's opinion, took the liberty to say, “Does not your majesty think that the young man, who had the honour to preach before your majesty, is likely to make a good clergyman, and has this morning delivered a very good sermon?” To which the king, in his blunt manner, hastily replied, “It might have been a good sermon, my lord; but I consider no sermon good that has nothing of Christ in it.”

REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, SEN.

THE Rev. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, and father of the celebrated John Wesley, once went into a coffee-house in London for some refreshment. There were several gentlemen in a box at the other end of the room, one of whom, an officer of the guards, swore dreadfully. The rector saw that he could not speak to him without much difficulty; he therefore desired the waiter to give him a glass of water. When it was brought, he said aloud, “Carry it to yon gentleman in the red coat, and desire him to wash his mouth after his oaths.” The officer rose up in a fury; but the gentlemen in the box

laid hold of him, one of them crying out, "Nay, colonel, you gave the first offence; you see the gentleman is a clergyman; you know it is an affront to swear in his presence." The officer was thus restrained, and Mr. Wesley departed.

Some years after, being again in London, and walking in St. James's Park, a gentleman joined him, who, after some conversation, inquired if he recollected having seen him before. Mr. Wesley replied in the negative. The gentleman then called to his remembrance the scene at the coffee-house, and added, "Since that time, sir, I thank God, I have feared an oath; and as I have a perfect recollection of you, I rejoiced at seeing you, and could not refrain from expressing my gratitude to God and you." "A word spoken in season, how good is it!"

"HOW MANY MILES DID YOU WALK IN
SCOTLAND?"

IN the ministerial visitations of the Rev. Dr. Waugh, his attachment to Scotland, his native country, was strongly manifested. When, without sufficient reason, any of his hearers had failed in their attendance on public ordinances, and pleaded their distance from the chapel as an excuse, he would exclaim, in the emphatic northern dialect, which he loved to employ on familiar occasions, "What! you from Scotland! from Melrose! from Gala Water! from Selkirk! and it's a hard matter to walk a mile or two to serve your Maker one day in the week! How many miles did you walk at Selkirk?" "Five." "Five!

and can you not walk two here? Man! your father walked ten or twall (twelve) out, and as many hame, every Sunday i' the year, and your mother too, aften. I've seen a hunder folk and mair, that aye walked six or seven, men, and women, and bairns too; and, at the sacraments, folk walked fifteen, and some twenty miles. How far will you walk i' the morn to mak half a crown? Fie! fie! But ye'll be out wi' a' your household next Sabbath, I ken. O, my man, mind the bairns! If you love their souls, dinna let them get into the habit of bidding away from the kirk. All the evils amang young folk in London arise from their not attending God's house." Such remonstrances as these, it may easily be imagined, were not often urged in vain.

THE DEFECTIVE MILL.

AN active and skilful young minister, while engaged under circumstances of the most promising kind in the village of J——, was told of a miller, who, with more than usual profaneness, had repelled every attempt to approach him on the subject of religion, and had discouraged the hopes and efforts of the few serious persons in his vicinity. Among other practices of sinful daring, he uniformly kept his wind-mill, the most striking object in the hamlet, going on the Sabbath. In a little time the minister determined to make an effort for the benefit of the hopeless man. He undertook the office of going for his flour the next time himself. "A fine mill," said he, as the miller adjusted his sack to re-

ceive the flour ; “ a fine mill indeed ; one of the completest I have ever seen.” This was nothing more than just—the miller had heard it a thousand times before ; and would firmly have thought it, though he had never heard it once : but his skill and judgment were still gratified by this new testimony, and his feelings conciliated, even towards the minister. “ But, O !” continued his customer, after a little pause, “ there is one defect in it !” “ What is that ?” carelessly asked the miller. “ A very serious defect too.” “ Eh !” replied the miller, turning up his face. “ A defect that is likely to counterbalance all its advantages.” “ Well, what is it ?” said the miller, standing straight up, and looking the minister in the face. He went on:—“ A defect which is likely to ruin the mill.” “ What is it ?” rejoined the miller. “ And will one day no doubt destroy the owner.” “ And can’t you say it out ?” exclaimed the impatient miller. “ It goes on the Sabbath !” pronounced the minister, in a firm, and solemn, and monitory tone. The astonished man stood blank and thunderstruck : and remained meek and submissive under a remonstrance and exhortation of a quarter of an hour’s length, in which the danger of his state and practices, and the call to repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, were fully proposed to him.

A READY ANSWER.

It has often been seen, that an apparently difficult question, asked by a controversialist, may be an-

swered without effort, by the mere exercise of common sense. The papists often boast of the antiquity of their religion, and no doubt produce some effect by their statements on this subject. A Protestant clergyman having occasion to travel in France, before the revolution in that country, happened, in one of the inns where he stopped, to fall into conversation with a French gentleman, a Roman Catholic. The Romanist was a well-bred, intelligent man, and conducted himself with much politeness when conversing on common topics. But no sooner did he learn, from some unavoidable expressions, that the gentleman with whom he was conversing was a Protestant, than he discovered his bigotry. "And pray," said he, using the hackneyed phrase and question on this subject, "where was your religion before the days of Luther?" "Permit me," said the clergyman, "to answer your question by another: Where, pray, was your face, sir, this morning, before you washed it?"

THE EXTINGUISHER.

DR. TAYLOR, of Norwich, once said to the late Rev. John Newton, "Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times, and it is very strange that the doctrine of atonement which you hold, if there, cannot be found by me." "I am not surprised at that," said Mr. N.; "I once went to light my candle with the extinguisher on it."

PROFESSOR HALYBURTON.

PROFESSOR HALYBURTON, when a young man, was asked by an aged minister if he had ever sought a blessing from the Lord upon his learning. Mr. Halyburton confessed that he had not. The reverend man, looking him sternly in the face, replied, "that unsanctified learning had done much harm to the Church." Mr. Halyburton was more conscientious afterwards in acknowledging God while pursuing his studies.

ABSTRUSE QUESTIONS.

A YOUNG clergyman once called upon Dr. Dwight, and inquired respecting the best method of treating a very difficult and abstruse point in mental philosophy, upon which he was preparing a sermon. "I cannot give you any information upon the subject," the doctor replied; "I am not familiar with such topics. I leave them for young men."

JOHN FOX AND BISHOP AYLMER.

WHEN FOX, the author of the "Book of Martyrs," was once leaving the palace of Aylmer, the bishop of London, a company of poor people begged him to relieve their wants, with great importunity. Fox, having no money, returned to the bishop, and asked the loan of five pounds, which was readily granted; he immediately distributed it among the poor by whom he was surrounded. Some months after,

Aylmer asked Fox for the money he had borrowed. "I have laid it out for you," was the answer, "and paid it where you owed it—to the poor people who lay at your gate." Far from being offended, Aylmer thanked Fox for thus being his steward.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS.

“THERE’S NAE STRIFE HERE.”

IN one of Scotland’s northern towns, a family were seated round a breakfast table, waiting for “the father,” and wondering why he was later than usual. At length he appeared ; his step was heavy, and his brow cloudy. Having asked the blessing, he sat resting his head on his hand, wrapped in melancholy thought.

This unhappy-looking man was one of the elders in a neighbouring chapel ; he possessed much energy and zeal, and it was hoped real piety ; but, alas ! he was governed by a naturally bad temper, and too often forgot the words of the wise man—“ He that ruleth his spirit is better than he who taketh a city ;” and in consequence of his unrestrained temper, the meetings for the chapel business were the constant scenes of anger and noisy strife.

The venerable minister, being a true disciple of the Prince of peace, deeply lamented his elder’s unchristian spirit. On the previous day a meeting had been held, which was more contentious than usual ; for the elder had been particularly angry and quarrelsome.

The good minister’s heart sunk within him while he sat amidst this strife of tongues, and most thankful was he that evening to retire to a friend’s house,

some miles from town, for the peace and quiet of the country are soothing to a wounded spirit.

It was on the following morning that the elder came down to breakfast in so melancholy a mood. His wife, after looking anxiously at him for some minutes, said, "Are you ill, my dear?"

"No."

"Then what has happened to make you look so sad?"

He slowly raised himself up, and looking earnestly at her, said, "I have had a most extraordinary dream."

The look of anxiety vanished from his wife's face, as she said, with a smile, "Why, you always laugh at my dreams."

"Yes, but mine was so remarkable. I dreamed I was at the bottom of a steep hill, and when I looked up, I saw the gate of heaven at the top; it was bright and glorious, and many saints and angels stood there. Just as I reached the top of the hill, who should come out to meet me but our aged minister! and he held out his hand, crying, 'Come awa, John, come awa, there's nae strife here.' And now I cannot help thinking of the grief my contentious spirit has given to the dear old man."

The husband and wife sat some time in silence, which was broken by the entrance of a servant with a letter. The elder hastily read it, while an expression of the deepest grief overspread his face; then dropping it from his hand, he covered his face, as if to hide from those around him the anguish of his soul.

His wife took up the letter, which was from the minister's host—its contents were as follows :

“ My dear ——, we had the great pleasure yesterday of receiving our dear minister, little thinking it would be the last time we should welcome him to what he called his peaceful retreat. When we sat together in the evening, he spoke with much grief of the chapel meeting. ‘ Indeed,’ he added, ‘ I am so tired of all this strife and turmoil, that I wish my dear Lord would take me home.’ In the morning, as he did not come down to breakfast, I ran up and knocked at his door ; but, receiving no answer, I went down stairs again, thinking a longer rest than usual might do him good. After returning to his door once or twice, and hearing no sound, I went in. He was in bed, and apparently asleep. I spoke to him, but received no answer. Yet it was long, very long, ere we believed it to be the sleep of death ; for a heavenly smile rested on his placid face, and his snowy locks lay unruffled on the pillow ; but he slept in Jesus ; for his dear Lord had taken him home.”

The elder never recovered this shock. He sorrowed for his friend, but still more for his sin. He gradually sunk, and in three weeks was laid by the side of his aged minister.

“ O then the glory and the bliss,
 When all that pain'd or seem'd amiss
 Shall melt with earth and sin away—
 When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
 Fill'd with each other's company,
 Shall spend in love th' eternal day.”

REV. MR. KILPIN.

WHEN any member of Mr. Kilpin's church at Exeter came with details of real or supposed injuries, received from a fellow-member, after listening to the reporter, Mr. K. would inquire if they had mentioned these grievances to their offending brother or sister. If the reply was in the negative, and usually it was so, he would then calmly order a messenger to fetch them, remarking, that it would be ungenerous to decide, and unscriptural to act, merely from hearing the statement of one party. This determination always produced alarm, and the request that nothing might be mentioned to the parties implicated. This plan had a peaceful influence, and often produced humility and self-accusation. Assertions and proofs are very different grounds for the exercise of judgment, and are more distinct than angry persons imagine.

DR. TWISS AND THE ORPHAN.

MR. PHILIP HENRY relates a remarkable story concerning a good old friend of his, who, when young, being an orphan, was greatly wronged by his uncle. His fortune, which was £200, was put into the hands of that uncle; who, when he grew up, shuffled with him, and would give him but £40 instead of his £200, and he had no way of recovering his right but by law; but, before he would engage in that, he was willing to advise with his minister, who was the famous Dr. Twiss, of Newberry; the coun-

sel he gave him, all things considered, was, for peace' sake, and for the preventing of sin, and snares, and troubles, to take the £40 rather than contend; "and Thomas," said the doctor, "if thou dost so, assure thyself that God will make it up to thee and thine some other way, and they that defraud will be the losers by it at last." He did so, and it pleased God so to bless that little which he began the world with, that when he died, in a good old age, he left his son possessed of some hundreds a year, whilst he that had wronged him fell into poverty.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES AND SUPPLIES.

DU MOULIN.

IN that period of barbarism, rendered memorable by the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, by Louis XIV. of France, when the blood of the saints was poured out like water, some of those persons employed in hunting down the Protestants were sent in pursuit of the celebrated Protestant minister, Du Moulin. They had long sought for him in vain, when at length they traced him to a certain house, and followed in his footsteps. Every corner of this house they searched, an oven excepted, which He, who can employ, in carrying out the designs of his mercy, an insect or an angel, had rendered, by means of a despicable spider, the secure asylum of his servant. A web just thrown over its mouth prevented scrutiny, and thus was Du Moulin preserved.

DR. COLE AND ELIZABETH EDMONDS.

AFTER imprisoning and burning many Protestants in England, Queen Mary determined the Protestants of Ireland should be dealt with in like manner. For this purpose she signed a commission, and appointed Dr. Cole one of the commissioners. The doctor coming with the commission to Chester, on his journey, the mayor of that city, hearing that her majesty was sending a messenger into Ireland, waited on the

doctor, who, in discourse with the mayor, took out of a cloak-bag a leather box, saying, "Here is a commission that shall lash the heretics of Ireland," calling the Protestants by that title. The good woman of the house, being well affected to the Protestant religion, and also having a brother named John Edmonds of the same religious profession, then a citizen of Dublin, was much troubled at the doctor's words; but watching her convenient time, while the mayor took his leave, and the doctor complimented him down stairs, she opened the box, took the commission out, and placed in lieu of it a sheet of paper, with a pack of cards wrapped up in it, the knave of clubs being faced uppermost. The doctor coming up to his chamber, and suspecting nothing of what had been done, put up the box as formerly. The next day going to the water-side, wind and weather serving him, he sailed towards Ireland, and landed on the 7th of October, 1558, at Dublin. When he arrived at the castle, the lord Fitz-Walter, being lord-deputy, sent for him to come before him and the privy council. He came accordingly, and after he had made a speech, relating on what account he had come over, he presented the box to the lord deputy, who, causing it to be opened, that the secretary might read the commission, there was nothing save a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost; which not only startled the lord deputy and council, but the doctor, who assured them he had a commission, but knew not how it was gone. The lord deputy made answer, "Let us have another

commission, and we will shuffle the cards in the meanwhile." The doctor, being troubled in his mind, went away, and returned to England, and, coming into the court, obtained another commission ; but staying for the wind on the water-side, news came to him that the queen was dead ; and thus God preserved the Protestants of Ireland. Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with this story, which was related to her by lord Fitz-Walter on his return to England, that she sent for Elizabeth Edmonds, and gave her a pension of £40 a year during her life.

REV. D. ANDERSON.

THIS worthy man, formerly minister at Walton-upon-Thames, being the subject of persecution in England in the year 1662, and apprehensive of the ascendancy of popery, removed to Middleburgh, in Zealand. The little money he took with him was soon expended, and he was reduced with his family to very great want, which his modesty would not allow him to make known. In this perplexity, after he had been at prayer one morning with his family, his children asked for some bread for their breakfast, but he having none, nor money to buy any, they all burst into tears.

While they were thus sorrowing together, the door-bell was rung ; Mrs. Anderson went to the door, where she was met by a man who presented a small parcel, saying it had been sent by a gentleman, and that some provision would be sent in shortly. When they opened the paper, they found it to con-

tain forty pieces of gold. Soon afterwards a countryman arrived with a horse-load of whatever could contribute to their comfort. These supplies were continued at intervals to his dying day, without his knowing where they came from. It afterwards appeared that these kindnesses were shown by a pious merchant at Middleburgh, who, observing a grave English minister frequently walk the streets with a dejected countenance, inquired privately into his circumstances, and sent him the gold by his apprentice, and the provision by his country servant, saying, "God forbid that any of Christ's ambassadors should be strangers, and we not visit them; or in distress, and we not assist them;" at the same time expressly charging them to conceal his name.

REV. MR. THOROWGOOD.

MR. THOROWGOOD, a minister of the seventeenth century, having reproved the sin of swearing, one of his hearers, sensible of his guilt, and thinking he was the person particularly intended, resolved to kill him; and in order to do it he hid himself behind a hedge, by which he knew Mr. Thorowgood would ride, when he went to preach his weekly lecture. When Mr. T. came to the place, he prepared to shoot him, but his piece failed, and only flashed in the pan. The next week he lay in the same place, with the same design. When Mr. T. came up, the wretched man attempted to fire again, but the piece would not go off. Upon this, his conscience accusing him for such wickedness, he went after him,

and, falling down on his knees, with tears in his eyes, related the whole to him, and begged his pardon. This providence was the means of his conversion, and he became from that time a serious Christian.

REV. GILBERT RULE.

MR. GILBERT RULE was minister of Alnwick, in Northumberland, during the time of the persecution. When he was forced to leave his charge at Alnwick, he went to Berwick, where he practised surgery for the support of his family. His enemies continued their persecutions. They engaged some of the baser sort to waylay him. That he might be brought into this snare, a messenger was despatched at midnight to request him to visit a person in the country, whom he should represent as very ill. The good man expressed so much sympathy for the sick person, and showed such readiness to run to his relief, though at midnight, that the messenger's heart relented, (for he was privy to the plot,) and was so filled with remorse, that he discovered the whole affair to Mr. Rule, which happily saved him from premature death.

DYING TESTIMONIES.

JOHN HUSS.

WHEN John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, was brought out to be burned, they put on his head a triple crown of paper, with painted devils on it. On seeing it he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ, for my sake, wore a crown of thorns; why should not I then, for his sake, wear this light crown, be it ever so ignominious? Truly I will do it, and that willingly." When it was set upon his head, the bishops said, "Now we commit thy soul to the devil." "But I," said Huss, lifting up his eyes towards heaven, "do commit my spirit into thy hands, O Lord Jesus Christ; to thee I commend my spirit, which thou hast redeemed."

JEROME OF PRAGUE.

JEROME of Prague, the associate of Huss in the work of reformation, followed him to the stake a few months after this. Arrived at the place, he knelt down and commended himself to God in nearly the same words as Huss did. The whole deportment of this faithful minister of Christ exhibited unshaken courage, and at the same time holy submission to God's will. When the executioner was about to kindle the fire *behind* him, he said, "Bring thy torch hither; do thine office *before* my face: had I feared

death, I might have avoided it." As the fagots began to blaze, he commenced singing a psalm in a loud voice, until at length he was suffocated in the flames.

GEORGE WISHART.

GEORGE WISHART, a man of apostolic character, who trained the youthful spirit of John Knox, and paved the way for him in the Scottish Reformation, fell a victim to the truth nineteen years after Patrick Hamilton. At the stake he cried out, "For the true gospel, given me by the grace of God, I suffer this day with a glad heart. Behold, and consider my visage—ye shall not see me change colour—I fear not this fire. I know surely, and my faith is such that *my soul shall drink wine new with my Saviour this night!*" And kneeling down, he prayed for forgiveness to his accusers and enemies. As the fire was kindled, he raised his eyes to heaven and cried, "*O Saviour of the world, have mercy on me! Father of heaven, into thy hands I commend my spirit!*"

BRADFORD.

BRADFORD, the most famous preacher of King Edward's day, was brought to the stake by Queen Mary. His last words, as he submitted to the flames, were, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it. And now, O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

JAMES DURHAM.

JAMES DURHAM was chaplain to King Charles I., and minister of the High Church of Glasgow. On his dying bed he was at first in much darkness of mind. He said to a friend, "For all that I have preached and written, there is but one Scripture I can think of, or dare to lay hold of; tell me, brother, if I may dare lay the weight of my salvation on it: 'Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out!'" "That you may depend on," said the minister in reply, "though you had a thousand salvations at hazard!" Having remained some time in silence, in great bodily pain, but wrestling in faith and prayer, he at length came joyfully from beneath the dark cloud, and cried, in a rapture of joy, "Is not the Lord good? Is he not infinitely good? See how he smiles! I do say it, and I do proclaim it!"

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, one of the most resplendent lights that ever rose in Scotland, was the professor of divinity in the University of St. Andrew's. When the parliament of Scotland summoned him for trial, because he stood up for liberty and religion, he was on his dying bed. "Tell the parliament," said he to the messenger, "that I have received a summons to a *higher bar*; I must needs answer *that* first; and when the day you name shall come, I shall be where few of you shall enter!" In his last moments he said to ministers around him, "There

is none like Christ : O, dear brethren, pray for Christ, preach for Christ, do all for Christ ; feed the flock of God ! And O, beware of men-pleasing !” Having recovered from a fainting fit, he said, “ I feel, I feel, I believe, I joy, I rejoice, I feed on manna ! my eyes shall see my Redeemer, and I shall be ever with him ! And what would you more ? I have been a sinful man ; but I stand at the best pass that ever a man did. Christ is mine, and I am his ! Glory, glory to my Creator and Redeemer forever ! Glory shines in Immanuel’s land ! O for arms to embrace him ! O for a well-tuned harp !” He continued exulting in God his Saviour to the last, as one in the full vision of joy and glory !

CLAUDE.

CLAUDE, whose fame is in all the churches, was exiled from France by the ferocious bigotry of Louis XIV. His closing scene was truly affecting and instructive. Having pronounced his solemn benediction on his spouse, and his son, (an able minister of Christ,) and on an aged domestic, all kneeling at his bed-side ; and having committed them to the God of the widow and fatherless, he uttered these his last words : “ I am so oppressed that I can attend only to *two* of the great truths of religion, namely, the mercy of God, and the gracious aids of the Holy Ghost ! I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day ! Our Lord Jesus Christ is my only righteousness !”

CHARLES WESLEY.

It may be said of the Rev. Charles Wesley, that he died with a hymn to Christ upon his lips ; for when in a state of extreme feebleness, having been silent and quiet for some time, he called Mrs. Wesley to him, and requested her to write the following lines at his dictation :—

“ In age and feebleness extreme,
 Who shall a sinful world redeem ?
 JESUS, my only hope thou art,
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart ;
 O ! could I catch a smile from THEE,
 And drop into eternity !”

REV. MR. M'G——.

“ SOME time ago,” says Rev. Mr. Purvis, “ Mr. S., of C——, related to a friend of mine a few circumstances of great interest, with regard to the last illness and death of the Rev. Mr. M'G., of L——, a well-known minister in the west of Scotland, one who had long been very eminent for godliness, and had done much for his Lord and Master in his day. In some respects, I believe, he was a peculiar man ; but if in anything singular, he was singular in holiness. Universally was he revered as a man who walked with God, and whose secret was with Him ; and the very name of Mr. M'G. still creates a sensation in all that country side, which powerfully tells what he must have been, and confirms the truth of the Word, ‘ The memory of the just is blessed.’ Well, Mr. S. went to see Mr. M'G. on his death bed, and

said he was awfully solemnized by the way he spoke to him of his own experience. He seemed to have had great searchings of heart, and to have been brought very low ; and he related a dream to Mr. S. which he had had, and which, he said, expressed very clearly both what he had been brought through and brought to. He dreamt that he saw heaven opened, and a company approach and go in, and the door was shut. In this company he beheld Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and many of the Old Testament saints, and there were amongst them those whom he himself had known, but he could not get in along with them. There was a short pause, and again the door was opened, and again a company approached, and in that company he knew many, but again he said, ‘ I could not get in along with them, and I began to tremble exceedingly.’ A third time the door was opened, and another company approached ; one went in after another, and Mr. M’G. said, ‘ Terror began to seize upon me, and my knees smote one upon another, when all at once, looking around, I saw Manasseh ! Manasseh, that had made Jerusalem stream with blood !’ And, giving Mr. S. an indescribable look, he said, ‘ And I crept in at Manasseh’s back !’ Mr. M’G. told Mr. S. he had indeed found peace, having been brought to Paul’s experience : ‘ This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief ;’ and that he had nothing in the world to trust to but this.”

EDWARD PAYSON.

THE late Dr. Payson, in his last illness, suffered excruciating pains, yet always spoke of "light afflictions;" and, to use his own language, he seemed to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which was carrying him on to the ocean of peace. "God is literally now my all in all. If He is present with me, no event can in the least diminish my happiness; and were all the world at my feet, trying to minister to my comfort, they could not add one drop to the cup. My happiness is too great, it will wear me out. How I do long now to say a few words to my dear people. Hitherto, I have viewed God as a fixed star, bright indeed, but often intercepted by clouds; but now he is coming nearer and nearer, and spreads into a sun, so vast and glorious, that the sight is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain. I see, clearly, that all these same glorious and dazzling perfections, which now only serve to kindle my affections into a flame, and to melt down my soul into the same blessed image, would burn and scorch me like a consuming fire, if I were an impenitent sinner." In a letter to his sister, he says:—"Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been, for several weeks, a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon—its breezes fan me—its odours are wafted to me—its sounds strike upon my ears—and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river

of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approaches, and now fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze at this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should thus deign to shine upon a sinful worm. When I would speak of God my Redeemer, my words are all swallowed up. I can only tell you of the effects His presence produces, and even of these I can tell you but very little. O, my sister, my sister, could you but know what awaits the Christian, could you only know as much as I know, you could not refrain from rejoicing, and leaping for joy. Labours, trials, troubles, would be nothing. You have known a little of my trials and conflicts, and know that they have been neither few nor small; and I hope this glorious termination of them will serve to strengthen your faith and elevate your hope. And now, my dear sister, farewell. Hold on your Christian course a few days longer, and you will meet in heaven your happy and affectionate brother." He died October 22d, 1827, in the 44th year of his age.

REV. WM. S. PEASE.

THIS excellent young minister was born in Canaan, Columbia county, N. Y., on the 5th of April, 1800.

He became pious when only eight years of age, but by neglect of duty, and indulging in the levities of youth, he lost his communion with God. In 1815, during the progress of a revival of religion in his native town, he was restored to the divine favour, the evidence of which he retained to the end of his pilgrimage. In 1821 he commenced his labours as an itinerant minister, in connexion with the New-York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His race was short, but his end triumphant. After labouring between four and five years he was prostrated by disease, which baffled medical skill, and soon put an end to his labours and his life.

He was remarkably patient and resigned under his sufferings. On the Tuesday night previous to his death, when nature seemed almost exhausted, he revived a little, and said, "Can this be dying? I never was so happy! I am free from pain, both of body and mind." About an hour before the closing scene, he lay with his eyes fixed, as if gazing upon some object, when he exclaimed with a strong voice, "Well,—well,—well;—I come,—I come, I come." About half an hour afterwards, he spoke to his friends who stood by him, with a faltering voice, "Farewell, farewell; I am happy:—and then slept in death.

ALL FORGOTTEN BUT CHRIST.

A good old minister, who died in 1807, at nearly ninety years of age, had been long incapable of engaging in public services, and had lost his recollection.

Towards the last days of his life, he was moved to the house of a beloved son, where he was attended to with the most filial affection. On the evening before his death, a neighbouring minister visited him, but he did not know him. Being told who he was, he answered, "No, I do not remember any such person." His beloved son was introduced to him; but no, he did not know him. "I do not remember that I have a son," said the good old man. In short, his memory was so impaired that he knew none of his friends or family about him. At last he was asked, "Do you not remember the Lord Jesus Christ?" On this his eyes brightened; and attempting to lift his hands in the hour of death, he exclaimed, "O! yes, I do, I do! I remember the Lord Jesus Christ! He is my Lord and my God, by whom I hope to be saved!" May we not be assured that the gracious Redeemer of sinners will not forsake those who thus regard him with a love that even the decay of nature cannot destroy? Blessed are they that put their trust in him! Reader, hast thou done so? If not, what will be thy state when thou comest to die?

REV. JOHN HYATT.

It is well known that this excellent man was, for many years, co-pastor with the Rev. Matthew Wilks, of the congregations at the Tabernacle and Tottenham-court chapel. His venerable colleague, who called upon him a few hours before his death, in a characteristic conversation, said, "Is all right for another world?"

“I am very happy,” said Mr. H.

“Have you made your will?”

Mistaking the question—“The will of the Lord be done,” said the dying Christian.

“Shall I pray with you?”

“Yes, if you can:” alluding to Mr. Wilks’s feelings, at that moment considerably excited.

After prayer, “Well, my brother, if you had a hundred souls, could you commit them all to Christ now?” alluding to an expression Mr. H. frequently used in the pulpit.

With a mighty and convulsive effort, he replied, “A million!”

STEPHEN BEEKMAN BANGS.

THIS amiable and devoted young minister, son of Rev. Heman Bangs, was born in the city of New-York, March 15, 1823. From early life he was religiously inclined, and at the age of thirteen he made a public profession of faith in Christ. Having finished his preparatory studies at the Wesleyan Academy, in Wilbraham, Mass., he entered the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., in August, 1837, being then in his fifteenth year. But his health failing, he returned to his father’s house in New-York. After he had somewhat recovered, he entered the New-York University, and in 1843 graduated with honour to himself and to the satisfaction of his friends. In 1844 he received a license to preach, and at the ensuing session of the New-York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was

received on trial and appointed to Westville and Bethany, in Connecticut. The following year he was stationed in Milford. Here his health failing, he returned to his father's in New Haven. The following description of his triumphant exit is extracted from a letter written by his mother to the compiler, soon after his death.*

“My dear Stephen came home on the 14th of Nov., very unwell, but his father being absent from town, he preached twice. He entered into the spirit of his work, and spoke with great energy. Two persons were awakened, and this was the commencement of a revival in his father's charge. After remaining at home for ten weeks, and being somewhat improved in health, he went back to his station, but returned in about nine days with a severe cold, from which he never recovered. His disease proved to be a bronchial consumption.

“After his physicians had given him up, I said to him, ‘I fear you will not stay long with us.’ His countenance brightened, ‘All right,’ said he, ‘ask father to pray.’ After prayer he took each of the family in turn by the hand, giving each a kiss and his dying charge. Then raising his feeble hands he shouted, ‘Glory, glory, glory to God!’ He then sank away as though dead. His father remarked, ‘He has gone, with glory on his lips.’ But he revived, and said, ‘I am not dead.’ Of the scene which followed, my dear brother, I can give you but a very

* The phraseology of the letter is altered very slightly, as it was not originally designed for the public eye.

imperfect description. It did seem as though the Lord of hosts came as near as mortals could bear. By this time the room was nearly full of visitors. He exclaimed, 'My sins are all forgiven, I am washed white, made pure in the blood of Jesus. Not a doubt, not a cloud. All well—more than well. Praise the Lord, I am going home.' He then gave out—

'O thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin.'

It was sung. When they came to the fourth verse,

'Angels now are hovering round us,'

it seemed as though his spirit would fly away. He looked out at the window: 'The sun,' said he, 'is setting, mine is rising.' Then, with a look of heavenly delight, he gazed upon his hands, where the blood was already ceasing to circulate. 'I go from this bed to a crown,' cried he, with his right arm pointing upwards; 'farewell;' laid his hands upon his breast, gasped, and expired.

"I had thought if he died, I should die with him; but there was nothing like death about it; the room seemed filled with the glory of God. I yet feel those comforting influences the Spirit was pleased to give me, during those last three hours of his life."

HENRY VENN.

MR. VENN, in his last illness, exhibited at times, in the midst of extreme feebleness of body, signs of great joy and gladness. Some of his friends, who

visited him in his declining state, endeavoured to encourage his mind, by bringing to his recollection his useful labours in the Lord's vineyard. While one of them was enlarging in this strain, the dying saint, raised from a state of oppressive languor, and deeply sensible of his own insufficiency, with great animation exclaimed, "Miserable comforters are ye all!—I have had many to visit me, who have endeavoured to comfort me by telling me what *I have done*. 'He hath spoiled principalities and powers, —He hath made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in His cross.' *This, sir, is the source of all my consolation, and not anything I have done.*"

HALYBURTON.

MR. HALYBURTON was one of the most learned divines of Scotland, and professor of divinity in the University of St. Andrew's. The ablest of his writings is his "Natural Religion insufficient, and Revealed necessary to man's happiness." He wrote against Lord Herbert, the father of the English Deists; and was the first who carried the war into the enemy's camp, showing the absurdity and futility of the deist's system. The chief of his practical works is his "Great Concern." He was a truly devoted Christian, and he breathed out his soul to God in a triumphant death. The following were his last words: "I dare look death in the face, in its most ghastly shape, and hope soon to have the victory over it. Glory, glory to him! O, what of God do I see! I have never seen anything like it.

The *beginning* and the *end* of religion are wonderfully sweet! I long for his salvation: I bless his name, I have found him! I am taken up in blessing him: I am dying, rejoicing in the Lord! O, I could not have believed that I should bear, and bear cheerfully, as I have done, this rod, which hath lain on me long. This is a miracle! Pain without pain! You see a man dying: a monument of the glorious power of astonishing grace!" Some time after he said, "When I shall be so weak as no longer to be able to speak, I will, if I can, give you a sign of triumph when I am near to glory." He did so: for when one said, "I hope you are encouraging yourself in the Lord," being now unable to speak, he lifted up his hands and clapped them, and in a few moments expired.

BISHOP BEVERIDGE.

WHEN the pious Bishop Beveridge was on his death-bed, he did not know any of his friends or connexions. A minister, with whom he had been well acquainted, visited him; and when conducted into his room he said, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?" "Who are you?" said the bishop. Being told who the minister was, he said that he did not know him. Another friend came who had been equally well known, and accosted him in a similar manner: "Do you know me, Bishop Beveridge?" "Who are you?" said he. Being told it was one of his intimate friends, he said he did not know him. His wife then came to his bed-side, and asked him

if he knew her. "Who are you?" said he. Being told she was his wife, he said he did not know her. "Well," said one of them, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ!" said he, reviving, as if the name had produced upon him the influence of a charm, "O! yes, I have known him these forty years: precious Saviour, he is my only hope!"

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

MR. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY closed his life by a very triumphant death. He said, "O how this soul of mine longs to be gone: like an imprisoned bird, it longs to take its flight. O that I had the wings of a dove, I should flee away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest forever! I long to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord." At another time he said, "O what a day of sunshine has this been to me! I have no words to express it: it is unutterable! O, my friends, how good our God is! Almost without interruption his presence has been with me." Being near his end, having awakened out of sleep, he said, "O what delights! who can fathom the joys of the third heavens!" And just before he expired he said, "The sky is clear; there is no cloud: Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

JOSEPH BENSON.

Two days before the venerable and Rev. Joseph Benson expired, he was visited by Dr. Adam Clarke, and Mr. (now Dr.) Bunting. Dr. Clarke, who ap-

peared very much affected at seeing him, said, "You know me, sir?" He answered, "O yes,—it is Dr. Clarke." "Well, sir, you are not far from the kingdom of our God." He replied, "I am not only not far from the kingdom of God, but I am sure of finding God in that kingdom. I am breaking very fast, and shall do so more and more." Dr. Clarke said, "You have an all-sufficient and almighty Saviour, and you now maintain your trust in him." He replied, "Yes." The doctor then prayed with him, after which he said, "You feel the power of those great truths which you have for so many years fully declared to us: we have not followed a cunningly-devised fable." He answered, "No—no; I have no hope of being saved but by grace, through faith. I still feel the need of the renewing influences of His Holy Spirit." To Mr. Bunting he said, "I am very weak,—I feel my infirmities; I feel that I have no sufficiency for anything good in myself." He observed also, "I consider that we must not only be pardoned and accepted through Christ, but also, for his sake, and by his Spirit, be fully renewed and made partakers of his divine nature."

THOMAS SCOTT.

THE Rev. Thomas Scott, the commentator, died in 1821. As a faithful minister, a judicious writer, and a holy man, he had few equals. His dying bed may be said to have been sublimely Christian! He exhibited an awful sense of divine things, of the evil

of sin, of the purity and holiness of God. And notwithstanding his progress heavenward, what self-abasement he ever manifested! "O Lord, abhor me not," said he, in fervent prayer, "though I be *abhorrible*, and abhor myself: say not, 'Thou filthy soul, continue to be filthy still;' but rather say, 'I will, be thou clean.'" He longed much to be gone. "I am weary of my journey, and wish to be at home, if it be God's will. Ah! I had thought that I should close the sacred services of this day (the Sabbath) in heaven." A great part of his time he prayed and thought *aloud*. On one occasion he said, "Posthumous reputation! the veriest bubble with which the devil ever deluded a wretched mortal! But posthumous *usefulness*—ay, in that there is indeed something: that was what Moses, the prophets, and the apostles desired; and most of all, the Lord Jesus Christ." Among the last words he uttered were these: "Lord, support me—Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" To his weeping wife and children he said, with tenderness, "Can any rational being grieve at my departure? Well, *nature* will have its first burst of sorrow, but you will soon learn to view it in its true light. Christ is my all! He is my only hope! O to realize the fulness of joy! O to have done with temptation! This is heaven begun: I have done with darkness forever! Satan is vanquished! Nothing remains but salvation with eternal glory, eternal glory!"

MISCELLANEOUS—ILLUSTRATIONS.

HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.

“I REMEMBER that on my return to France, in a vessel which had been on a voyage to India,” says St. Pierre, “as soon as the sailors had perfectly distinguished the land of their native country, they became in a great measure incapable of attending to the duties of the ship. Some looked at it wistfully, without the power of minding anything else ; others dressed themselves in their best clothes, as if they were going to disembark ; some talked to themselves, and others wept.

“As we approached, the disorder of their minds increased. As they had been absent several years, there was no end to the admiration of the hills, the foliage of the trees, and even the rocks which skirted the shore, covered with weeds and mosses. The church spires of the villages where they were born, which they distinguished at a distance up the country, and which they named one after another, filled them with transports of delight.

“But when the vessel entered the port, and when they saw on the quays their fathers, their mothers, their wives, their children, and their friends, stretching out their arms with tears of joy, and calling them by their name, it was no longer possible to retain a man on board ; they all sprang on shore, and it be-

came necessary, according to the custom of the port, to employ another set of mariners to bring the vessel to her mooring.

“What, then, would be the case, were we indulged with a sensible display of that heavenly country, inhabited by those who are dearest to us, and who are worthy of our most sublime affections? The laborious and vain cares of this life would from that moment come to an end. Its duties would be forsaken, and all our powers and feelings would be lost in perpetual rapture. It is wisdom, therefore, that a veil is spread over the glories of futurity. Let us enjoy the hope that the happy land awaits us, and in the mean time let us fulfil with cheerfulness and patience what belongs to our present condition.”

POWER OF THE TRUTH.

“GOD,” said Dr. Clarke on one occasion, “will abide by his own truth, by whomsoever delivered; by men however weak and defective, though we are not to confound occasional usefulness with a *call* to the ministry. A minister who understood nothing at all about experimental religion, was reading a sermon, in which the doctrine of forgiveness of sins through faith was alluded to. A poor man, already under serious convictions, on this occasion received a sense of pardon and acceptance with God;—in the joy of his heart, he went to tell the minister of the blessing he had received—narrated his simple tale to the instrument of his deliverance, and was surprised to find the preacher could not comprehend the subject; de-

clarifying that there was not a passage in the discourse which any of his auditors could apply in this strange way. To settle the point, however, he repaired to his study for the sermon, and forthwith began to read: the man listened with deep attention; every now and then interrupting him with,—‘That is not it—please to go on, sir! you are near it now.’ At length the welcome passage fell upon his ear, and he exclaimed, ‘That is it—that is it—bless the Lord!’ ‘If,’ replied the minister, ‘this sermon has been the means of turning one man mad, it shall never do so to another,’ and instantly threw it into the fire. Thus,” said Dr. C., “God will bless his truth to the heart of the sincere man, even under the most unpromising circumstances.”

THE BIBLE IN KHASSEE.

KHASSEE is a country in Asia, lying to the north-east of Calcutta, and bordering on Burmah and China; it belongs to the English. Some years ago the Bible was translated into the Khassee language, and a missionary was sent into the country. Mr. Lish, the first missionary who went, was received joyfully by the people; and when they heard him speak in their own language, they laughed heartily; but when he began to open to them the truths of Scripture, they were so forcibly impressed, that they said “he was a god, and that they were but cows and goats.” After a time another missionary went to them; and a chief from a village he had not yet visited came to him, and thus addressed him: “If you have any-

thing from God to say to us, come quickly ; otherwise we may be dead, and what you have to say will be of no use to us. What will then become of us ?” One of the Christian converts said to the missionary, “ The word of God is truly wonderful ; for I have some new thoughts whenever I look into it. I do not find it so with anything else. But the word of God is like a fountain which sends forth fresh waters every day ; they are not the same, but although they differ, they are all very good. Even the same verse says something new whenever I look into it.”

YOUR VISIT IS KIND, BUT LATE.

As an illustration of the danger of delay in warning men against the sin of drunkenness, the following story is told by Dr. King, in his work on the Ruling Elder :—

One of the best elders I ever knew, was very earnest in acting upon the principle of *promptly* noticing what was wrong, and he related to me an incident which had mainly impressed its importance on his mind. A highly respectable member of the congregation in which he was an office-bearer, became suspected of exceeding in the use of ardent spirits. At first the suspicion was treated as a calumny, and the friends of the accused spoke of it with indignation. Nothing, therefore, was done in the matter—not so much as to institute any inquiry to ascertain the truth or untruth of the rumours. The suspected individual maintained, on the whole, his prior standing, and no one could be bold enough to confront him on the deli-

cate subject. Suspicion went to rest, but from time to time revived, and always in alliance with new corroboratory indications. Still the respectable man could not be charged, however gently, with the supposition of inebriety. At length his excesses became more decided and apparent, he was seen drunk one day in the street; the town rang with the sad news; and no more delicacy remained in subjecting him to discipline. The session took up the case, and the elder I have adverted to was appointed, along with another, to wait on the offender, to converse with him on the report affecting his reputation, and summon him to the next session. He received them with a mournful expression on his countenance. When they had informed him of the occasion and design of their call, he replied to this effect:

“Your visit is kind, but *late*. Had you come sooner, while I had a struggle with myself, you might have aided my better resolutions. But now all is over; my character is lost; my self-command is gone; and I am a ruined man forever and ever!” Shortly after he expired *in a fit of drinking*.

THE RATIONALIST AND THE PENITENT.

IN his recently published Notes of a Tour in Switzerland, Rev. Baptist Noel observes, that there are states of mind in which nothing but the gospel can afford peace, and illustrates the sentiment by this remarkable anecdote:—

“Not long since, a Protestant lady in the South of France, supposing herself to be near death, was

seized with deadly terror. It was in vain that her husband sought to console her. They had lived a thoughtless life, and she could not bear to stand before the judgment-seat of God. 'Then let us send for the minister,' said her husband. 'What use is it?' replied the sick person; 'I know what he will say; it avails nothing.' However, the minister was sent for. Being a young rationalist, who had often opposed evangelical doctrine, he endeavoured, when he reached the chamber of sickness, to console her by the memory of her domestic virtues, and by assurance of the boundless mercy of God. But his efforts were utterly vain; all his fine speeches could not silence a reproachful conscience: she felt that the justice of God was in terrible array against her ungodliness, and the very mission of Christ convinced her of unpardonable ingratitude to the Redeemer. The minister was perplexed; all his stores of common-place, heartless palliatives to mental anguish were exhausted, and she wildly told him that she was wretched and undone. What could he say more? At that moment it flashed upon his mind that the evangelical doctrine which he had so often opposed, would silence all her fears; it was precisely what her agonized mind was asking for; it would be to her like water in the scorched desert. He knew the doctrine of justification by grace through faith well, for he had often maligned it; he was familiar with the texts cited by evangelical ministers, for he had employed his powers of criticism to refute their evangelical meaning. If he could but speak to her

as an evangelical minister, he might calm the anguish which he could scarcely bear to witness. But how could he say what he did not believe? how calm even that agony by a lie? At least he could read those passages supposed to contain evangelical doctrine—there could be nothing wrong in that. Baffled and perplexed, he directed her to the word of God for consolation, and read to her such texts as these: ‘God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ ‘He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.’ ‘As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.’ ‘Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.’ ‘Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.’ ‘There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.’ No more was wanted; it was light to her perplexed path, it was peace to her anguish, it was life to the dying, it was an instant cure for her despair; and she welcomed the gospel as the flower in the desert welcomes the rain, held fast the consolation, and died rejoicing in faith; a signal instance of the adaptation of the gospel to our moral wants.”

EXPERIENCE A SURE TEST.

ALLOW that some serious objections could be started against the efficacy of prayer, these objections do not touch the evidence on which we believe that

God has promised to hear prayer, nor that other evidence on which we believe that he has actually heard and answered it. The greatness of creation, and the littleness of man, the decrees of God, and the immutability of natural laws, would not stop his prayer, nor startle from his knees the man who could say, "Verily, God *hath* heard me ; he *hath* attended to the voice of my petition ;" but, superior to all speculative difficulties, because secure in his experimental knowledge, that wise and happy man would still pray on. And, to see the wisdom of this course, you have only to put a parallel case. In the infinite variety of this universe, there may be a world where the processes of growth, and decay, and reproduction, so familiar to us, are utterly unknown. Suppose that the inhabitant of such a world were transported to our own, and that he witnessed the husbandman's operations in spring. He might marvel what he meant. He might wonder why he cast these grains of corn into the ground ; and, when told that it was with a view to reproduce them a hundred-fold, the mysterious process might at once assume the aspect of infatuation, and he might begin to remonstrate with the labourer on this crazy waste of useful corn ; and, if this visitor from Jupiter or Saturn were as acute a metaphysician as many in our own world are, he might adduce many subtle arguments—too subtle, perhaps, for a farmer to refute. "Is not this a mad notion of yours ? Do you really mean to affirm, that this particle of corn will grow into a hundred more ? Nay, do you pre-

tend to say that you will put into that hole this hard and husky atom, and come back in three months and find it changed into the glossy stems, the waving leaves, and rustling ears, of the tall wheat-stalk? What resemblance, or what adequacy, is there between that seed and a sheaf of corn? Besides, if a buried grain is to grow up a hundred-fold, why don't you bury diamonds and guineas, and get them multiplied after the same proportion? Besides, O simpleton! do you not know that all these matters have been fixed and settled from everlasting? It has been foreordained, either that you are to have a crop next autumn, or that you are to have none. In the former case, your present pains are needless, for you will get your harvest without all this ado. If the latter, your pains are useless, for nothing will procure you a crop where it is not the purpose of Omnipotence that you should have one." Did the ploughman listen to all this remonstrance, he might be much perplexed with it. He might not be able to show the precise way in which seeds exert an efficacy on the future crop; and he might not see at once the reason why corn grains should be reproductive, whilst diamonds and guineas are not; and, least of all, might be able to dispose of the fatalist objection. But he would deem it enough to refute all this mystification to say—that he had never known a harvest without a seed-time, and that he had never sown sufficiently without reaping something. And so, when a man comes in from the prayerless world, and starts his objections, a pray-

ing man may not be able to discuss them one by one—he may not even understand them—“But this I know, God is the hearer of prayer, and, verily, he hath heard myself.” And, like the farmer, who scatters his seed heedless of all that has ever been said on necessity, and causation, and general laws, a wise believer will, in the face of hypothetic difficulties, proceed on ascertained facts, and, amidst objections and cavils, will persist to pray, and continue to enjoy the blessings which prayer procures.

PRAYER A PRIVILEGE.

IMAGINE that there had been certain limitations on prayer. Imagine that there had only been one spot on the earth from which prayer could arise with acceptance. Imagine—by no means inconceivable, for there was once something very like it—imagine that the Lord had selected some little spot of earth—a Mount Zion or a Holy Land—and said that here, and here only, was the place to worship. Imagine that from this hallowed spot alone there had existed a passage into heaven for the prayers of earth, and that all supplications, however earnest, uttered on the profane soil of the common globe, had gone for nothing. What a resorting we should have seen to this place of only prevalency! When there occurred some conjuncture decisive of weal or wo to an individual or a family, or when a man became so anxious about his soul's salvation that nothing could content him save light from above, we should have seen the busy trader arranging for his protracted ab-

sence, and the cautious, untravelled husbandman preparing for the perilous pilgrimage, and multitudes, on their own behalf or on behalf of others, resorting to the place where prayer is heard and answered. And imagine, further, that there had just been one day in the year when prayer was permitted; that those who arrived at the appointed place too late, found the gate of access closed for the next twelve months, and, however extreme the exigency, and however sudden the emergency, that it was impossible to do anything till the weary year moved round, and brought back the one propitious day!—even thus restricted, would not prayer have been felt to be a privilege worth a pilgrimage, and worth a long on-waiting? Just fancy that in our earth's yearly revolution round the sun there was disclosed a crevice in the sky!—that on one night in the year, and on one mountain-top, there was a vista opened through the encircling vault, and a sight of dazzling glories revealed to all who gazed from the favoured summit;—and fancy that through the brilliant gap there fell a shower of gold and gems, and that this recurred regularly on the self-same evening every year, what a concourse to that Pisgah might you count upon! How many eager eyes would strain the breathless hour beforehand till the first streak of radiance betokened the bursting glory! And how many emulous hands would rush together to catch the flaming rubies and the diamond rain!

And just conceive—the only other supposition we shall make—that certain costly or arduous prelimi-

naries were essential in order to successful prayer ; suppose that a day's strict abstinence, or some painful self-punishment, were exacted ; or that each worshipper were required to bring in his hand some costly offering—the choicest of his flock, or a large per centage on his income—and who would say that this was unreasonable ? Would not access into God's own presence—a favour so ineffable—would it not be wisely purchased at any price, and might not sinful “dust and ashes” marvel that after any ordeal or purifying process it was admitted near such Majesty ?

But how stands the case ? Prayer is not a consultation with the highest wisdom which this world can supply. It is not intercourse with an angel or a spirit made perfect. But it is an approach to the living God. It is access to the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity. It is detailing in the ear of Divine sympathy every sorrow. It is consulting with Divine wisdom on every difficulty. It is asking from Divine resources the supply of every want. And this not once in a life-time, or for a few moments on a stated day of each year, but at any moment, at every time of need.

PRAYER IN AFFLICTION.

“Is any among you afflicted ? Let him pray.”

“In agony nature is no atheist. The mind which knows not where to fly, flies to God.” And to spring into the arms of Omnipotence, to find refuge in the bosom of Mercy, is to weep no longer. The

drowning man, whose last sensation was the weltering brine ; who felt the seething flood go over him, and as he settled down among the trailing weeds, the memory of home darted like a death-shot through his heart, and put an end to other anguish ;—when that rescued man opens his eyes beneath some friendly roof, and instead of the watery winding-sheet, and the crawling gulf-monsters, finds himself on a couch of warm comfort, his chamber glowing with the cheerful fagot, a friendly face ready to greet his first waking, and see through the window the ship that is waiting to bear him back to his native isle,—it may be true that he had treasures in the foundered vessel, and that some curious or precious things he was carrying home may never be fished up from the devouring deep,—but how different his lot from the poor castaway, whom the billows have landed on a desolate rock, and who, creeping about in his dripping rags, can find no food but the limpets, no fuel but the crackling sea-weed, no hovel to shelter him, and no sail to waft him away. Both have been wrecked, and both have lost their all ; but in the joy of his rescue the one forgets his poverty, and in his wretched asylum from the waves the other recognizes nothing but a prison and a tomb. Precisely similar is the case of the afflicted man who prays, and of him who, when afflicted, cannot pray—the man whom the billows land on the desolate rock of worldliness or atheism, and the man who, from the stun of drowning waters, wakes up in the pavilion of God's own presence. Both may have

suffered equal losses. Both may have left a treasure in the deep. Both may have been washed empty-handed ashore. But the man of prayer is like the man who comes to himself in the asylum of the friendly home. The bliss of present fellowship with God abates or banishes the grief of recent loss. On the lee-shore, which has shattered his frail bark, he is astonished to lift up his eyes and find himself the guest of a beloved friend, and in a familiar dwelling. He knows that he will land safe at last, and is happy even now. "Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray."

PRAY AND SUCCEED.

It was to prayer that Henry IV. of France ascribed his crown, and Gustavus owed his victories. The father of the modern fine arts was wont, before he began any new composition, to invoke His inspiration who in other days taught Aholiab; and the Goliath of English literature felt that he studied successfully when he had prayed earnestly. And what Michael Angelo and Milton and Johnson found so hopeful to their mighty genius cannot hinder us. You have read in our own history of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was

mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and like a swooping falcon he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely delay sent him in safety back to his huzzaing comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless waking, bounces off into the business of the day, however good his talents, and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste, or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbour is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins.

THE EYES OPENED.

MOST persons, in the outset of their spiritual enlightenment, are in the case of the blind man at Bethsaida when his sight was half restored. He looked up and saw men like trees walking. He saw that he was in a world of light, and verdure, and vivacity; but it was all a jumble of green men, and walking trees—a medley of light and motion. He had no clear perceptions—no sharp and definite ideas. But—another touch of the same miraculous finger!—he looked again, and the men walked and the trees stood still, the birds winged their limpid way over quivering Galilee, and lo! Bethsaida sleeping in the summer noon. At the commencement of a

religious inquiry, the man finds himself in a region of deep interest, but withal a region of dim outlines and flickering obscurity. His notions run into one another, and he has rather a confused impression of the extent of the landscape, than a clear perception of any one object in it. Like the man who confounded walking people with growing trees, he is apt to confound one doctrine with another. He mistakes faith for the Saviour. He blends together the gospel and the law, and thinks that there must be a change in himself before he is entitled to believe in Christ for salvation. And if, at this stage, friendly counsellors come in with their distinctions and explanations, they answer much the same purpose as a neighbour who should have endeavoured to expound the landscape to the half-enlightened Galilean. After all his well-meant efforts, the scene would still have showed a medley of glimmering colours and dancing blotches, and nothing but another touch of the Omnipotent hand could project the whole into splendid distinctness. And, just as in the case of the dim-seeing Galilean, it was not so much a sunshine as a ghost of light which saluted his eye-balls—so, in the outset of a spiritual earnestness, it is not the warm and radiant gospel which glads the exploring vision, but a cold and hazy version of it. It is not a gospel over which the love of God sheds its flood of endearment, but a gospel in a mist—a gospel of conflicting attributes and ambiguous meaning, a gospel of dim love and doubtful kindness. And it is not till a power from on high imparts clearer per-

ceptions and intenser vision, that, like the joyful scenes which rushed on the fully-opened eyes of the Bethsaidan, the scheme of mercy stands out in assuring distinctness, and then melts in upon the soul in its genial beauty and overwhelming glories.

Now, my friends, if any of you are in this case—if you have for some time wished a clear theology and a soul-satisfying religion, this is the way to get it. You have, perhaps, sought it in books and in sermons. Perhaps you have sought it in the Bible, and in close thinking, and yet you have not found it. Seek it “from above.” Seek it in prayer. Don’t shut the Bible and forsake the sanctuary. Don’t fling away the book, or cease to reflect and meditate, but seek the wisdom from on high. It is not plainer preaching—certainly it is not a clearer Bible that you need; but it is a clearer eyesight—a power of sharper discernment, and a more perspicacious insight in yourself. This “opening of your eyes”—this exaltation of your faculties, God alone can give. But he *will* give it. You lack wisdom. Ask it of God. With your reading, hearing, meditation, mingle prayer; and, in the brightening of your views, and the strengthening of your faith, you will find that God is sending out his light and truth, and, by the illumination of his own Spirit, is making you wiser than all your teachers.

YE ASK AMISS.

SUPPOSE that a man takes up his pen and a piece of parchment, and writes on the top of it, “To the

Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, the humble petition of So and so," but there he stops. He sits with the pen in his hand for half an hour, but does not add another word, then rises and goes his way. And he repeats this process day after day—beginning a hundred sheets of paper, but putting into them no express request; sometimes, perhaps, scrawling down a few sentences which nobody can read, not even himself, but never plainly and deliberately setting down what it is that he desires. Can he wonder that his blank petitions and scribbled parchments have no sensible effect on himself nor on any one besides? And has he any right to say, "I wonder what can be the matter. Other people get answers to their petitions, but I am not aware that the slightest notice has ever been taken of one of mine. I am not conscious of having got a single favour, or being a whit the better for all that I have written?" Could you expect it? When did you ever finish a petition? When did you ever despatch and forward one to the feet of Majesty?

THE METHOD OF APPROACH.

It is competent to the sovereign to fix the channel through which he desires that his subjects should transmit their petitions; and there is a day's-man appointed; and, so to speak, it is a standing order in the court of heaven, that each petition from earth shall be transmitted through "the minister of the new covenant"—through that divine person on

whose shoulder is devolved the government of this our far-off colony. Now, what say you? Suppose that any one should try to overleap this standing order—suppose that any one should either in his proud stubbornness scorn it, or in his carelessness forget it, and try to forward his petition in his own name—can he wonder if an omission so flagrant should ensure its rejection? The petition may be very earnest, and its object may be perfectly right, but the mode of its transmission is wrong. And this is no matter of mere etiquette, like some of the court arrangements of earth, but a matter of high import, and meant to fulfil exalted ends. It is designed in honour of the Prince of Peace, to whose memorable interposition it is owing that there is any loyalty in this revolted world, and to whose administration the entire of its affairs is now intrusted, and to whose name it is but seemly that every knee should bow. Whosoever would present an acceptable petition, and secure a return to his prayer, must remember that saying of the Lord Jesus himself, “Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father *in my name* that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.”

ASK FOR THE RIGHT THINGS.

A CHILD who has never seen a serpent before, and who looks at it through the glass frame, may think it very beautiful. As it curls and glides about in its folds of green and gold, and its ruby eyes sparkle in the sun, it looks far prettier than more familiar ob-

jects, and the child may long to grasp it. "But what man is there among you who is a father, if his son ask a serpent, will he give him the serpent?" And supposing that the fretful child should weep because he is not allowed to fondle the asp, could worse befall him than just to be allowed to smash the case and clutch the envenomed reptile? The Lord has sometimes permitted his imperious and wayward children thus to punish themselves; but more frequently and more mercifully, he refuses their hearts' deceitful lust. One sets his eye on the golden serpent, and prays that God would make him rich. But the Lord still keeps the shining serpent beyond his reach; for should he have succeeded in hugging it to his bosom, it might have stung him with many sorrows, or even plunged him in perdition. Another sets his eye on the fiery flying serpent of fame, and wonders after it, and wishes that he too could fix his reputation to it, and see his own name flickering as a part of its meteor-train in its flight through the firmament. But this wish is also refused—and instead of a dizzy and dangerous renown, he is appointed to a safe obscurity. And sometimes requests, right or religious-looking, are refused. When the mother of Zebedee's children came and said, "Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand and the other on thy left, when thou comest in thy kingdom,"—there was a plausibility and a certain faith in the petition. It assumed that Christ had indeed a kingdom, and was yet to come gloriously, and it said that the highest

honour she could seek for James and John, was the highest office there. But the request was ambitious. It was wrong, and was refused.

PRAYER A DEFENCE.*

AMONG the elegant forms of insect life, there is a little creature known to naturalists, which can gather round it a sufficiency of atmospheric air—and, so clothed upon, it descends into the bottom of the pool, and you may see the little diver moving about dry and at his ease, protected by his crystal vesture, though the water all around and above be stagnant and bitter. Prayer is such a protector—a transparent vesture, the world sees it not—but, a real defence, it keeps out the world. By means of it the believer can gather so much of heaven's atmosphere around him, and with it descend into the putrid depths of this contaminating world, that for a season no evil will touch him; and he knows where to ascend for a new supply.

REPEATING SERMONS.

THE following amusing anecdote is capable of either a good or a bad application. A discourse may be repeated *because the occasion requires it*, or, it may be repeated *because the preacher is too indolent to produce a new one*. To rely, solely or chiefly, on

*The nine beautiful illustrations of prayer here presented to the reader are from an admirable little volume, "The Mount of Olives," by the Rev. James Hamilton, of the National Scotch Church, Regent's Square, London, republished by the Carters, of this city.

the preparations of former years engenders idleness, stifles genius, and gradually diminishes the preacher's interest in the truths he delivers ; giving to his audience, in place of fresh and vigorous discourses, those that are stale, flat, and lifeless. Preaching becomes a mere work of memory—a sort of school-boy declaiming, and the hearer is as little affected as the preacher. The moment a minister ceases to study—to bring forth new things as well as old—that moment he begins to decline in popularity and usefulness.

It was on Monday morning, says the narrator, that I called upon the Rev. Dr. P., of Edinburgh, whom I found in a most merry laughing mood.

“Why, what's the matter, Doctor, that you are so merry so early in the morning ?”

“Had you been here a little earlier,” said he, “you would have been laughing too. Did you meet a man going down the court as you came up it ?”

“I did, doctor.”

“Take a chair, then, till I can tell you the object of his so early visit to me on Monday morning.”

He laughed again, after which, by screwing and bracing, he succeeded to finish the tale, when——laughed more than the doctor.

“The person you met in the court,” said the doctor, “is one of my people, who felt it his duty to make so early a call this morning, to reprove me for a very great sin, which he conceived me to be guilty of committing yesterday.

“Yesterday morning I preached from such a text,

and being under engagement as supply in the afternoon, for Rev. Mr. E., of Leith, who was sick, I preached the same discourse to his people. It so happened that this person, whom you met in the court, went down after the morning service to Leith, to visit his daughter, who was sick. Having seen the child, he went to hear Mr. E. preach, when, lo! who should preach but the man he had heard in the morning, and what should he hear but the *same sermon!!* This, sir, constituted the very heinous sin of which I was guilty—the preaching at Leith the same sermon which I had preached at Edinburgh. And so grievously great, in his account, is this my sin, that I ought therefor to be rebuked; and to discharge which act of *brotherly kindness* to me was the object of this so early visit this morning.

“As he was not in the habit of calling, his visit rather surprised me; the more so on Monday morning, at so early an hour.

“I could perceive by his rather hurried and confused manner that he wanted to say something which he knew not how to introduce. To assist him therefore, I said, ‘John, I apprehend you have called upon me for some certain purpose; if so, proceed to inform me of the object of your visit.’

“After some humming, much ridding of the throat, accompanied by some few mutterings expressive of the regret and sorrow he felt that there should have existed such cause for his visit, he said, ‘Doctor, did you not preach yesterday morning from such a text?’

“ ‘ Yes, John.’

“ ‘ After morning service, I went down to Leith to visit my daughter, who is sick, and being there, thought I would step in and hear Mr. E. preach, but found you in the pulpit in his stead ; and did you not there preach the same sermon you preached in your own church in the morning ?’

“ ‘ I did, John, and I will tell you why I did it. I was some miles off, in another town, and in another congregation. If my sermon was of importance to you in Edinburgh, it certainly was so for them in Leith. But, John, I very well observe the object of your early visit. The questions you have put inform me both of its nature and design. You do not intend, I presume, to number me among the ‘ *dumb dogs that cannot bark,*’ but you rank me among the ‘ *idle shepherds,*’ because I preached the same sermon at Leith in the afternoon that I had delivered in the morning at Edinburgh, being too lazy, as you suppose, to prepare another for them there ; and you felt it your duty, did you not, to call upon me to reprove me for such conduct ?’

“ ‘ I did, doctor ; yet not exactly to reprove you, but to warn you against such conduct in future, as I consider it very improper, if not very sinful.’

“ ‘ I thank you, John, and am willing to believe you my friend, and that you are sincere in what you have done.’

“ ‘ I am all you say, doctor, and more too.’

“ ‘ That I am ready to admit, John, yet must tell you that I am more than a little skeptical as to what

you affirm respecting the sinfulness and impropriety of preaching a sermon a second time, when preached under circumstances such as mine yesterday was, away from home, and to a new congregation. But, skeptic as I am, and unable as I feel to believe exactly upon these points as you do, you now have it in your power, John, to convince me of another fact, if you will ; namely, the propriety or impropriety of preaching more than once the same sermon to the same people. I felt, John, that that sermon was on an important and solemn subject ; a subject eminently calculated, aided by the Spirit of God, to admonish and edify, not our church only, but every Christian society ; and could not fail of meeting a cordial response in every sanctified breast that listened to it.'

“ ‘ It was all you say, doctor. I never have heard a sermon I liked better. It was indeed a solemn and impressive sermon ; a convincing and stirring discourse—just such a sermon as the church of God, in her present circumstances, requires ; and, withal, it was so plain that all could understand and remember it.’

“ ‘ Well, John, as to the *remembering* it, you have had an advantage above all others, inasmuch as you have heard it twice, and by your remembering or forgetting of this sermon you have it now in your power of convincing me of the propriety or impropriety of preaching the same sermon a second or more times even at home. Now from the fact that you have heard it twice, and that but yesterday, I

hope you are able to repeat for the assistance of others; and the edification of your own soul, the greater part of it, and the more especially so since you say it was so plain and easy to be remembered. The introduction to the sermon was neither lengthy nor far-fetched; you are able to tell me how I introduced it?’

“After a good deal of shifting, and changing of his position on his seat, he said,

“‘Well, no, doctor, I have pretty much forgotten the manner in which you introduced the subject.’

“‘Well, John, you cannot have forgotten the divisions of the discourse. There was nothing artificial about them; they arose naturally out of the text, and were such as every reflecting mind could not fail to see. What was the first?’

“It, too, was lost in forgetfulness.

“‘Well, the second, what was it? Well, let us pass to the third; can you tell me it?’

“Nor could one of them be produced.

“‘Well, John, you cannot possibly have forgotten the improvement made of the subject. You very well remember, I doubt not, the many and various classes of characters therein addressed, and the many and important Christian duties inculcated. The improvement, John, was of all the sermon the most awful, solemn, and impressive part. It you cannot surely have forgotten?’

“‘It was, sir, it was. It made a deep impression on my mind, and I could see very well it did on many others also; but, doctor, I have a bad memory,

and am sorry to say I can repeat but little of the improvement either.'

"I waited some time for that '*little*,' but found that the improvement also was lost. I then said,

" 'Well, John, so far are you from convincing me of the sinfulness and impropriety of preaching a sermon a second time when I go from home, that you have convinced me of the necessity of performing a new duty I never thought of before, namely, the preaching of important sermons twice and again at home.

" 'When you go home, John, you had better reflect upon the object of your visit to me ; and while you are doing that, I shall reflect whether it is not my duty to you to preach next Sunday morning, a third time, the same sermon, with a view to assist your so treacherous memory.'

"I need not add that John retired, apparently suffering by most mortified feelings."

Where is that church in which are not to be found many such Johns ? All cry fy, fy, at the repetition of a sermon, but try them as John was tried, and you will find that bad memories are the curse not of John alone. But how appalling the consideration of such a state of things ! how discouraging to ministers, and how ruinous to immortal souls ! How numerous in every church the "*wayside*" hearers !

PARTIALITY TO OURSELVES.

"**SINNERS** are the interested parties. They sit in judgment on their own case. In human affairs it

is the appropriate business of the law to fix the ill-desert of crime ; it is the business of impartial men to decide according to evidence, whether this ill-desert attaches to the individual accused." But this is not the course of impenitent men. They assume to say what the law should be ; in other words, to legislate for their Maker. " If a human legislature, composed of Sabbath-breakers, were to enact laws which should define the amount of guilt that should attach to Sabbath-breaking, or if a legislature of gamblers, or of duellists, or of adulterers, or of pirates, or of murderers, were to enact laws defining the guilt of gambling, duelling, piracy, or murder, who does not see that they would be under irresistible temptations to diminish the turpitude of these crimes ?" Or if a jury of thieves were summoned to sit in judgment upon a thief, a companion in guilt ; who does not see that their verdict would not be very likely to be impartial ? But stronger still would be the case if twelve men, accused of theft, and put upon their trial, should be taken from the prisoner's box, and placed upon the juror's bench, and ordered to bring in a verdict of guilty or not guilty in their own case.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THIS nobleman was a man of uncommon acuteness of intellect, and conversational powers of the highest order. He has been well described as a great wit, a great sinner, and a great penitent. " He told me," says Bishop Burnett, " that Mr. Parsons read to

him the fifty-third chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, and compared it with the history of our Saviour's passion, that he might there see a prophecy concerning it written many ages before its accomplishment, which the Jews, who blasphemed Christ, still kept in their hands as a book divinely inspired. He said as he heard it read he *felt an inward force upon him which did so enlighten his mind and convince him, that he could resist it no longer.* For the words had an *authority* that did *shoot like rays or beams in his mind*, so that he was not only convinced by the reasoning he had about it, which satisfied his understanding, but by a power which did so effectually constrain him, that he did ever after believe in his Saviour, as if he had seen him in the clouds."

LOVE FOR THE CLOSET.

"THE preacher," says Jay, "knew a pious female who had been reduced from a mansion, and compelled to occupy a hired and contracted apartment; yet nothing in the humiliating and distressing change seemed to affect her, but her want now of a place of seclusion to indulge her private devotion."

CONVERTED ASTRONOMER.

IT was a fine reply of a converted astronomer, who, when interrogated concerning the science he had been idolizing, answered, "I am now bound for heaven, and take the stars on my way."

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

“I HAVE heard him say,” says Mrs. Fletcher, “that when he lived alone in his house, the tears have come into his eyes when five or six insignificant letters have been brought him, at three or fourpence a-piece; and perhaps he had only a single shilling in the house to distribute among the poor, to whom he was going. He frequently said to me, ‘O, Polly, can we not do without beer? Let us drink water, and eat less meat. Let our necessities give way to the extremities of the poor.’”

EVIDENCE OF DEPRAVITY.

THE desire to be saved without holiness is proof of depravity. Such a proposition would shock any holy being. Suppose it were made to an angel, or the spirit of a just man made perfect. Would he not stand aghast at the very thought? Would he not regard it as a blasphemy, which could only originate in the bosom of a fiend? a blasphemy that had come up from the depths of hell itself? Such a desire, and common it is with sinners, is sin; a sin to be lamented; a sin to be repented of; a sin to be bewailed; a sin to prostrate us in dust and ashes before God. To be saved without holiness! To be saved in sin! It is a contradiction in terms. It is like talking of health, of possessing health, while dying of an eating cancer, or of an incurable leprosy. To be saved in heaven, without being saved on earth from sin—without holiness! Why holiness is the

very essence of heaven. “It is a mistake to think it is either the *splendour* or *music* of paradise which makes it a place of rejoicing.” We might be placed in the very midst of its splendour—its every harp might be tuned in our presence—its anthems might be swelled by its full choirs, and yet it be no heaven at all to us. “It is because righteousness will flourish there, that rapture will be felt there. It is because heaven is the abode of purity, that it is the abode of peace and pleasantness. It is because every heart thrills with love, that in every heart there is beatitude unspeakable. It is love to God that calls forth hallelujahs of ecstasy unspeakable which ring eternally in heaven. In a word, it is not an *animal* but a *spiritual* festival, which is prepared for us in the mansions above ; and in these mansions below a foretaste is felt by those who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory and immortality.”

KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL DILIGENCE.

“WHEN the heart of man is bound by the grace of God, and tied by the golden bands of religion, and watched by angels, and tended by ministers, those nurse-keepers of the soul, it is not easy for man to wander, and the evil of his heart be like the fierceness of lions’ whelps. But when he has once broken the hedge, and got into the strength of youth, and the licentiousness of ungoverned age, it is wonderful to observe what a great inundation of mischief in a very short time will overflow all the banks of

reason and religion. Vice is first pleasing, then it grows easy, then it is delightful, then it is frequent, then habitual, then confirmed; then man is independent, then he is obstinate, then he resolves never to repent, then he dies, then he is damned."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE DOUBTING CHRISTIAN AND THE SKEPTIC.

THERE are unquestionably weak Christians, who, not well instructed in the evidences of Christianity, meet with ingenious sophisms and cavils which trouble them. But there is a vast difference between them and those whose vicious lives make them *wish* religion were not true. The latter would gladly believe less than they do, and the former would gladly believe more. These skeptics are tormented with apprehensions that the Bible is true, while these feeble Christians are perplexed with suggestions to doubt, which are as unwelcome to them as the apprehensions of its truth are to the others.

LOVE IS ALL THE GRACES COMBINED.

IT takes all the colours of the rainbow combined to form that pure beautiful white light which God has diffused abroad over this fair creation. The prism separates the ray into its constituent elements, bringing out the red, the orange, the purple, green, &c. Just so it is with love. Love is all the graces combined. A heart full of love is a heart adorned with

all Christian graces ; and thus “ love is the fulfilling of the law.” Those special occasions which call for the exercise of special graces form the prism which separates the rays, and brings out some one or more distinctly and separate from the rest. Thus *insult* calls out and exhibits the grace of *meekness*—*favours, gratitude*—*afflictions from the Divine hand, submission*—*trials in the midst of darkness, faith*—*continued annoyances, long-suffering*—*engagements, fidelity*—*dangers, courage*—*sufferings of others, sympathy*. But all these are nothing more nor less than that love which “ doth not behave itself unseemly, is not easily provoked, beareth, believeth, hopeth, and endureth all things ; that love that is without partiality and without hypocrisy, that is full of mercy and of good fruits.”

THE DEVOUT CHRISTIAN

HAS been compared to a full goblet. Just as the slightest motion makes it run over, so every little incident awakens pious sentiments, and every little mercy causes his heart to overflow with gratitude.

GREAT LOSSES BY RELIGION.

IN a lecture by the Rev. James Hamilton, inserted in the Presbyterian Messenger, the following incident is related :—“ An aged couple, in the vicinity of London, who, in the early part of life, were poor, but who, by the blessing of God upon their industry, enjoyed a comfortable independency in their old age, were called upon by a Christian minister, who soli-

cited their contributions to a charity. The old lady was disposed to make out some excuse, and to answer in the negative, both for her husband and herself; and therefore replied, "Why, sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we began: my husband knows that very well." And being willing to obtain her husband's consent to the assertion, she said, "Have we not, Thomas?" Thomas, after a long and solemn pause, replied, "Yes, Mary, we have lost a deal by our religion. I have lost a deal by my religion. Before I got religion, Mary, I had got a water-pail, in which I carried water, and *that* you know I lost many years ago. And then I had an old slouched hat, a patched old coat, and mended shoes and stockings; but I have lost them also long ago. And, Mary, you know that, poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk, and quarrelling with you; and that, you know, I have lost. And then I had a hardened conscience, and a wicked heart; and then I had ten thousand guilty feelings and fears; but all are lost, completely lost, and like a mill-stone cast into the deepest sea. And, Mary, you have been a loser too, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had got a washing-tray, and washed for hire, and God Almighty blessed your industry. But since we got religion you have lost your washing-tray. And you had a gown and bonnet much the worse for wear, though they were all you had to wear, but you have lost them long ago. And you had many an aching heart concerning me at times, but those

you have happily lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost, and even more ; for what we lose by our religion, Mary, will be our eternal gain." In short, the minister did not go away without substantial proof that Thomas deemed his losses for religion his most weighty obligations to divine mercy and goodness.

A COMPLIMENT TO THE SEX.

DURING the progress of a protracted meeting, held in Johnstown, Ohio, by the Rev, Mr. C—— of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it so happened that most of the persons who came forward to the altar for the prayers of the church were females ; which induced some objectors to say that weak-minded persons generally were the first to seek religion, which came to the ears of Mr. C——. The next evening of the meeting, he took occasion to notice their objections as follows, as near as I can remember :—

“ Well, friends, we have had a very profitable meeting to-night. I wish, however, to notice a little objection I heard of to-day concerning our meeting. Some persons have said that this is not really the work of the Lord, because nearly all the seekers are females ; they, moreover, challenge us to tell why there is so large a proportion of the weaker sex engaged. Now, sirs, I will not answer you directly, but see here : Two years ago I had occasion to go to preach to the prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary. Now, how did it happen that there were more than

four hundred males, and but about half a dozen of the weaker sex? When you answer this, I will be prepared to speak to your question."

CECIL IN SICKNESS.

MR. CECIL, during a severe illness, said to a person who spoke of it, "It is all Christ. I keep death in view. If God does not please to raise me up, he intends me better. 'I know in whom I have believed.' How little do we think of improving the time while we have opportunity! I find everything but religion only vanity. To recollect a promise of the Bible, *this* is substance! Nothing will do but the Bible. If I read authors, and hear different opinions, I cannot say *this* is truth! I cannot grasp it as substance; but the Bible gives me something to *hold*. I have learned more within these curtains, than from all the books I ever read."

ELATED AND DEPRESSED.

"ONE Lord's day," a minister writes in his diary, "my mind was borne down by a sense of my unpreparedness for the work of the day; my fears rose so high, as greatly to affect my body. This fear, as to its nature, was an apprehension of being left to barrenness in the work of the day. Its cause was viewing the greatness of the work, and the weakness of my own abilities, without looking to God. Its cure, I thought, must be a view of the Lord's ability to help me, and a reliance on him for aid. I went to meeting in the depth of fear, but the Lord did not

leave me in it after his service began ; for both in prayer and preaching I enjoyed unusual liberty. After this my proud heart was too much elated ; and the Lord very justly left me to great contractedness in the afternoon.”

THE PRIDE OF GIFTS.

IF good men cannot always use the language of David, it is their prevailing desire that they should be able to do so, and if at any time they have been exalted above measure, like Hezekiah, they will humble themselves for the pride of their hearts. “I was this day tempted with pride,” says the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine in his diary, “and a vain elation of mind, on the composure of a sermon which pleased me, and which I was preparing for Edinburgh sacrament, on the 20th of this month, (March 8, 1715.) It is a wonder that the Lord—he who beholds the proud afar off—does not blast me in some visible way, on this account. I prayed to the Lord to deliver me from pride of gifts. O it is a hateful sin. O Lord, keep me from it, and help me to be humble, to be like Christ ; and to preach Christ, and not to preach myself.”

A POOR SERMON MAY HUMBLE US.

AT one time, when Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine both preached on the Monday after the celebration of the Lord’s Supper at Glasgow, the former delivered an excellent discourse, with his accustomed animation and dignity, while the latter fell considera-

bly short of his usual fluency and fervour. Shortly after the close of the worship, when the two brothers had an opportunity of conversing privately together, Ebenezer gently intimated to Ralph, that it appeared to him the sermon he had preached that day was not so substantial and interesting as usual ; on which Ralph made a reply to this effect : “ True, brother ; but if my poor sermon humble me, perhaps I shall reap greater advantage from it, than you from your great sermon.”

DID NOT MENTION HIMSELF.

“ ON a visit to London,” says the Rev. J. Campbell, in a letter to a minister, “ I was expressing a great desire to see the late Mr. Charles of Bala, with whom I had corresponded for three years concerning a remarkable revival which had taken place under his ministry. Mr. C. happening to be in town at the same time, your father kindly took me to Lady Ann Erskine’s, where he resided. We spent there two happy hours. Your father requested Mr. C. to favour us with a brief outline of the circumstances which led to the remarkable revival at Bala, and its surrounding region, its progress, &c. He did so for upwards of an hour. On our leaving him, your father said, ‘ Did you not observe the wonderful humility of Mr. C. in the narrative he gave ? Never having once mentioned *himself*, though he was the chief actor and instrument in the whole matter.’ ”

PAYSON'S MESSAGE.

THE secretary of the American Education Society, visiting Dr. Payson shortly before his death, asked for a message which he might carry from him to beneficiaries, when he received the following impromptu :—" What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown there as an index of your own thoughts and feelings, what care, what caution would you exercise in the selection ! Now, this is what God has done. He has placed before you immortal minds, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe every day and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment day."

FAITH.

A MISSIONARY who had brought over a native from India, was surprised one day by her saying to him, " O, Sir, what wicked men these sailors are ! What do you think they have been telling me ? They have been telling me that in England, sometimes, the water gets so hard that men can stand upon it ; but do you think I believe them ? no, I don't !" The missionary replied, " But it is so, my dear, and now you believe it, don't you ?" " Yes," said she, " I believe it, because *you* say so ; but how can it be ?"

A STRANGER AT HOME.

AN influential country gentleman, a patron of a church, who, in his way, showed great kindness to a clergyman, was hearing the minister preach on a subsequent Sabbath. When the patron had reached home, immediately after attending church, he said, "Here is gratitude for you ; here I and my family have shown this man the greatest kindness, and the return he makes when he gets into the pulpit, is to tell us that we are great sinners unless we repent. He preaches that our good works go for nothing before God. This sermon will do very well for a penitentiary, or Newgate ; but before a genteel and respectable audience, to tell them that they are sinners, is the most extraordinary conduct that I ever met with."

CHEERFUL MUSIC.

WHEN the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn, how it happened that his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most beautiful reply. "I cannot," he said, "make it otherwise ; I write according to the thoughts I feel : when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen ; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

THE BEST NOTES.

It is recorded of one of the Reformers, that when he had acquitted himself in a public disputation with great credit to his Master's cause, a friend begged to see the notes which he had been observed to write, supposing that he had taken down the arguments of his opponents, and sketched the substance of his own reply. Greatly was he surprised to find that his notes consisted simply of these ejaculatory petitions, "More light, Lord,—more light, more light!"

"IN WHAT MANNER DO YOU GO TO GOD?"

ONE Mr. Davies, a young man, being under religious impressions, opened his mind to Dr. Owen. In the course of conversation, Dr. Owen said, "Young man, pray, in what manner do you think to go to God?" Mr. Davies replied, "Through the Mediator, Sir." "That is easily said," observed Dr. Owen; "but I assure you, it is another thing to go to God through the Mediator, than many who make use of the expression are aware of. I myself preached some years, while I had but very little, if any, acquaintance with access to God through Christ, until the Lord was pleased to visit me with a sore affliction, by which I was brought to the brink of the grave, and under which my mind was filled with horror: but God was graciously pleased to relieve my soul by a powerful application of Ps. cxxx. 4, 'But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.' From this text I received special light,

peace, and comfort, in drawing near to God through the Mediator ; and on this text I preached immediately after my recovery." Perhaps to this exercise of mind we owe his excellent exposition of this Psalm.

PROFANENESS IN PRAYER.

AN aged minister told me, that when he was a young man, he had, on a certain occasion, been praying in a family, and in his prayer he made a very frequent and energetic use of the terms "good God," and "God Almighty." At the close of his prayer, a little child, about four years of age, came to his mother, and said, "Mother, I don't like to hear that minister pray." "Why?" inquired the mother. "Because," said the child, "he swears so when he prays." This reproof from the child broke the minister of the habit of swearing when he prayed. Prayer is petition ; and no one would use the name of a ruler, to whom he was making a petition, in as harsh a manner as many use the name of the great God.

FACTS AGAINST SPECULATIONS.

A EUROPEAN may know more than a savage, and a scholar may know more than either ; but none of them can know for certain anything except *facts*, which they have observed for themselves, or facts which have been revealed to them by others.

But whilst these are the limits of human certainty, they are not the limits of human curiosity. In our anxiety to be wise beyond what is ascertainable, we

have invented a transcendental metaphysics,—a science on which the acutest of human intellects have bestowed themselves, and to whose literature some of the most eloquent argument and finest fancy of ancient times and modern has contributed—but a science which, amidst all its curious questions and doubtful answers—the accumulation of two thousand years—has not added a single atom to the domain of ascertained truth or actual knowledge. If you could conceive the fowls of heaven suddenly seized with a strong desire to get away from this globe altogether,—if you could imagine them all at different elevations in the atmosphere, according to the strength of their pinions, or the lightness of their forms, but all, beak uppermost, struggling and fluttering, and screwing their way a little and a little higher in the rarefied medium, you would have a very exact idea of the object of metaphysical inquiry, and the position of its several votaries. Its object is to ascertain truths regarding which we have no information, and there may doubtless be many such truths,—but are they ascertainable? There are other planets besides this one, and we have supposed the case of the fowls of heaven wishing to reach them,—but are they accessible? A bird of powerful pinion, or singular lightness, may rise a mile above his fluttering competitors, and as an affair of aerial gymnastics, the fruitless effort may be good practice; but the wing which is farthest above the surface is still a thousand times farther from the next nearest world; and so, in the metaphysical contest to get

away from the regions of absolute information—the *terra firma* of positive truth—there has been a wonderful display of mental power and buoyancy, but the subtle spirit which has mounted the highest above the ascertained and the actual of our restricted humanity, is still infinitely distant from the next nearest domain of knowledge. As some one has truly remarked, “To know more, we first must be more.”

FAITH AND WORKS.

ON the Frith of Forth was an old ferryman, a man of much thought and observation, but of few words; a constant student of the Bible, and a firm believer in its truths. Among his patrons were two loquacious companions, whose business led them across the river once a week. One of them was, as he supposed, a high-toned Calvinist, while the other imagined himself to be equally well grounded in the tenets of Arminius. Their conversation always turned upon some doctrinal point. The ferryman was frequently annoyed by the repetition of *faith* on one side, and *works* on the other, because they were used in a sense so different from their real import, and so destructive of their scriptural harmony.

At length the patient old man felt obliged to interfere. He said nothing, but fell upon the following expedient. Upon one of his oars he painted the word FAITH; upon the other, WORKS. It was not long before the zealous but friendly disputants applied for a passage over the Forth. Upon entering

the deepest part of the river, where the swollen water rushed down with fearful violence, the ferryman took in "FAITH," and pulled away upon "WORKS" with all his might. The boat went round and round, much to the annoyance and terror of the two passengers. "Put out the other oar," said one of them, in a loud and angry tone. "Very well," was the calm reply of the old man—at the same time taking in "WORKS," and relying on "Faith" alone. The experiment with this oar produced the same result, and drove the witnesses of it to the conclusion that the ferryman was "*out of his head.*" The old man, however, continued his "practical demonstrations" on the water, until he thought the friends were prepared to see two things in connexion. He then called their attention to the names of his oars: "I have tried *your way*," said he—"and *yours*; and you have seen the result. Now observe *my way.*" And giving a steady hand to each oar, the little boat soon acknowledged the power of their harmonious strokes, by the straight and rapid flight which she took for the landing.

MORAL FREEDOM.

THE Rev. J. Bosworth, in his "Saxon Grammar," amongst other extracts from the oldest Saxon preachers and writers, gives the following conversation between Boethius and king Alfred:—"I am sometimes very much disturbed," quoth he. "At what?" I answered. "It is at this which thou sayest, that God gives to every one freedom to do evil

as well as good, whichsoever he will ; and thou sayest, also, that God knoweth everything before it happens." "Then," quoth he, "I may very easily answer this remark. How would it look to you, if there were any very powerful king, and he had no freemen in all his kingdom, but that all were slaves?" "Then," said I, "it would not seem to me right, nor reasonable, if servile men only should attend upon him." "Then," quoth he, "what would be more unnatural than if God, in all his kingdom, had no free creatures under his power? He therefore made rational creatures free,—angels and men. He gave them the great gift of freedom. Hence they could do evil as well as good, whichsoever they would. He gave this very fixed gift, and a very fixed law with that gift, to every man unto this end. The freedom is, that man may do what he will ; and the law is, that He will render to every man according to his works, either in this world or the future one,—good or evil, whichsoever he doeth."

A BLESSING ON OUR STUDIES.

"THANKS to Divine goodness," says Dr. Payson, "this has been a good day to me. Was favoured with considerable freedom in the morning, and rejoiced in the Lord through the day. In the evening felt an unusual degree of assistance, both in prayer and study. Since I began to beg God's blessing on my studies, I have done more in one week than in the whole year before. Surely it is good to draw near to God at all times."

NO SALVATION BY THE LAW.

ON one occasion, when the Rev. Mr. Leopoldt, of India, was preaching, he tells us that a person present thought it strange that he should enforce the necessity of our keeping the whole law, if we desired not to be saved by our own merits. It was unjust, he urged, to consider a man cursed who continueth not in all the words of the law to do them; and cried out, "How can this be true, that whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all? How can this be? If I keep six of the commandments, and break four, have I not kept the majority? And is not God in justice bound to give me heaven, because I have kept two more than I have broken?" Instead of entering into an argument, Mr. L. replied by describing a scene on the Ganges. "The day was dismal, the wind roared, the thunder pealed, the lightning was vivid, the waves of the Ganges raged, the stream was swollen, and the current rapid; the infuriated elements threatened destruction to every vessel on its waters; no boat could outlive the storm for any length of time. But see, what is that? It is a boat in distress, filled with people, rapidly hurried along by the waves. Between the peals of thunder the shrieks of the people are heard; they fear the rocks on the shore, to which the current is driving them. What can be done for them? Could they but be drawn into this creek, they would be safe. Those on the shore look anxiously around,

and discover a chain near them. A man instantly fastens a stone to a rope, binds the other end to the chain, and flings the stone into the boat. The rope is caught ; the people eagerly lay hold on the chain, while those on shore begin to draw them, amid the raging elements, towards the creek. They already rejoice at the prospect of deliverance ; but when they are within a few yards of the land, one link of the chain breaks ! I do not say ten links, but one link in the middle of the chain. What shall these distressed people do now ?—shall they still cling to the unbroken links ? ‘No, no !’ exclaimed one of my hearers ; ‘overboard with the chain, or it will sink them sooner.’ What then shall they do ? ‘Cast themselves upon the mercy of God,’ exclaimed another. True, I replied ; if one commandment be broken, it is as though all of them were broken. We cannot be saved by them ; we must trust in the mercy of God, and lay hold on the almighty hand of Christ, which is stretched out to save us.” Mr. L. frequently used this parable, and always found it to answer.

THE BEST MEANS OF MORTIFYING SIN.

“FIVE persons,” says Mr. Brooks, “were studying what were the best means to mortify sin ; one said, to meditate on death ; the second, to meditate on judgment ; the third, to meditate on the joys of heaven ; the fourth, to meditate on the torments of hell ; the fifth, to meditate on the blood and sufferings of Jesus Christ ; and certainly the last is the

choicest and strongest motive of all. If ever we would cast off our despairing thoughts, we must dwell and muse much upon, and apply this precious blood to our own souls ; so shall sorrow and mourning flee away."

“ TO WHAT CAUSES IN MINISTERS MAY MUCH OF THEIR WANT OF SUCCESS BE ATTRIBUTED ?”

At a ministers' meeting at Northampton, a question was discussed to the following purport :—“ To what causes in ministers may much of their want of success be imputed ?” The answer turned chiefly upon the want of personal religion ; particularly the neglect of close dealing with God in closet prayer. Jer. x, 21 was referred to : “ Their pastors are become *brutish*, and have not *sought* the Lord ; therefore they shall not prosper, and their flocks shall be scattered.” Another reason assigned was the want of reading and studying the Scriptures more as Christians, for the edification of their own souls. “ We are too apt to study them,” adds Mr. Fuller, “ merely to find out something to say to others, without living upon the truth ourselves. If we eat not the book before we deliver its contents to others, we may expect the Holy Spirit will not much accompany us. If we study the Scriptures as Christians, the more familiar we are with them, the more we shall feel their importance ; but if otherwise, our familiarity with the word will be like that of soldiers and doctors with death—it will wear away all sense

of its importance from our minds. To enforce this sentiment, Prov. xxii, 17, 18 was referred to : ‘ Apply thine *heart* to knowledge : the words of the wise will be pleasant if thou keep them within thee ; they shall withal be fitted in thy lips.’ Another reason was, our want of being emptied of *self-sufficiency*. In proportion as we lean upon our own gifts, or parts, or preparations, we slight the Holy Spirit ; and no wonder that, being grieved, he should leave us to do our work alone.”

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

ONE day a poor pious woman called upon two elegant young ladies, who received her with Christian affection, regardless of her poverty, and sat down in the drawing-room to converse with her upon religious subjects. While thus employed, their brother, a gay youth, came in, and appeared astonished to see his sisters thus situated and employed. One of them instantly started up, saying, “ Brother, don't be surprised ; this is a King's daughter, though she has not yet got on her fine clothes.”

ONE THING WANTING.

“ I REMEMBER,” says Mr. Hervey, “ a very ingenious gentleman once showed me a composition in manuscript, which he intended for the press, and asked my opinion. It was moral, it was delicate, it was highly finished ; but I ventured to tell him there was one thing wanting, the name and merits of the divinely excellent Jesus, without which I feared the

God of heaven would not accompany it with his grace, and without which I was sure the enemy of souls would laugh it to scorn. The gentleman seemed to be struck with surprise. "The name of Jesus!" he replied, "this single circumstance would frustrate all my expectations, would infallibly obstruct the sale, and make readers of refinement throw it aside with disdain." "I can never think," adds Mr. Hervey, "the spread of our performances will be obstructed by pleasing Him who has all hearts and events in his sovereign hand." He further adds, on publishing Theron and Aspasio, "I am willing to put the matter to a trial, and myself to practise the advice I gave. So far from secreting the amiable and majestic names of Jesus, and the adorable Trinity, I have printed them in grand and conspicuous capitals; that all the world may see I look upon it as my highest honour to acknowledge, to venerate, to magnify my God and Saviour; and if he has no power over the hearts of men, or nothing to do with the events of the world—if acceptance and success are none of his gifts, have no dependence on his smile, then I am content, perfectly content, to be without them."

PURIFIED IN THE FIRE.

"I REMEMBER," says Mr. Whitefield, "some years ago, when I was at Shields, I went into a glass-house; and, standing very attentive, I saw several masses of burning glass, of various forms. The workman took a piece of glass, and put it into one

furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I said to him, 'Why do you put it through so many fires?' He answered, 'O, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, therefore we put it into a third, and that will make it transparent.'" This furnished Mr. Whitefield with a useful hint, that we must be tried, and exercised with many fires, until our dross be purged away, and we are made fit for the owner's use.

THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE.

"I REMEMBER," says Rowland Hill, "once conversing with a celebrated sculptor, who had been hewing out a block of marble, to represent one of our great patriots—Lord Chatham." "There," said he, "is not that a fine form?" "Now, sir," said I, "can you put life into it? else, with all its beauty, it is still but a block of marble." Christ, by his Spirit, puts life into a beauteous image, and enables the man he forms to live to his praise and glory.

"THAT NO FLESH SHOULD GLORY IN HIS PRESENCE."

"I AM by birth," said a converted Hindoo, when addressing a number of his countrymen, "of an insignificant and contemptible caste; so low, that if a Brahmin should chance to touch me, he must go and bathe in the Ganges for the purpose of purification; and yet God has been pleased to call me, not merely to the knowledge of the gospel, but to the high office of teaching it to others. My friends, do

you know the reason of God's conduct ? It is this : if God had selected one of you learned Brahmins, and made you the preacher, when you were successful in making converts, by-standers would have said it was the amazing learning of the Brahmin, and his great weight of character, that were the cause ; but now, when any one is convinced by my instrumentality, no one thinks of ascribing any of the praise to me ; and God, as is his due, has all the glory."

DAVID HUME.

"I AM affrighted and confounded," says the infidel Hume, "with that forlorn condition in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad I foresee on every side dispute, contradiction, and distraction. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I, or what ? To what causes do I owe my existence, and to what condition shall I return ? I am confounded with these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness."

THE END.









