

Correspondence.

OPEN AIR PREACHERS.

NO. V.

REGINALD RADCLIFFE AND HIS OPEN AIR SERVICES.

BY EDWARD PATSON HAMMOND.

Reginald Radcliffe has for years embraced every opportunity to preach Christ to the masses in the open air.

Some twelve years ago he practiced law in the English Court of Chancery, as a solicitor in Liverpool. But his love for souls led him to speak to the perishing in the crowded streets of that city, where his wealthy friends were often astonished to find him proclaiming God's law and its awful penalty, to those "condemned already," or pleading with the guilty to accept of "Christ as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

At the first great open air meeting in Huntly, at the North of Scotland, in the year 1850, he was one of the leaders. While the proceedings seemed strange to some, he appeared perfectly at home, whether in addressing the collected thousands, or in speaking and praying with the hundreds of anxious ones in the large tent. Though making no attempt at oratory, yet a power more than human seemed to attend his words. No one could long be with him without discovering that he possessed that wisdom which "cometh down from the Father of lights," making him "wise to win souls to Christ."

Shortly after these two days' open air meetings at Huntly, it was my privilege to attend another gathering among the high hills some six miles distant. I wish I could describe that meeting. I cannot think of it even now, but with emotions of gratitude to God. The meeting had been appointed for Mr. Radcliffe, who was a guest of the Duchess of Gordon, at Huntly Castle. She therefore resolved to render him all the assistance possible. Her largest carriage, holding I should think a dozen, was filled with Mr. Radcliffe and his helpers. I was surprised to find that her Grace, the Duchess allowed her gardener, gate-keeper and shepherd, and, if I mistake not, some other servants, to accompany the party. After passing over hill and dale and heather-moor for miles without seeing scarce a house, we began to wonder where there could be found people enough to form a respectable audience. At last, when entering as it seemed, among the very fastnesses of the mountains, down in a valley we discovered one solitary house. But judge of our astonishment to find hundreds of people collected in the yard! Where they all came from was more than we could tell. But such was the great and solemn aspect of that large gathering of Scotch yeomanry when Mr. Radcliffe arrived, that I could but think of Cornelius' words to Peter on his arrival at Caesarea: "Now, therefore, we are all here present before God to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

After the meeting was opened with prayer, Mr. Radcliffe, who was much exhausted, instead of addressing the meeting himself, as all expected, after one or two short addresses from others, called to the platform the Duchess' coachman, and bid him tell to all how he had found the Saviour. I noticed that while he was speaking, many were in tears. Then came the footman with a similar narration. And thus, one after another, at least six of the servants of the Duchess were introduced, each with a few words from Mr. Radcliffe, to the weeping listeners. Mr. Radcliffe knew well the power of experimental preaching.

Thus, after briefly holding up Christ, and tenderly calling upon the dying to wake and live, he closed the first general meeting. But not one of the people left. It was found that "the arrows of the King" had been made sharp in the hearts of many enemies. All remained to a most solemn inquiry meeting; nothing but the darkness coming on dispersed the assembly, and even then it was difficult to separate. The spirit of God had been present with mighty power, and simple but earnest words had been blessed in convincing "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment."

That strange scene among the mountains continually reminded me of the convalescence of the old covenanters two hundred years ago. No doubt many will rejoice in heaven that they attended Mr. Radcliffe's meeting among the heather-covered hills in Scotland.

There are no scenes in my life which I review with more pleasure than those connected with Mr. Radcliffe's labors at the great open air meetings in the summer of 1850, in Sken, Aberdeen, Perth, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and other places.

But these must all be passed by that we may speak of what seems to me most remarkable in connection with his labors for the Master. I refer to his efforts on the continent of Europe, among a people with whose language he was entirely unacquainted. Nothing can indicate more clearly the absolute sovereignty of the Holy Spirit, than the record of the blessing which attended that continental tour. It was something entirely unexpected even by Mr. Radcliffe himself.

Though the meetings in Paris were not exactly in the open air, yet I cannot forbear quoting an account of Mr. Radcliffe and his efforts in that gay imperial metropolis, from the pen of the well-known pastor, Frederick Monod, in *Archives du Christianisme*.

"The Lord put it into the heart of a Christian lady to invite Mr. Radcliffe to come and spend some days in Paris, where the annual assemblies had brought together a great number of pastors and believers from the provinces, to whom the living word and experience of Mr. Radcliffe might do good, and who might thus carry back to their churches the knowledge of a new method of presenting the Gospel. Mr. Radcliffe arrived in Paris April 17th. The first meetings were almost exclusively English, but the number of French hearers increased so rapidly that they soon became almost exclusively French. Three or four verses of a hymn are sung, followed by several very short prayers spontaneously offered. Then Mr. Radcliffe, after having read some portions of Scripture which serve as a basis for what he is going to say, commences by addressing briefly a word to the converted, and his subject usually is: 'God first loved you, he has given you salvation in Jesus Christ; love God, be holy, love one another.' Then, after several prayers and a hymn, he addresses, always briefly, the unconverted with pointedness and remarkable force; above all with a great power of faith and love, he declares all the hatred of God against their sins, and all the love of God for their souls, shows to them, in the bloody cross of Jesus, the concentration of that hatred and that love; and points upon them to believe now, without delay in Jesus Christ, declaring to them from the Scriptures, that whosoever believes in Him has eternal life, and that from the moment they believe they shall be saved; as the Israelites dying in the desert were healed from the moment they looked to the brazen serpent." Mr. Radcliffe next invites all those who desire to retire, to do so while a hymn is sung, and all those who desire to wait, in order that he and other brethren may converse with them about their spiritual condition, remain in their places. These conversations last ordinarily from an hour to an hour and a half, and this is the principal means which God is blessing so richly in Paris at this moment.

Mr. Radcliffe addresses himself to the heart and conscience, and not to the nerves and imagination. He speaks doubtless of the "pit that's bottomless," and of the wages of sin which is death; but he speaks of these as the Scriptures of God speak, neither more nor otherwise. The paternal and infinite love of God is the continual theme; that love is the beginning, the middle, and the end, the substance and the life of all his discourse. We shall never forget the general emotion which was produced one night by the simple repetition from the depth of his soul, of these three words that he had learned to say in our language: "God loves you, God loves you, God loves you." The love of God for all his creatures that all should be saved, the assured salvation through faith in Jesus, that is what he loves to repeat in every form and tone. There is in all his manners, in all that he says, something that comes from the heart and which goes to the heart. He speaks to a large assembly as simply as if he conversed with a single individual, but one feels that he believes, that he feels what he says, that he has made personal experience of it; that the salvation or perdition of souls is for him a present reality, a solemn and terrible alternative. Above all, he is a man of prayer; he believes and he realizes the power of prayer; there, we believe, is his power. There have not been a single meeting at which there have not been produced serious impressions of conversion and of faith among young and old; the indifferent and even hardened unbelievers. On Saturday a printed list is issued of the meetings projected for the following week. This list is plentifully distributed on Sabbath mornings in the various places of worship; it is spread by other means, and addressed by those who take an interest in the meetings, to such persons as they desire to attend. Further, it is printed on large bills, and placarded in all the quarters of Paris upon the walls, which have almost never borne the like before.

The correspondent of another journal says: "A new feature in this movement, and one that has done much to remove prejudice, has been the successive opening of the elegant salons of Paris for afternoon meetings, private invitations being circulated among the higher classes. Here, with the venerated pastors as supporters and translators, Mr. Radcliffe was the means of bringing the glad news of pardoning grace to many burdened souls, of startling religious men and women out of their somnolence, and of urging pardoned ones on in the way of holiness. We have heard of cases of remarkably hopeful conversion. The last of these aristocratic meetings was held at M. Francois Arlesse's, the aged representative of a family of sterling worth and old Protestant celebrity, from the earliest times of the Reformation downwards, and withal, occupying the head of the successful election list of this year. His hall seated above 500, who represented the complete circle of the wealthy Protestants of Paris, together with many Catholics. The subject was, 'How to be forgiven,' and the illustration taken from Simon the Pharisee and the weeping woman. Nothing could exceed the tender appeals, the awful warnings to professors, and the intense attraction to holy walk and bold confession. Mr. Radcliffe was constrained to spend a day longer than he intended in Paris, to give opportunity of conversation to those who desired personal interviews. He is now gone to various churches in the provinces who have desired his visit."

From FRANCE, Mr. Radcliffe went to Geneva, Switzerland, where he spoke to thousands in the open air, through his young interpreter, Mr. Henry Monod, a young minister, a son of Frederick Monod, who had been led to the Saviour by his preaching in Paris.

A great blessing attended his labors there. Invitations came to him from different parts of Switzerland and the continent, some of which he accepted.

While myself spending an April Sabbath in Geneva, in 1861, my heart was pained to witness the desecrations of that holy day by the populace. As there was no English service during the day, I quietly remained at the hotel. What joy would have filled my heart to have witnessed some Radcliffe with an interpreter, speaking "in demonstration of the spirit, and in power" to the wondering thousands.

The great blessing which has followed Mr. Radcliffe's labors, does not seem to make him forgetful of the divine injunction in 1 Peter v. 5, "All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." Indeed, those who know him best, believe that one reason God is pleased to attend his words so continually with the power of the Holy Spirit, is because he seems so entirely emptied of self, and giving God all the glory. May he ever find God's grace sufficient to bear every trial and temptation. No doubt Mr. Radcliffe has often ex-

perienced the truth of the sainted Richard Baxter's words to the ministers of his day, as found in the REFORMED PASTOR, where he says:

"Take heed to yourselves, because you are exposed to greater temptations than other men. If you will be the leaders against the prince of darkness, he will spare you no further than God restraineth him. He heareth the greatest malice to those that are engaged to do him the greatest mischief. As he hateth Christ more than any of us, because he is the General of the field, the Captain of our salvation, and doth more than all the world besides against his kingdom; so doth he hate the leaders under him, more than the common soldiers; he knows what a rout he may make among them, if the leaders fall before their eyes. He hath long tried that way of fighting, neither against great nor small comparatively, but of smiting the shepherds that he may scatter the flock; and so great hath been his success this way, that he will follow it as far as he is able. Take heed, therefore, brethren, for the enemy hath a special eye upon you. You shall have his most subtle insinuations, and incessant solicitations, and violent assaults. As wise and learned as you are, take heed to yourselves, lest he outwit you."

LETTER FROM CHINA.

FUH-CHAU, Oct. 20, 1864.

THE FIELD.

"The field is the world," and the field of the ninety-five missionaries in China is one-third of the world's population. And though we actually preach the gospel to a very small part of this vast multitude, still we are striving, from year to year, to establish trains of influence which shall ultimately reach and pervade the whole mass.

Think for a moment of the magnitude of the work. Geography and history tell us that the Empire contains an area of five millions of square miles, equal to a third of the continent, or a tenth of the habitable globe; that its circuit equals half of the earth's circumference, and that it is the largest empire that ever existed, Russia only excepted. We find that China proper, even, which is about two-fifths of the whole, is about one-half the size of Europe, and equal to seven such countries as France. Notice, too, the significant fact that no less than five distinct races inhabit its hills and broad valleys: the Chinese, the aboriginal Miansz, the Mongols, the Manchus, and the Tibetans; and that the varieties of the local patois of the first-mentioned race are well nigh endless. No one probably knows very definitely how many there are. Say from one to three hundred at a venture. But to relieve the mind, glance at a subdivision of the work. The Fuh-Chau missionaries occupy a few small points on the borders of a single province, inhabited by some fifteen millions, nearly equal to one-half the population of the United States and territories. The provincial capital, Fuh-Chau, with its suburbs, embraces half a million or more, a larger population than several of our States, and five or six times that of the Sandwich Islands. Shall I tell you, that for this large population, and the other fourteen and a half-millions of the province, only ten missionaries, or ordained ministers, are now laboring, and that, in a few months, the number will be reduced to eight or nine? One missionary to one and a half millions! or rather ten for the half million, while the rest may wait for the saving light of truth yet many years. How vast the field! How many the barriers to progress! What a work of faith! A year, once eliminate the grand element of faith, and the work is impossible, and the attempt to accomplish it unreasonable and presumptuous.

DEDICATION OF A CHAPEL.

Now for one of the fruits of faith. Only a few months since, in January of the present year, a city mob forced the doors of three native chapels, and demolished pulpits, benches, and other furniture. At one of these places, the M. E. chapel in East street, their fury culminated in the diabolical treatment of two native Christian women, the wife and the sister of the native preacher, who lived in the rear of the chapel. The native Government promptly paid a full indemnity for pecuniary losses to the missions, but failed to carry out the purpose of punishing the leaders of the mob. The Evil One had it all in his own way, and chuckled over his supposed victory, but the event shows that "he counted without his host." We were "cast down but not destroyed." Faith encouraged us to hope that even the worst features of the riot would, in some inscrutable way, advance our cause, and our hopes now begin to yield some fruit. With commendable zeal, our Methodist friends, having some spare dollars, have removed the old building, and erected in its place a very neat and substantial chapel. It is separated from the street by a narrow court and wall. The main or audience room is furnished with plain benches (slips they might be called, as they have backs,) and a neat desk, which is wholly without ornament, except a little gilding in Chinese style on the back, and on the wooden cushion which supports the Bible and hymn book.

It was my privilege last Sabbath to be present at the dedication of this chapel. The missionaries and native Christians occupied the front slips, having entered at the back door. When the time for the services arrived, the front doors were opened, and the crowd of people from the street occupied the remaining seats and all the vacant space near the doors. The room will accommodate one hundred and fifty or two hundred comfortably, but on this occasion there were from two hundred to three hundred present. One striking feature in this and other native chapels, is the construction of screens on each side of the desk, enclosing spaces for the women.

This may be regarded as a practical inference from 1 Cor. xi. 10. You must say "screens" for "power," or veils, and "a promiscuous audience of men" for "angels," or gospel messengers.

The exercises were, of course, wholly in Chinese, and consisted of singing, prayer, reading of Scriptures by Mr. Hartwell, of our mission, sermon and dedicatory prayer by Dr. Macleay, of the M. E. Mission. His text was 2 Chron. vi. 41, and many of his remarks were specially appropriate to a Chinese audience. He spoke of the immense size of Solomon's temple, and the unpretending dimensions of this chapel. A comparison of the latter, costing only a few hundreds or a thousand odd dollars, with the stately piles of Western cities, ranging from twenty thousand to two or three hundred thousand, might have been instructive to natives, and somewhat sadly suggestive to our missionaries. Still in fact, as to the matter of fitness, these are better for our use than those.

The preacher, in a happy strain of remark, then dwelt on the contrasts of Jewish and Christian worship. Instead of the Jewish sacrifices we have Christ; instead of the blood of beasts, His precious blood; instead of the ark of testimony, the sacred desk; instead of manna, grace; instead of Aaron's rod, carefully kept as a symbol of Jehovah's power, the regenerating energies of the Spirit. He also alluded to our coming among the people as foreigners, building churches and preaching a new religion, as not inappropiately illustrated by the history of Israel, strangers in Canaan, of David purchasing a site for the temple, and Solomon employing foreign skill in its erection. He did not fail, also, to impress on his audience the importance of a decent regard for the sacredness of a place dedicated to God's service. "It is God's house, greater than yamuns or imperial palaces; not a common house, not a place of trade, not a place for tea-drinking, smoking, or sleeping." In concluding his remarks, he exhorted the two preachers stationed there not to be discouraged because they were two only, while the people were many, but ever to remember Jehovah's precious promise in 2 Chron. ix. 3. He also administered a word in season to any who might in the future be exposed to temptation or persecution. If they could find no place to pray, there was God's house; they could come to it as to a safe retreat, and pray to the God of all consolation. "A word to the people from the street, our visitors." They would always hear preached in that place Jesus, and Jesus only. Though His name is hated, we must preach it. In it only is salvation.

A collection for the charity fund, the baptism of two children, the Lord's prayer, and benediction, closed the interesting service.

We have abundant occasion for gratitude. Other chapels outside the city walls have been opened in years past, but now we open chapels in the heart of the city, and do it close on the steps of a retreating mob, who seemed resolved to bar its gates against us.

A SCHOOL EXCURSION.

We live about thirty miles from the mouth of the Min. About ten miles down the river is a small island, called Pagoda Island, from a stone pagoda which crowns a hill at its upper end. This point, in the river is the anchorage for foreign ships. There are seldom less than twenty or thirty vessels of various sorts at anchor. We have ships, brigs, schooners, lorchaes, sailing and steam vessels, merchantmen and men-of-war. It enlightens our eyes to catch distant views of the glorious stars and stripes still waving here, in spite of Jeff. Davis and his wretched crew. Our school of girls numbers only six, but though only a wee thing, still it is one of the little straws showing which way the wind blows. I took them down with my family in two small row-boats. They were in high glee, for they had the promise of a visit to one of those wonderful foreign ships. How their black eyes sparkled, just as the blue-eyes of little folks in America sparkle in prospect of "going somewhere." Captain Eldridge, of the good ship *Benefactress*, of New York, gave us a cordial welcome, and helped the children see everything on deck, between decks, in the cabins, and in the kitchen. There was no cargo on board, and hence they enjoyed an unobstructed view down into the hold, where they wonderingly saw some grass or paddy growing amid the ballast. When the visit was "done" we went ashore, visited the pagoda, whence we saw a steamer puffing by oceanward, then called on a friend and drank tea, and then with oar and sail found our way home again.

This I regard as good missionary work. Such and similar instrumentalities, multiplied indefinitely, will supplement the more important agencies, help to keep down prejudice, and pave the way for success in our great work here.

C. C. BALDWIN.

Allowing the annual increase of the human family to be at the rate ascertained in France, to be the present numbers of the world's population, (supposed to be 1,800,000,000) would be reached in 4,207 years from Noah and his sons. Add 1864 to 2348—the period from Noah to Christ, according to the received chronology—and we have 4,212 years, a sufficiently close coincidence to be of service in the argument on the antiquity of the human race and the authenticity of the Old Testament history.

SHAKESPEARE warns: "Trust not him that hath once broken faith."

"IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

On a communion day we should not come to our Lord's table with heavy hearts and sad faces, as if performing funeral rites for a departed friend, but with souls full of joy and gladness that the expiatory sacrifice has been made, that the full price of our ransom has been paid, and the door to everlasting glory thrown open for our entrance.

We meet to contemplate, not so much the death and sepulchre of Christ, as the fountain he has opened, which is still flowing on through the world's wilderness, making "the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose;" to contemplate, not the darkness, but the light that arose from that setting sun, still increasing in splendor, and spreading all over the earth; to dwell, not upon facts past and gone, but living facts, as potent as ever in their influence on mankind for time and eternity. And if there is a time in our life when, above all others, we should be filled with joy and gratitude, it is when we celebrate our Saviour's love in completing His redemptory work. When we sit down to a feast with a dear friend and benefactor; we do it with joy and gladness. When we commemorate heroic deeds and illustrious names, we do it with thanksgiving and praise. And when we meet Christ at his table, and commune with Him, we should be filled with a sense of His exceeding love and compassion, and sweetly trust in His power and willingness to save.

I am inclined to think that the most of us fail to receive in its fullness the blessing this sacrament is designed to bestow, by not fixing our minds on Christ. It is no time to think of ourselves, it is no time even for self-examination or repentance; these are preparatory duties. We come to remember Christ, not ourselves; to bring back our hearts to the one great sacrifice to which all the ancient prophecies and temple offerings pointed, and to which all the redeemed in heaven will look back with everlasting praises, as they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." E. A. H.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY REV. E. E. ADAMS.

HOW HE LOVED US.

It is the observation of Sir Walter Raleigh, that if all the pictures and patterns of a merciful prince were lost in this world, they might again be painted to the life out of the history of King Henry VIII. On the other hand, the Jews had such a high esteem of Esdras, that they declared, "if mercy, love, and knowledge were extinguished, they might light them again at his heart and brain. May we not with greater truth say, that if all our love were quenched, we might rekindle it at the love of Christ? Not a word that He ever spoke, not a work that He ever did, not a pang that He suffered, but is an argument, an expression of His love. He brought love down from heaven; He purchased love by His death; He exhibits love in His life; He bequeathed it when He left the world for heaven; He shall bring it again when He revisits the earth; it marks His intercession; it shall fill His reign; it shall crown His kingdom and glorify His Church. How hath he loved us? Ask the mountains of Judea, where he prayed through the long night. Ask Olivet, on whose side the midnight hour found him watching, praying for us. Ask Bethany, ask Jerusalem, ask the murmuring Cedron, whose waters often laved his weary feet.

How hath He loved us? Ask the band that fled His woes with faithless haste; Ask Peter's sad denial tone, Scarce by his bitterest tears effaced. Ask of the traitor's kiss, and see What Jesus hath endured for thee.

Ask of Getsemane, whose dews Strank from the moisture strangely red, Which, in that lonely hour of pain, His agonizing temples shed— The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore, Like the unanswering tomb, He bore.

How hath He loved us? Ask the cross, The Roman spear, the shrouded sky; Ask of the shrouded dead, who burst Their cements at his fearful cry. Nay, ask no more; but bow thy pride, And yield thy heart to Him who died.

His love is peculiar, it is everlasting—from eternity to eternity; it is gracious—given without desert on our part; it is infinite in depth and fullness—the mind of God is in it; it is active love, it prompts to all beneficence, it comes to us and blesses us; it is patient love, enduring our errors and imperfections; it is a watchful love, ever present to guard and defend us. It is a pitying love, touched with the feeling of our infirmities; a forgiving love, remembering our sins against us no more for ever; a saving love, for it has ascended into the heavens to prepare a place for us; it is a fulfilling love, for it will move Him to come again and receive us unto Himself.

HOW WE LOVE HIM.

Now what is more appropriate, in this view of our Saviour's love to us, than the personal and searching question: "Do I love Christ?" Does he not speak to us from the manger, from the brow of Olivet, from the slopes of Judea's mountains, and the shores of Galilee; from the cottage of Bethany, from the grave of Lazarus, from the garden of sorrows, from the judgment hall, from Calvary, from the open tomb, and from the splendors of heaven, saying, "lovest thou me?"

What reply can you return to this solemn question?—What says the closet, where He has hidden us go and pray? What the daily life in the household, and before the world? What says your anxiety for the salvation of sinners? What answer comes from the sacrifice you make for his poor, for his kingdom? What testimony comes from your Sabbath hours? What says your expenditure for luxury of living? What proof is there in the mission fields of the Church, in the Sabbath school, in the pew, at the table? What does He see in your labor, your gifts, your prayers, your search after truth, your faith in His word and work, your hatred of sin, your tenderness of conscience, your consecration to

God? If ye love me keep my commandments. Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you!

Jerome, one of the early fathers, said: If my father should stand before me, my mother should hang upon me, my brethren should press about me, I would break through all to trample over them; if it must be so, that I might the firmer cleave unto Christ Jesus my Saviour. Let money, flesh, and friends fail, the world frown, yea, life itself vanish, Christ is better than all. If He should say to me: "Take thy fill of sinful delights, eat, drink, and be merry; so love thyself in the midst of diffidence, abundance, thou shalt not perish; only thou shalt not be with me"—not with thee? If not with thee, then farewell delight, farewell pomp and vanity, all farewell. I will follow thee wherever thou goest, for it will certainly be held there thou art not!

LOVE THE CLIMAX OF CHARACTER.

It is too much the feeling that love belongs only to children and women; that it is not mainly to be under the power and impulse of affection. But does not the strong man love his gold, his profession; is he not enamored of war and enterprise—alas, too often overcome by low and debasing passion? Paul was manly, and yet he set holy love on the very pinnacle of the Temple; on the height of God's throne; and giving his view of its worth and greatness, he swept up from the lowest stand-point of a disciple, through all afflictions, exposures, privations and labors; through the gift of interpretation; the gift of tongues; the gift of discerning spirits; the gift of prophecy; the gift of miracles; the gift of healing; through the word of faith; the word of knowledge; the word of wisdom; the understanding of all mysteries; through the faith that removes mountains; passing the almsgiver, the interpreter, the healer, the worker of miracles, the teacher, the prophet, the believer, and touches the climax in the loving soul, and close to the throne of God—and having exhausted all property, all world, all supremacy, all authority and life itself in martyrdom, he rises to the culmination and zenith of virtue; and with all other glory beneath his feet, proclaims that from the beginning to end, from the heights to the depths, through the whole range of thought, achievement, honor and glory, there is nothing without love!

HOME MISSIONS.

On applications received from the churches they serve, the following ministers were commissioned by the Presbyterian Committee of Home Missions, at their last meeting: Twenty of whom were under commission last year.

- Rev. W. H. Williams, Perry and Naples, Ill.
- " Jas. Brownlee, Prairie City, Black Jack, Baldwin City and Palmyra, Kansas.
- " F. E. Sheldon, Troy, Kansas.
- " P. J. Hof, Louisville, Canton and Barryville, Ohio.
- " W. H. Edwards, Camden and vicinity, Del.
- " E. F. Tanner, Barton and vicinity, Wis.
- " Saml. J. Mills, West Liberty and Atalissa, Iowa.
- " E. W. Brown, West Dresden, N. Y.
- " J. B. Preston, Omro, Wis.
- " Jas. A. Darrah, West Ely and New Providence, Mo.
- " H. Bushnell, Jr., St. Louis Crossing, Ind.
- " C. O. Reynolds, Hunter, N. Y.
- " S. R. Bissell, Effingham, Enterprise and vicinity, Ill.
- " Stephen Phelps, Waterloo, Iowa.
- " W. H. Smith, De Soto and Olathe, Kansas.
- " H. C. Cheadle, Tupper's Plains; Basha and Racine, Ohio.
- " E. J. Hill, Thornton Station, Ill.
- " W. M. King, Sordiana, Winchester and North Liberty, Ohio.
- " E. F. Fish, Stevens Point, Wis.
- " G. H. Smith, Washington, D. C.
- " W. J. Essick, Wabash, Ind.
- " E. C. Howell, Vevay, Ind.
- " A. Bryant, Okemos and Delhi, Mich.
- " A. G. Beebe, Manitowick, Wis.
- " Justin Marsh, Ada, Mich.

GERMAN ECONOMY.

A late tourist in Germany describes the economy practiced by the peasants as follows: "Each German has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees, so laden with fruit that did he not carefully prop them up, they would together, and in many places hold the boughs together by wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his own corn plot, his plot for mangel wurzel or hay, for potatoes, for hemp, &c. He is his own master, and therefore, he and his family have the strongest motives for exertion. In Germany nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and these cows is carried to market. Much fruit is dried for winter use. You see wooden trays of plums, cherries, and sliced apples, hanging in the sun to dry. You see strings of them hanging from the windows in the sun. The cows are kept up the greater part of the year, and every green thing collected for them. Every little nook where grass grows, by the roadside river and brook, is carefully cut by the sickle, and carried home on the heads of the women and children, in baskets or tied in large cloths. Nothing of the kind is lost that can possibly be made of any use. Weeds, nettles, hay, the very goose grass which covers the waste places, are cut up and taken for the cows. You see the little children standing in the streets of the villages, and in the streams which usually run down them, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle. They carefully collect the leaves of the marsh grass, carefully cut the potato tops for them, and even, if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodlands.

All the men who have done great and good work in the world have done mistakes, as far as I can see. It is only the easy, cautious people who sit still and do nothing who make no mistakes, unless their whole lives are one great mistake, which seems probable.