

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 46.

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TOWANDA:

Monday Morning, May 13, 1853.

Selected Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath day—the gracious day!
Bringing the gifts of peace,
Bringing life's rudest cares away,
Lending tired labor cease.
Bringing like sunshine on the earth,
Bringing rain shadows flee,
Giving us praise and sinless mirth,
Making the bonfire free.

The Sabbath day—the priceless boon!
Lending the sacred dream
To the poor man, it comes too soon,
I might esteem!
I might sternly say
The people claim it all;
The man's impression Mercet's ray
Whom that narrow wall.

The Sabbath day—the separate!
For which with yearning sighs
The weaned workers patient wait,
For which hand, the o'er-tasked brain,
May find repose,
And either strength to toil again,
And strength to conquer woes.

The Sabbath day—the gift divine!
That, whoso'er our creed,
Sustains with boundless benign
Respite for every need;
For prayer, for praise, for soothing rest,
For thought of boundless scope,
For heed of Charity's behest,
For love, for joy, for hope.

The Sabbath day—the glorious day!
Beyond the city gate,
The tens of thousands bend their way,
Where breeze and sunshine wait,
To let them see the streamlets flow,
And head the daisied sod,
To look upon the buds that blow,
And search and find out God.

The Sabbath day—the buckler strong
That guards the poor and meek,
From the desolate from wrong,
From the tyrant weak.
The Sabbath day—O prize it well,
The world will learn to prize,
As a temple, field, or cell,
The Sabbath made for man.

Miscellaneous.

The Soldier's Story.

It was during the time of the Duke of Wellington's army that the French had retreated through Portugal. A British soldier, named John, had been driven into the Spanish frontier, the light division consisting of a few of their long legged men were very a line of posts among the mountains of the northern banks of the river. A few companies of our regiment advanced to occupy a village which the French had abandoned.

It was a brisk march over a scorched and rugged country which had already been ransacked of its resources. We were supplied with provisions; but our days since we had heard the creak of commissary wagons, and we had been on very common. There was no reason to expect that the village we were now ordered to reach had just marched out, and would of course be left to whatever was portable, and must have previously well drained the place for a search, however, judging that possibly something might have been concealed from them by the peasants, and we actually soon discovered several boxes where skins of wine had been stored. A soldier, sir, I take it, after hot service in the field thinks of much beyond the comfort of drinking to excess; and I freely own that a small party soon caused a sad scene of confusion.

They looted and hovel was searched, and many a fellow, who had contrived to hide his last shilling from his enemies, was obliged to return it to his allies. You might see the poor wretch on all sides running away, some with a bundle of food, others with a skin of wine in their hands, followed by the menaces and staggering of the weary and half-drunken soldiers.

"What time" was the cry in every part of the village. An English soldier, sir, may be for months in a foreign land, and have a pride in not knowing how to ask for anything but liquor. I was not an exception.

"I am a poor, half-starved, ragged fellow, who was stealing off a couple of bottles of wine from his corn-cloak," I said. "I was very much surprised to find you here, I thought you would have been long since sent to the gallows." "I am a poor fellow," he cried, "as he broke from my grasp, and ran quickly and fearfully away. I was not very drunk—I had not had above half my quantity—and I passed him up a street. But he was the dearest, and I should have lost him, had I not made a sudden turn and come upon him in a broken alley, where I suppose the poor thing fell. I seized him by the collar. He was small and spare, and he trembled under my grip; but he held his own, and only wrapped his cloak closer round his property.

"I am a poor fellow," I said, "give me a drink!" "Nada, nada, tengo," he repeated.

"I had already drawn my bayonet. I am ashamed to say, sir, that we used to do that to terrify the poor wretches, and make them the sooner give us their liquor. As I held him by the collar with one hand, I pointed the bayonet at his breast with the other, and I again cried, "Tengo!"

"Nada no tengo—nada, nada," and spoke words with such a look of truth and earnestness, that had I not fancied I could trace through the folds of the cloak the very shape of a small weak-knee, I should have believed him.

"Lying rascal!" said I, "so you won't give me no liquor! The dry earth shall drink it!" and I struck the point of my bayonet deep into that which he begged to his breast.

Oh, sir, it was not wine that trickled down—it was blood, warm blood!—and a piteous wail went like a chill across my heart! The poor Spaniard opened his cloak; he pointed to his wounded child—and his wild eye asked me phisner than words could have done, "Monter! are you satisfied?" I was sobered in a moment. I fell upon my knees beside the infant, and I tried to staunch the blood. Yes, the poor fellow understood the truth: he saw and accepted my anguish; and we joined in our efforts to save the little victim. Oh! it was too late!

The little boy had fastened his small clammy hands around a finger of each of us. He looked at us alternately, and seemed to ask, alike from his father and his murderer, that help which it was beyond the power of one of earth to give. The changes in the poor child's countenance showed that it had but few minutes to live. Sometimes it lay so still that I thought the last pang was over; when a convulsion would agitate his frame, and a momentary pressure of his little hands would give the gasping father a short, dim ray of hope.

You may believe, sir, that an old soldier, who has only been able to keep his own life at the expense of an eye and two of his limbs, who had lingered out many a weary day in a camp hospital after a hot engagement, must have learnt to look on death without any unnecessary concern. I have sometimes wished for it myself; and often felt thankful when my poor wounded comrades had been released by it from pain. I have seen it, too, in other shapes. I have seen the death-blow dealt when its effects have been so instant that the brave heart's blood has been spilt, and the pulses have ceased to beat, while the streak of life and health was still fresh upon the cheek, when a smile has remained upon the lips of a brother-soldier, even after he had fallen a corpse across my path. But, oh! sir, what is all this, compared with what I suffered as I watched the life ebb slowly away from the wound which I myself had so wantonly inflicted in the breast of an innocent, helpless child! It was by mistake—by accident. Oh, yes! I know it, I know it well, and day and night I have striven to forget that hour. But it is of no use: the cruel recollection never leaves my mind—that piteous wail is ever in my ears! The father's agony will follow me to the grave.

A DORSE—When Deacon B. got into a bad position, he was very expert at crawling out of it. Though too quick tempered, he was one of the best deacons in the world. He would not, in a sober moment utter an oath, or any thing like one, for his weight in cider.

At the close of a rainy day, he was walking upon a knoll in his barn-yard; on one side of which was a dirty slough, and on the other an old buck, that, in consideration of his usually quiet disposition, he was allowed to run with the cows. The deacon was piously humming "Old Hundred," and had just finished, the line ending with "exalted high," when the ram, obeying a certain impulse to be aggressive, gave him a blow from behind that sent him up a short distance, only to fall directly into the slough, where the dirty water was deep enough to give him a thorough immersing.

As he crawled out, and before he rose from his hands and knees, he looked over his shoulder at the ram and then vociferated:

"You J—old cuss!" but on looking around and seeing one of his neighbors looking at him, he added in the breath, "if I may be allowed the expression."

BROTHER JONATHAN—The waist of his coat may be ridiculously short; the tails of it ridiculously long; his shirt collar may absorb the contents of a whole field of flax; his pantaloons may not come below the tops of his boots, and his straps may have the air of preventer-braces to keep the continuations from going over his head; he may be, in short, the most unrepresentable man you can conceive of, and "most mockable at court;" but beneath the uncouthness of his dress, and the frequent bizarreness of his manner, there is such a man, and such a soul as only Yankeeism and the nineteenth century can produce or educate. We start with the intention of making a flourish. Thorough-paced, full-blooded, conceit, stubborn, imperturbable, go ahead Americans; not afraid to try to do anything ever done by any other living man, from making a baby's go-cart to the construction of an empire; and not a bit more afraid to attempt what no man ever did, if either money, fame or power is to be made out of it. We are precisely the people to make the biggest of all possible flourishes, and blow the biggest of all possible double C bombadons on the occasion of national success and triumphs.

A DUTCH JUSTICE OUTRAGE—A Dutch Justice is the universal pad horse for all judicial bulls, but we lately heard a story, we shall saddle upon a justice residing not more than 1500 miles from Iowa. A man sued another in an action of account. After patiently hearing the case through, his honor pronounced judgment as follows:

"John Smith, stand up: you have had a fair and impartial trial by a jury of your own country, and have been found indebted to the plaintiff. This court, therefore pronounces judgment against you for a sum of eighteen and three fourth cents, and may God Almighty have mercy on your soul!"

THE PRESENT MOMENT—There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment as all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost and perished in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

An Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him whispered in the carrier's ear that he wasn't naturalized and couldn't vote.

The Thriftless Farmer.

The following picture of the thriftless farmer is taken from a Western paper, and is so true to life that we copy it. We hope that none of our farming readers are touched even in one particular. If they are, read and reform:—

"The thriftless farmer provides no shelter for his cattle, during the inclemency of winter; but permits them to stand shivering by the side of a fence, or to lie in the snow, as best suits them.

He throws their fodder on the ground, or in the mud, and not infrequently in the highway; by which a large portion of it, and all the manure, are wasted.

He grazes his meadows in the fall and spring, by which they are gradually exhausted, and finally ruined.

His fences are old and poor—just such as to let his neighbors' cattle break into his fields, and teach his own to be unruly.

He neglects to keep the manure from around the silts of his barn—if he has one—by which they are prematurely rotted and his barn destroyed.

He tills or skims over the surface of his land until it is exhausted; but never thinks it worth while to manure or clover it. For the first he has no time for the last, he "is not able."

He has more stock than he has the means to keep well.

He has a place for nothing, and nothing in its place. He consequently wants a hoe or rake, a hammer or an auger, but knows not where to find it. He and his whole household are in search of it, and much time is lost.

He loiters away stormy days and evenings, when he should be repairing his utensils, or improving his mind by reading the newspapers.

He spends much time in town, at the corner of the streets, or in the "snake holes" complaining of "hard times," and goes home in the evening "pretty well tore."

He plants a few fruit trees, and his cattle forthwith destroys them. He has no "luck in raising fruit."

His plow, drag, and other implements lie all winter in the field where last used; and just as he is getting in a hurry, the next season, his plow breaks, because it was not hoisted and properly cared for.

Somebody's hogs break in, and destroy his garden, because he had not stopped a hole in the fence that he has been intending to stop for a week.

He attends in a great hurry, but will stop and talk as long as he can find any one to talk with.

He has of course, little money, and when he must raise some to pay his taxes, &c., he raises it at a great sacrifice, in some way or other; either by paying an enormous share, or by selling his scanty crop when prices are low.

He is a year behind instead of a year ahead of his business—and always will be.

When he pays a debt, it is at the end of an execution; consequently his credit is at a low ebb.

He buys entirely on credit, and merchants and all others with whom he deals charge him twice or thrice the profit they charge prompt paymasters, and are unwilling to sell him goods at that. He has to beg and promise, and promise and beg, to get them on any terms. The merchants dread to see his wife come into the stores and the poor woman feels depressed and degraded.

The smoke begins to come out of his chimney late of a winter morning, while his cattle are suffering for their morning food.

Manure lies in his stable, his horses are rough and uncurried, and his harness rot under their feet.

His bars and gates broken, his buildings unpainted, and shingles falling off—he has not time to replace them—the glass is out of the windows, and the hole stopped with rags and old hats.

He is a great borrower of his thrifty neighbor's implements, but never returns the borrowed article; and when it is sent for in can't be found.

His children are too late at school—that is if they go to school—their clothes ragged, their faces unwashed, their heads uncombed, and their books torn and dirty.

If the printer wants a quarter of beef, or a few bushels of oats, corn or potatoes, on this bill our farmer has "none to spare."

Take him, all in all, he is a poor farmer, a poor Christian, a poor father, a poor neighbor, a poor Christian, and a poor devil any way you can take him.

NEW RAILROADS IN PENNSYLVANIA—In the list of acts passed at the late session of the Pennsylvania legislature we find the titles of no less than thirty-one newly incorporated railroad companies. Estimating each road at forty miles in length, they would make a total of 1,240 miles of railroad, and estimating the cost at \$25,000 a mile, we have the moderate sum of \$31,200,000 to be expended on entirely new works.

There is a girl in Troy who wears such a sunshiny face, that when she goes out of doors the snow birds take her for summer, and follow her about as if she had apple blossoms in her wren. With such a power in cheerfulness, isn't it singular that women ever allow themselves to have the souls?

A FELLOW who was being led to execution, told the officers they must not take him through a certain street, lest a merchant who resided there should arrest him for an old debt!

THE ATLANTIC is nearly four miles deep off Cape Hatteras—so says the United States Coast Surveyors.

An enthusiast so detested the very name of animal food, that he refused to partake of kidney beans.

If a body see a body carrying off his wood, 'tho' a body whale a body—if a body could!

The Bible Cause.

FOR THE BRADFORD REPORTER.—By the Editor.—The following notice of the Meeting of the Luzerne County Bible Society, and the Address of the Rev. Mr. Miles, will be read with interest by Christians of every denomination, who cannot but wish well to such a cause. Would that a deeper interest in this noble work were felt in our own county. Will you be so good as to insert this in your paper, and you will oblige.

Your humble servant, E. J. D.
Towanda, May 2, 1853.

LUZERNE COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY.
On Sabbath evening last, a joint meeting of the several religious congregations of the Borough of Wilkes-Barre, was held in the Methodist Church, in accordance with the recommendation of the late annual meeting of the Luzerne County Bible Society. The object was the delivery of addresses in behalf of the Bible cause, and to take more effective measures for the distribution of the Scriptures through our County.

The meeting was opened by prayer by the Rev. Mr. Dorrance, pastor of Presbyterian Church, the choir then sang a hymn, after which Rev. Mr. Shepherd announced the Rev. Mr. Miles of the Episcopal Church would deliver the Opening Address.

ADDRESS.
We are convened this evening as the ministers and members of the several Protestant Churches of this Borough, to consider our position and duty with regard to the word of God; I use the term protestant here, as designating those who appeal to the standard of the Holy Scriptures, and protest against the co-ordinate authority of tradition in setting the doctrines of our Christian faith. We meet as those who are mutually in favor of the universal and unreserved circulation of the Bible in the common version without note or comment throughout our own nation and the world at large.

To the casual observation of one who admitted either experimentally or theoretically the divine origin, and practical infidelity of this volume, our present effort might seem superfluous. Are we not already blessed with a full supply of the word of life? Is not its influence extensively felt throughout our community? Have we not churches and Sunday schools and Bible classes—where it is continually taught from earliest youth to latest age—and are we not surrounded with its ordinances, and largely blessed with its benevolent institutions? Yes truly; and yet the very fullness of the blessings which we enjoy may make us insensible to our danger of losing them, or forgetful of the wants of those less highly favored. The present call therefore may be a favorable time for consideration—a call to review the present condition of the Bible cause in our world and our own duty in connection with it. We must never forget that we live in a state of probation; in a world where conflicting spiritual influences are at work, and where the Lord himself works by means through the humble instrumentality of earthly vessels in carrying on his own vast purposes. What then is the present aspect of the Bible cause? In answer to this question it may be viewed in the various aspects of progress, of conflict, and of apathy, according as it is viewed from different stand points.

I. Let us view its aspect of progress. The moment I mention this word, I seem to realize how busy your minds are in running through the history of the past, and tracing God's word from its early Mosaic records, through Psalms, and Chronicles and Prophecy; through Evangelists and Apostles down to the full completion of the sacred canon, in the Revelation of St. John. You remember that once the sacred writings were confined to a small people not remarkable for their numbers or influence among the nations of the distant east; and hardly known beyond the territory of so called Holy Land. And when the advent of the Saviour of the world, fulfilled the old and added the new—it was gradually that the united rays of the divine light spread through the nations of western Europe, and not till after centuries had rolled away that the sun of righteousness with healing in its wings arose upon this our western land. Quick as thought your mind runs through the midnight ages of the church, when the bible was locked up in convents and monasteries, and the people groped in spiritual darkness, till the morning star of the Reformation dawned and God's Providence devised a way through the invention of printing, and threw open this new world, to the combined influence of all united. Wonderful is the sight that has been exhibited. The writings of a few shepherds and fishermen and tent-makers, have been invested with a divine power—and changed with an influence that has turned the world upside down. They have been carried by the missionary of the cross to almost every quarter of our earth, from the frozen shores of Greenland to the coral strands of India. The isles of the ocean have waited for God's law, and the wilderness has rejoiced and blossomed far and wide. All this you appreciate the moment it is mentioned. The weak things of God have overcome the strong. The humblest Christian in the audience has helped to affect it. Not a child's prayer, nor a widow's mite has been without its influence. It has been written down upon the great record above—and it has been winged by the power of God to fulfill its mission here on earth. This is not mere declamation; it is the enunciation in words of facts which figures are the proof; and to impress your minds with the mathematical argument which weighs with so many, I may briefly refer to a few data which express the progress of the Bible within the last fifty years, or during that period when the more earnest efforts have been made through the medium of association for its dissemination. At the commencement of the present century, it is according to the best estimates that can be obtained, that there was in existence only about 4,000,000 copies of the Bible; now there are more than 30,000,000. It had then been published in 48 or 49 languages; now it is read in something like 140. Then it was accessible in languages spoken by about 200,000,000 of

men; now it is open to more than 600,000,000. What other book will find a parallel in this progress? Once the great Bible was chained in some public place, that all who would might come and peruse it, or listen to the few who were competent to read; now the word of life is unchained—and the leaves of that tree which are for the healing of the nations, are scattered broadcast over our earth. But let us return to facts again. Six years ago an agent of an English Bible Society visited Africa, and in a journey of 3,000 miles he found scarcely a person without one or more copies of the Sacred Scriptures, having the mark of the Bible Society upon it.

The people in some parts of Africa were 30, 40, 50, and even 70 miles distant from a station where they could hear the Word of God preached, but by the instrumentality of societies they were furnished with copies of the Bible, by reference to which, Christian knowledge were kept alive within them. Glancing at Ireland, we find that the entire Bible has been printed in the Irish tongue. Through the means of appointed missionaries and Scripture readers, thousands have been converted from Romanism and led to embrace a pure faith. The Emerald Isle bids fair to be regenerated, and it may be that the ancient tradition is about to be fulfilled—that when Ireland was lost to the Romish Church, that Church throughout the whole world would be destroyed. Certain it is that this progress has awakened the fiercest opposition on her part. Look at France—that country which "lying geographically on the very confines of the strongest Bible illumination, has been the most agitated and tossed of all the realms of civilization; now rolling and weltering in blood and fire, during its proscription of the oracles of God, and now convulsed with the restless workings of a mind stimulated by the everywhere penetrating light of surrounding but restraining truth." During the past year 135,000 copies of the Sacred Scriptures have been sold in that country, making an increase in six months, of 9,000 copies over any six months. When the Pope turned his back on the people and fled, the opportunity was taken, to print in Rome itself an edition of 4000 copies of the scriptures. When about 100 copies had been issued, the cardinal Government put a stop to the further circulation, and the remaining copies were subsequently destroyed by the direction of the Pope on his return. Having heard that the copies were being gradually destroyed, applications were made by the Society to Lord Palmerston, who intimated to the Pope that the Bibles were the property of British subjects. Ultimately it was agreed that the Bibles should be paid for, and the Society actually received £109 11s. 6d.—In Russia too, the Bible has been circulated, and by an order of the Emperor it is said 60,000 copies were lately admitted duty free, saving thereby about £300. In Vienna, and Florence, and many other cities the word has taken effect. With regard to our own country I need not take up your time to speak. The Bible was early endorsed and respected by the framers of our government, and an edition printed at the recommendation of Congress—the efforts of infidels against it have proved unavailing. Science has been unmoored with all her wail drawn from the depths of the earth, and with her light gathered from the starry firmament, to overthrow it; but in vain. The smoke and dust of the conflict have cleared away, and left the Bible resting on a firmer basis; even turning the objections of science, or of philosophy falsely so called, into weapons for her own defence. Such is the aspect of the Bible progress—as exhibited briefly, in words, and facts and figures, drawn from a few only of the many nations of the earth—where with more time we might trace its successful history.

II. Let us now turn to the aspect of conflict. Some may be ready to exclaim after this review, as was at first suggested—where is the call for any spasmodic effort since the great work has so well and so steadily progressed? We have not met to encourage any such spasmodic effort; but to arouse ourselves to a more steady and progressive work, stimulated by the times in which we live. The work that has been already done calls for more. The seed that so long has been sown and sowing among the nations of the earth is springing up. The leaven of God's word hidden in many a house, is working throughout all Europe, and there are indications on every side that there is a desperate conflict at hand. When we plant the seed we do not leave it to itself. There is often more labour to be expended as it germinates, and grows toward the harvest lest the earlier labour should be lost. The Bible so freely and extensively circulated is taking effect. It is found that civil and religious liberty are more nearly connected than was at first supposed. The extinction of the one is the extinction of the other. The spiritual and temporal despotisms of the old world, are in league against free principles. The kings of the earth in fulfillment of Revelation are giving their power to the beast, the false church, and receiving assistance in return. The spread of the Bible and the spread of republican principles, are only hid off by the presence of French and Austrian bayonets, and the Papacy in its dotage trembles on an insecure throne. And yet such is just the time when a most vigorous effort must be put forth to retrieve her falling fortunes. They must seize every cry of the word of life whose leaven is heaving the troubled surface of society, and punish the temerity of those who will dare to read it in their houses. A bold movement is made to divide the British realm and parcel out its territory to foreign ecclesiastics. They have seen this crisis and are preparing for it. In Florence, that city so famed for its learning and arts, a man and his wife have been detected in reading the word of God, and a dungeon is the penalty. How strangely has this struck upon the ears of men in this enlightened age! To be imprisoned for reading the bible. It has seemed like the revival of the Inquisition and indeed is only a slight foretaste of it, if it is suffered to pass without rebuke. It has roused up the indignation of honest men; meetings have been called and attended by thousands distinguished men

of different nations have interceded for the prisoners, and at the last accounts they have been released and banished from their country. Here in our land every field is occupied, every locality is visited. Her emissaries are in the distant west, with first the advance of emigration, and a vigilant and truly surveillance is exercised over our whole land. First an effort is made to drive the bible from the public school, and next they undertake to seize a portion of the common fund to devote to their exclusive system. As a matter of course resistance is made, the people are aroused, public meetings are held, exciting speeches are made, and the time of conflict comes. It is important to remember too, that the scene of the contest is changed. As the power at war against the bible seems to weaken in the old world it strengthens here. Its ranks are reinforced by constant immigration. It has thriven to a certain extent in that very freedom which would seem in other respects its natural enemy, and there are not wanting those who with mistaken views and seeking preferment, at its sacrifice are willing to pander to the prejudices of this increasing portion of the population. In this conflict 'oo we shall find that infidelity will side with Romanism.

Though apparently antagonists in some respects, yet there is a point where that system which believes everything, and that system which denies everything, meet; and it is in opposition to, and deadly hatred of pure and spiritual religion. Infidelity met and vanquished in her own stronghold, can accomplish through the guise of Romanism what she could not accomplish in herself. The one is the legitimate fruit of the other as abundantly proved by the operation of the individual mind and more at large by the state of whole countries subjected to Romanish domination. These are our dangers, and this is the conflict for which we must all be prepared.

III. And now in the third place what do we find our own position in view of this approaching conflict? I fear it is one of apathy and unconcern. We are so accustomed to see the work go on, and to read of its progress, and to see the walls of our churches rising on every hand, to sit under our vine and fig tree with none to molest us or make us afraid, that we do not dream of danger. We seem to have no idea that any reverse can come. We feel too much as everything would take care of itself and these blessings would continue as a matter of course. We are needing just now perhaps a little of this very persecution to make us value our liberty more highly. Do you realize, my Christian friends and fellow citizens that you, might be incarcerated here in your own country prison for reading that bible which now you so freely hold? Such a thing would be almost sure to come if Rome should gain the ascendancy as she has in other countries and wield the power of the State. She is unchangeable in her spirit, and only wants the opportunity by her own admission to be the same in external manifestation. Our liberty, both civil and religious, can only be preserved by a constant watchfulness, and by bearing with the bible as our standard, our shield and our defence. "A free bible, a free press and free schools," was the noble sentiment uttered by our late minister to England during his visit to the Emerald Isle and which was blotted from his printed speech through priestly influence. There is apathy here. That word of life which we profess to prize so highly we make too little effort to disseminate. There are families all around us which are destitute. In the greatness of our work we must not neglect to look after our neighborhood. Each individual, each minister, each church, has a portion of the work committed to them within the limits of their respective influence, and all these individual ministers and churches united, have their work to do upon the destitute regions around. It is to awaken us to a sense of duty in this respect that we have met this evening. Nor should we lose sight of the highest consideration. It is not merely the fact that this temporal conflict or crisis is approaching, but far more than this, that souls are constantly perishing for lack of knowledge. While we have light in our dwellings and our churches, there is fearful darkness at no short a distance from us, and many a house in our country night now be found where the candle of God's word shines not upon its inmates. Have we no duty to discharge in this respect? Shall we enjoy to satisfy these blessed privileges while others are destitute? Shall we say "am I my brother's keeper," or throw the responsibility of his unexpected loss upon himself alone?

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny?
I earnestly need only to ask the question to have it intelligently and rightly answered in your heart. It is the year of jubilee in the Bible cause in our mother England, mother in more respects than one in things pertaining to the advancement of Christ's cause, and the dissemination of that version of the bible which her own divines translated. A few weeks since the 50th anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society was celebrated with circumstances of unusual interest in St. Paul's Cathedral London. The sermon was preached by the Arch Bishop of Canterbury, in presence of members of every Christian denomination in England (save one), whose good and gifted representatives both clerical and lay thronged that noble edifice, £338 was the amount of the collection on that day, which is but the beginning of that Jubilee flood flowing in from all parts of the kingdom. Let us imitate their zeal. Let us arouse from our apathy, and blessing God for that progress of his word which we have seen, arm ourselves for the approaching conflict. God works by means, and we may be efficient agents in his hands. The work is ours the strength and the glory shall be all his own when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever.

At the conclusion of the address the choir sang Bishop Heber's beautiful Missionary Hymn