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"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL:" "ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED OF THE LORD:" "THIS ONE THING I DO."

WHOLE NO. 265

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Original Poetry.

The Lovely Land.

There is a lovely land
Away beyond the sky,
Where death and sin were never known,
Nor grief nor woe e'er dimm'd an eye;
There, voice of mourning ne'er was hear —
No wail of infant's pain, no cry
Of anguish echoes in that land,
Away beyond the sky.

There, in that lovely land,
Away beyond the sky,
A stream so bright forever flows,
Its waters pure are ever blest,
And on its banks the life-tree grows;
There, weary ones oft peaceful rest—
It is their home, that lovely land,
Away beyond the sky.

Hark! in that lovely land,
Away beyond the sky,
Sweet children's voices praises sing,
Praise, praise they give to Jesus' love;
All freed from sin, and death's sharp sting,
They're crown'd with life and joy above;
It is their home, that lovely land,
Away beyond the sky.

Within that lovely land,
Away beyond the sky,
The children and the parents meet,
No more to roam, no more to die;
Whole families bow at Jesus' feet,
And joy beams forth from every eye;
It is their home, that lovely land,
Away beyond the sky.

There, in that lovely land,
Away beyond the sky,
How many aged pilgrims rest
From earthly cares, from doubts and fears;
No more by Satan's wiles oppress'd,
'Tis God's own hand removes their tears;
It is their home, that lovely land,
Away beyond the sky.

Thou happy, lovely land,
Away beyond the sky;
Though now upon the earth I roam,
My heart still hopes, yea, longs for thee;
When, duties done—when, summon'd home,
Thy light shall brightly burst on me;
'Tis Jesus' home, that lovely land,
Away beyond the sky.

O happy, lovely land,
Away beyond the sky,
When shall I join thy holy songs?
When rest beside thy living stream?
When walk amid angelic throngs?
When on my eyes thy brightness beam?
Oh happy home! Oh lovely land!
Away beyond the sky. S. L. C.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Memoir of Rev. W. W. McLain.

[BY THE PRESBYTERY OF REDSTONE.]

The Rev. William Wylie McLain departed this life at his residence at Mt. Pleasant, November 10th, 1855, aged forty years He was born in Brown County, Ohio, and was brought up under the ministry of the Rev. James Gilliland. He pursued his collegiate course at Hanover College, Indiana, and received his theological training at the Western Theological Seminary. He was licensed to preach the Gospel early in the year 1840, and was ordained as an Evangelist by this Presbytery in November of the same year Though possessing gifts and qualifications which would have rendered him acceptable and useful in any locality within our bounds, he made choice of a missionary field lying chiefly in the mountains, and embracing contiguous parts of Fayette County, Pa, and Preston County, Va There he labored with great devotedness, fidelity and success, subsisting upon a small salary and enduring every hardship, so that he might win souls to Christ. Sometimes he found it extremely difficult to reach his places of preaching, as in the Winter season the roads were not unfrequently blocked up with snow drifts or fallen trees. In such cases he has been known to leave his horse and walk on the crust of the snow six miles to fulfil his appointment.

After some years the exposure to Winter's storms began to endanger his health, and he was obliged to relinquish one of his little churches, thirty miles distant. After laboring some twelve years in this destitute region, greatly beloved and honored by all who knew him, he received a call from the church of Mt. Pleasant, and though strongly attached to the people among whom he had long labored with so much success, yet the state of his health, greatly injured by exposure, and the advice of ministerial brethren, determined him to accept the call He was installed in his new charge in the Spring of 1852, and labored acceptably and usefully till his death.

About the 1st of October, 1855, when the Presbytery met at his church, he appeared to enjoy his usual health. The week following he was taken down with typhoid fever, of which he died From the first he intimated doubts of his recovery, saying, "If the Lord has anything more for me to do he can easily raise me up. If not, we must try to be submissive to his will. During the first three weeks of his illness, by advice of his physicians, he conversed but little; but after he was told that the disease had fallen upon his lungs and that he had but a short time to live, he said, "If my time is short I ought not to be lying here idle." Being asked what he could do, he replied, "Trying to glorify God with what little strength I have left." From that time, though very weak and short of breath, he endeavored to say something to every one who approached his bedside, quoting a passage of Scripture, or speaking of the love of God manifested in the plan of redemption or giving some seasonable advice.

Whenever he had occasion to speak of himself or his past labors, it was with great humility and self loathing. A little before he expired being asked if he experienced much joy that he was so near his journey's end, he replied, "Not great joy, but peace—peace like a river." He said that Christ never appeared so precious, nor the atonement so full and complete

The Word of God was his continual feast. He often asked for particular passages to be read; on the eve of his departure he requested the reading of Rom. viii: together with the narrative of Stephen's death. His thoughts had been all along much occupied with the people of his former and present charge He asked for his Bible and with difficulty turned to 1 Thess. v: and said, "*That is my dying message to them*"

When consulted about the religious services at his funeral, he said, "If you ask brother Black to officiate, tell him not to hold me up, but to embrace the opportunity of holding up Christ".

Thus has fallen at his post a beloved servant of Christ, at the noonday of life and in the midst of his usefulness.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

The Late Rev. David Polk.

A committee appointed by the Presbytery of Clarion, to prepare a Minute in regard to the late Rev. David Polk, presented the following, at a meeting held in the church of Bethesda, September 29th, 1857. The Presbytery unanimously adopted the report, and ordered that a copy be transmitted to the family of the deceased; also that copies be forwarded to the *Presbyterian*, and the *Banner and Advocate*, for publication.

Rev. David Polk was born in the city of Baltimore, in the year 1809, and died at Brookville, Jefferson County, Pa., April 15th, 1857. His early history is unknown to us. We cannot state at what time he made a profession of religion, nor can we give any information in regard to his early religious experience. His literary and scientific education was obtained at Jefferson College; and he completed a full course in Theology at Princeton Seminary. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Baltimore. He was first settled as pastor of the church at Washington, Guernsey County, Ohio, and remained in that field about three years. Having been called to the churches of Brookville and Pisgah, Jefferson County, Pa., he was the pastor of those churches about six years. He was afterwards located for a short time, at Bellefontaine, Ohio. His last field was Mount Tabor and Richardsville, Jefferson County, Pa.

Brother Polk was regarded as a good man, as an effective preacher, and as a very zealous and laborious pastor. As a minister of the Gospel, he was "instant in season and out of season;" devoting his time and strength, unreservedly, to the cause of Christ and the Church. There is reason to believe that he did not labor in vain. Like other ministers in general, he encountered many difficulties and trials; but, at all times, he was patient, hopeful, and faithful in the discharge of his duties; and, doubtless, contemplated as a religious teacher, it may be truly said that he "finished his course with joy." During a considerable part of his life, he suffered from bodily infirmities, which interfered greatly with his public labors, as well as with his personal comfort; yet, as long as any strength and ability remained, he was actively employed in the duties of the ministry. The evidence which he furnished, at the closing hour of life, in regard to his spiritual condition and prospects, was entirely satisfactory to Christian friends. His mind was clear and calm; his "heart was fixed," his soul being stayed upon God; and he passed away as it becomes the Christian, and the minister of Jesus Christ Just before he died, special inquiry was made in respect to his doctrinal views. The substance of his reply was this: "The doctrines which I preached are the doctrines which I now believe, and on which my soul relies."

Brother Polk left a large and interesting family We tender to the bereaved and afflicted household our deepest sympathy; and we earnestly commend them, in our prayers, to the care of Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless.

Moral Courage and Safety.

In nature some creatures are strong and bold, having both instincts and instruments for combat; other creatures are feeble but fleet. It is the intention of their Maker that they should seek safety not in fighting but in fleeing. It would be a fatal mistake in the hare, in a fit of bravery, should turn and face her pursuers. In the moral conflict of human life it is of great importance to judge rightly when we should fight and when we should flee. The weak might escape if they knew their own weakness, and kept out of harm's way. That courage is not a virtue which carries the feeble into the lion's jaws. I have known of some who ventured too far with the benevolent purpose of bringing a victim out, and were themselves sucked in and swallowed up. To go in among the foolish for the rescue of the sinking may be necessary, but it is dangerous work; and demands robust workmen. The ordinary rule is, "Go from the presence of a foolish man; forsake the foolish and live."—Prov. ix: 6. Your first duty is your own safety. But on some persons at some times there lies the obligation to encounter danger for the safety of a neighbor. Man is made his brother's keeper. It is neither the inclination nor the duty of a good man to be among the profane or profligate, but he sometimes recognizes the call of God to go in among them for the purpose of pulling a brand from the burning. The specific instruction recorded in Scripture for such a case is, "Save with fear, pulling them out of the fire; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh"—Jude 23. He who would volunteer for this saving work "must save with fear;" fear lest the victim perish ere he get him dragged out, and fear lest himself be scorched by the flame. We often hear of a miner going down a shaft to save a brother who has been choked by foul air at the bottom It is a work of mercy; but the worker must beware; if he linger too long in the deadly atmosphere of the pit, instead of saving his neighbor, he himself will share his fate. There may be—there ought to be—an effort made to lay yourself among the drunken, the licentious, the profane, and so bear them out in safety; but it should be a rush in and a rush out again. When one begins to dally in the place of danger, he is gone. When your earnest interference is resisted, fall back upon the rule of Scripture, "Go from the presence of the foolish," lest your soul be polluted by contact with their blasphemy or vice.—*Rev. W Arnot.*

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.—"Read the biographies of our great and good men and women," says an exchange: "not one of them had a fashionable mother They nearly all sprung from plain, strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashions as with the changing clouds."

From our London Correspondent.

Visit to the Channel Islands—A Military Incident at St. Heliers—William, the Conqueror—English Possession, as Contrasted Religiously with French—New Fortifications—Oyster Fisheries—The Golden Butter—The Market Place, and French Weights and Coinage—The Climate and Products—Exemption from Taxation—Christian Privileges—Presbyterianism and the Huguenots—Guernsey, the Liturgy, the Parliament, and the Royalists—The French Language, and Country Parishes—Present Condition of Religion—Auxiliary Liberality and Zeal—Welcome for Americans—Fresh Tidings from India—Havelock and the Cholera—His Onward March to Lucknow—"The Mighty Man of Valor"—Mutiny at Dinapore—Slaughter of British Troops at Arrah—Calcutta Anxious—The East India Company and its Sins—Another Mutiny in Bombay—Rifle Corps and Military Training at Home—Troops Sent Overland—Call for National Fasting and Prayer—The Evangelical Alliance at Berlin—Postscript on India.

LONDON, September 24 1857.

Since I had last the pleasure of addressing you, I have made AN EXCURSION "OUT OF TOWN," combining recreation with service, and, I trust also with usefulness Leaving London at 8½ P. M., I reached the port of Southampton in three hours, and embarked at midnight on board the Royal Mail steamboat, bound for the Channel Islands I was traveling on Deputation service for the London Tract Society, and in connexion with this, my first visits were about to be paid to Jersey and Guernsey; and having paid those visits, I can truly say, that I trust that they are not my last Nay, more; I should advise, that when American friends visit the "Old Country," they will not leave our shores for the Continent, without first making a trip to the beautiful Channel Islands, for reaching which, abundant facilities exist. The voyage from Weymouth to Jersey, the most distant island from the English coast, is the shortest, and extends over ninety miles, while the mail route from Southampton is one hundred and twenty miles The latter is still a favorite route, and as the passage is always in the night, you can leave London after the transactions of a business day, sleep on board the Mail packet, and wake up as the ship lies to, off the Island of Guernsey, to put passengers on shore, ere she speeds away thirty miles further South, to Jersey. These two islands, together with those of Alderney and Sark, form a group in the British Channel They originally belonged to Normandy, in France, and from the days of William the Conqueror, became an appendage of the British Crown. A *patois* French is generally spoken, although it is gradually giving way to the English tongue. In rural districts, however, public worship, even in the Protestant parish churches, is still celebrated in the French tongue, and the small farmers, whose stone dwellings and holdings so thickly stud the islands, all speak the Norman French, or "Jersey French."

In St. Heliers, the capital of Jersey, there is a population of thirty thousand souls. Perhaps about one fifth of these are French and Irish Romanists, who have places of worship of their own, and priests also. I was rather surprised to find, among the porters on the Quay, and the servants in hotels, Irishmen and Irishwomen, respectively. They must be comparatively recent importations, and the fact reminds you of one of the great results of the Irish famine of 1848, which not only sent shoals of Irish across the Atlantic, but brought them, as immigrants, to England, and to these Channel islands, as "hewers of wood, and drawers of water."

An attempt was made, in the days of the first French Revolution, to seize and occupy the island of Jersey. By a surprise, the Commander of the Fort was seized, and compelled to sign a capitulation, surrendering the island to the invading French force of seven hundred men But Major Pierson, the second in command, refusing to ratify or submit to the Convention, collected the militia in the market square, defeating the invaders, and not only slew the French leader, but himself fell a victim to his gallantry and patriotism. One of the most spirited pictures by Copley, the great American artist, (the father of the present Lord Lyndhurst, and a special favorite of George III.,) commemorates the exploit of the brave Pierson; while inside the old parish church in the middle of the town, there is a sculptured memorial in his honor, from the chisel of the elder Bacon.

From the shores of Jersey, the coast of Normandy is only about sixteen miles distant, distinctly visible to the North East, while further South the coast of Brittany is more dimly revealed to the eye. If France had possession of these Channel Islands, they would expose us to serious peril in time of war. Were any greater power to seize them, they would prove a *point d' appui* of a formidable character. During the last ten years they have been strongly fortified, and seem impregnable to any attack from the sea Thus they form the advanced guard or pickets, thrown out for the conservation of our national liberties. English laws, modified by local legislation and usages, with the full enjoyment of *religious* freedom, in so suggestive contrast with France, so near at hand, is producing its legitimate fruits among the population.

The Oyster Fisheries are valuable, the traffic realizing nearly £40,000 per annum. Farm products are extensively exported, as well as the famous Alderney cows; not large, easily fed, yielding, each, not more than perhaps nine or ten quarts of milk per day, but milk so rich as that the cow is considered to give one pound of rich *yellow* butter (the color is glittering yellow, or golden,) for each day of the week.

A visit to the market place in Jersey, reminds you of the semi-French character, not only of the people, but of the climate. The Jersey pound weight is 17½ oz There is a *copper* coinage, common to all the islands, and French francs and demi-francs are in full circulation, along with English gold and silver. It requires thirteen Jersey or Guernsey pennies (with the Norman lions stamped thereon,) to make an English shilling. Then the fruits sold by those French-looking women in the market-place, tell of warmer skies than England enjoys. Here are peaches, nectarines, and grapes, to say nothing of the luscious Jersey pears, all grown in the open air, in great abundance.

The Channel Islands are almost entirely exempt from our heavy English taxation. The Isle of Man, in the Irish Channel, enjoys a similar privilege; and it is an important one, to retired or half pay officers of the army and navy, as well as to persons of reduced circumstances or limited means. Even in St. Heliers, lighted with gas, having elegant shops and well paved streets, the only tax is 1d. in the pound sterling, for Police Then, as to that horrid nightmare, the Income Tax, it is quite unknown to the Guernseyites and Jerseyites; and to talk of imposing it upon them, either *single* or *double*, would excite a shout of deprecation and resistance. How pleasant to think, if you live here, that these fine carriages, that noble Newfoundland dog—to say nothing of the aristocratic spotted canine gentleman that sits in front, at the coachman's feet, or the "King Charles" poodle which reclines on the silken lap of the lady occupant—are all free from taxation. And here, too, tea is free of duty, and tobacco, brandy, and eau de Cologne, are sold at prices one half less than the same taxed articles in England A few years ago, food, also, was very cheap; but an increasing population, with the great equalization of prices induced by corn law abolition, and quick steam communication over the Kingdom, has made the expense of living considerably greater All things considered, the Channel Islands, with their very fair and equable climate; their rich products; their bold head lands, and beautiful bays; their hardy and thriving population; the choice society which they furnish in private life; their close proximity to both England and France, while yet free from many of the social and fiscal evils of both; and, let me add, with abundant Christian privileges, in connexion with the ministrations of many godly men both in and out of the Establishment, form a very attractive and lovely group, among the isles of the sea. In the biography of the late eminent Wesleyan minister, Dr. Newton, there is a letter written by him from Guernsey, in which he says, that one would suppose that the curse never had lighted on these Channel Islands, or if it had, that it seemed as if it had been removed again, and that here was to be found a "Paradise regained."

Presbyterianism was once the prevailing religion of the Channel Islands, but after the restoration, Episcopacy was introduced by force. At Guernsey, the liturgy was read in the old parish church, as it were at the point of the bayonet. The island was previously held by the people as Parliamentarians against the Royalists, during the civil war. The latter successfully maintained themselves in Castle Corner Fort, opposite the town of St Peter's port, the capital. In the country parishes, the services and sermons are in French. In the town, the same in *one* church—the old parish church—while English services are held by Evangelical Episcopalians, Wesleyans, (who have been very useful in the Channel Islands,) Bible Christians, Baptists and Presbyterians. Our English Synod has a minister at Guernsey for the benefit of the Scottish residents, as also for the Presbyterian soldiers of the garrison The Free Church has a minister at St. Heliers, Jersey. In both the islands, Protestantism prevails. How different would it be had they remained in connexion with France, to which they originally belonged. Here the persecuted Huguenots found a refuge; hither they brought their noble faith, their arts and industry. From these islands large sums are sent by auxiliaries, to the great parent religious societies of London, and I found that our Tract Society had warm friends there. Our meetings were large, and the detail of tract operations all over the world, were received with enthusiasm. I have lingered long over this visit to the Channel Islands. All was new and fresh to myself, and I trust that these notices will so interest many of your readers, as that when they come to England they will pay a visit to those little *dots* on the map which they were taught at school to point out as "Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney and Sark." They will find the genuine warmth of Christian brotherhood and of exuberant hospitality.

FROM INDIA, other news, since my last was dispatched, has arrived, of a chequered and on the whole, of a gloomy character. General Havelock, after leaving Cawnpore, had crossed the Ganges, fought three successful battles against terrible odds, but cholera breaking out, had retraced his steps. The last accounts, however, relate that he had left his sick and wounded at Cawnpore, and had marched afresh for Lucknow. He expected to reach it on the 8th of August, and to relieve the garrison. But with the whole march swarming with foes, and Oude in armed insurrection, how uncertain the result. The brave Havelock is a Christian to the core, acknowledging God in all his victories. "Go on," cries the Bombay *Times*, "in this thy might, thou mighty man of valor, and thou and thy brave Highlanders shall yet save India."

But a *few* capable men have yet been found, and at Dinapore a mutiny had been allowed to mature itself through the incompetence of General Lloyd, who has been dismissed. At Arrah, a small fort, eight Englishmen were shut up with some Sikh soldiers, and in the end they beat off their assailants and were relieved. But a party dispatched to save them, were caught in a night ambuscade, and two hundred out of three hundred were killed or wounded. Dinapore is on the direct way to Delhi and North West from Calcutta, and successful insurrection there presents barriers to our newly arriving troops on their way up the country. Calcutta itself is thus brought into proximity with peril The Governor General's native body guard has been disarmed Large tracts of country yielding opium and indigo are in the insurgents' hands, and the revenue suffers in consequence.

The past incompetency of the East India Company is now revealed. The body of English residents at Calcutta have sent home a petition to Parliament, demanding the overthrow of the Company's Government, and in its place the direct operation of the British Government as in our Colonies. This is a most desirable consummation, and I doubt not will be ultimately achieved.

A fresh insurrection had been reported in the Bombay Presidency, and troops from the Madras territory had been sent to assist in suppressing it.

AT HOME, volunteer rifle corps, similar to those of the United States, are urged on the population, by the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, in order to be ready in case of invasion. This, indeed, ought to be part of our national policy at all times. The training of the people to arms would be England's best defence. In the Channel Islands every one from sixteen years old must submit to training as troops of the line, as rifle or as artillery corps. I saw at Guernsey, troops of the line, and riflemen with their officers *all natives*, under drill, and their firing and evolutions were marked by great precision. Troops to India are now beginning to be sent *overland* by Suez, every fortnight; and steamers will then take them at once to Bombay. But the grand problem is—whether the brave English handful in India can hold their own till the middle of September, till sufficient reinforcements begin to arrive? That is doubtful, and if so, who shall predict the consequences? It is an awful crisis; multitudes are carrying the nation's sins and sorrows and the case of the beleaguered in India, and the bereaved at home, to the throne of God in prayer. A loud call will soon be heard for a day of national fasting and humiliation, which should have been appointed ere now. Evil tidings rouse up even the most careless, and I trust and believe that the national conscience is busy in owning the justice of the blow and the need of genuine penitence Alas, judgments, famine, pestilence, and war, have come on us in awful succession within eleven years, but we did not heartily return to God; and, therefore, "His anger is turned away, and his hand is stretched out still." American Christians! pray with us; pray *for* us; pray for India; let our cries go up together; let the incense of intercession meet in one fragrant, Christ perfumed cloud before the mercy seat.

The EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE concluded its meetings last week, after a conference rich in interest, and I trust pregnant with important consequences. The climate of Berlin told, however, very unfavorably on the visitors. Sir Culling Eardley was laid up the greater part of the time—after the right royal reception given by the King at his palace—by low fever, and many others were seriously unwell. The King's brother, the Prince of Prussia, was present on one of the days of the meetings, as also Lord Blomfield, the British Ambassador. The King *twice*, and the Queen once gave countenance to the proceedings. Our Tract Society deputation had no public opportunity of presenting specimens of our publications to His Majesty, and of soliciting his attention to the value of Tract circulation in Germany. But doubtless they took means to reach his eye and ear by other channels ere they left Berlin. The young Emperor of Russia paid a visit to that capital during the sittings, and the Alliance had put into his hands a petition, entreating that he would allow the Bible to be printed in Russ, the common language of the peasantry. This was done in the reign of Alexander, but Nicholas, the Czar-Pope, among his other sins, wickedly put a stop to the printing and circulation of the Russ Bible. There is some hope that the young Emperor may imitate in this matter, not the father, but the uncle. At all events the Alliance acted with great promptitude and fidelity in the matter.

I may—after the full publication in *Evangelical Christendom*—revert to this Alliance meeting. Meantime let me mention that the Rev John Cairns, A. M., United Presbyterian minister at Berwick on-Tweed, an eminent German scholar, a former student of Neander, read in purest German, a beautiful and powerful discourse on the probable results of a close union between English and German Protestants Great personages were present to hear this remarkable document, which the *Times'* Correspondent praises highly. The Conference was concluded by the united reception—by Lutherans, Evangelical Reformed, French and Swiss Calvinists, English and American Christians, of all the varied names of the "*one* body"—of the Lord's Supper It must have been "good to be there." It came out that in Sweden there is now going forward a spiritual revival and revolution of an extraordinary character. God grant times of refreshing to all the Protestant half dead continental Churches of Northern Europe and of Germany at large. J. W.

P. S.—The heavy mails from India have arrived. I was yesterday at Southampton on my return home. Some fugitives from India had arrived. One was a lady with her nose cut off, and with her a child whose hands were wanting!

Note the Seasons.

Let me now urge on you the advantage and duty of improving, to the utmost, every season of heavenly visitation. There are seasons more favorable and full of grace than others. In this there is nothing surprising, but much that is in harmony with the common dispensations of Providence. Does not the success of the farmer, seaman, merchant, of men in many other circumstances, chiefly depend on their seizing opportunities which come and go like showers—which flow and ebb like the tides of the ocean? The sea is not always full. Twice a day she deserts her shores, and leaves the vessels high and dry upon the beach; so that they who would sail must wait and watch, and take the tide; and larger ships can only get afloat, or, if afloat, get across the bar and into harbor, when, through a favorable conjunction of celestial influences, the sea swells in stream or spring-tides beyond her common bounds. The seaman has his spring-tides; the husbandman has his spring time, and those showers, and soft winds, and sunny hours, on the prompt and diligent improvement of which the state of the barn and barnyards depends. If the season of heavenly visitation be improved, who can tell but it may be with you as with one well known to us? She was a fair enough professor, yet had been living a careless, Godless, Christless life. She awoke one morning, and most strange and unaccountably her waking feeling was a strong desire to pray She wondered. It was early dawn, and what more natural than that she should say, there is time enough—meanwhile, "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep?" As she was sinking back again into unconsciousness, suddenly, with the brightness and power of lightning, a thought flashed into her mind, filling her with alarm—this desire may have come from God; this may be the hour of my destiny, this the tide of salvation, which, if neglected, may never return. She rose, and flung herself on her knees. The chamber was changed into a Peniel; and when the morning sun looked in at her windows, he found her wrestling with God in prayer; and, like one from a sepulchre, she came forth that day at the call of Jesus, to follow him henceforth, and in her future life to walk this world with God.—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

The Bible Precious.

Place yourself, in imagination, by the side of an Australian gold-digging, and observe the earth that is drawn up from its bottom It is likely that your unpracticed eye will see nothing in that heap but rubbish, and dirt, and stones. And yet that very heap of earth may prove, on washing, to be full of particles of the purest gold. It is just the same with the Bible. We see but little of it now. We shall find hereafter that every verse of it contained gold. Place yourself, in imagination, on the top of some highland mountain Look at the minute mass of lichen which clings to the side of that mass of rock. Tell me, if you can, what use and purpose that lichen serves. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the very insects leave it alone—grouse and ptarmigan, and red deer draw no sustenance from it. The rock does not require its covering. And yet that minute lichen is as truly a part of God's creation as the cedars of Lebanon, or the Victoria Regia of the South American rivers. Place it under a microscope, and you will see that it is like all other works of God, it is "very good," and full of beautiful design. Settle it down in your mind, as it is with the book of nature, so it is with the book of revelation, the written Word of God There is not a chapter or verse, from first to last, which is not in some way profitable. If you and I do not see its use, it is because we have not eyes to see it yet. But all, we may rest assured, is precious All is "very good." Well said Bishop Jewell: "There is no sentence, no clause, no word, no syllable, no letter, but it is written for thy instruction. There is not one jot, but it is signed and sealed with the blood of the Lamb."—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

Faith.

"Ye are the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus."—Gal. iii: 26.

"Faith is the subtle chain
That binds us to the Infinite."
Mrs. E. O. Smith.

"Faith realizes to the soul, Christ, heaven, glory, and all objects invisible to sense; while it annihilates the world with all its vain enjoyments"—*W. Mason.*

"Triumphant faith—it lifts the soul
Above desponding fear;
Exults in hope of heaven, her home,
And longs to enter there."—*Harrison.*

"Faith is always hand in hand with repentance, and with coming to Christ. They are exercises of mind which cannot exist separately, so that it is a matter of indifference to which particular one the sinner is pointed, or with which particular one his eye is occupied; for if he is persuaded to one, he does necessarily yield to all."—*Lessons at the Cross.*

"Faith shows the promises all sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God."—*Turner.*

"'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat; but yet put out the candle, and they are both gone, one remains not without the other; so it is with faith and works."—*Selden.*

"Lord I believe; help thou mine unbelief."—Mark ix: 24.

"To hear, to understand, and to bring forth fruit, are the grand evidences of a genuine believer."—*Dr. Clark.*

"Faith is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the vail of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light."—*Watts.*

The True Christian.

The following are some of the mysteries of true Christian life:

1. The Christian liveth in another; he is wise in another; he is righteous in another.

2. He is very low in humility, but very high in hope. He knows he is undeserving of the least mercy, and yet he expects the greatest.

3. He is in the world, but not of the world—in the world as a pilgrim, but not as a citizen. His habitation is below; but his conversation above.

4. He will comply with any thing that is civil, but with nothing that is sinful. He will stoop to the necessities of the meanest, but will not yield to the sinful humors of the greatest.

5. He works out his salvation with fear and trembling. He works as if he were to live here always, yet worships as if he were to die to-morrow.

6. When he is weak, then he is strong. When he is most sensible of his own weakness, and most dependent on Christ's strength, then he stands the safest.

7. When he is most vile in his own eyes, he is most glorious in the eyes of God. When Job abhorred himself, then God raised him. When the Centurion thought himself the most unworthy, Christ said to him, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

8. He is content in the world, yet longs and prays for a better.

The Hiding Place.

It is nature that teacheth a wise man in fear to hide himself, but grace and faith doth teach him where. Fools care not where they hide their heads. But where shall a wise man hide himself when he feareth a plague coming? Where should a frighted child hide its head but in the bosom of his loving father? Where a Christian, but under the shadow of the wings of Christ, his Saviour? "Come, my people," saith God in the Prophet, "enter into thy chamber, hide thyself." But because we are in danger like chased birds, like doves that seek and cannot see the resting holes that are right before them, therefore our Saviour giveth his disciples these encouragements beforehand, that fear might never so amaze them, but that always they might remember, that whatsoever evils at any time did beset them, to him they should still repair for comfort, counsel, succor. For their assurance where of his "peace he gave them, his peace he left unto them; not such peace as the world offereth," by whom his name is never so much pretended as when deepest treachery is meant; but "peace which passeth all understanding;" peace that bringeth with it all happiness; peace that continueth forever and ever with them that have it.—*Hooker.*

A Christian's Belief.

I assure you in the most solemn manner, that I entertain this moment the fullest conviction that the Bible contains a true record of the revelations of God; more especially, I believe in the supreme Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. Him I regard daily, with renewed satisfaction and joy, as the immediate object of religious worship. Him I revere as the utmost perfection which human nature can exhibit, and as the express image of the Godhead. I believe, with increasing intuitive knowledge, that no man can come unto the Father but by and through him. I believe that, through his person and mediation only, the human race can be conducted to its destination, restored to its original dignity, and attain to the complete purpose of eternal love. It is he on whom I am daily more and more constrained to place an entire dependence. As a mortal man, as a helpless sinner, as a philosopher, I stand in need of him. The more I examine all the different systems of philosophy, the more I am led to adore Jesus Christ as my Lord and my God. Christ, or despair, is my only alternative. His incarnation, his sufferings, death, and resurrection, his close affinity to mankind, serve to dispel all my darkness, to supply all my defects.—*Lavater.*

How to Ruin a Son.

1. Let him have his own way.
2. Allow him the free use of money.
3. Suffer him to rove where he pleases on the Sabbath.
4. Give him free access to wicked companions.
5. Call him to no account for his evenings.
6. Furnish him with no stated employment.

Pursue either of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, or you will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone mourning to the grave.

Facts and Gleanings.

IN the order of performance, godliness is as certainly before salvation, as if salvation did altogether depend upon it, and were in point of justice deserved by it.

A DAILY conversation in heaven is the surest forerunner of a constant abode there. The Spirit of God, by enabling us hereunto, first brings heaven into the soul, and then conducts the soul to heaven.

GOD'S corrections are our instructions; his lashes our lessons; and his scourges, our school masters. Whence both in Hebrew and Greek, chastening and teaching are expressed by one word.

NEVER rest in convictions till they end in conversion This is that wherein most men miscarry, they rest in their convictions, and take them for conversion, as if sin seen were therefore sin forgiven, or as if a sight of the want of grace were the truth of the work of grace.—*Mead's Almost Christian Discovered.*

READ not to contradict and confute, nor to believe, and take for granted, nor to find, talk, and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.—*Bacon.*

VERBOSITY.—"Great commanders record their actions with simplicity, for they have more glory from deeds than words."—*Montesquieu.*

"If officers abroad will have no mercy upon each other in correspondence, I entreat them to have some upon me, and confine themselves to the strict facts of the case, and to write no more than is necessary."—*Wellington.*

PARADISE LOST.—When "Paradise Lost," first appeared, in 1688, Milton was not popular with the English Courts and nobles, and his name does not appear upon the title page of his sublime production. The enterprising publisher in order to induce booksellers to take an extra number of copies of the book, offered to put their names upon the title page, which was quite desirable as an advertisement in those early times. There are no less than six different title pages extant, in the copies of the first edition of "Paradise Lost."

MISSIONS AND THE REVOLT.—English journals remark the significant fact that mission stations are nowhere in India more scattered than in Bengal, the seat of the rebellion. In Southern India, on the other hand, where there are nearly eighty thousand Christian converts, and many native preachers, and where large districts have been systematically traversed by itinerating missionaries, no public disturbance whatever has taken place. These very districts are the quietest in India. Not only so, but the missionaries are now dwelling in peace and security in all this country, with scarcely a single British soldier to protect them. Such facts sufficiently contradict the monstrous assertions which are made by the enemies of missions.

THE FUKEER'S REWARD.—About every thing yet known, tends to show that the population of India, as a whole, are not sympathizers in the revolt of the Sepoys, and the dethroned scions of the Mussulman dynasties, of whose rule in India, history tells us that the late atrocities were but a specimen. Almost every fugitive who escaped the massacres of Delhi, Meerut, etc., has had a tale to tell of hospitality and protection from the timid Hindoos, cowering as they were, under the dread of the insurgent army, without which scarce one could have escaped alive. Many acts of disinterested kindness shine out, here and there, in the black and sickening waste of horrors which has so long constituted the news from India.

Nothing could be more beautiful and touching than the conduct of a "Fukeer," who brought in an English babe to the authorities at Meerut, and firmly refusing any reward for the act, only asked that "a well might be dug to his memory." Beautiful monument! All he coveted was a place in the gentle memories of men, a remembrance associated with blessing and refreshment in a thirsty land.—*Examiner.*