



"Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth Peace, good will toward men."

"Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

OR,

WEEKLY EVANGELIST.

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[ONE HALF-PENNY.]

TO OUR READERS.

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STRONG DRINK v. HOME MISSIONS.

THE Rev. Charles Prest, Secretary of the Methodist Home Missionary Society, sends the following letter to the *Watchman*, adding:—"The evil assailed is a grievous one in several of our large towns, and is a startling indication of the ungodliness of thousands of our population."

DEAR SIR,—Our great antagonist is the public-house. It wields a mighty influence, which seriously counteracts the labours of the pulpit and the school. Its dancing-room, which is open for "promenade," &c., on Sunday evenings decoys our youths and blights many of our hopes, for it naturally leads to a life of infamy, and finally to the ruin of body and soul. After service on Easter Sunday evening, I entered, accompanied by two of our Leaders, the dancing-room of a public-house, near to our Chapel, which is open for music and various games on the Sabbath evening. Round the room were seated nearly forty young persons, of both sexes, apparently from fourteen to twenty-two years of age, who were representatives of most of the Sabbath-school scholars in the neighbourhood, our own included. Many games were played, in which promiscuous kissing was the most prominent feature. One young woman solicited me, and when refused appealed to my companions with equal want of success. Some of their games were calculated to arouse their basest passions. Without interrupting the proceedings, we sat till a few minutes before ten. When the music ceased, I rose and delivered a brief, pointed address, in which I showed that gatherings of that description were the vestibule of prostitution and the high road to perdition. I illustrated this statement by saying, that "on Tuesday next I am going to visit a young woman in the Manchester Lock Hospital, (for Magdalene cases only,) who was a Sabbath scholar of ours for six years; since then she had been on the streets, and is now a suffering inmate of that Institution; and that she acknowledged to me, that attending dancing and singing-rooms had been her ruin." I then gave out part of the hymn beginning, "Depth of mercy," which they assisted me to sing. We then knelt down, and I and my friends engaged in prayer. Many had left the room, but all who remained, excepting the dancing master, who acts as conductor, and a drunken man, knelt down, and appeared much affected. I distributed some tracts, and conversed privately with some, who promised to spend the Sabbath better. The following Sunday evening, I repeated my visit in company with one Leader. We had some difficulty in gaining admission. The dancing master, keeping the door, said, "I think we can do without you." I insisted on being admitted, because the room is announced by placard to be open to the public on payment of 3d. each. After a long parley he took the money and gave us each a check, which would purchase either a glass of ale or porter. We entered the room and took our seats amidst a greeting of "Amens," from

different parts of the room. The company was rather larger than on the previous Sabbath, and had been drinking more freely. Some young women told me that they had been to the Sabbath-school during the former part of the day. Drink was brought up in a large jug and served round. The lights were all turned out, which appeared to be the signal for more licentious indulgence. Some young men came to try to beg my friend's check, which led to a conversation on drinking and buying and selling on the Lord's day. The game was abandoned and the company pressed round to hear. Good impressions were made, but the sound of the fiddle soon dissipated them. Being requested to sing, my friend gave out a hymn; but as some were worse for liquor, the singing was uproarious. The landlord came up and declared he would not have such work, and ordered me to quit. I said, "This is a public room, and I paid to come in, and I shall remain." Then he pressed me to take my money back, but I refused. He then charged me with disturbing the company which had met for innocent amusement. This gave me an opportunity of showing the dangerous tendency of such amusements. The charge I denied, for on the former night I neither said nor did anything till the games were ended; and on this occasion I had not left my seat. True, my friend had sung, but that was at the request of the company. He then said, that he would compel me to leave the room. A young man said he would carry me downstairs; and the landlord forbade my coming again. I said, "If you open your room to the public I shall come when I please, and if I apprehend danger, I shall bring a policeman to protect me." He then said he did not wish to insult me. He ordered all downstairs and again turned the lights out. My friend and I sat in the dark. In a few minutes, when he saw that his trick had been a failure, they lit up, and all returned and resumed their play. His wife came in and made an attack on us as ineffectual as her husband's. The dancing master next came and said, "This is not the place for a Minister." I said, "If you steal my lambs I have a right to follow them." "Then don't come here every Sunday," he said, "or you will ruin me, for they say they won't come again if you are here. There are other rooms of the kind, go to them." We remained till the fiddle ceased, at fifteen minutes past ten. Probably they continued playing all this time lest I should conduct another prayer meeting there. I gave out some tracts; the dancing-master invited me to attend the following evening, when he would find me a partner who would teach me to dance. I promised to visit him again, but it would probably be on a Sunday evening. Whilst conversing with them, as soon as they had left the house, a man asked a question respecting the Antediluvians; I made this the groundwork of a sermon; gave a sketch of the flood, and dwelt on the certainty of sin being punished, and the long-suffering and mercy of God. We sang the Doxology; I think it never sounded so sweetly to my ear before. I then engaged in prayer, and concluded at 10.45 p.m. The service was solemn, the audience numbering sixty or eighty. Some young persons promised to attend school and chapel, on condition that I would not tell where I had found them. I anticipate difficulties next time I go; nevertheless, I shall embrace the first opportunity.—R. HARPER, Manchester.

THE REV. J. A. JAMES ON REVIVALS.

THE first impulse of Christians in a time of awakening is to begin to talk with everyone right and left on their soul's salvation. And this is right and proper. Individual effort of no ordinary kind has been carried on in America during the present revival, and must be carried on by us for the conversion of sinners. The whole church must be instinct with

heads of families in their households, men of business in their establishments and connexions, Sunday-school teachers in their classes, must all with renewed energy be up and doing. But is this all? Is it even the first thing? Should there not be first a deep heart-scrutiny by the churches, a looking through one's whole life to see how it harmonises with the spirit of Jesus? "He who finds his heart cold, his life, all the Lord's people must be prophets. The views low, his feelings earthly, must not hope to talk himself out of this state by preaching to the impatient, nor to pray himself out of it in public meetings. No. A deeper work than this must be done. Alone with God his Saviour, he must take his daily life and course, item by item, and see if it has been conformed to Christ. Has he no wedge of gold, no Babylonish vest, no hidden idols, no pledges and gages of the Devil laid away in his house, where he scarce dares to look at them?" All these must be brought out and burned, and his whole life intelligently consecrated to Christ. Do we not need such a spirit of burning as this?

And as regards the conversion of souls among us, I ask with deep and solemn emphasis and with mournful feelings, do we not need a revival? My brethren in the ministry, does there not seem a suspension of the Divine power upon the ministry of the Word? Do we see the dry bones in the valley stir, and hear the noise of their resurrection, as we have in former times done? we prophesy, but where, oh! where is the breath of heaven? I hear from nearly all quarters, both in the Church of England and out of it, deep complaints and lamentations of the ministers of the Gospel, of a want of success in the way of conversion. Taking into account the clear increase of members, after deducting losses by deaths, emigration, resignation, and expulsion, I believe that there would not be found a yearly addition of more than two or three for each church. How many churches are there who go for years without the increase of a unit, how many which are gradually declining! Is not this a melancholy fact? Ought it not to excite lamentation and inquiry? What slow inroads are we making on the domain of Satan! How, at this rate, is our country to be evangelized and the world converted? Can we be satisfied to go on at this rate? How shall we account for this state of things? Are we deficient in the matter and manner of our preaching? Are we losing from our sermons the converting element of truth, and from our hearts the converting power to handle it? Or is conversion not believed and not sought by us? Are we aiming to please instead of seeking to profit? Are we endeavouring to gratify the few by an elaborate intellectualism, or to save the many by a direct appeal to the heart and conscience? Is there not, then, really a suspension, an alarming suspension, of Divine influence, which imperatively, urgently, immediately calls for a renewed spirit of prayer? I believe there is. Then, brethren, we need a revival.

I solemnly and emphatically repeat it. We need a revival, and till we feel our need of it, and confess it, we shall never have it. Oh, let us not lay the flattering unction to our souls and think all is well. Let not the delusion of the church at Laodicea, nor the deadly state of that at Sardis, fall upon us. Let not a careless spirit seize us, let not a low ambition paralyze us, let not the conversion of a single soul now and then satisfy us while the multitude remain impenitent. For what is that but to catch a drop or two for heaven, while the main stream, the mighty flood of the population, in one terrible cataract, dashes into the maelstrom of perdition below?

Ought we not to desire, intensely desire, and long for, a revival? What sort of ministers, what sort of deacons, what sort of professors, must we be if we do not? Recollect, I do not set up this American type, or any other type of revival, and say we ought to desire this method of Divine procedure. I drop all organizations, all concerted measures, all externalism, all imitations, to seize and hold up the abstract principle,—the very core and essence of a true revival,—a holier church and a more useful ministry. What we should intensely long for is a better world; a better church, to make a better world; and a better ministry, to make a better church. This is a revival,—to have the church brought up really to consider its mission as a witnessing church to the world,—and more than this,—the church making itself energetically, continually, and extensively aggressive upon the domain of sin and Satan.



PORTRAIT GALLERY of London Ministers.

THE REV. DANIEL WILSON, D. D.,
RECTOR OF ST. MARY'S, ISLINGTON.

From the North London Record. May 20.

What is most potent and real is often hid. Ephemerals that are attractive are as quick in decay as in growth. The short-lived daisy creates astonishment, when the acorn—the parent of England's "wooden walls"—is nestling, hid in the earth, trodden under foot, with indifference. Electricity is hid except when circumstances occasion its development. When Christ, the impersonation of infinite worth and greatness, was on earth, his own brethren knew him not. His people are "hidden ones," as Elijah had to know, when he thought himself the only one left in the world. Lot received angels unawares; and the friends of Job—because he was poor—thought he was a hypocrite. Ministers of the Gospel are comparatively hid. To be sure "they turn the world upside down," and are thus notorious. Their great distinction is not known. "We are not known, for the world knew him not," say they. It requires an eye which the infallible book says, "discerneth spiritual things," to know them.

The inward worth of Dr. Wilson, as a Christian and as a Christian minister, is not known, except to a few, who can appreciate him. He has very little of that glitter which many admire in a preacher. He has none of the arts of oratory, and few of the flowers of rhetoric. He aims, not to astonish, by casting the Bible into the webs of metaphysics, whereby many are considered profound preachers, when they are only giving school-boy puzzles, icy arguments, instead of the plain heart-warm truth of Him who was too tender to the lost prodigal to speak enigmatically. The hen that "gathereth her chickens under her wings," gives no uncertain sound to her voice when affection and nestling homeliness are meant. In all matters involving love, such as the gospel pre-eminently is, the language is more instinctive than formal. The large heart of Dr. Wilson could not be formal in its language. "He believes, therefore he speaks." He has none of the pomp of grandiloquence, no tricks for effect, no mere pandering to taste by frequent poetic quotations, though sometimes, on some occasions, such quotations may be very useful. He has a strong body, a strong voice, and a strong mind, and he is at home in giving strong meat, as the Apostle calls it, to strong thinking hearers. He grasps the truth as one who would not handle the word deceitfully. He does not make the Bible an auxiliary to prove his theory, but he goes to this well to draw salvation for the people, preaching the word; not the vain philosophy of men, the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth. He seems to believe that "thus saith the Lord," has more power than all the human philosophy, eloquence, and arguments in the world. He is not one of those who would force a growth of religion by extra hot-house enthusiasm, or by making haste to be rich, in this sense. He is very skillful in comparing scripture with scripture, and in rightly dividing the word of truth, giving to every one his portion. His style is sententious, and his words select. And, though he seems fond of a climax he uses it so naturally that it does not appear designed. He is not devoted to the old plan of mapping the boundary of truths, by a superabundance of divisions, semi, and demi-semi divisions. He speaks seriously and emphatically, the cadences of his voice are quite natural, and they are no imitations of others. He warms with his subject, and utters Bible truth as if he had made it his own, his congregation give him profound attention.

If Dr. Wilson did not read his sermons, but allow his great thoughts to take their wings through the free atmosphere of extemporaneous speaking, without interruption, his congregation would not lose the power of his eye for a moment, as they do when he bends to see what is next in his manuscript. There are some who read their sermons who have gained a great aptitude in making their reading almost invisible. They have thus the value of the correctness of thought and expression in calm study, and the value of apparent extemporaneous speaking. But such things are minor points as compared to the worth of Dr. Wilson's sermon. He sympathises with all good movements. He is ready to put confidence in the apparent excellence of a stranger, when he has no reason to be otherwise but that he is a stranger. He might properly be regarded as a believer in his Master's recommendation, who said, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in," as a virtue to be recognised in the judgment day. The destitute and the poor have his sympathy and practical kindness in cases where the eye of the public is not upon him. His, in many instances, is unreported goodness. He is an ornament to his church, a valuable pastor in his parish, and one whose worth will be more appreciated when he is gone to his eternal home.

THE REV. DR. L. BEECHER AND FAMILY.—The children of the venerable Dr. Layman Beecher, residing in different parts of the country, came together during the earlier part of this week, at the house of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn, for a family re-union and visit to their father, who has now reached the eighty-fourth year of his age. All the children were present except James, who is now in China, engaged as Chaplain to the Seamen at Hong Kong. Their names, in the order of their ages, are as follows:—Miss Catharine Beecher of Hartford; Rev. William Henry Beecher of North Brookfield, Mass.; Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher of Galesburg, Ill.; Mrs. Mary F. Perkins of Hartford, Ct.; Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe of Andover, Mass.; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn; Rev. Charles Beecher of Georgetown, Mass.; Mrs. Isabella Hooker of Hartford, Ct.; Rev. Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira, N.Y. The absent son, Rev. James C. Beecher, is the youngest of the children. So large a family-gathering, occurring at a period after the youngest has reached the prime of life, the original circle at the same time remaining so unbroken, is seldom witnessed in any family, and is hardly likely to be witnessed again in this. The health of Dr. Beecher is still good, and bears with cheerful spirits the weight of his more than fourscore years.—N. Y. Independent.

HOPES AND HELPS FOR THE YOUNG OF BOTH SEXES.

By the Rev. G. S. WEAVER.

(Continued from our last.)

Little should we know of the real joys of soul, the solid bliss of life which we might possess by obedience to the dictates of our social nature. Advice, instruction, and encouragement are the best offerings of friendship to the young. And not the least of these is encouragement. With all its ambition and activity, youth is faint-hearted. It wants courage—calm, steady, moral courage—to go out in pursuit of its objects with a fearful confidence of success. Everywhere we find youth desiring good that it despairs of attaining. One's ambition is fired with the glory of a finished education, but he despairs of ever attaining his object, and so plods on in some ungenial calling, miserable and almost useless to society, without pursuing steadily and perseveringly his object. Another covets a profession, but despairs, and gives up from the same cause. Another would be a merchant, but has not courage to attempt what is the sole end of his ambition. Another would be a Christian in the high moral sense of that word, but the ideal of his holy ambition is so far above him that he despairs, forgetting that a daily progress, with such efforts as he might all the time put forth, would place him high among the ranks of the saintly followers of the Man of all goodness. Not one half of our youth are developing the full energy of their capacities; yea, nine-tenths are growing up in comparative undevelopment, not one half of their real capacity being called into action, from this one cause—a want of moral courage. They have energy, ambition, industry, but lack courage. An assurance from a valued friend, a word of cheer from a known and esteemed author, or a good-speed from the lips of experience, would be of essential service to them. It would fire their courage, and they would be true to their desires, their ambition, and duty.

I everywhere meet with faltering youth—noble souls, but fearful. Poverty, or diffidence, or the whims of unwise friends, or some fancied defect of mind or body, keeps them from the fields they desire to occupy, and where they could be more useful and successful than anywhere else in life, because their hearts are there. They lack true bravery of soul. Or, it may be in them, but it is undeveloped. Bravery, like all other virtues, is developed by the hand of culture. The noblest bravery in the world is moral bravery, that which meets disappointment, trial affliction, failure, misfortune, sickness, and all the varied ills of life, with a determined and vigorous composure and a stern and trained self-reliance, which enable its possessor to pursue his even course undismayed, and add to, rather than detract from, his strength. Such a bravery is a lofty moral heroism, as great as that which nerved the martyrs' hearts and bared the reformers' stalwart arms. The bravery that faces the cannon's mouth is often the fear of public rebuke, or the love of public praise. Seldom is true bravery exhibited on the field of battle, or in any of the great conflicts of arms or minds carried on in the audience of the world. It is more generally ambition, fear of censure, love of gain, animal excitement, or the madness of narcotic or stimulating drugs or drinks. These supply the place of bravery, and the world knows not the difference. But there is a bravery that is true. It is the proudest, sublimest of human virtues. It is that bravery which dares be true to duty though the heavens come down; true when the world knows it not; true in the calm resolve of the midnight hour, when no eye but God's looks into the soul; true when the world would applaud for being false, and every worldly interest should seem to offer a price for cowardice. The bravery that under these circumstances is the same calm, undismayed, unsecluded, dauntless vigor and determination of soul, is worthy the name, and is a godlike grandeur of moral greatness worthy a place in the calendar of the sublimest heroism. Our youth want more of this heroism. There is a fearful deficiency everywhere. It is as much needed in the common walks of life, as in the higher or highest pursuits, and often more so; for in public life the world often sustains the martyr, or the defender of humanity, or her injured rights; but in common life it is often that the severest trials have to be borne in solitary silence, while contumely of neighbours, unjustly given, adds another trial scarcely less severe. To suppress the mutiny of the passions, to silence the clamour of lust, avarice, and ambition, to moderate the vehemence of desire, to check the repinings of sorrow, to disperse the gloom of disappointment, and suppress the dark spirits of despondency, requires a degree of vigorous moral courage that is not so often possessed as it is needed. It is everywhere needed, and very seldom possessed to a very great degree.

Whoever encourages this virtue in the world, either by example or precept, does the world good. The fear that its want inspires in nearly all youth makes them often intensely miserable, subjects them to the doubt, and blackness, and torment of despondency, or "the blues," as they call it, and all the enervation, perversion of mind, waste of time, and ultimate evils that follow. Thousands on thousands of noble-minded and generous-hearted youth are ruined, or greatly injured by this prevailing cowardice. Scarcely any escape its scathing influence. Mere courage, determination, force of will, cheerful pursuit of known duties, or the objects of honourable desires, gladsome labour in the paths of right and usefulness, is the almost universal want among manhood, and especially among the young. Life is full of beauty, and ought to be of gladness. It has a thousand glorious joys, and as many sources of constant enjoyment. Constant cheerfulness is a duty. A faithful, joyful pursuit of the things that will minister most to our peace, usefulness, happiness, and progress, is a moral obligation that we ought to comply with all the time.

To encourage and enforce this duty, and strengthen its moral bearings upon the consciences of its youthful readers, is the chief object of this entire work. The youth of our country have no right to be unhappy; no business to be desponding; no sort of a privilege granted them by any constitution, either written or unwritten, in any of our States, or by any code of laws, natural or divine, to have "the blues," or to fail to pursue the objects of their honourable ambition. Our free institutions are designed to be the nurseries of youth, to afford them an open field and fair play for the legitimate and righteous exercise of their powers, in all the pursuits of high-minded industry. The friends of youth may, and will, encourage and advise them, through books, lectures, lessons, examples, and every known means of assistance; but depend upon it, young men and women, it is your own work, after all. Nobody else can do it for you. Fortunes are heven out for ourselves, not made to order at a fortune shop. Characters are forged on the anvil of industry, by the well-directed strokes of the head and hand. Children are what they are made; but men and women are what they make themselves. The web of life is drawn into the loom for us; but we weave it ourselves. We throw our own shuttle and work our own treadles. The warp is given us; but the woof we make ourselves—find our own materials, and colour and figure it to our own taste.

Every man is the architect of his own house, his own temple of fame. If he builds one great, honourable, and glorious, the merit and the bliss are his. If he rears a polluted, unsightly, vice-haunted den of devils, to himself the shame and misery belong. Success is the product of the sum of our years multiplied by our good actions. Life is a problem, and we solve it on the blackboard of the world. The answer we get at death will approximate to the true one just in proportion to the correctness of our work. Every mistake, if not rectified, will carry us far from the truth. Errors in the commencement of the work are doubly dangerous, for by every succeeding step they carry us farther from the true end. Hence, we should start right in youth, that is, get a correct statement of the problem at which we must work while we live. We must not attribute our success to blind "fortune," or our failures to "bad luck." Luck and fortune are mere words without any meaning. What is called "good fortune" is the result of sound judgment supported by a stout heart and a ready hand. "Bad luck" is the reverse of this.

Says an eloquent divine, in a lecture on Idleness: "I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called good and bad luck. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck for ever ran against them and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck with his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his own business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalton, creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck; for the want of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler."

There is solid good sense in this extract, which ought to be learned by every youth. What countless thousands of old people are complaining of bad luck, in a peevish, sickly, disagreeable decline of life, which really is the legitimate result of the irregular, ill-directed, selfish, or vicious lives they have lived. Every youth should live with one eye on old age. If he should die before he gets there, it will never do him any injury. The moral principles of youth laid in store for age, will be just as valuable beyond death as this side.

Youth is a beautiful season of life. It is full of brightness, and radiant in smiles. It may well be compared to a mountain rill that has just left its bubbling source, which laughs and dances along amid the beauty and freshness of the upland scenery, kissing the flowers that dip their fragrant lips in its lucid waves, and smiling in the glad sunshine let in through the waving branches above it, before it reaches the great muddy stream to which it is unconsciously hastening.

This freshness and gladness that is so inherent in the youthful nature, should be carried into maturer life. What a charm it would add to middle life and old age, if it were so. Youth's outgushing gladness, subdued by experience into a refined and happy tenderness, would be like flowers and fruits dallying amid the foliage of the same bough.

Whatever charms we now possess, we should retain to adorn our characters through every succeeding stage of life. It is wrong to lay off the charms of youth in old age. Age should heighten every spiritual beauty; experience should subdue and soften it. Each year should add new adornments, but lay off none. Age should be more beautiful and happy than youth. And so it will be, if life is properly lived, if health is preserved, and the character every day beautified. A fretful, ignorant, unhappy old age is a proof

of youthful errors and manhood blunders and views. It is the natural result of the life that has gone before it. If we live right, enjoyments increase with increasing virtue and wisdom.

Many of the springs of our purest happiness open in our affections. Every day should make these more pure, refined, and strong. The affections of youth are naturally volatile and liable to instability. In middle age, if they have been properly cultivated, they are deeper, warmer, truer, stronger, and enter into all the desires and plans of life; are the great substratum on which the solid masonry of life is built. In old age, they transfuse and transfix the whole being, shedding in all the chambers of the soul the soft, mellow light of a life's cultivation and refinement. This is what the God of love designed old age to be; that season of life in which the power and law of love should imbue and sway the whole soul; and if life is properly lived, this is what it will be. Affection, wisdom, and moral worth may all be augmented with the increase of years, and their triune glories so blended in age, that an angel beauty and blessedness shall be the crown to be worn into the company of cherubim and seraphim in the mansion of eternal progress and glory.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CLOUD IS BREAKING.—FRIENDS.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths."

WE forbear to further philosophise, preferring to press on with the narrative. Tiny had reached home, and in spite of every effort to the contrary, felt disturbed and agitated. An hour or two had passed away, when our young friends were startled by a knock at the door of their humble dwelling, which was opened by Tiny himself, and he stood face to face with the gentleman, who, a few hours since, he had seen in the vehicle with Mr. Cramp, and the same that, with evident interest, had enquired, "Who is that gentleman?" Seeing Tiny's excited state, he cordially extended his hand, expressed himself to be "nobody," and sat down with the family, perfectly at his ease. It would be tedious to detail the varied conversation that succeeded, and which occupied a full hour. Suffice it to say that no question was put to Tiny, but such as were necessary to secure a distinct outline of position and prospects, and the stranger departed, pledging his word to aid the struggling family. Tiny had of late expended but little of his material for "building castles in the air." He could not help confiding in the promises of the stranger, who, he conceived, could have no particular interest of his own to subsolve, in promising aid that he had not been requested to furnish. So with hope, not unmingled with doubt, Tiny cordially left the results in the hands of Him who numbereth the sands on the sea shore. At the expiration of three days, Tiny was again startled, by a knock at his door, such a knock, that such a slender apology for a knocker, had it life and feeling, must have trembled at the bare idea for a second edition. Even Tiny's neighbours—six in number—most of whom were seated at dinner, could not resist the temptation to throw down their knives and forks, and run to their street doors, to catch a glimpse of the individual, who had so noisily invaded their quiet possessions. Tiny answered the mysterious visitor, and was confronted with a person of noble mien certainly, who stepping into the clean, but meanly furnished room, asked, "Does Mr. Baxter reside here?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Tiny, "I am Mr. Baxter."

Lizzy, pale faced, and agitated, stood beside her husband, and looked anxiously at the stranger, while the young ones, even the baby that sprawled upon the floor among a multitude of playthings, desisted from their occupations and amusements, to bend their enquiring eyes upon the visitor.

A number of questions were put to Tiny, and those, too, with much greater deference to feeling than is usually awarded by the needy to those whose property and educational qualifications rank them high in class above their fellow mortals, and doubtless the answers given to the interrogator, were satisfactory, for, on rising to take his leave, he said, "Do not despair, do not let your unfortunate circumstances overwhelm you. Strive, yet a little while. I promise to supply you with the means which seem so desirable in your case. I may not see you again for several weeks, but rest assured, that I will not forget you, nor the promise I have made." He then extended his hand, and kindly pressed the fingers of each, leaving in Lizzy's hand, a rather substantial earnest of friendship. For near a quarter of an hour, after this friend had departed, silence reigned in that room. A strange, a holy kind of quiet in which the children seemed to participate. Tiny and Lizzy now looked in each other's faces, the emotions of each were great, indeed. The fountains of the heart were opened, and tears trickled abundantly down their cheeks. God was not a man that He should lie, and in His own time, and in His own way, He had sent a friend to them! There the two stood weeping like two big children, as if, on this occasion, determined to weep out all their sorrows, and have no more companionship with them. Their softness was contagious, and the little ones wept, because the big ones did. And now a kindly spirit stole over Tiny, and seemed to whisper, "give

thine heart an holiday," and something seemed to answer, "It shall be so." His heart bounded again, and new delights entered his soul, and his brow relaxed, and the somewhat austere contraction it had worn so long a time expanded. Tears were dried up, and smiles began to play about his mouth, and he suddenly became audaciously impertinent, and seizing Lizzy round her waist, he forced her into such a rapid promenade round the scantily furnished room, that it would have puzzled an ordinary quadrille player to have kept time with them. Then placing her in a chair, to find freedom of breathing again, as best she could, he rolled on the floor like a big boy as he was, and the little ones came tumbling and rolling over him, and their laugh, loud, joyous, and merry, vibrated through the hearts of parents, happy in the prospects of real friendship. Tiny had never before played a game at romps with his children, but this was a Jubilee day, and those who enjoyed it, will never forget it. Many, many times since that day, when the weight of domestic grief has well nigh broken their hearts, has Tiny invoked that Spirit, asking, "Good Spirit, when, oh, when will you visit us again, and say, give thine heart a holiday."

Several weeks had sped away. Strangers ministered in an unaccountable way to the necessities of Tiny and his family, and had furnished him the requisite outfit for a steerage passage to New York. These arrangements were scarcely completed when Tiny received a letter requesting him to wait upon Lord Drumlaurig, at his residence, Hanover Square, on the following Monday morning. Monday morning came, as all Monday mornings do, freighted with tidings good and bad, for distribution among all classes of the human family. Taking all circumstances into consideration, the reader may be sure that Tiny set himself off to the best advantage for the interview with his lordship, the result of which he committed to the great Disposer of all events. Tiny neared St. George's Church, Hanover Square, just as the first stroke of eleven pealed forth. He hastened forth, and as the last stroke of the hammer fell on the church bell he was standing at the door of his lordship's mansion, and the knocker had fell on the receiving plate. The door was opened, and he gave his name; was admitted, and conducted up the grand staircase, and ushered into the breakfast-room where sat his lordship at breakfast. His lady sat near the window, habited as if but just returned from a walk. Leaning upon her lap were two beautiful children, who gazed very earnestly at Tiny, as all children will do at strangers. One of them—a boy—said "Mamma, who is that man?" The lady placed her hand gently over his pretty mouth, accompanied by a hush.

"How do you do, Baxter?" said his lordship, with a smile.

Tiny, who did not feel the least disconcerted at being in such company, gave replies to questions put.

"When," asked his lordship, "do you wish to sail?"

"On Friday next, my lord, if possible," replied Tiny.

"Quite possible," said his lordship. "By what ship do you propose to go to America?"

"The 'Victoria,' my lord," answered Tiny.

"I have been from town longer than I expected to be," observed his lordship, "but I have not been unkindful of you; I have made many inquiries concerning you, and I feel pleased to see you, and to let you know that I believe you to be worthy of the interest I have taken, in conjunction with my lady, in helping you out of your difficulties." The lady now, for the first time, looked at Tiny, who perhaps, (being a novice,) may have been awkward in his attempts at expressing his sense of gratitude to her; be that as it may, her ladyship acknowledged the effort with a sweet smile.

"Here, Baxter," said his lordship, "is thirty pounds for you, go and prosper; and there," pointing to a couch, "is a bundle of articles which may be useful to you in the land of your adoption." With earnest wishes of success, and a request that Tiny would correspond with his lordship, the interview terminated, and our hero, with a light heart and elastic step, sped home, and poured his treasure into the lap of the astonished, but delighted Lizzy.

Mr. Cramp was pleased at Tiny's success, and closely interrogated him as to how he had accomplished so wonderful a feat without his assistance, and was very anxious to hear the names of his patrons, and all other details from beginning to end. But Mr. Cramp had played his cards in an unintelligible manner; and Tiny, for this, and for other obvious reasons, resolved to be "trick and tie." Several reformed ones were to sail in the "Victoria," from the London Docks, in company with a queer little man, named Anthony Gripe. This gentleman and others, who were companions on the voyage, shall be introduced to the reader—by way of saving time—as we drop down the stream.

Tiny had not made haste to get ready for embarkation; but when possessed of the means to pay the passage money, he was so far ready as to at once secure berths for himself and family, bid a hasty good bye to his very limited circle of friends, and superintend the carriage of his goods on board, which comprised beds and bedding, and numberless little articles so necessary where there is a family, but such as the majority of emigrants dispose of in haste, and have to repent of their want of wisdom at leisure. By Friday, at two o'clock, Tiny had transferred all he loved on earth to his "ocean home," namely, his faithful Lizzy and five loved children, all in robust health, and a sincere trust in Him who command the winds, and they obey him, and who holdeth the seas in the palm of his hand. To those persons accustomed to a clean home, and the rich quiet of domestic life, it is very disheartening—especially with the care of several small children—to go on board an emigrant ship in any port particularly when, as in Tiny's case, the vessel is within a few hours of being loosened from her moorings. With steerage passengers the case is invariably an admixture

of the grave, ludicrous, and troublesome, aggravated, if we may so express ourselves, by the jumbling together—apparently inextricable—and most assuredly, indescribable confusion, of every description of property. Add to this the dissimilarity of language, (French, Dutch, German, English and Irish,) the grunting of pigs, the quacking of fowls and ducks, and the loud halloos of dock labourers and others. The assemblages of friends and relations, the crying of babies, with jostling, pressing, squeezing, and embracing, with kissing, laughing, crying, and good byes; with strange, but hearty kind of prayers, for luck, for prosperity, for safety, and for God's blessing, beggars description; and to the nervous, and as is too often the case, to the lonely and unknown—and probably friendless, is truly appalling. Whilst not uncommonly the chorus is swelled with the neighing of a horse, the bleating of sheep, the barking of some person's faithful old dog, and the mewling of one or more favourite cats bound up in basket or in box, or struggling for liberty under some kind female's shawl. If this description of the upper deck should astound the uninitiated reader, we beseech him to descend the hatchway into the steerage, and he will find the difficulties doubled compared with what they are on deck; but we must debar ourselves the pleasure of further detail of this class of particulars, and press on. Suddenly the command is given to "clear away there," and all is bustle. The sails are already bent, and every rope in its place. All other vessels in dock are drawn in to snigger quarters, and a narrow but tortuous way is made as a passage for the noble emigrant ship. And now, from a stentorian voice is heard, "Slacken that hawser, you sir;" and the loud response follows, "Hi-hi, sir." Long cables are fixed to the works on the quays, and the jovial sailors bend their broad backs to the windlass, keeping time with a tramp and a song, whilst the loud and musical "heave ye yo" is heard from ship to ship. Children, even adults, who are not acquainted with degrees of ship motion, declare that the houses are moving. Now men with cat like activity ascend the rigging of many ships to disentangle the bowsprit from their own ship's tackle; and with as much care as a mother would guide the child she is teaching to walk, the emigrant ship is hauled through locks and swing bridges. Should the tide serve she glides away down the river, if not she rests in the bason till it does. By six o'clock the following morning the quays and streets adjoining, were crowded with friends, relations, and acquaintances, each one eager to take a parting—probably a last look, and exchange a signal with some loved one. Out in the river lay the powerful steam tug, from whose stern a cable is attached to the forepart of the emigrant ship, whose moorings are slackened, and she moves first almost imperceptibly, then gracefully; and as she glides out of the bason a thousand voices rend the air. The American sailors appear joyous at commencing their return trip; home dances before the mind's eye. Whilst on the faces of some English sailors sat sadness, on some even the traces of tears, unmanly tears, were visible, for on the shore stood their wives and little ones waving their hands and shewing other unmistakeable tokens of an affectionate good bye. Now the ship glides smoothly on the bosom of Old Father Thames, and cheers resounded loud and long, from friends, relations, and strangers. On the apex of a remote quay, and away from the busy crowd, stood a small knot of friends who loved Tiny and Lizzy, among whom was Mr. Cramp; but there was yet another, old black Sam. How came he there? Tiny and Lizzy were ready to leap from the ship to clutch his big palm which he had extended waving a white handkerchief; he halloed lustily, and on the kind breeze was wafted the word Portsmouth. Tiny understood, and danced with joy, y^e his heart was full to overflowing with the delights of sympathy and affection exhibited on every hand; and in spite of every effort to suppress it a feeling of sadness stole over him as he gazed on the forest of faces, but especially on those he knew, and thought I shall see those faces no more. Many on board tried to look like brave men and women, and Tiny and Lizzy leaned over the ship's side, and the scorching tears like a rivulet coursed down their cheeks, called up by one soul-stirring incident. At that side over which they leaned a boat shot forward; the oars were plied by two pairs of brawny arms. In that boat sat a young man and his wife and two children. But a few weeks since Tiny had been instrumental in saving that young man from a debtor's prison, and his wife and children from the workhouse. They knew not—indeed but few knew—of Tiny's sad condition when made instrumental in keeping up the dignity of that suffering couple. But so it was, and the grateful two held up, each a little one, who, holding out their tiny arms towards their parents' benefactors, in sweet accents, lisped the words, taught by their parents, "Good bye, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter; God will bless you." But other scenes began to grow indistinct, and the way the ship was making, showed the necessity that this sweet one should fade also. The rowers leant upon their oars, and long, long afterward, when the sun had mounted up higher and brighter, did that little boat follow in the wake of the Emigrant ship, with a handkerchief raised on the boats oar. The grateful family went on shore at Gravesend, and returned to London by rail. As each well-known spot is passed, each one wrapped in reflection, may with truth, ejaculate, "I shall never see that spot again." It was a truth to several who sailed in that ship. It was now breakfast time, and one by one the deck was cleared, with the exception of a few thoughtful ones, the expression of whose eyes denoted the mind to be on leave of absence, among friends and scenes, somewhere far away.

(To be continued in our next.)

HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

ON SOLID FOOD.

The doctrine of "divine permission," as commonly understood and applied to our voluntary habits, has been productive of much confusion in theology, as it has of mischief in hygiene. Regarding God as the great first cause, we must, of necessity, admit that nothing can happen without his permission. But to suppose that animal food and alcoholic liquors were permitted man to shorten his life, and prevent an excessive growth of wickedness, according to Dr. Cheyne, is indirectly charging the Almighty with at least a very cruel and awkward way of accomplishing a desirable end. More consistent is it with his attributes, and more consonant with a rational philosophy, to suppose that he permits us to infringe his laws, that he gives us ability to act, in our very limited sphere, against the general order of nature, for the benevolent purpose of teaching us that order. This, it may be presumed, can be done in no better way than by making us practically acquainted with the blessings of conforming our lives to his laws, and the miseries inseparably connected with their infraction. Good and evil, in this sense, may be said to be "permitted," and intended to teach us, by our own individual experience, the relations of cause and effect; in other words, the laws by which we, and all the universe of matter and of mind, are, have been, and ever will be governed.

Philosophers have been much puzzled in their attempts to make out a satisfactory theory of population. Mr. Malthus has contended that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence, unless some extraordinary counteracting causes be interposed. On this assumption, "war, pestilence, and famine" may be hailed as special godsend, to keep the race down to the level of the means of subsistence; but it places the Creator in an attitude from which our reason revolts. Mr. Doubleday, on the other hand, has lately met the positions of Mr. Malthus with an opposite theory. He has undertaken to show that poverty is the great cause of a rapid increase, and that a good degree of the comforts of life "deadens the principle of increase." He proves the first clause of his proposition by adverting to the fact that poor folks have the most children; and the latter part by quoting the well-known historical data, that wealthy and luxurious families very frequently run out, as have done wealthy and luxurious nations. The doctrines of both these gentlemen are too narrow and superficial to be worthy of God, or honourable to man. They are both mistaken, I think, in endeavouring to turn man's abuse of natural laws into "natural tendencies."

Great wealth and extreme poverty are equally in violation of the "natural constitution of man." That God who made the earth, fashioned it to produce sustenance enough for all the beings created in his own image. If men have got at variance with themselves, warred upon each other; if some have usurped too much of the domain of our common mother earth, and others have not where to lay their heads; if men have deranged their proper social relations, perverted the laws of their own organization, and entailed upon themselves and society innumerable "permitted" evils, let them pause long before they charge all these results to "natural tendencies." When men live according to the laws of their being, extreme wealth and extreme poverty, by which one portion of mankind are pampered to death and the other starved, will soon cease to exist; and there will be no more trouble about either excessive or deficient population. Look over the world. In some of the European nations, it takes the labour of a hundred or a thousand peasants, or serfs, to maintain one young sprig of nobility in a life of fashionable dissipation. In nearly all countries, a vast amount of toil and talent is wasted in miscultivating the earth for tobacco, coffee, tea, and other injurious narcotics and nervines; and an immense amount of the natural food of the human family, grains and fruits, is manufactured into alcoholic poisons. So long as man ravages the earth instead of ruling it, so long as he plays tyrant instead of lord over it, and over the rest of the animal creation, so long will the theory of population be an unsolved problem, to those who cannot distinguish between man's transgressions and God's designs.

Much has been said about the Mosaic regulations concerning diet, etc. Moses was, no doubt, a sagacious legislator, and a much better physiologist than most doctors now-a-days who undertake to direct the eating habits of the people. He had, it must be recollected, an ignorant, sensual, semi-barbarous people to deal with, such as are a majority of the human race at this day. His teachings in relation to their personal habits were as much "in advance of the age" as he could have had any reasonable expectation they could appreciate, or would practice. Hence his permission to eat the very best kinds of animal food, so long as he

could not at once raise their depraved appetites above the flesh-pots which "their souls lusted after," while he gave specific directions to lead them into the ways of personal cleanliness, bodily purity, and better health shows him to have been a philosopher of the progressive school.

Let the reformer of the present day, be he theological or physiological, set up a standard of moral life, or a law of eating and drinking, in all respects strictly adapted to the laws of God and nature, and the best condition and highest happiness of the whole human family, and how many could he induce to "walk therein?" We should all be Moses-like, and try to lead crring humanity to truth and nature, step by step, always keeping the standard of reform as far in advance of the mass of the people as they can distinctly perceive and be induced to follow.

The same author, (the author of "Vegetable Regimen," before mentioned,) speaking of the effect of vegetable diet on children, refers to the case of his own, four in number, all under nine years of age, who, had he says, not cost him "one farthing for medicine, or medical attendance, in the course of two years." He also states that several medical men, who had examined them with a scrutinizing eye, all agreed that they knew nowhere a whole family which equals them in robustness. Their health may be verified by the inspection of any stranger, who shall be disposed to take that trouble." Indeed, it seems to be the opinion of those who have made the experiment in their own circle, and who are therefore the best judges in the case, that the observance of the laws of nature, by children, would greatly improve their health and strength; that their irritability would gradually subside; they would become more robust and beautiful, their carriage be more erect, their step more firm; and that the danger of parents being deprived of them, at an early period, would be much diminished; while, by their light repasts, their hilarity would be greatly augmented, and their intellects cleared, in a degree which would astonishingly illustrate the delightful effect of this regimen.

But we shall be told, by the very people who will blame us for the reference, that we should go to a higher authority than erring mortals, and submit our theory to the test of Scripture. We will do so, not because we place the weight of our argument there, but because some will seek to condemn our practice from that source. Our forte is in the human, physiological, and moral view of the subject. Our opponents tell us we do wrong in rejecting "the good creatures of God," though they refuse frog soup, etc., etc., which are regarded with so much attachment by other nations; and that in Gen. iii. 9, God gave to Noah and his sons "every living thing that moveth," to be meat for them, "even as the green herb." True, and though nothing is more plain, from nature and its eternal laws, and from justice and equity, than that, in the original intention, one woman was designed for one man, yet, for "the hardness of their hearts," God permitted plurality of women to the Jews; nevertheless, our Lord has declared that "from the beginning it was not so." Then God said (Gen. i. 29), Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the whole earth, and every green tree, in which is the fruit of the tree yielding seed, to you it shall be given for meat. It seems from this, says an eminent philosopher, that man was originally intended to live upon vegetables only; and as no change was made in the structure of men's bodies after the flood, it is not probable that any change was made in the article of food. It may also be inferred from this passage, that no creature whatever was originally designed to prey on others; for nothing is here said to be given to any beast of the earth besides green herbs.—Dr. Priestley. Though God gave man dominion over all his creatures, he confined him to the green herb for food.

BLACKHEATH, KENT. (New Mission Hall.)—The friends here, who have by their united efforts, erected a very pretty little edifice for the entirely gratuitous ministry of the word, held their first quarterly meeting on Easter Tuesday, when a good company assembled to partake of the tea generously provided by the lady friends of the mission. After tea, a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Bland; supported by the Rev. T. Pritchard, of Glamorganshire, Messrs. W. Horsell and Cohen, of Blackheath, and Mr. W. Dormer, of London. After singing, the Chairman, in a very warm and practical speech, sought to entreat the sympathies of the meeting in the work, and called upon the Secretary, Mr. Horsell, to read the report, which disclosed a state of things highly encouraging to the supporters of the mission. Mr. Horsell, with his usual tact and humour, entertained the meeting with a running comment upon the prospects of the mission, and concluded by earnestly calling upon all present to work with one heart, and one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel. The meeting was afterwards affectionately addressed by Mr. Cohen, who was succeeded by Mr. W. Dormer, who, in an earnest telling speech, urged upon the meeting the importance of individual effort in the work of the Lord. The Rev. T. Pritchard subsequently addressed the meeting in a short, but very pleasing speech, and, after prayer, by Mr. Walkden, of Blackheath, the meeting separated, evidently well pleased with the proceedings of the evening. Less than £40 of the cost of erection, fittings, deeds, and incidental expenses, remain as debt on the place, and which the friends hope to wipe off by the next quarterly meeting.

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THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.—A new impetus is now felt in the work of evangelization in Spain. Converts are multiplying, from the numbers who revolt from the new Popist dogma of the Immaculate Conception, besides many who are Protestants in heart, but dare not make it known. The work goes on in secret. Converted Spaniards traverse the whole country with Bibles and tracts secreted in their packs, cautiously distributing them where wanted, and holding small meetings in secluded spots for reading and prayer. In the first six months of 1857, one of these missionaries carried the gospel directly to more than 2000 persons, and 213 proselytes were gained by him to Protestantism.—*Bible Advocate*.

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