The northern frontiers of China, over mountains and valleys, for the length of twelve or fifteen hundred miles. It is principally built of brick and mortar; and so firmly cemented, that although it has been erected more than two thousand years, it is very little decayed. It is about five-and-twenty feet high, and broad enough for five or six horsesmen to travel abreast. At different stations there are towers erected, and some few gates.

This was built to prevent an invasion of China by the Tartars. No bulwarks, however, can defend a people who depend on them rather than on their own courage, military skill, and patriotism. Accordingly we find Jenghis Khan, and after him Tamerlane, made dreadful irruptions into the country, and carried away an immense booty; though they were unable to subdue the empire, or to keep possession of what they had overrun.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, during the reign of a weak prince, a bold rebel slew Tamerlane, and seized on the throne: but a principal commander of the Chinese army, not choosing to submit to him, called in help from the prince of the Mantchew Tartars, who slew the rebel, and placed himself on the vacant throne. A Tartar prince and family, descended from him, are still in possession of the government: so that this famous wall has become of no use, but is merely an object of curiosity.

### Visit to a Great Heathen Festival.

The following narrative of Mr. Fox's visit to the great annual festival at Mangalagerry, at which place he arrived on the 27th of February, 1847, is taken from his journal:

Mangalagerry probably contains 3000 or 4000 people. There is a large temple, with a handsome pavilion, over the gateway, about 120 or 130 feet high; and just beyond it rises the hill, to the height of six or seven hundred feet.

Half way up this hill is a small pagoda, where a great fire-dancer was seated on the throne; but the stupid people are persuaded that this arises only from the spilling at the time of pouring it into its mouth. Another is, that if a number of vessels full of this liquid be left in the temple for one whole week, the idol never taking more than a certain nightly procession. The festival consisted in nothing more than a number of people whom I might call fire-dancers. A man, three-fourths naked, would take two thick torches, made of cotton rags, with oil on them, and, lighting them, he would dash them one against the other, until he was enveloped in the cloud of sparks which flew from them. As he went on this course, and, in a sort of trance, would dance violently, he would vary the spectacle by beating his naked breast and back with the burning end of the torches, or by holding it in both hands before his face, so that the flames passed close by his breast and face. Sometimes he would sit down on the ground, take a roll of rattans about an inch thick, light one end of it, and put it into his open mouth, holding it on his tongue without extinguishing it. Meanwhile another man, fantastically dressed, would be beating a small gong. I saw four or five of these characters in the space of one hundred yards. Another man varied the amusement by mounting on stilts, and running through the skin of his head and arms four skewers of wood, the further end of which terminated in small flaming torches.

On inquiring, many times, the cause of all this outrageous and unmeaning self-torture, I was assured that it did not arise from religion or devotion, but was simply an expedient to collect a few pence from the bystanders.

On the Lord's day I was alone, and spent the greater part of the day quietly in the travelers' bungalow, just outside the town. In the morning and evening I spent more than an hour, on each occasion, in disputing with, and preaching to, large numbers of listeners. They everywhere, and all treated me with great respect and civility, the immediate cause of which was probably the well-known good will of the excellent collector of the district to the missionaries.
He asked John many questions as to his state of mind, and the foundation upon which he was resting his

I kept my room for a few days after this; but sent my servant regularly to see how he was getting on, and whether he needed anything. He brought me very satisfactory reports of his comfortable and peaceful state, and of the advice that he gave to his parents and brothers: telling them not to grieve for him, and saying that he did not wish to recover. On Lord's-day morning, the 16th, he asked to be carried out of the tent, that he might look at the church. He continued in the same happy and peaceful state, to the end of the 17th, and then departed, I doubt not to be with Christ.—Church Missionary Gleaner.
animals. The missionary went in search of the chief in one of the classes, and actually learning A, B, C, from the lips of that other chief, whom, a few days ago, he would have killed without mercy. The missionary told him the pleasure he felt in seeing himself engaged, and began to make some excuses lest he should have taken offense at what he had said on the day before; but the chief immediately interrupted him, and said, "No, Mr. Wilson, I was very true, perfectly true; I have been a deceiver only; but now I wish to become a lamb."

He remained afterward with the missionary to receive instruction. The Holy Spirit opened his heart, and he soon gave ample proof of true conversion. Thus God accepted the services of a poor little slave, to bring to the knowledge of salvation one of the chiefs of the country. Does not this little story somewhat resemble the history of Naaman, the Syrian, (2 Kings, chap. 5?)

The GODS of a HINDOO.

The English have, as is well known, a vast and flourishing empire in the East Indies. They have constructed large works there, and maintain a very extensive commerce. Their power has frequently so impressed the natives that they have formed the opinion that these English must be a far superior race to themselves. A very curious proof of this occurred some time since, which serves also to show the extremely gross ideas of these Hindoos on the matters of religion. A missionary was one day conversing with one of them in the neighborhood of Madras, and asked him, "What do you worship?" "I worship the English king," he replied, "with a momentary assurance."

"The English! what folly! why do you do so?" "Because they must be gods," he replied, "for look at that iron-bridge; (a very large one had just been finished in the neighborhood) none but the gods could have done such a thing as that."

Look also at that steam vessel; (and there was a smoke coming from it, and the terrible noise it made is untold gold."

One day Mrs. Wilson went to her school. Mr. Wilson also went there, and there was no one left in the house; when Mrs. Wilson returned home, she was very much surprised to find three Tonguese men in her bed-room; one was standing before the looking-glass putting his hair in order, the other two were examining different things in the room. When they saw Mrs. Wilson, they immediately sat down on the floor, for that is the Tonguese way of being polite; on paying a visit to any one, they go into the house, sit down on the floor, and then begin to talk. As soon as the men were seated, they told Mrs. Wilson they had been so kind to a husband, and had knocked several times at the door, but, as no one answered, they walked in, and gone from one room to another, till they had come to her bed-room where she was a stranger to the family. Then the elder asked her if she was angry with them: she said she was not at all angry, and told them to continue their examination till they were quite satisfied.

She then went into another room, and heard them moving about her bed-room, and opening one drawer after another, to see what was in them. When they were satisfied, they thanked her, and went away.

Do you not think it was very kind of Mrs. Wilson to let them look at her things? They were men from the country, who had not seen a missionary's house before. Everything was new to them, and they examined quite new to them; but they had not injured or displaced a single article. These Tonguese men would be a pattern to many Englishmen, I think.

But the most remarkable story she told me was about a Feejeean chief, a great, frightful man, seven feet high, with immense whiskers, and a beard a yard and a quarter long; he was a cruel, fierce man, and the missionaries lived near him that he might get what he could from them; for he liked their tea, and sugar, and flour, and always made them give him of their stores as much as he could carry. Mrs. Hunt, who lives in another island, wished to send Mrs. Hunt some lard; but more sugar. Mrs. Rabone, who lives in another island, wished to make some molasses, he makes them take it back again for more sugar. Mrs. Rabone, who lives in another island, wished to send Mrs. Hunt some lard; but as she knew how greedy the chief was, she put it in a large iron pot, and thought he would never find out that it was filled with lard: but, unfortunately, when some natives were carrying the pot on shore, they thought it was very heavy, and they would just look and see what there was in it; they stripped off the band round the pot, and discovered the lard, and sent for some lard to fry his fish in. Mrs. Hunt sent him a piece of pork; but he sent it back, and said that was not what he wanted, he must have some lard of the same kind, and they were obliged to let him have it. Mrs. Wilson went in the "Triton" to visit the island where this chief lived; when she saw the ship coming he ran away, for he knew he badly distrusted the missionaries, and he was afraid the captain would punish him; after a short time, however, he gen-

ANECDOCT FROM THE SOUTH SEAS.

A short time ago I had a conversation with Mrs. Wilson, widow of the Rev. Francis Wilson, who was some time missionary at Tonga; she told me many stories about the Tonguese and the Feejeans, which I am sure you will like to hear.

The Tonguese are a gentle, pleasant people. The group of islands where they live was called the Friendly Islands by Captain Cook, because the natives were so kind and friendly to him. They are a fine race of men, and very strict in their persons; for they wash themselves twice a day; they have no fine clothing, but they do not like fine colors or patterns: when they choose a print for a dress, they always fix upon the nearest pattern, and the quickest color. The Tonguese language is a little hard on the ear; but there are several kind words that are more pleasant than any English words. The Tonguese are very honest. The missionary told him that the chief could not get a good view of her where he stood; the missionary scolded him, and told him he was very rude; he said he did not mean to be rude, he only wanted to look at Mrs. Wilson, who was a very handsome and a cannibal. He is the son of the chief who tried to kill Mr. Lyth, because he told him of his sins. When a ship comes to the island he is very muscular, and the missionaries will go away; and then he tells them they must not go, for he means to lotu, that is, turn Christian, by and by.

These troubles I have been telling you of, are very little trials, compared with many the missionaries have to suffer; they are sometimes obliged to witness things too dreadful to tell you; they are often in danger of their lives, and suffer from hunger and sickness, without friends, and far from home.

Mr. Hunt has been in Feejee eleven years; he may be called the Apostle of Feejee; for, though he has been among the wars and the feuds of the Feejeans for forty years and more, and has the appearance of an aged man, he is so warm and broken with what he has suffered; but in the midst of it all he has found time to translate the Scriptures into the Feejeean language. This glorious work is now nearly finished; and, for the future, the Feejeans will be able to read in their own language those truths which will make them wise unto salvation. You must not think that the missionaries complain, or are tired of their work; O no! Mr. Hunt would not change with any monarch in Europe; the only complaint they make is, that so few men are sent, and so little done for poor Feejee.—Wesleyan Jun. Offering.

HORRIBLE SUPERSTITION.

The following extract, from the Laminary of March 8th, indicates the horrible superstition prevailing among some of the native tribes in Abbot's Island.

Not long ago, we are credibly informed, a famous Goulash chief, named Selly, being engaged in the war which has been carried on between the Condoes and the Tonnouns, is credibly informed, a priest of the Mohammedan profession, to know what he should do to be more successful in his expeditions against the Condoes. The priest inquired of him whether he was able to make the necessary sacrifice, to which he replied he could make any sacrifice that could be named; upon this, the treacherous impostor told him he must sacrifice his son; and taking his dead body upon his shoulders, his feet swung around, and his head hung behind him, in this manner advance before his troops to the contest, and victory would be his.

It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that these sanguinary directions were complied with. Calling his son into a house, he caught him, deliberately tied him, and, with his own parental hand, cut his throat! Having offered this sacrifice, he and his troops prepared to advance toward the jurisdiction of their enemies; they then was this sacrifice, which the lodge sent for the mountaineers, in the manner directed, without any display of parental affection, or any emotion, save that aroused in his barbarous breast by the confirmed exertion of passion.

He was successful in three subsequent engagements, and undoubtedly ascribes his victory to the costly sacrifice made to obtain it. This inhuman custom has been practiced as the penalty for the murder about the Old Testament, or some parts of it, as most professors of Christianity.
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1848.

MISSIONARY ANNUIVERSARIES.

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The Anniversary of the Juvenile Missionary Society of the M. E. Church was held in the Powder-street Church on Monday evening, the 17th of June. Owing to a very heavy rain, which came on in the afternoon and continued to a late hour at night, the congregation was exceedingly small. No bishop being present, and few of the preachers, the Corresponding Secretary of the Parent Society was again called to the pulpit. This meeting was addressed by three African missionaries, who had just arrived in the United States; namely, Rev. Beverley H. Wilson, A. E. Russell, and J. S. Payne. These speeches were excellent; but we were sorry to see how few had the privilege to hear them. Another severe storm came on just at the hour for the opening of the services, which prevented hundreds from attending the meeting. Only about one hundred were in attendance, but the meeting went on, and all seemed to enjoy it. Between sixty and seventy dollars were collected and pledged on the occasion.

We were present at all the above meetings, and found them seasons of great interest. Often, in the midst of the exercises, we felt constrained to ask the question, How can true Christians deny themselves the privilege of these sacred festivals?

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The New-York Female Missionary Society held its twenty-eighth Anniversary at the Greene-street M. E. Church, on the evening of the 20th of June. Bishop Harvey presided. The Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society read the Annual Report. Rev. Mr. Coffey was again one of the speakers, and delivered an address by no means inferior to either of his former efforts. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Benham, who was exceedingly happy, both in the matter and spirit of his address. The exercises were deeply spiritual, and the true missionary spirit prevailed throughout. The collection and pledges taken at this meeting amounted to about two hundred and sixty dollars.

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ed, I sat amid the family circle gathered round the even­
fold. to ganibol on the hill, to drink, once more, from the
versink." Of all the western world only this remains.
" Ne vers ink," on the west. Soon all is gone save " Ne-
from my home and kindred, to labor—perchance to die—
minutes past five o'clock, they sunk from our view, and
how strongly our feelings will cling to the scenes of our
breeze, till, gradually fading, they sunk from our view,

But though I was sad at parting with scenes and
All thy scenes I love them Will."

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.
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A GOOD REPLY.

John Reynolds, a clergyman, was addressed by a man, who was evidently an old friend, and said to him, "John, I am sure that my John is the best John in all the world." "That may be," replied John, "but I cannot promise to remember every John that has been in the world." "But, sir," said the other, "I am not only sure that my John is the best John in all the world, but I can point to a thousand other Johns who have been better than any of them." John replied, "I am sure that my John is the best John in all the world, and when I get to London I will tell them for you: they will fetch lots of money." "That may be," said John, "but they are not mine: and, therefore, suppose that we should go back to where we came from as we go home, what then?" "Ay, Jack, I never thought of that: however, let us try and find out the lady to whom the bracelet belonged." "It was a woman," said John, "and the lost property was safely restored. John Reynolds received the lady, as a reward of his honesty, the sum of thirty-five pounds, and this, under the lady's advice, was laid out in skins, and when John left his good ship at the end of his voyage, he had, buttoned up snugly in his pocket, the sum of eighty pounds, [$800].

Thus enriched, and with a heart bounding with joy, they set off on a voyage to Liberia, and arrived there on the 10th of April, 1848.

I wish you to see, "I am sure that my John is the best John in all the world," said John. "But, sir," said the other, "I am not only sure that my John is the best John in all the world, but I can point to a thousand other Johns who have been better than any of them." John replied, "I am sure that my John is the best John in all the world, and when I get to London I will tell them for you: they will fetch lots of money." "That may be," said John, "but they are not mine: and, therefore, suppose that we should go back to where we came from as we go home, what then?" "Ay, Jack, I never thought of that: however, let us try and find out the lady to whom the bracelet belonged." "It was a woman," said John, "and the lost property was safely restored. John Reynolds received the lady, as a reward of his honesty, the sum of thirty-five pounds, and this, under the lady's advice, was laid out in skins, and when John left his good ship at the end of his voyage, he had, buttoned up snugly in his pocket, the sum of eighty pounds, [$800].

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There are few parts of the world more sultry than the West Indies. It is there that the poor negroes toil under the rays of a burning sun to procure sugar for our use. A very cheerless toil it is, till of late years, the negroes are slaves to the white people. There were, however, many true servants of the Prince of peace, who felt much grieved and displeased by the cruel practice; and there are now—no longer any slaves in those islands of the West Indies which belong to England: there the negroes are free.

Some years before the slaves were set free, there lived on an estate in the Island of Jamaica a poor negro, whose name was Sambo. He was so happy as to work for a kind master, who allowed him to live with his mother. Some masters used to divide children from their parents; but Sambo's master was too kind to do this, and therefore his slave was much happier than those of many other planters.

Sambo's mother had a small part of a New Testament, which she loved very much; and as Sambo was a good boy, she taught him to read. One night, after she had put him to bed, her heart was too full to sleep; she herself tried to learn to read, but she was too old. That night she spoke to Sambo, and thought of dying words; she read his book every day, so that in time he could say much of it by heart, and he used to repeat to his companions while they were at their work.

But poor Sambo's book, as he called it, was so much used and read, that it became less and less, until it was nearly all worn away. Sambo could not do this; but he heard that in Kingston, the chief town of Jamaica, there lived a missionary who kept a stock of Bibles to sell to any who would buy. Sambo looked and thought of doing good there, through a lady from England, who has been led to reside in the town, and to spend her whole time in seeking to extend the knowledge of Jesus in it. The name of the place is Axuree.

If you were to go into the burying-ground at Axuree, perhaps your eye would be struck with one neat, white tombstone—the only one in the whole ground which has a passage of Scripture engraved on it. On all the tombstones round there is written such a motto as, "Priez pour lui!" (Pray for him.) "Priez pour elle," (Pray for her.) But this tombstone bears it the beautiful inscription, "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." This must be a Protestant grave: it is very plain that they who erected this stone disbelieved in purgatory, and loved their Bibles.

I will tell you who it is that is buried under this tombstone. Mrs. L——, a lady who had heard about the Saviour in the chapel which was built by means of the lady of whom I have told you. She heard and believed. By and by she was taken sick, and the good missionary lived, was fifty miles from the town to form an association in aid of missions. She was then said to be a Protestant grave; it is very plain that they who erected this stone disbelieved in purgatory, and loved their Bibles.

The missionary then asked Sambo who he was, and after finding that he had come all that way to buy a Bible; and he really did so. He went to the missionary's house, and after finding that he had come all that way to buy himself a Bible.—"T. F. B."

The Silent Preacher.

In the middle of France stands a town in which many English Christians take a deep interest. This town belongs to it. Kingston, where dedicated to the work of missions. This town to form an association in aid of missions. She was then said to be required to go all that way on foot to buy a Bible; and he really did so. He went to the missionary's house, and after finding that he had come all that way to buy himself a Bible.—"T. F. B."

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The Silent Preacher.
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

RELIGION IN AMERICA.

Along the boundless forests, wide and far,
Though Hesper regions, yet shine the morning star;
Truth glistens in the sun like silver spangles,
Whose white ripples with the forest breeze;
And spreads her red-cross banner, wide unfurled,
Ever sparkling, in the eternal world.

Where wild Ontario rolls a world of waves;
Where fair Ohio half an empire traverses;
Where high the Alleghany Mountains frown,
Or deep Missouri rolls his waters brown;
Fair truth is sown, and her reapers long;
Like passing death-bell to a culprit's ear.

Where fate impelled the deadly tomahawk;
And rival tribes, in blood and terror Aaronale.
The woods are cleared, the demon decoyed,
Toisons spot the forest, churches lift their head.
Where wild Ottawa paws around;
Where Niagara stuns with thundering sound;
Or further west, where rolls the title union
Along the pine-crowned shores of Michigan;
Truth follows culture over the vast extent,
And builds an altar where he spends a test:
And while he folds the wood, and clears the soil,
Renews the cracks, and softens his smile.

For this, like verdant dew or summer showers,
Over all the continent the Spirit pours;
Admits no idler to dispense the seed;
To make new channels for the stream divine.
So wide the world, so is the manner;
Admits no idler to dispense the seed.
All at it, always at it, enterprise
To spread the written word, or jovial sound.

Hence where the ax has cut the forest down,
To regions beyond, that ask a name,
And newly peopled regions, unknown to fame.
In these shall nurseries of truth abound,
To spread this new-born truth abroad.
Here may new Wesleys and new Whitfield spring,
New Baxters write, and tuneful Cowpers sing.

And here, where laws have left our eastern skies,
To spread the written word, or jovial sound.
And light of life may shed his holiest ray:
To regions beyond, that ask a name,
And newly peopled regions, unknown to fame.
In these shall nurseries of truth abound,
To spread this new-born truth abroad.
Here may new Wesleys and new Whitfield spring,
New Baxters write, and tuneful Cowpers sing.

And on that glory a defense appear.

RECEIPTS OF ENGLISH RELIGIOUS BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

A table is here presented of the respective incomes of the various benevolent and religious societies of England, collected from the last annual reports, and calculated upon an average of the last three years:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Society</th>
<th>Income (pounds)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>British and Foreign Bible Society</td>
<td>£115,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Church Missionary Society</td>
<td>£110,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in</td>
<td>£90,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foreign Parts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge</td>
<td>£90,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Society for Building and Repairing Churches</td>
<td>£60,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Church Pastoral Aid Society</td>
<td>£60,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British and Foreign School Society</td>
<td>£50,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Religious Society of the Jews</td>
<td>£50,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society</td>
<td>£150,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London Missionary Society</td>
<td>£50,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baptist</td>
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<tr>
<td>London City Mission</td>
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<tr>
<td>Methodist New Connexion Mission</td>
<td>£40,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>New-Yorkland Schools Society</td>
<td>£40,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>London Society for Promoting Christianity</td>
<td>£90,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>among the Jews</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British and Foreign Propagation Society</td>
<td>£20,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>among the Jews</td>
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<tr>
<td>Colonial Church Society</td>
<td>£2,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Foreign Aid Society</td>
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<tr>
<td>Home Missionary Society</td>
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<tr>
<td>Irish Evangelical Society</td>
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<tr>
<td>Colonial Missionary Society</td>
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<tr>
<td>Naval and Military Bible Society</td>
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<tr>
<td>Christian Instruction Society</td>
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<tr>
<td>Indian and Visiting Society</td>
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<tr>
<td>Protestant Association</td>
<td>£2,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sunday-School Union</td>
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<tr>
<td>Adiel Duff and Dumb Institution</td>
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<tr>
<td>British and Foreign Sailors' Society</td>
<td>£1,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friends of Indians</td>
<td>£1,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>£1,000</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orphan Working School</td>
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<tr>
<td>New-British Orphan Asylum</td>
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</table>

During the year 1847–8, the receipts of nearly all the societies show a decrease as compared with the preceding year—a circumstance attributed to the monetary pressure.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

It appears from the reports read at the recent anniversaries, that the receipts of the benevolent societies have advanced very considerably the past year. The aggregate amount of the American Bible, Tract, Home Missionary, Seamen’s Friend, Board of Foreign Missions, Colonization Anti-Slavery, Foreign Evangelical, General Assembly’s Board of Missions, Protestant, Jews, and New-York Institution for the Blind, is $1,230,818.

If we add the societies which are not in the list, such as the British and Foreign Bible Society, Union Missionary, and Home Missionary—the amount of the year is $1,276,651.—J. of Com., May 27, 1848.

ARRIVAL AT FUH-CHAU.

The Missionary Advocate is published on the first of every month, for the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Lane & Scott, 300 Market-street, New-York, and may be had of them or of G. C. Rand & Co., Boston.

It is under the editorial supervision of the Corresponding Secretary of the Society.

All communications for the paper should be directed to the Missionary Advocate, at 160 Broadway, New-York.

TERMS.—For eight copies $1: forty-five copies $5; one hundred copies $10, per annum. For a single copy, sent by mail, 25 cents. Payment, in all cases, must be in advance.

No. 11, of the Missionary of the gospel who order forty-five copies, or more, according to the above terms, shall be entitled to one additional copy gratis.

A WIDOWER RESCUES A DEATH.

In all those countries where heathenism prevails, the condition of woman is very degraded. She is subjected to many hardships, and her spirit is broken by the cruel and unkind treatment of some even her nearest relatives. But, more than this, she is, in some countries, as you have been told, burned to death on the funeral pile of her husband.

In one of the Polynesian Islands, where this horrid practice exists, a Christian native teacher was told that a poor woman, living in a neighboring village, had lost her husband, and would shortly be put to death in the usual way. He determined to make the attempt to save her, and set off to the village.

He entered a small hut, in which were two individuals. On the one side sat a poor, disconsolate woman, hanging down her head, and looking the picture of wretchedness and despair. On the other side sat a man of ferocious appearance, the brother of the widow, who held in his hand a sharp knife. Between them lay the corpse of the dead man, the husband of the woman.

The teacher spoke kindly to the brother, entreating him to leave the life of his unfortunate sister. The man, provoked at his interference, savagely replied that the law of the country required that she must die. At the same moment he sprang forward, attempting to cast the fatal noose around his sister’s head. The teacher threw himself between them; they wrestled together, strug­gled, and fell. A fearful contest ensued.

At length, at the earnest request of the native teacher, who, but a few years before, would himself have acted in the same barbarous manner, the life of the unoffending, helpless widow, was spared. How delighted the Christian teacher must have felt to be the means of rescuing her from so terrible a death!

From that time he has felt deeply interested in her welfare, and let us hope that, through his counselors and prayers, she was induced to seek from the Saviour a new life, better deeply interested in her welfare, and let us hope

THE OLD SHEIKH’S ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

"The Lord sent us another shepherd. He was young; but we loved him. One day we as, poor sheep, were feeling around him in the wilderness, he stooped. This was not his custom. We looked at him, and he at us. He shook us by the hand, stopped, tied his sandals on his feet, and took his staff in his hand. We knew not what was the matter with him; he was not a little delighted when told that he was the new shepherd whom we were waiting for. One of our young ramblers was no other than the Duchess of Kent and her little daughter Victoria, now Queen of Great Britain.

..."

BIBLE BURNING IN CORK.

A correspondent of the Kerry Evening Post gives an account of the burning of Bibles by a priest of Newmarket, county of Cork. "Twenty-two Bibles," he says, "were thrown into the flames, surrounded by hundreds of rejoicing spectators, who, with clubs, threw the flaming Bibles into the air, and, as they fell, beat them back into the flames, shouting, 'We will beat and burn the life out of them.' Part of the town appeared, attempting to cast the fatal noose around the neck of the widow, who held in his hand a sharp knife. Between them lay the corpse of the dead man, the husband of the woman. The teacher spoke kindly to the brother, entreating him to spare the life of his unfortunate sister. The man, provoked at his interference, savagely replied that the law of the country required that she must die. At the same moment he sprang forward, attempting to cast the fatal noose around his sister’s head. The teacher threw himself between them; they wrestled together, struggled, and fell. A fearful contest ensued.

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