In the Missionary Herald for August, Rev. H. Yaishnavite, the Jain, and the Mohammedan, flash how think you they will get that "living bread," according to the promise in Genesis, in India's cities, towns, villages, and hamlets. See the immense crowds. The Sivite, the Hindoo, and, with unimportant changes, the Christian, whose crests you can never count. Hear the song of the great Deceiver, in so skillfully forging, and so firmly riveting upon this people the fetters of infidelity, which they all eagerly strive, be to you a problem, for which none of them hunger, and none of them ask yourself how much can be done by here and now, while they are really infidels. They bow, as in their worship, to the idol; just as their voices, when they answer, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne," rise up from every fortress of idolatry, and mingle in one great shout of defiance. But shall we not be dismayed? By God's blessing, never. The kingdom of the Lord cometh. In many places light has broken upon these masses of darkness. We have faith in no form of religion. If any system is adopted by them, it will probably be some form of transcendentalism suited to please the fancy and lull the conscience. Is not this a painful thought? When minds are in a transition state, how necessary that there should be many and able ministers of the New Testament to arrest them in their flight to some vain refuge, and guide them to the true refuge, even Jesus Christ! The Hindoo Mind is full of Error.

In Indian Rocking Cradle of Oregon.

In his sight. He scorns the truth of the ever-wise and ever-living God. He is blind to the light of the Gospel. Language cannot convey the utter contempt which he feels for the gospel; and what his tongue fails to express, you read in his countenance, and think in your soul. "Alas, how strong are the chains with which Satan has bound these poor souls! Professing themselves to be wise, they have become fools. But let us rejoice also while we mourn. Truth lives, and shall conquer. While we contemplate the mournful errors of the Hindoo, we will not fail to recognize the glory of that truth which, when energized by God's Spirit, is able to expel error, purify from infidelity, and transform the abode of devils into a temple of the Holy Ghost. The Hindoos are sunk very low in Vice. No man can properly understand this till his eyes see and his ears hear things that drive the conviction like iron into his soul. Two of the worst forms of vice, and the most frequent, also, are lying and lasciviousness. There is no truth in their religion, which, when energized by God's Spirit, is able to expel error, purify from infidelity, and transform the abode of devils into a temple of the Holy Ghost. The Hindoos are sunk very low in Vice.

Infidelity is springing out of the Ashes of Superstition.—When mind that has long been bound with the shackles of superstition, breaks away from those shackles, its tendency is to swing to the opposite extreme. From believing everything, it often leaps with a desperate bound, to believing nothing. Many minds are in this state in India. Their own religion has become to them a lie. They continue it in ignorance of the truth, while they are really infidels. They have faith in no form of religion. If any system is adopted by them, it will probably be some form of transcendentalism suited to please the fancy and lull the conscience. Is not this a painful thought? When minds are in a transition state, how necessary that there should be many and able ministers of the New Testament to arrest them in their flight to some vain refuge, and guide them to the true refuge, even Jesus Christ! There is to be a battle in this land, not only with idolatry, but also with infidelity in many forms. The kingdom of the Lord cometh. In many places light has broken upon these masses of darkness. The Hindoos are sunk very low in Vice. No man can properly understand this till his eyes see and his ears hear things that drive the conviction like iron into his soul. Two of the worst forms of vice, and the most frequent, also, are lying and lasciviousness. There is no truth in their religion, which, when energized by God's Spirit, is able to expel error, purify from infidelity, and transform the abode of devils into a temple of the Holy Ghost. The Hindoos are sunk very low in Vice.

From Dr. Doddridge, one day asked his little daughter how it was that women never knew how to do certain things. "Oh, mother," said she, "unless it be that I love everybody."
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

“T WILL SURELY GIVE A TENTH UNTO THEE.”

Long before the Missionary, the Bible, and the True Christian Citizen appeared, it was found that a young man, who had been piously educated, left his father’s house to seek his fortune in a foreign land. His father was not only a pious man, rich in faith and in the hope of eternal life, but he was rich in this world’s goods; he had “possessions of flocks, possessions of herds, and a great store of servants,” and he was also the owner of a large tract of country in the East—a land flowing with milk and honey. He had not yet received this land, and entered into possession of it; but the fruits which he reaped from the original proprietor and owner, and it was made subject to him and his children and descendants. And yet, notwithstanding the great riches of the father, the son was sent away empty-handed; for he had, at the instigation of his mother, and with her help, practiced a wicked deception on his father, now old and blind, and had, moreover, cruelly wrapped his only brother, His soul filled with love and gratitude, he determined upon this solemn place, this house of God, with this monument, and he took that very stone on which his head rested upon, and fell asleep. Now I cannot certainly say that he had repented of his wickedness previous to this time; but I do not wonder that the young man said, when he awoke, “The Lord is in this place; it is the gate of heaven.” From north to south, from east to west, the line of demarkation form the ankles, and both feet, were perfectly gone, that is, mass all broken, I can’t go to thy house now. Go, and announce a Saviour’s name! It’s me, massa, says Mr. D’s boy. From time to time, from east to west, “O what is truth? O where is rest? We perish for the living world!”

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Awake! arise! the heavenly light Before the power of sin and death, Go sound the gospel trumpet’s call, And rescue them from hell beneath. Rejoice in your happy lot, And bid them to a Saviour come. To India’s burning plains repair, Where men to idols gods bow down; To-Columbia’s youth, on whom the light Of truth and righteousness doth shine, Seek your eternal portion there, And there proclaim that God is one. To China’s multitudes make known Celestial truth—the eternal word; And point them to that God alone, Whom nations all must own as Lord. See yonder beauteous isles, far spread Over the Pacific, bright and fair: There savage tribes each other dread, And for your Lord those islands claim. Colombia’s youth, on whom the light Of truth and righteousness doth shine, Go, and diffuse its beams so bright, And proclaim the gospel divine. "O what is truth? O where is rest? We perish for the living world!”

COMPRESSION OF THE FEET OF FEMALES IN CHINA.

We have received the Fourteenth Report of the Ophthalmic Hospital at Canton, China. This hospital is under the care of the distinguished American missionary, Rev. Dr. F. C. Waugh. The subjoined extract from the Report gives an account of a case which came under the care of Dr. Park; it is that of Luh Akwang, an interesting little Chinese girl, seven years of age, who, both of her feet from compression.—Res. Rec.

On the 9th of February, agreeably to a custom which prevailed in China, the bandages were applied, a la mode, to her feet, occasioning her excessive sufferings, which, after the lapse of a fortnight, became insupportable, and the parents were reluctantly compelled to remove the bandages, when, as the father represented, the toes were found discolored. Gangrene had commenced, and when she was brought to the hospital, on the 8th March, it had extended to the whole foot. The line of demarkation form the ankles, and both feet, were perfectly gone, that is, mass all broken, I can’t go to thy house now. Go, and announce a Saviour’s name! It’s me, massa, says Mr. D’s boy. From time to time, from east to west, “O what is truth? O where is rest? We perish for the living world!”

FAITH.

We read a great deal in the Bible about “faith,” and that, not only the faith by which a poor penitent sinner looks to Jesus as the only Saviour, and lays hold of His righteousness, but also the faith which trusts in God in times of danger for deliverance, in times of sorrow for comfort, in times of want for supply, and in times of perplexity for direction. It would be a delightful excursion for our youthful readers to take their Bibles, and, beginning at Genesis, to mark all the instances recorded there of this confiding faith; and not only the instances in which it did not pay the least attention to external evidence, but the instances in which it did not honor such faith. There is now, alas! too little of this simple, childlike faith, in the Christian world, but, wherever it is exercised, God honors it and rewards it.

Perhaps, if he had waited till he had come out of Laban’s house, with all his camels, his geese, flocks, and men-servants, he would have thought, as some wealthy Christians, I fear, now think, that he was one of those who require. I believe it is much easier to form right principles on this subject before the deceitfulness of riches chokes up the path of duty. We have received the Fourteenth Report of the Ophthalmic Hospital at Canton, China. This hospital is under the care of the distinguished American missionary, Rev. Dr. F. C. Waugh. The subjoined extract from the Report gives an account of a case which came under the care of Dr. Park; it is that of Luh Akwang, an interesting little Chinese girl, seven years of age, who, both of her feet from compression.—Res. Rec.
after Christ six hundred and five years, who or­
der his conscience, fervently to bandage her feet); and
was placed in a stumpy, twelve inches about the
lotus flower, with aromatics deposited within it,
such that at each step she took there was left upon
the soil a fresh impression as she moved. The story
was told that her steps produced the golden lotus;
and to the present day men compliment the
ground the print of the lotus flower; hence
the name of her child, the lotus; and to the present
day men compliment the

WOMAN UNDER PAGANISM.
In many pagan countries the birth of a daugh­
ter is regarded as a calamity, and an occasion of
sorrow. In some tribes female children are imme­
diately exposed to certain death, that their parents
may not have the trouble and expense of bringing
them up. When the daughter is allowed to live
she is regarded as an inferior being; is frowned
upon by parents and relations; sold to the highest
bidder, in marriage, and then becomes the slave
of her husband. Should she marry decrepit and dy­
ing old men just before they drowned themselves
in the Ganges. Many widows are buried alive
with their deceased husbands, or consumed on their
funeral piles. In China, women have been
yoked with an ox or an ass, while the husband
held the plow and sowed the seed. In Hindostán
that, until recently, not one female in a hun­
dred was acquainted with the com­
tinually worshiping

IDOL BIDDING.
I saw at this fair, what is sometimes seen at
Hurdwar, idols a begging. They were two in
number, of brass, two feet high, and placed in a
boat that flooted up and down the stream, their
hands extended out in a begging posture, as if
asking alms of the bathers and worshipers of the
Ganges, who, having turned their backs on the
steamer, two miles in shore, where those idols are
wont to be enshrined, were at the shrine of an­
other of the Hindoo gods, implored with out­
spoken words by the devils and demons that
the humiliation of having to leave their temples,
where their votaries needed them not, and occu­
pating the beggar's place, at the shrine of another
god, was void of purpose, and the thought of
them that going or being carried up and down the stream
some miles, these supplanting gods born with
little; not ten annas in a day from as many thou­
sand people. Is any indication that the idols
of the heathen are about to be banished? They
leave their temples in search of sustenance at the
shrine of a kindred idol (whose days its votaries
them have numbered) and thousands of
worshipers, they meet with but sorry

I WILL SPIN ONE MORE HANK.
At a meeting held with the view of forming an
association for the protection of wives in said
country, the following anecdote was related by one of
the speakers:—A woman of Wakefield, well known
to be in very needy circumstances, offered to sub­
scribe a penny a week to the missionary fund. The
speaker:—A woman of Wakefield, well known
following anecdote was related by one of the
speakers:—A woman of Wakefield, well known
said, "I will spin one more hank; for surely you,
said, "I will spin one more hank; for surely you,
said, "I will spin one more hank; for surely you,
said, "I will spin one more hank; for surely you,
said, "I will spin one more hank; for surely you,
said, "I will spin one more hank; for surely you,
said, "I will spin one more hank; for surely you,“
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

We shall be excused for giving the following extract of a private letter from a friend in Providence, Rhode Island. Describing the farewell missionary meetings at the departure of the Rev. J. L. Wilson and others for the Gold Coast, the estimable writer says, "As Dr. Wayland led our hearts to the merciful, and implored for our friends in Christ protection, usefulness, and blessedness, and the petition rose, 'Reprove kings for their sakes, saying, Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm,' we remembered what had occurred. Indeed, one of my first thoughts, when tidings came in March of Louis Philippe's downfall, was of a prayer and a prophecy in our lecture room, at monthly concert, long before, at a time when the Oessian Dynasty seemed as firm as earthly policy could make it. The news had just arrived that a French frigate fired directly through far from attempting or wishing to penetrate prayer, he spoke of the procedure of the French Mr. Wilson and his associates, as ascends from life; but it has surely come."

A. G. K.

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

NEW-YORK, November, 1849.

AFRICA'S LUMINARY.

This periodical was established for the benefit of the Liberia Mission. Its leading objects were to afford pious native boys an opportunity for such literary and mechanical instruction as would prepare them for usefulness in society, and to induce and cultivate a taste for reading and mental improvement among the colonists generally. This paper has now been in existence about ten years, with a support at no time sufficient to cover the expenses of publication. At a late meeting of the Board, the question was agitated as to the expediency of its continuance. The subject was referred to a special committee; and after examining the question in several of its most important aspects and bearings, the committee decided that, in view of all the circumstances of the case, and especially the fact that money-making did not enter into the original design of its publication, its continuance was not less important now than heretofore, and that the Luminary should still be allowed to throw its beams athwart the moral gloom of that dark and wretched country. The following are the resolutions reported by the committee, and adopted by the Board, at its regular meeting in September last:

Resolved, That it is inexpedient to discontinue the publication of Africa's Luminary.

Resolved, That renewed and stronger efforts should be immediately made to give the ensuing volume a wider circulation.

Resolved, That, as it is now a monthly publication, its price be reduced to fifty cents a year, payable in advance.

Resolved, That the preachers of the Liberian Conference be, and they are hereby, urged to make a united and powerful effort to increase their subscription list in Africa.

Resolved, That the merits of the paper entitle it to the patronage of the friends of Africa in this country; and that, in consideration of the state of the enter- prise, they should lend their untied and hearty co-operation in sustaining it.

Resolved, That the editors of our several church periodicals be, and are hereby, respectfully requested to bring the claims of this enterprise before their respective readers, and to use their influence in promoting the circulation of the Luminaries and other periodicals.

Many of the friends of missions in the M. E. Church have, manifested a peculiar and growing interest in Africa's regeneration, and have always shown themselves ready to subscribe for the intellectual and moral benefit of that dark and degraded country. To these, especially, we would appeal on the present occasion. Under the announcement we have been able to obtain, the publication of a valuable periodical in Liberia is important to the moral and spiritual improvement of that infant republic, and greatly calculated to enhance the interest of missionary enterprise in that country. Such a paper will constitute an appropriate medium of communication, not only between the different departments of our mission field in Africa, but also between the mission itself and its numerous friends in the United States.

The price of the paper has hitherto been too high, more especially since it was made a monthly publication. It is now reduced to fifty cents a year, payable in advance. This is a reasonable price, and the paper is richly worth it.

We shall now expect to see its circulation greatly extended, both in Africa and in this country.

For several years the Luminary had a considerable circulation in the States; but, from various causes—the chief of which are inclined to believe has been an in-exusable want of attention to its claims—its patronage here has dwindled down to almost none at all. It is ardently hoped that henceforth the friends of Africa and people who take an interest in the success and prosperity of the Liberia Mission, will include Africa's Luminaries among the objects of their benevolence and zeal, and that an encouraging subscription list will soon be obtained in the church at home. If each preacher would take it himself, and procure for it a single subscriber, it would so encourage the enterprise as to insure its continued and successful prosecution.

Dear brethren, let us not forget that the church in Africa is numerically and pecuniarily weak, and that also we need at least a small supply of useful periodicals to bestow upon her. Let her friends in America but say, The Luminary shall live, and continue to shed its hal­ lowing rays upon that "region and shadow of death;" and not fail in the time of her need. Let her church to the fullest extent, and be made wiser and better by its illuminations. Most affectionately and urgently do we call upon the friends of Africa to promote this interest, and not to suffer so promising an enterprise to fail, or even to wane, for want of support. The intrinsic excellence of the paper itself, and its importance to the mission in Africa, sufficiently recommend it to your patronage and zealous support.

Those of the friends of Africa who are willing to aid in extending the circulation of this Luminary will please send their subscriptions to the Board of Managers, at the usual rates of charge in other papers. To commercial and business advertisements, at the usual rates of charge in other papers.

With the view of securing a regular and adequate supply of periodicals for the African Mission, we are about to establish an agency for the sale of the same in the United States. Any person who will purchase a sufficient number of these periodicals to supply the wants of the mission in Africa, will render a valuable service to the cause of missions, and will receive in return a handsome present, which will be as useful as they are ornamental. The following resolutions were offered by Dr. Levings, at a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held on the 27th of September last, and adopted by the Board, at its regular meeting in September last:

Resolved, That the grief of death of our sister, Isabella White, wife of Rev. M. C. White intelligence which has reached this Board, appeared to me a most painful and inexpressible sorrow, and that the friends of Africa should be prepared to receive, comfort, and to subserve the interest of missionary enterprise in that country.

Resolved, That the friends of the deceased should meet, and that a resolution be presented to the Board, at its next meeting, expressing the deepest sympathy and condolence, and that the committee of the Board be, and are hereby, respectfully requested to bring the claims of this enterprise before their respective readers, and to use their influence in promoting the circulation of the Luminaries and other periodicals.

Resolved, That, while we tender to brother White and the friends of the deceased generally our sincere condolences, we will endeavor to submit with meekness to the will of our heavenly Father, trusting confidentially that all events disposed by him, in his own appointed way, conduct to the furtherance of the gospel through the agency of Christian missions.

MISSIONARY MAPS—VOTE OF THANKS.

This Board have in their possession two beautiful missionary maps—one of the Eastern, and the other of the Western, hemisphere. They are appropriate armaments for our next missionary tour, and will be of such service to the committee as the following resolution was offered by Dr. Levings, at a special meet-
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE

COMMUNICATIONS.

CHINA MISSION—LETTER FROM REV. H. HICKOK.

TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MISSION-ART SOCIETY OF THE N. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Brother,—By the last overland mail I sent you my report of the state of our mission, and the progress of the work. Some circumstances render it necessary that I should write you a few lines by the present mail, via Europe. Our infant mission is now mounting the early departs from the shore of our church. The last letter from sister White, you were recently adviced of the probability that this afflication would come upon us. We have now to communicate the sad intelligence that we are bereaved of one of our little band. Sister White died on the morning of the 25th ult., of consumption, which disease attacked her last winter, and has thus rapidly brought her to the grave. Our sister died in great peace, for her Saviour was near, sustaining her soul, and enabling her to give those who witnessed her departure, the assurance that she was about to enter a brighter and better world than this. She had no regret that she had come so far from home, exposing herself to this unfavorable climate; but, on the contrary, the rejoiced in the privilege of dying on heathen shores, as a missionary of the cross. She had devoted herself, with earnest zeal, to this work, and came, with superior talents, for its prosecution; but God shows us, by taking away one so well adapted, apparently, to bless the heathen, that it is not our work, but his purposes. While we wonder at God's mysterious providences, we bow in submission, believing that, in the light of Infinite Wisdom, all will be plain. Brother White has been greatly sustained by the Master he serves, in all this trial. You will doubtless have a more extended obituary of our deceased sister.

This obituary will be the more difficult, as the constitutions of all foreigners. This port is as healthy, if not more so, than the other opened ports; but this is not saying much in its favor. Some will be able to live and labor here, while others will probably die, or be obliged to leave the field, giving place to others. Mrs. Hickok is suffering considerably from the debilitating influence of this climate, which she has so much desired to visit. My health is, I am persuaded, strong, would soon throw it off, and enable me to go vigorously to work. But this derangement of my system is of the nature of the age. To such as may desire a magazine containing reading which tends to inform the head and quicken the heart, we would recommend the North British Review. For the whole of the above, as well as several other communications which will be mentioned hereafter, we must pay down, in advance, a half-year's subscription, which you will probably hear more. We wish to have ourselves and our work commended to all the friends of missions.

Yours respectfully,

H. HICKOK.

LETTER FROM REV. D. D. LORE.

TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MISSION-ART SOCIETY OF THE N. E. CHURCH.

My Dear Brother,—I have so good an opportunity to send you a few lines that I cannot let it pass, though my time is limited. I have taken the liberty of giving Mr. Lore's article of introduction to you; as stated in that article, he will be able to answer many of your inquiries about the mission.

I think we are blessed with signs of encouragement. Little clouds are to be seen in our horizon, and though not larger than a man's head, they promise the shower. The members of it tell me that the congregation is much larger now than it ever has been before: It is certainly what we would call anything a good congregation. This increase is especially seen in the morning attendance, which I think is a very favorable indication. I cannot judge so favorably of the Nicodemus who go by night as is known from the Lord. Our evening congregation has also proportionally increased; on some occasions the house has been quite full. But, whether this increase is permanent or not, we cannot tell; yet I hope for the best.

There are also several among us who are deeply serious, and who I trust will soon experience the liberty of the children of God. I am much interested for our young men. There are many connected with the congregation, perfectly moral and upright, only lacking "one thing." I am much in hope that we shall have more among us. Our Sunday school also is prospering finely. During the interval of the regular services, previous to our arrival, it had decreased considerably. But the children were soon gathered again, and in a few Sabbaths the superintendent announced that there were as many present at mid day ever before—eighty-four in number. This seemed to be the highest number ever present at one time. It has, however, continued steadily to increase, until last Sabbath week (the last being a stormy day) we had one hundred and fifty present. There is much interest felt in the school, and it promises much.

The families of the congregation I have searched out until my last now numbers about sixty. All these I have visited, and prayed with, and of course, I have received, and I trust will do good. O pray for us, that the Spirit may be poured out from on high upon us! I am very anxious to hear from you. We promised to do something as every opportunity; but I have got far ahead of you. Concerning our church affairs I feel a longing desire to know what has been done. Communication will be more direct and frequent henceforth. We are blessed with no empty cups in our Missionary Reception; on the contrary, our plate is brim full.

Yours very respectfully,

D. D. LORE.
LETTER FROM CHARLES PITMAN.

TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MIS­SIONARY AGENCY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

Dear Sir,—I now undertake to write you a few lines, to inform you of the state of my health. I am very well to-day, and hope these few lines will find yourself and family in good health.

I know not what to write; but as I have bugabous I must of course enail. Since I wrote to you last, many have been added to our brotherhood; but, thanks be to God, who has brought me through all, yet I stand as a living witness to declare to the world that there is a reality in the religion of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Since I entered upon the precious burden of Christians, I have had my name enrolled in the church book on earth, (and it is probable that I am now enrolled in the church book in heaven,) I have not seen anything in this world to compare with my Jesus; and I can, in this case, adopt the words of the poet, —

"There's nothing here deserves my joy; There's nothing like my God."

And I have solemnly covenantcd with my God that I would spend the balance of my days, whether long or short, in his service. I believe it to be the best course to follow; and I am resolved to die soon, in the service of my Jesus; for I see that it would be better to fall out with the world, and to serve God, and that I am not ashamed to own him as my God, and that I am not ashamed to own him as my God. I am sorry that I could not tell you these and if I never see them in the flesh, they must pray for me, and if I never see them in the flesh, they must pray for me, and if I never see them in the flesh, they must pray for me.

Dear sir, when I reflect upon my past life, and compare the same with the present, I feel that I have every reason to praise God, and that I have a right to adopt the words of the psalmist: —"O God! my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory." My heart is firmly resolved to do my Master's will; and I pray that he will so enable me that I may reign everything unto his will, and that I may live in humble submission to his divine and righteous will.

Please to excuse me for not writing you a long letter; for we are working off the Luminaries to set off to the Packet, and I have to steal every chance I can to write you these few lines. Please to give my love to your family and to all inquiring friends. Tell them that I am trying to serve God, and that I am ashamed to own him as my God. My love especially to those inquiring friends of the mission, who have so much for me, who are not my own, and who are not my own, and who are not my own. In answer to your last letter, I have had in my possession a little African. Tell them that I will not forget them, and if I ever see them in the flesh, they must pray for me, that we may meet where we shall part no more.

Oh, my dear Mr. Broderick, do not hesitate to try my trade, and to do as I am bid. No more. I remain your obligod and affectionate son,

Charles Pitman.

Missouri, July 3, 1848.

LETTER FROM A LITTLE GIRL.

DEAR BROTHER PITMAN,—The following letter from a little girl, including thirteen dollars for the education of a little Indian girl, should, I think, be published in the Missionary Advocate. She is the secretary of a juvenile society of the Methodist Episcopal church.

I am happy to inform you that I have raised some money for this purpose, and my little sister has added to it. We have been very happy in the thought of having some money to give, and we have been thinking of doing something, if it be but a single nail, in every edifice that is going up for the service of God.

I sent twenty dollars to the society, and my little sister sent ten. We were very happy in the thought of having some money to give, and we have been thinking of doing something, if it be but a single nail, in every edifice that is going up for the service of God.
Severin willingly did so: they went up one street, and then turning to the left, came to the stranger's house. He was a carpet manufacturer, had property, and many children. God had blessed him in various ways. It was a joy to him to think that, so long as Severin had conducted himself well, he should be considered as one of the family. How wonderful a provision for the poor orphan boy! How great the blessing of faith!

But I must tell you another very curious circumstance. The children all clustered round him, and I'll make your want for more inquiries. Michael soon asked what was the meaning of the raven's feather in his hat. Severin told him how he had found it, how he had looked upon it as a sign of bad fortune, and supposed, as he had really done so. They all listened with the greatest astonishment; and how was Severin himself surprised when they told him that the name of the poor man was Severin of the Raven's feather, about this very youth, and his good behavior. Just when provisions were very scarce, he thought it must have fallen, not only from heaven, but out of heaven. Severin, how­ever, quickly said, "The feather shall be well taken care of."

And it was well taken care of: for years after a little book was written in German, by Dr. Barth, with a pen made from this very raven's feather, about this very youth, and his good conduct at Mr. Raven's house. From this book I have gathered what I have just written, and I recommend you to spend threepence in getting the book, and reading it too. This is one of the facts I have gathered what I have just written, and I recommend you to spend threepence in getting the book, and reading it too.
Every youthful reader of these lines might become poor in spirit and rich in faith! Then will they confide in Christ alone. Then their lives will be peaceful, and to die—Oh, Miss. Jas. Ins.*

KINGS AND THRONEs Are FALLING.

By M. N. J. W. LORD, D. D.

Kings and thrones are falling.

The sound comes o'er the sea;

"Deep unto deep is calling" To the conflict of the deeps.

At the voices of the nations, like the roaring of a flood,

The sun is turned to darkness, the moon is changed to blood.

The word of power is spoken In accents loud and long;

The iron chains are broken From the ankles of the strong;

The blind and beaten giant is staggering up at length, And the pillars of his prince-home begin to feel his strength.

To exile goes the king, The throne is in the street, The royal tares are chicory; The sounds of piteous feet, Of gilded rooms and halls of state the common people thunder. Half-foolish of the species yet, that balled them so long.
The purple robe is riven, Ay, crushed beneath the tread Of masses imager-driven. Demanding work and bread; And death is riding grimly forth, and terror by his side.
The powers of earth are shaken For the Danube to the Rhine, Old Germany is waking. Like a Cyclop from his wine;

And dark as bow with hazard, and red his eye with wrath, While he scatters his torchstones, like pignots, from his path.

The slammed Cell is crying, Arm, brethren, one and all; The Saxon lord is flying To castle, keep, and wall.

Unhappy Ireland grasps again the old, detested bands, And death is riding grimly forth, and terror by his side.

The Seine is running red Through the capital of France; The cry is still, Advance! With pike, and gun, and paving-stone, the madmen people said.

And peace and freedom by the scene of tumult and alarm. What terror, pain, and sorrow, Till the travel throes are past! But then a glorious morrow, And the promised rest at last,

For the gospel of the Crucified shall triumph like the light, From the golden gates of morning o'er the darkness of the night.

King or priest shall never Rebuild the broken wall; For thought is freed for ever, And truth is now for all,

The startled nations hear a voice through heaven and earth resound, '• The everlasting word of God shall never more be bound; O'er shattered thrones shall rise The living image of the old, and earth, and skies, Proclaim his reign begun;

The angels and men, and the gods of Galilee, Shall sound once more on every shore and over every sea.

The Mormon temple at Nauvoo has recently been purchased by Isaac Powers, Esq., and is to be converted into a Protestant college.

Population of China.

China is represented as having a population of 360,000,000. Canton and Peking are supposed each to contain 2,000,000 of inhabitants. Opium furnishes the greatest hindrance to the progress of the gospel among the Chinese. Sixty-seven foreign missionaries are laboring among these, and about five thousand natives are instructed every Sabbath.

Bibles in Italy.

In June last, Rev. Mr. Lowndes, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at Malia, received an application for two thousand copies of the Bible for circulation in Italy. Subsequently he had other applications, and among them one for one thousand Bibles for Sicily.

RETURNING MISSIONARIES.

Rev. Mr. Poor and wife, with Mrs. Whitley Stearns, and two orphan children, from Ceylon, are daily expected in the United States.

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