While the conquerors of Britain were loosely held by a religion unsuitable to their new condition, and whose chief attractions were left behind, the Christian faith was brought to their shores. Their peculiar wants, and the general circumstances of the time, were equally favorable to its acceptance. It was fitted for the settled occupants of a land, because it was a religion of love, and peace, and order; and whose chief attractions were left behind, the Christian faith was brought to their shores. Their peculiar wants, and the general circumstances of the time, were equally favorable to its acceptance. It was fitted for the settled occupants of a land, because it was a religion of love, and peace, and order; and whose chief attractions were left behind, the Christian faith was brought to their shores. Their peculiar wants, and the general circumstances of the time, were equally favorable to its acceptance. It was fitted for the settled occupants of a land, because it was a religion of love, and peace, and order; and whose chief attractions were left behind, the Christian faith was brought to their shores. Their peculiar wants, and the general circumstances of the time, were equally favorable to its acceptance. It was fitted for the settled occupants of a land, because it was a religion of love, and peace, and order; and whose chief attractions were left behind, the Christian faith was brought to their shores. Their peculiar wants, and the general circumstances of the time, were equally favorable to its acceptance.
THE OLD HIGHLANDER'S SOVEREIGN.

The Presbyterian Church in England have lately sent out a very godly missionary, named William Burns, who has been very useful both in Scotland and America. I will tell you a little story about him.

There was a very good old Highlander, who lived in one of the islands in the west of Scotland, about which I have no information. William Burns, who has been very useful both in Scotland and America, has sunk in the deepest ignorance, and going down the world often used to take up the map of the world, and was very fond of studying the prophecies. He was sadly grieved to think that no missionary had yet labored. — Rev. Geo. Scott.

A little more than three years ago, a tall, intelligent man called upon me at Gravesend, and auxiously sought an introduction to our missionary. When the Rev. Mr. Schreuder called on me, he was in company with a pious artisan, on his way to Africa, intending to take up his residence among the Zulus, in some part of that country where no other missionary had yet labored. — Rev. Geo. Scott.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP HEBER.

Rev. G. Chap.

A SABBATH IN KUMASI.

It was the day for commencing the Yam Custom. On the Saturday a grand reception had been given by the king to the provincial chiefs and their numerous attendants. Knowing that, at the usual time of service, the town would be in a state of extreme disorder, I called the people together at six in the morning instead of eleven. A number of chiefs came, and, who listened with the greatest attention, as he knew that the English Presbyterian Church had resolved to send a missionary among them; and, he added, "I sometimes think I will be there myself." The old man was overjoyed at hearing this; and lately meeting with a friend, who told him that Mr. Burns had sailed for China, he exclaimed, "Is he really gone? Perhaps I have had some hand in sending him away?" — Ecc. and Miss. Record.

A NORWEGIAN MISSIONARY.

A little more than three years ago, a tall, intelligent Norweger, called upon me at Gravesend, and, directly his introduction to the mission house, or to any one who, by information, could guide and further him on his way to the mission field. I found that six years before this, while I was in Norway, I had been much struck with the deep impression that he ought to become a missionary to the heathen. This was the more remarkable, as I knew no missionary had gone north from Norway; no missionary stations in that language were circulated in that land; no missionary association existed in the whole country at that time. It appeared to him, he said, simply thus: "It is my duty, in preaching the gospel, to go to them who need it most, and, assuredly, I am most needed where Christ has never been named, and where the foot of a messenger of Christ has never trod." He mentioned his desire to friends in whom he thought he could confide; but, wishing to weigh their decision, he declared they tended his notion as mere fanaticism. The more he was opposed, however, the more did his sense of duty increase; and by persevering labor, year after year, he had succeeded in getting a few Christians at Stavanger to consider themselves as the first missionary society in Norway, and, as themselves as the first missionaries. When the Rev. Mr. Schreuder called on me, he was in company with a pious artisan, on his way to Africa, intending to take up his residence among the Zulus, in some part of that country where no other missionary had yet labored. — Rev. Geo. Scott.

Attendants bellowing forth their "strong names." A large crowd joined the dense crowds, and a made a circuit of the town; his exultation everywhere being the signal for an increase of riot and confusion, and drunken good humor.

Ten in the afternoon I again conducted divine worship: about a hundred attended, some of whom heard with attention; but the noise without frequently disturbed us.

At five the trophies won in many a battle were displayed, in a Christian land to have thought himself suddenly removed from earth, and placed for the time being amid a multitude of demons: to nothing else could I compare the whole scene before me. I gazed upon this assembly of fories with feelings of mingled horror and pity, and returned to and pray for them.

At seven our little society met for prayer. I reminded them of the state of the scene before us, and, with one consent, they cried unto God, that unto these deeply fallen ones he would give light, conviction, and penitence.

At the scene closed, to be partially renewed again on the following morning.

One man had been killed in the morning: he was an Ashanti, who had committed some offense against the King. He was sentenced to death by the king, and, by his head was cut off, his body had been literally cut into pieces by the executioners, for the purpose above mentioned. During the day I passed the time by laying a small pen, with paper and ink, three of the ribs, a foot, and part of the bony sculp, all that was taken; the executioners and tur- bey-buzzards having carried away all the rest. This was the only pen which I happened to miss in the celebration of the whole Custom. — Rev. D. Chapman.

A TONGUELESS TAKING PHYSIC.

A man came to the mission house for some medicine, which was carefully wrapped up in a pretty substantial piece of brown paper, and accompanied with the verbal direction, "Take this when you get home." He was very cordial and kind; but complained to one of his neighbors that the medicine (a small portion of calomel) was very difficult to take. The other said that, as to the difficulty, he could do it himself, for his part, had taken the same kind of medicine, and found no difficulty whatever. To which the first replied, that he should not have minded the medicine, but he found it very hard to swallow such a lump of brown paper. — Rev. Walter Lowrie's Journal.

MISSIONARY SCRAPS.

There are about two hundred millions of people who are heathen, or fewer than three hundred and thirty millions of idol gods.

In India they worship a river called the Ganges, in which many thousands perish every year. Let us send them the water of life.
of many, and he regarded that as worth something. And, finally, he had the divine promise for reward for even so small an act of benevolence as giving a cup of cold water to a disciple, and that he regarded as worth something. Did he work for nothing? Does anybody work for nothing when he does good?

From the Juvenile Missionary Magazine.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

From the Juvenile Missionary Magazine.

NO PAY—NO WORK.

"Little boy, will you help a poor old man up the hill with his load?"

"I don't work for nothing," said little James.

The old man spoke to a young, gray-headed man, who was drawing a handcart which contained a bag of corn for the mill.

"I can't; I'm in a hurry," said Hanson, the boy answering.

He was in a hurry to get to the school-house, that he might enjoy a few minutes' play with the boys before school began.

The old man sat down on a stone at the foot of the hill, to rest himself, and gather strength for the ascent. He gazed after Hanson as he passed rapidly on, and sighed as he thought of the days of his youth, now so far off in the distance, and of the friends of his youth now in the grave. A tear was beginning to gather in his eye, when John Wilson came along, and said, "Shall I help you up the hill with your load, sir?"

"Nor I either."

"Is it the business of his relations to help him?"

"It is everybody's business to help everybody."

"If you have a mind to be such a fool as to work for nothing when he does good?"

"Does anybody work for nothing when he does good?"

From the (London) Children's Missionary Magazine.

ARCTIC MISSIONS.

"Where there's a will there's a way." It is a very common saying to themselves, "Well, after hearing all this, I must try what I can do for them, and how earnestly we should pray that God would arise and have mercy upon Zion. I hope many in that great company were saying to themselves, "We'll, after hearing all this, we must try to do something." After hearing all this, they understood what they sung. May they here this week, singing, "I am much pleased with an act of self-denial just made known to me. You remember the old man who pays me a penny a week for the Church Missionary Society. I happened to give him a认为 this week, singing, "I am much pleased with an act of self-denial just made known to me. You remember the old man who pays me a penny a week for the Church Missionary Society. I happened to give him a piece of paper, with the address of the church in Jerusalem, and he told me that church on Mount Zion touched his heart, and he must have something to do with that too; "so," said he, "I shall give my last penny to the church, which is called a penny a week, and give it to the good cause." He is seventy years old, and his tobacco is no doubt a comfort to him. He gives it up for Christ's people."

And now, dear children, tell me, how come the old man to give up what, till now, he had fancied was so necessary to him? I think I see you casting your eyes over the story, and one says, "I've felt the old man's heart was touched." Yes; you are quite right. Do you remember the story of Mary pouring the box of ointment on the feet of Jesus? It is said it was very precious. It must have cost a great deal of money. Could she spare it all? O, she never stopped to ask whether she could spare it! It was all poured out before she thought of that. But what was the result? Why, her heart was touched. Jesus had loved her, and she could never do enough for him. It was a pound of ointment; but if it had been twenty she would have spared it all."

Now, dear children, pray that Jesus will touch your hearts; and then I shall soon expect to find you saying, "He has been so very good to me, I must see what I can do, or what I can go up for, for the sake of his ancient people, the Jews.""

Believe me your affectionate friend,

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

From the (London) Children's Missionary Magazine.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

Did you ever hear the old saying, "Where there's a will there's a way?" It is a very common saying, but a very true one. I want to tell you a little circumstance which shows how true it is.

Last Friday I went to the great meeting of the "Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews." It was a very poor meeting. There were many who came, but they were all very poor and humble. And the voice of the Hebrew children saying, "Hosanna to the Son of David," the same song which the children of Jerusalem sang, when Jesus went into the Temple. They were not very sweet; I hope they understood what they sung. May they hereafter learn the new song sung before the throne of God and the Lamb, and may you, dear children, join them. Then the friends of the Society began to speak. It was delightful to see the great hall where the meeting was, quite full of people, listening attentively to the speakers. Hark, do you understand what they say? Then, they told them what great things God had promised to do for his ancient people, and how much we ought to be doing for them, and how earnestly we should pray that God would arise and have mercy upon Zion. I hope many in that great company were saying to themselves, "Well, after hearing all this, we must try to do something."

Soon after leaving the meeting the post brought me a letter from a friend, which contained the following—

I am much pleased with an act of self-denial just made known to me. You remember the old man who pays me a penny a week for the Church Missionary Society. I happened to give him a piece of paper, with the address of the church in Jerusalem, and he told me that church on Mount Zion touched his heart, and he must have something to do with that too; "so," said he, "I shall give my last penny to the church, which is called a penny a week, and give it to the good cause." He is seventy years old, and his tobacco is no doubt a comfort to him. He gives it up for Christ's people."

And now, dear children, tell me, how come the old man to give up what, till now, he had fancied was so necessary to him? I think I see you casting your eyes over the story, and one says, "I've felt the old man's heart was touched." Yes; you are quite right. Do you remember the story of Mary pouring the box of ointment on the feet of Jesus? It is said it was very precious. It must have cost a great deal of money. Could she spare it all? O, she never stopped to ask whether she could spare it! It was all poured out before she thought of that. But what was the result? Why, her heart was touched. Jesus had loved her, and she could never do enough for him. It was a pound of ointment; but if it had been twenty she would have spared it all.

Now, dear children, pray that Jesus will touch your hearts; and then I shall soon expect to find you saying, "He has been so very good to me, I must see what I can do, or what I can go up for, for the sake of his ancient people, the Jews.""

Believe me your affectionate friend,

Little James.

"In my father's house are many mansions."—John xiv.

This is a text that children are fond of, and I am going to tell you about a little boy who loved it.

Little James was a very pretty child. He had his mother's sweet face, and often have I stopped and kissed him for the resemblance he bore to her. He was her only child, the nearest earthly comfort. And she used to talk to him about Jesus, and teach him texts out of the Bible.

One day little James was in the room, when something happened which made his mother very sorrowful; as soon as she was left alone, she came up to her chair, and putting his arm round her neck, he pressed his rosy cheek to her, and said softly, "Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER, 1848.

THE MISSIONARY TREASURY EMPTY.

We are sorry to be obliged to make this announcement, and especially at this time. The annual conferences have all met for the year 1848, and, as we receive most of our funds through these bodies, we cannot but feel upon them, the necessary means to sustain them would be the result of this action, the Board will be confirmed.

It will be admitted on all hands, that, among all the benevolent enterprises of the age, none are more important to the perpetuity, healthfulness, and prosperity of the church, than those which have for their specific objects the spiritual training of the young, and the illumination and regeneration of this dark and degraded world. And how are these momentous interests to be sustained and advanced? We are to see great things yet. Can't we? Keep back to go ahead. We are to see great things yet. Can't we? Keep back to go ahead.

MISSISSIPPI.

"I'M GOING INTO IT WITH MY COAT OFF!"

The Rev. Dr. T- of P—, Massachusetts, who has interested himself greatly in the circulation of the American Messenger, having introduced it into eight hundred and ninety-two families in one town, when ordering the last supply, writes thus:—Please send four hundred additional copies of the Messenger as soon as out. I'm going into it with my coat off. The press has not yet begun to do work. Tell the editors, at any expense, to make the paper as good as possible. I hope to live to see a million scattered monthly. Can't we? Keep back to go ahead. We are to see great things yet. Can't we? Keep back to go ahead.

It is truly gratifying to witness such a spirit as is exhibited in the above extract. If the pastors of our churches generally could be induced to emulate this zeal in their work for God and his cause, the Sunday School and Missionary Advocates might very soon have a circulation ranging from one to five hundred thousand copies per annum. Instead of this, the former has not yet obtained one hundred thousand subscribers, and the latter only about two thousand. It is really difficult to account for the apathy existing in relation to these great interests of the church. It will be admitted on all hands, that, among all the benevolent enterprises of the age, none are more important to the perpetuity, healthfulness, and prosperity of the church, than those which have for their specific objects the spiritual training of the young, and the illumination and regeneration of this dark and degraded world.
objects they are intended to promote have no hold upon the sympathies of our preachers. It cannot be that any considerable number of them feel no interest in the diffusion of religion and the establishment of Christianity. Why is it, then, we ask, that, in more than half our circuits and stations, the Missionary Advocate, especially, is eagerly known? It is not since a grave proposition was made by one of our chief missionaries, to the Christian Advocate and Journal, for the publication of a small missionary paper, being evidently not aware of the existence of our little missionary sheet, which is now near the close of the fourth year of its publication.

In our personal visits to the different conferences, it is by no means uncommon to meet with prominent members of the church who have not even heard of the Missionary Advocate. Surely such ignorance must be the result of an excusable delinquency somewhere.

And who is at fault in this matter? Let those answer who are.

Cheaps as the Missionary Advocate is, twenty-five thousand subscribers would cover all the expenses of its publication. This number would require an average of only about eight subscribers for each traveling preacher in the M.B. Church. And there is a preacher in the connection who could not, among all the friends of missions in his charge, raise a single dollar for this object? We would like to know. Very many of the people then would have no difficulty in procuring us a hundred subscribers. Some have done even more than that, and we have our sincere and hearty thanks. But many others, in the exercise of their stewardship, have done nothing for all this interest. Will they continue to indulge in a spirit of apathy on this subject, and make no effort to diffuse missionary intelligence among their people? We shall say; and it is earnestly hoped we shall yet see a great improvement in this matter. We most affectionately beseech the preachers and friends of missions in the M. B. Church generally, to call into requisition a portion of that practical zeal and energy which prompted the noble resolve which stands at the head of this article.

LATE INTELLIGENCE FROM CHINA.

A letter has recently been received from brother Beilok, by the overland mail, via Southampton, from which we learn that there is no improvement in his health. He has been advised by his physician, and one of the oldest missionaries in the place, to return to the States, there being, in their judgment, no hope that he can ever improve.

In the interests of our mission in China this is sad intelligence indeed. Our brother hesitates; but will, most probably, be compelled to resign his place next spring. Since that important report was made, sixteen new probationers have been received; making a total of one hundred and ninety-two.

On my arrival, however, I found on the church record one hundred and thirty-nine names I found recorded, I was obliged to drop twenty-one; some on account of nonattendance, and others because no objections they are intended to promote have no hold upon the sympathies of our preachers. It cannot be that any considerable number of them feel no interest in the diffusion of religion and the establishment of Christianity. Why is it, then, we ask, that, in more than half our circuits and stations, the Missionary Advocate, especially, is eagerly known? It is not since a grave proposition was made by one of our chief missionaries, to the Christian Advocate and Journal, for the publication of a small missionary paper, being evidently not aware of the existence of our little missionary sheet, which is now near the close of the fourth year of its publication.

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MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

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

DEAR SIR,—I deem it my duty to present to you without delay, the result of my recent visit to the German Mission. Through the providence of God I was appointed by Bishop James to take charge of this mission. I commenced my labor in this interesting field as the successor of the late and beloved missionary, Brother Lounsbury. I have received four more members on probation, making in all forty-eight in society. May the Lord in mercy keep them all by divine grace unto eternal salvation! This is my desire, and constant prayer.

I remain, your affectionate brother in Christ,

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

DEAR SIR,—I received your appointment for this mission on the fourth of July last, and on the 8th of June I repaired with my family in this place. I was kindly received by the members of your new change, as well as by the English friends. For some weeks previous to my arrival this flock had no regular pastor. Brother Rose, our local preacher, was, however, at his post, and served the society, as far as his time would admit, giving general satisfaction.

Some little difficulties existed here at the time of my arrival, but those difficulties have been overcome. There is an evident change for the better: our meetings are more interesting; we pray and look for a revival of the church. He has not forsaken us; and a few souls have come unto him. Seven have been received on trial; eight have removed with us, and six without certificates; five withdrawn; and one died in hopes of eternal life. We have sustained a decrease of thirteen. But I think we are growing stronger in faith. The Lord is revealing his goodness unto us, and blessing us. Our Sabbath school is better attended than heretofore; but we are very much in need of books.

We are trying to affect a change in our temporal affairs. The church we have here, as you know, was bought for twenty-five hundred dollars; only twelve hundred of that sum have been paid. We have met the interest of the debt, raising thirteen hundred, the trustees rented the basement of the church; thus we have no place for prayer and class meetings. I therefore asked the trustees for a part of the basement; and they agreed to grant my request on condition that we raise seven hundred dollars to pay off the basement; and they agreed to grant my request on condition that we raise seven hundred dollars to pay off the basement; and they agreed to grant my request on condition that we raise seven hundred dollars to pay off part of the debt. Our members, though poor, have subscribed over two hundred dollars; and now, dear brother, where shall we recommend to the friends generally? If we could raise forward with renewed zeal, not only for the promotion of holiness in our own land, and the spread of the gospel of truth among our own denitive population; but also that light may rapidly wing its way to the darkest corners of the globe, and the groves and forests of those places now ringing with the horrid sounds of cruel mockings of a religious service, become vocal with hymns of praise and thanksgiving.

TO THE LATE SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

DEAR SIR,—I received your appointment for this mission on the fourth of July last, and on the 8th of June I repaired with my family in this place. I was kindly received by the members of your new change, as well as by the English friends. For some weeks previous to my arrival this flock had no regular pastor. Brother Rose, our local preacher, was, however, at his post, and served the society, as far as his time would admit, giving general satisfaction.

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October 10, 1848.

W. SCOTT, M. E. CHURCH.

THE SCOTTISH SOLDIER.

A little time before the negro emancipation, there was a pious Scotch soldier, who was with a detachment of British troops in the West Indies, and he looked about him to see if he could do any good. It is not often that soldiers think about doing good; but this man was a Christian, and therefore he wished to be like Christ. Christ, his Master, went about doing good, and the Scotch soldier wished to do the same.

What should he about? There was so much to be done, that he hardly knew where to begin. None of the negroes could read; but how was he to teach them all? This was impossible; but he thought of a good plan. He said to one of them, "I will teach you to read on your condition; that, as soon as you know how, you will teach another." The man promised; and the soldier began to set the schoolmaster. The man was better than his word; for he did not wait till he was a good reader, but, as soon as he had mastered his letters, he began to teach another.

He took care, too, to make this other negro promise that, as soon as he could, he would teach another. A capital plan it was. The third negro, in his turn, did the same thing; and so on went, teaching one another, till so many of the slaves were enabled to read and write that, in care of managers, and they were very angry. Again and again they beat the poor negro whom the Scotch soldier had taught into the first instance,
because they said he had begun "the maschride," and all the other negroes sent him away to another estate. Upon this estate, however, the good negro did the very same thing again. Very soon after came the happy day of freedom to him, O joy to be desired! A New Testament to every one who was able to read. Now it was seen what this single negro had done. On the two estates where he had worked, there were found five hundred negroes, all able to claim the gift of the New Testament.

See what good one man may do, who is willing to work, and to set other people to work. A hint for all our clergy! Just as we cannot help ourselves, so we cannot help others. Let us set the negroes to work and make them as useful as possible. A good example of this was given by our Scotch soldier. The Scotch soldier, we know, is the bravest of men. He is a man who is never afraid to show his courage.

A traveler who was crossing over the Alps was overtaken by a snowstorm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to freeze his body. Still the traveler was on his way for a long distance. At last his limbs were quite benumbed; a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him; his feet almost refused to move; and he lay down on the snow, to give way to that fatal sleep, which is the last stage of extreme cold.

Just at that moment he saw another poor traveler coming up along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, in a worse condition than himself. For he too could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveler, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort to get up, and he endeavored for him, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fol­low-sufferer.

He took his hands in his own, and tried to warm them. He clasped his thighs; he rubbed all his feet; he applied friction to his body; and all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did this, the dying man began to revive; his powers were restored; and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind bene­factor too was recovered by the efforts which he had made in his behalf. The exertion of rubbing made the blood to circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off—he no longer wished to sleep. He returned again to his proper force—and the two travelers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed; and they reached their home in safety.

If you feel your heart cold toward God, and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do some­thing. The Jesuit says:—"Every person has a thread, and that thread is in the hands of God. Even little children have a thread. When that thread is cut, we die. But if that thread were in our own hands, who would cut it? Some have cut their thread, and that thread is cut. When that thread is cut, we die."

"As they are much in the habit of using figures and parables, we had an opportunity of hearing many. Some of them we could not understand; but some of those which we could understand, were very significant. One of the most significant was the following:—"Stop­posing some one has given you a sheep to take care of and to feed, and by and by they return to you, and ask for the sheep; what can you do? You cannot refuse to give it to them, because he must take it, because it is his own. The application of this, which is left to one's own mind, is very easy. An old woman applied another, as fol­lows:—'If you have caught a thread, and that thread is in the hands of God. Even little children have a thread. When that thread is cut, we die. But if that thread were in our own hands, who would cut it? Some have cut their thread, and that thread is cut. When that thread is cut, we die."

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Strange words to fall from the lips of Paul! Paul a debtor! Paul, who enjoins us in this same epistle to owe no man anything! Paul, the advocate and exemplar of honest and humble labor; who boasts that his own hands have made his whole being; who has no need of the help of others; who is like the Scotch soldier. "Who can tell how much good one man may do, if he is willing to work, and to set other people to work. A hint for all our clergy!"
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE

THE WELL-SPENT SHILLING.

A gentleman from the country, passing through the streets of the metropolis, saw a poor man who had formerly been employed by him as a laborer, and his circumstances were those of extreme poverty and distress. He came up to Lon­don to seek employment; but, failing to obtain it, was reduced to a state of extreme destitution. The gentleman gave him a shilling, and passed on, perhaps secretly, as the circumstances still were it was reconciled to his mind by the man himself, whom, about twelve months afterward, he met again, and whose decent clothing and cheerful looks indicated a favorable change in his circum­stances. "Sir," said the poor fellow, "I am bound to bless you, and pray for you, as long as I live; that shilling gave me the making of me: bad enough I wanted for food; but I was resolved first to turn it round; so I went up and down one of the principal streets, and collected as many bare-skirts as it would purchase; these I disposed of, and contented myself with such food as the poors would afford, still reserving this shilling as my stock in trade. By degrees I saved a little more; and to you, sir, I am indebted for the foundation of it. But for your timely aid I might have perished. Why a blessing attend you as long as you live!"

From Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MRS. WHITE, OF THE CHINA MISSION.

Thou wast smitten by death, and art laid in the tomb;
O'er the grave where their friend and the Saviour's doth shine—
There art gone to the grave, thou art gone to the grave,
And thy flame-pinioned soul sought the Fountain of day.

Ah! the chain that once bound thee too fragile was made,
Thy sufferings are o'er, all thy longings of love,
All thy griefs are o'er, all thy tears cease.
May the lone one that grieves in a far-distant land,
Feel his heart still sustained by the Saviour's strong hand!

There are many foreign words which our little

NEW-YORK CROTON WATER.

The length of pipeline laid down in New-York city, for the conveyance of water to its inhabitants, is now about 175 miles. About 10,000,000 gallons, it is estimated, daily flows through the pipes into the city. The receipts for the use of the water last year were about $250,000.

MINERAL WEALTH.

The value of the Pennsylvania coal-mines is estimated at $200,000,000 annually. The southern gold-mines yield but about half a million.

SAILING OF MISSIONARIES.

Rev. Stephen Bush and wife, and Rev. Mr. Smith, a native of India, recently sailed for Siam, with ample means for the support of the Missionaries and their wives, for China. Also, Rev. Cyrus T. Mills, Rev. J. T. Noyes, Mr. Burnell, (printer,) and their wives, for Ceylon; Rev. J. W. Dulles and wife, and Miss Winslow for Madras; Dr. Shelton and wife for Madras; and Rev. S. S. Day and Rev. Mr. Jewett and wife for the Telogooos, in the ship Bowditch, from Boston. Mrs. Dulles & daughter of Rev. Mr. Winslow, and returns to join her father, at Madras.

PROTESTANTISM PROGRESSIVE IN FRANCE.

The retention of the preamble of the new constitu­tion was recently discussed in the French assembly. Among the speakers were Rev. M. Coquerel, of Paris, a Protestant, and the Roman Bishop of Paris, M. Fayet. The former advocated, the latter condemned it, and the discussion between the two ecclesiastics excited extraordinary inter­est. The preamble was retained by a large major­ity. The Paris correspondent of a New-York journal says, "The time was when M. Coquerel would have been led to the stake, as a criminal whom the earth could not contain. What a lesson for those who would now attempt to fix the world in immobility and stagnation!"

M. COQEREL.

"If I am not mistaken, I am a debtor." All have equal claims upon me; all alike need the gospel. The circles of our obligation, beginning, though they do at home, extend in the name of humanity, Mark his words: "Yea, woe is me, if I preach not the gospel." There is no escape, except by downright rebellion against the claims of the world upon us, and say, "I am a debtor," all have equal claims upon me. So do the redeemed. But the one debtor is a debtor to the claims of the world upon us, and say, "I am a debtor," all have equal claims upon me. What obligation rested upon Paul that does rest equally upon you and me? Can you name a single one? Are we not "a debtor to all"—to the polished Greek and rude barbarian—to "The laughing Ethiopian and the dusky Hindoo; The sons of every creed and every race."

Let us never forget, while our thoughts stretch to the east and the west, the north and the south, with ardent desires to promote the glory of our Redeemer, and to hasten the coming of his king­dom, that it is in our own hearts it must first be set up in all its power and greatness.—Miss Mag.