

Statistics of Religious and Benevolent Institutions.

[Collected from the last Annual Report.]

British and Foreign Bible Society.—Established in 1804. Has circulated more than 20,000,000 copies of the Scriptures. The gross expenditure has exceeded 3,000,000*l.* Annual income 115,000*l.*

Church Missionary Society.—Established in 1800. Has stations in East and West Africa, India, China, the Mediterranean, North West America, the West Indies, and New Zealand. Annual income, 116,000*l.*

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.—Incorporated in 1701. Has stations in the East and West Indies, the Canadas, Australia, New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Town. Average income, 95,000*l.*

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—Established in 1698. Circulates about 4,000,000 a year of Bibles, Prayer-books, Tracts, and other approved works. Average annual income 90,000*l.*

Society for Building, Enlarging, and Repairing Churches and Chapels.—Established in 1818. Has expended 327,000*l.* in grants, by which additional church room has been provided for 575,000 persons. Average annual income, 24,000*l.*

Church Pastoral Aid Society.—Established in 1836. Contributes to the stipends of poor curates, and provides lay assistants. Average annual income 45,000*l.*

British and Foreign School Society.—Established in 1808. The Lancasterian system is pursued. Young persons of both sexes are trained in the central school, Borough road. Upwards of 30,000 admitted since the foundation. Average annual income, 15,000*l.*

Religious Tract Society.—Established in 1799. Circulates about 25,000,000 cheap books and tracts every year. The sales produce generally about 50,000*l.*, which, with donations and subscriptions, give an annual average income of 57,000*l.*

Westeyan Methodist Missionary Society.—Commenced in 1786, but not organized till 1816. Has Missionary stations in Northern and Western Africa, North America, Australasia, China, British India, New Zealand, the Canadas, and some of the Continental States. Average annual income, 116,000*l.*

London Missionary Society.—Established in 1794. Has nearly 500 stations in various parts of the world, and fifteen printing establishments. No peculiar formula is insisted upon. Average annual income, 75,000*l.*

Baptist Missionary Society.—Established in 1794. Has Missionary stations in Asia, Africa, America, and in most of the European States. Has printed, in whole or in part, nearly 1,000,000 copies of the Scriptures. Average annual income, 28,000*l.*

London City Mission.—Established in 1836. Circulates the Scriptures and visits the poor in London of every religious denomination. Average annual income, 14,000*l.*

Methodist New Connexion Mission.—Operations confined strictly to Ireland and the Canadas. Has 54 Missionaries. Average annual income, 3,000*l.*

Newfoundland School Society.—Established in 1822. Average annual income, 4,000*l.*

London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews.—Established in 1808. Average annual income, 28,000*l.*

British Society for propagation of the Gospel amongst the Jews.—Established in 1842. Has 16 Missionaries. Has founded a Missionary Jewish College, where eight young converts are in training. Average annual income, 2,305*l.*

Colonial Church Society.—Established in 1832. Has 48 Missionaries in the West Indies, Malta, France, Spain, Western Australia, Nova Scotia, Cape of Good Hope, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, the Canadas, and New Zealand. Average annual income, 4,000*l.*

Foreign Aid Society.—Established in 1841, in aid of the Societes Evangeliques of France and Geneva. Average annual income, 5,250*l.*

Home Missionary Society.—Employs 48 missionaries, and has 125 stations in England and Wales. Average annual income, 2,500*l.*

Irish Evangelical Society.—Established in 1834. Average annual income, 2,500*l.*

Naval and Military Bible Society.—Established in 1780. Circulates authorized versions of the Scriptures amongst soldiers, sailors and canal boatmen. Has issued 500,000 Bibles and Testaments since its formation. Average annual income, 2,500*l.*

Colonial Missionary Society.—Has stations in Canada and Australia. Average annual income, 2,500*l.*

Christian Instruction Society.—Established in 1825. Average annual income, 600*l.*

Indigent Blind Visiting Society.—Established in 1834. Average annual income, 1,560*l.*

Protestant Association.—Established in 1835. Average annual income, 1,500*l.*

Sunday School Union.—Established in 1803. Average annual income, 1,600*l.*

Adult Deaf and Dumb Institution.—Established in 1841. Average annual income, 900*l.*

British and Foreign Sailors' Society.—Established in 1818. Employs 15 agents in the port of London. Average annual income, 1,200*l.*

British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.—Established in 1839. Average annual income, 1,850*l.*

Orphan Working School.—Established in 1758.—There are at present 180 orphans of both sexes in the school. Average annual income, 2,800*l.*

Clergy Orphan Corporation.—Established in 1725. Upwards of 200 children of both sexes are on the foundation, where they are fed, clothed, and educated until of an age to be apprenticed. Average annual income, 4,500*l.*

Friends of Foreigners in Distress.—Established in 1828. Relieves poor foreigners of all nations. Average annual income, 1,500*l.*

Trinitarian Bible Society.—Established in 1831. Average annual income, 2,500*l.*

Cheltenham Training School.—Established in 1845, for the instruction of masters and mistresses upon principles conformable with the liturgy of the Church of England. The Association has received 6,500*l.*, including a grant of 3,000*l.* from the Educational Committee of Council; but 2,500*l.* more is required for the erection of the proposed schools.

[Note.—The respective incomes are calculated upon an average of the last three years. During the years 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.]—*London Patriot.*

Instant, in Season.

The Scriptures uniformly announce the present as the only time in which we can wisely determine to attend to the salvation of the soul. This principle applies both to giving and receiving instruction. Pastor and Parishoner often meet under circumstances that awaken no special interest, and an hour is spent in social intercourse. The range of conversation takes in business, amusement, or the news of the day. But the great concerns of eternity, and the absolute need of a personal interest in the salvation of Christ are not mentioned. In a day or two they meet again and they are separated by a broad and deep gulf which no zeal nor ingenuity can cross. Raging fever, paralysis, or some other form of disease has invaded the system, and has hurried reason from the throne, or holds with her a disputed empire. When a Christian Pastor looks upon a case like this, and remembers that the dark chambers of the soul cannot be reached by him ardently as he may desire it, and deeply impressed as he will be with the importance of throwing light on the pathway to the cross—Oh then how precious do those neglected opportunities of religious instruction appear. How gladly if he were permitted, would he turn back the shadow that has gone down on the dial plate of time and sit face to face with him who lies unconscious or raving before him, and speak to him of the free offer of that redemption which has been purchased by the Son of God.

I well remember an affecting illustration of these remarks. A member of my congregation who in the earlier years of manhood; was seized by a disease which, while it excited at first no alarm, gradually, and indeed insensibly, undermined the seat of reason. He passed slowly from the broad day of light and opportunity to the dim and struggling twilight of night. The first time I saw him it was exceedingly doubtful whether his mind could take hold of the truths of salvation. I noticed (and it seemed to me a remarkable fact, one that the mental philosopher might well remember) that his mind was all alive to trifles—taking a view of the minutest of the petty concerns that affect us in this life, while it was insensible to the great concerns of eternity—Mention the baf of God, and the dread judgement that must there be met, and a dreamy haze would at once settle on his intellect, through

which he would in vain grope to grasp the truth. Well do I remember that as I opened the book of God's truth to read to him of the way of life, that he called my attention to its beautiful binding and its cost. My soul thrilled with horror as I reflected that I sat by the bedside of one who beneath the very shadow of the throne, before which a few days would bring him for his eternal reward, could be entertaining such empty nothings. There seemed in all his sickness to be a morbid incapacity to grasp anything really valuable. From this twilight he gradually descended to the deep darkness of death. Once indeed, reason seemed to resume its long disputed throne. But then he was speechless.—The light broke upon him in full meridian radiance just as the rayless shadow was about to cover him; and I can never tell with what profound appreciation of the value of his lost privileges, I endeavored to improve those few moments in which he turned his now bright and anxious eye full upon me as I spoke of the great salvation. I spoke at random; for I knew not his state of mind; and when I next saw him the shadow had not only returned, but deepened to utter darkness. Whether those few words led him to the cross none can tell. This will be among the revelations of eternity. Surely there is doubt enough however, to teach the lesson to all to improve the present time—lest in an hour when we most need our powers, the windows of the soul be darkened. It was with a sad heart that I performed his funeral services. The streets through which I passed were filled with soldiers—and the strains of martial music and the peal of cannon and the shouts of the unthinking multitude (for it was a gala day) contrasted strangely and most painfully with the dimly lighted chamber where the young and broken-hearted widow sat amid the wreck of all her hopes. But it is thus with human life.—The sobs of grief and the shouts of merriment are mingled in the listener's ear.

There is something to my mind peculiarly painful in the unconscious and even playful approach to the grave. It is the child gathering flowers on the hole of the asp. When the King of terrors comes openly to claim his own—when we can from afar detect his fearful approach—there is hope that in the hour of bitter anguish—when the soul is giving up the idols she has loved, that she may take refuge in the Saviour. But who can prepare for his coming, when his footfalls are silent as dew—and death steals upon us like the night. And yet among the thoughtless who are putting far off the evil day, there is not one to whom this description may not become a matter of experience. To all, then we would say, "be ye also ready;" for as we do not know the day or hour, so we are equally ignorant of the manner of his approach.—*Watchman & Observer.*

The Priest and the Irish Milkman.

The following amusing instance of Irish wit on the part of a Roman Catholic milkman, in foiling the attempts of a priest to make him give up reading the Bible, was related by Dr. Dowling of this city, in an address during the anniversary week.

On reaching the milkman's humble cabin in the county of Kerry the priest thus addressed him—"Why my good fellow, I am informed that you are in the habit of reading the Bible, is my information correct?" "Sure it is true, please your riverance, and a fine book it is too."

"But you know," said the priest, "that it is very wrong for an ignorant man like you to read the Scriptures." "Ah," replied Pat, "but you must be after provin that same, before I consint to lave it off."

"That I will do from the book itself. Now turn to 1 Peter 23, 'As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.' Now, you are only a babe, and are therefore wrong to read the Scriptures yourself. You are here told to 'desire the sincere milk of the word,' and one who understands what the sincere milk is must give it to you and tend you."

Pat listened attentively to the priest's authoritative address, but no way at a loss replied—"But be aisy, your riverance while I tell you. A little time ago, when I was took ill, I got a man to milk my cows, and what do you think he did? Why instead of giving me the milk, he chased me by guttin wather into it; and if

you get my Bible, perhaps you may be after servin me that same. No, no, I'll kape my cow and milk it myself, and then I shall get the sincere milk and not as I might from you, mixed with wather."

The priest thus finding himself defeated, and desirous that the mischief should spread no farther said in a conciliatory tone—"Well, Pat I see you are a little wiser than I thought you; and as you are not quite a babe, you may keep your Bible, but don't lend it or read it to your neighbors."

Pat, eyeing his admonitor very cunningly, but seriously, replied—"Sure enough, your riverance, while I have a cow and can give a little milk to my poor neighbors who have none, it is my duty to do so, as a Christian; and saving your riverance, I will."

The priest concluding that the honest milkman was rather a tough customer, gave up the argument and walked off abashed.

A London Printing Office in the Morning.

By eight o'clock the whole body arrived. Many in their costume resemble common laborers, others are better clad, several are very well dressed, but all in their countenances the appearance of men of considerable intelligence and education. They have scarcely assumed their respective stations, when blue mugs, containing each a pint or half a pint of tea or coffee, and attended either by a smoking hot roll stuffed with yellow butter, or by a couple of slices of bread and butter, enter the hall. The little girls, who with well-combed hair and clean shining faces bring these refreshments, carry them to those who have not breakfasted at home. Before the empty mugs have vanished, a boy enters the hall at a fast walk with a large bundle under his arm—of morning newspapers; this intellectual luxury the compositors, by a friendly subscription, allow themselves to enjoy. From their connection with the different presses, they manage to obtain the very earliest copies, and thus the news of the day is known to them—the leading articles of the different papers are criticised, applauded, or condemned—an hour or two before the great statesmen of the country have received the observations, the castigation, or the intelligence they contain. One would think that compositors would be as sick of reading as a grocer's boy is of treacle; but that this is not the case is proved by the fact, that they not only willingly pay for these newspapers, but often indemnify one of their own community for giving up his work in order to sit in the middle of the hall on a high stool, and read the news aloud to them while they are laboring at their work; they will, moreover, even pay him to read to them any new book which they consider to contain interesting information! It of course requires very great command of the mind to be able to give attention to what is read from one book, while men are intently employed in the creation of another. The apprentices and inferior workmen cannot attempt to do this, but the greater number, astonishing as it may sound, can listen without injury to their avocation. Very shortly after eight o'clock, the whole body are at their work, at which it may be observed they patiently continue, with only an hour's interval, until eight o'clock at night.—*Quarterly Review.*

The Future Life.

Yes! if all the forests of this earth were pleasure groves, all valleys Campan, all islands holy, all fields Elycan, and all eyes sparkling—yes! then—even the Eternal One would have given to our souls the promise of a future life, even in the blessedness of the present one. But now, oh God! when so many houses are mourning ones—so many fields battle fields—so many cheeks pale, and when we pass so many sunken, red, torn, closed eyes—oh! can death be but the last destroying whirlwind! And when at last, after thousand, thousand years, our earth is dried up by the sun's heat and every living sound on its surface silenced, will an immortal spirit look down on the silent globe, and gazing on the empty hearse moving slowly on, say:—There the church-yard of humanity lies in the crater of the sun: on that burning heap many shadows, and dreamers, and wax figures, have wept and bled, but now, they are melted and consumed. Fly into the sun which will also dissolve thee, thou silent desert, with thy swallowed tears—with thy dried-up blood? Not the crushed word damns himself to his Creator and say—"Thou canst not have made me only to suffer."—*John Paul Richter.*