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AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

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Unseen Purposes.

"For our light afflictions are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The world is full of suffering—along the mournful air,
The notes of sad complaining are ringing everywhere,
[illegible]ldeth not our idols from death's un[illegible] darts,
[illegible]hole wide earth is teeming with [illegible]ed and broken hearts,
Yet were no clouds of sorrow around our pathway driven,
This world would be a paradise—we would not dream of heaven!
The erring heart to purify, is sent the chastening rod,
To discipline the spirit, and draw it nigh to God.

We are bid to bow in meekness to the loss of those we love,
And are pointed to the mercy of a Providence above.
To raise the heart to heaven with a meek and holy trust,
And silence its repinings that have bowed it to the dust.
We may not see the purpose why our hearts are pierced and riven,
Yet with a faith undoubting, let us still look up to heaven!
This life is full of trial, yet we know that one above
Looks ever down upon us with a sympathizing love,
And pitieth our infirmities, though others may deride,
For the heart hath not a sorrow by which He was not tried,
Oh, let us then be patient? be meek, and murmur not,
Though clouds, and gloom, and shadow, surround our earthly lot;
And when the heart repineth, think of that Holy One,
Who meekly bore and suffered, to win for us a crown!

We know that life hath mysteries; for God hath not designed
To shed his great omniscience on the lowly finite mind;
And when the soul is ransomed, and the fount of life unsealed,
The mind shall grasp infinity, and all will be revealed.
Then let us place the anchor of our confidence and trust
On the might of the Creator, the Omnipotent and Just!
Whose will we may not question, nor the hidden motive tell,
Yet rest in the assurance that "He doeth all things well."

The Eldership.

(From Ordination Address by Rev. Dr. Smyth, Charleston, S. C.)

The recent history of our own Church, and that also of our sister Churches in Scotland and in Ireland, will prove to you how potent is the influence which an enlightened and devoted eldership can exert, in withstanding the attacks of both external and internal foes; in arousing a sleeping Church to a due sense of its danger, and to a full excercise of its power; and in thus lifting up a standard against the enemy, when he rushes in like a flood, either in the form of heresy, or error, or cold Laodicean formalism, or in Erastian conspiracy with the powers of this world to betray into their hands the crown and prerogatives of the only King and Head of the Church. And, in other days too, as you retrace the footsteps of the flock, upon the bleak and barren moors, and by the deep and secluded valleys, or the midnight gathering, by the light of lantern or torch, under heaven's open canopy, you will find that had not the pastors of the Church been aided by bold and fearless under-shepherds, they never could have preserved through such bloody and fiendish persecutions, and against such fearful odds, that little flock whom God has preserved upon the mountains of Piedmont, in Scotland, in Ireland, and in this wide empire, and to whom he has yet purposed "to give them the kingdom.

To you, then, ye elders of the Church, are committed the oracles of God. You, too, are set like ministers, for the defence of the truth, and purity, and liberty of the gospel. And upon you, in no inconsiderable measure, hangs the destinies of the Church. Estimate then as you ought, the privilege of occupying your place when delegated to it, on the high field of our ecclesiastical legislatures and Géneral Assemblies, the exalted councils of the Church. Be ye ready to meet every such opening by any reasonable sacrifice of time and expense. Interest your hearts in all the business and proceedings of the Church. Study thoroughly its doctrines, its history, its polity, and its welfare. And whenever the warcry of danger is heard upon its borders, be ye ready to come up as standard bearers of the cross to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

DUTIES OF MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH TO THE ELDERSHIP.

Give to your elders the honour which is *their due*. Hold their persons, because you hold their office, in reverence. Treat them with that deference and submission which will show your high estimate of those spiritual functions which they sustain, as office-bearers in *the holiest and most exalted society which exists among men*. In honour prefer them above others, and esteem them very highly. Consider them through the light thrown over them by the office to which you yourselves have elevated them. Cultivate, therefore, towards them in your own minds, and in the minds of your children, the feelings of love and respect, and ever treat them with a correspondent deference and regard. Thus will you exalt their office; elevate your own conceptions of the dignity of your Christian citizenship; and ennoble the character of our common Christanity.

But you are not only to give them honour, but encouragement also. And how can you encourage them You can do this, first, and above all other ways, by constantly commending them to Him who can give them courage, who can take away their fearful and timid hearts, and give them great boldness and confidence through the strength and power of his almighty grace. You can do this by giving, in your kind and respectful treatment, in your willingly co-operation, and in your readiness to overlook any deficiencies, increased confidence of success and greater zeal in aiming at higher attainments. And by your Christian humility, consistency, and growth in holiness, and your steadfast attendance upon every means of grace, you can inspire them with courage, spirit, and strength of mind. You can, in these and other ways, by your union and co-operation, your concurrence in their decisions, and your support when opposition would be made against the enforcements of the truth and order of God's house, embolden and animate their hearts, and inspirit them to go forward with untiring zeal.

The Step Mother.

"No—we never shall be happy again; that I am sure of," said the pouting Helen to her sister, some five years older than herself. "I can never love a stepmother, I know. Everybody says they are tyrannical and disagreeable, and they always treat the children of the first mother as bad as possible."

"Hush, hush, dear Helen; do not believe all the idle stories you hear. We cannot suppose our dear father, who loves his children so well, would bring to our home a mother whom he did not believe would, as far as possible, supply the place of the precious one we lost."

This reference to her beloved mother caused her voice to falter, and bathed her eyes with tears. Not so with Helen—she was too much excited and offended, to give place readily to softer emotions. "What need of attempting to supply her place, Mary! I am sure that for three years you have been a nice, careful housekeeper; and I have heard papa say that he knew you tried to be a companion to him, and a mother to the younger children, as far as you were able."

"Yes, Helen, it is my greatest happiness to feel that our dear father, in his desolation, has turned to his children for comfort and society; but we know that something more is wanted to satisfy the mind of a person of his age, than the companionship of children; and you cannot but remember how many solitary hours our father has passed, when we have been engaged with our young friends, or occupied with lessons. Our brothers, too, are all from home; and do you think he does not need a companion, whom he can consult respecting affairs in which our limited experience could afford no aid? Think too, dear Helen, of the burden that I am obliged to sustain as the eldest daughter; and for my sake, at least, suspend your judgment of our new mother."

"But," interrupted Helen, "Martha says that Mrs E—— told her that she is very plain in her appearance, very strict and puritanical in her religious notions, and has often offended her own family by refusing to countenance their innocent recreations."

"She may be plain, Helen, but surely that is of small consequence to us; and perhaps she is more strict in her notions than some others, but is not that better than not to be one of Christ's people? For my part, I see not how any woman deficient in that respect can perform the duties of a stepmother. We ought not to look for the warm affection of a parent, before she knows us well; and what but a conscientious regard to duty for Christ's sake will enable her to fulfil the claims upon her, until affection for us makes it a pleasure?"

"And will papa expect us to love her as we did our own precious mother?"

"We may be sure he will exact no impossibilities, but it is right he should require us to receive her respectfully, and not determine beforehand to be displeased and unhappy."

"Well, I never should have thought that you, Mary, who so deeply mourned our sad loss, would have forgotten it, as soon as papa announced that in a few days he should give us another mother."

"Forgotten it, Helen! Now indeed you are unkind."

"Oh, forgive me, Mary—forget what I said; indeed, I did not mean it; but I was excited, and thinking only of what we shall be obliged to endure. Say you forgive me, and I will try to be as calm as you are, though I know I never shall be as good; and after all, my heart will break, I know it will, when I see another in the place of my dear mamma!"

In a few days came that stepmother, whose arrival was so much dreaded by at least one member of the family; and she came with the most sincere desire to love and to be loved,—with the most conscientious intention to perform every duty incident to her new and trying situation,—and, to the particular delight of Helen, she brought for every member of the family graceful and appropriate presents, selected with exquisite taste.

"She is no puritan," exclaimed the impetuous Helen, when a few days of kind and pleasant intercourse had undermined her prejudices.

Wisely and well had the pious father selected his future partner and a mother for his children,—not from the ranks of fashionable frivolity, but among the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. He had chosen one who had nobly dared, in the midst of a family devoted to the world, to sit at the Saviour's feet.—What a blessed influence did that pious woman exert, in the family over which she presided with a mother's tenderness! She was surrounded with an atmosphere of peace and love, and it seemed as if evil passions could never break out in her presence. Under her influence the younger children grew up, with a firm reliance upon her affection and judgment, conscious that only where principle was concerned would they find their mother inflexible, while her co-operation and advice were uniformaly sought by the elder ones with trusting confidence.

Years passed on, and when those daughters left the home of their youth, to assume new responsibilities, they felt that the pain of separation from her was second only to that of saying farewell to their venerable father; and in after years their children were cherished by her with parental fondness. The heart of her husband did safely trust in her; and when infirmities rendered him dependent upon her attentions, she proved for years an assiduous and tender nurse, thus adding another claim to the gratitude and love of the children.—After a season of anxious care, her beloved partner was called to his heavenly home, leaving ample testimonials of his confidence and affection for her who had been so eminently a blessing to him and his family. And now shown out with still greater luster her Christian graces. Though deeply afflicted, she shrank not from the performance of duty; and it was a touching sight to see her daily assembling her family around the household altar, and personally leading their devotions. It was pleasant to witness the interest with which the children of her husband gathered around her, to cheer and comfort her widowed heart; and when the providence of God called her to follow him to the tomb, the sincerity of their grief evinced a just sense of their loss, and gave unmistakeable evidence that in this case, at least, a stepmother had secured the warmest affections and the most sincere respect of her children.

Hindrances to Mental Culture.

There are three things which usually prevent young men from enlarging their hearts by mental culture: 1st. Frivolous idleness.—2d. Self-conceit. 3d. Too low a standard of excellence.

In regard to the first, how many minutes are wasted in idleness, which, if carefully treasured, would make the saver a miracle of success? How many men have enlarged their hearts, and given themselves a world wide reputation, by strictly economizing the spare moments of life? Save that time lost in the morning by debating with yourself whether to get up or lie longer in bed. Follow the example of systematic John Wesley, who, when he was tempted to loiter in bed, was overheard to call out, "Well, John Wesley? *you* may do as you like, but I mean to get up."

Put an end to long talks and small talks, and tedious visits about nothing. Stop the tongues awhile, and give the brains a fair chance. Elihu Burritt, instead of talking nonsense to half a dozen loafers in his blacksmith-shop during the intervals of labour at the anvil, kept his books at hand, and succeeded in these atoms of time in making himself master of fifty languages.

In regard to the second, many are injured by *self-conceit*. The young man, from the age of sixteen to twenty-two, generally feels about three inches taller in his own estimation than he will at the age of thirty-five or forty. Friends and relatives may advise and suggest, strive and persuade, but he has so much moral buckram about him that he cannot yield to listen to them. He feels that it would break his manhood forever if he should attend to the call of age and experience. Hence about this time he begins to assume an air of importance, have high heels to his boots, a large crop of hair, a large cravat, large coat-sleeves, large finger-rings and breast-pins, a large walk, and much large talk—almost everything large except a large soul.

When Henry Clay fought the duel with John Randolph he said he didn't know where to shoot, there was so much bombazine and so little flesh and bones; so he shot where the body ought to be and missed it entire. So with some of these young men. If you were to strike where their souls ought to be, they are so small, and so enshrouded with the trappings and regalia of dress and show, jewelry and Cologne, that, ten to one, you would miss the mark.

We see this self-conceit in all the business of life.—The young mechanic thinks he knows as much, if not more than his instructor, and breaks from his restraint and tries the world alone, and comes out a ridiculous botch. The young clerk feels himself an accomplished merchant, and ready to risk his thousands even where experienced heads failed, and turns out a mortified, and likely a dishonest, bankrupt. Hundreds of beardless striplings think themselves gentlemen when they are nothing but beginners of the very smallest sort.

Many have too low as *standard of excellence*. They select from their companions, or neighbours, some one as a pattern, by which to mould their conduct, whose attainments are extremely limited. They think if they can only succeed as well as such an one they will be satisfied. Set your standard of excellence high, for you will be ashamed of attainments in after years that would easily satisfy you.

If you be a merchant, be not satisfied with merely a capacity to buy and sell, to make a shrewd bargain, and judge correctly of the different articles of merchandise. A man can do this with a very small soul. An intelligent merchant, who understands the nobleness of his calling, may be proud of his position. If he carries knowledge, virtue, and religion along with his business, he will be as a messenger of peace and blessing among men.

Too many of this class are *mere* men of business, idolaters of the purse. They have their souls bound up in cotton-bags, crates of queensware, and boxes of staple and fancy dry goods. Their minds are like the advertising side of a daily gazette; the sum of their life is to be found in their ledger, and with them every man's worth is measured by dollars and cents.

If the crowd of business should allow one of this class any leisure, he lounges it away in vapid amusement, or dawdles over the columns of accidents, or political squabbles of the newspapers, or dribbles out silly gallantries into ladies' ears, who in their souls despise such emptiness, and only tolerate the fool as they do a pet-dog, for want of better company. All such a man gets from the world is the credit of being worth so much dross, a little fawning servility from those who wish credit, or those who are in his debt already, or the gossiping calculation of all the old women in town about how much he will give his children when they get married, and how much his heirs will divide among them when he leaves his wealth, with his rotten body, behind.—*C. Advocate and Journal.*

The Widows and Fatherless.

BY REV. DR HUMPHREY.

There is hardly any condition in human life so dependent, and appealing so directly to our sympathies, as that of a widow. We think of what she was in the days of her prosperity, when her husband was her provider and protector; when, by his industry and good management, all her wants were supplied, and she was looking forward to the bright future. But now how changed her countenance, how altered her circumstances! The prop on which she learned has fallen; her fondest hopes are crushed; her heart is even more desolate than her house. She has friends, perhaps, and they feel for her; but they have families of their own to care for, and there are those around who are ready to take advantage of her dependent condition, instead helping her. Unused to managing her little property, if any be left her, and to making necessary family purchases, she is easily overreached and cheated, and in such ways that she can get no redress. This is extremely trying if she has herself alone to provide for.

How much more when, as is not seldom the case, she is left with a family of young children, with very scanty means, or without any property at all. When she thinks of her destitute and almost friendless condition, and dwells upon this alone, it is no wonder that her heart sinks within her; and we, when we bury her husband, who was their stay and support, don't see what is to become of her and her children. How are they to be fed, and clothed, and warmed by the labour of her hands? To the eye of sense, there appears to be no refuge short of the poor-house. Such, at least, are not rare cases in the bereavements and struggles of widowhood.

But there is an eye that looks with tender care upon such widows as cast all their cares and burdens upon Him who careth for them. As soon as the husband dies, the bereaved and weeping wife gets a new promise, and her children get a new promise, which, but for his death, they never would have had, and, coming as it does from Him who has all power to protect and provide for them, is worth more than the largest estate, or the most bounteous human patronage.

And what are those great and precious promises to the widows and the orphans, which are more sure than thousands of gold and silver? Let them listen, let them believe, and then they will have a new song put into their mouths. When ready to faint, let them turn to the Lord. What saith he? "Leave thy fatherless children with me, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." "Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and be ye before him. A Father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation." Surely here is warrant enough for the highest confidence. "Hath God said, and will he not do it? Hath he spoken, and will he not make it good?"

It is not necessary that the widow, while smarting under the anguish of bereavement, should be able to see how she and her helpless orphans are to be provided for. God has all the resources in the universe at his command. He will not work miracles to feed and clothe them; but he will remember his covenant, and there are thousand ways in which he can supply all their needs. Let widows in necessitous circumstances "walk by faith, not by sight." God delights in surprising them with help from unexpected quarters, and with gifts which they had not dared to ask for. In looking back "upon all the way" in which God had led her and her children, many a pious widow can testify that "the barrel of meal has not wasted, nor the cruise of oil failed."

There are no such commentaries upon the promises of God as their fulfilment before our eyes. I wish somebody would collect the facts, and show us how God has dealt with widows and their families. It would require somewhat extended correspondence with persons of observation who are advanced in life; but I have no doubt the result would surprise almost every body. "I have been young, but now I am old." My sphere of observation has not been very wide, but my attention has been more less directed to this subject for many years; and as the psalmist testifies that "he had not seen the righteous forsaken, nor the children begging bread," so I can testify that God has wonderfully provided for widows and their families; and I believe that, as a class, no children have been more respectable and succeeded better in the world than they. You will find them in all the professions, in all the lucrative branches of business, among the most pious and useful members of the churches, and taking the best care of their mothers in the decline of life. I do not say that this holds true in all cases; there are, doubtless, exceptions; but I have no hesitation in saying, that the children of widows who are "widows indeed," who fear God and trust in his promises, are more likely to shun the temptations of youth, and walk with the wise, and prosper in life, and leave behind them, when they die, that "good name which is better than precious ointment," than the children of the rich. Let the poor, desolate widow, then, lean upon the arm that can never fail, commit her orphans to the care of their heavenly Father, and "train them up in the way they should go," and neither she nor they "shall want of any good thing."

The Character of Christ.

[In his reply to Mr. F. W. Newman's blasphemous assault on our blessed Redeemer, Mr. Rogers concludes with the following noble passage:—]

And now, what, after all, does the carping criticism of this chapter amount to? Little as it is in itself, it absolutely vanishes; it is felt that the Christ thus portrayed *cannot* be the right interpertation of the history; in the face of all those glorious scenes with which the evangelical narrative abounds, but of which there is here an entire oblivion. But humanity will not forget them; men still wonder at the "gracious words which proceeded out of Christ's mouth," and persist in saying, "Never man spake like this man." The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the "upper room" where he instituted the feast which should for ever consecrate his memory, and bequeathed to his disciples the legacy of his love; the scenes in the garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary and at the sepulchre; the sweet remembrance of the patience with which he bore wrong, the gentleness with which he rebuked it, and the love with which he forgave it; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which he well earned for himself, from self-righteous pride and censorious hypocrisy, the name of the "friend of publicans and sinners;" these, and a hundred things more, which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and of pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity, and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell. These things lisping infancy loves to hear on its mother's knees, and over them age, with its grey locks, bends in devoutest reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by *fictions* yet more wonderful! Ah! what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me! But if the last be impossible, at least the good must cease to exist before the infidelity can succeed. Yes, before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they have ever done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent, who softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at least the monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be "remembered by Him when he came into his kingdom;" they must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs sat listening at his feet, and "in their right mind;" they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which he shed at the grave of Lazarus,—not surely for him whom he was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity,—for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners, who could not, with Mary, fly to him, and say, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died!" they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proof of his mission, and guarantees of the truth of his doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of his character, and are types of the spiritual cures his gospel can yet perform; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time, the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him "who brought life and immortality to light;" they must blot out the scene where deep and greatful love wept so passionately, and found him unbidden at her side,—type of ten thousand times ten thousand, who have "sought the grave to weep there," and found joy and consolation in Him "whom, though unseen, they loved;" they must blot out the discourses in which he took leave of his disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and triumph; they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which he declares himself "the resurrection and the life,"—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with child-like trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, that they would see Him who is invested with the "keys of the invisible world," "who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens," letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies: they must blot out, they must destroy these and a thousand other such things, before they can prevent Him having the pre-eminence who loved, because he loved *us*, to call himself the "Son of man," though angels called him the "Son of God."

It is in vain to tell men it is an *illusion*. If it be an illusion, *every variety of experiment* proves it to be *inveterate*, and it will not be dissipated by a million of Strausses and Newmans. *Probatum est.* At his feet guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there "the peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found and will find, repose there, and have invested him with veneration, love, and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than his.

A Story for Boys.

Henry was an only son, an only child.—Early one morning he left his home to accompany some companions on a little pleasure excursion. His father was away from home.—At noon the mother sat down at her lonely table, but she thought of her son and her appetite forsook her. Some of those with whom he had gone had been addicted to the use of the wine cup and the intoxicating glass. He was only sixteen. Unsuspecting and easily influenced as she knew him to be, anxious forebodings filled her mind. Repeating again and again to herself "Why did I let him go?" she removed the dinner untasted. The day wore away, and she prepared the evening meal with unwonted care, for Henry would soon be home, and she would have an inviting supper all ready.

My own little ones were laid to rest, the cares of the day were over, and knowing the loneliness of Mrs. P., for she was our next door neighbor, I took my work and went in to spend a social hour with her. I was surprised to find the tea-table spread and the room empty. Voices, in the chamber above alarmed me. Going to the stairs, I asked, "What is the matter?" She knew my voice, called, "Come here: *O come here.*" I hastened to the chamber. A flood of tears for the first time somewhat relieved her choking agony, as she pointed me to the bed. There lay the only child of his mother looking so ghastly pale that in my terror I did not comprehend the scene, or see for a time the whole of that loathsome picture, which could not be described, and which I earnestly pray I may never again behold. Three men were there. One was attempting to draw off his boots. Those boots—they were his pride, bought with his own money, the fruits of his own industry, and worn for the first time for that day's excursion, but so soaked with mud it was with difficulty they were removed; his clothes too were wet and soiled. The bed, so scrupulously neat as were always Mrs. P's beds, now so sickening to the sight as he lay in his vomit. And there was poor Henry, so senseless, so death-like; would that all boys exposed to temptation might once, and once only, have beheld that sight! Yes, he was "*dead drunk!*"

The sad story was soon told. A new *saloon* had been erected at the place of their rendezvous. The destroyer of the happiness of households and the souls of our youth was there.

Neglected Members.

In most churches we find members who feel coldly toward their brethren, because they have not received what they considered due attention. They have been slighted.—In city churches, we frequently hear individuals say, "I have been so many years a member of this church, and none of the members have visited me; and not one of the ruling elders has ever entered my door." The same complaints are heard, though perhaps less frequently, in towns and country places. We have a few suggestions to make to those who feel themselves neglected.

1. Be sure to do your duty in opening the way for an acquaintance in the church. In large cities, the members of the church are accustomed to hear the names of new members announced: but they do not know in what part of the city they reside, and of course can not call on them. Take measures to be introduced to members residing in your neighborhood or, at any rate, attend the weekly meetings of the church, and you will soon make pleasant acquaintances. For unfortunately these meetings are not so crowded, that strangers regularly attending are likely to be overlooked.

2. Be active. Try to make yourself useful. The members of our churches are often to neglectful of strangers; and in our large churches, it is not possible to have them as generally acquainted with each other as is desirable. But in every church we find those whose hearts warm towards new members who show a "mind to work"—who never look for sights, and claim no very marked attention, but enter at once into the benevolent operations at the church, and are found regular in their attendance upon the sanctuary.—The most devoted Christians will seek the acquaintance of such persons, not so much because some attention is due to new members, as because they need their aid in their plans of doing good, and expect to be personally benefitted by intercourse with them. And surely it is much more pleasant to attract the members of the church into which you have entered, by the brightness of your example, and the warmth of your heart than to receive an occasional call as a matter of courtesy, or of conscience. We have never known a warm hearted, active Christian to be long overlooked in any church with which we have been acquainted. Whether rich, or poor, learned or unlearned, such disciples will be found, and prized.

3. Do not wait to be hunted up. There is an impression amongst good men, that those church members who require to be looked for are scarcely worth finding: and those who would cordially embrace one who is generally seen in his place in the house of God, and who manifests a deep interest in the cause, may, though they should not, neglect one who neglects his duty, because he regards himself as slighted.—*St. Louis Presb.*

Missionary Statistics.

During the past year, the protestants of Britain, the Continent, and America, have raised for Missionary, Bible, Education and Tract Societies, the sum of £1,506,000, while Papists in the same countries have raised for the propagation of their faith, only £157,506.

The American Board of Missions raised last year, the sum of £63,533, maintaining 28 missions, 111 stations, 167 missionaries, 205 female assistants, 39 native preachers, and 192 native assistants. It has on its rolls, 25,714 communicants, and 23,125 pupils at its schools.

The Presbyterian Board of Missions has raised during the year, £36,136. It maintains 19 missions, 59 missionaries, 98 assistants, 53 schools, and 4,050 scholars,

The Church Missionary Society (British), during the last year, raised £86,962, but its expenditure amounted to £104,512. It maintains in whole or in part, 478 ministers, with more than 700 students, catechists and school masters.