

should excite us to earnestness and diligence in its propagation.

6. No Christian Church can be earnestly and practically zealous for the conversion of mankind without realizing a beneficial reactive influence on its own purity, prosperity and peace.

Intermediately betwixt the 4th and 5th of the above sentiments, an Auxiliary Missionary Society was formed.

All present unfeignedly regretted the absence of the Rev. H. Wilkes, Bishop of the first Congregational Church, who was engaged, on the previous day, in forming a Christian Church at Russelltown.

An eligible piece of ground has been purchased for the erection of a place of worship, for the accommodation of the second Congregational Church in this city, and it is hoped that, in the course of the present year, the edifice will be completed.

THE DEATH-BED.

FOR THE HARBINGER.

It was evening, and the fire burned brightly in the grate, lighting with a pleasant glow a small apartment, tenanted, at the time of which I write, by two ladies. The youngest was not a beauty, nor was the natural expression of her face very pleasant; but religion had done its office there, and a benevolent smile played upon her features. She was enveloped in a loose robe, her head resting on a pillow, and her whole appearance betokening extreme debility. There was silence for a little time; at length the invalid spoke:

"Tomorrow is the evening for our Christian inquiry society, is it not?"

The reply was an affirmative.

"I shall not be able to prepare for it the paper I intended on my field of future labour. Yet stay; I will not delay, for I know not what may happen. Will you ask Miss Richmond to come to me?"

In a few moments the merry girl put her head in at the door; but on seeing the marks of suffering on her friend's countenance, she became grave, and seating herself on a low stool by her side, said:

"You are ill tonight, dear Miss Bradford?"

"Yes, Mary, my head aches badly; but I sent for you to ask if you will do me a favour?"

"Anything you can ask me."

"You know I was to read a paper tomorrow on R—. I have all the facts in my last letter from Mr. L., but have not strength to arrange and prepare them for the society."

"Oh! my dear tea-her, just give me Mr. L.'s letter, and you shall see what I will accomplish."

A slight flush passed over the pale countenance of the invalid, as she said:

"Not so fast, Mary. I did not offer you the letter: I will copy the facts for you myself."

"Miss Johnson, you see Miss Bradford is not very ill, since she has still sufficient presence of mind not to trust me with the precious document."

"Nay, Mary," replied Miss Johnson, "I deny your inference. One of the last things a true woman would forget would be the inviolacy of such an epistle. But you must not tire my patience by your jesting. Nor, my dear friend," added she to the sick one, "can I allow you to increase the pain in your head by the exertion of writing."

"Oh! Sarah," exclaimed the invalid, earnestly, "do not try to dissuade me. I may never be permitted to do anything for those poor Heathen in their own land. Do allow me to awaken an interest in their behalf among our pupils. We know not how many future missionaries we meet from day to day."

The plan was a successful one, and until a late hour, Miss Bradford sat up in bed, copying facts, which her young friend afterward arranged and laid before the society above mentioned. The interest excited was thrilling; many a youthful heart burned to carry to that province of Hindostan the words of eternal life. Some then present have since toiled for Jesus in that fervid clime, and their dust now reposes beneath its burning sun.

A week passed away, and she who had thus desired to do good as she had opportunity, lay ill with typhus fever. All were excluded from the room save the necessary attendants. The crisis approached, and at length the lively Mary Richmond obtained permission to spend one day by the sick bed of her friend, and at five in the morning was summoned to her office.

And here let me remark how foolishly those err who, if they could, would repress in their young friends the high flow of spirits which the sorrows, the disappointments, the anxieties of life soon tame, and the remains of which, thus subdued, give us those cheerful and happy beings who are so acceptable in a sick room, any or any where else—whose hope never wavers, whose zeal never tires. True, the parent should watch lest this cheerfulness should degenerate into levity, but that is all.