

was the Sunday-school, which was then conducted in a private house, hired for the purpose. There was nothing else; literally nothing we set our hands to. We had not then taken up even the Missionary Society. We have now an organization for the London Missionary Society, which raises as its regular contribution, nearly £500 per annum, besides occasional donations to meet special appeals, which, upon an average, may make up another £100 a year. For the Colonial Missionary Society, we raise annually £70. For our Sunday and day schools, which comprehend nearly 2000 children, we raise £200. Our ladies conduct a working Society for Orphan Mission Schools in the East Indies, the proceeds of which reach, on an average, £50 a year; they sustain also a Dorcas Society for the poor of our town; a Maternal Society, of many branches, in various localities; and a Female Benevolent Society for visiting the Sick Poor. We have a Religious Tract Society, which employs ninety distributors, and spends £50 nearly a year in the purchase of tracts. Our Village Preachers' Society, which employs twelve or fourteen lay-agents, costs us scarcely anything. We raise £60 annually for the County Association. We have a Young Men's Brotherly Society, for general and religious improvement, with a library of 2000 volumes. We have also night-schools for young men and women, at small cost, and Bible classes for other young men and women. In addition to all this, we raise £100 per annum for Spring Hill College. We have laid out £23,000 in improving the old chapel and building the new one; in the erection of schoolrooms, the college, and in building seven country and town small chapels. We have also formed two separate Independent churches, and have, jointly with another congregation, formed a third, and all but set up a fourth; and are at this time in treaty for two pieces of freehold land, which will cost £700, to build two more chapels in the suburbs of the town."

But as an author, Mr. James has been most extensively useful. As a preacher, he could speak to only 2000 people. As a writer, he has been read, it may be safely said by millions. Of his *Anxious Inquirer*, more than 500,000 copies have been sold, and it has also been translated into Welsh, German, Italian and French. More than a million copies of his *Pastoral Addresses* have been circulated, besides other works of scarcely inferior value, or popularity.

After fifty-four years of constant and devoted labor, he has gone to his rest, an illustrious example of what a good man can do. He has gone, mourned by all—his memory loved and cherished by all. Though the minister of a Congregational church, he was no controversialist or narrow sectarian; he loved every friend of Christ, whether Episco-

palian or Presbyterian, a Baptist or Methodist, and he was loved by all in return.

Let every minister when he feels discouraged from seeing little fruit apparently following his labors, look back to the early career of Angell James, and take courage; but still, more let his abundant labors, his illustrious life, his triumphant death, nerve his hand and encourage his heart. The reward may be distant, but it will not be the less sure. What a different aspect would the world assume were every pulpit occupied by a John Angell James!

—o—

For the "Monthly Record."

STRAY THOUGHTS—BY CLERICUS

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

For a thousand years learning slept in cloisters, cradled by sleepy monks, swaddled in dust and cobwebs, shut up in perennial darkness, coiled away in time-stained scrolls, guarded by iron bolts and bars, sentinelled by ignorance and superstition, gross and inexorable. Much perished, or was perishing, for lack of light and liberty; but at last the pining prisoner was set free, never again to be put in fetters. A key was found which opened wide every convent door, bid it come forth, and gave it the world for its field. That key was *printing*. The muffled mummy crept forth, gathering strength as it breathed the air of heaven. Soon its step became that of a giant, its flight speedier than that of a winged Mercury. It multiplied itself into ten thousand forms—a few baneful, but nearly all suppassingly beautiful. It entered the cottage as cheerfully as the palace, and left a ray of light and mental health in both. The world opened its arms wide to welcome a new benefactor—

THE BIBLE.

May not these glorious truths be told to all the world? No, was thundered from the chair of St. Peter. No, was proclaimed from the high domed cathedral. No, was muttered by the scowling monk. Yes, cried Wickliffe, out of the midst of darkness. Yes, cried Crammer, amidst blazing faggots. Yes, shouted Knox, before a trembling priesthood. And they have gone forth, and filled the land of Wickliffe and of Knox, and many a land beside, and have cheered the souls of millions, and purified their hearts and made them fit for heaven. Thrice blessed Book of books! source of all wisdom and of all hope, emanation of the Godhead! continue to go forth, enter every house, till thou girdle the mighty globe. Preacher of salvation! may all tongues hail thee, and all believe in thee. May Churches send thee, in all thy purity, among benighted lands—the great and only missionary—till the last unbeliever has fallen down before thy author,