

Christians of Salem and of Berea, have hitherto belonged to the St. Pie Church, but lately they have manifested the desire of being organized into a distinct Church. We have thought, also, it would be better since they resided so far from S. P.—Salem being about 12 miles, and Berea 15—and were numerous enough to form a distinct body. The Church will be constituted on the first Wednesday of February, (D. V.) and we pray God that His blessings may rest upon it, and that it may be a Light in those forests.

SCHOOLS.—Two schools have been in operation in this district, one at Berea and the other at Corinth. The first one was for the half six months, under the charge of Mlle. Perusset, who was constrained, by ill health to leave the Missionary field; and it is now taught by our young brother, Theophile Picard, a pupil of the Grande-Ligne Institution. The other school is conducted by Brother Xavier Smith, who gives much satisfaction. In both places a school is very necessary, and cannot fail of exerting a happy influence, connected as all our schools are, with a Missionary spirit.

CONCLUSION.—Such have been the visible results of the past year, and however small they may appear, they call forth deep feelings of gratitude on the part of every Christian who is conversant with the numerous and various hindrances that beset the paths of missionaries in this country. The field we are cultivating is a very difficult one—the people being so superstitious, so ignorant, and so prejudiced against the Protestant Christians. But glory be to God, “to them that sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up.” Its saving influence has been felt by many a soul, and the prospect of its shining over this whole land of darkness and superstitions, are brighter than ever. Let us hasten this glorious time by our efforts and our fervent prayers, and to God shall be the glory, now and for ever. Amen.

LAST DAYS OF DR. A. JUDSON.

[The following extract from a letter written by the widow of the late Dr. Judson, will, we are sure, be read with a melancholy interest by all who have become in any degree conversant with the labours of the pioneer missionary, whose last hours are here so graphically sketched. The letter (published in the *N. Y. Recorder*.) was addressed to Dr. Judson's only remaining sister.]

I found it difficult to ascertain, from expressions casually dropped, from time to time, his real opinion with regard to his recovery; but I thought there was some reason to doubt whether he was fully aware of his critical situation. I did not suppose he had any preparation to make at this late hour, and I felt sure that if he should be called ever so unexpectedly, he would not enter the presence of his Maker with a ruffled spirit; but I could not bear to have him go away, without knowing how doubtful it was whether our next meeting would not be in eternity; and perhaps, too, in my own distress, I might still have looked for words of encouragement and sympathy, to a source which had never before failed.

It was late in the night, and I had been performing some little sick-room offices, when suddenly he looked up to me, and exclaimed, “This will never do! You are killing yourself for me, and I will not permit it. You must have some one to relieve you. If I had not been made selfish by suffering, I should have insisted upon it long ago.”

He spoke so like himself—with the earnestness of health, and in a tone to which my ear had of late been a stranger, that for a moment I felt almost bewildered with sudden hope. He received my reply to what he had said, with a half-pitying, half-gratified smile, but in the meantime his expression had changed—the marks of excessive debility were again apparent, and I could not forbear adding, “It is only a little while, you know.”

“Only a little while,” he repeated mournfully; “this separation is a bitter thing, but it does not distress me now as it did—I am too weak.” “You have no reason to be distressed,” I answered, “with such glorious prospects before you. You have often told me it is the one left alone who suffers, not the one who goes to be with Christ.” He gave me a rapid, questioning glance, then assumed for several moments an attitude of deep thought. Finally, he slowly unclosed his eyes, and fixing them on me, said in a calm, earnest tone, “I do not believe I am going to die. I think I know why this illness has been sent upon me—I needed it—I feel that it has done me good—and it is my impression, that I shall now recover, and be a better and more useful man.”

“Then it is your wish to recover?” I inquired. “If it should be the will of God, yes. I should like to complete the dictionary, on which I have bestowed so much labor, now that it is so nearly done; for though it has been a work that pleased my taste, or quite satisfied my feelings, I have never underrated its importance. Then after that come all the plans we have formed. Oh, I feel as though only just beginning to be prepared for usefulness.”

“It is the opinion of most of the mission,” I remarked, “that you will not recover.” “I know it is he replied; “and I suppose they think me an old man, and imagine that it is nothing for one like me to resign a life so full of trials. But I am not old—at least in that sense—you know I am not. Oh! no man ever left this world with me—inviting prospects, with brighter hopes or warmer feelings, warmer feelings”—he repeated, and burst into tears. His face was perfectly placid, even while the tears broke away from the closed lids, and rolled, one after another, down to the pillow. There was no trace of agitation or pain in his manner of weeping, but it was evidently the result of acute sensibilities, combined with great physical weakness. To some suggestions which I ventured to make, he replied, “It is not that—I know all that, and feel it in my inmost heart. Lying here on my bed, when I could not talk, I have had such views of the loving condescension of Christ, and the glories of heaven, as I believe are seldom granted to mortal man. It is not because I shrink from death, that I wish to live; neither is it because the ties that bind me here, though some of them are very sweet, bear any comparison with the drawings I at times feel towards heaven; but a few years would not be missed from my eternity of bliss, and I can well afford to spare them, both for your sake and for the sake of the poor Burmans. I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school. Perhaps I feel something like the young bride, when she contemplates resigning the pleasant associations of her childhood, for a yet dearer home—though only a very little like her—for there is no doubt resting on my future.” “Then death would not take you by surprise,” I remarked. “If it should come even before you could get on board ship.” “Oh, no,” he said, “death will never take me by surprise—do not be afraid of that—I feel so strong in Christ. He has not led me so tenderly thus far, to forsake me at the very gate of heaven. No, no; I am willing to live a few years longer, if it should be so ordered; and if otherwise, I am willing and glad to die now. I leave myself entirely in the hands of God, to be disposed of according to his holy will.”

The next day some one mentioned in his presence, that the native Christians were greatly opposed to the voyage, and that many other persons had a similar feeling with regard to it. I thought he seemed troubled; and after the visitor had withdrawn, I enquired if he still felt as when he conversed with me the night previous. He replied, “Oh yes; that was no evanescent feeling. I am ready to go to-day—if it should be the will of God, this very hour; but I am not anxious to die—at least when I am not beside myself with pain.”

“Then why are you desirous to go to sea? I should it be a matter of indifference to you.” “No,” he answered quietly, “my judgment tells me it would be wrong not to go—the doctor says criminal. I shall certainly die here—if I go away, I may possibly recover. There is no question with regard to duty in such a case; and I do not see any hesitation even though it springs from affection.”

He several times spoke of a burial at sea, and always as though the prospects were agreeable. It brought, he said, a sense of freedom and expansion, and seemed far pleasanter than the confined, dark, narrow grave, to which he had committed so many that he loved. And he added, that although his burial-place was a matter of no real importance, yet he believed it was not in human nature to be altogether without a choice.

I have already given you an account of the embarkation, of my visits to him while the vessel remained in the river and our last sad, silent parting; and Mr. Ranney has finished the picture. You will find in this closing part, some dark shadows, that will give you pain; but you must remember that his present felicity is enhanced by those very sufferings; and we should regret nothing that serves to brighten his crown in glory. I ought also to add, that I have gained pleasanter impressions in conversation with Mr. R. than from his written account; but it would be difficult to convey them to you; and, as he whom they concern was accustomed to say of similar things, “you will learn it all in heaven.”

During the last hour of your sainted brother's life, Mr. Ranney bent over him and held his hand; while poor Pinappah stood at a little distance weeping bitterly. The table had been spread in the cuddy, as usual, and the officers did not know what was passing in the cabin, till summoned to dinner. Then they gathered about the door, and watched the closing scene with solemn reverence. Now—thanks to a merciful God!—his pains had left him, not a momentary spasm disturbed his placid face, nor did the contraction of a muscle denote the least degree of suffering; the agony of death was passed, and his wearied spirit was turning to its rest in the bosom of the Saviour. From time to time, he pressed the hand in which his own was resting, his clasp losing in force at each successive pressure; while his shortened breath (though there was no struggle, no gasping, as if it came and went with difficulty) gradually grew softer and fainter, until it died upon the air—and he was gone. Mr. Ranney closed his eyes, and composed the passive limbs—the ship's officers stole softly from the door, and the neglected meal was left upon the board untasted.

They lowered him to his ocean-grave without a prayer; for his freed spirit had soared above the reach of earthly intercession, and to the foreigners who stood around, it would have been a senseless form. And there they left him in his unquiet sepulchre; but it matters little, for we know that while the unconscious clay is “drifting on the shifting currents of the restless main,” nothing can disturb the hallowed rest of the immortal spirit. Neither could we have a more fitting monument, than the blue waves which visit every coast; for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth, and included the whole family of man. It is all as God would have it, and our duty is but to bend meekly to his will, and wait, in faith and patience till we also shall be summoned home.

God's Method of Teaching Men to be Liberal.

From the Home Mission Record.

There lived in the town of C——, Vt., a man whose pious brethren were not disposed to doubt, but his mind was deeply engrossed in the world, and, though in easy circumstances, it appeared hard work for him to aid in the support of his pastor, or in sending the gospel abroad. When solicited for such purposes he ever had an excuse