

it upon his mouth said, "Lo this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin purged." When in such circumstances, he heard the voice of the Lord, saying: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"—He willingly exclaims,—
 "Here am I, send me." When the Missionary is thus sent of God unto whatever land his labour will assuredly be owned of God, whether with Neff he proceed to the heights of Piedmont, with Martyn to Persia, with Williams to Erromanga, with Moffatt and Livingstone to Africa, with Waddell to the West Indies, or with Duff to the banks of his favorite Ganges.—The field is the world, and with this faith inspiring motto, the Missionary listens to the heart-rending cries of perishing millions of immortal souls, and the loudest cry no matter from what quarter it comes, like the cry of the man of Macedonia to Paul, it says, "Come over and help us," and the Missionary says "I will go." The circumstances of the Missionary's call and his success in his Master's work soon become public property, and though we may never again behold the radiant faces of such devoted servants of Christ, or listen to the fragrant statements of their gospel-toned lips, yet their letters are weighty to us in their lifetime, and after death their works follow them in the rich harvest of souls, ripe for the granary of Heaven. These devoted men are a sweet savour of God, in those who are saved, and in those who perish, to the one they are leaven of the death unto death; and to the other, life unto life; and who asks the apostle, is sufficient for these things. "Our sufficiency," he says, "is of God." In conclusion, we invite you to become a missionary at the fireside, the church, and in the wide wide world. We now bid you adieu, and allow a venerable hoary-headed stranger to address you who has survived a period of well nigh six-thousand years, and whose voice will be heard by you after mine

is silent in the dust of death. That voice is Time:—

"Know'st thou not me, the deep voice cried,
 "So long engaged, so oft misused;
 "Alternate in thy fickle pride,
 "Desired, neglected, and accused.
 "Before my face like blazing flax,
 "Man and his marvels pass away,
 "And changing Empires wane and wax,
 "Are founded flourish and decay.
 "Redeem mine hours the space is brief,
 "While in my glass the sand grains shiver;
 "And measureless the joy or grief,
 "When time and thou shalt part forever."

Twenty-Second Report.

Relative to the new Orphan Houses on Ashley Down, Bristol, and the Scriptural Knowledge Institution: By George Muller.

This report which gives an account of the establishment, and various objects under Mr. Muller, extends from May 26, 1860, to May 26, 1861, and like its predecessors, is pregnant with interest. During this year it appears that this Establishment or Institution, as Mr. M. calls it, which had its very small and insignificant beginning on March 5, 1834, has so grown, through trust and prayer in the Living God, that during the year the sum of £24,700 14s 4d sterling has been expended for the objects thereof; and the expenditure is becoming still larger and larger.

This large amount, equal to nearly £500 sterling per week, did not all come in during the year, as about Eight Thousand pounds from a building fund, that had been accumulating for some years previous towards the erection of additional buildings, was expended for that purpose; but the balance came in within the year, in sums of different amounts, in articles of different value, and from people living in different quarters of the globe. And that too, not through any extensively arranged and complex instrumentality, but through prayer to God and the dissemination of the Reports of the Institution.

We are not disposed to say of the work of God in Mr. Muller's hands, that God