

some time. One Sunday, he was in the church of which Mr. Rose is an office-bearer, and remained to the communion, as all are invited to do who wish. When the wine was passed, he inquired of one of the deacons if it were intoxicating. The person addressed did not know, and therefore came to Mr. Rose asking, "Is this wine intoxicating?"—"No, it's not!" replied Mr. Rose, but, the words were no sooner out of his mouth, than he almost fainted for fear there might be some mistake and the reformed man again fall away. The wine was all right at the previous communion season, but whether it had been changed and new had been procured, Mr. Rose was not sure. He was in misery for some minutes, until the wine came to him, when he at once found it was all right. ("Oh," said Hattie in a low voice, "what a pity that all the ministers in the city are not here to-night!") Mr. Rose went on to state that the money sent away for missions might be profitably employed in our own country among the heathen at our doors. The South Sea Islanders had the light of nature to guide them, and were, if any-