

## THE FAMILY MEETING.

BY C. SPROUCE.

We are all here,  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,  
 All who hold each other dear,  
 Each chair is filled—we're all at home!  
 To-night let no cold stranger come:  
 It is not often thus around  
 Our old familiar hearth we're found.  
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;  
 For once be every care forgot;  
 Let gentle peace assert her power,  
 And kind affection rule the hour,—  
 We're all—all here.

We are all here.  
 Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear;  
 Fond memory, to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view;  
 How life-like, through the mist of years,  
 Each well-remembered face appears!  
 We see them, as in times long past;  
 From each to each kind looks are cast;  
 We hear their words, their smiles behold—  
 They're round us as they were of old—  
 We are all here.

We are all here,  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,  
 You that I love, with love so dear,  
 This may not long of us be said—  
 Soon must we join the gathered dead,  
 And by the hearth we now sit round  
 Some other circle will be found.  
 O! then, that wisdom may we know  
 Which yields a life of peace below;  
 So, in the world to follow this,  
 May each repeat, in worlds of bliss,  
 We're all—all here!

## SOUTH AFRICA.

Extract of a letter from Rev. R. Moffatt, to the Religious Tract Society of London.

"I must now advert to the very important and kind assistance afforded to the Bechuana mission by your generous Committee. The boxes containing the hymn-books, notwithstanding the frequent exposure of African travelling, came all safe, with the exception of a couple of cases slightly injured by water in crossing the Orange River. I need scarcely say that the new hymn-books were most acceptable to our churches. The last edition, which was much smaller, was expended, while the demand for them continued to increase. When first taken out they excited no little admiration, and the eagerness to obtain them was just what was anticipated. However, in a land like this, where commerce is still in its infancy, and where there is little of either silver or gold, and many poor, there was no little difficulty, on the part of some, to obtain the wherewith they might obtain a copy. Some purchased them with corn, some with goats and sheep, and others with cash. Many, who had some of the old edition in good order, offered them in exchange for the new, which we could hardly with justice refuse. One or two having been given to children who had distinguished themselves in learning to read and in good behaviour, this opened a door to many more juvenile applicants, who now feel something like a title to a hymn-book on their being able to read it. A few weeks ago, after preaching at a neighbouring village where there is a schoolmaster, two very little girls came to solicit hymn-books. Their only plea was that they had learned to read. One of them looked so very young that I expressed some doubts as to her proficiency. She smilingly replied, 'Try me.' I handed the book which I had in my hand, and it happening to open at a well-known hymn, she read it clearly. I remarked, 'You know this by rote.' To this she very promptly rejoined, 'Then show me one I do not know.' I turned over to one of

the new ones—an imitation of Montgomery's beautiful hymn on prayer. This she read with nearly the same ease. She got her book, and scampered off home with a gladsome heart. On a late itinerating visit to one of our distant out-stations, after holding a conversational, or Bible-class meeting, with some of the believers, after service I returned to my wagon. Here I found two women whose appearance indicated poverty. I inquired if they wished to speak to me. 'We are come to beg,' said they. 'I hope it is something for your souls.' 'Yes,' was their reply. Seating myself on a stone, I remarked, 'I shall give you what you desire with all my heart.' At this they brightened up, adding, 'It is hymn-books we are come to beg. We are poor widows, and have not wherewith to buy.' On inquiry, I found they were able to read, and were widows indeed. They were accordingly supplied. After a few words of exhortation, they departed, but not before giving expression to the deep gratitude they felt. I thought to myself, how blessed is the privilege to be able to afford means to cause the widow's heart to sing. Some (adults) have purchased hymn-books who scarcely know the top from the bottom of the pages, but the idea of their sitting with a book in their hands, in public worship, made them feel they were something among their fellow-worshippers: nor has it been lost upon them, for not liking to begin their ascent at the lowest steps, (A, B, C,) they have taught themselves to read, becoming in the first instance, by dictation, familiar with the hymns. Yea, more: I met with two instances of persons lately received into our church whose attention was first directed to divine things by hearing others reading and singing hymns. I mention these facts to show that your timely aid is already bringing forth fruit to the glory of God, in the cheering of many a soul where Zion's hymns have usurped the place of heathen songs: and in tuning voices once employed in monotonous rehearsals of the martial, and often the obscene, to accents of peace, purity, and love. A case in point is now transpiring at this very moment within sound of my ears. A party passing from one part of the country to another, have, as many strangers are wont to do, halted on my premises. They have spent the evening in gipsy style, over a fire, singing hymns.

"I am at the present moment dressing Buryan's Pilgrim in a Sechuana garb, and if he does not travel this land through and through I shall be much mistaken. The tracts which are printed have been extensively circulated; but, as rather too many of one kind were turned off, we shall not be able, for a time, to add new ones from want of paper, as we are reserving the twenty-four reams which your Committee kindly granted on my leaving England, for the Pilgrim.

"The cause of our blessed Redeemer is continuing to advance. New missions have been commenced, and at one of these, amidst a dense population, the Lord is blessing the preaching of his own word; readers increasing; and, a few days ago, a supply of tracts was solicited. Many additions have been made to the church in this place, and, indeed, there has been an increase of members at all the Bechuana mission stations. We need more Sechuana literature to expand and raise their yet infant minds, and this we shall, through Divine help, endeavour to supply as soon as possible; but duties are so many and so varied, which devolve on the missionary among a barbarous people, that it is a rare thing for him to have the command over a single day."

PREMATURE INTERMENT.—The *Constitutionnel* states the cases of premature interment prevented by fortuitous circumstances, amount, in France, since the year 1833, to ninety-four. Of these 35 persons awoke of themselves from their lethargy when the funeral ceremony was just commencing; 13 recovered by the affectionate care of their families; 7 from the coffins having fallen on the ground; 9 revived from the needle wounding them while their winding sheet was being sewed; 5 from the sense of suffocation in the coffin; 19 from their interment being delayed by fortuitous circumstances; and 6 owed their restoration to the circumstance of their interment having been delayed from doubts being entertained of the reality of their deaths.

INDUSTRY.—Mr. William Emerson, of North Malden, Mass., now in his 86th year, has made with his own hands during the last three years, two thousand six hundred and fifty-five pairs of men's pumps. It is doubtful whether an equal example of aged industry can be produced.

The aggregate amount of local taxation is, in England and Wales, £11,187,027; Scotland, £530,665; Ireland, £1,561,191; making a grand total of £13,278,883.