

others of our fellow-men, subjects of our Sovereign, and fellow-subjects with ourselves, who were born away from the Gospel; heathens, Mahometans, idolaters; not bettered, but in all ways worst, because Christian men have come among them. Worse, I say, for their own has been taken from them, and ours has not been given in exchange. Their food has been eaten for them; their land has been conquered from them; they have not learned our faith, but they have learned our sins; and with the Gospel brought amongst them, it has yet not been carried home to them. So are they on the very confines of light, and yet daily plunging deeper in the darkness. If *they* are not responsible for this, brethren, sure I am that we are. *We*, who have the light—*we*, who know that the knowledge of God is life eternal—what have *we* done to send it out to them? What have we done? why, up to the beginning of this century, the income of our only Missionary Society was less than is raised in many cases for the poor-rates of one single parish. At this moment, when Missionary exertions seem to us to have been enormous, the revenues of our only two Church Missionary Societies do not together exceed about 300,000*l.* a year. A single farthing added to the income-tax would raise as much.* In the day when God comes to reckon with us, as a nation or as men, could we reply if it be said to us, "I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not?"—*From a sermon by the Rev. Canon Browne, B.D.*

FOR THE YOUNG.

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

"Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he mother?" said little Tommy Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast which he carried to him at work every morning.

'He said that he hoped that all the scaffolding would be done to-night,' answered the mother, 'and that'll be a fine night, for I never like the ending of those great chimneys; it is so risky for father to be last up.'

'Oh, then, but I'll go and seek him; and help em' to give a shout before he comes down,' said Tom.

'And then,' continued the mother, 'if all goes on well, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country and take our dinner, and spend all day long in the woods.'

"Hurrah!" cried Tom as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in another. His mother stood at the door, watching him, as he went merrily whistling down the street, and she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged at.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been

* It is calculated, that every penny of the income-tax raises about 1,200,000*l.*