

My brethren, our nation send much love to you. If you ask about the missionaries,—they labour hard; they go from village to village, and preach and teach in the schools; they need more strength, and we need more schools. Perhaps you know we are under the Mohammedans, and they oppress us; we are very poor, and they take every thing away from us; but we put our trust in the Lord. My beloved brethren, our nation is like sheep among the wolves, and if you go out after that which is lost, and seek until you find it, you will rejoice more over it than—than—than if it had not been lost. The Mussulman lord it over us, and on that account, we ask help from you in the name of Christ. Our Lord Jesus has said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." And King David has said, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Yes, what you do, you do not for men, but for Christ. And your reward is laid up where moth and rust do not corrupt, and thieves do not break through and steal. May all our treasures be in heaven, and your hearts be there also. Having said this, with great simplicity, the Bishop sat down.

Rev. Dr. Robinson mentioned an interesting fact recalled to his mind by the letter read by Mr. Perkins. When he was at Cairo, in 1838, he found a school under the instruction of Church of England missionaries, composed of Mohammedan scholars, and he was told that the greatest anxiety was felt by parents that their children should be taken into these schools, although they are taught the Catechism and the New Testament. He mentioned this to show that wherever the Mohammedan mind is brought in contact with Christian influence, there is evidence of a movement that indicates the presence and power of the Spirit of God.

Rev. Prof. Goodrich said, there is no one here who will not remember this season as one of deep self-abasement—to be praised and thanked when we deserve reprobation—to have such passages of scripture applied to us, ought to humble us before God. He hoped it would lead us to repentance, that we had done no more.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

THE death of the Rev. George Champion, Missionary to Southern Africa, will fill many hearts with grief. He died at the West Indies in December, having gone there for the benefit of his health. Mr. Champion was a gentleman of handsome fortune, which he consecrated, with his life, to the cause of Christ; in the morning of his days, and on the threshold of his labours, he has been called home. Who will rise up and fill his place?—*N. Y. Observer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAGMENT OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN DIARY.

REFLECTIONS OF METHUSELAH IN HIS YOUTH—IN MIDDLE AGE—AND OLD AGE.

TO-DAY I am an hundred years old.—How blissful are the feelings of boyhood! My senses are acute as the tree with the shrinking leaf. My blood bounds through my veins as the river pours through the valley, rejoicing in its strength. Life lies before me like another plain of Shinar—vast, unoccupied, inviting—I will fill it with achievements and pleasure! In about sixty years it will be time for me to think of marrying; my kinswoman, Zillah, will, by that time, have emerged from girlhood; she already gives promise I hear, of comeliness and discretion. Twenty years hence I will pay a visit to her father, that I may see how she grows; meanwhile I will build a city to receive her when she becomes my wife.

Nearly three centuries have passed since my marriage. Can it be? It seems but yesterday since I sported like a young antelope round my father's tent, or climbing the dark cedars, nestled like a bird among the thick boughs—and now I am a man in authority, as well as in the prime of life. I lead out my trained servants to the fight, and sit at the head of the council, beneath the very tree, where, as an infant, my mother laid me to sleep. Jazel, my youngest born, a lovely babe of thirty summers, is dead; but I have four goodly sons remaining. And my three daughters are fair as their mother when I first met her in

the Acacia grove, where now stands one of my city watch towers. They are the pride of the plain, no less for their acquirements than their beauty. No damsel carries the pitcher from the fountain with the grace of Adah, none can dry the summer fruit like Azubah, and none can fashion a robe of skins with the skill of Milcah. When their cousin Mahaleel has seen another half century, he shall take the choice of the three.

My eight hundredth birthday! And now I feel the approach of age and infirmity.—My beard has become white as the blossoms of the almond tree. I am constrained to use a staff when I journey; the stars look less bright than formerly; the flowers smell less odorous; I have laid Zillah in the tomb of the rock; Milcah has gone to the dwelling of Mahaleel; my sons take my place at the council in the field; all is changed. The long future is become the short past. The earth is full of violence; the ancient and the honourable are sinking beneath the young and the vicious.—The giants stalk through the length and the breadth of the land, where once dwelt a quiet people; all is changed. The beasts of the field and monsters of the deep growl and press on us with unvoiced fury; traditions, visions, and threatenings are abroad.—What fearful doom hangs over this fair world I know not; it is enough that I am leaving it; yet another five or eight score years, and the tale will be complete!—But have I, in very deed, trod this earth nearly a thousand years? It is false, I am yet a boy. I have had a dream—a long, long, busy dream; of buying and of selling; marrying and giving in marriage; of building and planting; feasting and warnings; sorrowings and rejoicings; lovings and hatings; but it is false to call it a life. Go to—it has been a vision of the night—and now, I am awake, I will forget it.

"Lamech, my son, how long is it since we planted the garden of oaks beside the river? Was it not yesterday?"

"My father, dost thou sport? Those oaks cast broad shadows when my sister carried me beneath them in her arms, and wove me chaplets of their leaves."

"Thou art right, my son; and I am old. Lead me to thy mother's tomb, and there leave me to meditate. What am I the better for my past being? Where will be its records when I am gone? They are yonder—on all sides. Will those massy towers fall? Will those golden plains become desolate? Will the children that call me father forget? The seers that utter dark sayings upon their harps, when they sing of the future; they say our descendants shall be men of dwindling stature; that the years of their lives shall be contracted to the span of our boyhood! But what is that future to me. I have listened to the tales of Paradise, nay, in the blue distance I have seen the dark tops of its cedars. I have heard the solemn melodies of Jubal when he sat on the seashore, and the sound of the waves mingled with his harping. I have seen angels the visitants of men—I have seen an end to all perfection—what is the future to me?"—*Spirit and Manners of the Age.*

CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

CHILDREN ought to obey their parents, not only because it will make them better members of society and is for their present benefit, but because parents have a claim to their affection and obedience, for the care and expense which they have bestowed on them. It is not in the power of children fully to estimate, or to repay, parental kindness.—They are apt to feel as though it is a debt which can be easily discharged; and which may without much guilt be forgotten. But God does not so regard it.—In his word he frowns on filial ingratitude, and promises to reward those who treat their parents with kindness and respect—"Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." And in his Providence he often bestows uncommon prosperity on those who have been attentive and kind to their parents. Dr. Dwight, whose mother declared, with joy, a little before her death, that "she did not know the instance in which he ever disobeyed a parental command, or failed in the performance of a filial duty," remarks: "The writers of all ages and of all countries, have taught us, with a single voice, that to the common eye of mankind no object is more amiable, or more delightful, than a dutiful

and virtuous child. This charming object commends itself, at first view, to the natural feelings, the judgment and the conscience of all men. It commends itself at once, without deliberation, and without doubt. It has commended itself to persons of every character, and in every age, and in every country. It is esteemed, it is loved.—The affection which it excites, and the reputation which it produces, are sincere, solid and permanent. Nothing more certainly generates esteem, nothing more uniformly creates friends. It is a kind of glory, surrounding the child, wherever he goes; seen, felt, and acknowledged, by all men; and conferring a distinction otherwise unattainable.—All persons presage well of such a child, and he is expected, of course, to fill every station, to which his talents are suited, with propriety and honour."

LOVE OF DUTY.

AN anecdote is related of a soldier during the inundation of St. Petersburg, of 1796, illustrative of a strong sense of duty. He was on sentry at the palace, and the water had reached to his knees, when the empress, who saw him from a window, commanded him to retire. This however he refused to do, although he was aware that it was the empress who spoke to him; observing to her, that he could not quit his post unless the sergeant sent another to relieve him.

RUINS OF HUMANITY.

OF all the ruins on which the eye of man can dwell, none are more painfully sublime than the ruins of humanity;—and what are they? Not the deep furrow which time ploughs on its cheeks, or the silvery whiteness with which years cover the head; not the curved spine, which bows the face to the earth as if he looked for a grave to rest in: for the wrinkled cheek, and the bleached head, and the stooping frame are the appropriate accompaniments of old age, and as beautiful in the system of life as winter with its leafless trees and frozen streams in the system of the seasons;—but the ruins of humanity are seen in wrinkles which time has not made, in a frame trembling with anxiety; shaken by sorrow, humbled by sin, withered by despair—when the beauty of youth is gone and the beauty of age has not supplied its place. 'Tis as melancholy as snow in harvest.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

I ENVY no quality of the mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be the most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing: for it makes life a discipline of godness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all light; awakens life even in death, and from destruction and decay call up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms, amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair!—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

SOLITUDE.

THERE are sparks of heaven-born fire, living in the innermost sanctuary of the human bosom, which solitude kindles into a flame—and that must be a cold and a dark stream, and long must it have been running over them, which has quenched these sparks so utterly that the spirit of solitude shall breathe on them in vain.—A sad blight must have passed over the affections, and a heavy mildew must have gathered on the best feelings of the heart, when they are not invigorated and expanded by being left to themselves under the open sky, and the silent influences of heaven. The world must exercise a strong and a hard power over the mind of him who does not sometimes throw off its yoke, and enjoy the full freedom of retirement, and the peaceful luxuries of meditation.

TOOTH ACHE.—This afflicting disorder can be immediately relieved, by holding in the mouth a mixture of salt, vinegar, and spirits, in the proportion of a table-spoonful of spirits, the same quantity of sharp vinegar. and a tea-spoonful of salt.