

considerable sum, I felt it my duty and privilege to set a good example before my flock on that occasion, and gave all I had (about thirty-five guineas.) This was nobly followed by my beloved people; so that the collection exceeded £400 sterling. I communicate this little matter respecting myself, simply and only to show you that I have no wish to spend the Society's money, without, in addition to no little toil and anxiety, giving of my own, to the utmost of my ability.

"I am, moreover, very happy to be able to say, the entire income of my station for the past year amounts to 21,000 guilders, exactly £1,500 sterling; being (exclusive of the thank-offerings of the people) nearly £300 sterling more than that of last year."

The Rev. E. Davies, of New Amsterdam, who is zealously exerting himself for the erection of a new and spacious chapel in that town, reports proceedings in the following terms:—

"It is not from a wish to spare ourselves that we cry for help, but rather that we may be sooner in a position to help the world. Two thousand pounds sterling, our church of only between 300 and 400 members by all working, raised towards the cause of God during last year; so that whilst we are not ashamed to to-be-g, we are not so lazy to labour."

### THE STRANGER GUEST.

(From a Correspondent.)

How soothingly sweet is the stillness of a Sabbath in the country. The very air seems filled with solemnity while the sound of the Church going tell echoes from rock to rock, and from hill to mountain, calling upon all to assemble for God's worship gladly and cheerfully. The birds carol their sweetest notes—the bees murmur their song of praise and the flowers! in the language of the poet,

"Your voiceless lips, oh! flowers, are living preachers;

Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
From lowliest nook."

The widow sat in her lonely house—how very lonely a widow's heart alone can realize. Detained from the House of God by illness, she had found a "little sanctuary" at home, and the Bible and Hymn Book by her side, shewed how the time had been passed.

But the congregation was dismissed, and as she looked up the elm—o'er shadowed road, a view of which could be had from her easy chair, she murmured, as the tears rolled down her cheeks: "We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company." Group after group passed, none forgetting to offer a salutation to the sick one—oh! who would exchange, for the cold formality of town intercourse, the gushings forth of affection which are induced by proximity of residence in the country. Her own little flock approached,

and after stopping at the gate to reply to the kind interrogatories of their aged pastor—entered the dwelling. Bonnets and hats are laid aside and soon they are seated in "Mother's room."

"Mama," said Harry—the eldest boy of 14. "Mr. Wilton gave notice in church that the ministers would all meet here this week, and he wanted every body who could accommodate any of them to send word to the parsonage to-morrow."

"Mother," said Julia, springing to her parent's side, let Harry and I go, to tell how many we'll have, and then I can carry Mr. Wilton some of my large violets."

"O! Mama, just have Mr. Lovewell, because you know Papa said he always did us children so much good."

"Yes, Mother," said Julia, "he told me how to hear my flowers talk."

"Oh! Mother," said Emma, please let us have Mr. Carrisforth, because Papa loved him so much."

"Mama, we can have two, because you know Eliza sleeps with you now, and her room is empty."

The tears sprung to the widow's eyes as her boy thus recalled to her the sad event which had given her more room, but she wiped them away and said calmly. "My son, we can have no one to stay with us now; you know I told you that we should be compelled to practise self-denial, and economy in order to remain on this dear spot at all, and much as I should love to receive the servants of the Lord, yet I cannot feel it to be consistent with my duty to do so."

"Eliza, dear, will you go to Mr. Wilton in the morning and explain the circumstances to him, telling him why we cannot receive any of his brethren, and now my children let me hear how much you can tell me of the afternoon worship."

Eliza read the hymns, Harry the first lesson, and Emma the second, while each recited all he or she could remember of the sermon; when they knelt around their mother as she offered up a prayer that their Sabbath impressions might not be evanescent, but might be as seed sown in good ground.

Tuesday evening, Mr. Wilton called to inform Mrs. Herbert that one of his servants having been attacked with scarlet fever, he begged the favor of her to accommodate those clergy men he had expected to entertain, adding that he must consider himself as her purveyor for the time being, and had given directions accordingly.

"Oh! no, said Mrs. Herbert, I cannot allow that."

"My dear madam, you know I cannot be called a poor minister now, since the death of my uncle, but you can remember the time when I was. I suppose you do not remember whose garden it was that supplied me with vegetables and fruit, nor whose dairy with butter, nor whose store room with sweet-meats and perhaps you have forgotten what