

At one of those meetings David Crandall stood up in that gallery, and, saying it was time to do something for the destitute, threw down a doubloon upon the clerk's table. Let our collection for Missions to-day be a thank-offering indeed. What hath God wrought! *Then* our people were a feeble band. In all three provinces we numbered but 1494. *Now* we number over 25,000 communicants. Then we had but *nine* ordained ministers in the denomination now there are *one hundred and fifty*. God has indeed made our principles to take root, and caused them to grow. Let us thank Him and take courage, and, as we lay our offerings upon his altar, let the language of our hearts be, not unto us, not unto us; but unto thy great and holy name be the praise; for thy mercy and thy truth's sake.