

I would disclaim thee—seek the distant shore
Of some fair isle—and then return no more.

JAMES GRAY, Edinburgh.—“*Sabbath Among the Mountains.*”

It has been customary on such occasions as this to give a brief *resume* of the officers of the Society for the year. No financial statement has reached me, to enable me to do this in a satisfactory way. The good that has been effected however, has, I believe, been considerable, and I have no doubt, details will be given to you by your office-bearers, through another channel. The claimants on your bounty are numerous, and their destitution greater, than the ordinary resources of the Society can adequately supply. When you come together to acknowledge the living God to be your God, to “think of his loving kindness in the midst of his temple,” and to thank and praise his holy name for all his goodness,—with your hearts warmed with devotion, and stirred up into sacred enthusiasm, by the sweet memories of “what we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of Hosts, the city of our God,” let them flow out in generous sympathies with the wants and sufferings of your brethren, in obedience to the command of your God. “If thy brother be waxen poor and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him, yea though he be a stranger or a sojourner. * * * I am the Lord your God.” It is not because his sufferings appeal to your sensibilities.—It is not because there is genuine satisfaction in relieving the poor and the needy.—It is not because you may receive the gratitude of the object of your bounty—or obtain the approbation of them who may witness your good deed. No; it is because he is a brother, and your Great Father commands you. If a sacred regard to the will of God be not the leading principle of your charity—it is spurious—a base oblation laid on the altar of vanity. It may be accompanied with the *peans* of national glory—it may be exhibited with all the pomps and circumstances of joyful anniversaries—as the year comes round you may assemble and greet one another as having come from the same smiling valleys and heath-covered hills