

"The sixty-fourth fiscal year of the A. H. M. Society opened with a debt of \$75,000 at the bank. For some months this rose to \$80,000; borrowed that the Home Missionaries may be promptly paid. Yet the year's receipts from contributions and legacies have met the maturing demands for missionary labor and expenses, and also the large amount of borrowed money; *and the year closes without a dollar's indebtedness to the bank or any missionary who has reported labor.*" For this they say, "Let the Lord's name be praised." And let all the people say Amen.

Their last year's indebtedness was largely, though not exclusively, made up by LEGACIES. This was also the case with the American board.

It is well to urge men to give in their life-time, as you do; but after all, men will not do it; some hold on to their money till death loosens the grasp. Fifty men may be stimulated to remember Home Missions in their *wills*, where five of them could not be persuaded to give more than from one to five dollars while they live. We are speaking of the facts as they are found; and not of the wisdom of holding on till death.

A few hundreds bequeathed to Home Missions are never missed by the testator, and seldom by the other legatees. It is often the case that bequests are made where there is really less moral obligation to leave them, than to the missionary societies. It is not enough of a custom in the Canada churches to bequeath something to the benevolent societies of their denominations. Hundreds of thousands are given over here to the various colleges and benevolent societies by legacy. I know something of this is beginning to appear in Canada. But we are looking for something handsome to come in the form of an endowment to your College and Home Missionary Society. Why not?

May the reader of this article be asked, "Have you made your will?" If you have done so, and forgotten the Missionary Society and College, do not let your eyes close in sleep till you change it, or add a codicil in favor of some of these societies that are dying for want of help. Get it signed before witnesses *this day*; do not put it off an hour, you will not die a minute sooner, perhaps, will live longer; and prosper beyond the amount of your bequest. Do it and do it *now*. You will feel more comfortable when it is done. What little the writer can do, he feels obliged to do in the church where he labors, but his heart is with you, and his prayer for your prosperity and peace.

W. H. ALLWORTH.

Memphis, Mich., May 12,

A NIGHT WITH THE CHILDREN.

REV. S. L. WITCHELL.

A short time since, we attended a "Children's Choral Practice" in our little church. There were nearly a hundred children present, and it did us good to hear their fresh young voices singing with such zest—Dean Alford's beautiful hymn. "One, two, three," said the organist; "now altogether"; and then every voice burst forth in—

Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind.

Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?

Forward thro' the desert,
Thro' the toil and strife;
Canaan lies before us,
Zion beams with light.

As we listened—charmed by the sweetness and heartiness of the young singers—we could not help wondering how many of them would one day join the throng which stands before the throne, and with it blend their voices in that grand triumphal song of praise to their Redeemer. And then we thought how much depends on the fathers and mothers, and teachers, who have the training of these young souls for eternity. They are to be the men and women of our country, and much of the future weal or woe of the nation will be wrought out by their efforts and influence. It is impossible to over-estimate the great responsibility which rests upon parents, pastors and teachers of youth; for let it be remembered that—wisely or unwisely—they are wielding a power and influence which will be felt thro' all eternity.

Forward! flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Springs to glorious birth:

sung on the young choristers, and as we looked and listened, we fancied we could see already the young dawning of "yearning purpose" in some of the young faces around us.

While we listened that evening, we were more than pleased at the intelligent rendering of the grand old hymn by the youthful singers. Not