

willingness to part with self, by liberally, cheerfully, and punctually meeting those pecuniary obligations we recognize in connexion with our Christian profession.

I do think with brother "Dun," that the state of things which called forth these remarks, is to a considerable extent the result of inattention, and should be sorry to think otherwise; but allow me in all affection and faithfulness to say, that it appears to me culpable inattention. Do prove your conviction of this by immediately forwarding to brother Oliphant the amounts you are severally due. Believing you will receive this in good part from one, who, in calling upon you to discharge what claims brother Oliphant may have against you for the "Witness," thinks he is endeavouring to promote the good both of you and brother Oliphant.

I am, Dear Brethren,

Yours faithfully and affectionately in the Lord,

T.

It occurs to me that there were one or two prominent brethren in each church who agreed to see the subscriptions forwarded to brother Oliphant. If so, do they not feel a responsibility resting upon them in this matter?

T.

JOHN HOWARD.

Howard's energy was not of that kind which wastes with years or grows weak from age. His boundless benevolence and unflinching love to God urged him forever onward. Wherever humanity lay suffering, there he was seen stooping over it. Wherever a dungeon reared its gloomy walls, his shadow was seen crossing the threshold. Wherever a captive languished in chains, his voice of kindness was heard cheering the heart accustomed only to words of rebuke.

During the twelve years that elapsed between the commencement of his prison labors, to 1784, when he retired to Cardington, as he supposed, to end his days in peace, he had visited every country on the continent but Turkey, and entered the jails and prisons of their capitals and chief cities. He had traveled in that time over 40,000 miles, and spent of his fortune in charities to the suffering and helpless, *a hundred and fifty thousand dollars*. Now mangled and braised, we heard him from his bed of pain, breathing the earnest prayer of the resigned Christian. Now pressed to the brink of the grave by a fever caught in the pestiferous air of a dungeon, from a poor wretch he was relieving, his voice of thanksgiving to God for his mercies;