

The good Methodist people across the Atlantic are very strenuous in promoting the cause of foreign missions, and many are the methods employed to raise the needful. I remember my father in one of his generous moods—for he was very liberal in the cause of God—devise a plan to raise funds for the mission cause. He gave the yearly produce of a certain apple-tree in the orchard; the money raised by the sale of the apples to be devoted to the noble cause. Father Hickling, with eyes upraised to heaven, and arms around the tree, dedicated it to God in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. From the time the tree became the Lord's property, it became exceedingly fruitful, as though the old gentleman's blessing had given it new life and vigour. Quite a yearly sum was raised in the sale of the apples, which were sold at unusually high prices. Surely the blessing of the Lord was there.

Father Hickling now ranks with the illustrious dead. May the mantle of such men fall upon us, their sons and successors in the Gospel!

G. BROWN.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN HUNT, MISSIONARY AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

The path had turned again. Once more God's servant found his face looking toward another world. But now he was to pass over. The last time he walked hard by the way of death he had been unmolested; now he found himself opposed. The evil one from whose kingdom he had been delivered, whose will he had resolutely resisted, and whose power he had beaten down in the scene of its unhindered triumph, now, in time of extreme weakness, met him in mortal strife. Already Mr. Hunt had been thrust at with sore temptation since his partial recovery. While he was magnifying the power of his Saviour, shown forth in all his own unworthiness and sin, the devil, with a masked light, took up the lesson of blessed humbling and poisoned it. He fastened the sufferer's mind with a deadly fascination to that unmixt thought of unworthiness until it seemed incapable of hope. It was the old device to shut out the Saviour, to make a Golgotha with a cross. And for a time a great darkness shrouded the Christian's soul. He thought of his active service on God's behalf, of his diligent studies, his many and earnest preachings, his long and agonizing prayers, and his manifold toil. But not one remembrance comforted him. Each seemed corrupt and the pall of his unworthiness covered the whole. Then came the sting: "My life has been worthless and unprofitable, worse than useless;" and he groaned with the wound. But a voice whispered into his soul: "If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you; for the seal of my apostleship are ye in the Lord." Then was the spell broken, and he saw the Church of Viwa Christians at prayer; one bright recollection after another came back, of dark cannibals convinced