

Family Reading.

CRAZY TIM.

What in the world is that?—A poor old man, almost bent double, drawing a little wooden horse upon the pavement, and laughing and talking to it as if he were seven years old, instead of seventy! How white his hair is; and see—his hat is without a crown, and one of the flaps of his coat is torn off. Now one of the boys has pelted him with a stone, that has brought the blood from his wrinkled cheek; another asks him "how much he will take for his hat;" while the rest surround him, shouting "Old crazy Uncle Tim—old crazy Uncle Tim!"

"Come here, boys, won't you? and let poor Uncle Tim go home, while I tell you his story.

Uncle Tim used to be the village shoemaker, hammering away at his lapstone in that little shop with the red eaves, as contentedly as if he owned a kingdom. He always had a pleasant smile and a merry story for his customers, and it was worth twice the money one paid him, to see his sunny face and hear his hearty laugh.

But the light of Uncle Tim's eyes was his little daughter Kitty. Kitty was not a beauty. No—her little nose turned right up, like a little dog's; her hair was neither soft nor curly; and her little neck and arms were almost as brown as the leather in her father's shop; still, every body loved Kitty, because she had such a warm, good heart, and because she was so kind to her honest old father.

Uncle Tim had no wife. She had been dead many years. I should not wonder if Uncle Tim did not grieve much, for she was a very cross, quarrelsome, disagreeable person, and made him very unhappy.

Little Kitty was his housekeeper now, although she was only seven years old.—She and her father lived in a room at the back of the shop, and Uncle Tim did the cooking, while Kitty washed the dishes, made the bed, and tidied up the small room with her own nimble little fingers. When she had quite done, she would run into the shop, steal behind her father, throw her chubby brown arms about his neck, and give him a kiss that would make him sing like a lark for many an hour after.

While his fingers were busy at his lapstone he was thinking—not of the coarse boots and shoes he was making, but of little Kitty—how he meant to send her to school—how he meant she should learn to read and write, and know a great deal more than ever he did, when he was young, and how he meant to save up all his money in the old yarn stocking, till he got enough to put in the bank for Kitty—so that when he died she need not go drifting round the world, trying to earn her bread and butter among cold, stony-hearted strangers.

Uncle Tim found some time to play, too. When it came sundown, he and Kitty, and the old yellow dog, Jowler, would start off on a stroll. It was very funny to see little Kitty fasten down the windows with an old nail, before she started, like some old housekeeper, and put the tea-kettle on the left-hand corner of the fire-place, and take such a careful look about to see if everything was right, before turning the key. When they got out into the fields they both enjoyed the fresh air as only industrious people can. Every breath they drew seemed a luxury; and as to Uncle Tim, I don't know which was the younger, he or Kitty, her merry laugh would ring through the woods till the little birds would catch it up and echo it back again.

Then, when they reached home they had such a good appetite for their brown bread and milk. Oh! I can tell you, Uncle Tim and Miss Kitty wouldn't have thanked Queen Victoria for the gift of her sceptre, they were so happy.

One day Kitty asked Uncle Tim to let her go huckle-berrying. She said she knew a field where they were "as thick as blades of grass." Uncle Tim could not go with her, because Sam Spike, the blacksmith, was in a hurry for a pair of boots to be married in, and of course Sam couldn't wait for all the huckleberries in creation; so Tim stayed at home, singing and humming, while Kitty rode on her calico sun-bonnet, slung her basket on her little brown arm, and trudged off with her dog Jowler.

Jowler was very good company. Kitty and he used to have long consultations about all sorts of things. Kitty always knew by the way he wagged his tail whether he agreed with her or not. When any other dog came up to speak to him, he'd look up into Kitty's little freckled face, to see if she considered the dog a proper acquaintance, and if she shook her head, he'd give him a look out of his eyes, as much as to say, "It's no use," and trot demurely on after Kitty.

Well, Jowler and she picked a quart of huckleberries, and then Kitty started for home, Jowler carrying the basket in his mouth part of the way, when Kitty spied any flowers she wished to pick. When she had plucked all she wanted she determined to take a shorter cut home across the fields, and down on the rail-road track. So they trotted on, Kitty singing the while.

By and by they reached the track. Kitty looked—there were no cars coming as far as she could see. To be sure there was a curve in the road just behind her, (round which the eye couldn't look) but she was not afraid. Just then Jowler dropped the basket and spilt the huckleberries. Kitty was so sorry—but she stooped down to gather them up, when a train whisked like lightning round the curve of the road, and poor little Kitty was crushed to death in an instant!

Jowler wasn't killed—faithful Jowler—he trotted home to Uncle Tim, who sat singing at his work, and leaped upon him and whined, and tugged at his coat, till Uncle Tim threw down the blacksmith's boots and followed him, for he knew something must be the matter. Perhaps Kitty had fallen over a stone wall, and lamed her foot—who knew! So Jowler ran backwards and forwards, barking and whining, till he brought Uncle Tim to the railroad track.

Was that crushed mass of flesh and bone little Kitty?—his Kitty?—all he had in the wide world to love? Uncle Tim looked once, and fell upon the earth as senseless as a stone. Ever

since he has been quite crazy. All he cares to do is to draw that little wooden horse that Kitty used to play with, hoping to coax her back to him.

Poor old Tim! Would you throw another stone at him, boys? Would you hunt the weary old man through the streets like some wild beast? Would you taunt and sneer, and shout in his ears "Old crazy Tim!—old crazy Tim!" Oh, no—no! Pick a flower and give him, as Kitty used; take his hand—poor, harmless old man—and walk along with him; may be he'll fancy you are little Kitty, (who knows?) and smile once more before he dies. Poor Uncle Tim!—Fanny Fern.

SEED SOWN BY THE WAYSIDE.

In the midst of Kentucky, at the foot of a mountain, stood a small cottage, concealed from view by overhanging trees. The birch, the maple, the stately oak, and graceful elm, were grouped together; and as I eye glanced upwards, tints of every hue blended in wild profusion. The branches, which in summer swayed to and fro in the south wind, and emitted sounds not unlike the strains of distant music, now dashed in impotent fury against the humble casement window. The stream, which an hour since smiled in peaceful beauty, now rolled its dark waters on rapidly, while the distant prairie looked like the agitated billows of the ocean. Large drops of rain began to fall, and as the congregated masses of dark clouds seemed to grow heavier over this humble dwelling, the lurch was quietly moved, the door opened, and a female face appeared, looking to the right and left, with much anxiety.

"Is he come, mother?" said a feeble voice from within.

"Not yet, my child; it is too early." The little sufferer sighed, as if acquiescing in the necessity. Then, after a few moments, "Mother, mother?" he cried, starting up from his low pallet and looking around affrighted at the storm.

"What is it, my dear boy?" said she, taking his burning hand.

"O mother, don't you wish Jesus was here, that blessed little children? You know the good man with the books told us of him. I am very sick; perhaps he could make me better."

"Shall I read you something about this blessed Jesus?"

"No; tell me, mother! tell me?" The mother bent over him. Recollections of early reading came fast to her mind as she said: "The widow of Nain had an only son, and he died; and—"

"Will I die, mother?"

"I hope not," she fervently ejaculated.

"Oh! can't you tell me a prayer, mother? The good gentleman said I must pray every day."

The weeping widow knelt down, folded his little hands in hers, and said, "Pray God forgive my sins, take away my wicked heart, and make me to love Jesus."—The child repeated it after her, and then said, "I will say it softly, mother; it hurts me to speak."

His infant lips moved in prayer, till he slept! The mother watched the lowly couch, a petition often coming from her heart that the boy might live; that grace might be given her to bear this great sorrow. She took down her new Bible—the gift of the colporteur—and opened its pages. But no mark was there placed upon such a precious promise verified; no remembrance of the past rose to mind, that there the comforter was given, that there the bond of sin was broken, that there the purity and truth of God was manifested, and his love to a guilty world redeemed. She and that precious book were strangers.

The father entered, accompanied by a boy about twelve years of age. The labor of the week was over. The mother pointed in silent agony to the changed face of the child! The father's hard features embrowned by toil and exposure, worked with suppressed emotion; while the lad, awed by the mysterious influences around, seated himself on a low bench in the corner.

The Sabbath morning rose, fair and beautiful without; but the Angel of Death had entered that lowly dwelling, and all within was changed. The mother read her Bible, and occasionally uncovered the pale face of her child! Thoughts of the past crowded upon her mind. The days of childhood, of Christian instruction, of holy communion, of consecrated Sabbaths, rose before her. She thought of the influence of worldly cares in their new home, unchecked by the preaching of the gospel or the reading of God's word.

"Yes, a great many times, my dear," said her mother.

wants. And the poor people blessed him, and called him an angel of God.

Hermas smiled, and said: "Thus turn always the grateful countenance first to heaven and then to earth."

THE SHELLS.

"A father returned from the sea-side, and brought home for his son some pretty shells, which he had gathered on the beach. The boy's delight was inexpressible when he received the beautiful and many-colored productions of the sea; he arranged them with care and attention in a neat little box, and exhibited them to his playmates; so that there was much talk among the children of the village about the beautiful shells and the treasure-box of the boy. He counted them every morning, discovered daily some new beauty, and gave to each shell a name. For the love and delight of childish simplicity are ingenious, and rich in pleasant words.

After some months, his father thought, I will prepare for him a greater pleasure and delight. And he said to him: "We will go to the sea-side; there you will admire the number of beautiful shells, and may collect and choose as many as you desire for yourself."

When they went to the beach at the ebb of the tide, the boy was surprised at the abundance of shells of diverse colours which lay scattered about; and he went up and down collecting them. But each appeared to him more beautiful than the last, and he continued picking up new ones, and exchanging those which he had for those which he found. Thus he went on, choosing, changing, and doubting, and afterwards became confused. Tired, at length, with stooping, and examining, and comparing, he threw away all the shells he had collected; and when he returned home, empty-handed and out of humor, he gave away all those which had before afforded him so much pleasure.

Then his father was very sorry, and said: "I have not acted wisely; but my foolishness has taken from my child his simplicity, and from both of us our joy."—Krummacher's Parables.

WHAT FAMILY GOVERNMENT IS.

It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye; to frown at their merry outbursts of innocent hilarity; to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into melancholy little models of octogenarian gravity.

And when they have been in fault, it is not to punish them simply on account of the personal injury that you may have changed to suffer in consequence of their fault; while disobedience, unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without rebuke.

Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with a flood of angry words; to stun him with a deafening noise; to call him by hard names, which do not express his misdeeds; to load him with epithets, which would be extravagant, if applied to a fault of old-fashioned enormity; or to declare "passionate reprobation that he is the worst in the village and destined to the gallows.

But it is to watch anxiously for the first risings of sin, and to repress them; to counteract the earliest workings of selfishness; to teach an implicit and unquestioning obedience to the will of the parent, as the best preparation for a future allegiance to the requirements of a civil magistrate, and to the laws of the great Ruler and Father in heaven.

It is to punish a fault because it is a fault; because it is sinful and contrary to the commands of God; without reference to whether it may or not have been productive of immediate injury to the parent or to others.

It is to reprove with calmness and composure, and not with angry irritation; in few words, fitly chosen, and not with a torrent of abuse; to punish as often as you threaten, and threaten only when you both intend and can remember to perform; to say what you mean and infallibly to do as you say.

It is to govern your family as in the sight of Him, who gave you your authority; who will reward your strict fidelity with such blessings as he bestowed on Abraham, or punish your criminal neglect with such curses as he visited on Eli.

READING THE BIBLE.

"Mamma, why do you read the Bible so much?" said little Mary to her mother; "haven't you read it all through?"

"Yes, a great many times, my dear," said her mother.

"Well, then, you must know all there is in it, by this time, and you read it every day, don't you?"

"Do you remember last summer, Mary, when you were away at Miss Brooke's school?"

"Yes, mamma."

"The sun is up now, and shining brightly.—Things appear the same, and yet different. How is it? There was a big tree used to stand at the corner; and where is the Carver's cottage?"

Three days ago I landed at Portsmouth. It was on my birth-day. For ten long years have I been sailing about on the sea and wandering about on the land. How things come over me! I am a man; but for that I could sit down and cry like a child.

It seems to me as yesterday since I ran away from home. I got up in the morning at sunrise, while my father and mother were asleep. Many and many a time had I been undutiful to my poor mother and unkind to my father, and the day before he told me how wrong it was. He spoke kindly, and in sorrow, but my pride would not bear it; I thought I would leave home. What is it that makes me tremble so now?

My father coughed as I went by his door, and I thought I heard my mother speak to him; so I stood a moment, with my little bundle in my hand, holding my breath.—He coughed again. I have seemed to hear that cough in every part of the world.

When I had unlocked the door, my heart failed me; for my sister had kissed me over night, and told me she had something to tell me in the morning. I knew what it was; she had been knitting a pair of garters to give me on my birth-day. I went back, opened the door of her little room and looked at her; but my tears fell on the bed clothes, and I was afraid it would awake her. Half blinded I groped down stairs.

Just as I had gently closed the door, the casement rattled above my head. I looked up, and there was my mother. She spoke to me, and when I did not answer, she cried aloud to me. That cry has rung in my ear ever since, and in my very dreams.

As I hurried away, I felt, I suppose, as Cain felt when he murdered his brother.—My father, my mother and my sister, had been kind to me, I had been unkind to them; and in leaving thus, I felt as if I was murdering them all.

Had I been a robber, I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say that for?—I was a robber! I was robbing them of their peace. I was stealing from them what the whole world could not make up for them; yet on I went. Oh that I could bring back that hour.

The hills look as purple as yale did when I used to climb them. The rocks are caving among the elms by the church. I was wondering if they are the same rocks! There's a shivering comes over me as I get nearer home. Home! I feel that there's no home for me.

Here is the corner of the hedge, and the old seat, but my father is not in it. There is the patch of ground that my sister called her garden, but she is not walking in it.—And yonder is the bedroom window, my mother is not looking out of it now. That cry! that cry!

I see how it is. There are none of them left now. The weeds grow in this fashion, nor let the thatch fall in, and my mother and sister would never suffer that straw through the broken panes.

I'll rap at the door, any low. How hollow it sounds! Nobody stirs. All is silent as the grave. I'll creep in at the window.—It's an empty house, that's clear. Ten long years! How could it be otherwise? I can bear hard work and thirst, but I can't bear this.

The elderberry is in blossom as it was when I ran away; and the woodbine is as fresh as ever, running to the window which my mother opened to call after me. I could call after her now loud enough to be heard a mile, if I thought she could hear me.

It's no use stopping here. I'll cross the churchyard to see if the clerk lives where he did; but he wouldn't know me. My cheek was like the rose when I went away, but the sun has made it another color.

This is a new gate. How narrow the path is between the graves! The old sundial I see standing there yet. The last time I was in that church my father was with me, and the text was—"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."—Oh what a curse we bring upon us when we despise God's holy word!

My uncle lies under the yew trees, there, and he had a grave stone. Here it is.—It's written all over, now quite to the bottom.—In memory of Humphrey Hayeroff. But what is the name under?—"Walter Hayeroff." My father! my father! "And Mary, his wife." Oh! my mother, and are you both gone? God's hand is heavy upon me! I feel it with my heart and soul.

And there is another name yet, and it's freshly cut. "Esther Hayeroff, their daughter, aged 24." My father! my mother! my sister! Why did not the sea swallow me up when I was wrecked? I'll descend it.—What is the world to me now? I feel, bitterly felt the sin of disobedience; the words come to me now: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

But yet I recollect how my dear mother used to point me to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. "There is no refuge beside," said mother, "Christ is able and willing to save." I paid but little attention to these words once. Oh! may I never forget them now.

Colonial Summary. LECTURE OF DR. BETHUNE ON SACRED AND PROFANE HISTORY.—DIOCESAN COURSE.—The object of the lecture was to trace the connection between sacred and profane history. The first point selected from the sacred history was the creation of man "in the image of God"—his vestiges of heaven, historians and poets, such as Hesiod and Ovid. The practice of sacrifice, mentioned as the proximate cause of the murder of Abel, had been observed in all ages and countries, and although the divine origin and typical design of sacrifice was forgotten in the heathen nations were given from Hesiod, Ovid and Virgil affording a striking example of correspondence between Scripture and heathen tradition. The lecturer showed how the remembrance of the deluge is to be found in the annals of almost every people, in commemorative rites and em-

blems, alluding to the rescue of one man or of one family, and in the fossil remains of animals. Berossus, the Chaldean historian was quoted, who speaks particularly of the ark, and says, that it rested on the highest parts of the Armenian mountains. The accounts given in the books of Brahmans were mentioned as very remarkable, as they accorded in many particulars with the account of Moses. To these testimonies were added the traditions of the Chinese. The cases of Ishmael and Esau were considered at great length, and the fulfillment of prophecy with regard to them and their descendants fully established by historians and travellers, ancient and modern. The lecturer concluded by stating that he had selected these few coincident facts of sacred and profane history, as amongst the most ancient and striking; that it would not be difficult to multiply them to the extent of many lectures.—Abridged from the Montreal Herald.

DESTRUCTIVE INUNDATION.—The Indian village of St. Regis has been flooded by the St. Lawrence in consequence of an ice dam having formed across the river. Sixteen houses have been demolished and damaged.

THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY OF TORONTO. The following is the list of Officers for the ensuing year:— President—John George Bowers, Esq. Vice-Presidents—M. P. Hayes, Esq.; Ogilvie R. Gowan, Esq.; D. K. Feehan, Esq. Treasurer—Samuel T. Green, Esq. Secretary—James Gitzinger, Esq. Committee—Walter B. Skelton, Rice Lewis; James Hallinan; John Duggan; John Perkins; Thomas McCloskey; James Manning; John Scott, M.D.; Thos. Hayes; Esquires. Chaplain—Rev. Stephen Lett, LL.D.; Rev. P. Malloy. Physicians—John King, M.D.; George Herrick, M.D. Standard Bearer—John Tully, Esq.; N. Hopkins, Esq.

In reference to the above, we have been requested to insert the following letter which appeared in this morning's Patriot:— St. George's Square, Toronto, Feb. 21, 1854. Sir,—In your paper of this date, under the heading "St. Patrick's Society," you give the names of the several gentlemen who were lately elected as Officers-bearers of the Society; amongst them are the names of the Rev. Stephen Lett and the Rev. Patrick Malloy!! as Chaplains. I wish to state that I never authorized my name being so used, and for obvious reasons I wish it now withdrawn.

Your obedient servant, STEPHEN LETT.

Advertisements.

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For further particulars, apply (if by letter, prepaid) to the Secretary of the Church Society, Toronto. October 26, 1853. 13

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All losses promptly adjusted. Letters by Mail must be post-paid. Toronto, June 5, 1850. 21-1f

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The undersigned has made arrangements for the regular receipt of the above publications, and will receive orders for them at the following rates, delivered in Toronto, or mailed to any part of the Province: For one or more copies (less than eight) 1s. 6d. each copy, per annum. Eight copies to one address, 10s. per annum payable invariably in advance. HENRY ROWSELL, Church Depository, King Street, Toronto. 5-1f

HERBERT MORTIMER, BROKER, House, Land and General Agent, No. 80, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. (Opposite St. James's Church.) Reference kindly permitted to J. Cameron, Esq., T. C. Rogers, Esq., Jas. Brown, Esq., W. McMaster, Esq., P. Patterson, Esq., Messrs. J. C. Beckett & Co., Messrs. Hall, Crawford & Hagarty, Ridout Brothers & Co., Ross, Mitchell & Co.

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