n

n

y

e

re

le

d

h

ls

ir

ie

e,

oe

ls

KS

ry

ey ill

m

m

a-

ny

of sobriety and reverence for God's holy name. But what is far better than all I am indebted to him (with God's blessing his faithful labours,) for the youthful piety of my daughter, and my own attention to religion.' 'Tell Mr. Johnston,' said the daughter, 'that I should like to see him, to again thank him for the little tract Twelve Months' Warning which he read in the Sabbath School seven years ago, which I, a poor ragged girl, took home to read to my drunken mother. Tell him I still have the tract, and would not part with it on any account.' 'Yes,' said the mother, 'and do not forget to tell him that from the time I heard that tract read I abandoned my wicked ways, attended his meeting, asked him for a Bible, and went on prospering more and more, so that now I own a handsome little property not far from Hamilton." The man acknowledged that this anecdote which his wife related was an excellent argument for Sabbath Schools, but he said he wished to think the matter over before consenting to send his children.

November, 1860.—About ten years ago there was a Roman Catholic family in the neighbourhood of the Don—a husband, wife, and two children—who had no settled place of abode, but who, after wandering about from place to place during the day seeking employment, and spending most of their earnings in drink, slept at night in sheds or under bushes by the roadsides. These wretched beings were persuaded to send their two children (a boy 10 years old, and a girl eight,) to our Sabbath School. They attended regularly and soon learned to read, and obtained Bibles and other good books from the school, for which the parents seemed thankful. Five years after this, when three more children had been added to the family, the