

"Ah! I know," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his hand, "you have been giving something to some poor beggar, as you did last week, and he thanked you and said God bless you" and that's what makes you look so happy.

"Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile, but he said nothing, only kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

RELIGION OUR BEST SUPPORT ON THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Religion not only supplies the defects of the world, she compensates also the losses and trials of the world.

In the experience of every individual in the progress of life, there are "days of darkness" to be met with. We are liable to sudden reverses of fortune; to grievous disappointment of our earthly hopes; to the pains of sickness; to the anguish of bereavement; to periods, in short, of special and often hopeless calamity, during which unsupported nature is ready to sink and to be crushed. He who counts upon exemption from such calamities as these, overlooks the inevitable lot of human life. He forgets the necessary conditions of our existence in a world of affliction. Not far is a man permitted to travel on the journey of life before meeting with such occurrences as these. The morning of his life may be fair and promising, but it is soon overcast with clouds and darkened with calamity. He finds his way not only obstructed with ordinary difficulties, but misfortune overtakes him; disease enfeebles him; poverty threatens him; bereavement sinks and disheartens him; his "name is cast out as evil." To such and similar calamities is every man exposed, and sometimes they are accumulated at an early period of life, and to such a degree as to overcome the strength of the most useful and vigorous—"Even the youths faint and are weary, and the young men utterly fall," so heavy may be the burden of early and multiplied afflictions.

But what is a man to do at such periods as these, who, having embarked all his interest in the world, has no higher and better hopes to look to in the season of temporal calamity?

His situation is truly desolate, without the supports of religion, for it is religion alone that can afford any adequate compensation for the losses and trials of the world. Religion constitutes an interest in reserve, secures from all the attacks of calamity, to which we are permitted to resort when cut off from the sources of earthly felicity. It opens to us prospects in the invisible world, to cheer us when darkness surrounds our present state. It unfolds the rich storehouse of the divine promises—it discloses to us the hand of a benignant God, disposing all the circumstances of our lot, so that the very hairs of our head are numbered. It teaches us to look upon every thing with an eye of faith, and from the most unpromising events of life to extract lessons of wisdom and grounds of consolation.

But Religion does more than this. She not only administers consolation, she imparts additional strength. She makes the most trying occasions of afflictions the sources of spiritual renovation. "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." Yes! it is amidst the weakness and dejection of an afflicted state, that we perceive some of the most beautiful exemplifications of the power of religion.

But there is perhaps no aspect of religion more interesting and amiable than the friendly bearing it has towards a period of life that must otherwise be comparatively helpless and desolate—I mean the period of old age. To the young the world unfolds the gay and flattering visions of hope and pleasure. To those in middle life she presents large and promising enterprises, schemes of wealth and plans of personal aggrandizement. But to the aged nothing appears to be left but a load of bodily infirmities. They have survived the season of personal gratification.—They have survived the companions of their early days. They are surrounded by a new and more youthful generation, with whom they have little affinity, and they are liable, under such circumstances to pine under the sense of neglect, and give way to a feeling of loneliness and desolation. How cold and cheerless, alas! is this period of life, when left to the resources of an unsanctified world.

But religion, like an angel of mercy, comes to its aid. She takes up those whom the world abandons, and converts, this otherwise comfortless and serenity. In no circumstances of life does religion impart such an aspect of dignity and veneration. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness"—"Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of God—they shall bring forth fruits in old age, to show that the Lord is upright, and that there is no unfaithfulness in him." Such are some of the attractive aspects under which true religion presents herself.

How false then must be the impressions of those who look upon it as hostile to their happiness—as abridging their enjoyments—and who associate with it ideas only of repulsiveness and gloom. Religion is hostile to no pleasure that can be enjoyed without a blush—to nothing that is not equally opposed to our highest and best welfare. She does not indeed, flatter our sins, nor humour our folly. She is a faithful friend that reproves our sins; admonishes us of our dangers, and strives to turn us back to the paths of life and peace. She looks with encouragement towards the smallest indications of penitence and reformation, and to those who commit themselves to her guidance and instruction, she proves a tried and powerful friend; ever present to minister sympathy and support—cheering them in the hours of loneliness—watching by the

bedside of sickness—holding the aching head of pain, and smoothing the pillow of anguish and of death.

Follow travellers on the journey of life, we offer to you the guidance and companionship of Religion, to cheer you on your way. Certain it is, that in the progress of this journey, every human resource must fail—every human reliance give away. Youth, beauty, vigour, health, the joys and pleasures of life, the force of manly resolution, the power of the utmost perseverance, every thing must finally yield to the accumulating difficulties of the way; and at last death will come—perhaps suddenly—perhaps before this year terminates—to close the conflict, and to claim the victory. It is religion alone that will enable us to triumph. She dispenses the darkness that thickens around our way, and sheds her light even upon the closing scenes of life. She puts into the mouth of the weary pilgrim, as he expires upon the plain, the triumph song—"O death where is thy sting—O grave where is thy victory?" Come with us, and we will do you good. Come with us, and your trials will be ordered in wisdom; your losses compensated with spiritual prosperity and support, and the closing scenes of your life will be irradiated with a sacred lustre—heavenly light, that shall dispel the darkness of the tomb, and brighten at last into an eternal day.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stages of life, and are heard of no more. Why! None were blessed by them; none could point them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die. Oh man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No: your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

INDUSTRY.—To be really and practically industrious, one must improve those minute particles of time, known as "spare minutes." Of all portions of our life, these spare minutes are the most fruitful for good or evil, and are literally the gaps through which temptation finds access to the soul. Spare minutes are the gold dust of time, said Young; sands make the mountains, moments the year! Idleness wastes the man as insensibly as industry improves him; evil deeds and evil thoughts never creep in upon him who is assiduously employed upon good ones. The mind and body both require activity to keep them pure and healthy in action. Like water, if it runneth free, it is pure and wholesome; but what is there more noisome and pestilential than a stagnant pool? Diligence of itself alone is a fair fortune, and industry is a good estate to have and to hold.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.—Should ye at any time overtake the erring, and resolve to deliver him up, I will tell you whether to conduct him. Conduct him to his Lord and Master whose household he had left. Bring him back again, the stray, the lost one! Bring him back, not with halberds and halters, but generously and gently, and with the linking of the arm. In this posture shall God smile upon ye; in this posture of yours did He recognise his beloved Son upon the earth. Do ye likewise and depart in peace.

No one would praise you in a beggar's frock; be not proud of the esteem that is given to your coat.

Liberty of conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it ought to grant it.

It is better to have the praise of evil men's hatred than the scandal of their love and approbation.

PENSION.—We are happy to learn that the Queen has been graciously pleased to grant a pension of £50 a year to Mrs. Glen, widow of the Rev. William Glen, D. D., the translator of the Bible into the Persian language, and long the Persian Missionary of the United Presbyterian Church. The pension, we believe, has been granted in honor of the literary labors and attainments of the Rev. Dr. Glen.

Receipts for the Magazine.

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