

ingly to all kinds of animals, who could see a poor shivering beggar with indifference. They would spend as much money in keeping a variety of *pets*, as, if properly applied, might have gladdened the heart of many a child of sorrow. This may, perhaps, have arisen at first from the very feelings which now grieve you. Still, I do not blame you for them, but love you the more for having them. I would only caution you against a disposition you have sometimes showed, to indulge in petting animals. I would wish you to take delight in making every thing happy, for God has said, "a good man is merciful to his beast," and no doubt you all remember that one of the reasons which God designed to give the prophet Jonah for sparing Nineveh, was because that great City had in it "much cattle."

Mamma's lecture was interrupted by the noise of the bell, and the casting off of the boat.—Soon the vanishing wharf, and the houses rapidly gliding by, assured the delighted children that they were really on their journey. The different Church steeples were passed, and as each, in its turn, came opposite the boat, its name was asked and told to the little group.

Many beautiful country seats now came in sight, which each little traveller thought must be the abode of perfect happiness. "Oh, how I should like to live in that pretty house!" said one; and "How pretty it must be to run in those green fields, with the sweet trees making such a pleasant shade!" cried another.

Soon they came in sight of the mountains which little Emily had so much longed to see. Her mother pointed them out, and as the boat went very close to the shore, the children had an opportunity of viewing their bare and lofty sides, fringed on the top with what seemed to be little bushes. "Do they never grow any larger, mamma?" said Amelia. "Why should they, my dear?" said she, "they are as large as any we have seen; it is only their height above us, which deceives our sight, and makes them appear so small." Just as she spoke, it happened that two horses that were grazing on the level land above, came quite close to the edge, and the children saw clearly, by a comparison of their height with that of the trees under which they stood, how much they had been mistaken.

The beautiful variety of colours which appeared among the rocks, and in the trees that straggled here and there among them, afforded much amusement to the children. They were never tired of admiring the perpendicular face of the mountain, rising like an immense wall from the very edge of the water, and broken by the weather into many strange shapes and lines, and were very sure that "they understood now, why these mountains on the river were called Palisades."

"But those little huts, which every now and then stood like a speck in some nook of the rocks, where they seemed ready to be blown into the river by the first blast coming down the gullies,—what could they be put there for? could any body live in such miserable little places?" The answer was that the persons who occupied these lonely huts were men who got their living by digging stone out of the mountains, to be used in building: "At least, then," the children were very sure "no woman or little children could live there." The words were scarcely out of their mouths, when Amelia discovered something moving on a ledge of rock, close by the hut they were passing. After some examination it proved to be a child, which as it wore a jacket, they supposed to be a boy. Thus it was put out of doubt that women and children did really live, at least in some of them. "Poor little things," said Jane, "how I pity them! They can never go to Church, I am sure, much less to Sunday School!" Much as the children anticipated pleasure from living in the country, not a wish was heard from one of them, to dwell in these solitary huts. After listening to many of their remarks, their mother thought it proper to assure them, that it was possible, and even very likely, that there were lighter hearts, and sounder slumbers, in some of these despised cottages, than in many of the gay and beautiful mansions which they had so much admired.

What she told them to prove this, and how the little party were met by a shower, and the history of their arrival, I must leave for another number: for I find that in spite of myself my pen will scribble faster, and more than I intend. W.

Children's Magazine.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN WITH MARY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

I.

Love is not of the Earth!
A Ray that issued from the Throne of Heaven
First warmed it into birth!
And then to dwellers of the dust 'twas given;
Their pearl of price, their gem of peerless worth.
Ere from blest Eden's shade their first frail Sire was driven.

II.

But love, the pure, the bright,
Hath lost on earth its glory, and hath fled
To its own realms of light;
Scarce lingering o'er the forgotten dead,
Where in the lonely place of tombs, by night,
The mute, fond prayer is breathed—the silent tear is shed.

III.

Love is no more divine,
Save when it seeks the source from whence it came—
Forsakes its mortal shrine,
And like the Prophet, on a car of flame
Mounts to the Holiest! Such, dear Saint, was thine.
When thine expiring Lord endured the cross of shame.

IV.

Thou didst not heed the cry
Of myriad voices, clamouring fierce for blood!
The truest turned to fly,—
The boldest quailed,—but firm the weaker stood!
Thy heart endured to watch His agony,
Unawed by scoffing priests and warriors fierce of mood.

V.

Yea, when his parting groan
Smote, like Death's fearful summons, on thy ear,
Thou didst not seek alone
Idly to shed the fond yet fruitless tear;—
By thee the last sad care of Love were shewn—
Composed the stiffening limbs, and spread the decent bier.

VI.

They laid him in the tomb—
Thou followedst still—and morning's earliest ray
And midnight's latest gloom
Still found thee watching where the Saviour lay;
The earth was there thy bed, the cave thy home,
Till the sealed grave was rent—the stone was rolled away.

VII.

The Victor Victim rose—
And what, true Saint, was then thy meek reward?
The eye that watched his woes
Was first to hail the rising of the Lord!
O when were tears so pure, so blest as those
Which gushed, when at his feet she knelt—gazed—wept—adored!
From the Iris.

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