

makes 8760. But I think I should count the minutes—the moments; for God is *always* doing me good. How many moments are there in a year? What a vast number! But let me count the greater mercies. There are my dear parents, who have been spared to me all the year, two marks for this; health preserved, another; food, another; clothing, another; teachers, books, cheerful companions, and merry play, more still: the Bible! a broad mark for that! *Sabbath's, fifty-two.* O dear! I cannot reckon: my slate is becoming full of figures and marks, and yet I keep thinking of more mercies. I must give it up."

And this was just what King David himself was obliged to do. I do not know that he had ever tried to reckon in a way like the little boy's, the thoughts of God's love to him. But I do know that he felt the task to be too hard for him; for here, in the 139th Psalm, are the words, "If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand."

Think of them, dear children, more and more; and pray, not only that God's mercies still may come, but that you may be always mindful and thankful, and never forget the Giver while you receive the gift.—*Union Magazine.*

---

### THE NEW VOLUME.

The next number will be the first of the third volume. It therefore presents a suitable opportunity for a large accession to our list of subscribers. We hope to attain a much wider circulation than has yet been reached.

---

### A HYMN FROM INDIA.

Most of our young readers are fond of singing, especially of singing the many beautiful hymns used in our Sabbath Schools. They will therefore be pleased to learn that the orphan girls at Calcutta also take great delight in this exercise. Perhaps we shall yet be able to join them in singing the glorious song of praise before the throne of God in heaven.

Wishing to have something in common to sing with us, one of the girls named Julia has copied out and sent to our Treasurer the following beautiful hymn, which is one of their favorites. Many of us know it well; but, for the sake of those who do not, we give the hymn and music, so that all may learn to sing it:—

CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE,  
7th December, 1857.