

learned that she must soon die. But death did not frighten this little girl, for she loved her Saviour, and she knew that he would go with her through the dark valley, and take her to the happy land far, far away. So when her last moments came, she lay calmly expecting it, and closed her eyes with her own hands, and then her spirit flew away to a brighter world. Many tears were shed at the death of little Emeline.

And now, my dear children, have you given your hearts to God? Perhaps you are afraid that if you become religious you would not be so happy as you now are; but you need not fear this, for no one is so happy as the true Christian.—Little Emeline was happy and cheerful; and if you had been with her, you would have heard her laugh ringing so merrily that you would scarcely have thought a poor deformed and weakly little girl could be so happy. And so, dear children, religion will make you happy, not only in health, but in sickness too.

But this child was useful; she did good while she lived. An' cannot the little girls who read this, imitate her example? Some of you can sew, and all of you can save your pennies to send to the Missionaries, who are teaching the poor heathen, or you can give them to buy books for the little children in our own country, who have no one to care for their souls.

And remember, dear children, that you too may die while you are young. There are a great many little graves in the churchyards and cemeteries. And could you die as peacefully as little Emeline? Not unless you have loved your Saviour, and tried to serve him as she did. And now let me ask, who would not rather be like little Emeline, than to be gay and fashionable and admired?—She has gone to the world where there is no pain, or sickness, or sorrow, but all is joy and happiness. Dear children you may meet this little girl before the throne of God, if you learn to love your Saviour, if you are kind to all around you, and study every day to do the will of God.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

THE FIRST CIGAR.—Among a certain class of ill-trained boys, smoking and chewing tobacco are thought to be unquestionable requisites to all who would be considered manly and independent. A few days ago, I saw a ragged, pale-faced, sorry-looking boy, about seven years old, puffing what was evidently his first cigar. He stood leaning against a house, his cheeks drawn in, his eyes red and watery, his countenance bearing the expression of nausea, and altogether looking as tho' he was ready to repent of his foolish bargain. Several other lads, a little older, stood around, encouraging him and anxiously awaiting the result of the experiment. Poor, silly boy! He probably thought it was a fine, manly thing he was learning, instead of a dirty disgusting and unhealthy habit, which will prove a curse to him as long as he lives, if not broken up. I can hardly believe he would have endured the deathly nausea of that first cigar with such martyr-like patience, had he suspected the real nature of the process he was going through.

There are other boys every day going through the same initiatory steps under the same strange delusion. Some, into whose hands this paper will fall, may be exposed to the same danger. To such I would say, beware how you acquire this habit. The use of tobacco, whether by chewing, smoking, or snuffing, is both a physical and a moral evil. It is only evil, and evil continually. The most skillful physicians in the world have testified to its dangerous effects upon the system. The most eminent men in the various other walks of life, clergymen and teachers, judges, and lawyers, men of literature, art, science and morals, have denounced the use of tobacco as one of the greatest evils of the day. It would be difficult to find a candid and well-informed man who would seriously deny this position, so well-established is the fact.

Selections.

CHINA.—The present state of China is only one of the many indications of the progress of change in every quarter of this globe. Turkey has for some time engaged the attention of statesmen desirous to maintain the present condition of Europe, and every year it has become more evident that the empire of the false prophet is crumbling away, and that his dominion will not long continue to enslave the glorious land which was given in covenant to Abraham "the friend of God," to him in whom the whole families of the earth are blessed. India with its teeming population is beginning to hear the gospel of salvation, and "over many an ancient river and many a palmy plain" the voice of hallelujah is heard, where at no distant period there brooded the gross darkness of a cruel and hateful superstition.

But whilst Christian Missions have in India been stealing onwards in spite of the sordid opposition of its commercial rulers, China has hitherto presented an almost impassable barrier to the progress of the true faith. This is, indeed, an awful fact in the eyes of those who read and believe, that there is no salvation but through the knowledge of Christ, and that the idolatrous heathen are "without hope and without God in the world." The government of China dreads change; it is pre-eminently conservative of evil as well as good, and like the empire of Japan, sedulously excludes the entrance of foreign innovations. Unhappily England was for a long period best known to the Chinese as the importers of opium in exchange for tea, and the revenue derived by the East India Company from this tainted source, was one of their chief motives for desiring to maintain that monopoly of trade which is now happily destroyed.

But there is now a shaking in China, a slow and gradual revolution which menaces the Imperial dynasty with overthrow, and perhaps is about to usher in a new order of things, which may give free scope to the proclamation of the only means by which either nations or individuals can be truly reclaimed.

The rebellion which has assumed so threatening an aspect commenced some years ago, in the district of Quangsee and Quantong, and it is the inhabitants of these southern provinces who still form the strength of the rebel army, before which the Imperial troops have gradually receded towards Nankin. For some time it has been reported that consternation prevailed in all the towns between Woodchang and Nankin, which stand upon the same river, although separated by an interval of 500 miles. According to the last brief announcement Nankin had fallen into the hands of the rebels who, in November last, mustered 50,000 fighting men. To this announcement is appended the observation that nothing but European intervention can keep "the Emperor on his throne." If the rebellion only concerns the substitution of one prince, or even one dynasty for another, it cannot much concern this country. It was in 1644, when England was involved in the great civil war, that the Manchoo Tartars succeeded in subduing China and establishing their dominion. Two hundred years afterwards the prestige of Tartar power received its greatest blow from the arms of England; and now it is, at all events, a matter of interesting speculation, to consider whether its stereotyped system of Chinese government is not about to be broken up in such a way, as to throw down that rampart of prejudice which has isolated three hundred millions of the human race from the influence of Christianity, more even than that boasted wall which stretching along the western frontier of their vast empire, used to be numbered amongst the seven great wonders of the world.—*Record.*

THE RECENT CALAMITY AT NORWALK.—Has to be ranked as one of the most terrible in the dark list of railroad disasters. Of two hundred passengers who left this city in the cars on the morning of the 6th, in less than three hours forty-seven were hurled into eternity, and of thirty-eight of the survivors some are still struggling for recovery, and many are bruised and mangled for life. All faces in the community gather blackness, and every tongue is loud in condemnation, because the disaster is without excuse or palliation. It was not a common accident, but a wholesale slaughter: the result of a recklessness disgraceful to a civilized people. "Oh, what a melancholy scene was that!" writes one who escaped. "The exclamation of thankfulness to God for my kind preservation was followed by thoughts of my narrow escape, which were pressed home upon me still more closely when I recognized lying among the dead him for whom I had given up my seat at New York, and had taken the succeeding car;—he who had travelled from Georgia in safety so far, with the seeds of disease so implanted in him, that it was doubtful if he could reach home, was taken, and I was left; and then was the remembrance of that solemn supplication in the Litany, 'From battle and murder, and from sudden death, good Lord deliver us.' Following upon this were thoughts of home and its happy inmates: that had I been at the bottom of the wreck, what wretchedness, what darkness had been there; and yet the same that I pictured for myself will be felt in many families, and my sympathy was turned to them."

This is a time, however, for other duties besides censuring the blameworthy, and demanding the enforcement of human law. Does not a sudden and overwhelming catastrophe call to us in the loudest tone to consider the uncertainty of life and the immeasurable extent of our future being? Man goeth forth from home with bounding step and heart elated, pleas-

ed with the reminiscence of the past, and with sportive joy anticipating the coming scene. His path unconsciously, conducts him to his end. With heedless movement he hurries to the slippery vorge. Sudden he sinks. The shades of darkness pass over his spirit. His eyes are closed in death. Happy, thrice happy, if they re-open on the face of his Redeemer and his God.—*Prot. Churchman.*

THE THREE LAMPS.—At thy birth, reader, three lamps were lit. In the secret place of the Most High they stand. An eye that never sleeps watches over them. Each lamp hath seven branches; and every branch supports unearthly fire. As thou livest, feebly or vigorously, so burns the lamp of life; as thou learnest, idly or industriously, so burns the lamp of truth; and according to thy choice or neglect of the great salvation finished on the cross, is the light or darkness of the lamp of mercy.

How is it with thee, reader? I ask it, because I desire that it may be well with thee. Art thou young? Thy lamp of life may be put out to-morrow—to-day—this hour. Art thou old? Its flame burns feebly, and will soon become extinct. Art thou wise in the wisdom of this world? Such lore will not add one drop of oil to thy lamp of truth. Learn of Him who was meek and lowly of heart, and thou shalt have "light and gladness." Art thou seeking, or hast thou sought redemption through the blood of Jesus? Thy lamp of mercy glows with wondrous brightness. Are thy affections in league with sin? Is thy soul confederate with unbelief? By the terrors of the Lord, by the power of the Most High, I beseech thee to beware. In a voice of thunder I would speak it; Thy lamp of mercy may be put out, by the Eternal Watcher of mankind, even whilst thy lamp of life and truth are burning. Horror! horror! tenfold horror! to live on earth an heir of the torments of hell! In the Divine record above, there may soon be written of thee—"Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone." "This man, because of his blasphemous unbelief, I the faithful Recorder of heaven, do now give over to believe a lie; yea, he shall be damned, because he believes not the truth."

O, reader! I exceedingly fear and tremble, although, blessed be God, mercy clothes me like a garment.—How is it with thee? With deep and sincere affection I ask it. Hast thou one spark of desire God-ward? Art thou prodigal, and hast thou one, only one tender remembrance of thy kind Father? Then heartily do I congratulate thee. Earnestly do I implore thee to lose no time in returning to thy Father's house—in fleeing to the Rock of Ages to hide thee. For, as yet thy lamp of mercy is still burning. The ever-blessed Son of God, is able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him. There is no exception; only come, and thy lamp of mercy will never go out.—*P. Drummond.*

THE LIST OF PERVERTS.—The Roman Catholic papers are passing around what purports to be a list of 185 English and American clergymen who have made their submission to the Pope since 1842, out of eighteen or nineteen thousand who have not kissed his yoke. A Baltimore paper, in the following reply, refers to facts which expose the vanity of such boasting:—"The list of Protestant clergymen who have joined the Church of Rome, which appeared in the Sun of Saturday, would have been more complete had it contained the names of those who, after having taken this step, had repented and returned to Scriptural Christianity, such as Connelly, Sibthorp and Jephson. It would have been more favorable to an impartial judgement had it contained another column of the names of those priests who have forsaken the Church of Rome in the same period of time. It would have furnished better material for a future history of the times, had it recorded that in Ireland a single Protestant bishop had in three years received into the Church 2,414 converted Romanists and that nearly thirty thousand have in that country conformed in a few years, and that by an estimate of a delegate that came to this country to solicit contributions to an Irish university projected by the Roman Catholics, they have lost in the United States, within sixteen or eighteen years, more than two millions of their people. It would have been curious and interesting too, if we had been told what Protestant shepherd had become so intolerable to his flock as to be compelled to flee from them to save his life, and who now could only live among them under a guard of foreign bayonets."

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—A recent census of the Sandwich Islands exhibits some facts of startling interest, and which illustrate in the most unmistakable manner the vital law that the inferior race must give place to the stronger. The present population of the seven Islands forming the group is 80,641. The deaths during the last year were only 1478—an average of six deaths to one birth. The foreigners numbering only 1787. This is an extraordinary state of things, and we doubt whether its parallel can be found in the history of the world. In the time of Cook, this people numbered 400,000; and thus in seventy years they decreased 320,000. In 1836 they numbered 108,577—decrease in seventeen years nearly 28,000. Such a rapid decrease of native population is a deeply melancholy spectacle. At the present rate of decrease, another generation will hardly pass away ere this people will be blotted from the face of the earth.