Moetry.

THE LIFE GUAGE. They err who measure life by years, With false or thoughtless tongue, Some hearts grow old before their time,

Others are always young. 'Tis not the number of the lines On Life's fast filling page,
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs
Which constitutes their age.

Some souls are serfs among the free, While others nobly thrive;
They stand just where their fathers stood,
Dead, even while they live.

Others, all spirit, heart and sense, Theirs the mysterious power To live in thrills of joy or woe, A twelvemonth in an hour.

Seize then the minutes as they pass; The woof of Life is Thought! Warm up the colors, let them glow, By fire of fancy fraught.

Live to some purpose—make thy life A gift of use to thee! A joy, a good, a golden hope, A heavenly argosy!

Family Reading

THE EVENING READING. (From the Churchman's Companion.) "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth, lessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the fildren of God."—S. Matt. v. 5, 9.

"And thus she walks among her girls, With praise and mild rebukes; Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.
She reads to them at eventide,

To cast the captive's chains aside;
To liberate the slave."—Longfellow. I have heard many people say-and earnest, good people too-that they did not know how to employ Sunday evening; that they were grieved to allow such to be the case. and blamed themselves for the very feeling; but yet that it was a fact that they were over! It may be even that I have felt something of the sort myself, -a kind of weariness of body and spirit that it was difficult to shake off, and that no effort of my own will was therefore very anxious to write down an ac- again. count of a Sunday evening, in a place where I have spent many happy hours; in the hope story may take the lesson it gave me to their hearts, and "go and do likewise."

It was at a rather large house in the country that I was staying in February, 18 -.. rustled the leafless branches of the beech Deep red curtains were drawn over the two large windows; the fire had just been replengleams upon the quaint old figures which said, were earved on a highly varnished wooden place and the door.

my own special request, to the "evening read- to tell Ellen you are sorry at once?" Seated in a dark corner, behind the friendly shelter of a large antique screen, I | did not answer. was able fully to take in the scene before me, (O, for the pencil of an artist to render it as your wrath," resumed the lady. I saw it!) and without disturbing the others, or even, I believe, in their eagerness, unthought of by them, to gaze lovingly upon the

of a single lamp failing full upon her, sat the young mistress of the house. But a few years and Alfred was going slowly up to her, when since a bride, and now the "happy mother of the little girl came and threw both her arms children;" methought she looked even as a round his neck, and embraced him so lovchild herself,-so young and so fair. In front ingly, it was plain there was not a thought of of her were ranged a row of children, allowed, unkindness in her little heart. As I saw as an especial favour and reward, to come to this little scene, I thought to myself, "Blessed the "evening reading." Some were choris. are the peacemakers, for they shall be called ters, some the first-class girls in the village | the children of God." school, and one (a young man now) had been the lady's favourite pupil in her own distant all gone, and the sounds of the gentle voice in home, and being in place in the neighbour- my ears were as a "tale that is told:" but I hood, considered it a special privilege and did not forget that evening reading for long. delight once more to hear his former teacher's and I determined to write down this little

bright, eager faces, drinking in every word at Fairford Hall. Then may this little crumb that fell from her lips, as if it came to them I "cast upon the waters of life" be found from some superior being, and had great effect again "after many years." It is a true story, in impressing the good words there spoken on and I have therefore neither added to it nor the hearers; some of them had come over a taken from it, but told it just as it occurred. wild, heathy path; from very comfortless It is not very often that such bits of encourdwellings, where the wind we had been listening to as a solemn and distant thing that mediately the fruit of their instructions. Like affected us not personally, blew in upon them the green spots in the sandy desert, these by their scanty fire through many a crack and cheering buds of promise bloom but rarely by crevice of their poor cottages. What won- our paths in the pilgrimage of life, to cheer on der, then, if the scene I have been describing the weary and the faint-hearted in what is seemed fairy land to them? It was not very often but discouraging labour, because we see different to me even, as I sat there listening and looking, and fancying the old family portraits, lighted up by the flashes of the crackling fire, looked down with benign, approving eyes upon their youthful descendant! She the little word we speak to the reserved and always took pains to find interesting books to read to the children, as her object was to heart, and bring forth fruit there after many make the reading a pleasure to them; and days. this evening it was the story of " Michael, the Chorister," that she read.

explanation and comment, which brought the story more home to the hearts of the hearers; and all seemed deeply interested. Tears came into many of their eyes as they heard the touching account of little Michael on his to end as we began, with the beautiful words sick bed; but when the feelings which made him escape from the temptation of fighting were related, one of the hearers, little Alfred Hill, burst into a fit of crying, and sobbed bitterly. Alfred was a slim, delicate-looking boy, about ten years old, and one of a 1: rge family. He had been brought up in the school, as had been his father, and now was a chorister, though he had left school to help do!" cried little Fanny West to her mother. his father in his trade, which was that of a "She is such a good-tempered girl. I'm sure shoemaker. Alfred had no mother; and the I like her better than anybody in the world, lady therefore felt a particular interest in except you; and you, you know, I must him, and his little sister Ellen, who was also always love the best, because you are my one of the party I have been describing.

story was perhaps really too painful for him, and she offered to leave off; but he begged her so earnestly to go on reading, that she did, determining to talk to Alfred a little by himself, when the others were gone, as she thought there was something on his mind he would perhaps tell her, and feel the happier for having spoken of it. She finished her reading, therefore; and then the children clustered round her piano-forte, while she closed their happy evening by singing with them, in her sweet and thrilling voice, several avourite psalms, hymns, and chaunts.

When they were all departing, she called Alfred back, and said she wanted to talk to him a little more. The moments of story feeling had passed, and a cloud of reserve was beginning to form over the heart of the done so before; but I never had such a nice, boy; but the gentle words of the young lady soon melted it away. "Tell me, Alfred," she said, "what it was

that made you so much more unhappy than the other boys about poor Michael. What did you think about ?"

"He was so very good," faltered Alfred. on the verge of another cry, which, however, he stoutly repressed.

"So very good?" said the lady, inquirngly. Alfred did not speak. What did you think most good in him? His love of going to Church? or his patience

when he was so sick? or his not fighting?" "His not fighting," said little Alfred .-His stopping, though he wanted to fight, when he saw the Cross upon the Church spire." And his eyes flashed for a moment in a way which showed the difficulty subduing his temper would have been to him; as indeed it is to most people, ever since the days when wise King Solomon pronounced "him that ruleth his own spirit to be greater than him that taketh a city."

" But why should Michael's being so good make you sad?" resumed the lady. "Perhaps you have done something wrong you glad when the evening of the Lord's Day was feel sorry for now, and you think Michael would not have done so? You had better tell me; you will feel happier when you have spoken it off your heart, I think, and perhaps I may be able to give you some advice how powerful enough entirely to subdue. I am to conquer the bad feeling when it comes

The kind voice and the gentle words overcame all Alfred's hesitation. He squeezed that, possibly, some one reader of this little his bands together in the intensity of his nervous feeling, and then, in a low and tremulous voice, said,

"I felt very angry with Ellen at dinner time to-day; she took my piece of crust; The weather was cold, and the wintry wind and then I was very naughty, and would not howled round the corners of the house, and speak to her, when she came to kiss and be friends; and then-I went to Church,"grove which immediately adjoined it. But and Alfred's sobs again came thick and fast, wind and weather were alike excluded from while he stammered out, "and I thought how the comfortable dining-room at Fairford Hall, bad Michael would have felt, when he was dying, if he had done so wicked a thing."

The lady was deeply touched at the workished with two great logs of wood, and gave ing of the boy's mind, thus revealed to her a glowing, blazing light, which pervaded every by his own candid confession; and she paused corner of the apartment, and cast strange a few minutes before she replied. Then she

"I am pleased, Alfred, to see that what I settee, which projected between the fire- have read has been of some use to you, and that it has made you think of your own faults, The house was very still. In general it and helped you to see what was right. I rang merrily with the voices and laughter of hope, next time you discover angry feelings happy children; but now they were fast stirring in your heart, little Michael will come asleep in their beds, though they had sat up into your mind again. You know we may a little later than usual, the much-prized and any of us die at any time, and it might have and quietness reigned over the house. Din- peace with your little sister; and how sad ner had been over some time, and the rest of | that would have been! I am glad you told the family were in the drawing-room; but, as me what was in your heart, as now you will an old friend of the family, I was admitted at feel happier. And now, would you not like

Alfred looked very downcast at this, and "God said, 'Let not the sun go down upon

"I should like Ellen to come, if you will call her," said Alfred timidly.

Then the lady called little Ellen into the room, and told her it was his conscience tell-In the centre of the room, with the light ling him he had been so unkind to her, that

The reading was over, the children were voice, and be present at her "evening read- account of it, in the hope that possibly some one reader of this tale may try and imitate And so she read, and they listened, with the practice of the Sunday evening readings agement occur to a teacher, as to see so imno results. Still it does not follow that, because we do not see them they are not there. The little seed we sow in the earth lies long hidden there before it brings forth any fruit; seemingly inattentive child, may sink into its

May God grant that this little story may be of the grue bread which is found after Here and there she put in a few words of many days, as it proves the history of Michael. the Chorister, to have been! May He bless those who heard that evening reading, and her who read those words to them, and long preserve her to the prayers of the poor; for, of the American poet,-

It is their prayers which never cease,
To clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace.
That shines upon her face.—LONGFELLOW.

THE FICKLE GIRL.

" Well. I do love Ann Nicholls, that I mother. It is true, and I shall always love His distress at first made her think the her; yes, as long as I live I shall love her." | College; and being a nicely sheltered spot, seat. But it was a sorrowful parting, from

together; and that is a long time to keep a land, in December 1851. friend is it not?"

Fanny coloured. "I am sure I shall accenting every word-"quite sure: nothing will alter me, and I am sure that I will never is at home. give her pain. (The motion of Mrs. West's head showed she wished that she never might.) I know what you mean; you think I am apt to change my mind: I may have kind, good-tempered friend as Ann. I am

Her mother made no observation; she looked, indeed, as if she could have said something if she had been so disposed, but she pursued her work in silence; and Fanny, though much nettled at the hint which had been thrown out, and longing to repeat her assurances of unalterable affection, had no other resource than to follow her example. No sooner, however, was she in company with Ann, than she repeated the conversation which had passed between herself and her mother.

"And will you change?" asked Ann I thought you would."

"Change? dear, no," cried Fanny; "I'm sure I never shall, you are such a darling. such a sweet girl; those that mother meant were not like you, they were queer, disagreeable girls, not worth keeping for friends; and besides, I never loved them; and you know how dearly I love you."

Ann, by no means so satisfied with her answers as Fanny wished her.

Fanny was puzzled what reply to make to for friends, if they will do so; can we?"

keep my friend forever.

O! to be sure," cried Fanny, "so should change, we must change, too; it would be hard to be blamed for them. But don't let Islands. us talk in this way : you will never be different from what you are now, and I shall always love you as I do at this moment." And throwing her arms around her she kissed her tenderly. Ann, smiling fondly on her, returned her caresses; and no two little girls could seem happier or more attached to each other than they were.

Soon after this, Fanny's aunt, the wife of a respectable tradesman in a neighbouring town, came with her daughter, a girl about Morgan, for such was her name, being anxious ing after him to send the Bishop and Missionnever-forgotten privilege of Sunday evenings; pleased God you should die without making to avoid putting her sister to expense, which aries; and one boy, a brother of Meste's, she knew she could not well afford, yet came on board, and asked the trader to take riority, brought with her, as a present to Fanny, a very pretty frock, exactly like just after the Bishop had sailed. her cousin's. The frock was joyfully accepted, and immediately made up. Sunday came, and-who was so delighted as Fanny? who had such a kind, good aunt as she? or such a pretty, agreeable cousin as herself? Mrs. West and her sister led the way to church, the two little girls followed. Fanny saw not the ground on which she trod, so high did she hold her head; but she contrived, appearance altogether smarter than herself, and she was not a little flattered at walking

had such a relation belonging to her.

further notice of her. time with her own and Mary's appearance. of it, nor any thing else, till the departure of lessons. her cousin two days after.

Evening came. "How dull I am!" how altered in her manner! She showed no in safety at Kohimārama on October 20th. return any of her repeated expressions of weeks in New Zealand, George Siapo fell ill: "How glad she was to see her again!"

at last :- " What's come to you Ann?" me the longest."

KOHIMARAMA.

"Why do you speak so positively?" said the Bishop now sends thither the Melanesian the feeling of the loss he will be to his own her mother. "Why should I doubt you? boys for whom the air of St. John's College is island, Maré, and the mission. He lingered I am glad to hear what you say. Ann is a too keen. Two years ago a Clergyman's wife for a fortnight longer, and died on the 14th very good girl; and I hope you may indeed and a little native girl were living there, of January. continue to love her, and never give her pain whom we have to tell our readers. Our exby slighting her. Her mother and I have tracts are taken from the letters of a Clergy- freely, as he had never done to any one before been friends ever since we were at school man written from St. John's College, Auck- - for he was a very reserved character-and

always love her," returned she, strongly night or three weeks at the little bay, where here, and had asked his brothers to let him

except to the North, our sunny side.

positive that I shall never change her for any for the College; and there was a little niece and over again. His dying words were of fell asleep in Jesus, as we may hope.

anxiously; "I should be so very unhappy if to hope that the Bishop's two schools, for Apale's dying-bed and prayed with him. boys and girls, have been great blessings,

children for eternity, persuaded to let her go then to the Native attainments .- Gospel Missionary. Girls' School, and she stayed there nearly a "But if they were such queer girls, why do year, behaving very well, and learning, we you choose them for friends at all?" inquired may hope, what enabled her to say, 'My go-

ing is well."

pupil, who has arrived rather inopportunely, a portion of my religious advantages? considering the season. However, his arrival relieves our minds from anxieties respecting the Bishop's voyage, and first intercourse with the Solomon Islands. It seems to have become known in Meste's Island (Lidia, or San Christoval), that he was learning 'white felthe qui vive to do the same: consequently, when a trader named 'Blaxland' touched her own age, to pay them a visit. Mrs. there for wood and water, they all came cryhim to the College, which he did, and sent CHELL. Full particulars and conditions will the boy here, unluckily in the winter time, be duly published, and may be had on or after

> "It is satisfactory to know that the Bishop will be well received at Lidia, and that there is plenty of wood and water there." - Gosnel Missionary.

GEORGE SIAPO.

Mare or Nengone is an island in the South Pacific Ocean-one of the group which you nevertheless, to notice every one whom she will see marked in the maps as the Loyalty passed, and hoped in return that she herself Islands. Siapo, a native lad, was brought was noticed by all. Her cousin Mary had an from thence to St. John's College by the Bishop of New Zealand, in 1849. In the following year he was taken back to Nengone by her side, or at its being known that she to see his friends, and again restored to the College for further instruction in 1851. He As they turned the corner of a street, she was now thought to have attained a compesaw Ann Nicholls standing at the door of tent knowledge of the Christian religion, and her grandmother's cottage, waiting to walk when the Bishop sailed on his fifth Missionwith her to church. Ann, smiling brightly ary voyage in 1852, he took with him Siapo and affectionately, nodded to her; but and three other young natives of Nengone, strange to say, Fanny's memory seemed named Cho, Napai, and Kaiwhat. On the suddenly to have failed her, for she scarcely morning of July 10th, these four youths were recognized the friend she was to love always baptized by the Bishop in their native Island, the same. She barely returned the nod, and in the presence of nearly a thousand people. pursued with increased animation her con- The Bishop sailed on to some of the other versation with Mary, holding her head, if Islands: and after his departure, two of these possible, more erect, nor deigning to take any lads began to keep a school, and to impart to their young countrymen the knowledge which The whole of the day she was full of her they had themselves acquired in St. John's frock and of her cousin's good qualities: she | College. They soon got together 130 scholthought no more of Ann, or of the look of ars. Their schoolroom was simply a cavern mortified affection that her countenance in the face of a tock. A tew chapters of the exhibited at the slight she had shown her. Bible have been already translated into their It might be, indeed, that this look had language by the agents of the London Misescaped her, so fully was she occupied at the sionary Society. We gave our readers in last October an account of the behaviour of the Be that as it may, Fanny thought no more people of Nengone when they are saying their

On the 25th September, the Bishop called again at Nengone as he was returning to New exclaimed she; " I will go and look for Ann," Zealand; and took on board several lads and and off she set with all speed. "I shall be two young women, one of whom was engaged very much vexed," thought she, "if Ann is to be the wife of George Siapo. The Borfrom home." But vexation sprung not up dermaid, with the Bishop and his crew, includfrom that quarter: Ann was at home, but ing twenty-five Melanesian scholars, anchored

pleasure at seeing her, nor even attempted to And now comes the sorrowful part of our interrupt Fanny's continued prattle, or to history. After they had been but a few and by degrees it became apparent that it "Why, what's the matter?" cried Fanny, was the will of God that George Siapo should return no more to his native island. Like "Something," replied Ann, the tears George Apalé, whose history our readers starting in her eyes, "that I would not see had last February, he was full of faith before—the truth, and very painful it is. O, and hope in his last days. Soon after Christ-Fanny! I did indeed love you, and would mas the Bishop, to whom Siapo was much have loved you always as I promised; but attached, was obliged to leave Auckland to Together with several Founts of Script, Plain and Ornamental Job Type, various Cuts, Chases you have shown me that you love a new go on a long journey. We are told in a letter frock and a new friend better than you do from the spot-" the evening before he went me. So now you may keep them, for my was spent at Kohimarama with Siapo, and the friend must be like myself, one who will not Bishop took leave of him as of one whom he be ashamed of me in any company, nor desert | was not to see again on earth. He had adme for another only because she has known ministered his first and last communion to him a few days before, in the full and earnest trust that he was indeed a Brother in the faith beloved in the Lord, and he parted from Rev. W. Hanna, LL. D.; 9 vols., 8vo. Published him in the hope of meeting him in that day, by Thos. Constable & Co., Edinburgh, 45s.
When he and the children whom God has This is a pleasant little bay in New Zea- when he and the children whom God has land. It is about three miles from St. John's | given him, shall stand before the Judgment-

When he felt that he was dying, he spoke it was a great comfort to find how well pre-"I have just brought C- up from the pared he was for the last. He told the Rev. seaside, where she has been spending a fort- W. Nihill, he had thought that he might die the Bishop's schooner lies at anchor when he come over though it should be so, and they had said 'go,' and he was glad he had come "Kohimārama is the beautiful name of this -and he expressed strongly his happiness in beautiful spot; it means a focus, a place where | dying in the Christian faith-and said, his light is collected; and well describes a small sorrow was only for his people and his island. bay completely enclosed by hills and peaks, He entreated Mr. Nihill to go to them again, and charged the other Nengone lads who "Down at the bay lives a native who works | were with him to 'take care of Mr. Nihill' over of his dying of dropsy; to whom C-sent | them-his love of home-yet his belief in the food and physic daily. On Thursday last, Catholic faith, 'There is one God, and one just as I got down, I saw C- in her amo home for us all; good-bye, dear Mr. Nihill (litter) going to read some prayers to her, who has been with us at Guama.' Cas she was near her end. How beautifully said he never saw anything more beautiful touching were the poor child's words-'Ka than the expression of his large, soft, dark, haere ahair' (I go.) 'Kihea?' (Where to?') eyes, as he lay on the sofa that morning, evi-'Ki te Atua' (To God.) 'Ka pai to haere?' dently near his end—but it was not till quite (Is your going well; are you glad to go?) at the close that 'the fire kindled and at E pai ana' (It is well). And she shortly the last he spake.' The Bishop had laid John Thol in his grave on 15th December, "Two deaths lately, have brought to my and on 15th January C- committed the mind very much the gracious dealings of God | body of George Siapo to its resting-place; with His children, and have encouraged me just eight months before we had knelt by

Siapo was the flower of our Melanesian even if they only have helped to prepare two youth, but I trust that although dead, he will yet have a living voice and influence among Little Peti (Betty), the girl of whom I was those that remain. There are some very speaking, was taken ill last year, but was fed pleasing specimens among them, though none up and recovered strength. Her Aunt was equal to him in appearance, manner, and

Public Worship .- An habitually late attendance upon public worship intimates some-"The other was a case of a boy in our thing wrong in the person's own mind, and is school, who was last year a very indifferent the occasion of much annoyance to others. this question. "O because-that's plain to good-for-nought; hut having been turned out It necessarily interrupts the minister, whose be seen-because I, that is they-but what of one department, he went a begging as it mind should be composed, and steadily fixed does it signify why?" said she. "There are were in the College, and was admitted by the upon the solemn work in which he is engaged. many things happen that we can't tell printers on probation. He turned over a new And it is an interruption to the whole con-Very likely they chose me; and leaf entirely, and in his illness and at his gregation at large, whose eyes and ears canyou know we can't help people choosing us death showed signs of great improvement. not but exert an influence upon their heart. One of his relatives said to me,—' If he died Under such circumstances it is scarcely prac-"No," replied Ann, and she sighed as she at his own home he was then a bad boy, and ticable, it is at least very difficult, for even spoke. "But it is not pleasant to be cast off his heart would have been dark—but now the most zealous worshipper to pursue his for another. When I love anybody, I love that he had come to the College and learnt to devotions without distraction. Let each worthem at all times the same. I should like to do what was right, his leart was light about shipper, then, seriously ask himself—was I present before the commencement of the ser-The next extract is from another letter vice, with my thoughts prepared for the so-I; and so I always should have done, if written in July, 1852, which mentions a lemn duty, to discharge which I went to everybody had been like you, but that they pupil who was brought to the same lady church? and have I thereby proved my sense never were, and never will be. And if others while the Bishop of New Zealand was away of what is due to the honor of God, and to on his recent voyage among the Melanesian myself? Or, by a late attendance, have I dishonoured God, disturbed my fellow-wor-"C--- has just got a new Melanesian shippers, and voluntarily deprived myself of

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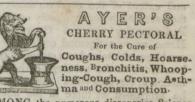
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