

terest of the day. All joined in it to the best of their ability, but some excelled.

After the termination of these exercises, the scholars and friends sat down, in turn, to tables loaded with a variety of cakes, buns, and other necessaries, drinking freely of that "which cheers but not inebriates." It was estimated that nearly three hundred partook of refreshments, after which all separated, much gratified with what had occurred.

The patience and zeal of those employed in Sabbath School instruction, to me is often surprising. The Lord alone, I am sure, implants in their hearts the motive to do good in this way. Truly they are doing a great work. Hence all our Schools must be considered as important auxiliaries to the Church of God. This is most certainly the case with reference to Brockville. It is to this source we are to look here for an augmentation of church-members. The continual migration from this place is incessantly reducing our numbers, but the youth of our resident members are the hope of our Church.

During the past year, many such have been gathered in, truly converted to God, and who now are "walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost." But there are many more. May all these precious lambs of the flock be gathered into the fold of Him who hath said,— "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Fearing, dear Brother, I should trespass too much on your space, I conclude.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

*Brockville, August 30, 1852.*

THE GOOD OLD MAN OF THE HILLS :  
OR, A TRUE STORY FOR SUNDAY-  
SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Many years ago, in a country far from happy England, there lived a good old man, whose cottage was on the side of a hill. He chose to live there, that he might be quiet, and away from the noise and bustle of a large town. Thus he had more time to pray to God; and here it was that the people came to talk to him, and to be taught many things which they did not know. He used to speak to them of the goodness and love of that great God who made all things, and who gave them every thing that they needed, and often pardoned their vile ingratitude. But this good man did not always remain at home in his small cottage on the hill: he used to travel about the country, from town to town; and there to preach to the people. And although he was a poor man, he went frequently to the palace where the King lived, and told him when he did wickedly, and kept not the commandments of Him who is King of all the world. As he thus travelled about from place to place, he frequently passed a large house by the side of a road. There lived a rich lady, and her husband. They had often observed the good man going by; and one day the lady sent her servant to ask him to come in, and take some refreshment. He did so, and as often as he passed by, he called in to see his kind friends, and take rest. After he had continued to visit them for some time, the lady said to her husband, "I perceive this to be a holy man of God: let us furnish for him a small room, where he may sleep, and so remain with us all night; that we may have more of his com-