

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

For the Colonial Churchman.

The following lines were written by a little girl, 13 years of age, and found under her pillow shortly after her decease. They were written on the death of a beloved companion, whom she herself soon followed to an early tomb. The writer, whose parents were very poor, was formerly a scholar in the Sunday School, Covent Garden, London, and these lines I received from her teacher with an account of her life.

Lovely Margaret! happy child:
Thou wert so gentle and so mild:
Thy parent's watch'd thy youthful smile
With pleasure.

Thou wert lov'd by thy parents dear
Who over thee shed many a tear;
To them thy name is ever dear,
And ever will.

In God thy sure foundation laid:
To death thou hast the tribute paid:
And now thy body low is laid
In the cold tomb.

The river Jordan thou didst cross;
No more tempestuous billows toss
Thy happy soul on Canaan's coast,
My Margaret.

O could I share my lot with thee!
Be mine thy happy destiny,
Then O how happy we should be
With Jesus Christ.

And when I spread my pinions high,
And soar so far above the sky;
Then I shall meet thee eye to eye
At Heaven's Gate.

And when I come O do thou wait,
And be the first at Heaven's Gate:
Thus to remain my happy mate
For evermore.

THE BLESSINGS OF A RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

My little children, you know not the happiness you enjoy in being born in this Christian land, where there are schools open to receive you, and persons ready and desirous to teach you, and where the Holy Bible may always be obtained by those who desire to read it.

I have been travelling a very long way, and I have seen a great many countries, I have been in places where the little hills are covered with vines, and where the roads on each side are bordered with fruit trees of every kind—cherries, and apples, and walnuts, and pears. I have been to a country where there are beautiful hills rising above the clouds, and vallies in which are bees, and flowers, and running waters, wild strawberries, and abundance of honey; and in these countries I saw many little children playing upon the sides of the hills, and in the low grounds; they played about as you do, some of them had marbles, and some had balls, and some had skipping-ropes, but not one of these poor little children had a Bible to read, and many of them did not even know what I meant, when I spoke to them of the Holy Scriptures. I wished that I had had enough Bibles to give each of them one, but I had no books with me which they could understand, and I found that there was not a single person in all these places, who would take the trouble to teach them to read. Let us pray, that God may in his great goodness soon send books and teachers to these poor little children—and let us thank God for having already provided us in England with so many helps to learning, so that not one of us need now remain ignorant.

THE HORSE.

The Horse is often mentioned in the Bible. I need not describe this creature to you, because you are all well acquainted with it.

The Horse is accounted one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most useful animals in existence.

In very old times, Horses were not so much used as they now are; Solomon was the king of Israel, who had a great number of them. The Horse is very finely described in Job. "Hast thou given the Horse strength, hast thou clothed his neck with thun-

der, canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper, the glory of his nostrils," as far as, 25th verse inclusive.

Notwithstanding his great strength, a Horse is easily tamed and managed, and is the most useful servant to man.

From this fine animal, we may learn many a valuable lesson. When we consider how great his beauty and his strength are, and how patiently he submits his mouth to the bridle.

And I trust, my dear children, that you will never unite with those who use these noble animals with cruelty, for this is an offence of which many are guilty. Not considering that an account is taken of every cruel or wanton action which man commits, for it is written, "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."—Prov. xii. 10.—*Child's Mag.*

From the Boston Recorder.

THE SICK LIBRARY.

I thought I would just look into the minister's library, as I happened to be in his study. I was sad at the sight; for it looked very lean and very thin, like a person suffering under some cruel diseases. Fulness and fair proportions are among the important elements of beauty; but there was no such beauty there. There were some venerable men in that library; but their numbers were so few as to occasion a most mournful aspect of loneliness. There was Dr. Dwight in four volumes; the sole occupant of a whole shelf. And Dr. Bellamy was the only monarch of the next. And Dr. Chalmers on the next, because he had no other company, had huddled himself, in three volumes, into one corner. A little lower down were several pieces of heavy theological artillery; but there were some horrid chasms between them.

Another shelf had half a score of your smaller sprigs of divinity; but even these stripling theologues were so few as to look very cheerless. There was not enough of them to be so much in contact as to keep each other warm, even had they good will and vital heat enough to do it.

Still lower down were a few cases of corpulent theology; Pooe's Synopsis among the rest; which last gentleman contrived, by stretching himself lengthwise, to fill the only shelf that was filled in the whole case. I would say, however, there were old reports, pamphlets, and newspapers enough to immerse all the divines above mentioned, with not a small remnant to sprinkle elsewhere.

And another thing I ought in justice to say. There were other books belonging to the library, which were absent at this time; but, from the manner in which the pastor exclaimed, 'Alas, Sir, they are borrowed!' I judged, that, in his own view, he had already seen the last of them!

I remember to have read Baxter's account of a biblical avalanche, which once happened in his study, by the breaking of a shelf, whereby his life was endangered by the precipitation of large masses of divinity upon him; and I felt bound to give my friend such crumbs of comfort as could be afforded by the suggestion, that he was beyond the reach of such a peril. He bowed in mournful acquiescence, seeming to say, 'But I would run the risk, only give me the books.'

And now, reader, good humoured I hope, I come to the pith of this communication. Some pastor or other calls you a parishioner. Well. And he has a library. Well. And that pastor, if he be kindred in circumstances to nine-tenths in the land, has a gap, or more, in his library, that yawns fearfully. I think I could show you some that would distress you.—The aching void wants filling terribly. There may be indeed, some portly doctors in that library; but they are 'so few and far between,' that they could not shake hands, though they might desire it most lovingly, and attempt it most earnestly. There may be, too, a squadron of smaller fry; but there is a grievous famine of valuable theological works. Just hearken now. 'John Howe, are you there?' 'No!' 'I beg to know if you are there, Archbishop Leighton?' 'No!' 'But you are there, I hope, Robert Hall?' 'No. Not I!' 'I cannot bear to think my friend Andrew Fuller is not there.' 'But you must,

though.' 'But Dr. Owen is there?'—'No, nothing of him even, but the piece of an ear.' 'And Jonathan Edwards?' 'No,' said a voice, 'lonely as the whip-poor-will's,' 'nothing of him but his volume on the Will.'

So you see how it is with your pastor's library. If a skeleton could have the consumption, I should say it was sick of a consumption. But the fact is, it never had flesh enough to be in any danger of that disease.

But, not to quarrel about the malady, it certainly looks so poor and thin that there must be disease, call it what you will. And you, kind parishioner, can make a most successful prescription for it. You can be a doctor in this case, without a diploma, or the charge of quackery. You can put the flesh on these bones, and a healthful fulness into that countenance. You can manage the matter so that the sequelral looking patient shall be able to say, in a very few days, 'I am entirely recovered, and am in fine health, I thank you, Sir.'

Presuming that your benevolence is, by this time, in a flame, I will forthwith open the way for the light and heat thereof to be exhibited. New Year's day, you know, is at hand. On or near that day, go into your pastor's house with something under your arm. If you have been notorious for deeds of kindness, he will suspect you of a visit of that sort now; and if you have had no such notoriety, you can, by this act, most expressively say, 'there is something new under the sun.' Give your pastor the agreeable surprise of laying his hand upon a fat octavo, instead of a spare-rib—on a body of divinity, instead of the body of a turkey. And if the good man is not made thankful by such an operation, the above-named prescription might be most mercifully repeated monthly or annually, till that result, inevitable in the end, would be attained. Had I time, I would reason this matter at large with you; but I can only give you several heads merely of the argument.

1. If you are already a cheerful giver, you will thus do something to strengthen this important habit; and if you are not, you will find this a delightful opportunity for commencing it.

2. It would warm your pastor's heart, be the Mercury where it might, the day you visited him.

3. Your example would be fire to flax most likely, and a process would be commenced which would fill every chasm in the library. Dr. Poole himself would be obliged to gain his feet quickly, and stand erect, to make room for new comers. What a delightful meeting there would be of good men in that book-case!

4. Your pastor could not, for the life of him, be offended at such a polite and kind intimation that he should 'bring beaten oil into the sanctuary.'

I have joyful hope that I shall prevail with some of my readers to show the above-mentioned benevolence to their pastors. But here is a man that says,—'Fudge! I shall do no such thing.' Well, kind Mr. Fudge, do this then, I beg of you; carry back all you have borrowed of him. A gap or two will be filled in this manner.*

And to all my readers with whom my plea shall be successful, I would say,

Yours, with much thankfulness,

SIMON.

*We have a few gaps of this nature, of some years standing, which we should be glad if the borrowers would fill up.—*Ed. C. C.*

A CROSS NOT THE CROSS.

It is of no small consequence to call things by their right names, and especially to apply aright the articles, which are found in the caption of this communication. They are small, as the keystone of an arch may be; but there is much depending upon their proper use.

There are certain of these disciples, who are in the habit of speaking of certain of their trials as if they were bearing the cross! But they had better say, a cross; for the simple reason, that the latter is the truth and the former is not. There may not be the slightest particle of the spirit of obedience to the precept of Christ concerning cross-bearing, and therefore the complacency of some that suffer in the supposed nature of their trials is perfectly gratuitous.

"Well, I must bear the cross," said a lady of my acquaintance. "Many oppose me. Bitter reproaches are heaped upon me. But this comforts me. I suffer for the cause of a most worthy Master." But