

caused her to open her heavy eyes. Soon she saw the light was that of declining day, and starting up in great anxiety, she prepared to set out on her long journey. The evening was overcast; grey clouds rested on the horizon, and alarm lest the night should overtake her before she reached home, made all things seem gloomier still. When she reached the wood which had been such a pleasant shade at noon, the darkness and the silence made her start with terror at every faint sound. She saw dangers every where, pleasures no where, and bitterly regretted the lost hours of the day. Still she was safe; her father had provided for her safety, and she arrived safe at his house at last.

Now, what is the moral? The journey is the journey of life; the way, the world we pass through; the Father's house, our home in heaven. The early traveller is one who seeks to know and love God in early life; the other is one who will not hear of him, or come to him, until life is almost passed. Which has the happiest and most pleasant journey? Dear young reader, the choice is still before you.

#### TAKE CARE OF YOUR SPARE MOMENTS.

A lean, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than any thing else, told him to go around to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr.—," said he.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him.

"Thank you," said the boy; "I should have no objections to a bit of bread; but I should like to see Mr.—, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, may be, you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trousers. "I guess he has none to spare; he gives away a sight;" and without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr.—?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone, sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence; however, she wiped her hands and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said:

"Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but I know that after talking a while, the principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked, the boy answered as readily as could be.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well!" looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his spare moments. Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time?" How precious they should be! What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many, many other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whaler, in the gambling house, or in the tipping shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful courses, might answer, "In my spare moments." "In my spare moments I

gambled for marbles." "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink." "It was in my spare moments that I began to steal chestnuts from the old woman's stand." "It was in my spare moments that I gathered with wicked associates."

O, be very, very careful how you spend your spare moments! Temptation always hunts you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy; Satan gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments.

#### THE EARTHLY REWARDS OF THE MINISTRY.

Poverty is the lot of even the most favoured ministers of the gospel in this country, if they have consecrated their lives. Rev. Dr. J. M. Mason was one of the most popular ministers, and pastor of one of the most prominent and wealthy churches in America, for more than seventeen years. At the end of that time he made a farewell address to his congregation, in which he bore this testimony:—

"Opulence and grandeur I have sacrificed to the Church of God—to this people—and they know it. Talent in our country need not enter the pulpit without being in some degree allied to the spirit of martyrdom. The road to wealth and honour takes another direction. Other things being equal, the ministry of all human professions is the most helpless here, lawyers, merchants, physicians, have made their fortunes; not an industrious and prudent mechanic but has laid up something for his family. But should God call me away to-morrow, after expending the flower of my life, my family could not show a single farthing for the gain of more than seventeen years' toil. And were it not for some private property, quite insufficient for their maintenance and education, my wife and her children would be set adrift upon the world, without bread to eat or raiment to put on."

This, we presume, would be the testimony of ninety-nine hundredths of all the men who bear this office; and yet there are men all over the land, who have the hardihood to charge them, as a body, with being actuated by a mercenary spirit.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. PHILIP.—"This very eminent and devoted servant of God, and uncompromising advocate of the rights of the coloured races in South Africa, departed this life on the 27th of August last. On account of his advancing years and their attendant physical infirmities, he relinquished, about two years ago, the important office of Superintendent of the London Missionary Society's Missions in that part of the globe,—an office which he had sustained with incomparable efficiency for the long period of thirty years. Retiring from Cape Town, he took up his residence at the Hankey Institution, in the interior; where, surrounded by his affectionate family, his laborious, useful, and honourable life was brought to a peaceful close, in, we believe, the seventy-sixth year of his age. Dr. Philip was a native of Scotland. On completing his theological course, he accepted a call to the pastoral charge over the First Independent Church in the city of Aberdeen, which he occupied with honour and usefulness for a number of years. His principal literary performance is his 'Researches in South Africa.'—*London Patriot*.

WHAT CAN MAKE A HEATHEN HAPPY.—A missionary in India, meeting one day with a native Christian female, one of his own flock, asked her how she felt. "Happy! happy!" she answered. "I have Christ here," laying her hand on the Bengallee Bible, "and Christ here," pressing it to her heart, "and Christ there," pointing towards heaven. Happy was she indeed, for to whatever part of the universe she might be re-

moved, she was sure of having Christ with her. And how did she first learn of Christ? By the preaching of the missionaries. And so many every heathen man and woman on the globe be made happy in Christ the Saviour, by the blessing of God on the preaching of missionaries. Who of all the children that read this, would not like to confer this happiness on the heathen, by helping to send out preachers of the gospel through all the world.—*Dayspring*.

PERSECUTION IN MADAGASCAR.—The latest accounts from Madagascar inform us that the fury of the sovereign, which lately burst forth, continues to rage against the native Christians.—Among other instances of cruelty, it is stated that four nobles have been burnt to death for the testimony of Christ; that fourteen were killed by being thrown over a precipice; and that four have been imprisoned for life. A few have purchased their lives by renouncing their profession of discipleship. One of those who remained faithful, on being placed at the edge of the precipice, entreated time to pray, "as on that account" he said, "I am to be killed. This being granted, he prayed most fervently; after which he addressed his executioner, and spoke in the strongest terms. "My body," said he, "you will cast down this precipice, but my soul you cannot, as it will go up to heaven to God. Therefore, it is gratifying for me to die in the service of my Maker."—*Free Church Record*.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BELFAST.—We have been authorised to state that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to appoint the Rev. James McCosh, A. M., L. L. D., the distinguished author of "The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral," to the vacant chair of logic and metaphysics in this College. Dr. McCosh was one of Dr. Chalmers's most distinguished students, and a well-known minister of the Free Church of Scotland.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

FOUNDINGS IN NAPLES.—It appears from a statistical account in the *Ecodella Speranza* of Naples, that the number of foundlings received in 1850 in the hospitals of the Neapolitan continent amounts to 2791 boys and 2639 girls. The deaths amounted in the same hospitals during that period to 1334 boys and 1319 girls.

#### RECEIPTS FOR THE RECORD.

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