

behaviour, she would take them to spend a day or two in the country, a little way up the river which ran by the city where they lived. Little Emily had been born in a great city, had had never been out of the vast crowd of houses since she had been able to know what was going on around her. The fields covered with tender grass and pretty flowers; the bright blue sky, with nothing as far as the eye can see, to hide it from the view; the clear stream of the swift little brook, murmuring through the moss and pebbles;—all these were things she had heard of, but never seen. But mountains and rivers were, of all other things, what she most wished to see. In the pretty books which she used to read to her mother, there were many pictures representing mountains, and all the beauties of the country. "Oh, mama," she would say as she looked at these, "how I should like to see a real mountain and real fields, and a true river, not like ours, with the great narrow docks along its side! I love to look at these pretty pictures, but I would rather see the things themselves, as our good God made them!"—To please her little girl, Emily's mother made the promise that I told you of, when she was just three years and a half old. Her three sisters, who were to join in the little excursion, were; Lucy a lively child of five years of age; Amelia seven years old; and Jane whom you know, who, because she was the eldest of the little family, and in fact, almost ten years old, thought herself quite a woman in comparison with her sisters; although I may say, she never let this make her haughty or severe in her behaviour. These were all children who learnt their lessons very well, and tried to do their duty, not for fear of punishment, nor even merely because they knew it was their parents' wish, but for the sake of pleasing their God and Saviour. For this, if they knew it, (and Jane, at least was old enough to know it,) they had great cause to bless God, for giving them kind and careful parents, who spared no pains or trouble to bring them up in the fear and love of God. Their mother, especially, because she was able to be almost always with them, was continually watching over them for good. Sometimes even these children got into little disputes, such as are every day arising among people who have not yet learned to govern their evil tempers. Then what pains would their mother take to lead them back to the temper and behaviour that suit a Christian child! How earnestly she would tell them of the teaching of their Saviour, who has left in his own word—"he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" How affectionately she would warn the child whose evil temper had given rise to the dispute, that our Saviour hath pronounced, "a wo" upon those "who give offence," or lead one another into sin!

Perhaps you may think that children so well brought up, must surely love God with all their heart and be very good. No doubt God's promise to fathers and mothers, that their children, "when they grow up, shall go in the way which they have been trained," will be kept. But as yet this did not show itself as plain as it might be. On the whole, there was much change for the better needed in them all, from Jane the eldest one down to little Emily. They had never yet known quite enough of their own heart's deceit and sin; and when they did wrong, would try to excuse themselves, and show that they were right, instead of confessing their faults at once. They did not know their own want of strength to keep themselves good, and of course did not pray for the help of God's Holy Spirit as often, or as earnestly as they ought.

These are the children, little reader, of whose journey I mean to give you some account. I might have began my story earlier, but it is so pleasant to me to think and speak of the characters of my little friends, and to find out means of doing them good, that I have taken more room to tell you when it was about, than I intended. Before I give you any more of their history, you shall have a month to make an acquaintance with little Emily, and Amelia, and Lucy, and their older sister Jane. Perhaps you may find their characters fit, where I never had a chance of finding them, even in your own hearts. At any rate, I would advise you to examine, very carefully, whether you are any better than they, or even as good; and whether the faults which I have been finding with them, might not all be found in you:—are, and will not all be found, for though I cannot see you, or write about you, the Great God knows every heart.—*Children's Mag.*

## TO TIME.

BY ADAM ROOD BURWELL.

Time, what art thou? A giant swift and strong,  
Whose pastime is amidst the rolling spheres;  
Their dance thou ledest heaven's bright phair along,  
Thy tracks behind thee are a chain of years.  
On—onward is thy course—thine eye appears  
To pierce the future and the past to spurn;  
Tho' heaven and hell should all assault thine ears  
For time renewed, thou wilt not know return,  
But steadfast hold thy way, till suns shall cease to burn.

Thy step in hastening to eternity,  
E'en now thy dusky wing invests that shore  
Where erst the angel stood upon its ara,  
And pledg'd the oath of Heaven, that Time should be no more  
I hear thee call, as thou art passing o'er,  
To mark thy flight, and where thou soarest fly:  
The past thou wilt not to my hand restore,  
How shall I then my pinions spread, and vie  
With him whose ample wing extends beyond the sky?

Thy voice I hear, it bids me to prepare  
To give account of days, and months, and years,  
Before heaven's Court! How shall I meet thee there,  
Since I with thee so much am in arrears?  
Thou wilt not stop to ask if dark my fears,  
Or bright my hopes, when my last sand is run;  
For, oh! with thee, intreaties, prayers and tears  
Are nought: joy and despair to thee are one,  
The feeble glow worm's beam is as yon giant sun.

The rolls of fate unfold themselves to thee;  
Their awful page thou scan'st with stoic frown;  
Steadfast thy hand pursues their firm decree;  
Thy glass first measures, then thy scythe cuts down.  
The angels follow where thy spoils are strown;  
They gather up thy harvest round thy feet;  
The tares for burning are together thrown;  
But endless glory waits the golden wheat,  
Where never fading spring has fixed her blooming seat.

But time, himself shall soon be time no more;  
His locks are fallen already, and his hand  
Shall drop his sickle, and its tolls give o'er;  
His broken glass shall scatter round its sand,  
New heavens and earth shall rise at God's command,  
Nor Time shall lead their mazy dance along;  
Eternity shall stamp his glorious band  
With his own signet.—Heaven's exulting throng  
Shall raise to God the voice of everlasting song.

Shall rather Time be in oblivion lost?  
No! from eternity at first he sprung;  
O'er these our worlds, he held his destined post,  
And round their orb th' appointed changes rung.  
Tho' death shall hold awhile his iron tougue,  
Yet, like his children, he, renewed shall rise;  
For scythe and glass, his harp, like their's, be strong;  
Eternal youth shall sparkle in his eyes,  
Nor shall he e'er again forsake his native skies.

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