

THE TWO PICTURES.—At the late Sunday-school Union meeting in Exeter Hall, Rev. Dr. Reed said :—“ I remember hearing of a painter who had drawn a picture of innocence. He had taken for its type a beautiful smiling boy, kneeling on a stool in the act of praying near the lap of his mother,—health upon the cheek, freshness in the whole countenance, a fearless glance of the eye, love of his mother, and something beyond ; everything, in short, indicating that which the painter wished to describe, the simple freshness and joy of innocence. Now, it so happened that the artist wanted a fellow to this painting. He wanted a picture of guilt, and for a long time he sought in vain that which should convey its full purport and wretchedness. At length some friend told him that in a prison not far off he might find the object he desired. He went there : he entered a cold dungeon. A few rays of light streaming through a grated window revealed to him a wretched object on the floor broken down with crime and sensuality ; the cheeks hollowed by disease and misery ; the eye lustreless and averted from every spectator (it was the aversion of shame ;) and every thing indicating the deepest distress. There the artist had a picture of guilt. He painted it ; and when he had done this, he thought he would place the two pictures side by side in the dungeon, that he might see the effect of the contrast. He did so ; and no sooner had he placed the pictures there, than that poor wretched creature clasped his hands together and began to weep bitterly. “ It is my mother ! ” he exclaimed. It was the same individual. The picture of innocence, and the picture of wretchedness, depravity and guilt, was actually the same person in different stages of life. Oh ! should you ever meet one of your dear little charges in some miserable hovel or dungeon, exhibiting the very reverse of his present smiling joyousness and innocence, how will you look back, and regret that at the time he was under your care you did not strive more earnestly, and were not permitted more successfully to minister to him the blessed tidings of salvation.”

We can supply *one or two hundred* new subscribers with full sets of the current volume of *The Christian*. Grateful for past exertions we ask for their renewal. We hope to be able to give some of our agents some tangible proof of our gratitude.

We ask our correspondents again to remember our address ; many of them subject us to much extra expense by not attending to our directions. Other queries in our next.

Some of our correspondents have supposed that packages sent to them have failed because they have received less since the receipt of the first number. Not wishing to burthen them with postage, we concluded not to send the other numbers until we learned whether the first were disposed of.

What has become of the “ Witness of Truth ” and brother Oliphant ? Not a number for months.

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