

The colours, Robert, are the reflection of the light of the sun. There are colors in the sun's light, and things on which he shines have the power of throwing back the light to our eyes, and showing colours. But let us return to the clouds and water. You see what a fine contrivance the clouds are for watering the fields when they become dry. The heat of the sun or air dries up the water from the sea, the air carries it over the land and throws it down on the fields to make the grass and other things grow. And then again the sun dries out the water after the grain grows, and causes it to ripen and become hard, fit to keep in the barn, and be made into bread, which water goes off again in the air to fall in rain in another place. This is the way that all green things grow, by which it appears that steam supports the life of men, beasts, trees and plants. Steam does more: It makes all rivers and streams of water and springs. For those all are the offspring of vapour and rain, which falls on the land and runs off in rivers. Did you never hear people complain of too much rain?

Yes, papa, I have often. I heard neighbor Brown say the other day, that he wished it would always stop raining when the ground became wet enough to make his crops grow. But now I see if the silly man could have his wish we never should have rivers for steam boats to run on: no, nor grist-mills to grind our wheat. This makes me think of what you once told me, that God is a much better contriver and workman than man, and knows best in every thing.

Yes, Robert, he does; and in nothing is his wisdom and goodness seen plainer than in giving us the Bible, and the Church, and Christian Ministers, and Schoolmasters to teach us how to read.

Indeed, pa, I think so. How often do we read at Church in the Psalms that are in the Prayer-Book, about all these things and a great many more like them! I had rather go to Church and help to read the beautiful Psalms, than to read the finest story-book I ever saw.

MORTALITY.—(JOB. III. ECCLESIASTES I.)

(From Knox's "Songs of Israel.")

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!  
Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scatter'd around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,  
The mother that infant's affection that proved,  
The husband that mother and infant that blest,  
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those that beloved her, and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,  
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed  
That wither away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,  
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,  
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,  
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,  
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;  
To the life we are clinging to they too would cling,  
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold,  
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come,  
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and we things that are now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode  
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;  
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;  
From the gilded saloon to the ber and the shroud—  
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud.

METRICAL PARAPHRASE

ON THE COLLECT, FOR THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lord, we beseech thee, grant thy people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and with pure hearts and minds to follow thee the only God; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Such strong temptations, Lord, conspire  
To draw our steps aside,  
That we shall surely go astray  
Except thou be our guide.

The treach'rous world its tyrant force  
Or specious art employs,  
To drive or lure us into vice  
And thus our peace destroys.

The flesh to sad corruption prone  
Betrays us from within;  
And till subdued or chang'd by grace  
Will keep us slaves to sin,

Lo! Satan too, to catch our souls  
Spreads many a secret snare,  
And strives to swell our hearts with pride  
Or sink them with despair.

These dreadful foes, O gracious Lord,  
Assist us to withstand;  
And fill our hearts with purest love  
To thy supreme command.

Died, at York, on the 5th inst. the Rev. Allen Macaulay, of the Episcopal Church.

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