

patiently and earnestly did he devote the last days of his life to the benefit of the Church. The Synod, deeply sensible of the value of his services, presented him with a token of their regard, which he received with feelings of tender affection for his brethren and thankfulness to his God, the day before he died. Mr. Bell was a man of extensive and varied acquirements. A valuable collection of Mineralogical and Geological specimens, which he had collected and arranged with great care, he bequeathed to the University of Queen's College, with the design of promoting, among the students of that Institution, a taste for the study of the Natural Sciences.

Mr. Snodgrass was appointed to be Dr. Barclay's substitute as representative of this Synod to the Synods in the Lower Provinces in the event of the latter being prevented from fulfilling his Commission, and the Presbytery of Toronto were instructed to supply the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, in the absence of Dr. Barclay, should he proceed to Nova Scotia and New-Brunswick.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Little Things and many of them.

The day had been sultry and the sky cloudless, my evening walk had extended beyond the busy environs of Liverpool, and with a freshening breeze playing around me, I stretched myself on the sandy shore to enjoy in solitude the dreamy hour of sunset. It was no wonder that I sought repose, for the day had been spent in the recreative toil of sight-seeing, till eye and ear had said, "It is enough." What had I not seen that day? Glass-blowing, with fiery furnaces and molten fluid, and manifold processes, and beautiful results. Calico-weaving, with its many-storied factory and busy inmates, and whirling engines, and flying shuttles. Ship-building—the putting together of a first rate iron screw-steamer. Warehouses filled with prepared material,—the ceaseless clang, with which my ears still rung, of iron plates and hammers,—the vast scaffolding, telling its tale of the grand proportion of this future ocean-queen. My last visit had been to Liverpool's most distinguishing feature—its ample docks. And here I must confess to a throb of English pride as I saw the ends of the earth meeting in the centre, and that centre my native land. The whole day had tended to raise my impression of human industry and human skill, and it was with a feeling nearly allied to self-complacency that I recalled its varied scenes. The sun, meanwhile, had been sinking towards its ocean-bed, and its almost level beams kindled into radiance some massive clouds which had been gathering in the horizon, and crowned the waters with gleams of such unearthly beauty, that the current of my thoughts was completely changed, and I was fain to exclaim, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all." The calm grandeur of the scene, compared with the eager competition and the toil-worn men I had so lately left, presented a contrast too vivid to escape notice; and the thoughts which had been busy with the labours of men turned in eager inquiry to the works of God. Where are his agents—where His storehouse of material? How is the fabric built up which He has made so beautiful for the habitation of men? A certain harmony of operation arrested my attention. The loose sand, in which I had absently buried my

hand—how insignificant its particles? The sport of the winds and waves! Yet, as far as my eye could reach, it was the swathing-band of ocean,—tracts of country, so large that the island-home in which I had exulted might have found room in a corner of them, were turned by it into desert. Slowly, and in the course of ages, grain added to grain had built up the structure of mighty rocks—the strand—the desert—the mountain; these were the results the great Artificer had wrought from grains of sand. So busy had been my reverie, that I had scarcely marked either the rapid nightfall, or the threatening clouds, which seemed only to have waited their dismissal by the lordly sun to hasten the fulfilment of their mission to the parched ground. A dash of sea spray, as the rising wind hurried forward the punctual tide, and the patter of rain-drops around me, hastened my movements, but did not altogether break the thread of my meditations. 'This boundless ocean, from whose advances I was making a prudent retreat—these descending clouds, which have been drawn up as vapour from its mighty bosom—the dew which I was brushing off with every footstep—the broad river, hastening with its contribution to the sea, and forming the highroad of commerce—mountain streamlets, and sparkling cascades, rushing waterfalls, and eddying whirlpools—the snowy vale of winter—avalanche, with its warning peal of thunder—glacier, with its sluggish but steady advance—the opal-tinted iceberg, and the steaming geyser,—what were these but endless combinations, under the hand of Infinite skill, of particles inconceivably minute of that common household blessing, water! Here, therefore, again, out of little things, almost infinitely multiplied, Divine Wisdom had wrought out results, varying in grandeur and beauty, from the ocean to the dew-drop.

With chastened feelings I re-entered the deserted streets, over which night had drawn the curtain of repose, and my heart re-echoed the words of inspiration: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgement, and righteousness in the earth."

The Little Lily.

The lily teaches us the lesson of humility in two things about it, the position in which it grows, and the attitudes which it assumes.

The lily loves to grow in lonely and retired places. It loves to stay in the background—to be in the shade. It is the "lily of the valley." You do not find it on the mountain-top, or growing in the streets, or garden-walks, but you must go into the retired and shady places; and when you want to look for its flowers, you won't find them the first thing you see in the garden, but you must go into the corners, and, when you get there, push aside the leaves, and there you will see the beautiful flower, all alone, in the seclusion of a shady corner.—It is a humble flower, and it teaches a lesson of humility in the place in which it grows.

And then, its attitude shows humility, as well as its position, for, when the lily grows up, it hangs its head down as though it wanted to hide itself. It does not spread itself out like the proud dahlia, or tulip, as much as to say, "Am I a beautiful flower?" O, no,

when the lily gets its full growth, and its beautiful white flowers are formed, it hangs down its head, as though it wished to hide its beauty, and felt that it had nothing to be proud of at all—as though God meant the very form, and attitude of this flower, should teach us humility. Now, dear children, humility is one of the sweetest things for any body to have, and especially for boys and girls.

Nothing is more lovely in young persons than to be humble—to cultivate humility—will tell you what I mean by humility.

There was once a nobleman, who lived in a fine country place, who was the richest and greatest man in all that country. There were also some poor farmers, who lived around him, who used to hold a prayer meeting once a week. This nobleman was a very pious man, and he thought he would like to go to their prayer meeting.

The first time he went, as soon as he opened the door and stepped inside, they all got up, as though they could not go on with their meeting, because the nobleman was there. Then they wanted him to go up and take the best seat. He said, "No, my friends, sit down where you are, and I will sit here by the door. I came here, a poor sinner, like the rest of you; we are all on a level, when we come before God. When we go into the world, God has been pleased to give me more riches than you. It is right that some respect should be shown to this, but when we meet here, we all meet on a level, as sinners to pray for God's blessing." This, dear children, is one example of humility. Now let me give you another.

One time, in the reign of George III, King of England, there was a learned and a good man who had been appointed Chief Justice of the country—one of the highest and most honorable offices in England.—This gentleman had a son about sixteen years of age, and one evening, as he was about retiring, he called him to his room, and said, "My son, I want to tell you the secret of my success in life. I can give it to you in one word—*humility*. This is the secret of it all, because I never tried to push myself forward, and was always willing to take the place assigned to me, and do the best I could in it. And, my son, if you want to be successful, learn humility."—*Norton's Sermons to Children.*

THE MONTHLY RECORD.

AUGUST, 1857.

Motives to Christian Diligence.

A spirit of restless activity is a characteristic feature of our race as individuals, and of society as a whole, at the present day. Men are not satisfied with their present circumstances, but are exerting themselves to procure gain, pleasure and advantage, from every available source. Energy has been, and still is being infused into business, as well as into the cultivation of every branch of science and art, and the discoverers of truth are hailed as benefactors to mankind. While the indolent man is accounted a disgrace to his species, the diligent around him are springing up into wealth and esteem, and laying up stores for future enjoyment. For this reason the former