

**SCOTIE'S CANADIAN ALMANAC FOR 1852.**—We have to thank the Publisher for a copy of the Almanac, with a coloured map of a portion of the Province. No pains nor expense have been spared to make the Almanac "A Repository of Useful Knowledge and General Information."—Persons wishing to give such information to friends at a distance, concerning Canada, will find it carefully condensed in the Almanac, which costs only 7½d., and can, under the new postal arrangements, be sent by mail, via Quebec and Halifax, for 7½d. The increasing demand for this most useful "Annual," shews that the exertions of the enterprising publisher are appreciated.

**BYTOWN, PERTH, AND SMITH FALLS MONTHLY VISITOR.**—Such is the title of a monthly series of Tracts, published by a small committee of ministers. We have received the first three numbers. The subjects are "The accepted time," "Responsibility," and "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Each tract contains four pages, and is of uniform size with those of the London Tract Society. They contain pointed appeals to the conscience and heart of the reader. We have pleasure in commending these little winged messengers, especially to those who delight to sow beside all waters, as very suitable for general distribution.

**THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.**—This is a new paper, published weekly by Mr. D. McDougall, Toronto, at the very low rate of 5s. per annum, in advance. The Herald is very respectably got up, and well conducted, and bids fair to be what its title imports—a family paper. Eschewing the troubled waters of politics, the Herald is devoted to Education, Literature, Agriculture, Science and the Arts.

We wish the enterprising publisher the success which his commendable effort to introduce cheap and profitable reading so richly merits.

**DREADFUL ACCIDENT.**—At one of the public schools in New York, the alarm of "Fire" was given by the children, from one of the teachers having asked for water. The children, affrighted, rushed out of the school-room, in the upper part of a five story building, and by their being jammed together on the stairs, broke down the railing, and were precipitated to the flagged floor, a distance of over thirty feet. Fifty lost their lives by the fall, or by suffocation, and an equal number were wounded or injured to a greater or less extent:—

"The grief of the parents was in many instances terrible to witness; in one house the two daughters (the only children) lay side by side dead, but in appearance only sleeping. The father came into the room to reply to the questions of the Coroner, but all he was able to do was to point to the dead bodies of his children, when he fell fainting and senseless upon the sofa. Some mothers were frantic with grief—others appeared stupefied with sorrow, and looked up vacantly when addressed, as though they knew not the import of the words put to them. At the school-house; the piles of children's clothing torn from them in the struggles to extricate them from the

masses of suffocating humanity, was being eagerly ransacked by parents and brothers and sisters, for mementos of the lost little ones; and they were, alike with those in the dwellings, heedless of all that was going on around them, and wholly engrossed in their melancholy labor. On Sunday upwards of a hundred sermons were preached, relative to the accident, at the churches in this city, and crowds flocked to hear them, anticipating that such would be the case. On that day, also, several funerals took place, in most cases the coffins being left unscrewed, so that all who wished might look upon the corpses before they were removed to their last resting places. Probably so afflicting an accident has never happened before on this continent."—*N. Y. Cor. of Montreal Gazette.*

#### FAMILY WORSHIP IN SCOTLAND.

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face  
They round the ingle form a circle wide."

It is related of Sir Walter Scott, that he used sometimes to take his guests to an arbour on his lawn, at the hour of evening, that they might listen to the distant music of a sacred hymn. The sweet and tranquilizing sounds came from the cottage of old Peter Mathieson, a pious retainer of the great novelist, and so faithfully devoted to the memory of his affectionate master, that on visiting Abbotsford, a few years since, we found "Old Peep," as Sir Walter familiarly called him, still dwelling in the little cottage on the margin of the silvery Tweed. We found him sitting in his grey-haired quietude beside that hearthstone at which he had sung so many a household hymn, and bowed so often in household prayer.

And such scenes of domestic worship as those which so stirred the sensibilities of Scotland's poet, have been witnessed at Scotland's firesides for many a century past.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

In no land has domestic piety thriven more than in Scotland, and as a consequence, no land on earth has witnessed more spiritual constancy, and a stouter fidelity to the truth delivered to the saints. Within a few years, a most remarkable illustration of the efficacy of family worship has been witnessed in that country. In 1836, the General Assembly sent down an eloquent Pastoral Letter to the people of Scotland, "stirring up anew the people to a more faithful and regular observance of the worship of God in their families." The time at which this letter was issued was a time of conflict and agitation in the Church. The battle between Erastianism and the true spirit of religious freedom—the battle between King Cæsar and "King Jesus" for the supremacy of the Church was waxing warm. A crisis was impending, and it was all-important that the heart of Scotland should be preparing for the encounter. At that critical time the Scottish Church were called afresh to the cultivation of household piety, and to rear anew the domestic altar. By their own hearthstones, the "Faithfuls" and the "Great-hearts" of the land of the Covenanters were to weapon themselves for a spiritual *Bannockburn* against principalities and powers, and rulers of wickedness in high places. The result is familiar to us all. It is a providential issue too clear to be mistaken. Within less than six years from the time when the Church of Scotland was called afresh to her household altars, the Disruption movement was set on foot and the "outcome" of it all was that noble *Free Church*, which is the glory of our Presbyterian Israel.

We have been directed especially to these facts by the republication lately among us of the large and beautiful volume of prayers for Domestic Worship, which was prepared by one hundred and eighty of the most eminent Scottish divines.

This most valuable work originated in the suggestion of several pious and distinguished individuals, that family worship would be greatly promoted by placing in the hands of the community a "model book" suited to the varied wants and circumstances of all Christian households. The volume was prepared and now lies before us in the fair and attractive typography of the Carvers, who have done a rare service for the American Church in bringing this work within our reach. With all our wholesome aversion to liturgical worship, we cannot conceive that any one could read such a collection of devout and beautiful prayers, as are contained in this volume, without finding himself better furnished for the performance of his family devotions. And as the Confession of Faith recommends that "those who are rude and are weaker may begin with a set form of prayer," it is an especial service to such to supply them with these appropriate models for their study.

The names of the contributors to this repository of sanctified intellect and fragrant piety are those names which every man thinks of when he thinks of Scotland. Among them are Cunningham and the eloquent Guthrie, and the philosophical McCosh, and the Luther of Free Presbyterianism, Thomas Chalmers. Beloved McChene prepared four of the prayers in this work, and many a purchaser of the volume will turn at once to the "Seventeenth Week," and read those outflowings of simple tenderness, in which his Patmos-like devotion found a welcome vent. The whole volume is redolent of Bethany and Olivet—those sacred spots where our blessed Master mingled in the household applications of Lazarus and his sisters, and where he prayed so often with his own pilgrim family, the chosen twelve. Beside the "big ha' Bible" let every young household place this notable work, as an incentive and directory in domestic worship.

#### JUVENILE READING.

##### A PARABLE.

There were once two poor little girls who had to travel alone and on foot a long way to reach their Father's house, which was at a great distance from the place where they were. Some person was to call them early in the morning, and they were to set off before it was hot. Accordingly, early on the summer morning, not long after sunrise, a person came and awakened the children. Up jumped Liebe, and began to prepare for her journey; Lailig lay still, and soon dropped off again to sleep. Again her sister awakened her. "She would rise presently," she said; but she again dropped to sleep. Her sister roused her again; this time she was very angry, and desired her to leave her alone, and go on her journey, she would come after her—there was plenty of time.

Liebe felt very sorry, but there was no help; so she stepped out by herself into the warm summer air. At first her heart was heavy for her sister, and she felt some fears as to the length and the loneliness of the way; but the sun shone brightly, the flowers and new-mown hay perfumed the meadows, and as the morning advanced, the path led through a pleasant wood, whose shadows covered her from the noontide heat. Every now and then she thought of her sister, and looked back; there were many coming along the way she had passed, but her sister was not among them; still on she went, and before the shadows of the evening fell she was safe at home, in her father's house, and in her father's arms.

Meanwhile, what had become of Lailig? She had lain and slept; hour after hour went by; no one came to call again; the noontide sun, as it streamed into the window, saw her sleeping still; the shadows began to lengthen, and the twilight to draw nigh; still she slept! At length, a few peals of distant thunder shook the air, and