

Youths' Department.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Oh, Thou! who mak'st the sun to rise,
And every daily want supplies,
Enfold me with Thy love and care;
The smallest floweret thou canst see—
The falling sparrow's marked by Thee—
Then turning mercy's ear to me,
Listen, listen,
Listen to my morning prayer!

Oh, Thou! whose tender love once gave
Thine only Son our world to save,
And all our griefs and cares to bear;
Pardon my sins: my heart renew;
Help me each day Thy will to do;
And bless all dear relations too;
Listen, listen,
Listen to my simple prayer.

Oh, Thou! who wilt with monarch's part;
To dwell within a contrite heart,
And build thyself a temple there;
O'er all my young affections move,
Fill all my soul with heavenly love,
And, kindly stooping from above,
Listen, listen,
Listen to my earnest prayer.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly: reprimand them secretly. Give them good countenance according to thy ability: otherwise, thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank Death for it, not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering up of some parents and the over stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. Suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism.—Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars, for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession can hardly be an honest man, or a good Christian: besides, it is a science no longer in request than in use, for soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.—*Cecil, Lord Burleigh.*

CITY CHILDREN.—Fanny Fern pities city children. "Here comes a group of pale-faced city children on their way to school. God bless the little unfortunates! Their little feet should be crushing the strawberries, ripe and sweet, on some sunny hill-slope, where breath of new-mown hay and clover blossoms would give roses to their cheeks, and strength and grace to their cramped and half-developed limbs. Poor little creatures! they never saw a patch of blue sky bigger than their satchels, or a blade of grass that dared to grow without permission from the mayor, aldermen, and common council. Poor little skeletons! tricked out like the fashion-prints, and fed on diluted skim-milk and big dictionaries, I pity you."

GIVE YOUR BOYS A TRADE.—Franklin says, "He who has a trade has an estate," and never was a more useful maxim uttered by that great man. The above saying is easy to be understood by all, and applicable to all professors or pursuits. A great day it will be for our country when the youth shall be inclined or compelled to adopt some calling, whether mercantile or what is really mechanical. And a great day it will be when more of them shall choose the latter—to become respectable mechanics, rather than second rate lawyers, doctors or divines.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.—A traveller, who was crossing the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller for a time struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

Just at that moment he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself for he too could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up, and he crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fellow-sufferer.

He took his hands into his own and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did this, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward.—But this was not all, for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off; he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travellers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their home in safety.

If you feel your heart cold towards God, and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another soul to life, and make his heart glad; and you will often find it the best way to warm, and restore, and gladden your own.

Selections.

SABLE ISLAND.

The following letter from Miss Dix to a gentleman at New York, pointing out the demand for some measures for protection against the loss of human life, and of property on the shores of Sable Island, has been published at New York, for the purpose of bringing the facts contained in it to the knowledge of commercial men. The facts came to her knowledge in consequence of a visit which she made to the Island, while engaged in the prosecution of her philanthropic labors for the benefit of the neighboring British Provinces. They appear to be deserving of the attention of the commercial public, with a view to the adoption of some means for remedying the great defects which appear to exist for guarding against the disasters of that hazardous navigation.

MONTREAL, C. E., Nov. 2.

SIR:—You ask some account of Sable Island, and its resources as a Humane Establishment. I must reply briefly, assuring special details at the earliest leisure. The Island of Sable, or Sand, is a dependency of Nova Scotia, and lies in the Atlantic ocean, in the track of vessels sailing between the Northern States, and the Peninsula, and Northern Europe. It is divided centrally, by the meridian of 60° North latitude, ranging E. S. E. from Halifax, and S. S. E. of Cape Cansuau, the highest point of the main land, and from which it is eighty-five miles distant. The sailing distance, direct from Halifax, is about one hundred and fifty miles. I have copied a chart of the most recent surveys of the Island and Shoal, by Capt. Bayfield, R. N., and published by authority of the Home Department, and will send it to you with the more special details by-and-by.

Sable Island is composed of a succession of low-grassy sand-hills and sand beach, extending in a crescent form, diagonally, twenty-four miles, and terminated at either extremity by a superficial beach or bar several miles in breadth; its average width is about one mile. A salt lake traverses the south side, fourteen miles long and half a mile wide, divided from the coast by a low sand ridge or broad beach: during severe storms, the sea makes a passage at several points into these waters. At the west end of the lake is a fresh water pond divided only by a narrow strip of grass grown sand. The highest sand-hills attain an altitude of about seventy feet, and rise at the north-east extremity of the Island, near the commencement of the extensive superficial bar, which terminates or reaches beyond this end of the Island proper. The Island in this direction is gaining steadily, while the opposite extremity, as the records demonstrate, has wasted many miles.

Sable Island has, since its discovery, been the dread and terror of mariners in fog and storm. I possess a list of nearly two hundred ships and lesser vessels, belonging chiefly to England and the United States, which have been lost there within the last fifty years. The mariners stationed there told me that it was not uncommon after dense fogs or heavy winds, to find fragments of the wrecks of vessels and remains of cargoes, of which nothing beside was known.

The Island has no harbor, nor any secure anchorage. Vessels wishing to effect communication with the Island, which few voluntarily undertake, anchor about three quarters of a mile from the shore, taking position on the northern side of the Island, when the wind is

from the south, and more distant on the south side, when a northerly wind prevails, setting a watch—but weighing anchor and setting sail when a change is threatened.

Shoals and bars make out fully sixty miles from the south side: on the north, the banks fall off to deep water more suddenly.

The Province of Nova Scotia, aided by the mother country, maintains an establishment consisting of eight able bodied seamen, one lame seaman, a good shore worker, and an active boy, who are to render prompt aid whenever a ship is discovered beating in distress. A regular watch is established: and the circuits are made once in twenty four hours: in addition, observations are made frequently from the crow's nest on the milland signal staff, when the density of fogs does not close the view.

The Superintendent is authorised to command the time and direct all employment on the island: himself, the second in command, and the third, have there their families: besides the seamen and their families the island has no inhabitants. Shipwrecked persons are liable to be detained for several months in winter, and often for many weeks at other seasons, till the arrival of the Government vessel, which is charged to furnish provisions and such supplies as the Islanders required.

Lumber for the construction of the dwelling houses, work-shops, store-houses, boat-houses, refuge houses, and for fuel is amply supplied by the remains of wrecked vessels.

There are four one-story dwelling-houses: a house of refuge on the south-western extremity of the island, consisting of a decent room, having a fire-place filled with dry wood, a match box, bucket, tin cup, axe and a bag of sea-biscuit hanging against the wall. The door is simply latched, written directions are put up indicating the inhabited parts of the island, and showing that fresh water can be had by digging eighteen inches or two feet into the sand.

On the south side, is another refuge-house, excellently built by the present superintendent: there is another further east, and a good furnished building nigh the entrance and most occupied portion of the island, where the seamen and others remain till taken off as before stated.

Good order and good habits prevail. No higher wages are paid to seamen serving here, than to mariners on sailors' duty at sea. There are several excellent surf-boats, but no available life-boat, and no light-house, neither fog-bells. A life-boat was some years since constructed on the land. It has a close convex deck, and precludes the safe use of the oars except in perfectly smooth water, and is pronounced by all practised in nautical affairs who have seen it, utterly useless.

The question of establishing a light house on Sable Island has been considered; Earl Dundonald, Sir John Harvey, Sir George Seymour, and the present Provincial Secretary, have all advocated the measure: as also Captain Bayfield of the Royal Navy, and others, masters in the mercantile service. As yet the subject has not been finally acted upon by the civilians who have control in Nova Scotia. I am not able to state how far fog-bells would be useful, not having heard the question referred to at all: but I should imagine that on the northern side these could be placed to great advantage: several stations. I should think blocks of stones to which heavy chains detaining buoys, bearing a staff and bell, might be securely fixed, as on the coast of Maine, and elsewhere.

I am sorry that I cannot at this time give you other important information. I merely add, that within thirty hours after I arrived at Sable Island, in July last, the Guide, an English vessel, nearly new, eight days from New York, with a full cargo of flour and other supplies for the Labrador, came on shore in a fog, on the south side, and was a total loss—all hands and the cargo saved.

I am, Sir, yours, with sentiments of respectful appreciation.
D. L. Dix.

PRAYER BY MINISTERS.—Pericles is said never to have ascended the rostrum, without first invoking the gods. What an impressive lesson to Christian orators and teachers.

The importance of prayer, to a minister of the Gospel, is obvious in the light of both reason and the Bible. Strong expressions, as to this, may be gathered from the works of all those who have been preachers indeed.

Wicliff said of the expositor—He must be a man of prayer. He needs the internal instruction of the primary teacher.

Luther said—"prayer meditation and temptation make a minister." Another vigorous phrase of his is