

designing men; satan laid a snare for, and caught him; and shall we now give up to satan, and leave this precious soul to perish forever?

The pastor felt ashamed, and beginning to relent, said: 'If you will pray for me and for him while I am gone, I will go and converse with him once more.'

'We will,' was their quick reply.

He went, though it was past the hour of nine in the evening. He found him by his fireside, alone, reading Alleine's Alarm. Oh! those sisters' prayers had gone to heaven before, and the Holy Spirit was still striving with that wretched sinner. He felt himself to be a lost sinner—thought that the wrath of God was even abiding on him, and begged the minister to cry to God in his behalf.

'I will, sir, on one condition.'

'What is that, sir?'

'It is that you pledge yourself, first, never again to touch the intoxicating cup.'

'I can't make such a pledge.'

'Then I have no faith in praying

THE PINES OF CANADA.

The following poem was written by Chas. Mair, Esq., of Litchfield, and was published by the Temperance Society of Kingston, by Mr. Joshua Fraser, student in Divinity. We lay this poem before those of our readers who have not heretofore had the pleasure of perusing this young poet's efforts:

THE PINES.

BY CHAS. MAIR, LANARK, U. C.

O, hush to the pines in their solitude sigh,
When the winds were awakened and night was nigh;
When the elms breathed out a sorrowful tale,
And the willows waved sadly over the dead.

When the aspen leaf whitened a legend dread,
And the willows waved sadly over the dead;
And the poplar shone with a silvery gleam,
And trambled like one in a troublesome dream.

And the cypresses murmured of grief and woe,
And the linden waved solemnly to and fro,
And the sumach seemed wrapped in a golden mist,
And the soft maple blushed where the frost had kissed.

And the spectral birch stood alone in the gloom,
Like an unquiet spirit uprisen from the tomb;
And the cedar outstretched its lone arms to the earth,
To feed with sweet moisture the place of its birth.

And the hemlock, uplifted above the crowd,
Drank deeply of mist at the brink of the cloud;
And the balsams, with curtains of shaggy green,
The tents in the distance, were dimly seen.

the pines in th' solitude sighing,
The winds were awakened, and day was
storm grew, and darker its fall,
The pines were louder than all.

THE PINES.

I fear not the rain,
The wind blows again.

And Spring, who awakens her sleeping buds,
By the window, and hill, and
Brings forth no new life to the old domain,
Bringing, stern and free
In solitude, the solemn, vast
Whom build, work, and leave.
We look for their years glide away to the past,
And we grimly look on their grave.
Our voice eternal, our song sublime,
For its sake is the day of you,
Back through the years of mine time,
When we met, grew old and here!

TWONT HURT YOU!

I am afraid of these little temptations. They are the little leaks that sink the ship. They have seamed and shattered the noblest fabrics of human character that ever towered. They are the little threads, gleaming and playful as the springlet in the sunbeams, but slowly cutting their way through granite even, and flooding the holiest heritages of virtue and truth with the black desolations of vice and crime. Trifles they seem at first, and exultant or extolled, they insidiously weave their gossamer folds around the victim, until the strongest is crushed in the deadly embrace.

These little embraces meet us at every corner; drop from almost every lip. No people—many of them claiming to be governed by gospel rule—ever dream that a word or a sentiment sometimes, is the half ounce which sends up a noble purpose and a soul to the bottom! Thousands to-day, who would suffer martyrdom rather than deal rum in the grog-shop, are at their own hearth-altars, insidiously doing the same devilish work.

Let us to our brief story,
- drink, of it, man, let
- wouldn't hurt a
- went