

THE HAPPINESS OF BEING ABLE TO READ.

(From the Juvenile Library.)

A child, who has learned to read, can read the word of God—that book which tells us of our Creator, and teaches us to know and to love our Saviour. He may also read this blessed book to the old, to the blind, to the sick, and to those who cannot read for themselves. The following little story proves the truth of what we have just said.

Mr. Clifford was one day walking in the country. As he passed by a meadow, where some sheep were grazing, he saw a little boy of seven or eight years old lying under a tree near the road; he was yawning and stretching himself, and appeared very much fatigued.

Mr. Clifford stopped, and said to him, my boy, are you ill?

Boy. No; but I am very tired, because I have nothing to do.

Mr. C. Do you not keep these sheep?

Boy. Yes; I come here in the morning, and remain till six o'clock.

Mr. C. And what have you been doing all this time?

Boy. What could I do? I am very tired—that is all.

Mr. C. You should bring your Testament with you, and read a few chapters; that would not only instruct you, but prevent your feeling fatigued.

The little boy did not answer—he blushed, and appeared ashamed from what had been said to him.

Mr. C. Perhaps you have not got a Testament of your own; but I will give you mine with pleasure. Here it is for you.

The little boy still hung down his head, without answering a word.

Mr. C. Perhaps you cannot read?

Boy. Nobody ever taught me; and I could not teach myself, sir.

Mr. C. Poor child! so you have never read the word of God? I pity you with all my heart; because it is the best of books, and from it alone a child may learn to be wise and happy.

Boy. I assure you, sir, I should be very glad to learn to read; my time would then pass much more pleasantly.

Mr. C. And, above all, my poor boy, you would learn to love and obey your Saviour.

Mr. Clifford then advised the little boy to go to school on rainy days, when the sheep remained in their fold, and also during the winter. The child promised to do so; and Mr. Clifford continued his walk.

A short time afterwards he entered the house of a weaver, to whom he wished to give some work.

While he was speaking to the workman, he heard some one reading in the adjoining chamber, and the door being open, he recognised the parable of the sower.

Mr. C. Who is reading in that room?

Weaver. It is a kind little neighbour of ours, who reads the Bible every day to my poor mother. I also profit by her reading while I am at work.

Mr. C. How old is the child?

Weaver. She is about eight years old; but she is so sensible, she might pass for ten.

Mr. Clifford approached the door, and saw the little girl standing near the arm chair of the old blind woman, reading from a large Bible near the window. She read very correctly, and pronounced every word and syllable distinctly, stopping at all the points and commas—every one understood her—it was a pleasure to hear her read. The old woman seemed very attentive, and very glad to hear the word of God.

When the little girl had finished the parable of the sower, the blind woman explained it to her, and talked of the goodness of our Saviour, and of the happiness of obeying him.

Mr. Clifford spoke to the old woman, and then said to the child, my dear one, you are very happy in being able to read; for you may read the Bible to yourself, and, at the same time, do good to your neighbour.

The little girl replied in a very gentle voice, indeed, sir, it gives me very great pleasure to read to my kind neighbour. She herself taught me to read last year.

Mr. C. Had you much trouble in learning?

Child. A little, sir, but not much, as our good neighbour made me read regularly every day.

Old Woman. The Lord has blessed this little girl; she learned to read the Bible very quickly; and she has become wiser every day since.

Mr. C. And happier also, I am sure; for nothing makes one more contented than the knowledge of the Saviour and of his Holy Word.

Mr. Clifford then gave his Testament to the little girl, who was very much obliged to him. He advised her to read it every day with prayer, and then took leave of the weaver.

As he returned home, he thought how great was the difference between the little shepherd, who yawned and stretched himself all day long, because he could not read, and the little girl, who so happily in reading the Gospel of our blessed Saviour to her kind neighbour.

Little friend! by God's blessing, you can read. No doubt, you have already found how pleasant it is to have that knowledge. But to feel it completely, make God's blessed book your study, and employ yourself in fixing what it teaches in your own mind, and in that of others who know even less than yourself.

Then, indeed, you will know the happiness of being able to read.

YOUTHFUL PERSEVERANCE.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

A lad about thirteen years of age arrived in this city by the cars the night before last. His story, though brief, is an interesting one, and exhibits a strength of close-clinging affection, which is a pleasure to record. His mother and sister left Ireland about a year ago for America, and the boy being then a bound apprentice, was not permitted to accompany them, although he desired to do so. Some eight months after their departure the little fellow, without a penny in his pocket, ran away from his master, walked to Dublin city, told his story to the captain of an American ship, and tearfully solicited his aid in taking him to his mother. The captain told him that the United States was a very large country, and should get there he might not find the object of his search, but the little "Japhet" was determined to "try," and finally got the Captain's consent to take him across the ocean in the capacity of a second cook.

The vessel arrived at New York, and the little fellow, all alone, searched the great metropolis throughout—inquiring of the Irish families of the whereabouts of his mother, but to no purpose—no one knew her. During this search, which continued more than a week, the little fellow met his current expenses by doing chores in the streets, such as holding horses, &c.—for a lad of that kind could not be dishonest.

Failing in New York, he worked his passage in a steamer to Albany—reached that city, and worked his way to Buffalo, thence to Sandusky, and to Cincinnati—making a journey, in all, of about four thousand miles in search of his mother: Upon his arrival here, he immediately sought out the Irish residents, and, for the first time, heard of the object of his long and singular pilgrimage. He learned that his mother and sister had lived in Cincinnati, but about a month since had moved to Vanceburg, Ky. The little "Japhet," in the fulness of his joy, was determined that an hour should not be lost, and went to Captain Grace, of the *Brilliant* yesterday, and told his story. The captain took him on board, gave him some money, and provided him comfortably for the passage, and, doubtless, ere this, the little fellow is in the arms of the loved ones of his search.

THE POOR STUDENT.

(From the Life of Bishop Horne, by Jones of Nayland.)

In the last age, when Bishop Walton's Polyglott was first published, there was at Cambridge a Mr. Edwards passionately fond of Oriental learning; who afterwards by the name of Rabbi Edwards. He was a good scholar; but being then rather young in the university, and not very rich, Walton's great work was far above his pocket. Nevertheless, not being able to sleep without it, he sold his bed and some of his furniture, and made the purchase; in consequence of which he was obliged to sleep in a large chest, originally made to hold his clothes. But getting into his chest one night rather incautiously, the lid of it, which had a bolt with a spring, fell down upon him, and locked him in past recovery, and there he lay well smothered to death. In the morning, Edwards who was always an exact man, not appearing, it was wondered what was become of him: till at last his bed-maker, being alarmed, went to his chambers to find him. This story Mr. Horne told his father; and it had the desired effect. His father immediately sent him the money; for which he returns him abundant thanks, promising to repay him in the only possible way, viz: that of using the books to the best advantage. They were without question, diligently turned over while he worked at his Commentary on the Psalms, and yielded him no small assistance.

WILLIE, THE CABIN-BOY.

(From "The History of a Prayer Book" by Miss Rathbone.)

The anchor was heaved, the sails were furlled, and the gallant ship went down the river; while Tom stood on deck watching his father, and waving his hat to him, until the old man's gray hairs were lost in the distance. Tom was much liked generally by his messmates; but his chief favourite was a little lad called "Willie," who, almost too slight and gentle for a sailor's life, was much roughed about, and not always very kindly treated by the rest of the crew. But Tom had ever shown him more consideration, and now the little cabin-boy came up to him directly upon his arrival on board, and rejoiced to find himself once more under Tom's protection.

Prosperously the gallant ship sped on her way; and during the long summer evenings, when, though the sun had set, the lingering twilight almost supplied its place, Tom used to read in his Prayer Book in some retired corner, where he could be undisturbed by the riotous conversation of his messmates. He had commenced this plan of reading it regularly, chiefly in accordance with his father's wishes; but gradually a new light broke in upon his mind, and not having any Bible of his own, eagerly sought its help to enable him to do his duty better; and ere long he was led to perceive that his former mode of life, though unstained by the commission of actual vice, fell far short of the Christian standard, and would continue to do so until he should steadfastly try to follow the example of his Saviour in all things.

About a week after they set sail the little cabin-boy was suddenly taken very ill with an inflammatory attack, which left him so weak, that the doctor feared he would never recover. During his sickness the little lad clung to Tom as his best friend, who spent every moment he could spare by Willie's sick bed, and nursed him almost as tenderly as his own mother could have done.

The boy dearly loved to talk of serious things, and he showed Tom a New Testament formerly given to him at the Sunday School, and which bore marks of much reading and many tears—for poor Willie's portion in life had been one of great hardship; yet had a blessing rested upon it; for by weaning his thoughts from earth, and making him feel that he must not look for happiness in this life, but in that better life—in that better world to which his kind parents were already gone; it had fitted him to meet the solemn change which was now drawing near with rapid strides.

One afternoon Tom had been absent from him for some hours, and when he entered the cabin where Willie's cot was placed, he was struck by the great change which had passed over the boy's wasted features. "I am so glad you are come, Tom," said the little fellow, whose eyes brightened on seeing him; "for, do you know, I think I shall not last much longer; my breathing is getting worse and worse, and the doctor said just now he was afraid it would never be any better. Will you read to me once more out of your Prayer Book, Tom?" "Yes, my boy, I shall be only too glad to do any thing for you; for you have done your best to be a good lad, and I shall miss you very much when you are gone."

Tom took out his book, and was turning over its pages, when Willie said, very faintly, "Read the service for the dying, Tom. Is there not a prayer for those who die at sea?"

Then Tom looked up at him much alarmed, and perceiving directly that death must be very near, he proposed calling the captain or the doctor.

"No," said the boy, in a whisper; "give my love to them when I am gone, but let me die alone with you, Tom; and let me sit up, that that I may breathe easier."

Tom raised and supported him with a strong arm, whilst in a faltering voice he proceeded to read the Commendatory Prayer for a sick person at the point of departure. Willie asked for another, and he turned to the lesson from the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, which for hundreds of years has afforded consolation to so many bereaved and solitary hearts. When he came to the end Willie repeated after him the words, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." He then struggled hard for breath, and looking up in Tom's face, said, "Thank you much for all your kindness to me, Tom; and please, Tom, give my love to Dora." He paused; and Tom replied, "I will, I will, bless you, for thinking of her now." As he spoke he felt the boy's head lean heavily on his shoulder, and the next moment perceived that his young spirit had departed.

Tom tenderly kissed the poor lad's forehead, and cut off a lock of the dark brown hair which clustered in rich curls upon the young open brow, where an expression of undisturbed, holy peace already rested, speaking of a world beyond the tomb. He did indeed miss the young companion, whose loving ways and cheerful talk had beguiled many of those weary hours which sometimes press heavily upon the sailor's monotonous course of existence; and Willie's early and happy death deepened the religious impressions which he had been for some time imbibing, and which now began to permanently influence his daily life.

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July, 1848.

W. THOMAS,

ARCHITECT,

OAKHAM HOUSE, CHURCH STREET,

TORONTO.

March 27th, 1848.

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Provincial Land Surveyor and Draughtsman,

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ADDRESS, TORONTO POST OFFICE.

June, 1848.

DR. DERRY

Has Removed to 10, Bishop's Buildings,

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DR. HALLOWELL,

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Toronto, 17th March, 1848.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

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TORONTO.

DONALD BETHUNE, JR.

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Solicitor in Chancery and Bankruptcy,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

DIVISION STREET, COBBOURG,

CANADA WEST.

Cobourg, Oct. 21, 1848.

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BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR,

Albany Chambers, King Street,

TORONTO.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1849.

WILLIAMS & HOLMES,

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142 Yonge Street.

Toronto, April 25, 1848.

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The Map is now in course of completion, and will be published shortly. The price, one dollar, coloured seven shillings and sixpence; mounted on rollers and varnished, ten shillings.