

have read all the books we have brought with us: and I think after all home is the best to live at." Lucy said she "should like to stay a little longer." But little Emily asked "what should she do without her lessons? She should grow up and know nothing!" Breakfast interrupted this conversation, and when it was over the light wagon drove to the door, and our little party were now seated to their satisfaction, and on full trot towards

THE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

They rode through many pretty spots, and began slowly to ascend the mountain. Emily heard the grating of the wheels over the bare rock, and was delighted to think that they were on the real mountain. "See mamma," said she, "it is the true rock that God has made, I wanted to see!" They soon gained the top, and before they began to descend, stopped to enjoy the view of the vast extent of country, which lay before them like an unfolded map.

Shortly after they passed through a dark and lonely wood, in which there was a single house, surrounded by mountains and thick forests. A little out of the road, by a log, a boy was standing with an axe in his hand, and close at his feet lay a large snake, which he seemed to have just killed. The mother inquired of her children how they would like to exchange houses with this little boy, "as this," she said, "was the country in which they had so much wished to live?" "We might as well live among the Palisades, mamma," said Amelia, "we should have just as little chance here to attend our church or school."

They now came to a bend in the road, and the calm still waters of the Lake appeared in sight, surrounded with beautiful and varied scenery: here and there a small house, with a few cleared and cultured fields, gave a cheerful relief to the heavy wooded mountain. "See ma," said Jane, "that small house close to the margin of the lake, shaded with those pretty trees! Here, I do think, although it is lonely, I should like to live." "Perhaps not, miss," said the person who drove the carriage: "if you had seen the inside of that house, as I have, it is quite likely you would choose to stay at home." He then told her how he had once been out fishing on the lake, and called at the house to inquire for something to eat, knowing it had formerly been a kind of boarding house. He found the mother of the family peeling a few potatoes, which she said, were all the provisions they had in the house. Her husband was a fisherman, and she pointed out his little canoe on the lake, nearly on the opposite side; she expected him home with fish for their dinner. Being asked why they had no bread, she said that their flour was out, and the mill was not going, and the next village was too far to go on foot, and as they did not own a horse, they had to subsist as they could till their neighbors went again to the mill.

"If these people are so destitute in the summer," said the mother, "it is to be feared that in the winter it would still be worse. The water would be frozen, and they could get no fish; but I think there must be some want of industry or management, or what is still worse, of religious principles. Religion, my children, being the thing of most importance as it respects this world and the next, is almost the only good reason why a city or town residence is to be preferred to seclusion in thinly settled places. Our fallen nature has need of every assistance, to raise it from a love of this present world to a love and fear of our God and Saviour. Without the instruction and comfort of a Church and the sacraments, people are too apt to forget to keep holy the day of God. In our excellent Church it is true, we have a great advantage in our Liturgy. Our form of prayer may be a great mean of keeping the frame of devotion alive in a family, as they can assemble in the wildest woods, at the same hour as the Churches, and may have the satisfaction of knowing that they are joining in the same prayer with the whole church, and may be assured of a part of the same blessing which the ministers of the church are imploring for all the truly penitent and faithful."

The children listened attentively, and thought again how happy they were in living where they had a church and a minister.

Of their return home we remember but little, except that it was very pleasant, as a great part of the ride skirted the bank of the noble Hudson, which presented the lovely spectacle of steam and

other boats continually passing up and down on its spacious bosom. We will leave them, having put up their baskets, waiting for the steamboat, which should take them once more to their peaceful and happy home.

[SELECTED.]

ONE WARNING MORE.

One fervent, faithful warning more,
To him who heeded none before.

The fly around the candle wheels,
Enjoys the sport, and gaily sings,
Till nearer, nearer drawn, he feels
The flame like lightning singe his wings;
Then writhing in the pool beneath he lies,
And, limb by limb scorch'd miserably, dies.

From bough to bough the wild bird hops,
Where late he caroll'd blithe and free;
Now downward, downward, lo! he drops,
Faint, fluttering, helpless, from the tree;
While stretch'd below, with eye of deadly ray,
The eager rattle-snake expects his prey.

Thou, child of pleasure, art the fly,
Caught with a taper's dazzling glare;
Thou art the bird, that meets an eye,
Alluring to the serpent's snare;
Oh! stay;—is reason fled?—is conscience dumb?
Be wise, be warn'd escape the wrath to come.

Not swifter o'er the level course
The racer glances to the goal,
Than thou, with blind and headlong force,
Art running on—to lose thy soul:
Then, though thou win the world, how dear the cost!
Can the whole world avail a spirit lost?

Death, on his pale horse, following fast,
Gains on thy speed, with hell behind;
Fool, all thy yesterdays are past,
To-morrow thou wilt never find;
To-day is hastening to eternity;
"This night thy soul may be required of thee."

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