

ADDRESS TO CHILDREN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

THE man who now addresses you, is a Minister of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. His duty is to teach men what they must do to be saved, and be happy after they die; for we must all die, and our souls, with which we think, and are sometimes glad, or angry, or sorry, will continue to think, and know, and be glad or sorry in another state or place. Would you not always much rather be cheerful and happy, and see pleasant things, than to be sorry, and feel pain? If you love yourselves, I know you would. And I know too that you do love yourselves: for you like to have things that please you, and are fond of pretty sights. You love to be happy. But do you also know that you cannot always be happy unless you have good friends to provide you with good things, and unless you also are good, that you may know how to enjoy good friends and good things? You all have some knowledge of the difference between bad men and good men; and you have heard that wicked men go into pain and torment after they die, while the good are happy and free from pain.

Jesus Christ is he that is the friend of all, even of bad men, and he provides all the good things that we enjoy; but especially that peace of mind which good Christians enjoy both in this world and in the next. If you are good, you must be like him: for he was kind and good to all; he avoided ill temper and violent passions; he was obedient to his mother; he was very patient when bad men abused him; he returned them no hard language; he prayed every day to God; and he did all this that he might give you a good example of living quietly and honestly. He taught men how to serve God in this world, and to die in peace; and, above all, he suffered death for us, that by his pure and precious blood he might wash out our sins and make us happy like himself. Do you think you ought to love him for all this? You surely should, and serve him too; that is, pray to him, as your parents teach you, and do good to every body as he did.

Do you know that you are baptized in his name, and for him, and given to him, and have his name given to you? You are called after him, something like being called after your father. His name is Christ, and when in baptism you get his name put upon you, you are called *Christians*, and devoted to his service, as you serve your father.

I have a great many things of this kind to tell you, which will take me more than two or three years; but I will not say much more to you this time, only that I intend often telling you something good, either of his holy religion, or of other things; for he made all things, the sun, and stars, and the world, and all that you ever saw. Shall I tell you, my dear children, that I, his minister, have a kind regard for you, and that I wish to make you good and happy? If I do I shall tell you no falsehood. When I was ordained by our good Bishop, and made a minister of Christ, and a teacher of his holy word, I promised before God, and Christ, and the Church, that I would be faithful in teaching his good word to my fellow-men. This is one reason why I write this letter to you all. I wish to keep my promise to him; for if I do not, I shall not be permitted to see him in the other world. And I intend to write you or send you something every week, that will make you wiser and better both here and in heaven.

Will you read this letter to your father and mother, and ask them to send to me for the *CHRISTIAN SENTINEL*, that you may have the pleasure of reading it, and being made better children by what you find in it? I am sure that, at the end of the year they would have cause to thank God for it, besides cheerfully paying out a small sum so much to your advantage. May God bless you—and to show you that I intend to keep my promise to you, I will sign my name to this letter. Some of you are my own relations, my own brothers' and sisters' children, and some are my little cousins; and this is the best proof I can possibly give you, that I am,

Your true friend,

A. H. BURWELL

We trust to be favoured from time to time with notices of the Lord Bishop's progress in the Upper Province, that we may be enabled to lay before our readers his *Episcopal acts* performed at the various Churches he may visit. These must always be interesting to those who take a lively concern in the affairs of the Church.

The melancholy duty of announcing the death of our late beloved Sovereign, King George IV., is imposed upon us in the first number of our paper; who departed this life on the 26th of June last of a disease in the chest. We fear that so talented a monarch will not

soon fill the British Throne. His successor, WILLIAM IV. was yesterday publicly proclaimed King of Great Britain by the Sheriff of the District of Three Rivers, before a collection of the most respectable inhabitants of this place assembled at the Court House. The proclamation was received with the usual demonstrations of joy. Long may he live, a blessing to his people, and the watchful guardian of their dearest rights.—GOD SAVE KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH!

SCENE ON BOARD A GENOESE BRIG.

We were in the gulf of Lyons, so famous for storms: the day had been a rough one, but the wind was fair. On we went, and onward, but still the clouds rose all round from the horizon, and our little brig still seemed alone in the world, a world too of raging waters. The place as well as the day was adapted to solemn devotion. Evening came on, and some one remarking that it must be sunset, a signal from the captain called the crew and passengers all aft to the quarter-deck; they bared their heads, and all kneeling around, a litany was commenced by the pilot, and soon after taken up by the captain, the crew all responding. A hymn was then sung on their knees; it was succeeded by another of different metre; and after, another short litany, and a minute of silent prayer, the worship was concluded by a kind of doxology. Their voices were good, and the singing, in such a posture and such a place, with "deep calling unto deep" around them, formed one of the most interesting services I have ever witnessed.—*Sketches of Naval Lives.*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD'S CHOICE.

Archdeacon Robinson, in his "last Days of Bishop Heber," gives the following account of his kind attentions to a bereaved mother who lost, on board the vessel in which they were sailing to Madras, her infant child. Mr. Robinson says:—

"The Bishop has been repeatedly in the cabin, comforting and praicing with her; and in the intervals I hear him weeping and praying for her in his own. I have never seen such tenderness—never such humble exercise of Christian love. This evening he spent chiefly in the cabin of the poor bereaved mother, and while she was bitterly lamenting her loss, instead of checking her expressions of impatience and prescribing to her the duty of submission, he told her the following beautiful apologue, as one with which he had been much affected; A shepherd was mourning over the death of his favourite child, and in the passionate and rebellious feeling of heart, was bitterly complaining that what he loved most tenderly, and was in itself most lovely, had been taken from him.—Suddenly a stranger of grave and venerable appearance stood before him, and beckoned him forth into the field. It was night, and not a word was spoken till they arrived at the fold, when the stranger thus addressed him: 'When you select one of these lambs from the flock, you choose the best and most beautiful among them.—Why should you murmur because I the good shepherd of the flock, have selected from those which you have nourished for me, the one most fitted for my eternal fold! The mysterious stranger was seen no more and the father's heart was comforted.'"

Religious opportunities are like the books of the Sybil: their number is constantly growing less, and their value increases the fewer of them remain.

LINES

Upon occasion of retiring to a homely bed in an humble dwelling.

My heavenly Master had not where
To lay his blessed head:
Too thankful, then, may I repair
To this—to any bed.

Shield us this night, Almighty God,
And when we sink at last
To sleep beneath the kindred sod
On THEE our charge be cast!

O grant that when that dark repose
By millions shall be burst
Our lot be found in CHRIST, with those
Ordain'd to rise the first.*

A LABOURER.