Supposing, however, that your library is already as you deem sufficiently extensive-well then, nine pounds a year would probably clothe your family, warmly and comfortably, from head to foot. For my own guidance in writing this letter I have made a rough calculation, which puts it be yond a doubt that five children-say three girls and two boys-varying in age from two to twelve years, may be luxuriously clothed for nine pounds a How many families, alas I there are, in which as many pounds are squandered in intoxicating liquors as there are shillings spent in comfortable garments.

I do not see any reason why you, my reader, should not have the benefit of my calculation, such as it is; and though I make no pretensions to deep knowledge in such affairs, I think I shall not be convicted of any very glaring mistakes. Thus then my account stands:—

	~	S.	u.
10 Pairs Shoes, averaging 4s. a pair.	. 2	0	0
15 " Stockings , 9d. ,	0	11	3
15 Shirts or Shifts ,, 15d. each	0	18	9
6 Girls' Petticoats ,, 28. ,,	0	12	0
2 Suits boys' clothes,, 20s. ,,	5	0	0
2 girls' ,, 10s. ,,	1	0	0
3 Girls' frocks " 5s. "	O	15	0
3 , , 3s. ,	0	9	0
£3 Bonnets and trimmings3s, ,,	0	9	U
2 Hats or Caps for boy 28.6d. "	0	5	0
• •			
•,	£9	0	0

I do notask you which of these two tables looks best; but I do ask you to decide which really is best?

But, it may be your children are well clothed as it is; and you have nothing to desire in the way of family comfort or convenience that you do not already possess. This truly is a happy state of things, and I can but wish that the parents of all our scholars were thus pleasantly circumstanced. Still, I cannot give up my position, for I think something better might be done with

the odd six-pence a day, than is done with it by him who spends it on beer or porter.

Wishing

Propriet is the annual of the mind, Propriet is the control of the mind, Propriet is the control of the mind of the control of the mind of the control of the mind of the control of the c

I wish—a common wish, indeed—
My purse was something fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it!

I wish that Sympathy and Love And every human passion, That has its origin above, Would come, and keep, in fashion; That Scorn, and Jealousy, and Hate, And every base emotion, Were buried fifty fathoms deep Beneath the wayes of Ocean!

I wish that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish that bard were fewer;
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching.
I wish that practicing was not
So different from preaching!

I wish that most worth might be Appra-sed with truth and candor; I wish that innocence were free From treachery and slander; I wish that men their vows would mind,

That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers.

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good Ideal,
May come, ere while, thro'out the earth,
To be the glorious Real!
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing!

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