

in the convulsions by which such natures disclose what is nearest to their hearts.

"Mr. Avery," he said, "I have heard your preaching ever since I have been here, and thought of it all. It has done me good, because it has made think deeply. It is right and proper that our minds should be forced to think on all these subjects; but I have not thought, and cannot think, exactly like you, nor exactly like anyone that I know of. I must make up my opinion for myself. I suppose I am peculiar, but I have been brought up peculiarly. My lot in life has been very different from that of ordinary boys. The first ten years of my life, all that I can remember is the constant fear, and pain, and distress, and mortification, and want, through which my mother and I passed together,—she in this strange land,—her husband and my father worse than nothing to us, oftentimes our greatest terror. We should both of us have died, if it had not been for one thing: She believed that her Saviour loved her, and loved us all. She told me that these sorrows were from Him, that He permitted them because He loved us,—that they would be for good in the end. She died at last alone and utterly forsaken by everybody but her Saviour, and yet her death was blessed. I saw it in her eyes, and she left it as her last message to me, whatever happened to me, *never to doubt God's love*,—in all my life to trust Him, to seek His counsel in all things, and to believe that all that happened to me was ordered by Him. This was and is my religion; and after all that I have heard I can have no other. I do

love God because He is good, and because He has been good to me. I believe that Jesus Christ is God, and I worship God always through Him, and I leave everything for myself, for life and death in His hands. I know that I am not very good. I know, as you say, I am liable to make mistakes, and to deceive myself in a thousand ways, but *He* knows all things; and He can and will teach me; He will not let me lose myself. I feel sure."

"My son," said Mr. Avery, "you are blessed. I thank God with all my heart for you. Go on, and God be with you!"

It is to be seen that Mr. Avery was a man who always corrected theory by common sense. "When he perceived that a child could be trained up a christian, and grow with the love of a heavenly Father as he grows in the love of an earthly one, by a daily and hourly experience of goodness, he yielded to the perceptions of his mind in that particular case.—"*Old Town Folks*," by H. B. Stowe.

Sunday Schools were first established in Nova Scotia in 1789. This fact rests on the authority of a printed sermon of Rev'd Roger Viets, "preached at Digby, in Nova Scotia, April 19th, 1789," in which he says: "But the abuse of the mornings, noons and evenings of Lord's days is in part obviated by the late excellent institution of Sunday Schools, for the establishment and support of which we are very much indebted to the piety and assiduity of our worthy Prelate, who is never weary in well-doing."—*Pioneer Missionary*.

There is heresy in charity as well as heresy in faith.