

*Child.* Surely, mother, it is the wind. I think you know it to be the wind; it brings on the clouds, and then it drives them away.

*Mother.* How can this be? is the wind everywhere?

*Child.* O yes, mother, everywhere.

*Mother.* What! in the heavens and upon the earth too?

*Child.* O yes, surely: it is above us, and around us and everywhere.

*Mother.* Well this is wonderful, that the wind should be everywhere, above us and around us! I cannot see the wind!

*Child.* Dear mother, nobody can see the wind.

*Mother.* Why so?

*Child.* How can we see the wind, mother? nobody ever did see the wind!

*Mother.* But how can I tell whether it is the wind that moves the trees, and the grass, and the clouds? if I see nothing of the wind, how do I know there is wind around me and above me, if I cannot see it?

*Child.* Nay, now dear mother, you are joking with me. I feel the wind so strong sometimes, it almost blows me away; besides, the trees could not move of themselves! they are quite still, and the grass too, if the wind does not blow.

*Mother.* Just so, my dear child, no heart would ever have one movement towards God and heavenly things, if the Holy Spirit of God did not move over it and within it. You learn that it is possible for a mighty power to work above and around you, although your eyes cannot see it, nor your hands lay hold of it. The wind is so strong, that it will tear up trees by their roots; agitate the sea so as to raise the waves mountains high; it will drive the sands of the desert with such force, and so much of it, as to cover poor travellers and bury them for ever beneath it. Thus the wind is strong and mighty, and is as you say everywhere. Yet—now take notice—yet you cannot see it: Then my dear child, so He who made the wind, God, the great God, is everywhere; but you cannot see him, although, like the wind he is above and around you. You cannot see the wind, you cannot see God's Holy Spirit.

*Child.* Dear mother, I wonder I never thought of this before.

*Mother.* Let us open the Bible, we shall find that our Saviour Jesus Christ is called the Sun of Righteousness and the Light of the world, because he teaches us all we know about God and heaven; and thus gives light, the light of wisdom and knowledge to the soul: so the Holy Spirit is compared to the wind, which being as you say everywhere, and working with a mighty power, is yet unseen, although it gives as it were life and motion to all that you do see on the face of the earth. The Psalmist asks, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, whither shall I flee from thy presence?" meaning he could go nowhere, but, there God is also; and again our Saviour says, "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth—so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

*Child.* What does that mean mother born of the Spirit?

*Mother.* I will answer that question another time; go now and take your run in the garden, only first let me repeat to you what I wish impressed upon your mind: The wind that is so strong, cannot rise without God's permission: God made the wind, and God rules the wind; and as you cannot see the wind, though it is all around you, so you cannot see God, though his Spirit is above you and around you, and everywhere, also! Now as that bright shining sun may teach you to think of your Saviour, let the wind bring to you thoughts of that Holy Spirit, who is not only mighty in power, but Almighty, and therefore able to make you good, though you cannot make yourself good. He is able to incline your heart to love always what is good, and then you will follow after it, and not after evil; then you will walk in the light and be happy. He will teach you to look up to God and call Him "Father," and God will look down upon you and love you as his dear child; for "AS MANY AS ARE LED BY THE SPIRIT OF GOD, THEY ARE THE CHILDREN OF GOD."

IOTA.

—*Children's Magazine.*

*Children's Friend.*

## THE TWO HOMES.

BY MRS. HEMENS.

Oh! if the soul immortal be,  
Is not its love immortal too?

Seest thou my home! 'Tis where yon woods are waving  
In their dark riches to the sunny air,  
Where yon blue stream a thousand flower-banks laving,  
Leads down the hills a vein of light—'tis there.

Mid these green haunts how many a spring lies gleaming,  
Fringed with the violet, coloured with the skies,  
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,  
Under young leaves that shook with melodies!

My home!—the spirit of its love is breathing  
In every wind that plays across my track,  
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing  
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved—there prayed for—there my mother  
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye,  
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother;  
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly!

There in sweet strains of kindred music blending,  
All the home voices meet at day's decline;  
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,—  
There laughs my home. Sad stranger! where is thine?

Ask thou of mine? In solemn peace 'tis lying,  
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away;  
'Tis there I too am loved, with love undying,  
And fond hearts wait my step—but where are they?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling,  
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air!  
I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling  
My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving?  
Happy thou art, that against gaze on thine!  
My spirit feels, but in its weary roving,  
That with the dead, wh'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother!  
Bear fresh gladness to the household scene!  
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,  
I will believe—but dark seas roll between.

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