

THE CHILD AND ITS ECHO.

Little Charles knew nothing of an echo. Once as he was playing by himself in a field, he cried out, 'Ho! Hop!' And immediately a voice from a little wood close by repeated, 'Ho! Hop!'

Being surprised at this, he called out, 'Who are you?' The same voice replied, 'Who are you?'—On this he cried out, 'You're a stupid fellow!' and 'Stupid fellow!' was of course the answer.

At this Charles began much displeas'd, began to call all the abusive names he could think of, and these same expressions all seem'd to come back to him. 'I never met with such insolence,' he muttered, 'I'll revenge myself;' and he ran up and down among the trees, trying to find out the supposed offender, but he could see nobody. Vexed and disappointed, he hastened home and told his mother that a bad boy had hidden himself in the wood, and called him all sorts of names. His mother smiled and shook her head.

'Now you have betrayed and complain'd of yourself, Charles; for you must know you heard nothing but your own words repeated. As you have often seen your face reflected in the water, so have you now heard your own voice echoed. Had you called kind words, kind words would have been returned to you; and I may also observe it is generally the case, that the behaviour we meet with from others, is but an echo of our own. If we are friendly in our manner, people are dispos'd to be kind to us; but if we are rude and uncivil, we cannot expect better treatment ourselves.'

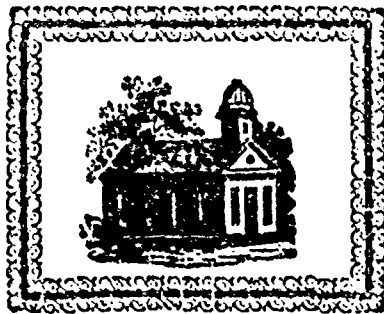
HE USED TO TAKE THE LADDER UP AFTER HIM.

In the year 1831 there lived a little boy who spent all his Sabbaths in studying the Bible, in which he felt the greatest interest. To be free from interruption, he would repair to the garret; and that no one might find him, he used to "take the ladder up after him." This little boy loved Jesus Christ, and delighted to do his will. He had read those words of the Saviour, "And thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father in secret." He had no closet; but he could climb into a garret by means of a ladder; and, that he might study the Bible and pray to God in secret, "he took the ladder up after him."

In 1831, this youth died—he climbed to heaven, and he took the ladder up after him—for he could not be found.—But I delight to think of that youth as now enjoying the presence of Jesus, in a mansion where he needs no ladder; but, free from the approach of interruption, can unite with angelic spirits in praise to the God of the Bible, and in adoring the love of that Saviour who died for all, that even a little child believing on him, might inherit the kingdom of heaven.—*Y. P. Gazette.*

CHILDHOOD'S MISTAKES.

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are, at best, but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scents and hues are rather guess'd, than known.
Each dreams that he is just what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When disposition, like a sail uncurl'd,
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.



TEN REASONS WHY I LOVE TO GO TO MY SUNDAY SCHOOL, AND CHURCH.

1. Because I am ignorant and want to be taught.
 2. Because I shall get no good by spending my time in idleness and play.
 3. Because God has commanded us to keep holy the Sabbath-day.
 4. Because, by improving the Lord's-day, which God has given to me, I wish to become wise in the days of my youth.
 5. Because good boys and good girls love to go there.
 6. Because prayer is offered to God there; the word of God is read there; and the praises of God are sung there.
 7. Because there my mind is improved, and I learn my duty to God and man.
 8. Because my teachers and ministers kindly tell me of the love of Christ to the young, and point out the way of salvation through his sufferings and death.
 9. Because, when I grow old, I may not be able to go, and therefore I ought to improve the present time.
 10. Because I wish to go to heaven when I die; and at the Sunday School and Church I shall learn the way thither.
- Children's Magazine.*

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Through a large part of the Province the Sabbath School is suspended during the winter months, to be re-opened in the spring.

It is now time that our brethren, where this is the case, should be upon the alert, securing the services of teachers, and calling the early attention of parents, that every impediment may be removed, so that when the school commences it may have a favourable beginning; for with this as with other good works, much, very much, often depends upon a favourable commencement. We desire in kindness to offer a few suggestions.

There is no direction in which the Church can now look with so much hope as towards the Sabbath-school. Here the seed of the kingdom, which is the word

of God, is sown; from hence we may reasonably expect a harvest for God. Tho' who have ever felt the power and known the privileges of the religion of Jesus Christ, will be solicitous to promote it, and will rejoice in this wonderful agency so efficient and so simple, giving exercise to whatever amount of talent or acquirement they may possess, and the fullest assurance to their reason or their faith, that if they abound in the work of the Lord their labour shall not be in vain.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF A SOLDIER.

We heard at a distance a feeble voice appealing to us for succour. Touched by his plaintive cries, some soldiers approached the spot, and to their astonishment saw a French soldier stretched on the ground with both his legs broken.—"I was wounded," said he, "on the day of the great battle. I fainted from the agony which I endured; and, on recovering my senses, I found myself in a desolate place, where no one could hear my cries, or afford me relief. For two months I daily dragged myself to the brink of a rivulet, where I fed on the grass and roots, and some morsels of bread which I found among the dead bodies. At night I lay down under the shelter of some dead horses. To-day, seeing you at a distance, I summoned my strength, and happily crawled sufficiently near your route to make myself heard."—While the surrounding soldiers were expressing their surprise, the General, who was informed of an occurrence so singular and so touching, placed the unfortunate wretch in his own carriage.—*History of the Invasion of Russia by Napoleon.*

For the Sunday School Guardian.

ON THE DEATH OF ADAM TYRELL.

Ah! can it be, my Adam dear,
That thou hast left thy parents here;
They who watch'd o'er thee night and day,
And feared thy infant feet might stray.

When last in health, I sat by thee,
Thou saidst, "Mamma, sit down by me;"
I little thought that word and smile
Would be thy last, my darling child.

Yet though thy body here so fair,
Has drooped, and needs no more our care;
Thy spirit dwells in glory bright,
A being of celestial light.

Then why should we, thy parents, mourn,
Though thou wast from our bosoms torn
By the cold, ruthless hand of death,
Which came and stopped thy infant breath.

God did in mercy thee us lend;
And then in mercy for thee send,
To wean our hearts from earth away,
Our souls to alone on Jesus stay.

Yes, much-lov'd babe, 'twas hard to part
With one that lay so near our heart.
Yet what are we that we should speak,
When to Himself God did thee take?

Then onward let us urge our way
To meet thee on that glorious day,
When all the saints shall shouting come,
We then shall meet our darling one. E. T.