

tresses is a sacrifice of the same indispensable obligation and of the same value, and shall we cheerfully engage in the one set of duties and be slack in performing the other? No, let us recollect that what is done for the good of Mankind is a part of devotion due to the Almighty and that we serve him in that, as well as in prayer and praise. Let us consider that the employment of our talents, and substance, our hearts and exertions in works of faith and labours of love, is an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice, acceptable, well pleasing to God."

We learn with great pleasure, that an excellent supply of Books for Sunday Schools, has arrived safely from England at the depository of the Sunday School Union of Montreal; and that a large quantity of other religious Books and Tracts are ready for the formation of small libraries or for distribution.

It is stated in an American paper that a dreadful fire has taken place at Constantinople, which has consumed about 8,000 houses and deprived of habitations about 40,000 souls.

The Turks were much impressed with the remarkable fact that when the devouring element had reached the dwellings of the Christians, he who holds the winds in his fist was pleased to arrest its course and turn it in another direction, surely the fates of Constantinople and Alleppo will constrain the infidel to exclaim, "verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

The Friends of the Gospel in this City have hoisted the Bethel Flag at the large and commodious Store of Mr. Eager, who has kindly given permission to the Rev. J. Perkins to perform divine Service there for the benefit of Seamen, and which we understand, will be continued during the season, at 5 o'clock on Sunday Afternoon.

POETRY.

LINES,

BY A YOUNG LADY BORN BLIND.

If this delicious, grateful flower,
Which blows but for a little hour,
Should to the sight so lovely be,
As from its fragrance seems to me,
A sigh must then its colour show,
For that's the softest joy I know;
And sure the rose is like a sigh,
Born just to soothe, and then—to die!
My father, when our fortune smil'd,
With jewels deck'd his eyeless child;
Their glittering worth the world might
see,
But, ah! they had no charms for me;
A trickling tear bedew'd my arm—
I felt it, and my heart was warm;
And sure the gem to me most dear,
Was a kind father's pitying tear.

ADVICE OF A CLOCK.

I serve thee here, with all my might,
To tell the hours of day and night.
Therefore example take by me,
And serve thy God as I serve thee.

We regret that the communication relative to that excellent institution the Dorcas Society, came too late for insertion—it will appear in our next.

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