

and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, lest they be found knocking at the closed door of heaven at last, saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," and waiting for the fearful answer, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you."—*Glennis*.

A CHILD'S FAITH.—A Minister of the Gospel one day, speaking of that active living faith which should at all times cheer the heart of the sincere follower of Jesus, related an illustration that had just occurred in his own family.

He had gone into a cellar, which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter, only three years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door, but on looking down all was dark, and she called—

"Are you down the cellar, papa?"

"Yes; would you like to come, Mary?"

"It is dark; I can't come down, papa."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself, I will catch you?"

"Oh, I should fall; I can't see you, papa."

"I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost but she could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little further; then, summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms. A few days after, she again discovered the cellar door open, and supposing her father to be there she called—

"Shall I come again, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied; and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when, in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms; and clapping his neck, said—

"I knew, dear papa, I should not fall."

POMPEII.—In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of Imperial luxury. For far the greater part, these relics have a merely curious interest; they belong to archaeology, and find appropriate resting-places in historical museums. But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator drops in an uninvited guest; upon a banquet, there he unexpectedly obtrudes himself into a tomb. In one place he finds a miser cowering on his heaps, another shows him bones of dancing girls and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor. In the midst of painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains, among the splendid evidences of material wealth, he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching humane story, such as strikes the imagination and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster, as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of battle. Such to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of flight, accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings one of them a young girl, with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had bags of gold and silver with them, snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery fluid was on their track; and vain their wealth, their flight, the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond; and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of his mistress, dying at her side. Seen by the light of such an incident how vividly the night of horrors looms upon the sense. Does not imagination picture that little group, in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chatting over the day's events, and of the unusual heat? Does it not hear, with them, the troubled swell of the waters in the bay, see, as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness, how the sky opens over head, and flames break out, while scoria, sand, and molten rocks come pouring down? What movement, what surprise! The scene grows darker every instant, the hollow monotony of the bay is lifted into yells and shrieks, the air grows thick with dust and hot with flames, and at the mountain's foot is heard the deadly roll of the liquid lava. Jewels, household goods, gold and silver coins, are snatched up on the instant. No time to say farewell: darkness in front, and fire behind, they rush into the streets—streets choked with falling houses and flying citizens. How find the way through passages which have no longer outlets, confusion, danger, darkness, uproar everywhere; the shouts of parted friends, the agony of men struck down by falling columns; fear, madness, and despair unchained; here, Penury clutching gold it cannot keep; there, Gluttony feeding on its final meal, and Phrenzy striking in the dark to forestal death. Through all, fancy hears the young girl's screams—the fire is on her jewelled hand. No time for thought—no pause: the flood rolls on—and wisdom, beauty, age, and youth, with all the stories of their love, their hopes, their rank, wealth, greatness—all the once affluent life—are gone for ever. When unearthed after many ages, the nameless group has no other importance to mankind than as it may serve to point a moral or adorn a tale.—*Athenaeum*.

THE SCHOOL OF AFFLICTION.—"The afflicted people Thou wilt save." A mortified temper a resigned will, and a trusting heart, are the three great requisites in a Christian. But how can we have a mortified temper unless there is much to try it?—how can we have a resigned will if there be nothing to oppose it?—and how can we have a trusting heart until we are brought into circumstances to say with David, "My soul,

wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him. He only is my rock, my salvation, and my glory?" These are the reasons why so many dark and humbling providences, so many harassing and painful trials, so many heart-breaking griefs and heart perplexing difficulties, are appointed for the Lord's people in their passage through the wilderness. We need to be disciplined by a thorny way, and to be continually reminded that through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven. John xvi. 33; Deut. viii. 2-9.

ACTORS AND PREACHERS.—"Pray Mr. Betterton," asked the good Archbishop Sanckroft, of the celebrated actor, "can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage, when speaking of things imaginary, affect your audience as if they were real, while we in the church speaking of things real, which our congregation receive only as if they were imaginary?" "Why, really, my Lord," answered Betterton, "I don't know, unless we actors speak of things imaginary, as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary."

Receipts for the Magazine.

Vol. II.

Waddington, N. Y.—J. L. Milton—A. McN.
Blainford—D. B. Wallaceburgh—J. L.

Vol. III.

Seneca—J. M., J. W., G. M., J. S. York—A. M.
Milton—A. McN. Palermo—J. W., M. P. P.
Hamilton—R. S., A. L., C. B. Vaughan—J. G.
Clarke—Rev. G. L., £3 15s. Princeton—W. K., T. W., J. F.
Blainford—W. S. Pickering—I. G., J. L.
Toronto—W. B. New Hamburg—M. C.
Mohawk—R. R. W. Elmhurst—A. M.
Guelph—T. H., Rev. R. T., J. L., W. E., J. S., R. L., H. C., W. C.,
J. M., T. A., junr.
Oreana Sound—J. R. St. Catherine—W. B.
Therold—W. H., J. T. Lambton—W. F. H.
Claremont—R. A. Deerham—J. D. W.
Eramosa—Rev. W. B., £1 15s.
Wallaceburgh—J. L., and 3s. on account. Dunbarton—W. W.

D. McLELLAN,

BOOKSELLER, HAMILTON, C. W.

HAS just returned from New-York, where he has been purchasing a large and varied stock of RELIGIOUS and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, on terms more than usually advantageous; and having, likewise, received large additions to his stock by recent arrivals from GREAT BRITAIN, is now prepared to offer an attractive and valuable assortment of books at extremely low prices.

The publications of the Messrs. Cariers, and others, sold at New York prices.

A liberal discount allowed to Clergymen, Sabbath-School, and Congregational Libraries, and those purchasing to sell again.

A personal examination of the books respectfully solicited. Orders promptly attended to.

Hamilton, Dec. 1853.

THE Subscribers keep constantly on hand an assortment of RELIGIOUS PUBLICATIONS, including approved Standard Works, and such NEW BOOKS as issue from time to time from the press. Among those lately received, are the following:

Consolation, by Dr. James Alexander, price 10s.

Outlines of Moral Science, by Dr. Arch. Alexander, 3s. 9d.

The Bible in the Counting-House, by Dr. Boardman, 5s.

The Bible in the Family, by Dr. Boardman, 3s. 9d.

The Race for Riches, by the Rev. W. Arnot, 3s. 11d.

Discourses preached on Various Occasions, by the Rev. Robert

McGill, of Montreal, 3s. 9d.

A Stranger Here, by the Rev. H. Bonar, 3s. 9d.

The Young Woman's Friend, by Rev. J. A. James, 4s. 4½d.

D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, vol. 5, cloth back,

2s. 6d., full cloth, 3s. 1½d., do. fine paper, 3s. 9d.

The United Presbyterian Hymn Book, different sizes and bindings.

—ALSO—

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL OR CONGREGATIONAL LIBRARIES,

Including the following Publications of the American Tract Society:

The Religious, or Pastor's Library, 24 vols., 50s.

The Evangelical Family Library, 15 vols., 27s. 6d.

The Youth's Library, 70 vols., 50s.

The Child's Paper—ten copies monthly for a year; 5s.; fifty do.

22s. 6d.; one hundred do., 40s.

Toronto, Aug. 1853.

ANDREW H. ARMOUR & Co.

PRINTED BY JAS. CLELAND, at No. 62 YONGE STREET, TORONTO