

"Now go and fetch me a thistle-seed."

"Oh, I am afraid to go near the prickly thistle; it will hurt my hands and feet; it stings like a wasp." "Try and get one." "Here, I have got one, two, three; I picked them off and ran, glad enough to get away from the prickly thistle." "The thistle-seed is light and airy; it is long and slender, with fine down at one end, like wings; the winds waft it along, it looks prettily floating about in sunshiny weather. But nobody welcomes the thistle-down; nobody wishes to see it alight anywhere in their garden; no! no! it does no good at all, it does harm."

"Come, let us go into the garden. The gardener has been very busy; he has been digging, hoeing, raking the earth, until it is now fit to plant. The sun shines warmly on the beds. Come, let us find a warm spot for our corn. Here is one: our hill shall be in company with other hills. Get the hoe; that will do; now drop in the kernel. Cover it up. We will now leave it in the dark moist earth. Poor little kernel! When will it come up; will it sprout up a thistle, I wonder?"

"A thistle!" cries the little boy, "a thistle? no indeed; corn come up a thistle! it will come up just what it is planted; if it is planted a good sweet kernel, it will be good sweet corn by and bye." "Well let us leave it. Where shall we plant the thistle seed?" "Oh, do not plant that! our garden is too nice for a thistle; it treats people very cruelly: it will sting all the little flowers near it, they will take no comfort at all; it yields no fruit; it will do us good at all, it will do harm for it takes the place of something better." "Stop perhaps it will come up corn." "How strange you talk: a thistle-seed come up corn? a thistle seed must come up a thistle, surely; it will come up just what it is planted, good or bad. Corn comes up corn; thistles come up thistles."

"Let us see if they will. Are you sure? Find a corner to plant it in, and we will see what it comes up. Open the ground and drop it in. Cover it up lightly. We will now leave them to the rain, and the sun, and the juices of kind mother earth."

Ralph grew quite impatient. One day he thought he would peep into the cornhill, to see how the little kernel fared. Carefully he opened the ground with his fingers; soon he espied it. It looked quite dark and dead. For a minute Ralph was disappointed; but as he looked a little more closely, he saw something bursting out of the kernel. It was the sprout full of life, just ready to find its way to the light and air above its head. Ralph was pleased; he covered it quickly up, and waited until it peeped through the ground. One rosy morning beheld its green tips; the next day it was a tiny corn-blade: it looked pale and timid, but the sun smiled upon it and it took courage. After that, it grew and grew as fast as could be. "You see the corn has come up corn!" "Yes, it has."

The thistle, too, did well. The thistle came up a thistle. Yes, so it did. It was warm, summer weather, and ever thing in the garden thrived. In company with its neighbours, our corn became a tall and noble stalk. Its long leaves waved gracefully in the wind; its little ears began to show themselves, snugly wrapped up in their warm silk blanket. Every day they became rounder and fuller. Soon it was fit for food. A large plate of corn appeared upon the table; some of our ears were among the rest; every body had a bite; the kernels were full and juicy; they were sweet and rich to the taste. "The corn is very good!" they said; "we must increase the stock—it is fine corn, indeed." Neighbour Thompson saw some. "It is excellent!" he cried. "You must let me have some kernels for next year: it is worth a great deal." The pigs grunted over the cobs, as much as to say, "sweet cobs! juicy cobs! good cobs! more cobs!" The stalks and the leaves were carefully gathered and cast to the cows; the cows chewed them, well pleased; never a better cud had they. Not any of the good corn was lost or

wasted, or cast away good for nothing. In a cold autumn afternoon the children parched some; the little kernels bounded out of the pan, white and crisp and very tempting. "Oh, what beautiful parched corn!" they all cried at once. "We must fill our garden with it next year," said the gardener, as he carefully put by the ripest ear.

But the thistle, where was that? It grew rank and prickly: it crowded all its useful and excellent neighbours; backbiting them whenever it could. The gardener said he would never let such an ugly thing grow in his garden; it not only did no good, it did harm. He cut it down, and threw it over the fence to die. The pigs and the cows ran away from it.

But why did not the thistle come up corn? "It could not!" cries Ralph, "never was such a thing heard of; never! things come up just what they are planted. A thistle can't sprout corn; it cannot sprout anything good; a thistle must come up a thistle." Is this really so, Ralph? Do things come up just what they are planted? Is it only the good seed which brings forth the good fruit, and does the bad seed bring forth only bad fruit? This is a great truth. The Bible speaks after this wise: it says, "Whosoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." The Bible applies it to ourselves, as well as to plants. Then it becomes a very solemn truth, an awful truth. Do you know that, by and bye, you will be put into the grave, and your body will be covered up by the cold earth? But you will not be there for ever; though your body like the kernel, may decay and die, there is wrapped up within something that never dies: it is the soul, which must burst its narrow limits; and it will live for ever; the soul is life, and it cannot die; never! never! never!

As things in the natural world come up just what they are planted—the corn comes up the corn, and the thistle comes up the thistle—so it is in the moral world: if you go down to the grave bad boys, bad girls; the grave makes no change in the character of your souls—the ground makes no change in the kind of seed. If you go down to the grave good boys, good girls, with your sins forgiven, and your souls washed in the Saviour's blood, you will arise and live again good boys, good girls, holy children. Then will the holy and the unholy no more grow together. Here the good and bad grow together, like the corn and the thistle. But when they arise and live again, they will be parted for ever. Holy children, whose souls have been made pure in the blood of the Lamb, will dwell and flourish in that beautiful garden of the Lord, which is heaven. And the bad, they will be plucked up and cast away with the devil and his angels.

It is a solemn thought, children; as you die, so will you live again. In the grave the sinful cannot become holy, nor will the holy arise sinful. There can be no change in the grave. How do you mean to die, children? you shudder at the thought of going to the grave a sinful child: "Let me die the death of the good," you cry out. This day, then, to-day become a penitent, God-fearing, obedient, holy child. Do not put it off an hour. Begin now. Death and the grave may come soon; then it will be too late. The thistle must be the thistle, and the corn, the corn for ever.—*American Messenger.*

**PRETTY GOOD FOR A BOY.**—One day a Roman Catholic beggar came into a house where a boy, the son of one of our Colporteurs, happened to be. The beggar said he had just met with Protestants, whom he had silenced in speaking of the pomp and ceremonies of his church, whilst theirs are as naked as any thing can be. And he began to extoll the richness, splendour and magnificence of their houses of worship, adding that the Protestants had nothing to compare with it. Yes, replied the boy looking sharply at him, you have splendid churches. But it is a great pity that there are so many beggars around them. The old fellow seized his hat and walked out.—*Grande-Ligue Mission Register.*

**ORDINATION.**—Elder J. I. Fulton, of the church in Mount Clemens, having engaged in an Agency for the American Bible Union, which involves his absence from home, the church, some months ago, invited Deacon A. E. Mather, of the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Detroit, to settle amongst them. After making trial of brother Mather's gifts and qualifications, they unanimously agreed to elect and ordain him to the eldership. With the view of completing this solemn and important arrangement, they set apart Wednesday, the 16th August, as a day of fasting and prayer; and sent invitations to the surrounding churches to join with them in the exercises of the occasion. At 9 o'clock of the day appointed, the church met for prayer, when the Rev. Mr. Newcomb, of the Presbyterian church, and the Rev. Mr. Northcross, of the Methodist church, in the village, with other friends from a distance, took part in the devotions. At half-past 10, Elder Inglis, of Detroit, preached a sermon on the office and ordination of elders. After a brief intermission, the church again assembled, and Elder Fulton presiding, engaged in prayer and praise. Brother Mather made a brief and affecting address, expressing his views of the ministry and its work, and accepting the appointment of the church; and then, with solemn prayer and laying on of hands, was ordained to the office. Appropriate addresses were delivered by Elder Fulton, Elder Jones (Agent of the Baptist Convention of the State of Michigan), and Elder Inglis; and the solemnities of the day were closed with a grateful consciousness on every heart that the Lord had been present, and that to bless; and with a sweet hope that His blessing will crown the relation thus formed. Amongst many pleasing features of the meeting was, the presence of more than twenty members of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, to testify their love and respect for their brother and late deacon, and their lively interest in his ministry.

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