

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF SEAMEN.

ANOTHER eventful year has run its round, sweeping with it into the vast abyss of an eternal world, thousands of those who have been nursed upon the billow and cradled in the storm. The recent storms that have dashed many a stately vessel on the dangerous leeward rock-shore, have been commissioned to call many a soul (*fearful thought!*—possibly unprepared) into an unknown world. And yet, with all the ravages that death is making by storms and tempests, and dread disease on far remote and pestiferous shores, how few are found sympathising and really laying these things to heart.

Has the sailor, who fights our battles and dies in his country's cause, no claims on us as Christians. He has claims of a most righteous nature, and claims that, even to the present day, have never been discharged, and never can be until Christians of every denomination duly consider the amazing amount of obligation they are under to those men, both in a religious, political, and commercial view. As a nation highly favoured by God with the blessings of salvation, and desirous of extending the hallowed influence of the Gospel to every nation, kindred and tongue, it is the duty of the Christian world to distribute freely to the sailor the bread of life. He has a claim on Christian benevolence, and it is a gospel principle, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and if pouring out of our cup the oil and wine of consolation, imparts a joy that partakes of heaven below, who shall describe the blessedness of that man who is made the honored instrument of imparting divine light to the never-dying soul? Oh, let the Church of Christ at large concentrate their efforts, and exert every energy that will have a tendency to promote the glorious object, even the evangelization of the sons of the ocean; then will foreign missions be blessed, when on the wings of every wind, the balmy odours of prayer and praise shall ascend from every sailor's heart, and the pleasing response shall be, every sailor

"Rise and bring, peculiar honors to our King."

Thanks to God, much has already been effected for the amelioration of the sailor's moral condition, though the feeble instrumentality hitherto employed—and we have reason to exclaim with devout admiration, "What hath God wrought?" Yes, it is no small mercy to know, that sailors—long neglected sailors; sailors, the last to be thought as—sailors, heedlessly passed by—yes, sailors, of whom it might be too justly said no man cared for their souls—are many of them found casting aside the works of darkness, and, through the impartation of divine grace, putting on the armour of light—but we speak of this in a limited sense, when compared with the large multitude of those that are yet living without God and without hope in the world; and for this multitude we earnestly plead, O ye Christians, arise and do your duty, and discharge the claims those men have on you.—*English Sailor's Magazine.*

FAMILY CIRCLE.

DILIGENCE AND ATTENTION.

There was a little boy named John Smeaton. He would often leave his play to watch men at their work. He would ask how one part was to be fitted to another, and how the thing was to be used when it was done. If money was given him to buy cakes or playthings, he chose rather to spend it on tools, and tried to do what he had seen done with them.

Once he was seen at the top of his father's barn, fixing something like a windmill. At another time he saw some men fixing a pump, and took great notice of all they did. They had a thick piece of wood with a hole bored through it; it was longer than they wanted, so they cut off a bit. The little boy asked if he might have the bit. It was given to him, and with it he made a little real pump, with which he could raise water. When John Smeaton became a man, he contrived many very clever and useful things. He found better ways than had been known before of making mills, to be turned by wind or water; and he built a tall light-house on the top of a rock in the sea, which serves as a lantern to show sailors the way they should go, and warn them where there is danger. By this means many lives have been saved, and many people have had reason to be glad that John Smeaton was not a careless, idle boy.

Another boy, named Isaac Newton, lived at a farm, and was often set to mind the sheep and cattle; or to assist in driving them to market. But while he did what he was told to do in this way, he tried also to get learning, and was much pleased when he was sent to school. He amused himself by making a windmill and a wooden clock; and was once found in a hay-loft, trying to do a very hard sum. Once he saw an apple fall from a tree in the garden. Many boys would only have picked it up and eaten it. But Isaac Newton was set thinking how and why it was that when the stalk broke, the apple fell to the ground. Did you ever think why this is? If you wish to know, ask your papa or mamma to explain it to you; it is well worth knowing. By thinking about this common thing, Isaac Newton was led to find out more than was ever known before about how the sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, keep their right places, and move about in such beautiful order. This led him to admire and adore the wisdom and goodness of God, who rules the whole. As you grow older, it will be very pleasant to you to learn what this great man found out, and the use of the knowledge he gained by minding what he saw.

One little boy, named Benjamin West, was set to mind a little baby in its cradle. He looked at it kindly, and felt pleased to see it smile in its sleep. He wished he could draw a picture of the baby; and, seeing a piece of paper on the table and a pen and ink, he tried what he could do. When his mother came in, he begged her not to be angry with him for touching the pen and ink and paper; and he showed her the picture he had made. His mother knew at once what it was meant for. She was much pleased, and kissed her little boy. Then he said, if she liked it, he would make pictures of some flowers she held in her hand; and so he went on, trying to do better and better, till he became one of the finest painters in the world.

Now one little story about a poor little Irish chimney sweep. Some kind persons wished to collect all the chimney sweepers in Dublin, to teach them to read the Bible. One little boy was asked if he knew his letters. He said, Yes. Then he asked if he could read. He said he could. He was next asked where he went to school, and in what book he had learned to read. He said he had never been at school at all, and he never had any book. It was a wonder how he could have learned to read and spell; but the case was this. Another little sweep, rather older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors, as they passed along the streets.

See what may be done by trying and taking pains.—*London Child's Mag.*

AN AFTERNOON WALK

The spirit of the injunction, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is far from being rightly apprehended if we wait till the urgent claims of our duty crowd about us so that they almost impel us to action. To learn the lesson aright, we must have a heart, an eye and ear alert to seize upon that which may affect our own or others temporal and eternal welfare.

We must cease from turning on the pivot of selfishness, and cease from wrapping about ourselves merely the mantle of certain forms and ceremonies of religion, as if its folds would cover the broad principle of charity. Even when nothing but sin and degradation present themselves to our view, there are clouds of feeling that may be reached, and a conscience is there that may be roused and enlightened.

But alas! how much of life is spent and mind wasted on we know not what—thoughts, feelings, and perceptions hardly defined; and when our minds are active, often the veriest trifles of dress, furniture, change of plans, or perchance some morbid feeling of fancied or real wrong intended us, may occupy thoughts during many a walk or vocation that might be otherwise more usefully directed.

An incident, although of a common, every day occurrence, induced this train of thought, and we merely give it as an evidence that in our daily paths we have constantly the power to scatter the good seed.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon, and many had strolled forth, eager to catch the warm breath of our tardy season; and as we turned from the more general throng into one of the broad, open streets in the upper part of our city, we caught the sound of a lady's voice calling from an open window, "Come to me, little boy," and turning round, we saw a group of little boys standing so perfectly still that we came at once to the conclusion that some unusual commotion must have preceded such a calm. As we crossed over

near children who were standing in the middle of the street, a gentleman, who from a distance had observed the whole scene, hastily walked up to a stout boy of eight or nine, and shaking him smartly by the collar, asked him how he dared abuse the little boy of four or five who stood beside him? As soon as the boy could release himself from the firm grasp of the gentleman, he ran blubbering away; and at each step dropping from his basket the sticks he had just gathered: By this time the lady who first attracted our notice came from her house and thanking the gentleman for his interference, went up to the little ragged urchin who had been assailed, and in a mild, serious tone said, as she leaned down to look in his face, "But, my little boy I heard you use very bad words; don't you know it is very wicked to swear?" We saw the child as he stood then just before us, his brown, misshapen cap topped on the top of his white hair, and he bowed his little head on his tattered sleeve to wipe the tears as they flowed afresh at the rebuke of the kind lady.

The two elder boys who had been spectators of the scene immediately said "We told him to stop—we told him to stop." "But why did you not make him stop?" both the lady and gentleman replied.

"I left the lady still talking with the children, while we pursued our way, thinking that she realized indeed a 'beauty all about her path;' and when in the midst of her daily cares she beheld the quarrelling of children in our streets, she felt linked to them as human beings demanding from her all the good influence she could exert for their welfare—the oppressed to be relieved and the oppressor rebuked."

The lesson taught in those few moments may have its restraining effect for many years; the cruel boy may remember his detection and mortification; and the little child of four or five, whose heart so overflowed with emotion, will not soon forget the gentle lady's words "My little boy, do you not know it is very wicked to swear?" and perchance the companions who suffered wrong to be done to one whom they could defend may hereafter be more manly.—The passer-by could not fail to be impressed with the value of improving those opportunities of usefulness that surround us in the house and by the way.

The wicked children of our streets, those even that cannot be gathered in our Sunday-schools or common schools are not beyond the reach of instruction; and a word spoken to them, notwithstanding all the counter influence that is around them, may still sink into their hearts.

The greater their ignorance and wickedness, the greater claims have they upon our sympathy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIGNITY OF LABOUR—In early life David kept his father's sheep—his life was one of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform useful labour, yet, in the eyes of wise men, industry is truly honorable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to mental health and bodily vigour. Bishop Hall says, "Sweat is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was taken from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. The apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen.—From whence I infer that when God has any great work to perform, he selects for his instruments those, who by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill and perseverance; and that in every department of society, they are the most honorable who earn their own living by their own labour."—*Rev. T. Spencer.*

WOMEN OF LEBANON.

In the East, women's lovely countenance is rarely or ever seen: but the Christian tenets of this part of "the mountain" (as Lebanon is called *par excellence*) allow its bright radiance to shine unreservedly on man, and amongst its rocky fastnesses, even in the lower classes, are to be met with, faces and features that would elicit admiration from, and fix the attention of, those least sensible to the attractions of female charms. A profusion of raven locks, with the clear and ruddy complexion of more northern regions, added often to an eye of the deepest and darkest blue, are the usual characteristics of these mountain nymphs. As to their dress, although many do not admit that singular part of the costume called the "tombura" or high silver horn, placed on the top of the head, and which, though it might look outre amidst the crowds of our cities or saloons, yet