

spring returned, and the leaves began to burst forth, the labourer opened his window, and his little guest flew away into the neighbouring wood, and built his nest, and sang his joyous song.

And behold, as winter again drew on, the red-breast returned to the labourer's dwelling, bringing with him his little mate. The labourer and his children rejoiced exceedingly when they saw both the little creatures, and how they looked about with their bright black eyes. And the children said, "The little birds look at us as if they wished to say something."

And their father replied—"If they could speak, they would say, 'Trustfulness awakes trustfulness, and love a return of love.'—*Krummacher*."

**THE BLOSSOMS AND THE LEAVES.**—As the Blossoms turned pale and withered, and fell in the month of May, the leaves said thus:—"See these feeble useless Blossoms! Scarce born they fall already; but as for us, we stand firm and last through the heat of the summer, growing daily larger, stronger, and brighter, until after long months of service, when we have nursed and given to the earth the most delicious fruits, we go to our rest under gay colours and amidst the cannon of the storm." But the fallen Blossom replied: "We are contented to sink early, for before we fell we gave birth to the fruits."

Oh ye who are unnoticed, or have early departed from amongst men; ye, who dwell honestly in mean garrets, in close rooms; ye who are passed by in the schools; ye noble benefactors, yet whose names are unrecorded in the pages of history; and ye unknown mothers, faint not because of the great ones of the State, of the golden mountains, of the triumphal arches on the battle-field—faint not—despair not—ye are the blossoms!—*Jean Paul*.

**A CHRISTIAN ARTIST OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.**—Before proceeding with the third and last of the Christian pilgrim, it will be well to note that manner of life and conversation which, while it shows us more of the man, will also give a clearer insight into the deep, spiritual meaning and beauty of his pictures than any mere criticism. Upon a small writing-table lay, with the authors he was then reading, a Bible filled with marks, the Book of Common Prayer, and Bishop Wilson's *Sacra Privata*, intimating the fact that his painting-room was likewise a study and an oratory. What has been told of some few christian artists came to be a habit with Cole—he prayed before he painted. To thoughtful, theological reading, of a practical kind mostly, and rather choice than extensive, he added the study of works on art.—*Life and Works of Thomas Cole, by Louis L. Noble*.

**A PATTERN.**—He (Bishop Hough) always kept £1,000 in the house for unexpected oc-

currences, perhaps to pay funeral expenses or legacies. One day the collectors of one of the noble societies in this country came to him to apply for his contribution. The Bishop told his steward to give him £500. The steward made signs to his master, intimating that he did not know where he was to get so large a sum. He replied, "You are right, Harrison, I have not given enough, give the gentleman £1,000; you will find it in such a place;" with which the old steward though unwillingly was forced to comply.—*Wilmot's Life of Bishop Hough*.

"Temperance is reason's girdle, and passion's bridle."—*Bp. Jeremy Taylor*.

Dr. Hammond was wont to say, "the idle man's brain was not only the devil's shop, but his kingdom too, a model of and an appendage unto hell, a place given up to torment and to mischief."

**PRAYER.**—Prayer is the believer's universal medicine for all the disorders of the soul within, and his invincible shield against every enemy that can attack him without.—*Bp. Horne*.

### Poetry.

#### To an Aged Woman.

From the German of La Motte Fouque.

Once—blooming bright in youthful pride,  
Thou wentest at thy bridegroom's side;

With myrtles in thy hair:

Once—garlanded with blossoms gay,

Didst dance the sunny hours away,

Without a thought of care.

And now—thy cheeks are wan and white,

Thine eye's soft lustre faded quite,

So weary, limbs and heart!

The spring-tide blooms—the autumn wanes—

Still by the hearth thy place remains:

But half alive thou art.

And yet—a breath—and thou shalt stand,

An angel bright, at God's right hand,

Freed from all want and woes!

A weary path is life to all;

Hardly we stand, and oft we fall,

But heaven is at the close!

### Church Education for Young Ladies.

**MRS. BEAVEN**, assisted by her Daughter, receives into her house, in Yorkville, near Toronto, a few Young Ladies, who are carefully instructed in those branches of knowledge which tend to render them well-informed, and to fit them for the duties of life; to which are added the usual accomplishments, with or without masters.

The Religious Instruction is under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Beaven.

The next quarter will begin on the 14th May.

References given to the friends of Pupils.

Further particulars may be obtained by letter, addressed Box 284, P. O., Toronto, or by personal application at Yorkville. [Feb. 7, 1856.]