

YOUTH.

"Youth is the time for to begin
The service of our Heavenly King;
And thus prepare us when we die
To meet the Lord our God on high."

How necessary it is in youth to lay a good foundation for old age, fixing in the mind pure principles and correct habits. If while in youth we waste our time and neglect our duty it will call forth a vengeance against us at a terrible resurrection. While in youth if we are virtuous, we are apt to remain so in declining years, for a character formed in our youthful days generally goes with us through life, notwithstanding our outward habits may be changed and modified by time and place. In proof of this we refer you to the thief and the drunkard, who go down in sorrow to the grave, leaving behind them families poor, wretched and forsaken.

In the language of Tholuck, "Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which he gives. The playmates of youth, the fellow laborers of manhood, die away and take the road before us. Old age is like quiet slumber, in which, disconnected from the busy world around us we can prepare for the world which is unseen." But, dear youths are you prepared to enjoy the future? Though the rainbow of hope spans the entire arch of your future destiny, and the recurrence of scenes continually cheer you on, yet pause and remember that while we are in the midst of life we are in death. Let each of

us put the question home to our hearts and ask ourselves if we are prepared for that eternity to which we are fast hastening. Now is the time, while in health and vigor and in the spring of life, to put forth blossoms that when the autumn days shall come each of us may be, as a shock of corn, fully ripe for the great harvest day to be gathered to those mansions not made with hands that never shall decay. Filled with gratitude for a prospect so full of bliss our aspirations should continually be towards that happy land. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me join to bless His holy name? Farewell earth, thou land of sin and sorrow! Farewell ye lamps of Heaven which fill the great immensity of space! Ye Planets, Suns and System stretching far beyond the reach of thought, farewell! Heaven is our home, farewell!

W. K. BURR.

Ameliasburgh, Ont.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH CHRISTMAS TREE.—This was held in the Church on Thursday evening. The proceedings were opened with an incident that fortunately proved more ludicrous than injurious. Elder Patterson of the Disciples' church, upon taking his seat upon the platform, placed his chair upon the end of a board which had not been properly fastened. The result was that the board went up and the Rev. gentleman went down head foremost into a pew filled with ladies. After it was discovered that no one had been hurt, numerous jocose allusions were made at the singularity of such a confirmed bachelor as the Elder making such precipitate haste to join the ladies: