

ing needs of heathens, are thus adverted to in the Report.

"Charged already with the care of providing what is wanting for the maintenance of 447 clergymen, and nearly twice as many lay-teachers and students, in all parts of the world, how shall the Society accept the new calls, which increase in earnestness and in number, while the Church at large seems to be not endowed with the will to answer along with the power to satisfy them? The recent events in China were preceded and followed by urgent appeals to the Society from the Bishop of Victoria; appeals which no Christian could hear unmoved; but the Society has not yet been enabled to respond to them.—The Burmese war has resulted in giving another large province an additional claim on our sympathy as a Christian nation, which we are unprepared to meet. In South Africa 700,000 heathens have long since invited the instruction of the Church of England; and the Church has followed with a single mission, where other bodies of Christians have long preceded her. Hindoo and Chinese labourers migrate in large numbers to British colonies, and are suffered to introduce their own superstition where they might be taught to receive a purer faith. These and other fields of labour are pressed upon the attention of the Society; and the only answer that can be given is, that the funds, which a Christian nation places at the Society's disposal are insufficient to extend the propagation of the Gospel so far."

### Youth's Department.

#### A CHILD AT PRAYER.

BY JOHN R. BAZLEY.

'Twas Summer's eve, 'twas twilight hour,  
The sun was in the West,  
And every tree, and herb and flower,  
Were sinking into rest—  
And silent joy and peace were there,  
And nature seemed absorb'd in prayer.

A rustic cot with ivy spread,  
A rippling brook by crystals fed,  
A neat alcove with roses crowned,  
And shade trees on the rising ground—  
And silent joy and peace were there,  
And nature seemed absorb'd in prayer.

The cottage was of simple plan,  
And not of great extent,  
No costly goods or sordid man,  
Were there to bar content  
But grateful joy and peace were there,  
Its inmates were engaged in prayer.

A bonny curly headed child,  
With spirits light and free,  
Was kneeling by his mother's side  
His hands upon her knee,  
And thus in flattering accents he begun,  
"Our Father in heaven, thy will be done."

**OBITUARY.**—We notice with regret and sympathy the death of Wentworth Harrington, son of E. H. Harrington, Esq., of Antigonish, aged 10 years—in relation to whose early departure we have ascertained some interesting particulars, which will be profitable to all; but we must especially arrest the attention of our younger readers, who may thus learn how soon they may be called to quit their earthly homes, and how good it is to have a better home prepared for them on high.

The subject of this notice passed, in the short notice of 27 days from perfect health and spirits to the cold embrace of death disease—inflammation of the bowels. On Saturday 8th inst., his father was going from home for a few days, and the little boy accompanied him for a short distance, parting from him in full health, after giving him directions for his Saturday last duties—these he strictly fulfilled (altho' first taken ill about 4 P.M.) On Sunday he lay all day quiet, as if in meditation. On Monday he suffered severely, and gave his mother the first alarm, by saying that he did not place "his trust in the Physician, but only in God."—His father was then sent for, and arriving at midnight saw there was no hope. He immediately questioned him as to his hopes of heaven, and found no fear of death—but rather a desire to depart—no expression of regret at leaving his amusements, his play-fellows and the world. When reminded that Christ invited little children and loves them—he quoted with a bright smile the passage "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Being asked if he was afraid to meet the Lord—he replied with animation, clasping his hands "Oh no Papa!" At 8 A.M. on Tuesday, (his last on earth) he walked into the breakfast room—

settled himself on a sofa, was most attentive at prayers, (which were chiefly for him) and joined with a strong voice in the Lord's prayer. His strength perfectly failed, and he was removed helpless to his bed.—He then began to sing his little hymns—repeating the prayers he had been taught from infancy—thanking his "dear mother" for teaching them to him—then prayed for repentance, mercy and forgiveness—in short child-like sentences—said he would soon be with his sister in heaven—and hoped all around would be with him "here"—begged them not to weep for him—smiling in the midst of his agony—in order to cheer them. He disposed calmly of his little property—pencil to one—a little money to another—and then sank rapidly, but not without a continued smile. About ten minutes before the close, he laid himself gently back saying "Now I lay down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." Soon after which his blessed spirit passed away—and they laid him in the grave on Thursday, 13th.

The mourning parents of this "early called," altho' they cannot but painfully feel the withdrawal of such a child from their side, must surely be greatly comforted by such evidence of his meekness for his great change. May the dispensation be fully satisfied to the good of all concerned, and may this little sketch be blessed to the encouragement of some youthful reader to "Remember his Creator in the days of his youth."

### Selections.

SELECTED FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

#### THE SPIRITUAL RAILWAY.

The line to Heaven by Christ was made,  
With heavenly truths the rails are laid;  
From earth to heaven the line extends  
To life eternal, where it ends.

Repentance is the station, there,  
Where passengers are taken in;  
No fee for them, is there to pay,  
For Jesus is Himself the way.

The Bible is the Engineer,  
It points the way to Heaven so clear;  
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,  
It does the way to glory steer.

God's love the fire, His truth the steam,  
Which drives the Engines and the train,  
All you who would to glory ride,  
Must come to Christ, in Him abide.

In first, and second, and third class,  
Repentance, Faith and Holiness;  
You must the way to glory gain,  
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come then, poor sinner! now's the time,  
At any station on the line;  
If you repent and turn from sin,  
The train will stop and take you in.

Composed by a Chimney sweep, who attended a "Ragged School."

**COMMENCE.**—"Commerce is a dirty thing," we have heard literary lips say. Yes, in dirty hands it is a dirty thing; and in rude hands a rude thing; and in covetous hands a paltry pelfy thing. Nevertheless, it is a thing on which those who despise it are largely dependent. Without it the author would have no market for his works; the intellectual gentleman no bookshop; the grand lady, no sumptuous furniture; the sop no finery; the idler no dainties. And, what is far more important, it is the thing in which the bulk of our countrymen are spending their lives, and in which the bulk of our future generations will spend their lives too,—the thing on which their earthly hopes will depend, in which their souls will be tempted, exercised, chained down to the dust, or prepared for immortal joy. If literature has any work in this world at all, it is to refine and elevate every sphere of human life; to be the companion, and friends and teacher of every rank of men. It cannot, therefore, without being fruitless to its mission, pass lightly over that sphere wherein the most numerous and most energetic class of the community are trained in youth and tried in manhood. No theme is dull, if not handled with dulness; no theme low, if the writer exalts it. The pen of Wordsworth can chain you to the track of old Cumberland beggars, until you almost count the nails in footprint, and feel the dust from his meal-wallet. The moss-trooper, the smuggler, the buccaner, are all chosen subjects of lofty authors; but the depictees are actual men, whose life has been spent in the struggles, the exercises, the frauds, and the sordid triumphs, of downright purchase and sales, seems a task far too practical for a pen from the ethereal plume of genius. Galt, severe when undertaking to pourtray the curious life of Grant Thornburn, must needs enshroud it in the fiction of Laurie Todd:—*Successful Merchant.*

**A GOOD HEARER.**—1. He is sure to be in season at church. His goodness would be marred, were he a loiterer. He would aid in spoiling other men's good hearing, were he to disturb sanctuary services by late attendance.

2. He appears to hear, as well as really hears. When people's heads are down, or askew, looking out of the windows, or at other worshippers, or examining galling and walls, &c., perhaps they can hear, and perhaps they do. But it appears as if they did not. The preacher doubts it, and so do others. But the good hearer looks to where the preaching comes from. He hears the better for it; and he thus seems to others to hear, which is worth something in the sanctuary.

3. The good hearer does nothing else but hear. Some investigate the hymn book, some inspect post and pillar, especially every late comer, as if life depended on knowing who he was. Some turn in for a nap, and some turn out their imaginations on a cruise all over the creation. Thus many do any thing but hear. But the good hearer does nothing else: he came for that purpose, and he does it.

4. He helps others to hear; his example sheds a happy influence round him. It interests and affects them to see how interested he is, and they insensibly catch his spirit, and become good hearers too.

5. And he makes, or aids others to make, good preachers. The pulpit fires up when the row is wide awake to catch every word. It makes the preacher feel as if he were doing something to some purpose, when he can gaze upon a whole sanctuary full of up-turned faces and fixed eyes. It sends the life-blood quicker through his veins. The hearers warm him up, and then his augmented ardour and energy warms them up, and they have a good, warm time of it, helping one another.

Thus we can see:

1. How the pulpit eloquence of our day can be improved.

2. The subject shows how much preachers are indebted to the two classes respectively of their hearers—the good hearers and the good sleepers.

3. The pew and the pulpit are co-workers for man's best good, and what God has joined together let no man put asunder.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

**AUTHORSHIP OF THE BIBLE.**—There are in all sixty-six books which comprise the volume of Holy Writ, which are attributed to more than thirty different authors or writers of the whole. Half of the New Testament was composed by St. Paul, and the next largest writer is the gentle and beloved St. John. With the single exception of Paul, neither history nor tradition has testified that these powerful thinkers and writers ever enjoyed the benefits of education, or that they were trained to scholarship and reasoning, yet, how ably they have written, what eminent characters have been chronicled by them, and what great events recorded, both for time and eternity.

Jeremiah is sorrowful; Isaiah sublime; David poetical; Daniel rhapsodical; Habakkuk and Haggai terse and denunciatory; but they all seem to have exercised their natural gifts under the influence of Divine direction and inspiration. Moses, with his vast knowledge, and profound intelligence—the legislator, the reformer, the deliverer, commenced the work; and John, with his depth of feeling and exquisite tenderness and simplicity, completed it.

And what do we know of the lives of all these, or even of the two last mentioned? Nothing that human vanity might exult in. Moses was rescued from the oozy rushes of the Nile; and John died in his old age a lonely exile on the small island of Patmos.

**A BILLION.**—What a very great sum is a billion. It is a million of millions? A million seems large enough but a million of millions! How long do you suppose it would take you to count it? A mill which makes one hundred pins a minute, if kept to work night and day, would only make fifty two millions five hundred and ninety-six pins a year; and at that rate the mill must work twenty thousand years without stopping a single moment, in order to turn out a billion of pins! It is beyond our reach to conceive it; and yet when a billion of years shall have gone, eternity will seem to have just begun? How important then is the question, Where shall I spend eternity?

A man whom Dr. Johnston reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said in excuse.—"You know doctor, that I must live." This brave old hater of everything mean and hatefully coolly replied that he did not see the necessity of that.