

I feel that I have lingered too long in Stirling: I must take a more rapid race north and east, and perhaps onward to the very end of my journey in our next number.

HENRY MELVILLE.

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION,

WILLIAM CALDWELL.

We present to our young readers this month a short sketch of a boy, whose mind for some time before he died, was evidently attracted Jesusward, and who allowed his mind to be thus drawn.

William Caldwell was born near Huntingdon, C. E., August, 1848. For about five years he was blessed with a Christian mother's tender love and care. When he was a very little boy, he, an elder sister and a younger sister and brother, in God's good Providence, were deprived by the hand of death of that affectionate Christian mother. True the family still had the love and care of a tender-hearted father. But nothing can compensate for the want of a mother.

A mother's love,—
If there be one thing pure,
Where all else is sullied,
That can endure.
When all else pass away,
If there be aught
Surpassing human deed, or word, or thought—
It is a *mother's love*.

Ah! dear young readers, you will never know the full value of a mother until she is removed from you. Ye that have mothers still spared to you, thank God for the blessing, and seek to reward them with love and obedience for their constant vigilance and unsullied love.

Shortly after his mother's departure to the land of the blessed, William took measles, and was recovering. But one day, when he was convalescent (it was in the spring of the year) he sat on a little bridge with his feet in a small creek which runs past the back of the house in which the family reside. No immediate ill effect was observed to flow from this; but, as the summer was passing away, he was observed frequently to rest his hands on his knees