

sequence absent. The Hon. J. H. Price, M. P. P., Rev. James Harris, and the writer, all took part in the highly interesting occasion. But it was to the speaking and singing of the children, which was above all praise, and to the peculiarly excellent performances of the choir, under the judicious management of Mr. J. C. Moulton, that the crowded assembly are mainly indebted for the delightfully intellectual repast enjoyed during more than three hours, which really seemed to pass in the time of one. I was particularly pleased to see that the excellent Wesleyan Catechism Nos. I and II, especially No. II, was a familiar text book in the school. The readiness and correctness with which numerous proofs from Holy Writ were adduced to the comprehensive and pertinent questions included in the second number, surprised and delighted all present; while the benefit to the children themselves of the knowledge thus acquired cannot be told. From the Report, read during the evening, it appears that in addition to extensive catechetical exertions, and about 4,000 of "Longking's Questions on the Gospel," the children have memorized and recited, during the year, nearly 20,000 verses of scripture. The good effects of the Sabbath-school are obvious, and they will become so more and more. They have never been overrated. Our error is on the side of indifference and apathy. Both patriotism and christianity urge us to hasten our endeavours, to prevent the destructive effects of ignorance by instruction—to strike an effectual blow at the root of both immorality and irreligion, by imparting a religious education to our youth. This is the legitimate business of the Sabbath-school. It is doing its great work. Thousands rejoice to promote this sacred cause, as well in other lands as our own. May it prosper more, and yet more, until all the youth of our world,

"Rescued from vice and ignorance shall prove,
The strength of piety, and the charms of love."

I am, &c., yours truly,
H. WILKINSON.

Young-Street, March 23, 1843.

SELF-MADE MEN.

Columbus was a weaver. Franklin was a journeyman printer. Massillon, as well as Flechier, arose amidst the humblest vocations. Niebuhr was a peasant. Sextus V. was employed in keeping swine. Rollin was the son of a cutter. Ferguson, the great astronomer, and Hogg, the celebrated poet, well known as the Ettrick Shepherd, were both shepherds. Burns, the unsurpassed poetic genius of Scotland, was a ploughman. Ferguson, whose namesake is mentioned above, and who holds no mean place as one of the poets of Scotland, was an attorney's copying clerk; while Tannahill, also of the same country, a poet, surpassing perhaps Ferguson, was a weaver. Eeap was a slave. Homer was a beggar. Daniel Defoe was apprenticed to a hosier. Demosthenes was the son of a cutter. Hogarth an engraver of power pots. Virgil was the son of a baker. Gay was an apprentice to a silk mercer. Ben Jonson

was a bricklayer. Porson was son of a parish clerk. Pridaux, was employed to sweep Eteer College. Akenside was the son of a butcher. Popo was the son of a merchant. Cervantes was a common soldier. Gifford and Bloomfield were shoemakers. Howard was apprenticed to a grocer. Halley was the son of a soap-boiler. Richard Arkwright was a barber for a number of years.

THE FIRM BANK.

I have a never-failing Bank,
A more than golden store;
No earthly Bank is half so rich—
How can I then be poor?

'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my Bank,
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my Banker, smiling says,
"Why don't you oftener come?
And when you draw a little note,
Why not a larger sum?"

Why live so niggardly and poor?
Your Bank contains a plenty,
Why come and take a one pound note?
When you might have a twenty.

Yea twenty thousand ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum,
To what your Father has laid up,
Secure in God his Son.

Since then my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow;
I'll live upon my cash to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before,
And never was rejected;
Sometimes my Banker gives me more,
Than asked for or expected.

Sometimes I've felt a little proud,
I've managed things so clever;
But ah! before the day was gone,
I've felt as poor as ever.

Sometimes with blushes in my face,
Just at the door I stand;
I know if Moses kept me back,
I surely must be damned.

I know my Bank will never break,
No, it can never fail,
The firm—Three persons in one God,
Jehovah—Lord of all.

Should all the Banks of Britain break,
The Bank of England smash;
Bring in your notes to Zion's Bank,
You'll surely have your cash.

And if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to this throne of grace,
The Banker is within.

All forged notes will be refused,
Man's merits are rejected;
There's not a single note will pass,
That God has not accepted.

'Tis only those beloved of God,
Redeemed by precious blood;
That ever had a note to bring,
These are the gifts of God.

Tho' thousand ransomed souls may say,
They have no notes at all;
Because they feel the plague of sin,
So ruin'd by the fall.

This Bank is full of precious notes,
All sign'd and seal'd and free;
Tho' many doubting souls may say,
There is not one for me.

Base unbelief will lead the child,
To say what is not true;
I tell the soul that feels self lost,
These notes belong to you.

The leper had a little note,
"Lord if thou wilt thou can!"
The Banker cash'd his little note,
And heal'd the sickly man.

We read of one young man indeed,
Whose riches did abound,
But in the Banker's book of grace,
His name was never found.

But see the wretched dying thief,
Hang by the Banker's side,
He cried, "Dear Lord remember me"—
He got his cash and died.

THE CHEAP-DEAR SCHOOL.

"Why, neighbour Simple," said Mr. Far-sight, one bright July morning, when Mr. Simple was mowing in a lot, where the grass stood so thinly, that the spires looked lonesome;—"why, you had a fine lot here, with a strong soil, but your blades of grass are so far apart that they might grow into hoop-holes and not crowd each other." "Yes," said Mr. Simple, "I've been thinking I was almost a fool, for I ought to have sowed a bushel of good hay-seed upon this piece, but the truth is, I bought only a peck, and so I scattered it about so much the thinner, and now I see I've lost a ton or two of hay by it." "Well, don't you think you was about as near being a fool when you voted against granting more money for sowing the seeds of knowledge in the minds of the children? Next year, when there is not grass here there will be weeds."—*Cock. Sch. Jour.*

FEED MY LAMBS.

Bro. Lane says, in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, "The Lord is gathering thousands of these into his fold. And in what better way can we comply with his injunction to Peter, 'Feed my lambs,' than by supplying them with such books as are calculated to lead them to a thorough knowledge of experimental and practical godliness? Their perseverance in religion—their usefulness in the world, and final salvation—may depend, in a great measure, on the books they read. Next to the Bible, then, should we not see that they are furnished with a good selection from our catalogue? Now is the time, while their hearts are tender, to give them a proper bias with regard to their reading. Brethren, let us see to this immediately, lest the enemy should take advantage of our delay."

THE UNRULY MEMBER.

There are but ten precepts of the law of God, says Leighton, and two of them, so far as concerns the outward organ and vent of the sins there forbidden, are bestowed on the tongue, (one in the first table, and the other in the second table,) as though it were ready to fly out both against God and man, if not thus bridled.