

Slates, which can carry our thoughts away,
Though never a word with our lips we say;
And pictures and beautiful maps, to tell
Of the far-off countries where strangers dwell.

"But the little ones came to a river's side,
Where gently onward the wavelets glide;
But, ah! neither bridge nor boat is there
To help them over the waters fair,
Do the little travellers turn again,
And retrace their steps over valley and plain.
No! with their treasured books held high,
Lightly they spring from the herbage dry.
And, manfully breasting the yielding wave,
No help from bridge or from boat they crave;
But quickly land on the opposite shore,
And soon are safe at the school-house door.

"Oh, could some of our English children feel
But a spark of the little islanders' zeal,
How soon would each vacant class be full
In our happy English Sunday school!"

"NOTHING, EITHER GREAT OR SMALL."

It has frequently been asked respecting the authorship of this hymn, which is now so popular that one hears verses of it repeated at almost every open air meeting, as well as elsewhere. The writer of it was the Rev. James Proctor, Independent minister at Hamilton, near Glasgow. He was quite a young man when he died. But although he had done no more than written that beautiful, clear, simple gospel lyric, he had not lived in vain. As many of our readers may not have seen it, or perhaps seen it only in a *mutilated form*, we will subjoin it, and we may give it them, and preserve it as the author wrote it. It is prefaced by these lines:—Since I first discovered Jesus to be the end of the law of righteousness to every one that believeth, I have more than once met with a poor sinner seeking peace at the foot of Sinai instead of Calvary) and coming as little speed as I did); and I have heard him now and again bitter disappointment and fear groaning out, 'What must I do?' I have said to him, 'Do! do! what can you? what do you need to do?'"