

sider, the present world is not capable of imparting real happiness. Ask it, at the hand of pleasure, it says, it is not in me. Ask it in the din and bustle of business, it replies, it is not in me. Ask it in the domestic circle, it says, it is not in me. Ask it in the stores of knowledge and science, and they say, it is not in me. Nay, ask where you may, search how you may, and you will find that only religion can impart it.

As a traveller in this dangerous world—danger arising from the fascinations of life, from the deceitfulness of your own hearts—from the enemy of souls, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour; and from evil companions and ungodly associates,—oh wilt thou not, under a conviction, a deep sense of your danger, cry out: "My Father, be thou the guide of my youth."

Youth are very prone to think themselves wise, and are too often self sufficient, and arrogant—and these thoughts prove them very foolish. Search your own hearts—examine your own characters, and you will see what ignorance, folly, pride and prejudice, is attached to you. Almost every step you take with such dispositions is a wrong one; and tends no less to your present injury than it militates against your future welfare. How little you know of God—how ignorant you are of yourselves—how prejudiced against divine truth—how awfully mistaken as to a personal interest in the Saviour of mankind. Will you not then, under a conviction of all this, cry out, "My Father, thou shalt be the guide of my youth."

"How shall a youthful pilgrim dare  
This dang'rous path to tread?  
For on the way is many a snare,  
For youthful travellers spread.

While the broad road, where thousands go,  
Lies near, and opens fair;  
And many turn aside, I know,  
And walk with sinners there."

Did you ever, my dear young friends, watch the looks of your kind and affectionate father; did you ever see the pearly tear run down the cheeks of an anxious mother, interested for your present and eternal welfare; how intense her affection, how earnest her prayers. Oh I pity the youth, who has been unmoved by the love of his father, or unaffected by the affection of his mother; but the *Eternal God* is kinder than the kindest father, more anxious for your welfare than the most tender mother. He stoops from heaven to notice you, he condescends to address you, he is your Father, your heavenly Father: for, he has created you, watched over you through the whole of your past history—provided for you, and guarded you every moment you have lived; he has, moreover, sent his own Son, the Son of his love, his "well beloved Son," to die for you. Was there ever love like this? Was there ever kindness equal to this? He has, too, given his word, that holy and blessed volume of inspired truth, for your perusal; he has given you kind teachers, and assiduous instructors; and all these develop his amazing love, and his unbounded goodness. Will you not, therefore, cry unto him, "My Father, my Father, be thou the guide of my youth."

Yes, he will be your guide. Are you in perplexity, he will direct your path. Are you sorrowful—(and who does not feel oftentimes sorrow along the path of life?)—he will cheer and encourage you. Are you conscious of aggravated sins and transgressions, he will whisper peace to your conscience, and impart joy to your spirit. Are you feeling the need, the absolute need, of divine wisdom as you tread life's thorny way, hear the language of his inspired word, "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth it all liberally and upbraideth not."—Oh, is there a single friend on earth so kind—a friend so entirely devoted to your interests, so anxious for your welfare. I have a brother, an affectionate and endeared brother, who has often said, he could cheerfully lay down his life for me, and I believe his intense affection would prompt him to do so; but "God commendeth his love to us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." This Divine Friend is waiting to be gracious to you. He has omnipotent power—everlasting strength—to help you; and a heart abounding

with love to bless you, and do you good. Cry unto him, dear youth, "Be thou the guide of my youth."

"Art thou my Father, I'll depend  
Upon the care of such a friend,  
And only do and wish to be  
Whatever seemeth best to thee."

Religion is often viewed by the young in most unkind and ungenerous a manner. It is by them said to be a gloomy subject: *but it is a libel upon its character. It is in the very reverse. Though religious persons are not always happy, it does not arise from the religion they profess, but from themselves, their fretful dispositions, their ruffled tempers, and their selfish feelings. Sometimes too from unexpected troubles which they deeply feel, and from malignant slander and uncalled for reproach; but religion can and does make its possessor really happy. "I never yet saw the man who was happy," said a gentleman to me one day, while sitting in his parlour. To which I replied mockingly and cheerfully, "Yes, there is one before you; religion, and only religion, makes him happy." He answered not a word,—oh may he try the religion thus commended to him, and he will be really contented, happy and useful, wherever providence calls him to tread.*

"Religion, what treasures untold  
Resides in that heavenly word;  
More precious than jewels of gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford!

O had I a thousand tongues, I would use them all in telling you of the superior happiness there is in religion—it calms the spirit—it soothes the sorrowful mind—it gives resignation under trial and difficulties—it enables us to perform conscientiously the duties of our worldly vocation; and it daily fits us for a nobler, a better, a glorious life, beyond the grave.

Am I addressing any who, after all the kind advice given, are determined to refuse and neglect the Eternal God as their Guide. My dear young friends, I adjure you by all that is solemn, sacred, and important on earth, by all that is glorious, great, and majestic in heaven; by all that is awful, terrific, and despairing in hell—by the kindness and affection of your fond and devoted parents, by the friendship and love of your instructors, by the appeals and persuasions reiterated from time to time in your ears by your faithful minister; by the friendship I entertain sincerely and disinterestedly for each of you, I entreat you, nay, I demand of you, in the name of my Saviour and my Master, that you neglect not these solemn truths. Religion is a reality; it is not a cunningly devised fable; the scoffer may scorn, the hypocrite may be unfaithful and deceptive—the formalist may be wavering and undecided—the young may neglect their immortal souls; but religion is still "the power of God to the salvation of those who truly believe." Oh, let me persuade you to be decided on the Lord's side. Break away, for ever discard, every thing which keeps you in doubt and indecision. Let the spell, the charm, which binds you to worldly objects and earthly pursuits, be broken, and be prepared at once and for ever to give up your youthful hearts to the Saviour of sinners. Study daily divine truth, attend diligently the means of grace, try the consolations and joys of the religion of the Saviour—a religion which has landed millions already, safely and securely, in the eternal world, and the reception of which will make you happy in life, calm and tranquil in death, and eternally secure throughout the ages of a glorious immortality. Even so, Amen.

C. J. G.

Montreal, 6th March, 1843.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."—A Welch parson, preaching from this text, "Love one another," told his congregation, that in kind and respectable treatment to our fellow-creatures we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, he quoted one instance of two goats in his own parish, that once met upon a bridge so very narrow, that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other into the river. "And," continued he, "how do you think they acted? Why, I will tell you; one goat laid himself down, and let the other leap over him."

JUST SENTIMENTS.—The following is an extract from a letter written by the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, N. J., to the Secretary of the Board of Missions, and published in the Domestic Missionary Chronicle. After showing that "we shall be held responsible at the tribunal of Jesus Christ, for the communication of the gospel to our contemporaries," he says:

"The time will come, and I cannot but hope that it is near at hand, when all the difficulty about funds for the spread of the gospel will be done away—when Christians will learn a lesson which hitherto they have been very slow to learn, that the richest enjoyment of wealth, is to give its increase to the treasury of the Lord; and that the sweetest of incentives to labor, is the hope of gaining something, that we may aid in furthering the cause of God. The excuses for our want of liberality are utterly futile—they are worse, they are often impious. If we are Christians, let us act like Christians, and not dishonor the sacred name, by a base, selfish, avaricious spirit, which keeps back from the treasury of the Lord what is due. If we are Christians indeed, we owe not our wealth, but ourselves to the Redeemer, who has bought us with a price. Was he willing to purchase our salvation, by pouring out his blood, and shall we be unwilling to give liberally what he has given us, to promote his cause? The very heathen will rise up in judgement against narrow-hearted Christians; for they expend ten times as much on their idols, as these do in supporting and propagating a religion which is truly divine, and which is the only hope of salvation. O that men would remember that they are but stewards, and that God will require a strict account of the manner in which they dispense what has been committed to them!"

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

## LATEST FROM EUROPE.

It is again stated that the new Governor General of Canada, family and suite, were to leave on the 4th inst., in the steamer Columbia, for Halifax.

In the House of Commons, on the 7th ult., Mr. Roebuck's motion for "the pardon of the persons who suffered transportation during the late outbreak in Canada," was strongly opposed by Lord Stanley, and condemned by Mr. C. Buller, who accompanied Lord Durham to Canada. Mr. Roebuck was obliged to withdraw his motion.

A reduction is about to take place in the British forces in Canada, to the extent of three regiments, which are to return immediately to this country. The King's Dragoon Guards will be one; the other two will be selected from those regiments whose length of Colonial duty will give them the preference. Other reductions are either decided on, or in progress, in accordance with the intimation conveyed in the Royal Speech.—*United Service Gazette.*

It is generally believed in the commercial circles, that the government will propose to do something with the sugar duties, and to regulate the admission of American agricultural produce, through Canada, into British ports upon a more liberal basis.

DEATH OF MR. RICHARD CARLILE.—Mr. Richard Carlile died on the 10th of February, at 4, at his residence Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. He was born at Ashburton, Devon, December 8, 1890.

He was at one time notorious for his infidel professions and practice, but recanted, some years ago, and made a public declaration of his sincere belief in Christianity.

CASUALTIES AT SEA.—The storm of the 4th inst., which prevented the Acadia from sailing on her appointed day, has been attended with serious disasters in various parts of the country. Upwards of thirty vessels have been wrecked or driven on shore, and it is said that no less than five hundred persons have been lost in the late gales. For many years there has not been seen so frightful a catalogue of disasters at sea.

## WEST INDIES.

DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—A St. Croix paper of February 17th, contains accounts from all or nearly all the islands at which the shocks were felt. At Point a Pitre, Guadeloupe, 6000 persons had "disappeared;" the bodies of 4000 had been dug out of the ruins and taken out to sea, to prevent a pestilence.—Of 800 soldiers forming the regiment quartered there, only 40 remained. The massive fortifications were a heap of ruins, and the mouth of the harbour was completely choked up by rocks forced from the bottom of the sea. It was feared that the vessels in port would never be got out.

At Saint Bart's the church and several other buildings were thrown down, and the earth opened in the