

Youths' Department.

WILLIE GRANT.—OR THE BOY WHO DARED TO DO RIGHT.—One bright day in winter, when the snow was on the ground, and almost all the children were looking happy and rosy, little Harry Nye came into the house, threw his slate upon the table, and sat down by the window. His mother saw that he was out of temper; so she said nothing to him. But Harry could not keep still very long; he thought his mother would ask what was the matter, but as she did not, he said, 'I can't bear Willie Grant; he's the ugliest boy I ever saw.'

'Who is Willie Grant, and what has he done?' said Mrs. Nye.

'He's a new scholar,' replied Harry, 'he's only been to our school a fortnight, and I wish he would go away, for I never want to see him again. This morning I asked him to lend me his sled, just for two or three slides down hill, and he wouldn't because he said it would make me late at school. I'm sure mother, I don't think it's any of his business whether I'm late or not. Then just before we were called out to recite arithmetic, I asked him to let me copy my sums from his slate, because I hadn't done my own, and he said it wouldn't be right; but I dare say the reason was that he wanted to have the highest mark for his lesson, and so he wouldn't show me.' Mrs. Nye said nothing then, but at night, when Harry had got over his ill-humour, and was ready to go to bed, she talked to him very kindly about the occurrence of the morning. She showed him that it would have been wrong for Willie to have lent him the sled, because it would have tempted him to be late at school, and that it would have been deception, if he had copied Willie's sums. She told him that instead of being cross, and saying unkind things that he really did not mean, he ought to have been grateful to Willie, who had saved him from doing wrong twice in that one morning; and she asked Harry to promise her that the next time he wanted a sled, when it was proper for him to have one, or needed some assistance in doing his sums, (for he never should copy them from another's slate,) he would ask Willie Grant.

Harry thought a great deal about the matter, before he went to sleep, and though he was not quite sure that Willie was not a disobliging boy, he determined to try him the next day. The next morning, Harry found much to his delight, a sum in his lesson, that he could not possibly do; so he went to Willie, who very kindly told him all that he could about it, and also helped him to understand his reading lesson and then said, 'Harry I am afraid you thought I was cross yesterday, but I only did what I thought was my duty. It is hard to do it sometimes, but I always mean to try. I dare say the boys will dislike me at first; but soon they will find out that I am really like them, and only refuse their requests when they ask me to do what I think wrong. And now, Harry, I wish you would take my sled and use it all noontime, for I know that yours will not be mended until to-morrow.'

A few months after this, Harry's mother said to him, 'How do you and Willie Grant get along together?' Harry answered, 'Oh mother, Willie is one of the best boys in the world! He always does what he thinks will please God. At first the boys laughed at him, and used to call him names; but now they all love him dearly, for though he is so good and gentle, he is always ready for a frolic in recess or after school; and then he helps us about our lessons, after we have tried to understand them and can't, but never until we have tried—and school is so much quieter and more pleasant now he is there. And then, mother, even when he is playing hard he is never rough, and I am sure nobody would think of calling him Bill, as they do some boys who are named William; everybody says Willie to him, and I think he is just like the name.'

I wish all children were like Willie Grant in daring to do right. Sometimes it will be hard for them; they will be misunderstood and perhaps laughed at, but in the end they will surely be respected and loved by their schoolmates. They will make the schools where they go quiet and pleasant, and what is better still, they will be preparing themselves for true and noble men and women, who will do God's work in the world, and be blessed and strengthened by his love and constant presence.

FIRST STEP TO RUIN.—'My first step to ruin,' exclaimed a wretched youth, as he lay tossing from side to side on the straw bed in one corner of his prison house, 'My first step to ruin was going fishing on the Sabbath. I knew it was wrong; my mother taught me better; my minister taught me better; my master taught me better, my Bible taught me better. I didn't believe them, but I didn't think it would come to this. I am undone! I am lost!'

Perhaps he said, 'It is too unpleasant to be cooped up in church. What harm is there in taking a stroll into the woods? What harm in carrying my fishing-tackle and sitting on the banks to fish?'

What harm! Why the harm is God is disobeyed, who says, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. The moment a youth determines to have his own way, choosing his own pleasure before God's will, that moment he lets go his rudder, his compass, his chart; nothing but God's word can guide you safely over the ocean of life. Give that up and you get bewildered; you are drifting; you will be lost.—*Child's Paper*

Selections.

WANDERINGS AND DEATH OF A NEW ZEALANDER IN LONDON.—An interesting and deeply painful case has recently been brought to light in connexion with the labors of the Rev. Dr. Doran, as Chaplain of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road. The following statement gives the particulars:—

Hori (George) Korau was the fourth son of Tamati Waka (Thomas Walker) Nene, the chief who commanded the auxiliary native forces on the side of the English at the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, during the war of 1845. He also took a prominent part in the recognition of the supremacy of the Queen over the islands of New Zealand, under Lieutenant, afterwards Governor Hobson.

He left New Zealand about eighteen months since in a vessel called the Victoria, commanded by Captain Williams, with an indefinite intention of visiting England, working his passage under the impression that he was to return by the same vessel. He was taken first to Sydney, where the vessel remained about two months for the purpose of taking in her cargo, and from thence he was brought to Liverpool. On arriving at Liverpool he was sent ashore, and when the little money he had was spent, he was left utterly destitute and without a single friend; and as he spoke English very imperfectly he must have been unable to make his case known, even had he met with any one who would have been interested in it. After remaining for some time in this forlorn condition he appears to have set out on foot for London, which he reached, according to his own account, in eight days, and to have suffered much on the journey from want and exposure. In London he wandered about dependent upon ordinary street charity, and slept wherever he could find shelter. During this time he spent three nights at the Dormitory in Field-lane. At length being taken ill with a violent fever he dropped down in the street in a state of exhaustion, when a woman took compassion on him and directed him to the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's inn-lane, where he was admitted on the 30th of November last, and received every attention. His case, however, was not known to any friend of New Zealand, until the Rev. Dr. Doran, who was lately appointed Temporary Chaplain of the Hospital, applied to the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society to know if they had any missionary in England from that place, (New Zealand,) and as the Society had two gentlemen residing in their College, an opportunity was thus offered of learning the particulars of his case. Owing to his extreme weakness, but little more than the above could be obtained. The first visit was made to him on the 17th February, the poor fellow on being spoken to in his own language cried like a child, and his few remaining days were cheered, and it is to be hoped enlightened, by the visits made him. He died on the 1st of March from consumption, hurried on by diarrhoea, and on the third he was buried in the Chapel-of-Ease Burial ground, Islington. The Service was read by the Rev. C. F. Child, Principal of the Church Missionary College, and he was followed to the grave by the Rev. Dr. Henry Venn, B. D., Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. Dr. Doran, Chaplain of the Hospital, late Missionary in Ceylon, and his two New Zealand friends, together with some of the students from the Church Missionary College. Of him it may truly be said that he died a stranger in a strange land and amongst a strange people. He was about twenty years of age.

Whilst he was lying ill, he dictated the following letter to his father;—

'London, February 21, 1853.

'E. Kara, Thos. Walker Nene.

'I salute you.

'My love to you is great. What shall I do that I may see you! Here I am confined to my bed by sickness; therefore I am not able to see you.

As for the ship in which I came, when I reached the land to which I was coming I was at once deserted by

the captain, through the badness of the captain. I resided on the land, having no money. I wandered about having nothing to eat: hunger reached me. I went to London. I went with sickness, the sickness was close upon me. By my strength in walking I was saved. I arrived and dwelt in London, sickness came upon me. I went to the hospital, where I abode and saw that my sickness would be long. I saw Mr. Ronaldson and Mr. L. Williams. When they came, darkness was beginning to come upon me. When they had visited me, light began to shine within me.

'These are all my words. Farewell.

'HORI KORAU.'

PERSONAL CONDUCT OF THE POPE.—The following extraordinary statement has reached us: if it is untrue, we will insert the correction. But, if true, we must say, that it is most discreditable personally, to the exalted personage who rules the Roman States. We are informed that the Hon. Mr. West, son of the Earl of Delaware, is passing the winter at Rome, and has been marked out as an object of the efforts of the Vatican. The Rev. Mr. Pollen (late Proctor of Oxford, and now a Roman Catholic), and Monsignor Talbot, the Pope's Chamberlain, used the utmost efforts for the purpose, but he always declined controversy. On the 31st of January, they asked him if he would like to be introduced to the Pope, to which he consented. During the audience, to his great surprise, the Pope laid his hand on his shoulder, and said he was very glad to hear of his good disposition to the Church, and he had better make up his mind to profess the true faith publicly, on the 2nd February, when he (the Pope) would beat St. Peter's to bless the candles. Mr. West, who had not the remotest intention of the sort, was, however, so taken by surprise, that he made no reply. He did not go to St. Peter's on the 2nd; but on the following day, Mr. Talbot requested him to call upon him at his rooms in the Vatican, when he and Mr. Pollen submitted to him a parchment which he called "a faculty," in which Mr. West's name was written in full, and Mr. Talbot said that his Holiness had given him a dispensation to receive him at once, in his room, into the bosom of the Church. Mr. West protested against their conduct, and said he had not the slightest intention of becoming a Roman Catholic; and ultimately, with difficulty, he left the Vatican. Now, if Englishmen in England or in Rome, choose to become Roman Catholics, it is one thing. It is another thing, to be tricked into it: And we do say, that if the facts stated be correct, it is discreditable to Mr. Talbot, as an Englishman, and is even more so to the Pope personally. A crowned head, admitted into the comity of nations in that capacity, and whose levee is attended by persons of another faith, ought to have something else to do, than to be the personal instrument of laying traps for modest and inexperienced young men; and English subjects ought to be ashamed of being parties to such proceedings.—*London Christian Times.*

MR. ENRON: The following, or a similar notice, it is suggested, might with great propriety be given in many of our congregations.

Yours truly,

A CITY RECTOR.

The Prayers of the Church are desired for a large number of sick persons, who are suffering under a distressing and remarkable disease, which has become an epidemic in the Parish.

It is *Intermittent* in its nature, entirely leaving its subjects during the six days of the week, so that they are able to attend regularly to all their worldly business, but returning with almost unfailing certainty on every Lord's Day and with *especial violence* just before the afternoon's service.

Many sincere Christians (as we are bound in charity to believe them) and even communicants, who doubtless deplore their unavoidable absence from the Sanctuary, are thus rendered unable to attend the Public Worship of their Maker.

As to the precise nature of this melancholy disease, there is a diversity of opinion.

Some suppose it to be identical with the old "Possession by the Devil," instances of which are recorded in Holy Scripture, and that it is inflicted by that Evil Spirit in order to withdraw men from the service of God.

Other spiritual Physicians regard it as a peculiar kind of *Disease of the Heart*, which vital organ gradually becomes deadened and insensible, and even, at last ossified, or turned into stone.

Whatever be its nature, the Prayers of the Church are earnestly desired in behalf of its suffering victims (who are by it incapacitated for the performance of their religious duties, and debarred from their greatest privilege this side of Heaven), that they may be ena-