

In one of the towns of New Brunswick, lives a fine girl about ten years of age, herself an orphan. Not contented with dropping her copper weekly into the missionary box at the Sabbath School, this young friend of missions decided upon having a little Bazaar in order to increase the fund, for the support of the orphan to be taken charge of, in India. Aided by one or two of her companions, the Bazaar was undertaken, and was quite as successful as its youthful supporters had expected. One Dollar was the result of the effort, which sum was handed to the minister for the benefit of the Orphan's Fund.

Will not other young readers follow so good an example?

HYMN.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But, when our eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Nor shall the spreading Gospel rest
Till through the earth thy truth has run—
Till Christ has all the nations blest
Which see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Bless the dark world with heavenly light !
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make thy Word our guide to heaven.

"DON'T FORGET."

A short time since I was going a journey, and had taken my seat in the carriage, when just as the train was put in