

has been growing wider still wider since it left the arms of its mother; its busy feet have been active to over step a little the limits which have been carefully assigned it. A second and third child has since been given, and the cares and anxieties of the parents consequently increased. There are three now, instead of one, over which parental guardianship is to be exercised, and perhaps the business and cares of life have increased three fold in other respects. Now neglect begins to show itself, and the sad effect of this neglect is too soon apparent in the oldest child; and his influence upon the younger children is of a depressing, rather than an elevating character.—Parental neglect opens the way for evil influence from another source. The child seeks companionship, and too frequently finds, in grown up persons, of vicious inclinations and habits, teachers, whose instructions are of the most fatal character.—To all parents let us say:—Beware lest others corrupt the trusting hearts of your children, and lead them away from the paths of rectitude; lest others sow tares among the wheat of innocence and virtue. The unoccupied minds of your children are fields in which duty calls you to labour, and if you omit to teach them the great lessons of self denial; if you fail to impress upon their minds and hearts a supreme regard for truth and virtue, you commit them to the boisterous ocean of life without a rudder, liable to be wrecked at every gale. We urge it as a duty incumbent on parents to give their children "line upon line, precept upon precept;" not continuing for a month nor a year only, but until mature age removes them from parental guardianship. Thus you will discharge a duty which, if faithfully attended to, will insure you the lasting gratitude and respect of your offspring, who will "rise up and call you blessed."

The Little Blind Girl.

Let me tell you who was the happiest child I ever saw.

She was a little girl whom I once met travelling in a coach. We were both going on a journey to London, and we travelled a great many miles together. She was only eight years old, and was quite blind. She had never been able to see at all. She had never seen the sun, and the stars, and the sky, and the grass, and the flowers, and the trees and the birds, and all those pleasant things which you see every day of your lives—but still she was quite happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing—She had no friends or relations to take care of her on her journey, and be kind to her; but she was quite happy and content. She said, when she got into the coach, "Tell me how many people there are in the coach. I am quite blind and can see nothing." A gentleman asked her, "If she was afraid." "No," she said "I am not frightened. I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very kind to me."

But I soon found out the reason why she was so happy; and what do you think it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her—she had sought Jesus Christ, and she had found him.

I began to talk to her about the Bible, and I soon found that she knew a great deal about it. She went to a school where the mistress used to read the Bible to her; and she was attentive, and had remembered what her mistress had read.

You cannot think how many things in the Bible this poor little blind girl knew.—I only wished that every grown-up person in England knew as much as she did. But I must try and tell you some of them.

She talked to me about sin; how it first came into the world when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit, and how it was to be seen everywhere now. "Oh!" she said, "there are few really good people. We have been guilty of many short-comings, and I am sure we all of us waste a great deal of precious time, if we do nothing else wrong. Oh! we are all such sinners! there is nobody who has not sinned a great many times."

And then she talked about Jesus Christ. She told me about his agony in the garden of Gethsemane—about his sweating drops of blood—at the soldiers nailing him to

the cross—about the spear piercing his side, and blood and water coming out. "Oh!" she said, "how very good of him to die for us—and such a cruel death! How good he was to suffer so for our sins!"

And then she talked about wicked people. She told me she was afraid there were a great many in the world, and it made her very unhappy to hear how many of her schoolfellows and acquaintances went on. "But," she said, "I know the reason why they are so wicked; it is because they do not try to be good—they do not wish to be good—they do not ask Jesus to make them good."

I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She told me she liked all the history of Jesus Christ, but the chapters she was most fond of were the last three of the book of Revelation. I had a Bible with me, and I took it out and read those chapters to her as we went along.

When I had done she began to talk about heaven. "Think," she said, "how nice it will be to be there! There will be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor tears. And then Jesus Christ will be there, for it says, 'The Lamb is the light thereof,' and we shall always be with him; and beside this, 'there shall be no night there.' 'they need no candle, neither light of the sun.'"

Just think of this poor little blind girl. Think of her taking pleasure in talking of Jesus Christ. Think of her rejoicing in the hope of heaven, where there shall be no sorrow nor night.

Dear children, are you as happy and as cheerful as she was? You are not blind, you have eyes, and can run about and see everything, and go where you like, and read as much as you please to yourselves. But are you as happy as this poor little blind girl? Oh, if you wish to be happy in this world, remember my advice to-day—do as the little blind girl did—"Love Jesus Christ, and he will love you; seek him early, and you shall find him."—Rev. J. C. Ryle.

Growth of Habits.

A vizier having offended his master, was compelled to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage; "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live lither beetle, together with a little glee, (or buffalo's buster,) three clews—one of the finest silk, another of whip-cord, and finally, a stout coil of rope." When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's command, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the glee; to one end of the silken thread around him; and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the glee, which he conceived to be above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top; and thus put the vizier in possession of the roll of silk thread. He then drew up the pack thread by means of the silk; the small cords, by means of the pack thread, and by means of the cord, a stout rope, capable of sustaining his own weight; and thus he escaped from the tower. As in this case the silken gossamer drew after it, first the pack thread, then the whip-cord, then at length the rope too strong to be broken, so do the trivial acts of a young man, to-day as easily changed as the silken thread can be broken, draw after them—thus strengthening into the cord, and the cable let down from heaven to draw him upwards. If they are bad habits, they are like a cable fastened to a mill stone, sinking him with such a weight that all his efforts to rise are futile as those of the chained eagle. Wise, then, is the young man who chooseth his habits with reference to his whole lifetime.—*Prisoner's Friend.*

General Miscellany.

Lace Making.
The spinning of the fine thread used for lace-making in the Netherlands, is an operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention that it is impossible that it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art.

The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp, underground cellars, for it is so extremely delicate, that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground. There are numbers of old Belgian thread makers, who, like spiders, have spent the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This sort of occupation naturally has an injurious effect upon the health, and therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid.

To form an accurate idea of this occupation, it is necessary to see a Brabant thread-spinner at her work. She carefully examines every thread, watches it closely as she draws it off the distaff; and that she sees it the more distinctly, a piece of dark-blue paper is used as a back ground for the flax. Whenever the spinner notices the unevenness, she stops the evolution of her wheel, breaks off the faulty piece of flax, and then resumes her spinning. The fine flax being as costly as gold, the pieces broken off are carefully laid aside to be used in other ways.

Notwithstanding the overwhelming supply of imitations which modern ingenuity has created, real Brussels lace has maintained its value, like the precious stones and metals. Fashion has adhered with wonderful pertinacity to the quaint old patterns of former times. A very skillful lace-worker assured Mr. Kohl that they are preferred, with all their formality, to those in which the most elegant changes have been effected.

Each of the lace-making towns in Belgium excels in the production of one particular description of lace: or, in other words, each has its own point. Hence the terms Point du Bruxelles, Point de Malines, Point de Valenciennes, &c.—In England, we distinguish by the name—point, a peculiarly rich lace, formerly very fashionable, but now scarcely ever worn, except in court costume. In this sort of lace, the pattern is, we believe, worked with the needle, after the ground has been made with bobbins.

Many of the lace-workers live and die in the houses in which they were born, and most of them understand and practice only the stitches which their mothers and grand mothers worked before them. The consequence is, that particular points have become unchangeably fixed in certain towns or districts. Fashion assigns to each a particular place and purpose—for example: the Point de Malines (Mechlin lace) is used chiefly for trimming night dresses, pillow cases, &c., the Point de Valenciennes (Valenciennes lace) is employed for ordinary wear, or negligé; but the more rich and costly Point de Bruxelles (Brussels lace) is reserved for bridal dresses, and for the robes of queens and courtly ladies.—*Kohl, translated by Dickens.*

The Reptile-Room by Night.

The following striking account of the Reptile-Room in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, is taken, with some abridgment, from Bentley's Miscellany:—

About ten o'clock one evening, during the last spring, in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered that apartment. A small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this imparted a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate-glass which faces the cages was invisible, and it was difficult to believe that the monsters were in confinement, and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the boas and pythons, the rattlesnakes and cobras, lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in the den, or singly coiled up, can form no conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge boas and pythons were clasped each other in every direction, while smaller serpents with the rapidity of lightning, were seen changing in huge coils round the beams of the ceiling, and each other in massive files, then separating, they would rush over and under the branches, hissing and falling their tails on furious sport. Ever and anon, thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans of water and drink eagerly, lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we perceived objects better; and on the uppermost branch of the tree, in the den of the biggest serpent, we perceived a pigeon quietly roosting, apparently indifferent alike to the turmoil which was going on around, and to the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was soon to form. In the den of one of the small serpents was a little mouse, whose panting sides and fettering heart showed that it, at least, disliked its confinement. During the time we were looking at the serpents, all sorts of odd noises were heard. A strange scurrying or rattling sound would be audible—it was the enormous lizard endeavouring to scramble up the wall, as it was fastidiously with him, but only contrary to his intention. A sharp hiss would startle us from another quarter, and we stopped back involuntarily as the lantern revealed

ed the inflated hood and the threatening action of an angry cobra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass, intended for our person. The fixed gaze from the brilliant eyes of the huge pythons was more fascinating than pleasant,—and the scene, taking it altogether, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stooped to make sure that his trousers were well strapped down; and, as if our nerves were jesting, a strange sensation would every now and then be felt, resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs. Just before leaving the house, a great door beetle, which had flown in, attracted by the light, struck with some force against our right ear. Startled we were,—for at the moment our impression was that it was some member of the happy family around us who had favoured us with a mark of his attention."

The Bell-Bird.

One meets in the forests of Guiana a bird much celebrated with the Spaniards, called campanero, or bell bird. Its voice is loud and clear as the sound of a bell, and may be heard at the distance of a league. No song, no sound, can occasion the astonishment produced by the tinkling of the campanero. He sings morning and evening, like most other birds; at mid-day he sings also. A stroke of the bell is heard, a pause of a minute ensues; second tinkling, and a pause of the same duration is repeated; finally, a third ringing, followed by a silence of six or eight minutes. "Acton," says an enthusiastic traveller, "would halt in the heat of the chase. Orpheus would let fall his lute to listen; so novel, sweet, and romantic is the silver tinkling of 'h snow-white campanero.'"

This bird is about the size of a jay, and from its head arises a conical tube of about three inches long, of a brilliant black, spotted with small white feathers, which communicates with the palate, and which, when inflated with air, resembles an ear of corn.

Correspondence.

Thanksgiving Services.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your hint on the propriety of devoting a day to Thanksgiving for the mercies of the past season had been anticipated by us. We held religious services during the day of Wednesday 23rd ult., and it was very good and profitable to unite in praising the God of all our mercies both temporal and spiritual.—We were favoured with the valuable assistance of Brother Johnson, of the Point de Bets Circuit, who gave us two excellent and profitable sermons.

We have since that held a series of religious meetings with our Society and congregation on the Maccan Mountain, which were signalized by much of the divine presence and blessing. Our Society in that place was not in so lively a state of religious enjoyment as we could wish to see them in, and some had neglected that means of grace which is pre-eminently calculated to stir up the gift of God in us. The consequence was they had lost ground in the heavenly course, and some had in a great degree declined in their spiritual ardour. Our first object was their full restoration to the life and presence of religion; and next, the awakening of the sinner to a sense of his state, so that he might seek the Lord with all his heart. I am happy to say that the first of these objects has been attained in a delightful degree; and the latter also upon a small scale. To God's blessed name be all the praise! He is a God of faithfulness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin. We were assisted by Brother Armstrong, and our excellent Brother Lockhart, of the Parrsboro Circuit, and several of our valuable class leaders, all acting in the most delightful harmony to promote the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

There is a very earnest desire for the revival of religion in every part of this extensive circuit; but our difficulty is where to obtain help. Every Brother has as much as he can possibly attend to in his own sphere of action. However we are contemplating some extra means of grace, in humble dependence upon divine aid.

With reference to the *Wesleyan*, I am happy to assure you, that it is generally acceptable and useful amongst us, and would be more extensively taken in this circuit, if the people had the means of paying for it. You will pardon me for repeating a remark I made at the commencement—namely, that the *Wesleyan* should have special reference to its Country readers, as in almost every instance, our people take no other newspapers. It is in the prosperity of your undertaking, and praying that more abundant success may attend your labours, I am, Yours most truly,
Wm. Crosscomb.

Asheville, Nov. 9, 1850.

As we receive our respectful Correspondent that his letter has not been published during the present year, we do not know what to do for the future. But we have many plans to publish it.