

Fontha' Department.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

The following simple and beautiful lines were composed by the great poet S. T. Coleridge, for the use of his daughter when a child. A very little ingenuity will be sufficient to make such alterations as may be necessary to suit the prayer to the circumstances of every household.

Lie on my bed my limbs I lay,
 And grant me grace my prayers to say ;—
 O God ! preserve my mother dear
 In strength and health for many a year ;
 And O ! preserve my father too,
 And may I pay him reverence due,
 And may I my best thoughts employ
 To be my parents' hope and joy ;
 And O ! preserve my brothers both,
 From evil doings and from sloth,
 And may we always love each other,
 Our friends, our father, and our mother,
 And still, O Lord, to me impart
 An innocent and grateful heart,
 That after my last sleep I may
 Awake to Thy eternal day ! Amen.

THRILLING INCIDENT.—On Sunday evening, the 24th inst., as the storm that had been brewing for some hours was about breaking out, a little boy of seven years of age, son of Mr. A. H. Giese, of this city, who is at present residing at Grosse Isle, took refuge under the deck of a sail boat belonging to Mr. F. W. Backus, lying at the dock, with a sail hoisted. In a moment after, the squall struck her, when she broke from her moorings, and started towards the open lake. When first seen, she was nearly half way across the river, and the little fellow had crawled from his place of shelter and taken his place at the helm, endeavouring to direct his course towards the shore. Soon the rain came down in torrents—the wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and the banks of the river were lined with wailing women and children, and strong men, who were powerless lookers-on. Not a boat was immediately within reach. The sailboat had almost reached Stony Island, and the hearts of the lookers-on were for a moment relieved, expecting to see her go ashore, when all at once she breached to, and came abruptly round again, heading for Grosse Isle. As the boat settled round, the anxious spectators held their breath ; for a moment the head of the pilot disappeared, only again to re-appear, holding manfully to the helm. Directly another and fiercer squall struck the sail ; the boat was thrown upon her beam-ends, and the sail and boom in the water, and cries of "he is lost," "he is gone," were heard on all sides. Still the gallant bark kept her way ; and again she went about, and took her course towards Malden, again her pilot was plainly seen, standing at her helm. By this time a boat had been manned and put off to the rescue, but before getting any distance into the river, the sailboat took another turn, heading again towards home ; she ran straight to the middle of the river, when Mr. W. F. Backus and H. Gray Esq., ran down the bank, and made signs to the boy to keep the helm up or down, as the meandering of the boat required. He obeyed the signs, like an old salt, and in a few minutes the boat was run into shallow water, when the gentlemen named above, were enabled to wade on board, and in a little time the boy was in the arms of his mother, who had been almost a distracted spectator of the whole scene. In answer to a question of how he was getting along when the gentleman boarded the boat, he answered, that he "was pretty wet, but added, "wasn't it lucky, Mr. Backus, that I was aboard of your boat when she went off."—*Detroit Advertiser.*

LITTLE OR ANYTHING FROM NOTHING.—Under this modest title, the "grain dropper" of the Chicago Journal gives one of the prettiest domestic scenes we ever met in a newspaper. Its charming and natural simplicity will touch a chord in every parent's heart :—

Yesterday we saw a waggon loaded with wheat coming into town—nothing strange in that, certainly. And a man driving the team, and a woman perched on the load beside him, and a child throned in the woman's lap—nothing strange in that, either. And it required no particular shrewdness to determine that the woman was the property—personal, of course—of the man, and that the black-eyed, round-faced child was the property of them both.

So much we saw—so much we suppose, everybody saw who looked. It is fair inference that the wife came in to help her husband to "trade out" a portion of the proceeds of the wheat, the product of so much labor and so many sunshines and rains.

The pair were somewhere this side—a fine point of

observation isn't it?—this side of forty, and is it presumptuous—if like their neighbors—they left two or three children at home, "to keep house," while they came to town, perhaps two girls and a boy, or, as it is immaterial to us, two boys and one girl.

Well, we followed the pair in and through, until the wheat was sold, and the money paid, and then for the trade. The baby was shifted from shoulder to shoulder, or set down upon the floor to run into mischief—like a sparkling globule of quicksilver on a marble table—while calicoes were priced, sugar and tea tasted, and plates "rung." The good wife looked askance at a large mirror that would be just the thing for the best room, and the roll of carpeting, of most becoming pattern ; but it won't do—they must wait till next year. Ah ! there is music in those next years that orchestras cannot make.

And so they look, and price, and purchase the summer supplies, the husband the while eyeing the little roll of bank-notes growing small by degrees, and beautifully less. Then comes an "aside" conference, particularly confidential. She takes him aside, affectionately, by the button, and looks up in his face—she has fine eyes, by the way—with an expression eloquent of "Do, now ; it will please them so." And what do you suppose they talk of ? Toys for the children. John wants a drum, and Jane a doll, and Jenny a book of pictures, "just like Susan So-and-so's." The father looks "Non-sense !" but he feels in his pocket for the required silver ; and the mother having gained the point, hastens away, baby and all, for the toys. There acts the mother. She had half-promised—not all—that she would bring them something, and she is happy all the way home, not for the bargain she made, but for the pleasant surprise in those three brown parcels. And you ought to have been there when she got home ; when the drum and the doll and the book were produced—and thumbed and cradled and thumped. Wasn't it a great house !

Selections.

THE CRISIS.—Every obstruction that has arisen to a decided solution of the Eastern question has been removed either by the pertinacity of the Czar or the vigour of the Turks. Notwithstanding the superior resources of the allied and neutral powers, Russia and Turkey will occupy the fore-front in the great European contest now pending. The reason is obvious—both are in earnest. The Emperor of Russia scorns, while he makes use of, his Berlin brother-in-law. [He declines to abate his pretensions, and throws upon the German Powers the responsibility of doing something. He well knows with whom he has to deal. This crisis has come. Prussia declines to carry out her treaty stipulations. Austria, eager to enter territory abandoned by Russian troops, draws back when it is re-occupied by the Czar, and maintains the same attitude as before—"willing to wound and yet afraid to strike." It would thus seem that Austrian vacillation or faithlessness has considerably simplified the Eastern question. Instead of the occupation of Wallachia by a neutral power whose sincerity is suspected, and the interposition of Austrian troops between the belligerents—carrying out the favourite idea of "armed mediation"—we can now report that Omar Pasha has crossed the Danube, once more defeated the Russians at Giurgevo, taken possession of the territory coveted by his German ally, and threatens to drive the enemy out of Wallachia. The auxiliary troops are, somewhat unexpectedly, brought face to face with the Russian legions ; and should a general engagement ensue between Giurgevo and Bucharest, there is little doubt that they will help in it. But, more probably, Prince Gortschakoff will retreat upon Bucharest, preparatory to his retirement beyond the Sereth. These events will be a relief to all who distrust the intervention of Austria. Francis Joseph has lost a golden opportunity of making himself an important party in the contest. As the Times remarks—"The whole Anglo-French army has been compelled to advance into the valley of the Danube to perform the duty of expelling the Russians from the Principalities which Austria had agreed, by her convention with the Porte, to perform." Through the bungling of the German Powers, the allies are again "masters of the situation."

DESERTERS FROM THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—A letter from Shumla says, that the desertions from the Russian camp are frequent, and the deserters complained of ill-treatment and want of food. The deserters said that noble regime would go over if they were certain of a good reception, and that their Generals would not give the troops rations, saying the sol-

diers must starve until they had taken Silistria. The Russians had opened a trench, and established a battery within a very short stone's throw of the Arab Tabia. The besiegers and the besieged at Silistria could hear one another, and they frequently indulged in an exchange of not very friendly words and sentiments. On one occasion, when there was a pause in the firing, a voice was heard to exclaim from the Russian trench, "I say, you Turks, have you any tobacco?" The answer was: Of course we have, you petewatz (anyway pump)—more than you can smoke." "Would you mind selling me some?" said the Russian. "No, you may have it: we will send for it to the town, and you may fetch it."

CANTERBURY.—St. Augustine's College.—The 25th anniversary of the consecration of St. Augustine's College chapel, was commemorated on Thursday, 24th ult. The prayers were said, as usual, early in the morning. At half-past ten o'clock more than thirty friends of the society, and ardent supporters of the missionary enterprise, assembled in the chapel, when the office of the Holy Communion was celebrated by the Bishop of New Zealand, who, with the Bishop of Adelaide, the warden, and sub-warden, administered to the visitors and students. The sermons were delivered by the Bishops of New Zealand and Adelaide. At the end of the sermons, before the offertory, was introduced the Form of Commemoration, in which the names of Queen Adelaide, Mrs. Shepherd, Miss Jones, Archbishop Howley, Bishop Coleridge, and others were duly mentioned. The alms exceeded £32. In the evening the warden and fellows received a large party at dinner in the hall, including the Bishops of London, New Zealand, and Adelaide, Sir Brock Bridges, Bart., Sir Walter James, Bart., A. J. Deringford Hope, Esq., and many other friends of the college.

St. Martin's-hall is opened for a grand Educational Exhibition, commemorative of the centenary anniversary of the Society of Arts. The collection comprises a vast variety of objects connected with schools and education, models, maps, books, cabinets of specimens, philosophical apparatus, and also some of the results of the efforts which have been made to cultivate the waste places of humanity, such as the products of the ragged schools, blind schools, and institutions for idiots. The success of their humane endeavours is certainly remarkable. Foreign countries are among the exhibitors. I furnish materials for a comparison of some of our continental and transatlantic systems of training, with our own. The educational and religious societies contribute their publications, as also do the principal publishers of school-books and educational courses. There are models and plans of schools, and school-furnishings and apparatus of every kind ; and to those practically interested in the work of education the exhibition will, doubtless, prove a very instructive one. It brings into one view nearly all that has yet been done in the various systems of training, and the machinery employed. There are the child's home-book, and appliances used in the infant schools, and the last edition of the "Encyclopaedia Metropolitana." Some departments still remain to be filled up. The contributions from abroad, to which the central tables are devoted, at present are rather meagre. Besides the great hall, the library, and the apartment immediately under the roof, and the entrance galleries and hall, are devoted to the exhibition.—*London Guardian, July 12.*

THE REV. MR. BENNETT AND THE LADIES.—We (Bristol Times) have heard it stated that the Marchioness of Bath and the Duchess of Argyll, two of the Rev. Mr. Bennett's greatest admirers, and who formed part of the noble company present at the commemoration at Frome last week, wrote to Lord Aberdeen, when the see of Bath and Wells became vacant, requesting the Premier to make Mr. Bennett the new bishop ! Lord Aberdeen is reported to have replied "that it must be a far more bold man and minister than himself to attempt such a desperate feat."

The untimely end of two of the brightest ornaments of the English bar, Sir Samuel Romilly and Lord Castlereagh, is well known. Wilberforce, their friend and companion, declared it to be his opinion that, in each state it was the effect of continued wear of mind, and of the non-observance of the Sabbath. One of them, he observes, had opposed with all his influence, a resolution adopted at that time by a large portion of the London bar, to discontinue the practice of Sunday consultations ; and adds, that if they had suffered their minds to enjoy even this weekly recreation, their faculties might have been preserved from the effects of the constant strain, and the springs of life would never have snapped from over-tension.