

"I know that man will prosper," said a friend to us the other evening, of a young mechanic, "because he is at work in his shop early and late."

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." Franklin was diligent in business, and he stood unawed before kings.

Young man, never despair. Let no one despair; work on, work ever.—Gather up knowledge. Be virtuous,

do right, live temperately; "do good unto all men as you have opportunity." live "peaceably with all men" if you can; be generous and open-hearted and open-handed, and remember that the little a good man hath, is better than the *much* of the wicked. Let not avarice, or a desire for wealth, take possession of your soul. This desire is destructive to man's good.

OBITUARY.



ABRAHAM WOODSWORTH, Toronto.

Died, on the 10th September, 1850, at Richmond Street, Toronto, Abraham, eldest son of Mr. Richard Woodsworth, aged 9 years and 5 months. His amiable, affectionate and dutiful disposition endeared him to his parents, and all with whom he was acquainted. Privileged with religious instruction from earliest childhood, he soon evinced a love for wisdom's ways, proving that they are indeed ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. He was for about 5 years a constant and very attentive scholar in the Sabbath School, at the Wesleyan Chapel on Richmond Street; he evinced great delight in reading and hearing the Scriptures, and never failed to mark and reprove sin whenever it was committed before him, particularly the profanity of youth, which seemed greatly to shock his tender conscience. So great was his desire for reading,

that, in order to gratify it, he relinquished the use of sugar in his tea, that with the allowance made him instead of it, he might procure food for his mind, and his first purchase was a Bible, which, with David, he esteemed to be sweeter than honey to his taste. In the course of last Spring the first symptoms of disease appeared, he was obliged to leave his school, and from that time he had been gradually drooping, though no serious apprehensions were entertained, until within about a month before his death; when his disease assumed a new aspect, and his sufferings from acute and incessant pain in his head became almost insupportable; but, although this agony was so intense as to draw from him the most distressing cries, he never gave utterance to any murmuring or impatient expressions. On one occasion, when a female friend sitting by his bedside, during one of those long and severe paroxysms which had rendered him quite unconscious of every one around him, began on his recovering a little to speak to him on the subject of his great sufferings, and to lead his mind to the contemplation of his compassionate Saviour, he observed, yes; all my sufferings are nothing in comparison of