

And well His tender heart doth know  
The little thoughts you think below.

And when you feel that sin is bad,  
And think you should be really glad  
To leave it off and serve him more  
Than ever you have done before;

And when you feel a wish to try,  
Oh! then believe that Christ is nigh,  
And that he listens to your prayer  
As well as if you saw him here.

He need not come, you know my dear,  
He is in heaven, and he is here,  
And this is what he wants to do,  
To put his Spirit into you.

Child.

That is a strange, surprising thing!  
Will Jesus Christ his spirit bring,  
And put a holy heart in me,  
I cannot think how that can be.

But if the Bible says he will,  
I hope I shall believe it still,  
And always ask him when I pray  
To take my stony heart away.

Lord, make me clean, put into me  
Such holy thoughts as are in Thee  
And let me love thee and depend  
With all my heart on such a friend.

It's true that I am poor and weak,  
But thou hast strength that I may seek,  
Lord, let me from thy grace receive,  
And help me, help me to believe.

Epis. Recorder.

From the Christian Mirror.

FACTS FOR CHILDREN TO THINK UPON.

My little friends, I am going to tell you some stories with regard to the Sabbath. And I will tell you nothing but what is true. God says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." It is said also of Eli's children, that they made themselves vile, and their father restrained them not, therefore God determined to slay them. Now keep these two things in view as I proceed, and inquire whether it is not probable that God punished those of whom I am about to tell you, for their disregard of his command, and because they made themselves vile by breaking the Sabbath.

I once knew a boy who lived near me, and with whom I was well acquainted; we went to school together, and played together, and he appeared to be very kind and obliging to all of his mates. But he did not keep the Sabbath, but played about with other wicked boys. One Sabbath, late in the autumn, he went out on the ice, and played and skated all day. Just at night he came in and ate his supper in a great hurry, and went out again immediately. In a short time the alarm was given that poor George was in the pond. All endeavors to save him were fruitless. He was taken out a corpse.

Another boy with some other companions went out upon the Sabbath to shoot birds. After spending the greater part of the day in this way, they stopped to rest. While standing carelessly with the muzzle of his gun against his side, and leaning upon it, it went off, and lodged the whole charge in his body. It passed partly through his lungs; and a few shot passed quite through his body, and both of the wads were likewise lodged in his body. Badly as he was wounded God gave him space for repentance, for he lived, although in great distress, for nearly a week. He underwent several painful operations, and the doctor did all in his power to save him, but in vain. His parents refused to let serious people converse with him. And some who came with their hearts full of pity for him, were forced to go away without being allowed to say scarcely a word to him. The night before he died, he was heard to say several

times, "O mother, it is hard to die." But he died, and where is his soul? Now, had he spent the Sabbath serving God, and seeking salvation, it would not have been so hard to die. But he made himself vile, and was not restrained, and the Lord slew him.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

We commend the following to the notice of those parents, so numerous everywhere, who are neglecting the proper care of their children:—

HOW TO HAVE GOOD CHILDREN.

I am not intending to write a book just at this time, Mossrs. Editors, which I should have to do if I said all that might be said under the head I have chosen: I will only ask a few moments' attention to one particular point—that of *keeping children at home*. "But why keep them at home." Because home is the best place for them: the best place to instruct them, to form their manners, mould their morals, cultivate tenderness and domestic affections. Because if they are much abroad, they will see and hear a thousand things they ought not; they will fall into bad company: their morals will be corrupted; and they will acquire idle and vicious habits. They will gradually escape from parental influence and control; and, from *bad company abroad*, they will learn to practice *in-subordination at home*. "But would you prison up a child always at home?" Not exactly so; for instead of making home a prison, I would make it as near as possible a *paradise*. I would make the word *home*, the sweetest in the ear of the child of any in the language. At home he should see smiling countenances, hear sweet sounds, and find instruction mingled with delight. He should have his black board and chalk, his slate and pencil, his little wagon, his nursery ball, his little books, and if somebody would only make them a set, or a number of sets, of alphabetical letters, neatly cut out of ivory or bone, with which he could learn to make monosyllables and words. This of course refers to the small child; when he grew larger he should have books adapted to his age and capacity; he should draw maps; he should, if possible, have a little garden to cultivate—at all events, some boxes filled with pretty flowers. He should have tools, and be taught to exercise himself in carpentry. To make home agreeable, I would have a little singing bird or two, whose sweet notes would soothe, calm, and induce cheerfulness. Yes, little instrumental music I would not object to, but I should not like to have so much time spent in attention to that as to lead to the neglect of more important studies. I would converse with my child, walk with him, spell, read, write, recite and parse with him. I would enter into a correspondence with him; I would sing with him, and pray with him. Thus I would endeavor to make him feel that there was no place like *home*. You may indulge children and spoil them; you may be unduly severe, and spoil them; you may be sour, and spoil them—or you may neglect them, and others will spoil them. But if you will yourself be what a parent should be, and strictly gain and retain the ascendancy which properly belongs to a parent, if you will be fruitful in expedients, and persevering in effort, you may succeed in "training up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." SINGER.

N. Y. W. Mess.

CLERGY AID SOCIETY.

It is with great satisfaction we are enabled to state that a Society has been formed in London for the purpose of providing additional Clergymen for our populous parishes, and is to be called the "Clergy Aid Society." His Majesty has signified his desire to become the Patron, and has declared himself an annual subscriber of 300*l*. The Archbishop of Canterbury and York, and Bishop of London, have each put down their names for annual subscriptions of 200*l*, and several other Clergymen and laymen for 100*l* per annum. We have no doubt of the support this only efficient mode of improving the condition of the people will receive.—*Chr. Remem.*

Sin—He that makes light of little sins, is in constant danger of falling into greater ones.

For the Colonial Churchman.

IMITATION OF THE HYMN OF M. DESBREAUX IN THE SPECTATOR, NO. DXXIII.

Awake thy vengeance, mighty Lord!  
Arouse the tempest, plague, or fire;  
These only wait the signal word  
To bid thy guilty worm expire:  
Let darkness shroud the trembling world  
Where horror stalks in dread career,  
Or vivid lightnings widely hurl'd  
With awful blaze illumine the sphere;  
Still 'mid the terrors of the scene  
My ransom'd soul may smile serene.

For, oh! there is no ray so bright,  
No veil of gloom so dark can be,  
To hide from Faith's unwar'ring sight  
The hallow'd cross of Calvary!  
While at its foot I humbly kneel  
And bathe in that empurpled fount,  
Offended Justice' self shall feel  
That mercy there reigns paramount;  
Shall feel its requisitions cease  
And leave my ransom'd soul in peace.

From the Christian Witness.

Mr. Editor,—The following lines were composed by the late Dr. Wilkins,\* of West Chester, N. Y., on the eve of his seventy-second birthday. If you think them worthy a place in your columns, you would oblige by inserting them. I think there is something very sweet in these lines—coming from the pen of an aged man, with heaven and its glories just opening to his view. It really seems as if he caught a glimpse of its hallowed courts, while he finished the two last lines. Doubtless you know Dr. Wilkins. He was a highly respected and beloved minister of the Church. He died some years since full of years. Like a shock of corn fully ripe, he was gathered to his fathers, with a faith that always wrought righteousness.

SEVENTY-TWO.

"Thou busy world, at seventy-two,  
What more have I to do with you?  
My setting sun presages night,  
The grave already in my sight;  
Each dear associate gone before,  
My bosom friend, too, seen no more;  
Then what are all thy cares to me,  
Thy joys, thy pomp, thy vanity;  
Thou busy world at seventy-two  
What more concern have I with you?  
Vain mortal! pause—reflect again,  
Consider—lest thy hopes be vain—  
Thy warfare must be carried on;  
Thy Christian race is not yet run;  
In faith and fear thy course pursue,  
The world has great concerns for you:  
Still dangers press—still duty calls,  
Still pleasure tempts and pain appalls,  
Malignant spirits still annoy,  
To dash thy hope and blast thy joy  
Then, watchful press thy armor on,  
While ought remains, think nothing done.  
Gird up your loins—call forth your powers,  
As yet the prize may not be yours.  
The time is short, the goal is near,  
Then trembling—trembling persevere,  
Heaven opens wide its golden portal.  
See, see! thy Lord, and crown immortal."

A SABBATH DAY'S JOURNEY.

Short was a Sabbath's journey: emblem meet  
To tell its toils how few, its joys how sweet,  
And still each Sabbath shines so full of heat  
Though short all days, 'tis shortest of the seven.

\*Formerly residing in Nova Scotia and father of Wilkins, of Windsor.