

ments of the evening, the Rev. W. Simpson, of Lachine, addressed the children in an interesting and effective address, narrating a pleasing account of the death of one of the lambs of the flock. The children, after singing the hymn, "The Lamb of Jesus," retired to another portion of the building for the purpose of partaking of some suitable refreshments. On their return, in the absence of the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, who was slightly indisposed, W. C. Baynes Esq., of McGill College, delivered an address to the children, couched in peculiarly appropriate terms. He riveted the attention of the children by telling them that he had recently received a letter from India, giving an account of the baptism of a Hindoo child, who selected for her Christian name the Tamil word meaning "Happy," and persisted in her choice saying she was and felt Happy. W. G. Mack, Esq. Advocate, then addressed the children with his usual ease in a very suitable manner, and the children after each receiving an orange and some sweetmeats to take home with them, joined in a parting song of praise, five hundred young voices rising in sweet melody in the appropriate words,

"Hark! It is the Saviour calling,  
"Little children, follow Me!"  
Jesus! keep our feet from falling;  
Teach us all to follow Thee.

Soon we part—it may be never—  
Never here to meet again;  
Oh, to meet in Heaven forever!  
Oh, the crown of life to gain!"

The large assemblage, after the pronouncing of the Benediction, then dispersed, having spent a happy and harmonious evening. Such meetings, when properly conducted, are very beneficial.—*Presbyterian.*

## INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

### A Striking but True Story.

You desire to know somewhat more about the boy, Thomas——, whom the Lord brought here so providentially, enlightened so quickly, and then withdrew from such an ungenial atmosphere, I trust to be for ever with Himself. It is not easy for me to set before you all the little incidents and remarks that accumulate in my mind to form a good hope of his salvation—for it was contact and intercourse with that interesting child that could alone cause an observer to see that the Lord was working in him. As his English was broken and imperfect, I judged less from what he said, than from his peculiarly powerful expressiveness of look and behaviour. He was fourteen years of age, born and educated in the north of France; his parents are English and profess Protestantism, but at that time, they confess to me, they knew very little of the importance of religion, except as a mere form. So during the father's temporary absence, the priests had prevailed with his wife's simplicity, and got the child baptized as a Catholic. Afterwards, as the boy grew up, he was constantly in the training of the Romish clergy, who taught him Latin, and accustomed him to perform all the ceremonies that are usually done by boys training for the priesthood. Thomas chanted the "De profundis," and walked in front of funerals carrying the large crucifix. He sang in the Church as a leader of part of the choir; for he had a beautiful voice. He attended mass regularly, and cheerfully rose at four in the morning in order to assist at the choir, a la

basse messe. He was treated as a companion by monks and priests, and spent the evenings with them frequently, being of a very polite and gentle manner, and intelligent beyond his years. Such was his manner of life till the family came here in the month of May last. For a few days Thomas attended the French School, but as soon as his father and I had conversed, it was agreed that he should come and learn English. The boy seemed delighted at the proposal, came and took his place in the spelling-book class, and seemed as much a child in simplicity and teachableness as the youngest scholar, except that he learned more by helping the others with his kind assistance, than poring over his own book.

As I saw that he was full of the most unaffected simplicity, I allowed him just to grow under his own instinctive observation, without any restraint from me, for he needed none. His mind seemed to expand like a flower, to receive the influences of his position. His large black eyes, full of intelligence, were intent upon every habit of our little institution, so humble in comparison with the splendour of the idol temples where he had been wont to worship. His ear was all attention to the lessons of the Bible, in our own tongue, and to the prayers coming from a living heart, instead of from a cold breviary in a dead language. All was new to him; another existence seemed to dawn upon him; he looked afraid to lose a single word, and carried his thoughts home to his parents, anxiously questioning them upon what he had heard. In a few weeks he was able to read the Bible, and got one to use as his own; for his mother's had been hidden in the bottom of a chest, till one evening when I went to read it with the family. His Bible now scarcely left his hand,—while dressing in the morning, or while taking his food, he read at intervals to the whole family, desiring to see every one as much interested in it as himself. He sought out the most precious texts, committed them to memory, and begged me to hear him say them over, asking explanation. In the course of questioning on our usual Bible lessons, he was soon able to give correct, earnest and intelligent answers upon the leading truths of the gospel. He got a Shorter Catechism in French, compared it with the English one, and committed the answers to memory. He got simple tracts and books to read at home and spoke with pleasure of their contents. One Sabbath he was first at the meeting, bringing his younger brothers with him. He never shewed the least inclination to attend any of their ceremonies, from the day he entered our school. In the class he could not restrain his impulsive gestures and exclamations when any truth was strongly presented to his mind, and I took no offence at such free and open hearted behaviour, although it is very unlike what we are accustomed to when teaching the solid, heavy minded methodical children of our own land. One day as we were reading Mark iii. 31, in our usual course, he started while another child was reading verse 32d, and looking to me with great expression on his countenance, he said; "The French (Catholics, he means) do not say this, sir." "Say what Thomas?" "They do not believe that Jesus had any brothers, for they tell us that Mary was *always* a virgin." "Well, Thomas, read the passage again aloud." He did so. "Now, what are we to do, Thomas? Who are we to believe?" He looked up solemnly, and said, "We must believe this sir; *this* is the Word of God." Some of our people, who are Papists, spoke jeeringly to

him about his staying away from his own church. He meekly replied, "You should all come to our church; we hear the truth there."

One day on the road to the school, with a number of other children, they were learning their verses from their large school Bible. The priest of the neighbouring village, La Roche, came past, and spoke to them. He asked a sight of the book from Thomas; when he had looked at it for a few minutes, he snatched it with a nervous clap, saying, "These are the devil's books; if you read them you shall go to hell." Thomas politely answered, "No, sir; it is God's own book." Many such incidents and remarks are related to me by his parents, and the rest of the scholars. Just the day before he took ill, I had occasion to be displeased with him, as I thought, one of the children saying that she had heard him utter some bad words. I found on inquiry, that the words were in Breton, of which he knew nothing, that he had repeated them after another boy. He came to me; I took him alone and heard his explanation, and when his large eyes profusely flowed with tears, I was led to speak to him with affectionate earnestness of sin, judgment, and eternity, recalling to his mind the many precious lessons he had received. For some days before, his mother told me that he had been in a queer and thoughtful mood, often looking at her as if he had something to communicate. On the day after I spoke as above, he took ill. It was Friday, but on the following Sabbath he rose out of bed, and came to the meeting. He tried also to come to the class in the afternoon, but was forced to lie down again. He scarcely ever spoke any more except by signs. In the morning he warned the children that it was time for school, by pointing to the watch and looking anxiously to the door. He was very feverish, but seemed to understand everything till nearly the last day of his life.

The priest of the town where he had formerly resided, had by this time written to one of our cures here, advising him to look after the baptized boy. He came to the house, and was much surprised and vexed to find that he had been at our school, and that he seemed now about to be removed from the world, insisting that he should receive extreme unction. After some consultation, the oil, salt, &c. &c., were procured, and some French women to rhyme the prayers, or to respond to the priest, and the poor dying boy was anointed in due form. But his mother tells me that he seemed quite unconscious, and never opened his eyes on the priest. Without knowing what had taken place, I was at his bedside an hour or two after, and prayed the family and neighbours standing around. They told me that during prayer he turned about and looked with a tender expression on them all, which I noticed when I took his hand and spoke to him of Christ. He looked much, but his lips could not move; then turning his face to the wall, he never shewed any more signs of consciousness, but before another day had dawned, he had attained, I cannot but hope, the eternal light, where there is no sun, neither moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth brighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

### The Railway Catastrophe at Hamilton.

Our young readers will have been startled by the news of the awful railway accident.