

noon lunch, and I was too fatigued to do anything more laborious, I stiched, cut and sorted the papers into different parcels. These, I thought, can be given to their owners, at the Sabbath School; these I send to Mrs. J——, and she will distribute them in her vicinity; these go to some subscribers who live three or four miles farther from the office than we do. I shall have to wait for a chance to send them. These go as far in another direction, but Charlotte Valewood can often send thither, so I will take them to her. By the way, Miss B., in that neighborhood, wishes to take the *Advocate*, and if she could, it might do her father good. He drinks very hard, but she has no money, and I have little. How shall I contrive? let me see. I need some spinning done, I will get her to do it, and pay for the *Advocate* for her. That will do if she is not too busy. And so, as it is not best to delay till to-morrow what may be done to-day, I proceeded forthwith to my friends, and as I entered, Charlotte Valewood exclaimed.

"O, Miss Lingley, I am so glad to see you! I have a thousand things which I want to talk about to you."

"I have but half an hour to stay," I replied, "and we could hardly discuss a thousand things, with much profit in that time."

She blushed, and answered, "I mean a great many."

"But you have brought the papers. O, I am delighted, here is the *Witness*;" and she took it up, rapidly looking over the contents, while her younger sister, with a disappointed look, said.

"I do not like the *Witness*, it has no stories. I would much rather have a paper with tales in it."

"But I replied, do you never intend to read anything but stories. You will find the contents of this paper, much more instructive, and if you read it attentively, the knowledge will be useful to you all your life. While such superficial reading would not be worth remembering so that the time employed in it would be wasted."

"Mary's objection seems a simple one," said Miss Valewood, "yet it has a good deal of influence on the circulation of papers. You remember when I made a visit to my Uncle's last winter, you asked me to try to obtain some subscribers. I did so, and the answer, very often from the heads of families, was, "They had no time for reading, or they did not care for a paper, themselves; but the young folks took one because it had such nice stories in it," I tried to persuade them that something more than stories is needed for the minds of young folks, just as something more than pickles and pound cake, is needful for diet. But the parents were too indolent, or ignorant, to exert themselves to make any improvement, and the said young people are growing up like many others, with all the literature compressed in a few worthless novels, destitute of the taste for anything better."

"Since narratives are so fascinating," observed Charlotte, "why not take advantage of the taste, and render it conducive to utility by supplying it with tales and stories of unquestionable veracity, such as *Voyages, Travels, History, Biography, &c.*

I said, "we may hope, that such will soon be the case; but till very recently such books could not be procured. I know, in this neighborhood, many persons who have never seen a *History of England*. Many persons will readily borrow books and papers,

who will not subscribe for the latter, or buy the former. Returning from school, one day, I was conversing with a little girl about the benefit of reading and studying at home, as well as at school. She assented, and observed that her father was very fond of reading."

"What does he read?" said I, somewhat surprised "I never saw any book but a Testament at your house," and from the character of the man, I thought he would not be likely to peruse that book much.

"O yes," she replied, "he has a Bible, and the old English Reader, and then he borrows some."

I tried in vain, to persuade these parents to take some paper for their children. They would not even subscribe for the *Sunday School Record*, (though they were in good circumstances) and when the little daughter wished to get a S. S. Hymn Book, her mother said she might, if I would take butter in payment. The book was tenpence, Charlotte laughed and said, "I know, for she told me, and that you gave her the Hymn Book, and sent her the *Record* for a year." I hope it did some good. But Mary, the long winter evenings are coming, and we will then, if spared, in life and health, put some pine knots in the great fire-place, and, by the cheerful blaze, relate stories, and discuss Charlotte's thousand subjects to your heart's content.

S. G.

—*Montreal Witness.*

Truth and Falsehood.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

On the page that is immortal
We the brilliant promise see;
"Ye shall know the Truth, my people,
And its might shall make you free."

For the Truth, then, let us battle,
Whatever fate betide!
Long the boast that we are freemen,
We have made and published wide.

He who has the truth and keeps it,
Keeps not what to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action,
That his fellow mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the truth, and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a freeman;
He, at least, is but a slave.

He who bears the truth, and places
Its high prompting under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man.

Friend, this simple law who readeat,
Be thou not like either them—
But to the truth give utmost freedom,
And the tide it raises stem.

Bold in speech and bold in action,
Be forever!—Time will test.
Of the free-souled and the slavish,
Which fulfill life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble Ancient—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak! no matter what betides thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first Apostles;
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seeks expression,
Speak it boldly! Speak it all!

Face thine enemies, accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack or rod;
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God!