

smile, now we look very grave; we used to enjoy action, but now we seek for repose.

"This being the case, listen to the words of Old Simon, for I will not keep you long. I am not going to rob you of a single pleasure, nor to inflict upon you a single pain; but just to make a few kindly remarks.

"Look a little before you, and remember that the pleasures of youth will not last for ever. Like the bubbles that I spoke of, they will pass away, and you will do well, now and then, to ask yourself this question: The things that are so pleasant at the beginning of life, what will they be worth at the end of it?

"Learn to be as temperate as you can in your desires, for it will spare you many a sorrow. When you see fruits and flowers around you of all kinds, never expect or wish to have them all. Be content with a few of them, and do not clutch them hastily: he who too greedily grasps at a rose, will find by his torn fingers that it blooms on a brier.

"Mingle prudence with your pleasures, and mind that you keep out of the path of temptation and sin. Many a one who has gone laughing into error, has come out of it weeping. Many a one in an hour of thoughtless folly, has planted a thorn in his dying pillow.

"Make up your mind for sudden changes, that you may not be taken by surprise. A shine and a shower sometimes come in an hour, and he who is ready for the one is not always prepared for the other. The sun that rises in the east sets in the west; and the traveller will do well in the light of day to bear in mind that the darkness of night is coming on.

"It is not what begins well, but what ends well, that will supply us with peace. The fountain of joy may flow to-day freely, and yet on the morrow it may be dry. Rest assured of this, that the happiest life is nothing more than a life of woe, if it be spent in sin and end in a sorrowful death. Not only

seek to be happy in time; but seek first to be happy in eternity.

"While you are on this side the grave, keep your eye on the other side of it. While you are on earth, aim after heaven, looking

'Up to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll.'

Remembering that this world is every moment passing away, and that a sinner is lost without a Saviour. Bear in mind these things, and the up-hill and down-hill of life will be all the pleasanter. Bear in mind these things, and you will never regret listening to the words of Old Simon."—*Child's Companion*.

Hindustan as it was and as it is.

BY A NATIVE TEACHER.

Lately a native teacher in Benares, called Treloke, delivered the following address:—"What has God done in India the last thirty years? I remember that once an officer of the Government, who was a Christian, came to our village, and we all cried out, 'Alas for us! he will destroy us all!' But, behold, in five years, I was a Christian myself, and I must again exclaim, 'What great things the Lord hath done for us!' Hindustan was for years a land of darkness, so thick, that I can only compare it to the deepest midnight. There were, indeed, stars to be seen, greater or less; but so faintly did they glimmer through the darkness, that they could give no light to others. Such stars were the holy books of the Hindoos, together with the Rishies and Fakirs. In this darkness the moon arose, who gave more light than the stars. That was the occupation of the land by the troops of Britain, when justice and protection began to take the place of cruelty and lawless oppression. But the moon does not shine with her own light. What she has is borrowed. She could not, therefore, improve the Hindoos; she could not warm the earth, nor make it fruitful. She left the land desolate and dead. But when Hindustan was thus quite hopeless