

ny more answers, but Thomas made a noise, and I could not hear them.

Mother. What a pity! But go on, Charles.

Charles. And then Mr. ——— said, I am pleased to hear that so many know what they come to Sunday School for. It is, indeed, to learn how to serve God. First, he said, we must learn God's will from the Bible, and strive to do it; and to be able to do God's will, he said, we must ask God, and he will help us. But, mother, will God help such little children as me?

Mother. Yes, my dear, did not Mr. ——— tell you so?

Charles. Why he said, that to get God to help us, we must pray to him; and then he asked us, whether any of us ever prayed. How strange that was, mother! to ask us if we ever prayed! don't you think so?

Mother. Why no, not altogether, Charles. Did you ever pray my dear boy!

Charles. Me, mother! I ever pray! why, my dear mother, don't I say my prayers to you every night and morning? and don't I read in the Prayer Book every Sunday in Church? and have I not done so ever since I could read?

Mother. Yes, Charles, you have done all that. You have regularly repeated your prayers in my hearing, and I have taught you, as it was my duty to do, how to use your Prayer Book. But after all, I ask you again, have you ever prayed to God? Do you always say your prayers to Him with a wish to have them heard and to receive what you ask for? Perhaps you may remember how you felt the other day, when your uncle told you to ask me if you could ride home with him to see your little cousins. Were you anxious to go?

Charles. Oh, yes! very!

Mother. Did you hasten to ask me?

Charles. Oh, yes! I ran to find you directly.

Mother. Did you think I would let you go?

Charles. I was not quite sure, for I had been bad the day before.

Mother. Were you sorry for your bad conduct?

Charles. Yes, very. And I thought that I would tell you so, and promise to be better always after.

Mother. And you recollect how you begged me to forgive your offence, and not keep you home on any account; and how after repeated solicitations, I let you go?

Charles. I do, mother, and I thank you for it yet.

Mother. I believe you, my son. And now I will ask, did you ever ask of your heavenly Father his forgiveness of your sins and transgressions against Him, with the same earnestness that you felt when you asked me to forgive you? Did you ever ask God to be your guide through life, and send you his blessing, with the sincerity and feeling with which you asked me to let you go with your uncle? And did you ever thank him, as you did me just now, for the innumerable blessings which he constantly gives you? I think, Charles, your looks answer No. And now, my son, you understand why Mr. ——— asked you if you evey prayed.

Children's Magazine.

B.

In the poem which we copy below, the reader will find a vivid and terrific description of a PLAGUE. It was written by J. B. Prior, and was elicited by reading a description of the dreadful Plague which a century and a half ago, nearly depopulated the immense city of London.—*Philadel. Sowe.*

THE PLAGUE.

"Bring out your dead!"—'tis the pitman's cry,
The waggon is filling, and waiting nigh—
Cannot pity, or mercy, or love prevail!
Nay, "bring out your dead!"
Not a word can be said;—
The Plague will not listen to sympathy's tale.

"Bring out your dead!"—the twins are not cold,
Their mother's fingers are clasp'd in their fold;
Let me get them a coffin,—I'll dig them a grave.
Thou art sickening,—thy breath
Is receding to death:
The plague will not heed when to succour or save.

"Bring out your dead!"—that's a fruitless sigh:
The babe and the aged together lie:
They were dear to my heart, they were precious and true.
Bring them forth!—in the heap
They will quietly sleep:—
And the Plague, lovely woman is calling thee too.

"Bring out your dead!"—let the coffers stay;
The waggon is stopping—we hurry away;
But my uncle is sick, he will leave me his wealth,
'Tis a thousand to one
If thy race be not run
Ere the midnight:—the plague doth travel past health.

"Bring out your dead!"—we are going to pray;
No priest can we purchase the masses to say;
We but yesterday married—so soon must we die?
Love and beauty they go
To the charnel below—
The plague does not care, who together shall lie.

"Bring out your dead!"—both friar and clerk,
We have taken with cross, book and band, in the dark;
The nun and the lady are vaulted alike.—
From the Bridge to St. John
All the orders are gone,
And the soldier is fallen by his halbert and pike.

"Bring out your dead!"—throw his armour aside:
Let the weapons be moved with his dresses of pride;
Strip the gold and the jewels, the purchaser's dead—
Even the waggon so high
Has no driver to ply
To the mountains of flesh, by mortality fed.

"Bring out your dead!"—on the Thames at the Mall;
From the Gates to the Stairs, from the Walk to the Wall;
Who shall live, or shall die, consternation is wild!
Where a spot can be found
'Tis Infection's ground:
And it mattered not living who hector'd or smiled.

"Bring out your dead!"—the dead cannot hear;
The streets are in darkness, and silent and drear;
The houses are void, and the shutters are fast;
Both the rich and the poor
Have been brought to the door,
And the pitmen are buried together at last.

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