

The mother called him to her knee, and he leaned on her bosom and wept. She wept, too, and smoothed the soft hair of his head as he stood there, and kissed his forehead, and then told him if he would give his heart to God now while he was young, that the Saviour would forgive all his sins and take him up to heaven when he died, and he would then be with God for ever.

His young heart was comforted. He knelt at his mother's side and said :

"Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Wash me in thy precious blood ;
I thy little lamb would be,
Help me, Lord, to look to thee."

The mother took the child to his chamber, and soon he was asleep, dreaming perhaps of angels and heaven. A few months afterwards sickness was on him, and the light of that cottage, the joy of that mother's heart, went out. He breathed his last in her arms, and, as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in her ear :

"I am going to be an angel."

That is a very simple story, and it is just the way I have felt a thousand times. I have looked at the heavens, and giving up to the child's thought that *there* are the blest, I have wished that I might be one of their com-

pany; done with sin; and a bright career of holiness and glory begun, to be ended never.

And it looks so lovely there, where God is, and the sunshine of his smile beams with matchless radiance on every heart, and love reigns through the realms of glory, and each strives with each to see which shall do the most for each other's bliss, that my heart goes up there as to a resting-place, where sorrow cannot enter, and joy flows perennially from every soul.

I feel at such times just like the child in the cottage door; just like the man of old, who sighed for the wings of a dove that he might fly away.

Yet, were it not for sin, this would be as bright and fair a world as that. God would be here, as when in the morning of its being, He walked in the garden with his friend, and smiled on him with parental love. The angels would be here, our companions and guides. Earth would be heaven—paradise, as it was when sin was not.

Then, to be happy here, we must be holy: and, the holier we are, the happier. And, when we are released from sin, and by the merits and mercy of the Saviour are introduced to the courts above, we shall be as the angels, holy, happy, rejoicing always with God!—*Mother's Magazine.*

Life Boat Extra.

The Proprietor of the *Life Boat* having purposed making the present number especially valuable, a Map of Montreal, of the size of one of our pages, intended to show the extent of the recent awful conflagration, had been prepared by the Coxswain. The idea was received with so much favor by the publisher of the *Pilot*, that he offered to have it increased in size to be published in his paper, with the understanding that in its enlarged and improved state it should be presented to the Subscribers of the *Life Boat*. The *Extra* is therefore a *Life Boat Extra*, inasmuch as the Map and the reading matter accompanying it are from our own hands. We trust that the additional sheet will be deemed a handsome equivalent for the want of an original engraving.

"Henry Kemptville" in our next.