

family could say it from end to end without a stutter. We thus see Parsons doing his best to train his family to love and fear God.

Is it not to be wished that the same could be said of thousands more? for to whatever privations a man may be subjected, if he but use well the means at his command, the blessing of heaven will surely attend him; and when most needed, either an angel shall guide him to it, or a fountain of living water shall break forth for him even in his desert.

The former fell to the lot of George Parsons. With a family grown up, he left the salmon fishing, and came to reside close to the Missionary.

It need not be said how regularly his seat in the church was occupied; nor how regularly he brought his sons and daughters to the Sunday-services, or week-day lectures until the Easter Sunday came. That was a happy day for him, because his children were then to pass the first gate to the kingdom of heaven. If the administrator's memory fail not, George Parsons' children were the first of a host who on that day received the sacrament of baptism. A very neat marble font had opportunely just arrived from Italy—a most seasonable present from a merchant in the mission. And from that font on that day upwards of two hundred were baptized. By the repetition of the baptismal form two hundred times the Missionary's strength was quite exhausted, although nearly a hundred remained for baptism on the succeeding Sunday. Shortly after that memorable day in the life of George Parsons, it pleased God that he should be visited with a disease in his legs which confined him to his bed, and of course the Missionary was called in. The legs were dreadfully swollen and ulcerated, and after a few visits he revealed the following tale. "Parson," he said, "when I was a boy, our chief amusements in Dorsetshire were wrestling and kickshins; and my endurance made me a proficient in the latter game. Inn-keepers in those parts used to offer a prize, which induced the champions to come forward, and attracted a crowd of spectators who amply rewarded them by the beer which was consumed. I have had my legs as large as your body, and had them wrapped in cabbage leaves for a fortnight together. And if I had not been captured by that press gang, I should in all probability have become a drunken beast. I see it now, although I have always gloried in my prowess hitherto. Now, I see my sin. God be merciful to me!"

For some months he suffered greatly, but the Missionary believes his life was protracted until by penitence and faith in the atonement of a gracious Saviour all his sins were blotted out. May it not be well for all members of the Church of England to read the rubric before the baptismal service in the Prayer-book? By obeying the order there given, ministers, you see, have trained the young to cleave unto God (in cases when no other means were available). And no parent can calculate the blessing which a knowledge of the catechism may prove to his offspring.

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## THE NEW YEAR.

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"We take no note of time  
But from its loss."

YOUNG.

How true are these words of the poet as regards the mass of mankind! In respect to the daily duties of life, the time passing is nearly all that concerns them. The clock strikes—another portion of time, measured off by the ingenuity of man, is numbered "with the years beyond the Flood"—and what effect does the striking of the clock produce upon the busy world? The merchant has a number of letters to write in a given time—it (the striking of the clock) presses on his thoughts, shortens his sentences, drives on his pen more swiftly. The traveller must reach the railway station, or the end of his journey, by a fixed hour—it impels his desires onward, he