

Her bitter cup was full, and when it could hold no more, it fell to the ground, and was broken.

She was now beyond the power of sorrow. Her ear was proof against the words of cruelty and scorn. She had gained her inheritance among "the meek" and the "pure in heart."

Desolate, indeed, was poor little Essie, when her mother was borne away. Real children soon forget bereavements; but she was no child. She emerged from baby-hood into care-burthened womanhood. No sports ever beguiled her time, no toys ever called forth her merry laughter. Her father "hated noisy children, and would have no nonsensical trumpery lying about the floor; she must learn to behave herself without such things."

And she did learn, although it was a cruel lesson for her buoyant spirit. But after her only companion was gone she pined away with strange rapidity. Even the harsh man grew alarmed at the work he was doing, and strove to arrest its progress. But it was too late; as well we might expect a tender severed branch to live, after the tree from which it had drawn its life was uprooted and dead.

Pain and weakness were for months the portion of little Essie; and then a deep hectic fever burned on her cheek. One day, being carried to the mirror by the woman who had care of her, she shrieked out, "Oh, my dear mamma, I look just like you now; why can't I go away soon, and be always with you again? I cannot stay any longer in this world without you."

A lady who had known her mother, and sympathised in her sorrows called one day to inquire for Essie. In the kindness of her heart she brought a gaudily-dressed doll, hoping it might amuse the lonely child. Essie took it in her hand with a wondering expression in her large blue eyes.

"It looks just like a *child*," she said. "What is it for?"

"It is for you my dear," replied the lady.

"For me, ma'am? What must I do with it?"

"Why, play with it, of course my love. It will amuse you and make you very happy."

"Oh no, ma'am," replied Essie, examining the doll; "this *thing* cannot make me happy. It cannot smile on me, nor kiss me, nor speak fondly to me. But it was very kind in you to bring it, and I thank you very much. Will you not take it home—perhaps it will please *your* little girl." Essie was more than six years old, and yet she had never had a doll, that magic companion of little girls! She knew no children, and she rarely ever walked abroad, as her mother had long been too feeble to accompany her, while her father was too selfish to trouble himself for her amusement. She looked almost compassionately at the giver, as if she thought a person must be simple to imagine that a lifeless toy could give pleasure to her care-worn heart. Sad, indeed, the lot of children made so early grave and wise. God gives to all an infancy and childhood—times free from care, in which our powers may expand, and we gain strength to bear the burdens of life. *Woe to those who, through cruelty or avarice, rob children of this season, or change it into one of sorrow, anxiety, or toil. Let children be children.*

One day Essie said to her nurse, "In heaven, where my mother lives, every one is kind. No one ever gets angry, or *speaks loud* there. Everybody likes everybody; musn't that be beautiful? Oh how much I should love to be there, and *never be afraid any more*."

She died. From some unknown cause,—perhaps in the hope of atoning for his past unkindness,—the heartless man did one generous thing. He caused the lifeless form of the woman whose heart he had broken, to be taken from the narrow bed, and then laid mother and child in one coffin. It is true the care-murdered innocent little heeded, in that deep sleep, the what in life would have imparted such joy to her lonely heart. She knew not that her cold cheek was again in its old place, pressed close to that of her mother, or that her thin white arm lay across the bosom which used to be her chosen pillow. No; but she did know, in that blissful reunion, the joy of loving, unrebuked, that angel mother—of being free from fear of the violent man—of dwelling in peace, without care or anxiety, "where none are ever angry, where none *speaks loud*"—with the God of love.

Few sights are more significant and touching to a teacher's heart, than the group of girls gathered out of many homes around her table. What is to be the earthly future of these youthful beings? That little sunburned honest face may be a wife in whom the heart of her husband shall trust, whose clothing shall be strength and honor; that other childish form may yet be a mother whose children shall rise up and call her blessed; that little one with the fair rosy cheek may, alas, turn into one laden with many lusts, whose ways are the ways of death. Another may be the good and faithful servant, so rare and so precious in the sight of the Master in heaven, as well as the master on earth; another yet may be the brawling woman, who bringeth woe on all around her, or a tattler and busybody, spreading mischief from house to house. But how solemn the question, though largely depending on the other, What will the everlasting future of these children be? Fearful is the responsibility, deep the anxiety of those who feel how much of those two futures depend on their faith-

ful use and application of God's Word, and on their earnest prayer for that Holy Spirit who can alone teach successfully all things, from the things that are of Jesus to the performance of commonest duty. But go on in the blessing of God's grace—go on, and be of good cheer; go on to counteract the evil tendency—to pluck out the weed—to sow the good seed—to foster the springing grain—the blessing is promised, and will come, and will not tarry.

Go on with the teaching of the head and teaching of the heart, which make the instructions of the Sunday school so valuable and so often blessed in after years; and forget not to press that teaching of the hands, which is so well pleasing to the Lord our God and Saviour, that he sanctifies it from being common or unclean, and makes it take its honored place in the blessed work of His own vineyard.

POLITENESS.

We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.—*Shaftesbury*.

Educational Intelligence.

CANADA.

—**QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.**—The 15th session of this Institution closed on the 15th ult. The public examination is said to have been highly creditable to the College and to the students. The number of students in Arts was 47, in Divinity 10, and in Medicine upwards of 60. The degree of Master of Arts was awarded to Mr. Joseph Evans, B. A., and that of Bachelor of Arts to the following gentlemen:—Messrs. John May, Beckwith; John Machar, Kingston; Donald Ban McLennan, Lancaster; John Martin Fraser, London, C. W.; John Livingston, Picton, Nova Scotia; Alex. McMillan, London; J. P. McPherson, Kingston; James Webster, Guelph. The degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon the following gentlemen:—Messrs. J. M. Bell; Dr. S. S. Bowers; H. S. Chisholm; Dr. Joseph Crawford; Dr. Sylvanus Joy; Alexander Laidlaw; Michael Lawler; Alex. McDonald; Julian Perrault; Oliver Thibodo. The proceedings were closed by an address from the Vice Principal, Professor George, on "living to do good in the world." On the same day, the students presented Dr. George with an address, and a gold watch, and other appendages, valued at £61.—*Globe*.

—**MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.**—The annual Convocation of McGill College was held in Burnside Hall, yesterday. Although the day was wet and rain fell during the morning, the large Convocation Hall was crowded. The following gentlemen were announced as having passed the examination for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts:—A. W. Barnston, G. D. Redpath, R. W. Ferrier, R. A. Leach, Dunbar Browne. Medicine—The following gentlemen received the degree of Doctor of Medicine—A. A. Boylan, Oakville, C. W.; John McMillan, London, C. W.; D. T. Robertson, Quebec, C. E.; G. J. Emery, Bowmanville, C. W.; W. Wilson, Chambly, C. E.; R. T. Howden, Montreal, C. E.; Charles Picault; C. E.; R. N. Shaver, Dickenson's Landing; Henry Shobottom, London, D. W.; Levi Church, Aylmer. The election of the Fellows resulted as follows:—Arts Brown Chamberlain, B. C. L.; Law—W. B. Lamb, B. C. L.; Medicine—T. W. Jones, M. D. A list of Honorary Degrees was read. A valedictory address was delivered by R. A. Leach, A. B., representing the Graduates in Art. The Rev. Canon Leach, D. C. L., LL. D., addressed the meeting on behalf of the Faculty of Arts. He was followed by P. R. Lafrenaye, B. C. L., on behalf of the Law Faculty. Dr. Fraser addressed the Graduates in Medicine. Mr. Principal Dawson, D. C. L., also addressed the meeting, after which the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Davies.—*Montreal Gazette*.

—**LAVAL NORMAL SCHOOL, QUEBEC.**—The interesting ceremony of the inauguration of the Laval Normal School at Quebec, took place on Tuesday afternoon in the Chateau St. Louis. The meeting, which was very numerous, was presided over by the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Superintendent of Education for Canada East, supported on the right by Monseigneur the Bishop of Tloa, and on the left by his Worship the Mayor. The Curé of Quebec, and a great many of the R. C. clergy were present. Among the audience were the Hon. Judge Caron, Colonel Cockell, of the 16th, and the Colonel of the 17th Regiments. The proceedings were opened with prayer by His Lordship the Bishop. Letters of apology from their Excellencies the Governor General, and Sir William Eyre, the Commander of the Forces, were read. Addresses were then delivered by Mr. Chauveau, Monseigneur Baillargeon, Bishop of Tloa, the Mayor of Quebec, the Rev.