

tant. "The old man was sighing heavily, and the children wept bitterly. The bleak winds innumerable through the trees; the ground was covered with snow; the cold was piercing and terrible. And while your parents return to night," I implored of the lad, as he stirred up the little fire on the hearth, which his tears might have quenched. "They have been gone four days, was the reply, 'and we are starving, and can neither go far for food nor for father and mother?' I hurried back to the nearest house I had left, to obtain food for these famishing ones, and information of the parents. The former I procured, but of the latter I could obtain no tidings. I went in search of them, and when within a mile of the village, I was surprised to my amazement, that they had been found dead, having perished in the snow." I need only say, these orphans, and the more helpless old man, are to share in my sympathy, whatever it may be. "The father burst into tears, and could only say, 'The youngest brother, a youngest son now began:—'On my return, however, having almost departed of accomplishing my wish, I found a man prostrate and bleeding on the cold ground. He was my bitter enemy. He must have perished in a few hours, had there been no assistance. I took him to a hospitable shelter, and he is rapidly recovering.'" "My dear boy," said the father, "to thee, to thee belongs the reward. Were it the world, thou shouldst have it. Thou hast sanctified humanity, and spread the autopsy of heaven. Thy brothers have done well, nobly; but thou hast acted God-like. 'Thine is the spirit of heaven: fill my wealth is thine, and well may I trust it to such a son.'"

#### A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

Beloved youth, when I, who an old, look upon your condition, I cannot but pity you. I do not envy your gaiety, and pleasure. The cup which you hold in your hand is intoxicating, it is poisoned. The pleasures which you are seeking are "the pleasures of sin," which are short-lived, unprofitable, and leave a sting behind. Many are cut down like the flower of the field in the midst of their earthly career.—*Oh! how many are hurried to a premature grave!* Many others, when the seasons of youthful gaiety and thoughtlessness is past, are visited with afflictions, in the suffering of which, all their former pleasures are forgotten, and often embittered by the reflection, that they were sinful pleasures or were mixed with sin. Repose for the sons of youth, is an unwelcome visitant, but one which cannot easily be shaken off. When afflictions are sanctified, they become real blessings. But many suffer, who, instead of being made better, are made worse by all their sufferings. They become impatient, and murmur at the dispensations of God towards them, as though they were punished more than their sins deserved.

Oh, young man, permit me call your attention to your soul's salvation. This you cannot but know as your great, your highest interest.—*And why do you neglect it? Why do you put off the evil day?*—Your continuance on earth is altogether uncertain. Prepare, I beseech you, to meet your God. "Behold now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." You will lose nothing, but be great gainers, by giving your hearts to God in the days of your youth. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

A good conscience, and a lively love of everlasting life, are the purest sources of joy upon earth. When affliction comes upon the pious—and they are not exempt—there is a precious promise that it will be for their good; yea, that it will work out for them an "exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Lay the summons of death come when it will, they are ready. The day of death to such is far better than the day of their birth.

Young man, as you have but one short life to live upon earth, have you no desire that it should be occupied in doing good? Are you willing, at the last account, which all must give, to be in the class of those who have lived to no good purpose, who have done nothing for the benefit of their race? You say that you intend to be religious hereafter.—What a delusion! Evil habits will grow with your age, sinful desires will not be lessened but increased by indulgence. Old age, if you are permitted to reach it, will find you a hardened sinner; your consciences will be the wallings of a multitude of souls now in hell, methinks their lamentation would be that they procrasted attention to the salvation of their souls. Why will you run the dangerous risk! Consider that eternal life and eternal death, are now set before you; and God calls on you to choose which you will have.—*H. P. Mag.*

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.—A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought—what an earth can be so beautiful! Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer how earnest; in joy how sparkling; in sympathy how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower; without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; or speak to it of the holy things of your religion; or of your grief for the loss of a friend, or your love of some one you fear you will not love you in your old age, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thoughts; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engrave itself, as it were, on the feeling, which is your feeling for the hour.—*Alfr. Norton.*

THE BLIND BOY AND HIS BIBLE.—A little blind boy, about twelve years of age, wished to learn to read the Bible with raised letters, prepared for the use of the blind. In a very short space of time he learned to run his fingers along the page, and to read it with ease. The highest object of his wishes was now to possess a complete copy of the Bible for the blind, which consists of several large volumes. His parents were unable to buy one, but his mother obtained one from a benevolent society. It was in several volumes.

Soon after the little boy received the books, his pious mother saw him retire to the room where they were kept, and she stepped softly to the door to see what he would do. And why do you think the dear little boy went alone to his room! His mother saw him kneeling by the side of these precious volumes, and lifting up his hands in prayer to return thanks to God for this blessed gift of his holy word. He then rose from his knees, and, taking up one of the volumes in his arms, hugged and kissed it, and then laid it on one side and proceeded to the next, and so on, till he had, in this simple but such through the medium of touch, had spread before his mind the wonders and the glories of God's love to man.

"The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey-cumb."—*Jac. Miss Mag.*

RELATIVE STRENGTH OF POPERY AND PROTESTANTISM.—Protestantism reckons as its followers nearly one-half of the number that Popery claims as its adherents. And although numerically one-half less, in all the great elements of character and progress, it is vastly its superior.—In wealth, in enterprise, in national liberty, in literature, in commerce, in all the elements of political and moral power, Protestant are to Pagan nations as the sun and moon in the heavens are to the fixed stars. That you may see this, blot from the map of Europe all that it owes to Protestantism, and what is left for the people to desire? Blot from these nations all that they owe to Popery, and it would be like Moses lifting up his wonder-working rod heavenward, and rolling back the darkness that enveloped Egypt. If this does not picture our idea, stop for a month or a year, all that Protestantism is doing to civilize, enlighten, and bless the earth, and the world is moved and astounded, from its centre to its circumference; even old Austria, the Sleepy Hollow of the world, would spring to her feet and ask, "What is the matter? Stop for the same time all that Popery is doing for the same ends, and it would be no more moved than is the light of the lost planet from the sky."—*Kilman.*

INQUIRIES.—Whoever goes forth in search of notes in the eye of his neighbour, will come back with a beam in his own.

Prayer that reaches no deeper than the lips, will rise no higher than the head.

Every man is his brother's keeper—keeping him for heaven, or from heaven.

The woods in winter show a few trees as green as ever—so in the Church there are but few evergreens.

Linen is bleached by rain and the sun—the saint's robe by tears and the Sun of Righteousness.

The very white come out of great tribulation.

The first utterance of the heart towards an injurer is, "Let me go and take off his head; but Christian meekness replies, "So let him curse, for God hath said unto him, curse David."

To the believer, every providence is but another stroke of the chisel upon the marble block, shaping it for its position in the heavenly temple.

At Hierapolis, in Syria, stood a noted temple, within which the air was so highly perfumed that the robes of the devotees long retained the odour. So should the Christian's robe smell of the incense of the altar.

To the Christian, death is the last rough ascent of life, from whose top he steps into heaven; to the sinner, it is the precipice from which he plunges into hell.

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