

be made up of spasms, nor of fractional parts, but as a whole, continuous unceasingly during life." Would that ministers were ever mindful of the following texts of scripture:—"Freely ye have received, freely give. Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good. And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God. And He took them up in His arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." Should not the minister of Christ do likewise? Should he not follow the example of his Lord? I would say then, to him who is the chosen vessel of God, the reaper of His harvest, the dresser of His vineyard, the self-denying, sin-despising, meek and lowly and sanctified disciple of Christ, be always ready to do His will, wherever good may be accomplished.

When duty calls—as if it were
The trumpet of God—obey summons.
Ten thousand little voices blend together,
And the echo is being heard through the
Length and breadth of the land.
Thou man of God, harken to the call!
Fold not thy hands, while so many cry
Unto thee for bread!
Thou hast enough and to spare;
Then withhold not from those who are perishing!
Many there are who are in darkness, not having
Seen the rays of gospel light!
Withhold not thou the light of heaven.
For thy reward shall be according to thy works.
Many there are who are in bondage,
And cry unto thee for aid!
Awake thou from thy slumbering,
And haste to the rescue!
Soldier of Christ, unfurl thou the
Banner of the King of Kings:
Buckle on thine armour, and ever be found
Resting upon thine arms.

JOHN M. MOORE.

MARYBOROUGH, 10th October, 1867.

2. THE SANCTITY OF DUTY.

(For the Journal of Education.)

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part; there all the honour lies."

True indeed is the lesson so forcibly conveyed in those two short lines. And how ennobling is the principle they inculcate. With what energy, such a consideration animates us to strive for honour each in his particular calling. No matter what that calling may be, whither we hold an exalted trust from the nation, or whither we are doomed to toil incessantly unheeded and despised by the world, still we have our duties, and the words of the poet have for each a direct and particular application; and a serious reflection on them would cause us to look on the proper discharge of the duties incumbent upon us as a thing of paramount importance, the neglect of which would bring shame and dishonour as its inevitable consequence. Could any one with this motto before them perform their duties carelessly or indifferently; or could there be one who could look upon the occupation of another as degrading; forgetting that honour and shame, belong of necessity to no particular condition; and that the glory lies, not in an exalted situation, but in the spirit in which the duties of any, even the most unimportant are discharged.

C. LEONARD, Teacher.
DOWNIE.

VI. Friday Readings.*

1. LITTLE EYES AND LITTLE HANDS.

Little eyes,
Like the shining blue above,
Full of light and love,
Full of glaze;

* NOTE TO TEACHERS.—FRIDAY READINGS FROM THE JOURNAL.—Our Chief motive in maintaining the "Miscellaneous" department of the Journal is to furnish teachers with choice articles selected from the current literature of the day, to be read in the schools on Fridays, when the week's school-work is finished, as a means of agreeable recreation to both pupil and teacher. Several teachers have followed this plan for several years with most gratifying success.

Telling of a life within,
In a world of sin,
Born to you and me!
Will they see the golden way,
Leading up to day?
And the God to whom we pray,
In the skies?

Little hands,
In the long and weary strife
Of a toiling life,
Will they win?
Will they early learn to bless?
Rescue from distress?
Will they fear to sin?
For the true, the good, the right,
Will they bravely fight?
Strow along the paths of night
Golden sands?

Little feet,
Entered on a thorny way;
Will it lead to day
And renown?
As its rugged steeps are trod,
Will they climb to God,
And a seraph's crown?
Where the loving Saviour goes,
Finding friends or foes,
Will they follow till life's close,
As is meet?

Little eyes,
May they wear an angel's guise,
In the upper skies!
Little hands,
May they, doing God's commands,
Rest in fairer lands!
May these little feet,
Thee, dear Saviour, run to meet,
At thy mercy seat;
And with joy for sins forgiven,
Press to heaven!

—Congregationalist.

2. ANECDOTES OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The following anecdotes of Queen Victoria from the *Chicago Advance*, are from the pen of Grace Greenwood:—

"When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the Queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the Royal children. This governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor her mother died. When she first received the news of her serious illness, she applied to the Queen to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a more sacred duty than to her Sovereign. The Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of the most gentle sympathy, 'Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. I will keep your place for you. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils.'

"The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet mournful communion with her dying mother; then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirk yard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of Royal Grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowing heart beyond endurance, had it not been for the gracious womanly sympathy of the Queen—who came every day to her school-room—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils. A year went by; the first anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life that day a year ago—or could give her one tear, one thought to that grave under the Scottish daisies. Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother, in the pleasant crimson parlour, looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school-room for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the scripture for the day; some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and, laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears—murmuring, 'Oh, mother, mother!' One after another, the children stole out of the room and went to their mother,