

serviceable articles to the value of \$96.—The young men of River Dennis, C B., presented a purse of money to their pastor the Rev. W. G. FORBES.

We have to inform our readers that we can supply the back numbers of the *Record* from January. We hope that a "special effort" will be put forth to increase the circulation of the organ of our church.

## Fireside Reading.

### Do Something.

Immortal souls are in danger! Souls for whom Christ bled and died, on whom angels gaze in pity, and to whom God wants to be gracious. They do not or cannot realize their peril, but madly plunge on.

Can nothing be done for sinners? Much can be done—everything can be done, and by you. You are permitted to approach a fellow mortal face to face, pray with him, weep over him, and point him to Calvary.

'Ah, but I have no talent for the work,' you exclaim.

'No talent! Do you not have sufficient talent to transact business, provide for your family, buy, sell, labour, in fine, to perform any of the multifarious duties of life,

But you add, 'I am naturally timid and retiring.'

'Timid and retiring!' Were your neighbour's house in flames, and the lives of his wife and little ones threatened, would you speak of your 'timidity?' Rather would you not rush into the burning structure like a hero, and rescue them if possible? If you would do all this for their bodies you ought to do infinitely more for their souls.

'But the majority of the people know religion is valuable already,' you reply.

So a good name is valuable, yet thousands forfeit it by the commission of crime. All understand the value of wealth, yet many squander it and become beggars. Nothing is more desirable than health yet nothing is more recklessly thrown away through neglect and imprudence.

'Bibles and churches are accessible to all,' you reply in conclusion.

So are dram-shops, theatres, gambling-houses, race-courses, and dens of infamy—In fact they outnumber the churches more than twenty to one. Unite this with the fact that 'men love darkness rather than light,' and the demand for earnest, persevering personal effort will be obvious. Men do not require urging to do wrong, but they require a vast amount of urging to do right.

God had a work for us to do, else we had never had existence. It is a sublime belief that nothing is created in vain. From the blade of grass beneath our feet up to the uncounted worlds that roll in space, all exist for a purpose. Nothing stands still nothing ceases to grow. The acorn which we tossed carelessly aside when a boy has become a giant oak.

If all nature labours and grows, shall not the Christian? If nature performs the Maker's will shall not the child of God?

Arouse thee, O Christian! A few more days of toil and the crown and harp will be thine. For 'he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.' But ever remember that 'he that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him, it is sin.'—*British Messenger*.

### The Pet Lamb.

Do you know what a Redeemer is? It is one who helps another out of any trouble, or difficulty, or punishment, by paying the penalty in his stead.

Some little children once had a pet lamb. They had taken care of it since it was very small; it ran after them, and played with them, and ate from their hands. But one morning, when their lessons were done, and they ran as usual to play with "Snowy," as they called it—it was so white—they saw before the door a large rough-looking boy dragging the little white lamb by a rope around its neck.

"What are you going to do with Snowy?" exclaimed the children, running up to him; "that's our lamb."

"It won't do you much good, now you have found her, I reckon," said the boy. "There's my master; he bought her this morning, and I am going to take her to the slaughter house now."

"To the slaughterhouse! Kill our Snowy! you shan't do it!" cried Ralph, with crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes, while the other children broke out into loud exclamations, putting their arms around Snowy, and one of the boys trying to snatch the rope out of the lad's hand. Just then a gentleman came by, and asked what all that noise was about.

"It is our lamb, sir," said Ralph, half choked with trying not to cry. "It was stolen from us last night; and I'm sure he's going to kill it."

The butcher explained that it had been sold to him.

"Oh, nonsense!" said the gentleman; "there, there, children, stop crying; the lamb shan't be killed this time! Give them the rope, Bill. I'll pay your master what he gave for the lamb."