

endurance in trial and danger—where shall we find any that can be compared to the story of earth's family circle? Conjugal love, parental love, filial love, brotherly love, sisterly love,—all are here. The many streams of human affection empty themselves into it, or flow out of it for the fertility and gladness of the earth.

We need not wonder, then, that this name should be chosen as one of the Church's peculiar names. God delights in it as the name by which his company of chosen ones is to be specially called. THE FAMILY OF GOD—that is the Church's name. As such he dwells in the midst of it, and watches over it. His dealings with it are those of a father—fond yet strict—loving yet wise—sitting amongst his children, having his eyes on each, and ordering in his gracious wisdom all the concerns of his household.

There is one thing that strikes us much concerning this family. It is the way in which Christ speaks of the special interest which he takes in each member. "Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost." How like the family feeling! Each name, each face is known; known so familiarly that the least and youngest would at once be missed. The place where each sits, the room which each occupies, the time of their going out and coming in, their looks, their habits, their tones, are so thoroughly known, that the moment any one is absent he is missed. And then no other can supply his place. His absence makes a blank which none but himself can fill. An acquaintance or fellow-townsmen may drop away and never be missed. His place is easily filled up by another. Not so with a member of the family. A blank there is a denial blank, and when death has carried off a brother, a sister, or a parent, who, or what, can ever fill their room? When one flower fades, another springs up, fresher perhaps, and more fragrant—and we forget the faded one. But the withered family flower can have no successor: it dies, and there is a blank forever. Might it not be with some such feeling that Jesus looked round upon his vast household circle, and, while surveying each well-known face, gave thanks that not one was lost: as if he could not have spared so much as one of those whom the Father had given him.—*Rev. H. Bonar.*

SELF KNOWLEDGE AND RESTRAINT.

The reflections to which I have been led in speaking of consistency of Christian character, suggest the importance of urging upon you the government of your passions. A man who has no control over his passions, is justly compared to a ship at sea, which is driven by fierce winds, while she neither is governed by the rudder nor steered by the compass. By indulgence, the passions gain strength very rapidly; and when once the habit of indulgence is fixed, the moral condition of the sinner is most deplorable, and almost desperate. To preserve consistency, it is necessary to be well acquainted with the weak points in our own character, to know something of the strength of our passions, and to guard beforehand against the occasions and temptations which would be likely to cause us to act inconsistently with our Christian profession. Many men have successfully contended with their own passions, and although naturally of a hasty and irritable temper, have, by constant discipline, brought themselves into a habitual state of equanimity; so that, however they may be conscious of the strugglings of the natural passions, they are kept so completely under restraint, that to others they do not seem to exist.—The anecdote which is related of Socrates and the Physiognomist, is instructive on this point. When the latter, upon examining the lines of the philosopher's face, pronounced that he was a man of bad temper, and exceedingly irascible, the disciples of Socrates laughed him to scorn, as having betrayed the weakness of his art, by so totally mistaking the true disposition of their master; but he checked their ridicule, by acknowledging that his natural temper had been truly represented by the physiognomist, but that by the discipline of philosophy, he had been able to acquire such a mastery over his passions, that their existence was not apparent. To achieve a victory of this kind is more honourable than to conquer in the field of battle; according to that of the wise man, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." And again, "He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down, and without walls." Learn then, my young friends, to bridle your passions, and govern your temper, from your earliest days.—*Dr. Alexander.*

"THIS HAND NEVER STRUCK ME."

We recently heard the following most touching incident. A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened room, waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold grave.

His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as her child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly; and then looking up to her mother, through the tears of affection and love, she said, "Mother, this little hand never struck me."

What could be more touching and lovely?

Young reader, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and

sisters, that, were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say, "This hand never struck me."

What an alleviation of our grief, when we are called to part with friends, to be able to remember only words and actions of mutual kindness and love. How bitter must be the sorrow, and how scalding the tears of remorse of an unkind child, as he looks upon the cold form, or stands at the grave of a brother or sister, a father or a mother, towards whom he had manifested unkindness. Let us all remember, that whatsoever we sow, in this respect, that we shall also reap.—*Well-Spring.*

DAD TEMPER.—When moralists and philosophers of all sorts set about reasoning on the phenomena of the world we live in, and contemplating the mass of human misery to be found therein, trace it to all the fearful crimes that since the fall of man have found their way into the heart, they overlook one little cause of suffering, which brightens more happiness and neutralizes a greater portion of God's bounteous favours than all the other heinous enormities of our depraved race put together. This hateful, stealthy, heart-destroying blight is often found where everything like atrocious vice is utterly unknown, and where many of the highest virtues flourish. Probity, liberality, temperance, observant piety, may all exist with a sour temper, yet, many a human being has been hung in chains whose justly punished deeds have not caused one hundredth part the pain to his fellow-men which a cross temperament is sure to give. How often has a bright sunny day risen upon a healthy, prosperous, gay-spirited race, each hour of which, though blessed with all that Heaven can, has been poisoned, muddled, and rendered hateful to every member of it by the habitual ill-humor of its head! Yet all the reprobation cast on such a one is summed up in the gentle phrase, "He is a tiresome man," or "She has a disagreeable temper, poor woman."

FETERS ON THE PRESS IN FRANCE.—A Protestant journal in Lower Brittany recently stated the fact, without reflection or comment, that five Romanists in Edinburgh had been converted to Protestantism. The prefect of the department, regarding this as an attack on the Papal religion, addressed the editor a tearing, in which he says, "If you do not abstain absolutely from all allusions of this kind, I will not hesitate to make you feel the power with which I am armed."

RECENT SCENE IN "THE VALLEYS."—On Sabbath 11th July last, about two hundred workmen, Roman Catholics, had assembled in La Tour to hold a service. After having attended the Popish worship in the forenoon, they came to hear M. Peyrot, the Protestant minister, in the afternoon. On leaving the service, they said they had never heard anything like anything so good. They also saw baptism administered by him, and were struck with the Protestant mode. "Why," they said to some of the Vaudois, "you are Christians too, as well as we, there is no difference." "No," was the reply, "no difference, except the Pop and the payment." They afterwards came asking Bibles, which were given them, to the number of twenty-two or twenty-five.—*H. & F. Record.*

"What shall I preach about?" inquired a clergyman on a visit to a neighboring pastor, as they sat together in the pulpit; "are the people who are here to-day principally professors or non-professors?" "Preach the Gospel," was the reply; "they are all sinners, and they need it."

Many husbands are kept from following the Lord fully by their wives; and many wives kept back by their husbands; it is happy when such are "helps meet" for each other. It is Satan's policy to tempt, by those who are dear to us. Adam by Eve, and Christ by Peter.

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