

### Willsie's Department.

#### WILLIE AND I

We love to go to Sabbath-school—  
Willie and I,  
And ho the weather foul or fair,  
We purpose to be always there,  
To listen to the opening prayer—  
Willie and I.

Our teacher we do dearly love—  
Willie and I,  
She comes and takes us by the hand,  
And points us to the better land,  
And tries to make us understand—  
Willie and I.

Our father—mother, too, we love—  
Willie and I,  
While many boys and girls are there,  
Whose parents for them do not care,  
We of the good things richly share—  
Willie and I.

We ought to love the Saviour most—  
Willie and I,  
For if we love and serve him best,  
In his own bosom we shall rest,  
And be in heaven forever blest—  
Willie and I.

#### NOAH'S CARPENTERS.

It was a late hour at night. The city of N—, with its many turrets and spires, was sleeping under the shadow of those rocky sentinels which have guarded the plain since the Flood. The waves of the ocean fell gently and soothingly on the beach. The moon waded through the fleecy autumn clouds, now playing with the waters and lighting up the scene, and then concealing her glory, as if to make its revelations more prized. It was a night for pious thoughts and conversation.

Two persons were leaving the city and passing along the waterside to a beautiful valley, where one was a resident and the other a guest. The taller the elder of the two, was actively engaged in a work of benevolence. The work was too heavy for him, and he had invited his young friend, a thoughtless lad, of whom we will speak as Henry, to aid him. Together they had spent many a weary day in supplying the Christian laborers who had co-operated with them, with the choicest means of usefulness, as they crowded the depository of truth. Exhausted by their toils, they were now returning for a night's repose. Hitherto, not a word had been addressed to the obliging boy about his soul. The proper occasion seemed to have arrived. A quain, but fitting manner was chosen.

"Henry," asked the older, "do you know what became of Noah's carpenters?"

"Noah's carpenters!" exclaimed Henry, "I didn't know that Noah had any carpenters."

"Certainly, he must have had help in building one of the largest and best proportioned ships ever put up on the stocks. There must have been many ship-carpenters at work for a long time, to have constructed such a vessel in such an age. What became of them think you, when all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened?"

"What do you mean by such a queer question?" Henry replied.

"No matter what, just now. Please answer the inquiry. And you may also tell me, if you will, what you would have done in that dreadful hour, when the storm came in its fury, and Noah's prophecies were all fulfilled, and all but the family of the preacher of righteousness were ready to be engulfed in those black waters?"

"I don't know," said Henry, in a half thoughtful, half trifling manner. "Perhaps I should have got on the rudder."

"This is human nature exactly, Henry. It would 'climb up some other way,' rather than enter the fold by the only door. It would 'get on the rudder' in its pride and short sightedness, rather than go into the ark of safety. It would 'save itself' by hanging on at the hazard of being swept away into the gulf of despair instead of being saved by the provision of infinite love. But I'll tell you plainly what I mean, Henry, by Noah's carpenters. You have kindly and generously given me your aid, day after day, in building an ark in N—, by which many, I trust, will be saved. I feel grateful for your help. But I greatly fear that, while others will be rejoicing in the fruits of our labours, you will be swept away in the storm of wrath which will, by-and-by, beat on the heads of those who enter not the ark of Jesus Christ. No human device will avail for you. 'Getting on the rudder' will not answer; you must be in Christ, or you are lost. Remember Noah's carpenters, and flee to the ark without delay."

"We reached the house, and parted. The winter came. Henry was placed at a boarding school in ——. He visited home during the winter vacation, and pre-

sented himself to the church for admission to its communion. He then stated that the conversation detailed above had never passed from his memory. It led him to serious reflections, and ultimately we trust, to the ark of safety. He is now entering a career of wide spread public usefulness. He will never forget Noah's carpenters.

Though Noah's carpenters were all drowned, there are a great many of the same stock now alive; of those who contribute to promote the spiritual good of others, and aid in the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom, but personally neglect the great salvation.

*Sabbath School children*, who gather in the poor, or contribute their money to send tracts and books to the destitute, or to aid the work of missions, and yet remain unconverted, are like Noah's carpenters.

*Teachers in Bible classes and Sabbath schools*, who point their pupils to the Lamb of God, but do not lead the way, are like guide boards that tell the road, but do not travel on it; or like Noah's carpenters, who built an ark, and were overwhelmed in the waters that bore it aloft in safety.

*Careless parents*, who instruct their children and servants, as every parent should, in the great doctrines of the gospel, yet fail to illustrate these doctrines in their lives, and seek not a personal interest in the blood of Christ, are like Noah's carpenters, and must expect their doom.

*Preachers, sellers, and buyers*, engaged in making Bibles and religious books, booksellers and publisher religious newspapers, who are doing much to increase the knowledge of the gospel and to save souls, but so many of whom are careless about their own salvation, will have the mortification of knowing that, while their toils have been instrumental of spiritual good to thousands, they were only like the pack mules that carried a load to market without tasting it, or like Noah's carpenters, who built a ship in which they never sailed.

*Wealthy and liberal, but unconverted men*, who help to build churches and sustain the institutions of the gospel, but who will not come unto Christ that they may have life, are hewing the timbers and driving the nails of the ark which they are too proud or too careless to enter. Perhaps they think they will be safe on the "rudder;" but they find too late, when they would ride they must swim—that what they would float they must sink, with all their good deeds, unmixed with faith, as a millstone about their necks.—*Churchman's Penny Mag.*

### Selections.

#### THE CHINESE BIBLE.

Those who are accustomed to trace God in history as well as in His written revelation, will, doubtless, feel an interest of the deepest and most thrilling kind, in the coincidence to which we now call attention. It is precisely at the period of this wonderful movement of the Chinese towards the renunciation of their idols; that the great evangelizing societies of our country have prepared for them the New Testament at the extraordinary low price of fourpence, and in a greatly improved translation. The book is now lying on our table, and, of all the marvels of the typographic art this is the most marvelous. It is a small volume, five and a half inches long by three and three quarters wide and more than an inch and a quarter thick. The paper is beautiful, and the type exquisite. Of all the specimens of Chinese printing we have ever inspected, we should be disposed to say this must appear to the Chinese themselves the most beautiful exhibition of their language that has ever been presented to them; and that this should have been effected by the 'barbarians,' who, for ages, their rulers have taught them to despise, may contribute not a little to lower their self-confidence, and modify their national prejudices. But that such a work should have been brought to perfection just at this era of their history, that it should be possible to multiply, by means of the modern improvements in printing, to any extent, these Chinese New Testaments for fourpence, presents to the contemplative mind the fact that deserves and will well repay attention. Is it the design of Providence that China should read, in its own tongue, the wonderful works of God? Then Providence has produced that word without miracles or the gift of tongues. But all that labor, ingenuity, that mechanical skill and perseverance which have accomplished this work, might have remained for ages abortive, as seed laid up in a granary, had not the present movement presented the wide field made accessible, and, as it were, ploughed up almost from end to end, and ready to receive the precious seed. Dr. Morrison's types, tho' excellent in their day, were comparatively costly

—not adapted for the masses. It would have been impossible to give copies of his Bibles to any great extent. In his day, the metal Chinese types were unknown. This is the invention that was to synchronize with the opening of China; and though the two facts have been brought about by two very different sets of individuals, without concert, or even the knowledge of each others purposes, yet they both develop themselves almost at the same moment. One mail brings us the intelligence that China is being revolutionized by a set of men who possess only a part of Genesis in their own language, but who recognise the whole Bible as their religion, though they read it only in fragments; and the next mail brings to this country the first completed copy of the New Testament in their language, as remarkable for cheapness as it is for beauty.

The London Missionary Society has the honor of supplying the men who have made translation and cast the type; while to the Bible society is due the honor of affording pecuniary aid towards the requisite machinery. Had not both these societies been in operation, no one could have said how China was to have an adequate supply of Bibles. No other nation could have produced them, and she could not have produced them for herself. Then, again, if China had not been prepared to accept the Bible, little could have been done with the work now accomplished except at the trading ports upon the mere fringes of the empire. In all probability, the demand for these cheap Testaments, will now become immense. Another year, or even a few months, may decide the fate of the Tartar dynasty; and whether the revolution issues in one universal monarchy, or in the four cardinal ones at present suggested by the title of the princes—East, West, North, and South—in either case, the efforts of the missionaries to spread the Scriptures are likely to be left perfectly free; and when it is remembered that though the pronunciation of the language is different in the different provinces, yet that the character and power of it are the same everywhere, what an entirely new and vast scope will be given for the operation of that Word of life which has, in great part, emancipated the mind of the Western world, and has now to emancipate the Eastern from the consolidated darkness of four thousand years.—*British Quarterly Review.*

**FLIGHT OF HAY IN SOMERSETSHIRE.**—A gentleman was jogging along the road under the west side of Brent Knoll, Somerset, when he was startled at seeing a few yards before him a large quantity of hay circling about in the air, not unlike a dense flock of small and great birds mingled together. The very next moment the dust of the road was gathered up and whirled high aloft, ascending in the form of a spiral pillar. Wreaths of hay soared to a great height, floating away towards the west, as if borne away by some powerful current of air, till the sight of them was lost in the distance. Whether they descended on any of the intermediate fields or were carried out to sea, has not been ascertained. The owner of the hay, a good natured farmer, of the true Somerset kind, was trudging on the road to his field, and, as may be supposed, was taken "quite aback" at the spectacle, exclaiming continually, "Well, I never saw such a sight before, why there is half a ton of hay gone, I'll engage!" Then shouting to the haymakers, "Why did you not keep it down?" he was met by the quiet answer, "Why sure we did sit upon it, but we could not keep it down." In droil fashion rejoined our farmer friend, "Where be I to take my team to fetch it back, I should like to know?" It need not be added that the neighbours around were aghast at the spectacle, and the stillness of the wind (which had just before been blowing fresh from the N.E.) made the matter yet more wonderful in their eyes.

The Roman Catholic *Weekly Register* professes its concern at the line of argument taken by the counsel of Archdeacon Denison in his behalf, as showing the weakness of Tractarians, and adds, "We have many misgivings that too many of them at least are less inclined than the body was some years ago to seek truth where alone it is to be found—in the Catholic Church. There is no diminution in the number of converts, but they have recently come not so much from the ranks of Tractarians as from the Low Church and even Presbyterian school. Not that we regret this. That any party should adopt a retrograde movement is, of course, sad; yet it is satisfactory that really religious persons in the most adverse schools are beginning to get the better of their prejudices, and to appreciate the real character of the Catholic Church."

From the result of a series of experiments by Dr. Læwrie and Dr. Cowan, published in this month's *Glasgow Medical Journal*, it would appear that chloroform arrests the action of strychnine.

A Cunard steamer, the *Zebra*, coming from Havre to Liverpool last week, ran upon the Lizard Point during a thick fog, and knocked a hole in her bottom. No lives were lost.