

vi. 6 8). Learn from her to be never one moment idle ; to do well the little you are able to do ; to do what you can now, and to secure the future by the use you make of the present, using your summer-day of youth as the time for finding "the meat that endureth to everlasting life."—*Missionary Record*.

A Child's Influence.

A little child taught at the Sunday-school, was in the habit of reading the Scriptures every evening to his mother, a Roman Catholic ; the poor woman, though unable to read, was so much affected by the child's progress and knowledge of the Scriptures, that she was led to think for herself ; and after much anxiety and trouble of mind, she inquired from the clergyman how these things could be, which her little son had read for her, first from the Spelling-book, and afterwards from the Testament. However, her heart was opened like that of Lydia of old, that she attended unto the things which were spoken, while she heard from him the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Saviour. She offered herself to be a member of his church ; and she is now a regular attendant, and has been admitted to the communion. This is but one fact, amongst many, to show, that through the instrumentality of Sabbath schools, the Scriptures are being made known to the ignorant around us, and should cause us to take courage and give God the glory.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

The Irish Letter.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Among the myriads of papers and letters that a late steamer carried across the broad Atlantic, bearing their varied tidings of joy and sorrow, of hope and disappointment, there is one letter to which I wish to direct your attention, for you have a special interest in its contents. It contains a bill for upwards of \$50, your contributions to the feeding fund for the little Irish children attending the Bible schools in Ireland. Of this sum, £3 10s is the product of the work of some young people attending a Lady's school

in Montreal, who were interested in the poor scholars in a distant land, whose very privation makes their school duties and privileges doubly dear to them. The rest has been contributed through the *Record*, which has told you many a touching tale of sorrow, and not told them in vain. Since this sum was remitted 17s 6d has been sent from some young friends near Rytown, who felt their own abundance could not be enjoyed without an effort to aid those hungry little ones. This sum will be the beginning of a new gathering, and I trust its powers of attraction will be very strong, and that it will draw many companions after it, until it again amounts to such a sum as must be sent home in a steamer. I wish your letter could write its travels. It would tell you, in the first place, how it was unceremoniously bundled up with various companions, just as if it were any common letter, and stuffed away into a large, unlabeled leather bag, so squeezed and pressed that there was no room, had there been any inclination, for complaint ; then tossed on a large waggon, but not permitted to rest there, for soon it found itself speeding along with all the rapidity of railway travelling, putting out of countenance and out of date the great lumbering coaches, swinging to and fro on their leathorn springs, where in days gone by it could have slumbered peaceably days together. It then became a passenger on the watery world, locked up like a prisoner of state, and guarded as some valuable deposit by an officer of government. Here it rested a brief space in tranquil unconsciousness, which would be gladly shared by many of its more intelligent fellow passengers. The next change is a hurried separation from old friends. Letters for Scotland, England, foreign parts, no longer travel in company ; each must wend its different way, and seek its individual destination. Your letter finds its way to the Scottish metropolis, and there it will call forth a joyous thankfulness in the heart of one who has long loved the Irish poor, and rejoiced to labor much in their service.—To follow and to see the full value of your contributions, we must place ourselves in an Irish school-house—watch the eager looks of the thin, ill-clad, but intelligent and patient little scholars, when the hour at which their daily meal is given arrives. There is no va-