

DISCONTENT—ITS SOURCE.

We are inclined to refer much of the discontent which abounds in the world to the influence of an un-activated conscience. As repeated neglects of duty pass under the notice of the mind, there is a wretchedness ever renewed, though possibly without the individual being at all aware of the source from which it springs. In this respect it resembles the constant uneasiness produced by the derangement of the digestive organs, or the irritation caused by a diseased nervous system. The reproaches of conscience, though individually transient, do yet, by their recurrence, excite a powerful influence. They resemble those noxious ephemera which make up in number what they want in strength; and while the individuals perish, the genus survives. By their constant renewal they disturb the flow of association in the mind, and dispose it to anxiety and fretfulness. An accusing conscience must thus ever be rendering the possessor restless and unhappy. We refer to this cause much of what we call temper, both of peevish and violent temper. True, the individual may not know the quarter from which the restlessness he feels proceeds, and he may be inclined to trace it to any other source rather than the true one. He thinks that it arises from his condition, and hence his constant endeavours to better his position, to free himself from certain external inconveniences, and to attain certain temporal privileges; or he refers it to the ill usage which he receives from mankind in general, or certain individuals who have thwarted, or envied, or insulted him, and hence his irritability or the boisterousness of his temper. He may not be aware of it—nay, he might scout at the idea if propounded to him; but, nevertheless, it is certain that the spring of his misery is to be found in a conscience awakened without being pacified.—*McCook.*

SELECTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

CONVERSION OF COPAUL.

Poor little Copaul was born blind. He lived in a kind of pit, which some one had dug for him in the earth, the roof of which was made of branches and twigs of trees, and was almost level with the ground. He shared his miserable place with two companions—his grandmother and his faithful dog. The old woman used to sit at the entrance of the pit with her wheel, spinning cotton; but, alas! she was an ignorant worshipper of idols. The dog was very useful in leading about his master from one door to another, where he begged bread for himself and his grandmother.

One day the dog had led him to a house that stood in the midst of a garden. The poor animal saw then what the boy could not see, a gentleman with a white face sitting under the verandah. He therefore drew his master by the string through the open gate. When he came up to the house the dog stood still, and Copaul, supposing that some one was near, bowed himself till his face nearly touched the ground, though he did not yet know before whom he stood. But it was a servant of God, whom his Divine Master had sent to bring this blind boy to Christ.

The good missionary had pity on the boy. He saw that he was nearly naked; for the little covering he had on was nearly rags. He therefore said, "Where do you come from, child? and what do you want here?" Poor Copaul laid his hand on his breast, and said, "I am hungry, Sir!" The missionary resolved to inquire about him, and in the meantime put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a piece of money, which he threw to the hungry boy, to prove whether he was blind or not, and whether he would pick it up. But the money fell to the ground without the boy's looking at it. The faithful dog, however, who was accustomed to collect the money for the boy, sprang to the spot, picked it up with his mouth, and placed it in his master's hand.

The missionary was not long before he found out that all the blind boy had told him was true. He then had him clothed, and sent to a Christian school, which was held in a house near his garden. Day after day his good dog led him to school, and waited for him till evening, when Copaul returned home. He soon learned many verses of the Bible, and, like all blind people, he never forgot what he learned.

Soon after, the missionary had to take a journey, and was away two months. When he returned, the first thing he did was to visit the school; but on looking round for Copaul, the boy was nowhere to be seen. He was then told that his grandmother had kept him away by force, for the poor woman was a confirmed heathen; and she was made to believe that the New Testament was a bad book. She would rather, therefore, lose her bread than let her grandson remain in a Christian school.

The missionary hastened the same evening to the miserable dwelling of Copaul. He crept through the entrance, and found the poor blind boy lying on a wretched bed of bannhons, with a pillow of rags to support his head. His faithful dog lay by his side, but the moment he saw the friend of his master enter, he sprang up and greeted him in the most joyful manner.

"Copaul, my poor child," said the missionary, "why do you lie here?" At first he received no answer; but stooping down to feel the boy's pulse, Copaul became aware that some one was near him, though he knew not who it was. At first, he thought it was his grandmother, and said, with a weak voice, "Oh, mother, mother, let me die! I do not like to stay in this dark place; I will go where there is light. I know the words are true, that God sent his Son to die for the sins of the world." Hereupon the poor boy began to repeat one verse after another which he had learnt at school. One text especially pleased him above

all others, for it seemed to suit his blind and dark condition. It was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another." Several times he repeated the words; but at last he could get no farther than the first two words, "I know." He was too weak to go on, and sank back, quite overcome, on his miserable pillow.

When the poor child gave over speaking, the missionary went down on his knees at the bedside, and praised God for this unexpected jewel, that, through his grace, he had gathered from the dust of India to set in the crown of the Redeemer. Four-and-twenty hours afterwards, the weak voice of his converted boy was silent for ever on earth, to commence its singing in heaven. Would you like to hear some of the last words he uttered? They were these:—"I see!—Now I have light!—I see him in his beauty!—Tell the missionary that the blind see!—I glory in Christ!—I glory!" As he said this he slept in Jesus, and angels bore his happy spirit to that place where he should behold what no eye hath seen, nor ear heard.—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

PACKING UP FOR HEAVEN.

A little child was playing with its mother, and they were talking about heaven. The mother had been telling the child of the joys and glories of that happy world, the beauty and glory of the angels with their shining wings, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl, the golden crowns, and the harps, and the white robes, and the song of redemption. There is no sickness there, no pain, nor no death nor sorrow, nor sighing, for God shall wipe away all the tears from every eye, and there is no sin, which makes all the trouble here, but perfect holiness. All will be holy, just as the Lord Jesus is holy, and all will be perfectly happy in Him. All good children will be there; and He himself has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Oh! what a happy world! There shall we see God, and love Him, and rejoice in Him, and God himself shall be with us, and be our God.

"There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin,
And from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasure in."

Oh! what a happy world! And how happy shall we all be when we once get there!

"Oh! dear mother," said the little child, jumping up at the thought of such a bright, happy place, and such happy company. "Let us all go now, let us start now; I long to be there. Let us go right away to-night."

"Oh, but we can't get ready to-night; we must wait a little; and besides, God is not ready for us to come yet, but when we must come, He will let us know."

"But why can't we get ready now? Oh! I should like to go now, right up to heaven. Dear mother, let us go to-morrow."

"But, my dear child, we are not ready yet, and we must wait God's time, and when He is ready, He will send for us."

"Well, dear mother, let us begin to pack up now, at any rate."

Read, are you making ready for heaven?—*Eng. Pres. Mess.*

We cannot go to the bottom of sin without the convincing, searching Spirit of God. If the work is to be our own, we shall deal so very tenderly with ourselves, that nothing can ever come of it.—*Rec. T. Adams.*

FREE CHURCH SYNOD OF NOVA SCOTIA.—This Synod met at Halifax, on Thursday, 29th June, and broke up on Monday, 3rd July. The number of members in attendance was larger than usual, and the business transacted was in many respects important. The following were some of the pieces of business before the Court:—

The Rev. A. Sutherland was appointed Moderator. Friday, 31st, was chiefly spent in devotional exercises, and hearing statements from the brethren regarding the state of religion, and the dispensation of ordinances.

The next important subject that engaged the attention of the Synod, was the discussion of an Overture on the subject of a Provincial College for Literature and Philosophy. The Synod unanimously approved of this Overture, appointed a committee for the purpose afore-named, as well as to draw out a statement of the principles to be aimed at in the establishment of such an institution, and to report.

Another subject that engaged a considerable portion of the time of the Synod, was the appointment of a mission to the Roman Catholic population of this Province, and especially to the Gaelic speaking portion of them, mainly resident in Sydney County and Cape Breton. A committee was appointed for the purpose of considering the whole matter, and to report at next meeting of Synod.

Another important matter that engaged the attention of the Synod was the College, both in its external and internal arrangements. It will, we are confident, be ground of satisfaction and encouragement to all the true friends of the Free Church in these Provinces, to know that considerably more than the proposed sum has been subscribed, and that, although several congregations and districts have yet been unvisited by the deputation.