

source of unnumbered blessings, and a subject, in right minds, of thankful praise. Its doctrines those of the pure word; its government and forms of worship those which apostles instituted; its offices those, and those only, which Scripture sanctions and primitive antiquity possessed; and its pastors and teachers, where its spirit and enactments alike are not flagrantly outraged, sound in doctrine, abundant in labors, and pure in life. There is nothing which a Church can accomplish that it may not do; and should it ever fall, either through the uselessness of its ministers or the machination of its enemies, the ruin shall have been witnessed of the best and cheapest institution with which a country was ever blessed.—*Church of Scotland Magazine, for 1855.*

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Sonnet.

I COULD unlearn the petty ways of men,
Enrapt forever in a crimson cloud
Of thought and airy fancy, unendowed
With any sense that draws the breath of pain.
What a vain show would seem the distant crowd!
How poor the condescension of the proud!
How vain the erring plaudits of the vain!
A nobler hope is thine—thy life is vowed
To God and man—a minister of Truth.
Self-exiled from the paths of earthy fame,
And the cold honour of an after name,
Dear Pastor!—from the quiver of thy mouth
Still draw thine arrows for the hearts of youth,
Feathered with Truth, and tipped with Sacred
Flame. D. McE.

HALIFAX.

The Mother and Child.

WHAT is that, mother?

The lark, my child,
The morn has but just look'd out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright
sphere,
To warble it out to his Maker's car:
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays,
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?

The dove, my son,
And that low sweet voice, like the widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For the distant dear one's quick return:
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?

The eagle, my boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy.
Firm, in its own mountain vigour, relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
His wing on the wind, his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right
on:
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?

The swan, my love.
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die,
Death darkens his eye, it unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings:
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it shall waft thee home.

—Selected.

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A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

Ragged Tom, the Surety.

One Sabbath afternoon, a big boy stood at the door of a Sabbath School. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sabbath before. His father and mother had brought him, and begged that he might be received again. The superintendent said—"We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example."

"We know he is a bad boy at school, sir," said the parents, "but he is ten times worse at home; he will be lost if you do not take him back."

"We could take him back, if we could secure his good behaviour. I will see," thought the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang his bell for silence. All listened while he said, "That boy wants to come into the school again; but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behaviour. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads. They said they knew him too well. The others did not care for him. But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry that no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard his little voice: "If you please, sir, I will, sir."

"You, Tom! a little boy like you! Do you know what it means to be surety, Tom?"

"Yes, sir, if you please; it means when he is a bad boy again, I'm to be punished for it."

"Are you willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

"Then, come in," said the superintendent, "going to the door; and the big boy, with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked. "I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not as bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—never!" I think God had put that thought into the big boy's mind. He was graciously helping Tom's work as the surety.

As the children were leaving school, the superintendent saw this big boy and little Tom walking and talking together. He said