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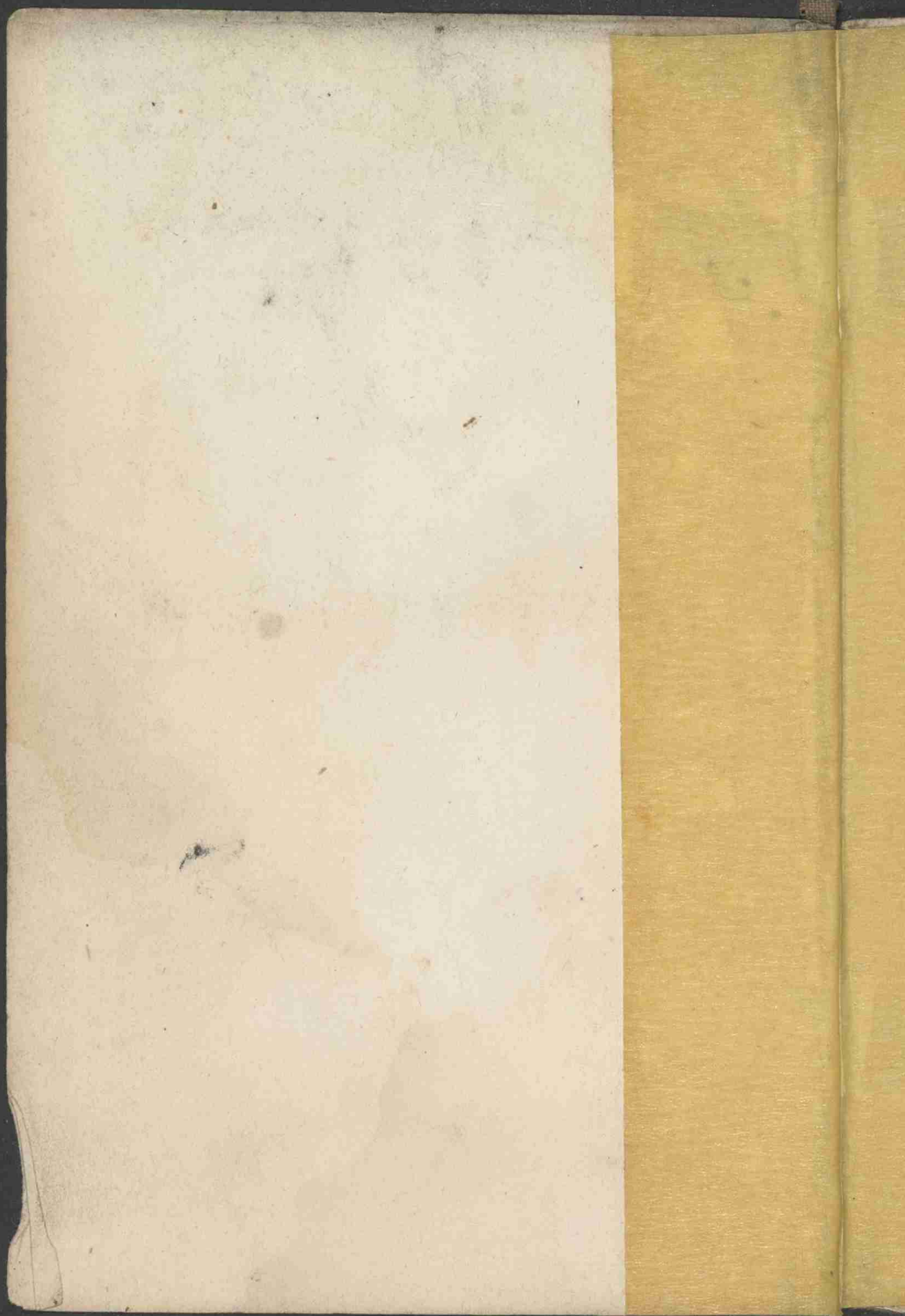




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Sabbath-School Offering.

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# Sabbath-School Offering;

OR,

TRUE STORIES AND POEMS.

BY MRS. MARTIN.

---

"The scale of Christianity and infidelity hung even, until Sunday-schools were established."

---

EDITED BY THOS. O. SUMMERS.

Nashville, Tenn.:

PUBLISHED BY E. STEVENSON & F. A. OWEN, AGENTS,  
FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

1855.



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## SABBATH-SCHOOL OFFERING.

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### A Plea for Sabbath-Schools.

How much public opinion needs still to be enlightened on the highly important subject of Sabbath-school instruction. Much more than, until very recently, I had considered at all necessary; for I had thought, Surely the most heartless, prejudiced scoffer at religious charities at least tolerated, or even looked with an eye of favour on the Sabbath-school. But that such is not the case, even generally, I have of late been led reluctantly to fear and know. And how has my spirit been grieved that all are not willing to lend a helping hand and a praying heart to this blessed, unobtrusive charity! My heart, since heart I have had to the things of Christ's kingdom, has been deeply interested in this heavenly matter; and O, that even I, from my small but honest experience, might bring forward some truth, not undiscovered or original, yet simple and sincere,



and, by the Blessor of all, be so recommended to some biassed, misjudging mind, that it may at length heartily sanction this efficacious means of training up a child in the way he should go, and fully acquiesce in this benevolent scheme of educating the minds of young immortals for eternity. In order to be as brief as possible, I shall proceed directly to the subject, and endeavour to refute a few of the most popular objections to this valuable scheme of Christian benevolence.

And first, it is said to be appropriating the Lord's-day, the day of rest, to secular employment. But what has our Lord himself said to such gainsayers? "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day? to save life or to destroy it? Or what man among you that shall have one sheep, and it fall into a pit on the Sabbath-day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out? How much better then is a man than a sheep! Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day." This is at once a clear and scriptural refutation of this objection; for, as all other instruction in a Sabbath-school is subservient to religious, it is nothing less than the soul of man that the Sabbath-school would save on the Sabbath-day; therefore, surely most lawful even on this holy day.

I have two objections by me, contained in a



the Sabbath-school, who are destitute of the riches of Christ. It uses not the words *rich* and *poor* to mark the adventitious distinctions of rank and wealth, but to show the want or abundance of the graces of the Spirit. And we know, who know any thing of human nature and of the pride of poverty, that an attendance of the rich is necessary to insure, to any extent, that of the poor, who will not appreciate charity, nor put themselves in the way of becoming its beneficiaries, but by the countenance and example of the rich.

Yet, it has been said, children get into bad company, and contract intimacies out of their proper sphere of society. But in a well-conducted Sabbath-school this cannot exist as an evil. The attentive, regular teacher is commonly in the school before the pupil, or but a few moments after: there is no playing out of doors allowed, nor noise within. Nothing at all to induce companionship among the children. Pains are taken to impress their minds with a sense of the high and sacred nature of a Sunday-school, and their regard and reverence for it become second only to their esteem for the sanctuary itself.

But again, it is said children have generally an aversion to a Sabbath-school on account of its appropriating some portion of that time which they erroneously consider more properly their own;



and instances are cited in which the dispositions of youth have been much injured by this unnecessary imposition of duty—nay, that from this they have taken dislike to all religious observances. But as to the former of these objections, if children have been so illy taught as to consider *their* time that which is the *Lord's*, and wish to appropriate to themselves that which is most assuredly *his* alone, they cannot too early have the mistake rectified, and be taught to render unto God the things that are his.

As to its engendering a bad spirit, be assured, by suffering the child to stay away, a much worse spirit will be suffered to grow unchecked and unpruned. If the reasoning be good here, will it not be so in regard to education generally? Because a child gets into a passion about being sent to school, is the parent, through fear of a temporary ebullition of temper, to allow him to be deprived of the great benefit of education? Certainly not, every one will say. Of two evils, then, choose the least—a few fits of ill-humour, or a storm or two of high words, is a small evil compared to the essential and permanent good to be derived. The fountain must be made pure, or the stream will ever send forth bitter waters. The heart must be radically changed before an entirely new character can be moulded. The tongue may be railing as



the child goes up to the Sabbath-school, but uttering forth praise on his return. His heart, proceeding thither, may be sending forth curses, but returning, it may be rendering up praise and thanksgiving. A few sallies of temper may be succeeded by the long calm of the peaceful equanimity of virtue, by the sweet "sunshine of the breast" forever.

O Sabbath-school ! blessed cause hast thou been of highest hope and comfort to the souls of many—quiet, unobtrusive, yet effectual means of winning many to the ways of virtue, of leading many gently, gradually, yet safely and surely, to the path of all peace, of righteousness and life. May the upright of the whole earth be thy supporters, and heartily wish God-speed to these wholesome nurseries of good.





### The Sabbath-School.

THE sweet young eyes were beaming all on me,  
As I, in wonted way, one Sabbath morn  
Was counselling my little class to flee  
The path of sin ; and, while I tried to warn  
Of that destructive way, to point the road  
To bliss eternal, and the joys that wait  
The righteous in their Father's blest abode,  
There, in reserve for them supremely great ;

And, while I even spoke of heaven to them,  
How did its joys and comforts seem to rise !  
In my own heart a heavenly, sacred flame,  
A foretaste gave of that sweet paradise.  
I talk'd of heaven until I felt its power ;\*  
I spake of Jesus till I knew his love :  
I bless'd religion, e'en before the hour  
I all its blessings and its peace could prove.

I ever loved my blessed Sabbath-school—  
There were my footsteps early train'd to go :  
And when, in after years, that fashion's rule  
Had there forbidden me my face to show,

---

\* For some time teacher in Sabbath-school before my conversion.



I never left my early track, but there,  
Though illy fit to others teach, 'tis true,  
Yet with my little mite did I repair—  
I gave my little, it was *all* I *knew*.

And if that mite to *others* was not blest,  
At least it was to *mine own* wayward heart;  
For while such truths divine my lips express'd,  
How did they oft, within, convicting dart,  
And bidding me beware, lest I who taught  
To others all salvation's perfect way,  
That I, alas! the path should not have sought,  
But be myself forever doom'd to stray.

But praised be God and all his means of grace!  
The truth at length found access to my heart:  
Now in the Sabbath-school I oft retrace  
His wonder-working ways: that this good part  
I still did cleave to, though my thoughts were  
vain,  
Worldly my mind, my spirit light and gay,  
I pleasure's round found often and again,  
Yet from my Sabbath-school did never stay.

And more than ever now, sweet Sabbath-school!  
I more than ever love thy work and way—  
I love thine easy task, and gentle rule,—  
Within thy walls I love to praise and pray:



To pour instruction to the listening ear,  
To give essential truth unto the mind,  
To catch the sigh, and watch the falling tear,  
To note the smile of heavenly joy refined.

To feel the influence, as it spreads around  
A loving kindness from each heart to heart :  
Sure human nature purer must be found  
In such a place, performing such a part.  
If e'er my spirit feels 'tis not of earth,  
Allied to higher things, and longs to soar,  
'Tis in the Sabbath-school—it feels the worth  
Of immortality forevermore :

Of heaven, and all its endless life of love,  
Of happiness, of glory, and of God—  
Of all the soul capacious there will prove,  
Of all the power of a Redeemer's blood.  
Blest Sabbath-school ! to thee I still would go :  
While strength and being last, I'd still repair  
Unto my wonted place, while Christ shall show,  
As wont to me, his power and presence there.



### Recollections of my Sunday-School Teachers.

MY mother was virtually my first Sunday-school teacher: so early was her religious instruction, that I cannot go back to the time when the great and fundamental truths of our holy religion were not recognised by my mind, heart, and conscience—and when they did not influence, in some degree, my words, thoughts, and actions. The fear of God was before me from my earliest recollection; and to glorify God and to enjoy him forever was taught me by my mother from the Shorter Catechism of her church. As it was my “chief end,” I tried to make it my chief endeavour.

Some of my mother’s nearest relatives, though in Scotland, had married Methodists, and into Methodist families. She had witnessed the practical workings of their simple but fervent faith: consequently, all prejudice, if she had possessed any, was so disarmed that I was frequently allowed to attend, with the children of a sister’s family, the Methodist chapel, and also the religious instruction imparted to the children of that



congregation by the daughter of the minister, whose name was Mr. West. The name of his daughter was Maria. The minister was a widower, an elderly man and blind, with this only unmarried daughter to minister to the comfort of his age and infirmity. It was very beautiful to see this daughter guide her blind, old father gently from the vestry-room, up the stairs leading to the pulpit, carefully seat him in the sacred desk, and then take her seat meekly by the altar at the foot of the pulpit, ready to attend him as he descended from it after the service was over. Like her blessed Saviour, eyes was she to the blind—and as her reward for this, there seemed to be given her such clear and heavenly views of the “things unseen by reason’s glimmering ray,” that she was enabled to take of the things of God and show them unto us in a way most impressive and beautiful indeed. I was not long privileged to attend upon her precious instructions. In the course of the itinerancy of her church, she, with her blind father, was removed to another field of labour. Lasting was the effect produced upon my mind by her teachings: two of the hymns I then committed, verse by verse, to memory for her, I can recite perfectly, and from no subsequent committal, at this day. Many things, since addressed to my memory, I have long forgotten, but not these two hymns, viz.



“Father, how wide thy glory shines,” and “Eternal Power, whose high abode.” I was a very small child: why it was she gave me such hymns to memorize, or how it was I was able to get them and keep them a lifetime in my memory, I am not able to say. They are two of the noblest compositions of hymnology. I recollect her taking great pains to make them plain to my comprehension, especially concerning the expression, “the *justice* and the *grace*,” thus imparting to my infant mind its earliest apprehensions of the great doctrine of the atonement. In all my shortcomings and backslidings from God, I have ever entertained and manifested a solemn reverence for his character and attributes. Thank God for it, in my lightest moments I never could lightly name that name above all others. Might not the teachings of the stanza—

“Thee while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings;  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall, worshipping, and spread the ground”—

have had something to do with this ineffaceable impress, on my then ductile mind, of the majesty of Deity?

I have never approved of the common supply of puerilities and simplicities of composition,



for children's minds. One of the best music teachers I have ever known, gives his pupils the best and most difficult pieces first: break them in at once, he says, and all after difficulties will be smoothed. How, in theology, this may be made to coincide with Paul's "milk for babes," I cannot tell: certain it is, no mere human composition ever made such impression on my mind, or took such hold on my memory as those two grand, deep, lofty, glorious hymns, taught my lisping infancy by that angel-like daughter of the blind Methodist preacher. Like most blind people, he was passionately fond of music, of sacred music especially. He had in his house an organ-piano, on which he himself performed finely, as did his accomplished daughter. Sometimes she regaled her class with the "harmony, the heavenly harmony" of Christian parent and child, to the praise and glory of the Most High. To our childish conceptions it seemed, indeed, some *stave* that heaven's choir had dropped down to earth. The two noble hymns alluded to, formed, no doubt, part of the programme of our delightful concert, music thus lending its aid to their ineffaceable impression!

My first Sunday-school, as I have more than hinted, was in Scotland, at the town of Dumfries. My next Sunday-school was in the United States,



in the town of Fayetteville, North Carolina, and my teacher, he whose praise subsequently was in all the churches, the Rev. Gregory T. Bedell, of the Protestant Episcopal church. Our relatives in Fayetteville, though of Presbyterian education and bias, had become greatly attached, personally, to Mr. Bedell for his happy instrumentality in the conversion of one of my cousins on her death-bed; which event is mentioned in his memoir prefixed to his sermons, (see page 50,) and which event is designated as an important and interesting epoch in his Christian and ministerial history. He established a Sunday-school in Fayetteville, probably the first in the place, he being very much a pioneer in such institutions. I do not recollect any subordinate teacher in the school, nor that I had any other instructor than Mr. Bedell himself; but well do I recollect the pale, intellectual face, the high forehead, the gentle eye of him, as he imparted his holy and beautiful lessons to our Sabbath-class. The Church Catechism, in its beginning, "What is your name? N. or M. Who gave you that name? My sponsors in baptism"—compared with the beginning of the Shorter Catechism, that I had previously learned, viz: "What is the chief end of man? Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever,"—seemed tame and commonplace, and to me, bap-



tized without the adjuncts of sponsors, inappropriate. I did not take to it, nor did it leave any impression. Not so with the teacher: every word from his melodious voice struck upon my heart's chords like music, and seemed, for the time, to attune it to the harmony of his own gentle spirit. Like the blind Methodist minister I have spoken of, he also was a great lover of music, and well skilled in its performance. Also on the organ-piano, a very superior one in his own house, he deepened, with his delightful music accompaniment, the impression of the words of Scripture and of our Sabbath-school hymns upon our hearts and consciences. He was, indeed, a most impressive teacher; how successful! they of his own household, his best witnesses, his children growing up eminently pious: his only son (bearing his father's good name) early dedicating himself to the service of God in the ministry, and like his father, in labours most abundant. On my last visit to New York, in the beautiful "Church of the Ascension," of which he is pastor, I listened from his lips to one of the most eloquent and evangelical discourses on the Bible which it has ever been my privilege to hear. There was no Puseyism there, no putting any of the vain traditions of men before the oracles of God; but that modification of Christianity, Episcopalianism, that



many of the saints, with his own sainted father, lived and preached. The father, though dead, yet speaketh through his son.

My next Sabbath-school was in the town of Columbia, South Carolina, and my teacher a pious member of the Presbyterian church, Miss Ann. I think it was what is called a Union Sunday-school, in which several denominations take part. I recollect my text-book was McDowall's Scripture Questions, and I wrote down, and have kept to this day, all the answers to the questions of that book. I recollect at one time having won the premium by committing to memory the greater number of these answers: the number was five hundred, and though, at the time, neither my heart nor understanding may have entered very largely into the exercise, still it subserved the purpose of imparting to my memory a large supply of Biblical facts which have proved useful and beneficial to both head and heart since. My teacher was one of the most saint-like beings I have ever known. To my young imagination she appeared, each Sabbath, as some holy visitant from a higher sphere, or one "little lower than the angels," and her work was surely that which might fill an angel's heart. There was a large class of us, all girls in our teens, old enough to appreciate her untiring efforts for our best interests.



She confined her efforts for us, not to the Sabbath only, but on one afternoon in the week she would invite us to assemble at her own home, and there, by "precept upon precept," by prayers and tears, would endeavour to instil into our susceptible minds those blessed truths of our holy religion which so entirely governed the actions of her own blameless life. She was only a few years older than the oldest of us, but had been for many years a communicant of the church, at a period, too, when this was less common with those of her age than it is at the present day, and I think, too, at a time when the cross was taken up by the young, more than now, in the spirit of sacrifice and self-denial. Miss Ann's whole deportment taught us that she considered it no light thing to be a Christian, and no trifling occupation that of a Sabbath-school teacher. Although the oldest daughter of the family, and having many domestic duties therefore, not transferable, yet by early rising, and properly methodizing her duties, she doubtless so continued to economize her time, that her *punctuality*, that indispensable requisite in a Sabbath-school teacher, was never at fault.

A model Sabbath-school teacher indeed was our dear Miss Ann. After a time she was married to a most intellectual and pious man, an author,



too, of no mean repute ; but sinking soon under the severity of his literary labours, she was ere long left a sorrowing widow, with one child, a daughter, who, as she grew in years, grew also in the knowledge and love of her father and mother's God. So young was she when admitted to church membership, by some it was deemed premature, but this was disproved by her subsequent consistent walk and conversation as a Christian. She married a clergyman of the same denomination as herself, and the young wife of the minister, by her mother's prayers and counsels, is greatly assisted and strengthened in the performance of her various and responsible duties in "the manse."

By way of placing cause and effect in increased juxtaposition, I would add, one of the pupils of these teachers has given her poor service to this blessed cause of Sunday-schools, (with the exception of an interim of very ill health,) for twenty-five years. Never has her seat in Sabbath-school, in all that time, been voluntarily vacant. She can go into the Sunday-school of Columbia and see her former pupils there, now teachers ; and one of her pupils was for many years the faithful teacher of her eldest daughter, already a member of the church, now a pupil, and hoping ere long to be a teacher in the Sunday-school. How true, that the Sabbath-school is but the nursery of the



church ! O that teachers would bear it in mind, that they are teaching future church members—future teachers of Sunday-schools—of ministers of the gospel—perchance, as with myself, the future teachers of their own children !





### Evening Service at School.

It was a perfect picture—  
Group after group of loveliness was there;  
Youth, hope, and beauty, all were gather'd in :  
Not for the dance, the song, the revelry,  
Those lovely girls, but for the evening prayer,  
The evening hymn. The gospel message too,  
From one appointed for that evening hour,  
They waited for. Now swell'd the evening hymn :  
The touches of sweet harmony were true—  
True to devotion, to the flame divine,  
That seem'd to light full many a gentle eye  
With its pure influence, till the faces e'en  
Of youth and beauty seem'd almost to shine,  
Till chasten'd, sober'd, grave, but lovely still,  
They rose in meekness from the solemn prayer.  
They'd been with *Him*, and awe and reverence  
    seem'd,  
As with his presence, all their hearts to fill.  
But now the messenger of God arose,  
And waiting eyes and listening ears were bent  
To catch the message. O, 'tis beautiful,  
The earnestness that true religion throws ;  
And beautiful it seem'd to sit, like to a spell,



Upon that youthful band that waited for  
The word—and O! a word, indeed, it was  
For youth away from father's hearth and hall:  
'Twas "Search the Scriptures," this it was he spake,  
That true ambassador from God to them.  
'Twas eloquence indeed, but how unlike  
That which but earthly passions seems to shake!  
'Twas calm, and soft, and gentle as the dew:  
You scarcely felt or noted where it fell;  
But O! it water'd, gladden'd, and refresh'd  
The thirsty soul that own'd and bless'd it too.  
And the young hearts were raised to God on high,  
And many a soul, through time, and more than  
time,  
Shall bless that evening's messenger of truth,  
And bless the word that brought salvation nigh,  
And "search the Scriptures" as they never did.  
When done their daily tasks, at eve retired  
With book, and bended knee, and lifted heart,  
They'll seek, indeed, as if for treasure hid.  
And "they who seek shall find the pearl  
Above all price." Then bless that evening's hour,  
The school's devotion, holy evening hour,  
Shall say and feel, full many a lovely girl,  
And bless his words and his sweet holy prayer,  
That brought the blessing down upon their heads,  
That rose to God, and answer'd was in love,  
For *love*, the *love of God*, pervaded there.



## The Mother's Prayer.

LETTER I. FROM EMMA TO ANN.

THE day the holydays began  
And we were all for home departing,  
To write you very soon, dear Ann,  
I think I promised just at starting.

And now, to make my promise true,  
And give myself a real pleasure,  
Dear friend, I e'en devote to you  
My very first spare hour of leisure.

And now, what shall I tell you, Ann?  
How glad I was to see them all?  
And that they all, yea, every one,  
Ran out to meet me great and small?

That father, mother, sister, brother,  
And all the servants, old and young,  
To greet me, vied with one another,  
While round the yard my welcome rung?



Indeed, it was a happy meeting !  
I felt each proof of tender love ;  
Each kindly kiss and friendly greeting,  
Did joy unto my bosom prove.

But though I felt each kind caress  
From all my friends, both true and many,  
My mother's words, "The Almighty bless  
My child !" *they* touch'd me more than any.

And when, before I went to bed,  
Her prayer of faith for me ascended,  
I felt each blessed word she said,  
My prayer, I trust, with hers was blended.

I think I never pray'd before,  
At least, with any power of feeling ;  
But now, my lips, seal'd up no more,  
Were all my sin and wants revealing.

My mother saw my soul's distress,  
A pious joy lit up her face ;  
Again she call'd on God to bless,  
Again she pray'd his pardoning grace.

Not long she pray'd. The Almighty smiled,  
And bless'd, in answer to her prayer,  
Her thoughtless, sinful, erring child,  
Relieved of all her guilt and care.



I cannot write you all I felt,  
But O, it was a blessed feeling,  
As by my mother's side I knelt,  
My Saviour was himself revealing.

He bless'd me with his pardoning love,  
His peace unto my soul was given :  
My friend, ah ! may you shortly prove  
This holy, sweet foretaste of heaven.

Now, pardon, that I've fill'd my letter  
With self ; and yet, my friend, I know,  
Will love her Emma but the better,  
That she her utmost self doth show.

And, O ! unto so dear a friend,  
I sure may tell that God is gracious ;  
Of Jesus' love, that knows no end,  
That he unto my soul is precious.

Then come, my friend, and hand in hand,  
We'll travel on, no more to sever :  
We'll gain at last, the heavenly land,  
Where parting is no more forever.



## The Sabbath-School.

### LETTER II. FROM ANN TO EMMA.

DEAR Emma, I received your letter,  
And with what pleasure, need I say?  
This quick reply will tell you better  
Than aught of my assuring may.

I read it o'er and o'er again—  
I cannot paint you my emotion;  
I read with pleasure, yet with pain,  
Its pious strain of pure devotion.

Though every sentiment was prized—  
Yet conscience whisper'd to my heart,  
Is this unto you realized?  
Is it? The question made me start.

I knew it was not—well I knew  
There was no living power nor feeling;  
And then my state I tried to view,  
Fairly, without a sin concealing.



O, 'twas a hideous sight to me,  
My naked, sin-polluted soul !  
And yet, God's purer eye did see  
Its deep defilement—yea, the whole.

I knelt in agonizing prayer,  
That he would turn away his gaze ;  
That fearful eye seemed everywhere  
To pierce me with its kindling rays.

My soul was tried and tempest-toss'd,  
No hiding-place there seem'd for me :  
I gave my spirit up for lost,  
I knew not where for help to flee.

All, all the night I mourn'd my sin,  
The morning dawn'd, and no relief—  
Still raged the conflict, for within  
Still dwelt the heart of unbelief.

It was a lovely Sabbath-day,  
I wander'd out, but fail'd to find  
The morning breeze's freshening play  
Aught cool the fever of my mind.

In heaviness I turn'd for home,  
But as I turn'd, I chanced to hear  
A strain that seem'd to cheer my gloom,  
So sweet it fell upon my ear.



It came from what I knew to be  
A Sabbath-school—I enter'd where  
I'd stay'd from oft, on many a plea ;—  
Now, bless the hour I enter'd there.

The strain was dying quite away—  
And yet it melted me to tears :  
I wish'd it might forever stay,  
It seem'd the music of the spheres.

There were so many sweet young voices  
Commingling in that song of praise :  
Ah ! sure the Christian most rejoices  
To hear the strain that infants raise.

Then, soon as the sweet hymn was ended,  
Was offer'd up the fervent prayer :  
Each heart's desire and offering blended,  
And *mine* did find acceptance there.

How great my joy ! ah, greater even  
Than all my former heavy wo ;  
It seem'd the very joy of heaven,—  
Your feelings, Emma, now I know.

And bless my friend, and bless her letter,  
And bless the Sabbath-school that morning,  
To both, to thee, my God, a debtor,  
Who met the prodigal returning.



How sweet that now we are join'd in Jesus,  
The purchased of his precious blood !  
That God's our Father, that he sees us,  
And watches over us for good.

My friend, now hand in hand together,  
We'll gladly leave the things below,  
And turn our pilgrim faces whither  
The Lord's redeem'd shall ever go.

The shadow of his love is o'er us,  
Then onward ! onward ! we'll pursue :  
The prize ! the prize ! is just before us,  
The goal lies open to our view !  
COLUMBIA, S. C., 1834.





### A Tear and a Smile.

THERE is a tear, a beauteous tear,  
Most beauteous on a youthful cheek :  
All soft and lovely, bright and clear,  
It fully to the heart doth speak,  
That naught, O, naught of earthly wo  
Doth cause it tremblingly to flow.

It is the *penitential* tear,  
The young heart's tribute to its God :  
Its own reward 'twill but appear  
To wash away the sinner's load,  
To purify the heart from guile,  
To be succeeded by a smile.

A smile of peace, and joy, and love,  
A radiant smile of heavenly bliss :  
The heart that longs for joy, must prove  
The spirit of a smile like this ;  
For 'tis the smile sent down from heaven,  
When mortals feel their sins forgiven.



That smile upon a youthful face  
Irradiates it as a star :  
The Father's glory and his grace,  
His love all beaming on it are :  
O, 'tis most beautiful and bright,  
That smile of pure, celestial light.





Mary Hart; Or, "She that winneth Souls  
is wise."

A TRUE STORY.

"WHO is that beautiful girl, with the beaming dark eye and the long, white ostrich feather drooping so gracefully among her raven tresses, to whom so many are making their best bow in the ball-room to-night," said one to me, who was apparently already quite willing to be made another captive to the attractive charms of Mary Hart, as I informed him was her name. "Beautiful, indeed, and intelligent as beautiful, by the conversation I heard just now between herself and that gifted young barrister, her partner in the dance; but tell me something more about her," continued he. "Well, all I can say," replied I, "she is one of our sweetest, smartest, prettiest, best girls; and also, not to be forgotten in the account, one of our wealthiest, her father, Major Hart, being considered a gentleman of large possessions." This last clause of the information was all that was not (as I understood afterward) per-



fectly correct, for Major Hart was even then, and soon declared to the world to be *bankrupt*, not by any fault of his own, but by one of the casualties to which all men of property are liable.

He with his family, in a few days after the night of the ball, retired to a small place in the country, where our beautiful belle of the ball shone in another sphere—to the right-minded and true, with undimmed, ay, with increased lustre. In every way did she strive to smooth the asperities of her family's severe lot of unexpected poverty, working with her own hands with a bright smile and buoyant heart; brighter, more buoyant than on the night of the ball! You will be ready to inquire the cause, the singular cause of this; no, not singular, only the legitimate effect of the blessed power of religion in the heart, producing there its appropriate result, “the fruit of the Spirit, viz., love, joy, peace,” etc. In short, Mary Hart had become a Christian. Change of circumstances had providentially surrounded her with new and valuable associations: she had been thrown among the people of God, had hearkened to their invitation, “Come with us, and we will do thee good.” And good it was—unqualified, permanent good—which her soul experienced. How much better than all “the pleasures of sin for a season!” She moved now in beauty more sub-



dued and chastened, but in beauty still—that highest order, the beauty of holiness; and never did she appear to me more lovely than when on her next visit to C., in order to attend a religious meeting of her church, she came to me, threw her arms around my neck, and, with the tears, like diamond drops, in those beautiful eyes, entreated me to set out with her for heaven.

I was less indifferent to matters concerning my eternal interest than at the time I wished it to appear I was. She seemed, with that intuitive perception of one's spiritual condition that grace often seems to give, to penetrate much that I had thought known only to God and my own heart, even that I was then earnestly inquiring the way to salvation, but yet not fully determined to commit myself to the momentous issue: at least, the convenient season could not be then, for I was partly engaged on a pleasure visit some distance in the country, and could not, of course, attend to such grave concerns until my return. I might then, but not till then; and I had one foot on the carriage-step to go with my young friends, who were inside, expecting me to make one of their merry number, when, just then, in her plain scoop-bonnet, her loving eyes beaming out of it, concern, friendship, affection for me, came to the rescue, Mary Hart.



“Ah, Mary,” said I, “I have concluded to go with the girls: they protest they will not let me off.” “But neither will I,” said Mary Hart, “and I will put you upon your hospitality besides, for I’ll stay with you almost all the time I remain in town, if you will not leave. Don’t go, don’t go, I beseech you, dear M., I want you so much to go with me to our good meetings and hear uncle C.’s\* blessed prayers too, which you will have frequent opportunity of doing: he stops at I.’s, so near you; and then we can go in company with him to church every time.” “O, you don’t know the privileges you will lose by going,” said the girls inside the carriage, “there is a time for every thing, and she can get plenty of preaching and church-going when she comes back. Come, M., don’t let her dissuade you from your pleasant jaunt!” but the pleading look of my beloved Mary’s earnest eye prevailing—“Well, Mary, will you be sure to stay with me, and nowhere else, and will you sing plenty of those sweet Methodist hymns for me?” “Yes, yes, as many as you please. Come, do come, dear M.” My good angel gained the victory: with a step I was on the ground by the side of Mary H., and apologizing and bidding adieu to the dissatisfied, half

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\* Afterward Bishop C.



angry occupants of the carriage, who, no doubt, set me down as a simpleton for my choice.

Mary Hart, according to promise, went home with me. She would so arrange it that I had many precious opportunities of having the way of salvation made plain to me by the teaching of him, the chief beauty of whose mind is its beautiful simplicity. How plain that once seemingly intricate path soon appeared to my mind when, from a prayerful perusal of God's word, that important passage was impressed upon my heart, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." During the service that night at church when the minister, in the commencement, was elucidating his text, when all was still and calm, down came the dove-like Messenger of peace into my believing heart. Then first understood I the full import of the words of Jesus. "Peace I leave with you—not as the world giveth, give I unto you." At that moment received I "above all that I could ask or think" for; unlooked for, indeed, was any such blessing this side heaven's glory, as I then received.

Mary Hart, that night, when we got home, sung to me all night the songs of Zion. "Jesus all the night long, was our joy and our song." At the sunrise love-feast, the next morning, I went



forward and joined the same church with my beloved friend. Among the ministers of the Conference (then in session) there was then present a spectator of my act, whose wife I was destined to be, but with whom I did not become acquainted in many years. Mary Hart married into a wealthy and aristocratic family of another state; but pursuing the simplicity and zeal of her early faith, she continues to this day, *wise* in winning souls to Christ; of which, doubtless, many will appear, at the last, as stars in her crown of rejoicing; for, "they that be *wise* shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.





### The Butterfly.

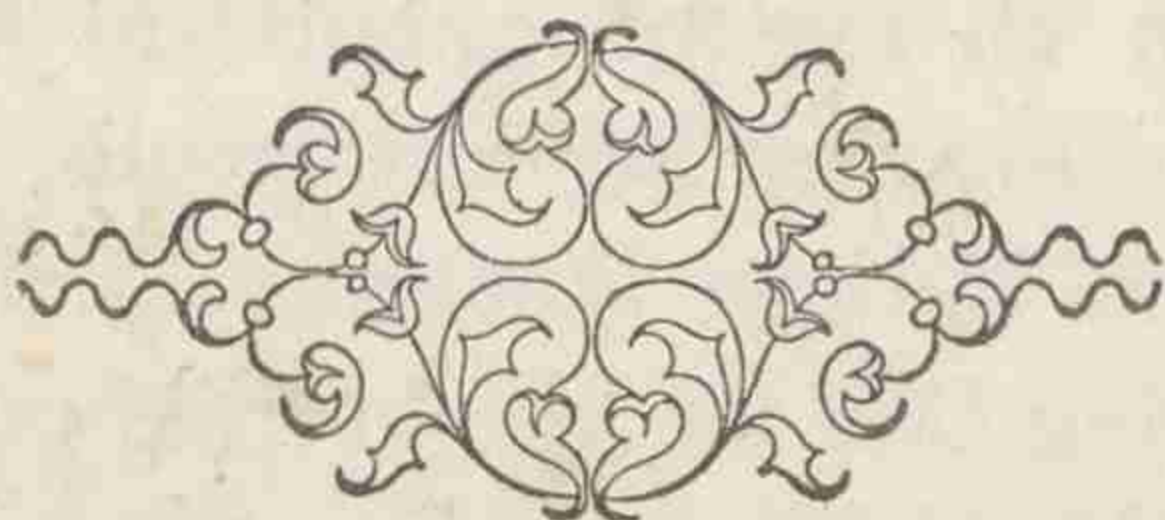
Do ye mark yon butterfly? Fluttering thing!  
It is here and away on its gossamer wing.  
O, what is its life but a frolicking play,  
As it basks in the beams of a vanishing ray?  
And before the sun's in the western sky,  
Poor one! it must lay itself down and die;  
And its burnish'd breast and glittering wing,  
To the very dust of the earth it must bring.  
Then 'twill think what a foolish and vain parade  
It made of the beauty so soon to fade.  
Do ye mark yon butterfly? ne'er be one:  
"I'll be a butterfly"\* sing for none:  
Shun ye the trifler's path and way,  
Onward! right onward! and never stray:  
Ne'er step aside for the fairest flower,  
Nor softest music of shady bower.  
O, turn thee now, in thy youth, away  
From the glittering lures of the garish day:

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\* Alluding to the song of that name.



The sunshine dazzles, O, seek the shade  
In some retired and lowly glade :  
Thy quiet spirit must find its home,  
Nor care to wander, nor seek to roam :  
Thy graces growing, thy charms maturing,  
Till, in heaven, they're perfect and enduring.





### Saying Grace.

THERE is a kind and excellent widow lady in the town of Columbia, Mrs. Young, who, though childless herself, is very fond of children, and, of course, children are very fond of her. One day she invited all the little ones in the neighbourhood to dine with her. Before dinner was announced they had a great many pretty plays in her front grounds and garden, on which she looked with an eye of complacent indulgence, pleasantly going over her own youth, perhaps, in the pastimes of these innocent children, and no doubt blessing God for his cheering promise, that her youth should be renewed as the eagle's, as she had read in that most beautiful ciii. Psalm.

When the bell rang for dinner the young folks all took their seats at a table loaded with all the good things of the season, for which their animated exercise out of doors had given them a fine appetite. And what a long and happy-looking table it was! Such a number of shining little faces round it; for, as I said before, Aunt Young, as they all call her, had gathered all the little



ones in the neighbourhood to give them a real day of it. A neighbour of Mrs. Young's once facetiously called her house the caoutchouc, or India-rubber house, for it seemed to stretch according to the measure of her hospitality, and her table seemed to be made of a "*givy*" sort of wood, that would lengthen at the slightest signal from one so given to hospitality. There is some sense in a table doing that, but not in the silly prank of turning round for no rhyme nor reason that we can think of but just to turn some silly head round with it.

Aunt Young did not sit down at table with her young guests; but in order to see to it better that they were all helped, stood up by the table, or walked round it, so that she was not in her usual place to ask a blessing, as was her invariable custom before meals. So, said she, "My children, before you begin to eat we must have grace, but who is to say it? One of you at the table, of course. Come, who will ask God's blessing on what is set before us?" For some time there was profound silence among the children, then a slight tittering and whispering among some. At length one fair-headed little fellow modestly, but firmly, replied, "I will, ma'am." "You, my son," said Aunt Young, astonished but pleased, for he was one of the youngest of the company: "very well,



then, my dear, let us have it." The little boy then said, with great gravity of voice and manner, the following:

"O Lord, we thank thee for what we are about to receive: bless it to our use, for Christ's sake, Amen."

When he had raised his head, that he had bowed down in reverence while addressing the Giver of all our mercies, one might have observed the sunshine of satisfaction that the conscientious performance of duty ever imparts to the heart, reflected on the meek but intelligent face of the young child. And we may be sure that though they all seemed to enjoy their excellent dinner very much, yet little Jimmie's food must have been to him sweet indeed, for it was seasoned by the approbation of God and a good conscience. Doing some Christian duty that our natural feelings disincline us to, as was in this instance the case with little Jimmie, for he was a very modest child, is what is called taking up our cross. There is a quaint old saying, "No cross, no crown," or, "No sacrifice, no reward." Little Jimmie acted upon this axiom, and how well was it that his thoughts, words, and actions were not only in this matter, but in almost every other, so prompted by a sense of duty and God's will; for of all that company he was the first called to



God's presence and that of the holy angels. About a fortnight from that day he sickened, and in less than one month his body was in the grave, and his spirit had returned to God who gave it; and the little child who was not ashamed to own his Lord before others, by an act of obedience to him, did God graciously condescend to bless and honour with an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, so that he was enabled to say, "I am not afraid to die, for Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" When the servant, the black mamma that waited on the table that day at Aunt Young's, heard of little Jimmie's sickness unto death, she said, "Well, any how, bless the Lord, he did say one mighty good grace that day!"

Children, it is your bounden duty to ask God's blessing on your meals. If you are where this is not practised, and it would not be proper for you to do this audibly, at least do it in your heart, and let your manner indicate that you are engaged in its performance. This will be a silent but unobtrusive admonition to them who neglect it.

Never perform this sacred duty but in the most reverential manner. It is praying, in effect; and if carelessness be reprehensible in prayer, it is at



grace also. I have known persons look about during grace, and manifest impatience till its close, and an indecent haste to partake of the bounties of that gracious Providence that they would scarcely take time to recognise or acknowledge. It is said of the late Dr. Olin, that giant in mind and person, that the oft-recurring grace elicited ever his most reverential devotion. When such as he was solemn and devout, dare we, pigmies in comparison, be light and trifling? After the conversion of that distinguished man, Governor John Taylor, who became so eminently pious, his first ostensible act of worship was to say grace, and that at a luncheon served up at an interval of the services at a camp-meeting. With uplifted hands, and tears streaming down his face, he, for the first time, called down God's blessing on his food. It is said this grace was more effective in producing religious impressions on some of those who heard it than had been many a prayer. O, if we had ever been tortured by the pangs of starvation, how we would bless God for even the crust of bread that relieved us! and now that we have not only our daily bread, but "all things richly to enjoy," shall we not bless and thank Him "from whom alone cometh every good and perfect gift?" Then, children, never fail of your grace any more than your prayers.



## To William,

ON HIS THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

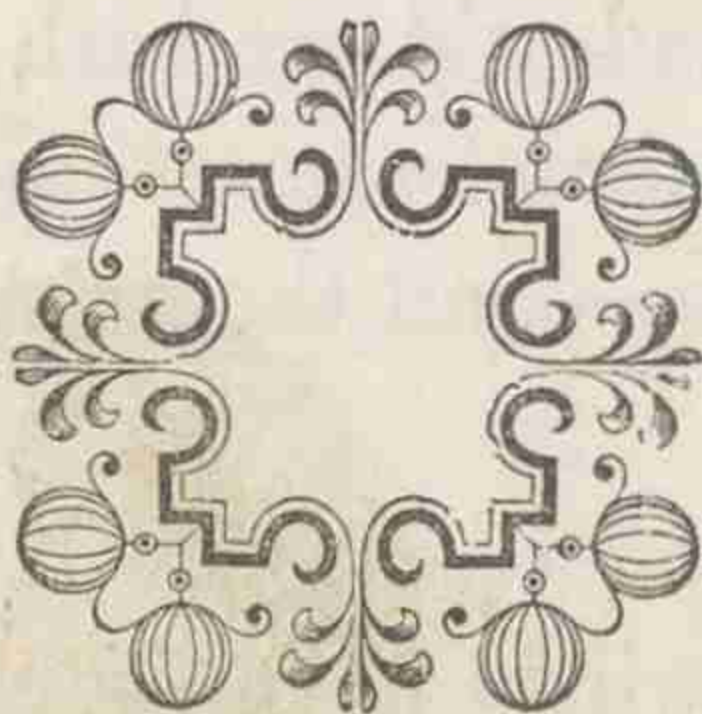
MY child, it seems the other day,  
When thou, a baby-boy,  
Didst shed upon our hearts a ray  
Of brightest hope and joy.  
The sunshine of that hope and joy  
Not shadow'd yet hath been ;  
Nor yet our pleasure found alloy,  
In thee,—and thou *thirteen* !

Yes, thirteen years, to-day, thou art :  
How swiftly have they flown !  
Scarce realizing it, I start,  
To see how thou art grown.  
A large, tall boy—and soon a man,  
Ay, man, *then* wilt thou be  
Such hope and joy to us, as when  
A babe upon our knee !

Thou mayst be, canst be : but *resolve*  
In God's own strength to do,



Such purpose shall a life evolve,  
High, holy, upright, true :  
Such life will but the earnest prove,  
Will give the guaranty  
Of higher life and light above,  
And immortality.





## Heaven.

THERE is a land where not a thorn  
Is on the rose, where not a flower  
Doth ever droop, or seem to mourn  
The briefness of its summer hour.

There is a land where not a cloud  
Bedims the brightness of the sky ;  
O, not a shadow e'er doth shroud  
The radiance of that world on high.

'Tis brightness all, and blessed peace :  
O, never doth a cloud of care  
Oppress the soul ; there sighings cease,  
And sorrows end forever there.

There tears shall all be wiped away ;  
All heal'd the heart once rudely riven ;  
And joy and peace forever may  
Be yet our blessed lot in heaven.



### Strength of Nerve; or, The Stuffed Bat.

“WHAT is strength of nerve, mamma?” inquired a little girl of her mother; “I do not think I well understand the expression.”

“I can best explain it, I think, by illustration,” replied the mother; “for, were I to tell you it is firmness of body and mind on an emergency, you would still entertain but a confused idea of its true meaning. My illustration shall be brief and simple.

“My friend Mrs. G. is a person of great firmness of mind; for, though brought up in plain circumstances in the country, and suddenly translated to the city, where wealth and all that it can command awaited her, yet did she resist every allurement to gayety and fashion, keeping on the even tenor of her way, doing and getting good, in the unostentatious manner to which she had been accustomed; while, instead of ‘gold, and pearls, and costly array,’ she exhibited only ‘the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.’ But though this friend of mine manifested this firmness of



mind, or strength of religious principle, yet, from constitutional delicacy of body and want of proper discipline, she had very little strength of nerve. She would faint at the sight of blood : she would tremble and turn pale at the spectacle of a wound, and thus be incapacitated for rendering any personal service in such cases. She confessed, too, to unreasonable antipathies and prejudices : especially had she an abhorrence of bats. She was lamenting this, her infirmity, to her venerable friend and neighbour, Dr. B., the celebrated naturalist, who was at the same time engaged in the minute examination of a bat. ‘But, Dr. B.,’ said she, ‘I think we can do a great many difficult things, *if we try*, and I am going to try to overcome this foolish weakness of mine. I mean to assist you with your experiments in natural science to day. I want to help you to dissect and stuff that bat.’ We proceeded to the task, said Dr. B., (for to him I owe the relation.) At first she paled and trembled ; soon wonder and admiration at the admirable contrivance and design displayed in the formation of the little creature overcame every other feeling, and adoration of the Creator took the place of abhorrence of his work. She then requested that she might perform the office of stuffing the bat herself, without my assistance. ‘Never again,’ said she, ‘will I be



foolishly afraid of a bat, but with him always associate the power and benevolence of his Creator. I think I have to-day received a profitable lesson.' She was nearly through her task, when, called off to some household duty, she struck her threaded needle in the skin of the bat till she might return and put the finishing stitch.

"About half an hour after, when she had performed the duties requiring her attention, and was returning to finish the bat, a great commotion and excitement was observed in the yard, then loud screams, 'He is killed! he is killed!' then the body of her eldest boy, borne by several men, was brought in, mangled and bleeding. He had ventured too near some machinery, had become entangled in it, and was thereby terribly bruised and lacerated.

"The mother, pale, but firm, received her child in her arms, gave directions, calmly and clearly, where every thing was to be found for his relief, and, during a dreadful surgical operation, on which was suspended the issue of life or death, her unflinching post was by her child, encouraging, soothing, and sustaining him. 'Admirable woman!' said the surgeon; 'the success of the operation has been greatly owing to her assistance. Would, in the course of the practice, we could oftener meet with this noble, useful



strength of nerve in females.' 'When I returned to the room we had been sitting in,' said Dr. B., 'I noticed that the threaded needle left sticking in the stuffed bat was removed. It had been found most convenient for sewing up the wound of the lacerated boy. I thought to myself, Maybe my stuffed bat had something to do with that mother's strength of nerve. Certain it is, she had received from it a fine disciplinary lesson.'

"My daughter, while we should neglect no proper means for bracing our bodies and minds for the duties of life, we must not forget to ask God's blessing on these means. My friend, a woman of prayer, no doubt, thus enforced her disciplinary lesson. Thus doubly fortified, it will in all cases be our privilege to adopt the language of Scripture, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.' "





### The Shadow.

WHY start, you timid boy, why fear  
The shadow from behind?  
As fast you fly, 'twill be as near,  
Ay, just as near, you'll find.

How oft from shadows do we fly,  
Yet shadows still pursue:  
How oft our feet have slipp'd wellnigh,  
To keep a shade in view.

How oft the shadow has been sought,  
With patience and with zeal,  
The solid substance all forgot,  
The substance of our weal.

How oft we've paused in virtue's path,  
And tempted, turn'd to view  
Some foolish shadow's form of wrath  
Forbidding us pursue.

Of shadows let us think no more,  
But that our life is one,



To vanish swiftly and be o'er,  
When mortal race is run.

'Tis substance all beyond the grave,  
The shadow then will be  
Merged in the all-engulfing wave  
Of our eternity.





### Immortality; or, The Dead Bird.

WHAT a delightful world we live in—"beauty to the eye and music to the ear." Especially are we of the South favoured with this latter, for what can excel the mock-bird's varied note, with which our Southern woods alone are filled? For though, like some of the rest of us, he pays annually a flying visit to the North, yet does he never show to the same advantage abroad as here at his home, beneath the bright and beaming skies of the sunny South. A traveller from Europe once said to me, it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to hear a mocking-bird. The children in the old country regard as almost fabulous, the statement that there exists, in the new world, a bird that can imitate to perfection the notes of all others. His plumage is not gaudy, but grave: like all of real merit, his claims to estimation rest not upon any outward adorning. The peacock's brilliant plumage pleases only till we hear his discordant scream, when we turn away disgusted, (as we do from a finely dressed but rude-spoken child,) but the mock-bird's sweet melody, blessing



the heart with its influence, makes us all forgetful or unmindful of his cineritious or ash-coloured coat. Expensive or fantastic dress may catch the eye, but it must be something truer and higher that can engage the heart.

“O mother,” said my eldest boy to me, “there is a bird’s-nest in the Persian honeysuckle-bush in the flower-garden, and what do you think? it is filled with little birds! and, as the old one returned from getting them food, I saw all their queer wide mouths reaching up for their portion, which she distributed by turns to each. How delightful it will be to watch them every day, until they are fully fledged, but then to see them take wing and fly away from us altogether—O, that will be a pity!”

“No, my son, it will be far better than to have them cooped up in a narrow cage, deprived of their natural enjoyment—flying on the free winds of heaven, hopping from tree to tree, and from spray to spray, basking in the bright sunshine, filling the whole air with music, holding happy companionship with others of their species, and rejoicing together in companies.”

“Yes, that would be far better, mother: besides, too, they would be a good deal of trouble to attend to properly, and I should fancy them all the time drooping for fresh air and exercise.”



Here the conversation ended; but a few days after he came running to me with a poor little naked, shivering bird in his hand, the tears flowing fast, and his voice almost inarticulate from excitement.

“O mother, see! see! the mocking-bird’s nest is quite destroyed, and I found this poor little one lying on the bare ground, nearly dead.”

Some rude boys had discovered the nest through the open palings of the garden fence, and, while nobody was about, had broken it up; but this one bird was saved, being found on the ground beneath the bush whence the nest had been so ruthlessly removed. The child’s flushed cheek and humid eye bespoke indignation toward the cruel boys and compassion for the innocent birds.

“They ne’er could be true, *he* averr’d,  
Who would rob a poor bird of its young;  
And I loved *him* the more, when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from his tongue.”

But here was a case: the poor orphaned bird became a legitimate object for our fostering care, and to shelter and nurture it was only obeying the behest of compassion and hospitality, in accordance with the spirit of that mercy that ever “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.” Soon a nice cage was procured, and, in anticipation of his rich notes, he was named (only the male of these



birds sing) "*Jemmy Lind.*" It was about the period when the name of the Swedish Nightingale struck a chord in every American's heart. "*Jemmy Lind*" soon became fully feathered, and throve apace. The children of the family agreed they would keep him through the winter, and when summer came again make him reward them for their care of him with one of his sweetest songs, and set him free. Jemmy seemed well satisfied with his quarters. On warm days his cage would be set out of doors, on cold ones it was hung in the house. Once, by way of experiment, he was let out of it: he evinced no disposition to leave, but, after picking about the ground a little, hopped briskly into it again. Maybe he thought there might be worse places in the winter than a snug, warm cage. Every day, when passing by his cage, he would loudly chirp, as if to attract my attention; and when I approached with his food, would flutter on the side of his cage as if wild with delight. Eggs were very high all the winter, but Jemmy was never once grudged his hard-boiled egg, and if any had reason to complain of the scarcity, it was not Jemmy Lind. In truth, he had become such a pet, that we were ready to think parting with him, when we gave him his freedom, would prove a sad trial, and we began to surmise, and maybe, hope, that (as it has hap-



pened in other cases of pleasant bondage) when we set him free he would not go ! But one memorable afternoon I went, as wont, to his cage to chat or chirp with him a little, and then, for the first time, no sign of joyful recognition did I receive from Jemmy Lind. I carried him boiled potato, apple, currants, all his dainty tit-bits, the sight of which used to put him in such a flutter of delight ; but no sign of animation did they excite in him, and when I spoke to him his only reply was the drawing of a thick film over his beautiful eyes. I turned away with mine obscured ; with—something—Pshaw ! cry about a bird ?—well, but varying a little the words of the poet,

“Ah, thus to nurse a gentle bird,  
To glad me with its clear, bright eye,  
And when it came to know me well,  
And love me, then, just then to die.”

Alas ! mine was but the suppressed prelude to the general and loud lament that followed.

“Jemmy Lind is dying !” screamed out the children. “Jemmy Lind is dead !” at last wailed they all out, and a doleful time we had of it. Jemmy Lind had a requiem, from young and plaintive voices, worthy such a child of song. I bethought it time for me to address myself to the office of comforter. I took little M. on my knee,



and hugged up little J. to my side, and said all the soothing things I could : at last, little J. said, "I want some water to drink, but I can't go out to the back-piazza, where the water bucket stands, for I'll see *his cage*."

"I've had it moved," said I to him.

"O," said little M., "isn't he just like 'poor Ann Ray,' who said

Take, take his cage far, far from me,  
I cannot bear his cage to see!"

Said the eldest child, "I don't think it's right to cry so much about a bird—it might have been one of *us*."

"Yes," said I, "W. you are right: you remember our Saviour said, 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows,' and this, chiefly, because there is in you a living soul, which a bird has not: when his body dies, then there is no more of him: you would not like to be annihilated, or go to nothing, would you, children?"

"O, no, mother: what a strange, dreadful thought! No, we would rather have a soul to try and save."

"Then be in earnest about it, dear children. The Bible says, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?'



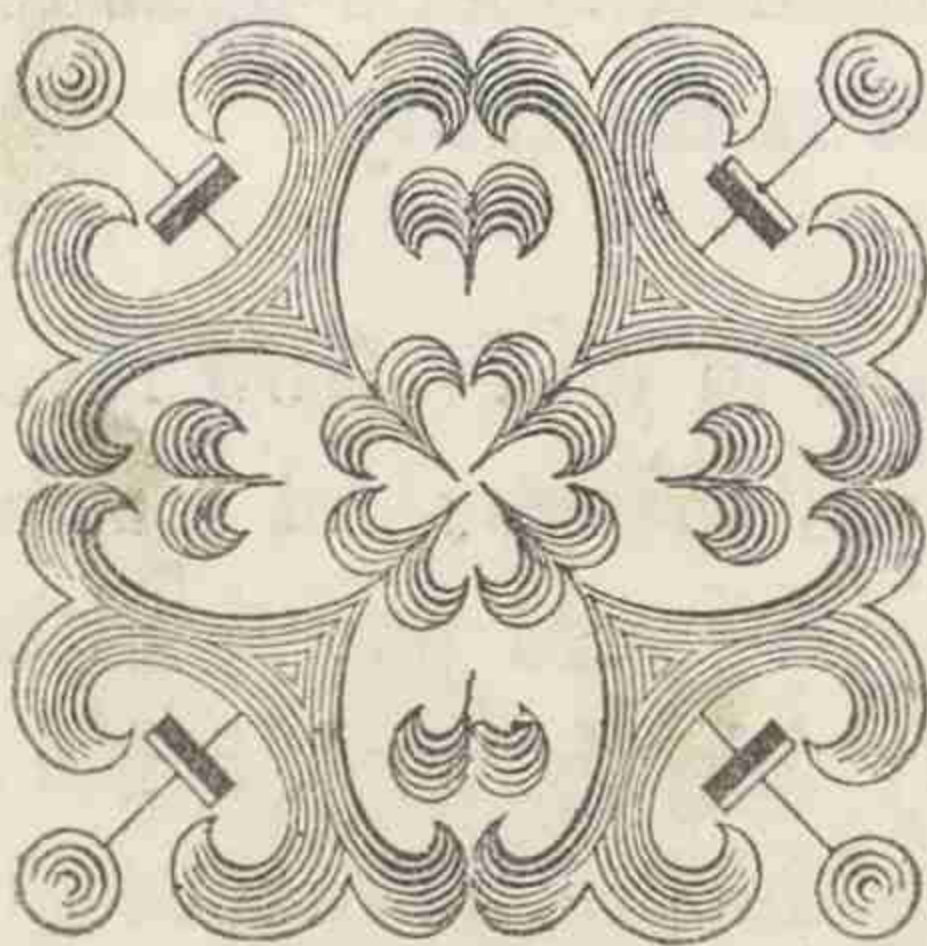
This Scripture doctrine of immortality, or the soul's living forever, was believed in, more or less clearly, by the ancient heathen nations. In the picture of the embalming of an Egyptian, the spirit or soul of the man was represented by a bird springing upward from a dead body. The wise Grecian philosopher, Socrates, we are told, spent the time before his death in discoursing upon the immortality of the soul; and Plato, another eminent philosopher, wrote a treatise in favour of it, and his sentiments, Addison makes Cato, the Roman patriot, finely endorse, in the noble soliloquy, beginning thus:

'It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well,  
Or whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread, this inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us:  
'Tis Heaven itself that points to an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.'

"This sublime doctrine is set forth in various places in the Old Testament; but life and immortality have been, emphatically, brought to light by the gospel, as when Jesus said, 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me,



shall never die.' Yes, my children, the glorious truth, that 'this mortal shall put on immortality,' is revealed to us by the Author of our existence himself. O, may you, 'by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honour, and immortality,' that you may inherit 'eternal life.' "





*Immortality.*

DEATHLESS principle divine !  
Spark ethereal ! essence fine !  
Art thou, in this clog of clay,  
Beaming with thy quenchless ray ?  
Art thou, with unsullied light,  
Shining on divinely bright ?  
More than Gheber's light to me,  
Blessed immortality !

Art thou in me ? Now reveal  
All thy stirrings : let me feel  
All thy life and power within,  
All thy mighty work begin :  
All thy deepest influence give,  
That I turn, with thee, and live  
In one glorious destiny,  
Mighty immortality !

O, within me still inspire  
Higher thought, and pure desire :  
For the joys that come from thee,  
Let my every longing be :



Let me rouse myself to feel  
All my spirit's wo or weal :  
Join'd in common fate with thee,  
Endless immortality !

Let my mind be ever fraught  
With the all-engrossing thought—  
What I am !—my destiny—  
Mighty, gloriously high ;—  
Or, the lowest of the low—  
Endless in its bliss or wo ;  
Realize the thought to me,  
Lord ! my immortality !





### Something Beautiful and Something True.

YOU have heard, dear children, doubtless, a great deal about different sects of religion in the Christian church, and you have heard, too, I fear, of some of these sects denouncing one another in a bitter and uncharitable spirit, seeming to intimate there was no good to be found in any but the one to which they themselves were attached, and crying out, "The temple of the Lord are we." Now, although it is altogether right and proper to prefer one's own denomination, and esteem it the more excellent way, still should we love all others, and see and acknowledge much good in all. So long as we do not differ in that which is essential to the salvation of the soul, we may recognise the members of each of the evangelical sects of religion as brethren beloved in the Lord, travelling with us to the same blessed destination, only by a somewhat different road. Some things there are on which we may agree to disagree, other things on which we may and do agree heartily. You have read, I presume, that striking anecdote illustrative of Christian benevolence—or,

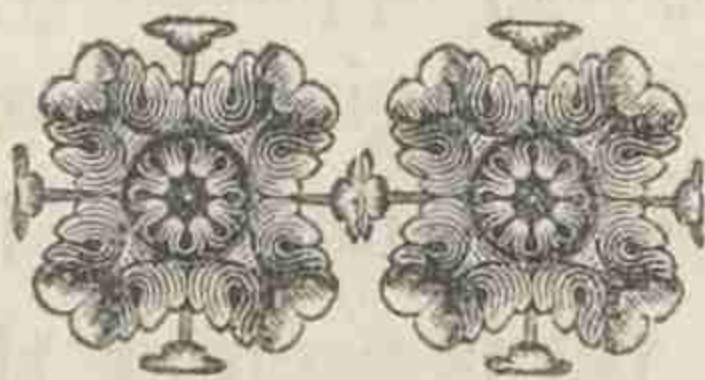


one of the points on which all sects meet. You know it is about the man falling down in the street in a fit, just as the several congregations were issuing from their respective places of worship, and the Methodist, the Baptist, the Presbyterian, and the Episcopalian, each promptly proffering his assistance in the case.

The illustration which I shall give you, is in relation to that faith in Christ which is found availing for the soul's comfort and consolation, joy and rejoicing in the hour of death, and which, in the believer regenerated by the Spirit of Christ, and properly enlightened concerning his privileges as an heir of promise, is found the same, by what name soever he may be called. There is, in the town of Columbia, at the present date, four young girls lying, apparently, at the point of death. Each of these girls has every thing that might render life desirable, both in circumstances and connections; yet is each of them enabled, by the grace of God, to contemplate the prospect of death without apprehension, nay, with joy. True, to them, life is sweet and friends are dear; but, "to depart and be with Christ is far better." The world is beautiful and bright, but heaven is transcendently glorious. Each of these girls is of a different religious sect from the others. Susan is a Presbyterian, Eliza an Episcopalian, Maria a



Methodist, Eugenia a Baptist; yet do they all testify of the same grace. Now, this that I narrate to you is true to the letter, remarkable as may seem the coincidences of the case—a case that may well cause sectarian bigotry to hide its diminished head, and Christian love to triumph; and, young reader, cause more sensibly to be applied to your heart and understanding the divine and touching admonition, “Little children, love one another.”





Sectarianism.

WHAT of Apollos, Cephas, Paul?  
 Why nothing without Christ, at all:  
 Then, why of one or of the other?  
 Be Christ's alone, my Christian brother!  
 Christ is the rock, the same foundation,  
 Have all who seek, the same salvation  
 No other name is under heaven,  
 Whereby the sinner is forgiven.  
 O, what of names, or forms, or fashions;  
 Engendering oft but evil passions!  
 Be one in Christ, be join'd in Jesus—  
 Each sinner then will say, who sees us,  
 A band of brothers, in affection,  
 This is religion in perfection!  
 Religion's love, and we must cherish  
 That vital spark, or it must perish.  
 Love to our human hearts is given,  
 To make this very earth a heaven!  
 And love is charity, my brother;  
 Christ's children must love one another.



### Prayer.

PREVAILING prayer! our sacrifice,  
Even like Manoah's, reach the skies,  
And gain the gracious ear on high,  
Still open to the sinner's cry,  
Inclining still to all that pray,  
It never tires, nor turns away.

O faithful prayer! the Christian's power,  
To bring down blessings as a shower,  
To bid the dews of heavenly grace,  
Descend and purify each place:—  
To cause each season, Lord, to be  
A sweet refreshing time from thee.

O precious prayer! our strengthening stay,  
Support us in each evil day,  
Through thee we trust for all the grace  
That emanates from Jesus' face,  
For all the blessings he doth give—  
We've but to "ask" and to "receive."

O mighty prayer! our being's life,  
Sustain us through this mortal strife,



Exert thine influence on high,  
To raise the mind unto the sky,  
To vivify the heart and soul,  
To move the God that moves the whole.

Prayer! Spirit of each sigh and tear,  
Soul of our wants and wishes here,  
Breath of our every longing, rise,  
And bear our cause unto the skies;  
Be *heard* at mercy's seat above,  
And *answer'd* through a Saviour's love.





On Returning from an Evening Prayer  
Meeting.

How sweet was the evening, how dear to my  
heart,

To pray and rejoice with the children of God:  
An evening like this greater joy doth impart,  
Than all I've e'er squander'd in pleasure's  
abode.

I sought then for happiness, but I never found  
Scarce even her shadow; how could I have  
thought

To find her pure spirit in pleasure's gay round?  
But there did I seek, and most vainly I sought.

Till, when I had even begun to despair,  
And wellnigh resign'd me to sorrow and gloom,  
My heart was bereft of its darkness and care,  
By light full of life, that sprang up to illume.

'Twas the light of the gospel, my soul's morning-  
star,  
That shone on my darkness, that banish'd my  
night,



That guided my footsteps, nor led me afar,  
Till the pathway of happiness beam'd on my  
sight.

In that pathway I've proven 'tis pleasant to go,  
And daily the joys of the way do increase;  
Would I seek for another, and leave it? O, no!  
To my soul it has proven the pathway of peace.





### To a Young Friend.

THE world is bright to thy young sight,  
Its pleasures fair and most alluring :  
Thy heart is light, for yet no blight  
Hath made the joy of short enduring.

And youth, and health, and friends are thine,  
And lovers' eyes are on thee beaming ;  
Gay hope, young fancy, all combine  
To lull thee in thy happy dreaming.

But thou must wake—'tis no mistake,  
Some sorrow shall disturb thy slumber :  
Some grief shall shake thy soul awake,  
Or death approach thy days to number.

But whatsoe'er, Amanda dear,  
Give to it heed, it speaks in kindness :  
'Tis God's own Spirit thou wilt hear,  
To rouse thee from thy sleep of blindness.

And tell me, pray, if even to-day  
Thou dost not hear it gently calling—  
Then now obey, nor turn away  
Till Heaven's wrath is on thee falling.



Tis mercy now calls thee to bow  
To the mild sceptre of thy Saviour;  
But justice, too, shall call if thou  
Refuse to seek his face and favour.

Then haste to flee that misery  
Awaiting sinners unforgiven :  
Repent, and be from sin set free,  
And pardon find, and peace, and heaven.





“More Wonderful than the Telegraph.”

THOMAS and George, one day, with their papa,  
A visit made unto the telegraph.  
They wish'd a message sent, but had to wait  
Till others, who preceded them, were served.  
Then came their turn, when was their message  
sent,  
And answer'd in few moments. “O, is not  
The telegraph more wonderful, by far,  
Than aught you ever heard of, dearest father?”  
“I've heard of what's more wonderful, my sons.”  
“You cannot be in earnest,” said the boys;  
“You cannot know so wonderful a way  
Of sending thought—naught can outstrip its  
speed—  
Not wind, nor sun, nor steam's resistless course.”  
“I never was more serious, my sons :  
There is a safer, quicker, better way  
To send a message and receive its answer.  
This way does not require that you should wait  
Till others send, before your time shall come ;



For, with a countless number, yours can go  
And be attended to, without delay—  
No place, no time, no proxy e'er required,  
Not e'en expression of the trembling lips,  
As a true poet beautifully says :

Only 'the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd.'

And this at home, abroad, on land, or sea,  
In city full, or in the desert waste,  
By night, by day, in sickness, or in health."

"Tell us the way—where shall we find the way  
Of sending thus our thoughts. Is no account  
Publish'd to human kind, of such a way?"

"There is, my boys, nor be your interest less,  
When I shall tell you where to seek and find,  
Even in God's holy book, the Bible, boys."

"Not in the Bible, father." "Yes, my sons,  
Just get the Book, and I will point you where.  
Isaiah sixty-fifth, verse twenty-fourth ;

And verse the ninth of chapter fifty-eighth ;

And Daniel ninth, from verse the twentieth

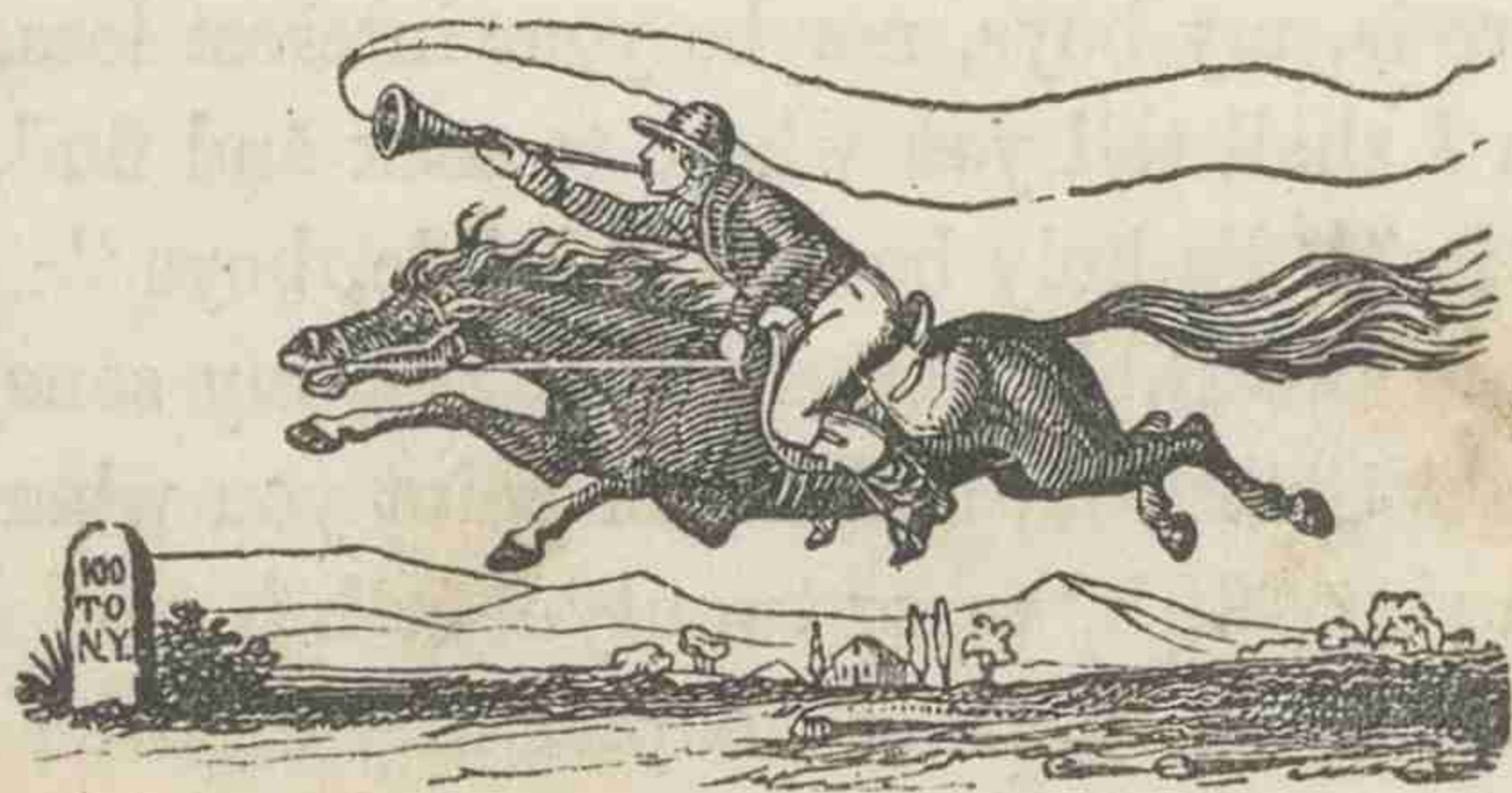
To verse the twenty-third." "Dear father, we  
perceive

These striking passages refer to *prayer*."

"They do, indeed, my sons, to faithful prayer,  
Prayer heard and answer'd, e'en as soon as utter'd,  
Ay, ere the faltering tongue expression finds.



More wonderful is not this, than the power,  
Even of the wonder-working telegraph?  
The slightest aspiration after good  
Than on the lightning's wing, shall swifter go  
To Heaven's own ear, and just as quick as thought,  
The answer to the message shall be brought  
By potent prayer, that telegraph of heaven,  
By God's own love, to earth-born mortals given."





## Dancing:

A TALE, WITH TRUTH FOR THE WOOF.

“WELL, mother, my sister’s particular friend, Emma Egerton, that I called with her to see to-day, I found interesting, intelligent, and pretty; but, even in the course of a morning’s call, there were some developments, or rather eccentricities of character, which really detracted materially from the otherwise agreeable impression Emma’s friend and the daughter of your friend would assuredly have produced upon me.”

“What are they, my son? I cannot imagine any thing Emma could say or do, (knowing, as I well do, the beautiful consistency of her character,) that would produce an unpleasant impression on any one, far less on you, predisposed, as I know you were, from all you had heard of her from us at home, to judge most favourably.”

“Perhaps the fault lies in myself, mother. A year in Europe, the dissipations of Paris, and the pageantry and pomp of papal ceremonies, may make the old-fashioned *régime* of Methodism, by which I was made to walk when a youngster, rather too arbitrary and rigid for me at present.”



“My son, when you say Methodism, of course you mean New Testament Christianity; for I have ever taught you to consider them one and the same. But is it indeed so, that your heart has been alienated, your taste and judgment warped from the rule of faith of your father’s house, as laid down in that Book, which your dying parent pressed to his bosom and blessed, as having been the guide **and** comfort of his life, for having led him into all truth? My child, truth is simple, severe, devoid of all meretricious ornaments: you must love her for herself alone, and her followers, that they are like her. Our blessed Lord proclaimed himself the Truth: admire and love, as you should, this divine embodiment of truth, and you cannot fail to admire and love his followers. Then any departure from, or non-adherence to this word of truth, will strike you as a discrepancy or discordance.”

“I am well aware, my dear mother, that I do not see and think as I ought, in many respects: but for your prayers, doubtless, I should have altogether made shipwreck of the faith you so early tried to implant in my heart: as it is, I never could enter fully into the dissipation of fashionable life abroad; but often felt an outgoing of soul for the quiet and peace of family prayer, and the



plain and simple, but spiritual services of our good church."

"O my son! had you purchased the knowledge of your profession and of the world with the loss of your soul, poor would have been your equivalent."

"Do not talk so seriously, mother! I trust there was no danger of that."

"Indeed, my son, there was, there is. 'He that is not for me is against me,' said the Saviour; but I trust God's Holy Spirit will be still permitted to strive with your heart, till you make an entire surrender of it and all that you have and are, to that God, who has hitherto watched over you for good. But what particularly struck you as eccentric in our dear Emma this morning?"

"Why, mother, you know she plays with great execution, and her voice, naturally one of the sweetest, has been cultivated to the highest degree of perfection: yet she declined to sing some of our newest and most popular opera songs, merely because she does not entirely approve their sentiments. Now, I really think this is a little too fastidious; and though she was dressed with taste, I allow, and certainly very becomingly, yet she wore not a particle of jewelry."

"In all this, my dear son, Emma only proves herself true to her principles, and consistent with



her profession. She has been for some time a member of the same church with her pious parents. She is a Methodist."

"Well, mamma, as I am not yet within the pale, however soon I may hope to be, and as the ball at Mr. Weldon's is given partly on my account, by way of a welcome 'home again,' I must needs attend, as my not doing so would assuredly give great offence."

"Not if you were committed as a member of the church: and this is one of the great benefits of church-membership, that it is as a wall of defence around us. There is a line of demarcation between the church and the world, that even the world itself hesitates to break through; so that if a church member be but true to himself, he will, in time, find very little temptation from those that are without."

"I hope, in time, dearest mother, to be all you desire me to be: in the mean while, I cannot think precisely as you do on these grave matters: in fact, I feel that the necessity is upon me to go to-night to Mr. Weldon's:" and kissing his hand to his mother, the young man left her, to meditation and prayer for him, her first-born son, the hope of his father's house, and the darling of her widowed heart. But he was not a Christian: this weighed heavily upon her soul, so she went to



God once more, to plead at his mercy-seat for this desire of her heart, the salvation of this her unconverted child.

"Dear Emma," said Julia Weldon, on stepping in for a short call at Mr. Egerton's, "it isn't possible you decline our invitation for the ball to-night! Why, everybody will be there, and especially that 'youth of expectation, just returned from travel,' Frank Leslie."

"I cannot make an exception in your favour, dear Julia;" said Emma, "the rules of our church are strict upon this matter. When I became a member of the church, I subscribed to these rules, which I trust to be enabled to keep faithfully, both to the spirit and to the letter."

"O, how can you submit to such slavery? What! not go anywhere I have a mind to? I would never join the Methodist church, but some other, where these rigid rules do not exist."

"So much worse, I think, Julia, both for the church and you, where they do not."

"What! though you may see fit to keep these rules, you do not attempt to justify them?"

"I do, in my heart; for I believe them to be drawn from the spirit, as well as the letter of the law and testimony, the Bible; as when we are enjoined 'not to be conformed to this world, to



avoid the appearance of evil, to walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, to be sober and watch unto prayer,' &c."

"But, Emma, however you may choose to interpret the spirit of the Bible, you cannot pretend to say that the letter of it is against dancing? Why, Miriam danced, David danced, the daughter of Herodias danced, and there was music and dancing at the return of the prodigal son; and, moreover, the Bible says, 'there is a *time* to dance.'"

"Dear Julia, among the Hebrews, in those days, dancing was considered a part of religious worship; for, of course, Miriam, David, and the father of the prodigal son, were then, as was customary by this act, expressing their gratitude to God; and if a religious act, there certainly would be a *time* for it; and the dancing of Salome, a heathen, brought up by an unprincipled mother, and associated as it is with the cruel murder of the Baptist, can surely constitute no plea, to your mind, for this amusement. But we learn from history, that, in the virtuous period of most of the ancient nations, promiscuous dancing was very strictly prohibited; the sexes being never allowed to dance together, as is the case with us. I presume our modern waltz and polka would have exceedingly shocked the modesty and delicacy of a Roman matron. How can we, for a moment,



imagine the 'chaste Lucretia,' or 'Cesar's wife,' both 'pure as the icicle that's cradled by the frost, and hangs on Dian's temple,' submitting to the indelicate familiarities of our modern dance?"

"O, Emma! I really think it is the quintessence of fastidiousness, thus to condemn an innocent and healthful amusement, merely for the offence it might give to some stiff, old preacher."

"No, Julia; something more than that. It is, I believe, offensive to God and hurtful to the soul. God requires from his creatures a pure, spiritual worship, and whatever directly or indirectly indisposes the heart for this, is sin. That wise mother, Mrs. Wesley, in a letter to her son, advises him somewhat after this fashion: 'Whatever has a tendency to unspiritualize your affections, cool your religious ardour, indispose you for the worship of, or unfit you for, communion with God, whatever it may be to *others*, to *you* it is *sin*: avoid it.' And I think if we all fairly bring it to the test of conscience, in this way, to each one of us, it will be *sin*. As to health, dear Julia, the idea of this benefit from it is utterly precluded by heated rooms, night air, thin dresses, violent exercise, excited spirits, ices, and rich, high-seasoned viands, at a time when, for the system, sleep, not food, is required. And, as to grace, whatever is unnatural is ungraceful: set rules and conventional forms can



never convert awkwardness into ease ; and I think a girl is much oftener tutored into stiffness, than into grace, by the self-styled 'Professor of motion.' No : good society, good health and spirits, and above all, a good heart, will confer 'a grace beyond the reach of *art* : ' if the former fail to effect this, the latter may give up—the subject is incorrigible."

"I must acknowledge, Emma, that you yourself give practical proof of the truth of this part of your argument, for certainly you 'move easier' than most of us, 'who have learned to dance,' and more gracefully than many of us who practise our steps by the glass, for the next ball or assembly."

"Come, come, Julia, no personalities, if you please."

"Well, Emma, to tell you the truth, I am no moper. I think God intends his creatures to take recreation and pleasure while youth and health dispose for them."

"We only differ, Julia, in the meaning we attach to pleasure and recreation. Now, I really think, apart from religion, dancing is a recreation and pleasure unsuited to our intellectual age. I do not condemn recreation and pleasure ; but when the whole glorious world of nature and of art lies spread out invitingly before us, I should scarcely



seek those, in a sense-excluding, thought-denying, head-bewildering, heart-destroying ball-room."

"O, Emma, do spare my poor ball-room. I can't listen to any thing more against it; at least, till my dancing days are done."

The ball at Mr. Weldon's came off on the appointed evening. Lights, music, "all went merry as a marriage bell." Of that brilliant throng, Julia brightest shone, without a rival, queen of the ball-room. Frank claimed her willing hand for the first set of cotillons. Frank had met Julia abroad: the associations of home gave to their acquaintanceship there, a tenderness and sociality that awakened in both something they almost fancied must be love; so that when passing in the dance their hands chanced to meet, the touch, like electricity, went straight to the heart of Frank. But true love is always modest: he trembled and blushed at the merest touch of that small, soft hand. He had almost concluded before long, to ask that hand for his own, to claim it for life, when the order was given for the waltzing; but Frank never waltzed, and, therefore, he asked no longer for the hand of his fair partner: what he had seen of this demoralizing dance abroad served only to convince him that it was inimical to the purity and simplicity of our re-



publican manners, tastes and characters. No, he never waltzed: it was bad enough for him, he thought, to dance—having a good Methodist mother—and he had even determined never after this evening, even by dancing, to wound his mother's feelings and his own conscience; for, though not yet a member of the church, still he felt it was a very unmanly and puerile pastime, to say the least of it; but the waltz he had always determinedly set his face against, as now most certainly he abhorred it, while beholding the woman he had almost believed he loved, whose hand he had even trembled to touch, with waist encircled, bosom heaving, panting, reclining in the arms of her moustached partner. "No, she can never be *my* wife," said Frank, as, with flushed cheek and quivering lip, he hurried out of the ball-room: then half humming, half muttering the couplet,

"Sir, from the grape you have brush'd the soft blue,  
You have touch'd, you may take, pretty waltzer, adieu!"

he found himself, in a few minutes, at the door of Mr. Egerton, with the bell in his hand.

Soon, he made one of a circle in a scene quite different from the one he had just left. Emma, the eldest daughter, was at the piano forte, performing some fine pieces of music for her father, who, after



the harassing business of the day, was greatly enjoying a delightful family concert; for the eldest son, a handsome collegian, accompanied his sister on the flute, while the younger members of the family added their quota to this harmony of sweet sounds. O, how superior to the confused din of the ball-room! Then came an examination and various criticisms on some gems of pictures lately purchased. The children brought out their drawings for papa's inspection: and then he must, they said, see sister Emma's last—a landscape, which, for softness, might have passed for a Claude's. Following this, was the “feast of reason and flow of soul” of conversation—improving, refining; and then, before retiring, the spiritualizing evening sacrifice, from the domestic altar, must have gone up as sweet incense to the throne of the Protecting Power of that united household.

As Frank bade good night, “Pardon me,” said he, “for staying so long; but I needed the soothing influence of such an evening.”

“Your coming in surprised me,” said Emma, quietly; “for I understood you were to be at the ball to-night.”

“I did mix in the whirl of the ball-room awhile,” said Frank, rather hurriedly; “but it will be the last time.”

But this was not the last time that Frank made



one of that family circle, till he had so little conscience as to abstract and *appropriate* the brightest link therefrom; but first becoming united to Emma Egerton by the sacred ties of church-membership, ere bound together indissolubly by the holy bonds of matrimony.

Some time had now elapsed since that event, when we find Frank discoursing with his old college chum, Tom Saunders, thus: "Seriously, Tom, I would advise you to take unto yourself a wife: certainly you require some ballast for the amount of sail you carry. In truth, Tom, you require to sow your wild oats, and like a sober Benedict, as *moi-même*, settle yourself down into the *otium cum dignitate* of matrimony. Come, my dear fellow, it is high time you were following my example: a good wife divides a man's cares and doubles his comforts. I speak from experience."

"Yes, yes, Frank: such a 'better half' as you have had the good luck to be joined to; but such women as your wife are rare birds, and don't fly in all weathers: at least Cupid's shaft will never, I fear, bring down one for me."

"Why, Tom, I thought there was a charmer just ready for you to reach out your hand for, and possess."

"O, yes! Julia Weldon you mean: no, no, Frank, that's all off."



“How so, Tom?”

“Well, you know, scapegrace as I am, I hold some puritanical notions of my own. Though a great deal of my dear good mother’s ‘line upon line’ has been thrown away upon me, there has been just enough left to cause me to enjoy neither the world nor religion. I cannot be a professor myself, and yet am nervously sensitive to the conduct of those who style themselves such,—such a critic am I of church matters! Ah, Frank, could you get *me* into the fold, you would have such examples of walking a chalk-line as never yet have you been favoured to behold. I have often considered, if Christians did but know how the world’s eye is upon them, they would be a little more careful of their walk and conversation, than, I am sorry to say, some of them appear to be.”

“All that is too true, Tom. O, to have reference, at all times, as well to the observation of our fellow-creatures, as to ‘Thou God seest me.’ But how, Tom, is this to bear on your matrimonial affair?”

“Well, I will try to tell you, Frank. I know your sentiments about waltzing: I don’t go so far: I really think you a little too squeamish: at any rate, I, who dearly love to twirl the pretty creatures round and round, till head, and heels, and heart are all giddy, must not turn censor of



the mazy dance; and I really never felt myself in such a perfect whirl of delight, as that night of the ball at Mr. Weldon's. Julia, so dazzling, bewitching, fascinating, and all that. I had, especially after you had so unaccountably left me the field, almost, yes, quite determined to offer her my hand, as partner for life, at my first sober moment,—for it was too grave a matter, I thought, for the whirl of that evening. That was Friday: I did not see Julia again till the following Sunday. I went to church pretty much from the sole motive of seeing her, which I did, Frank, all the time of service—after which, as she did not go out with the crowd—somehow, I lingered also. It was communion season of that church: judge, Frank, of my consternation, when I saw my Friday night's waltzing partner, sparkling with jewelry, her ostrich feathers in her bonnet bobbing away as proudly as you please, approach the altar. Her image came to me then, just as in the ball-room, where we were spinning round and round in the waltz, uttering all sorts of nonsense; and, right or wrong, I bolted right out of the church, my love cooled in a minute. I can't account for it, but such a revulsion of feeling came over me, I felt, were there no other woman in the world than Julia Weldon, I could not marry *her*. They say I have some very queer notions: this



may be one of them, that a person must be one thing or another: not one thing Friday and another thing Sunday: waltzing one day and sacrament the other—I don't care if all the D.D.'s in the land say it's no sin, if folks are not this thing or that, straight up and down, I tell you, they're 'no go,' for me."

"Well, I am sorry, indeed, that it has all turned out so. Poor Julia! she is more to be pitied than blamed: her religious training, from a child, has been defective: her parents, professors of religion, sent her to dancing-school, danced themselves, early inducted her into the fashionable world, instructing her by a thousand indications, that there to shine was the *summum bonum* of female education. From their low standard of Christian privilege and obligation, their daughter has taken pattern. Julia is very amiable, and has many of the elements for a noble and useful character, as a Christian woman."

"Do, Frank! do you and Emma try to give her some light on the subject."

"Well, my friend, we will try, God helping us, if, as you now set her the example of a consistent worldling, you will try to set her the example of a consistent Christian: will you promise me, my dear old friend?"

"I have been thinking, Frank, more about



these matters, than any one, judging from appearances, would be at all inclined to give me credit for: in fact, my friend, in my lightest moments I can't shake off my mother's prayers. I feel that I can't die without religion; and, wild and foolish as I am, I could not get the consent of my conscience to marry an unconverted woman. Frank, do you think converted women ever waltz?"

"Tom, my friend, I will sit in judgment on none—'to their own Master they stand or fall:' only, I must say I could not bear to see either my sister or my wife waltz; but we will pursue the subject no farther, only, that Emma and I will promise to make you and Julia special objects of prayer, that you may be guided into all truth, if you will also promise to pray for this yourself."

"Frank, I will! As God is my witness, I will; for I begin to feel my nature, my soul needs prayer; and, Frank, prayer begun is dancing ended, with me. O, that I might say, sin in all its shapes and forms; for I have seen a perfect Christian character in my sainted mother; and the beauty and excellence of such a character had winning charms for me in my most thoughtless moments. I have tried the world fully—been satiated with what is called its pleasures. My spirit



cries out for something more satisfying and enduring, and my heart tells me that is religion."

"It is, my friend, thanks be to God! the influence of his Spirit on your heart that is drawing it to himself, the true fountain of happiness. O, resist not these drawings of his love, but be saved with an everlasting salvation."

When was a sinner's slightest aspiration after holiness, disregarded by Omnipotence? When was prayer humble, fervent, sincere, unanswered at the mercy-seat? What says the Scripture? "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any one thing they shall ask, it shall be done for them." The united prayers of Frank and Emma for their friends, and theirs, at length, for themselves, resulted in the happy conversion of Tom and Julia, in their communion together at the same altar, and, after their marriage, which soon took place, of their determining with the patriarch, that, as for them and their house, they would serve the Lord; and in this strength, they set their faces against all those worldly amusements, calculated, in any wise, to injure or impugn their Christian character.



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“Search the Scriptures.”

YEA, search them; for in them thou’lt surely find  
Knowledge most precious, words of life and  
light;

Wisdom, surpassing all of human kind,  
And virtue, yielding the most pure delight:

Faith, that will stand thee in the hour of death,  
Hope, that will gild thy pathway to the tomb,  
And charity, that, to thy latest breath,  
Will cheer thy heart, and all thy soul illumine.

Pure precepts, bright examples, there thou’lt find,  
Purest and brightest—for the Lord on high  
To frail mortality was even join’d,  
To teach us how to live, and how to die.

O may we prize such knowledge—may we live  
To ponder o’er the precepts of our Lord  
And fix them in our hearts; and glory give  
To him who gave us his most precious word.



“Keep thy Heart with all Diligence.”

HELP me to keep my heart aright,  
O Lord! enable me to see  
Where it is faulty in thy sight,  
Or wherein faithless unto thee.

Help me to know its every art:  
O, lay it open to my view,  
If from thy ways it would depart,  
Or to thy statutes be untrue:—

If it would not be thine alone,  
And have no other God than thee;  
All unreservedly thine own,  
But thine, and thine alone would be:—

Would it desire a higher good  
Than the sweet visits of thy face;  
Or ever long for other food  
Than the rich manna of thy grace?

O, would it glory, save in thee,  
Or triumph, but in thee, the Lord;



Or ever from thy temple flee,  
Nor love to hear thy written word?

Is *love* not in it—fervent love  
To God, and to the saints below?  
Does *faith* not lift it high above?  
Does *hope* not cause it oft to glow?

If not, if not all this, O God!  
Grant me to know, that I may fly  
Again to the atoning blood,  
Once more to cleanse and purify.





## Jewelry.

A TALE WITH TRUTH FOR THE WOOF.

“MY daughter, there is one matter about which I always feared you would give me some trouble when you arrived at your teens; and yet I am truly thankful to say, that hitherto you have not done so, for you have never expressed a desire to wear jewelry.”

“Why, mamma, you brought me up with the idea that it was useless to entertain any such wish, as there existed no possibility of that wish ever being gratified. So now that I have united with the church, and taken upon me the name of Christian, I do sincerely thank you for it; for I find habit a great strengthener to my religious principles, and my temptation to infringe the rules of our excellent discipline in this matter, very slight, if any; but I cannot close my eyes to the fact, that the use of jewelry is very much on the increase among our membership, and some of my young friends are not unfrequently twitting me about my quakerism.”

“There is a great difference, daughter, between



plainness and peculiarity. Copy, by all means, the neatness of the Quakers, but not their primness. There is no reason why taste should be banished from dress: taste, variety, and beauty appear in all the habiliments of nature. A dress can be tasteful that is in harmonious accordance with the person, station, age, and even character of the wearer, and, at the same time, neither expensive nor elaborate. There should, of course, be different styles of dress, as there are orders or classes in society: the servant should not be dressed as her mistress, nor the subject as her queen; and to office, a dress, by its richness or variety, should be allowed as indicative, in some degree, of its dignity and obligations; but with Christians, who have for their command, 'Be ye clothed with humility,' from Him who, when on earth, had not where to lay his head, whose humble followers they profess to be, I think all expensive superfluities of dress should certainly be avoided."

"Yes, mamma; for, though there may sometimes, possibly, seem to be a difficulty in drawing the exact line of demarcation between what is superfluous and what is not in some articles, yet none surely in the article of jewelry; because 'the wearing of gold,' in so many words, is expressly prohibited in the gospel: so that a mere



adherence to the plain letter of the law alone, will always keep us right in this matter. I really feel thankful that I can, at least, do that part of my duty as a Methodist, failing, as I am conscious I do, in so many equally important points; and that this duty is laid down so distinctly in God's law that it seems to me 'he that runs may read.' I should think a Bible Christian, of any denomination, would be plain in apparel."

"You will find it so commonly, my daughter, in all the evangelical churches—they that are holiest are generally plainest; but an incident concerning jewelry, which recently came to my knowledge, I have woven into a short story for you, as follows:

"On the day that Mr. Rivers placed his daughter and niece at the boarding-school of Mrs. Mason for their last session, he said, handing each a fifty-dollar bill, 'Now girls, at the end of five months we will send for you; till such time your teacher will furnish you with all necessaries: this is pocket or pin money, and this, I think, will be an ample supply for school girls.'

"'O yes, dear uncle and father,' said the girls, 'indeed we will find it quite sufficient. Our mammas have been so provident, and our teacher is so kind, we will scarcely find use for money.'

"The Saturday of the week Mr. Rivers left



being a holiday, the girls proceeded down street to make a few small purchases with their pocket money. Mary spent a dollar or two in various little articles, with which, on her return home, she made her schoolmates happy by her various distributions, a cake to one, candy to another, and fruit to another, and then she gladdened the heart of a poor beggar at the door with a small piece of silver. Laura brought home a splendid set of jewelry, broach, ear-rings, &c., for which she had extravagantly paid away all her pocket money, (\$50,) and was thus left without a cent in her purse for any emergency that might occur for the requirement of money in the ensuing five months.

“ ‘O,’ said her teacher, on becoming aware of the improvident expenditure of all Laura’s pocket money, ‘how very extravagant you have been, my dear Laura! What will you do for pocket money these whole five months that you are to be away from home?’

“ ‘I am not sure that I shall require any pocket money in that time,’ said Laura; ‘and I am quite sure I needed the ear-rings and broach, those that I have been wearing being really entirely out of date.’

“ ‘Well,’ said Mrs. Mason, ‘you know my sentiments about jewelry. Being a Methodist, ay, a



Bible Christian of any denomination, I must of necessity set my face against any such superfluity of dress as jewelry.'

" 'I have read that part of your book of discipline,' replied Laura; 'for my good Methodist uncle requested me to do so: and I conceive, with you, that a consistent member of the Methodist Church, whose rules of course should be binding on its members, should eschew all jewelry; but I cannot consider this incumbent on the members of other denominations free from those stringent rules.'

" 'Stay, Laura,' said Mrs. Mason. 'Do you not recognise the Bible as the law and the testimony of all evangelical denominations? Well, then, hear the word of the Lord in regard to this matter before us: "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, which, in the sight of God, is of great price." Now if the Bible is indeed to be "the man of our counsel," there is no setting aside this plain letter of the law of the New Testament; but the spirit of the gospel is equally strong against it with the letter, even the spirit of self-denial for the cause of Christ, and to hasten the coming of his kingdom. We surely, in this our day of superior enlightenment, should be as will-



ing-hearted as were they of old, under a less clear dispensation, who brought bracelets, ear-rings, and rings, for the service of the Lord.'

" 'Well,' said Laura, 'I am not yet a member of the Methodist or of any other denomination: when I am, you shall see that I will at least be a consistent one: in the mean while my new jewelry will certainly afford me more gratification than any thing else I could purchase for the same sum of money. Besides, I wanted to make sure of it now for the party to be given us when we get home in the holidays. Such beautiful things I felt confident could not remain long without a purchaser, and I did not relish the idea of being cut out of ornaments so very becoming.'

" 'There you mistake, my dear Laura,' said Mrs. Mason. 'About the becomingness of jewelry the poet has truly said,

For loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

And what master artist would ever paint a Madonna with a breastpin on, or chisel out a Venus with a pair of ear-rings? The truth is, that ornaments detract from the charms of a beautiful face, and render more glaring the defects of a plain one: so that you see I have brought Scripture, poetry, the arts, and common sense to bear



against you. But we will pursue this subject no further at present: perhaps the day will come when you will think that simplicity is the perfection of dress, and that plainness is most becoming and most proper in the follower of Him who, though rich, yet for our sakes became poor.'

"Improvident Laura! her inconsiderate purchase had at once reduced her from comparative affluence to the extreme of poverty. She was literally left penniless; and many were the privations she endured, and many the shifts to which she had to resort on account of her straitened circumstances. At one time the school-girls all subscribed and hired carriages for a delightful excursion into the country. Poor Laura passed a solitary and lonesome day at home. One and another of her young companions, and especially her cousin, kindly insisted on lending her the necessary sum for her quota of the expense; but she was too proud or too honest for that, well knowing that she would possess no means to liquidate her indebtedness. At one time it was proposed to the school to subscribe for the education of a good scholar and favourite schoolmate, whose father, by some unforeseen casualty, had become suddenly reduced to poverty. The names were registered of all who subscribed to that noble charity—all but poor Laura's. Many thought



and spoke of the splendid ornaments she wore, and wondered how she could withhold her mite from so worthy an object. Ah! the extravagant are compelled to be parsimonious. A poor lame man held out his hat to her for a few pence: as she shook her head, by way of negative, her elegant ear-rings shook also, with a sound that vibrated to her conscience, while her cousin's silver half dollar struck like an alarm-bell upon her ear. When the charity plate went round in church, and her hand refused to contribute, she fancied everybody was peering into her bonnet at her expensive ear-rings, and her feelings were any thing but comfortable. The next time she looked at herself in the mirror, with them on, she thought, 'Well, they don't make me look so much better, after all:' however, she solaced herself with the thought of how much they certainly would add to her appearance at the party to be given to them when they left school; when, dazzling in beauty enhanced by all the blaze of jewelry, she would carry all hearts, but especially that of one before her.

“ ‘Wend you to the party to-night at Mr. Rivers's?’ said Henry Herbert to Augustus Lindsay. ‘It is given on the occasion of the return from school of his daughter and niece. Of course you will be there.’ ”



“ ‘I will certainly look in upon them,’ said Augustus. ‘Whether I stay very long will depend upon there being metal more attractive there than at the billiard-table. It will require a very pretty face, with plenty of the pennies to boot, to keep me from the big pile of dust to be lost or won there to-night.’

“ ‘In regard to myself,’ rejoined Herbert, ‘that will be not at all in my way; I being profoundly ignorant of the whole mysterious science of rolling ivory balls or shuffling pasteboard.’

“ ‘What! you an only son, with well filled purse, a first honour man to boot, and just returned from the grand tour, *that* green! I can scarcely credit you,’ said Lindsay.

“ ‘I believe,’ replied Herbert, ‘*the credit* is all due to my excellent mother.’

“ ‘O, you have been under petticoat government, then.’

“ ‘Yes, I am proud to acknowledge the law of my pious parents, derived, as I know it to be, from the Divine source of all law. The Bible I have deliberately determined to make the rule of my life. My only regret is, that I have not hitherto been more entirely governed by it in letter and in spirit.’

“ ‘O Harry, excuse me, you are sermonizing. Once a week from the pulpit is quite sufficient for



me, I assure you, so adieu.' And thus the young men parted, to meet together at Colonel Rivers's at eight o'clock P. M., where a select party of the young friends of his daughter and niece had assembled to welcome them on their return from school.

"Mary and Laura were the stars of the evening. Mary shone with a mild lustre. She wore no jewelry, but her dress was in exquisite taste; its unassuming simplicity well comporting with the modest beauty of the wearer. The peculiar charm of her dress was, that it did not attract attention from the superior charms of the wearer. If you noted it at all, it would possibly be only to observe how well the 'maiden's blush rose' in her hair, culled from her own garden, and the only ornament she wore, harmonized with the beautiful rose blush of modesty on the maiden's cheek.

Laura, radiant in conscious beauty, glittering with jewelry, attracted the observation of all but the one whose admiration and attentions she had hoped to elicit by all this array of jewelled charms, who stood coldly aloof.

" 'Why, what a stoic you are, Herbert, to remain all unmoved before that artillery of charms so obviously directed against you,' said Lindsay.

" 'If what you say be true,' rejoined Herbert,



‘I take refuge under the old axiom, All is not gold that glitters.’

“Yes: Laura had in view, in her purchase of jewelry at school, that same object of to-night, the captivation of him, the most superior young man, in every respect, she had ever known. Alas, Laura! how your very effort of dress, instead of aiding, only served to counteract your design. Herbert was not one to be lured by false lights. He had been religiously brought up; had been taught to dislike display, to care not for effect. His tastes were all simple. They had been regulated by the teachings of that book which says, ‘Let your eye be single, and your whole body shall be full of light.’ To Mary, simple, unassuming, natural, he directed all his attention. In mind, manners, and dress, she suited his own sincere, honest, candid nature: as a daughter, he thought she would just suit his plain, pious Methodist parents. He had invariably conformed his tastes to theirs; conformed as he knew they were to the gospel standard. He had given them happiness only all his life, and he would fain have his wife not to detract from, but heighten that happiness. ‘Mary is unaffected, simple, sincere, she is plain; and my mother has an old-fashioned prejudice to a dressy Methodist or Methodist’s daughter. She is either inconsist-



ent herself, or has been brought up by an inconsistent mother. Yes, I will ask Mary to be my wife.'

" 'And so you are to be married to Mary Rivers, I understand,' said one to Herbert a few months after the evening of the party. 'Your friends have been somewhat taken by surprise, that you, with taste refined and cultivated by travel and society, should have chosen Mary instead of her elegant cousin Laura.'

" 'Why, to tell you the truth,' said Herbert, 'I not only preferred Mary's appearance and manners, I preferred her rare principles.'

" 'Pshaw! what can you know of a young girl's principles?'

" 'Why, I judged them by her dress. I knew the young ladies had both been brought up by Methodist mothers. The one bedecked with jewelry was either running counter to parental precept and example, or else that parent had been untrue to her own religious principles; in other words, not a consistent Christian. In either case I thought Laura would not suit me for a wife: so while the elegance of Laura's dress repulsed, the simplicity of Mary's attracted. In fact, what first elicited my respect and admiration for her who is to be my wife was, that she wore no jewelry.'

" The night of the wedding, Mary's bridal veil



was looped up with a sprig of orange-blossoms—the only ornament she wore. Laura wore her jewelry, but all its glitter did not prevent the wearer from looking a little out of countenance.

“In a few months Laura had recovered from her disappointment, and on the occasion of her own wedding, which subsequently soon took place, the brightest of her array of costly jewels shone a diamond ring, presented by her husband, and which cost the extravagant sum of \$500. Prosperity for some years appeared to smile upon the young couple; but commencing life with too high notions, like too many of the same class, they were compelled to come down, till, by degrees, their magnificent establishment was reduced to one of not even common comfort.

“‘Here,’ said Laura to her husband, as entering one day their bare sitting-room with a small casket in her hand, ‘there is what will at least comfortably furnish us a couple of rooms. Here is my jewelry, and this ring you know—’tis only the guard, and not the wedding ring.’

“‘I had not dared to mention this to you, dear Laura, this painful sacrifice,’ said her husband, who was really attached to his wife, and shrunk from wounding her in this tender point of female vanity, ‘but I will just tell you, since you have opened the way, those jewels will bring at least



one thousand dollars. My last note in bank, for one thousand dollars, being not yet protested, the saving of my credit, by making a payment on it at this time, which I could not possibly otherwise have done, may produce confidence in my creditors, who granting me longer indulgence, with industry, economy'—

“‘And no more jewelry,’ said Laura.

“‘Well, have it so, wife. I say I may yet recover my lost ground in business, and all be well with us again. Do not think me too hard upon the jewelry, dear wife; but since you have just hinted at it yourself, I will say, that sometimes I have considered it one of the eating things at the root of our gourd of prosperity. The first year that I got behindhand in business, my deficit was, strange to say, just the interest on the diamond ring—thirty-five dollars. It was *my* fault, for *I* gave it to you.’

“‘Yes, but,’ said Laura, ‘it was to minister to my love for it that tempted you to the purchase of so eating a moth as a diamond ring.’”



### Forget not thy God.

IN the journey of life, O, whate'er be thy lot,  
How strait be the path, or how rugged the road,  
Where'er be thy home—be it palace or cot—  
O, whatever betide thee, forget not thy God.

IN weal or in wo let him still be thine all :  
Alike bear his smile, or his chastening rod—  
Should joy light upon thee, or sorrow befall,  
In each time and each season forget not thy  
God.

Under each, under all, still confess him thy  
friend,  
For such he will prove, e'en in this low abode,  
And when to a higher thy spirit shall wend,  
He'll receive thee and bless thee—forget not  
thy God.



## The Widow's Son.

A TRUE STORY.

“WELL, sister G——, I am glad to see you this morning,” said I. “I have got the work you were so anxious to procure, all ready for you, and there is pay for part of it, in advance; for, as work is slack just now, you may be in want of a little change.”

“Thank you kindly, ma’am,” said the poor work-woman: “I was nearly out, I assure you, and this will be a great help to me. This has been a hard winter on the poor, ma’am: work has been scarce, and wood and all sorts of provisions very high. When my pastor came to me, the other day, and handed me a dollar from the ‘poor collection,’ I had just been saying to my daughter, (like myself a widow, ma’am, who lives with me,) ‘Well, the last handful of meal is out of the barrel, sure enough; but I can trust God still: he has promised to provide for the widow and the fatherless, and I know he will.’ Then, just then came the dollar, that bought a whole bushel of meal;



and now, this sewing work will be such a help. O, if we could only get work all the time, that is all we would ask of our fellow creatures, in the way of assistance; for then we could always make out to live without begging or making a poor mouth, and we *don't want* to do either."

"I very well know that, sister G——: you are not of the complaining, but of the working sort. Trust still in God—he is not slack concerning his promises: he who hears the young ravens when they cry, will see to it that you and yours shall not perish for want of meat, either for the body or for the soul, sister G——."

"O no, ma'am," and the poor woman's face lighted up in a moment, "blessed be his holy name, I have meat to eat for my soul that the world knows not of, even the hidden manna of his grace."

"Thanks be to God for that, then, my sister! Your daily banquet is richer than that of some of those who live in kings' houses; and kings themselves might covet your fare. The privileges of God's poor are, I think with you, far more than their privations. I was thinking of this and of you too, sister G——, when I saw your little grand-daughter, as usual, at her place in Sunday-school. Her punctual attendance is a proof that you appreciate the instruction bestowed



upon her there; but I fear some of the poor are not of your way of thinking in the matter, or we would not see so many empty benches in our school-room. O, that I could see every seat there filled! Sister G——, don't you think the Sabbath-school a good place?"

A flush overspread the pale face of the poor woman, and her eye became animated, then humid with emotion, as she replied, "Indeed, I do think so, ma'am, and good reason, truly, have I to think it a good place. My son, my dear boy, who was killed in the Mexican war, was taught to read in the Sunday-school. All the schooling he ever had was what he got there, for he had to help me work hard all the week; but there, of Sundays, he learned to read his blessed Bible, and there he got religion. Yes, ma'am, he was converted to God, right in the Sabbath-school room, and so good and pious, as he was always after, and such a help to me, till called away to fight for his country; but, ma'am, he sent me word that in all the fighting, he never forgot to pray; and at last, when he got his death-wound, he died with the Bible, that he had learned to read in the Sunday-school, under his head; the very Bible that was given to him there, ma'am!—they brought me word that saw it. Now, ma'am, haven't I good reason to love the Sunday-school, that was the means of pro-



viding such a pillow for my poor boy's dying head?"

What a picture for my contemplation! What a succession of pictures! a moving tableau, shifting before me its myrioramic views; two figures ever *in relieve*, the widow and her son. And first, from her humble gateway, her eye straining after him in affectionate solicitude, her poor barefooted boy, on his way to the Sabbath-school. Then, his entrance there, timid and shrinking, till encouraged by the superintendent's cheering welcome, by his teacher's kindly notice. Then I saw him when first the words of life were made known to his awakened comprehension; when first he could read them for himself, for his poor mother, as night after night, she toiled at her weary seam, "the lamp of life" now cheering up that dim abode, where, till now, had been but the pale rushlight. Then, in the Sunday-school, I witness his conversion to God, his joy, his rapture, when he first felt "Christ formed within his heart, the hope of glory." The rejoicing at the poor widow's, when her child first informed her of the great estate that he had come into possession of; the "pearl of great price" that he had found. Ah! the wealth of a thousand such poor worlds as this, could not purchase the treasure that the poor widow's son had obtained "without money and



without price." Then I followed him, with my mind's eye, to the wars. I beheld him there, faithful to his country and to his God, foremost in the fight and lowest at the feet of Jesus, always at his post on the field, at the altar, albeit that altar set up in his own heart mid the din of battle, or the cursings and jeerings of the profane. Then I descried the ball that sped its death-course to his heart. I beheld him fall, and ere he closed his eyes in death, with strength scarce sufficient, saw him pull from his pocket a Bible, and with his trembling hand, place it under his sinking head, while, ere he breathed his last, my ear seemed to drink in these words of Christian confidence, as they fell from his dying lips, "Thy promises are all yea and amen forever;" and when the tidings were brought to the poor widow, then did I behold her kneeling by the side of her low pallet, and while bowing submissive to God's will, I conjectured her, meekly ejaculating, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight!" Then, to the ears of my understanding, she thanked God that her child had ever been taught to read his title clear to heaven, out of God's blessed Book, by means of the Sabbath-school. All this passed, in mental review before me, as the poor seamstress was folding up her work to depart.



“Before you leave, sister G——,” said I, (O, how I love to claim kindred with God’s humble poor! How I love to say “Brother,” “Sister,” to them of the same household of faith with me, the Christian poor! It is my letter of introduction to their acquaintance, my shibboleth to their cognisance, my passport to their confidence, my countersign to their affections,) “Before you leave, sister G——, I have a question to put to you. Wouldn’t you like to become a co-worker with God, for the Sabbath-school?”

“Yes, ma’am, truly would I, if I might but aspire to such honour; but, poor and ignorant as I am, is there any thing I can do?”

“Yes, sister G——, you can do a great deal, and it is in the way of paying a debt you owe, too; something in the way of paying off some of that big debt you owe, through God, to the Sabbath-school.”

“O ma’am, is there any possibility of my doing that? Tell me but how, and gladly will I do any thing.”

“Well, I will try to put you in the way; it is this:—You must tell all your poor neighbours just what you have been telling me about your son and the Sunday-school, and then persuade them to try it for theirs, as you did for yours.”

“Yes, ma’am, surely I will, if you think that



will do any good ; but, ma'am, I've got no book-learning, and am just poor like themselves—they'll never listen to the like of me."

"There you are mistaken, sister G—— : they will be much readier to listen to you than to a stranger. The rich and the great can sometimes do nothing with the poor, but just frighten or abash them ; and they even suspect, often, they must have some other design in view than their advantage. Some great and learned folks, no matter how pious, don't know how to talk to the poor : they go up so high, that they can't understand them, or so low, that they imagine they mean to make fun of them. No, sister G——, you must just do this thing yourself. Not only as you have, by sending your own child, advocate the Sunday-school ; but, also recommend it by your words. 'A word in season,' you know the wise man says how good it is."

Sister G——'s "word in season," or some other good influence, was at work pretty soon ; for the very next Sunday, there was a large increase to the Sabbath-school.

I believe the very best Sunday-school agents, provided they are properly instructed in regard to their duty, and properly appreciate their privileges in the matter, would be the poor themselves, for whose benefit especially, Sabbath-schools had



their origin; even when a Raikes and Wesley went out into "the streets and lanes, the highways and hedges," and compelled the children of the poor to come into the *Sunday-school*, where they have been "taught of God, and great has been the peace of their children:" instance the boy of the Sabbath-school, who, on the field of battle, peacefully pillowed his dying head on God's blessed word of truth, the Bible.





### The Lost Children.

“LOST ! lost !” Ah no, dear little ones,  
A Friend, a heavenly Friend, is near,  
Who looks upon your sore distress,  
Who hears each sigh, and counts each tear.

By whom restored you'll shortly be  
To those dear friends and that sweet home,  
To promise to your parents dear,  
No more to stray, no more to roam.

And they to bless that unseen Arm  
That compass'd you, and saved from ill,  
And then to vow that all their mind  
Shall be to do his holy will—

Who saved their helpless little ones,  
When in the forest dark and drear,  
Who comforted their troubled hearts,  
Or they had died with grief and fear.

Lord ! what a wandering race we are,  
From childhood unto man's estate :



O guide us safely home, before  
Perchance it ever be too late.

Through life's uncertain, devious way,  
Be thou our guide—O, leave us never:  
Forbid that we should always stray—  
Forbid that we be lost forever.





### The Alms-House.

“WE will go to the alms-house to-day,” said the minister: “one of my church members, a most worthy one, too, is its superintendent.”

The alms-house is about two miles from C——, located in a healthful sand-hill region: the house is quite a comfortable one, with a large enclosure of land around it, for grounds and garden. The superintendent, who met us at the gate, gave us a cordial invitation to walk in—first to the house assigned herself as a dwelling, and then to the alms-house proper, contiguous.

She said she had been left a widow, in reduced circumstances, with two sons to bring up and educate, which she was now endeavouring to do, by means of the salary allowed her as superintendent of the alms-house. The eldest of these her sons, was at the printing trade, very pious, and promising every way; and the youngest, a lad about twelve years old, at a day school in the neighbouring town; but was at home every night, to her great comfort, for he was a very affectionate and dutiful child.



After this short biographical sketch, we proceeded with her, to pay a visit to the inmates of the alms-house. These were not half a dozen in number; but very marked and diversified in condition.

The first we noticed was a deformed dwarf, an "innocent," (as the Scotch would call her,) one, from scanty proportion of intellect, simple, but harmless and inoffensive. The next, a palsied man, so greatly afflicted with this mysterious disease, that he was in constant motion, every muscle being incessantly agitated. This was the effect, we learned, of that cause of so much affliction to our race, intemperance. He had "sowed the wind," and now he was reaping "the whirlwind." The next, a woman of dull, lethargic appearance, whose sole occupation seemed to be smoking a pipe. The next, and last, an elderly woman, and blind: her countenance was indicative of great apathy of disposition, without that serenity, not to say cheerfulness, so generally characteristic of the blind. The minister "wailed a portion of Scripture with judicious care," for this unique group; and then, with them, knelt for prayer; particularizing, in a way most affecting and emphatic, their respective cases. As we rose from prayer, in none of their countenances could I observe any trace of emotion, except in that of the blind woman,



in the sockets of whose sightless orbs there stood a tear. It might seem she had got clearer *insight* to her situation as a sinner, than any of the others of the prayed-for there. On going out, aside, I ventured to ask the simple-dwarf, if she ever prayed: her face put on even a blanker expression than its wont, and she made no reply; but, when I said, "Can't you say, 'Lord have mercy upon me a sinner?'" a ray of intelligence shot into her dull eyes for a moment; a sort of solemnity sat for an instant, upon her stolid face, and she whisperingly replied, "Them's the words W. says." W. was the eldest son of the superintendent, a pious youth who had sometimes held prayer meeting for those inmates of the alms-house. O, the energy, the efficacy of these few simple words of prayer! How they gave hope and life to the poor publican! How they had even penetrated the thick rind of imbecility, indurating that poor idiot's mind!

The house and persons of the paupers appeared to be kept scrupulously clean and neat; and, at least, so far as physical appearances were concerned, there it seemed they might at least have been content; but sin in this our country, so generally the cause and precursor of severe poverty, (for here industry with virtue seldom comes to destitution,) was no doubt the wormwood and



the gall embittering their cup; and pride, which did not deter them from that which brought them to the poor-house, was no doubt their companion there, taking away even the little relish they might have otherwise possessed for their coarse but wholesome fare. The poor talk a great deal about the pride of the rich; but I have often thought, in their way, they cherished and fostered pride quite as sinful and offensive. I have known some poor, not ashamed to beg or steal, be quite indignant at the bare mention of the *poor-house*, as suitable to their circumstances.

As we left, the blind woman gave our hand a tight squeeze; the paralytic man, a spasmodic jerk; and the poor simpleton gave it a clutch with her bony, little, dried-up fingers. The inveterate smoker noticed our departure with two or three extra puffs—perhaps these said puffs might have had something to do with puffing her into the poor-house: certain it is, the poorest sort of poor, I have known to have time and money for tobacco, which *I* could never *afford*, to say the least of it.

When we left, said we to the superintendent, “Do you ever have any church members out here?”

“No,” said she, “of all the paupers that have been here in these years that I have had the charge, there has been but one—she *said* she had



been a church member; but she seemed entirely dead to all religious feeling whatever. This religious feeling is what they want, sir: in fact, it is this want, that is the cause, most commonly, of their being here. I try to talk to them about their souls; but it is almost impossible ever to arouse them to any sense of spiritual things. I think, sir, it must be because in their day there were few Sunday-schools; and when their hearts were young and tender, nobody spoke to them about religion. The blind woman is the only one here I have ever seen in the least affected by religious influence. My son, in the printing office, a member of your pastoral charge, sir, as you know, occasionally, when he gets a night at home, holds prayer meeting for us. The blind woman was once quite sick, and I proposed sending for a clergyman, to which she objected; but said W., my son, might pray for her, which he did, when she wept and said, 'O that I could have been taught about religious things in my youth, as has been this good and pious child of yours; then, I need not have been here, and with this hard heart;' but since that, she has seemed carefully to avoid the subject of religion. Her history, as she told it to me, is this:

"Her father was a farmer, able to make a living. She married a young man, at first but little



inclined to dissipation ; but this increasing on him more and more, death in a few years ended his career of intemperance, and her father being also by this time dead, she was left a widow, in poor circumstances, with a family of two or three boys to support. She brought them up in a careless, irreligious way, and taking to their father's habits, one by one, as they grew up they left her to the struggle of life alone. She worked very hard, but confessed all that time she was very wicked, and nothing that she undertook prospered. Her severe labours, at the loom and needle by night so affected her sight, that by degrees she became entirely blind. One and another helped her a little, till at length everybody grew tired of her, and she was brought to the poor-house"—to die, as it proved—for, a few days after our visit, death set his seal upon her already sealed eyes, and she passed away to where they will be opened to the sight of God, in judgment.

A few days only had elapsed since this visit, when the minister was sent for to see the superintendent's youngest son, who was dying. From the first of the attack, he was unconscious, and remained so until his death, with the exception of one short lucid interval, when he asked for his brother to pray for him ; and then he told his mother he was "going to a new school and a new



teacher." He had been a very regular and attentive Sunday-school scholar, and his mother had much to give her hope in his death.

"But, O," said the poor widow, in her grief for the death of her fine boy, "I had worked so hard for him, day and night, and now for him to be taken!"

"Supposing you had *not* worked hard for him," said the minister; "would that be any alleviation to the case?"

"No, no," said she, "the recollection of every hour I toiled for him is now a comfort to me, indeed!"

"Well, you worked so hard for his benefit, will you now object to it that for his greater, even his eternal benefit, God has removed him from this world to a better?"

"No, 'the Lord doeth all things well!' and so 'it is *well* with the child.'"

"Let us, for this, thank God," said the minister; and we knelt in prayer.

The sobs of the poor bereaved one rendered inaudible, at times, the words of the prayer; but, when she arose, we took knowledge by the serenity of her face, that the Healer had been applying the balm of Gilead to her bleeding heart, and that "the Comforter" had, with his own voice of love, spoken *peace* to her troubled spirit.



### The Blind Mother.

A LITTLE on the other side,  
Now, mother, dearest, let me guide—  
A crazy plank has fallen in,  
Just where thy foot had nearly been:  
Be wary, there—a little slow,—  
I'll hold thee now, nor let thee go  
Till safely on the other side  
We've cross'd the *burn*, so deep and wide—  
Its rushing, rapid stream no more,  
To stun thee with its deafening roar.  
Then on some bank that's not too near,  
We'll sit and chat, well pleased to hear  
The gentle murmuring of its flow,  
Like distant flute-note soft and low.  
O, mother, dearest, may at last  
The ills of life, like this, be pass'd;  
And O, be near thy tottering side,  
Than me, a surer, better guide:  
Thy Saviour, may he then be near,  
Thy feet to guide, thy heart to cheer,  
To lead thee gently, surely o'er,  
And land thee safe on Canaan's shore;  
Thine eyes to open to the sight  
Of that effulgent land of light.



### School and Sunday-School Revival.

A REVIVAL of religion, what is it? An outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the hearts of the people—a pentecostal shower of grace, watering the Lord's vineyard—a gracious ingathering into his garner—a spiritual harvest-home, of songs and shoutings and gratulations, when "joying before God, according to the joy in harvest"—a favoured season, "when the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

If a revival, or set time to favour Zion, is beatific in its influences for any, never more so than when the recipients of the benign influence are the young. When the flowers, fresh, fair, and fragrant, send up their earliest oblations, timidly but trustfully, to the Most High, how grateful must be the incense, how acceptable the sacrifice, this dew of their youth, thus rising in exhalation to the Sun of righteousness.

"A flower, when offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice."

In the year 1834, there was a very gracious re-



vival of religion in the Sabbath-school of C., which extended to a neighbouring Female Seminary. The work of God began at first, as it generally does, like a stone cut out of a mountain, or a cloud not greater than a man's hand,—a flush of the cheek, a sigh, a tear, the first indications. Then the cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" went up from hearts that might have been supposed had never known the burden of sin, nor the weight of human depravity. How innocent and spotless we might have adjudged them, and yet, were their owners declaring to us, they were "as a cage of unclean birds;" and that they must be utterly swept and garnished ere the halcyon bird of peace might take up its abode therein. Soon smiles succeeded tears. Reader, you may have beheld sunrise, sunset, the full-orbed moon, the evening-star, the rainbow, the Medicean Venus, the Belvidere Apollo, the great Koo-i-noor diamond, but, unless you have beheld the radiant smile on the sweet young face of a newly converted soul, you have not seen the most beautiful thing this side of "Beulah."

That smile upon a youthful face

Irradiates it as a star:

Jehovah's glory and his grace

Effulgent beaming on it, are:—

It is the reflex smile of heaven,

When mortals feel their sins forgiven.



The work went on in the school and Sabbath-school, in convicting, saving, sanctifying power. During the hour of recess at school, instead of the usual recreations, there would be songs of Zion, praise and prayer; and knots and circles would be formed, to talk of Jesus and his power to save. The regular exercises of the seminary had to be remitted. The institution was not a denominational one, and I was well aware that the excitement (as it was called) would do little to enhance its popularity, but, rather, much to detract from it; but I felt that the Spirit of God was taking up my work, and teaching my pupils in a way to which I was incompetent, the science of salvation. My regular "occupation," for the time, was "gone:" so I determined, cost what it would, to be a co-worker with God, in bringing souls to a knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus. If my seminary by this lost pupils, why heaven would gain angels—eternity, souls redeemed.

I had always felt it a great cross to open my school with prayer; but, considering it my duty, had persevered in it in much weakness and fear—I may add, in shame.

On inquiry into the way by which some of my pupils had been brought to God, said I to one, "And what do you think effected the change in you, dear M.?"



To my amazement, she said in reply, "It was your prayer."

"My prayer!" said I, with, I presume, an incredulous expression of voice and countenance; "Which prayer?"

"The one you made the other morning, ma'am, when you opened school."

I recollected I had done little more, as was my wont, than repeat the Lord's prayer. I narrate this fact for the encouragement of teachers, backward in the performance of this duty: it was certainly an encouragement to me in my humble (I fear too often reluctant) worship with my school.

The work going on I felt was of God. There was soon a meeting appointed in the church, and the work then went forward around that sacred place, God's altar. At one period of the services at church, I beheld a rush of persons to a place at the altar, then heard the sounds of rejoicing from a heaven-born soul, and then the cry, "My teacher! send for my Sabbath-school teacher! I want to tell my dear teacher what God has done for my soul!"

The daughter and niece of the minister were at the altar as mourners. The niece was soon converted, and the minister returned fervent thanks to God for the lost one found; but again did he take up the note of supplication for his still



mourning child at the altar. Her struggle from darkness into light was a severe one. Till after midnight did she kneel, heart-stricken, at that altar: prayer after prayer for her went up to the throne of grace; but yet "no cheering gleam of hope, nor spark of glimmering day." Once more did her father, that minister of God, carry her case to the mercy-seat, in language impossible to describe, so fervent, so touching, so eloquent: it was the going out of the soul of a Christian parent and pastor for one of the lambs of the flock, his own tenderly beloved daughter. Suddenly the language of the prayer changed from supplication to thanksgiving. Kneeling close to his child, he had caught the very first emotion of praise for sin forgiven that proceeded from her joyful and adoring heart. Yes, the minister's own child was a child of God!

O, that was indeed a time of great joy for God's children, and ours! In respect to most of those young girls born of God to a newness of life in Christ, "woman's lot" was on them—to weep, to suffer, to sacrifice, to do. The joy of the Lord, which is our strength, by them then received, strengthened them indeed for their part, their trying part, in life's coming drama. One became the missionary's, and one the itinerant's helpmeet—one died young, of disappointed hope—



another was the neglected wife—another linked to the bestial life of the inebriate—another was left orphaned and penniless, compelled to cope with poverty, single-handed and alone—another prostrated on the bed of languishing for years—another—but, of course, all the trials incident to denizens of this vale of tears fell to the lot of this girlhood community as probationers of eternity, in this place of discipline, the world. Yet, through all, was their faith as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast; the faith to them imparted, through the blessing of God on religious instruction, ere they left the protecting walls of their school and Sunday-school.





## Idolatry; or, The Idol Brother.

A TRUE STORY.

“LITTLE children, keep yourselves from idols,” is the divine injunction. Little children, here, meaning young Christians, or beloved children of God; and idols, not merely images of wood, stone, silver, or gold, before which there can be little danger of any Protestant ever bowing the knee; but, as the poet most clearly and beautifully expresses it,

“Whatever passes as a cloud between  
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,  
Causing that brighter world to disappear,  
Or seem less lovely, and its hopes less dear;  
This is our idol, even though it bear  
Affection’s impress, or devotion’s air.”

Now, from this definition of idolatry, how many idols are we in danger of setting up, and giving ourselves unto!

Wesley, in his sermon on spiritual idolatry, divides idolatry into three species, viz. the desire of the eye, the desire of the flesh, and the pride



of life : so that if we enshrine in our hearts any thing that will come under either of these heads of classification, be it pleasure, fame, wealth, ease, health, beauty, lover, friend, relation, then are we idolaters, though called Protestants and Christians.

The first two commandments of the decalogue are against this sin, the root of all others ; for, the love of money, the apostle says, is the root of all evil ; and likewise says, that covetousness is idolatry. Idolatry, literally, was the besetting sin of the Jews ; and idolatry, spiritually, is the besetting sin of Christians. God is a jealous God for his own glory and our good. He will permit in our hearts no rival with himself. He says, "Give *me* thy heart." When St. John fell down before the face of the angel to worship him, the angel said, "See, thou do it not !" and when the people would have sacrificed to Paul and Barnabas, they rent their clothes, crying, "Sirs, why do ye these things ?" Shall we offer to vain and sinful objects what was not permitted to angel or apostle ?

The most obdurate idol to be cast down from its high place in the inner temple of the heart, is *self* or the *will* ; and, until in the heart this utter abnegation of self or the will takes place, there God never reigns supremely, and there the perfect love of God is never found, nor is the entire sanc-



tification of the Christian (his exalted privilege) ever accomplished. But God has promised that "from all your idols will I cleanse you;" and he it is who alone is sufficient to effect the great iconoclasm. Then, in the appropriate language of the beautiful hymn, we pray,

"The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee."

And now I would introduce an illustration coming under my own knowledge, of a fond heart that set up within it an idol, but was at length purged thereof that the living and true God might make it for himself a temple.

"Don't, Meeta, persuade me any longer to be a Christian. Heaven would be no heaven to me without Edwin. His mind is, I fear, incurably skeptical; and, unless he believes in Christ with a heart unto righteousness, where God and his Christ is, there I know he can never come; and, O, how could I be happy even in paradise, without the brother of my heart, left to me in his infancy, by my dying mother!"

"Stay, my friend, be neither rash nor irreverent: know that Christ alone can make our heaven. Yes,



‘Tis Christ that makes our paradise,  
And where he is, is heaven :’

Where he is, there is ‘fulness of joy and pleasures  
forevermore.’ Earth’s shadows reach not there.  
There,

‘No cloud doth arise to darken our skies,  
Or hide for one moment our Lord from our eyes.’

But why limit the Holy One of Israel, or set  
bounds to the compassion of the Saviour of sin-  
ners? His grace is all-sufficient, and has reached  
many a more desperate case than Edwin’s.”

Edwin F. was a highly intellectual young man.  
Refined and literary, he sought not enjoyment in  
the frivolous or sensual pursuits common to young  
men of the world; but the pride of intellect led  
him away from the cross, and kept him from the  
feet of Jesus. Though young in the world of  
science, he had already attained to distinction;  
but he had been misled by “the opposition of  
science, falsely so called,” and “erred concerning  
the faith.” Yes, this had he done. Philosophy  
with elevated pride had carried him with her

“Above the tangling mass of low desires,  
That bind the fluttering crowd,”

but had failed to make him that “highest style  
of a man, a Christian.” As in the case of that  
other who trimmed the midnight lamp, though



young, (Kirke White,) ere long "science self-destroyed her favourite son," and "the pale student of sleepless nights, and hard laborious days," was at length called to lay down his pen, shut up his laboratory, close his books, and prepare for rest—rest in the grave. The forlorn hope of a winter in Cuba was prescribed by his physician, and it was while there, wasting away in the "decline" *whose end is death*, that the sister by whom he was so idolized, uttered, in the anguish of her heart, the startling sentiment we have recorded. Jane, however, repented of her folly, and no longer strove against the convictions she had so long resisted. Then her soul let go its idol, and Christ her Saviour reigned, and to a stranger to grace, singular as it may appear, much as she loved that brother, who was yet a stranger to the covenant into which she had entered, she could with a free heart sing,

"None but Christ to me be given,  
None but Christ in earth or heaven."

Now in the arms of faith and prayer she bore that brother to the mercy-seat. Her cry went up, "Give me the soul of my brother!" It penetrated the ear, the heart of God, and prevailed.

The letters from Edwin, though shorter and shorter, became increasingly full of hope—hope for



his life beyond the grave ; and, but for this his sister now seemed to be greatly solicitous. In one letter would be some heavenward aspiration, in another some indication of a mental struggle going on, in another some sign of spiritual conflict taking place, then the strongholds of unbelief appeared to be giving way : at last came *the letter*, the conquest had been gained, the victory won, and the goal by that time attained. His last message was, "Tell my sister I die a Christian, with a hope full of immortality."





## The King's Daughter.

A TRUE STORY.

Ps. xlv. 13.

CHARITY is its own reward. "It blesses him that gives and him that takes," as our great poet hath it, and as a higher authority, even the Scriptures of truth, inform us, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Hence, to induce to that form of charity, hospitality, God says, "For thereby some have entertained angels unawares;" and that brings to my mind our high honour and great reward when on a charity visit to a very poor cottage, we found we had been paying a visit to "the King's daughter!"

"But how can that be?" inquires some young reader. "We, in this our republic of America, have neither kings nor their daughters: so, how could you have enjoyed the distinguished honour of paying your respects to "the King's daughter?" We shall see!

It was Saturday afternoon: if I pay a visit at all on Saturday afternoon, I like it to be to the



poor. It is a sort of preparative for the Sabbath, a view of the wants of our fellow creatures causing our thoughts to advert more directly to Him, in whom all our help lieth, both for soul and body—a sight of the afflictions of life so sobering and chastening the volatility of our minds, as to impart more efficacy to the services of the sanctuary in quickening them in their desires after that “holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.”

So, as I said, it was Saturday afternoon, when I bethought me of paying a visit to the sick-poor, the inmates of a very mean hut in the outskirts of the town of C——. A family of God's poor they were, who had, on my occasional visitations to them, always ministered to me spiritual things more abundantly than I felt I was enabled to do to them. On my way I called for two pious members of our church, who desired to accompany me on my visit of charity. They were both eminently pious and gifted females, delighting to minister to the poor, spiritually and physically; and I felt, in them, I was carrying my humble cottagers, that afternoon, more than a common benefaction.

As we entered the little garden in front of the cottage, we noticed an attempt had been made to cultivate a few flowers; and I observed a very fine



plant, difficult of culture in aristocratic parterres, here growing and blossoming luxuriantly.

"See," said I to Mrs. S., one of my companions, "the poor may have some things, after all, that the rich may not." Ay, things of more importance than a flower, as we soon found out.

As we entered the door the oldest inmate, the grandmother, over fourscore years, was, we saw, as usual, propped up on her poor pallet, suffering acutely from the ravages of disease on her aged and emaciated frame.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. McC——," said I: "I have brought two of my friends to see you. How are you in health to-day?"

"But poorly as usual in body, ma'am. I am very thankful to you for having brought the ladies."

"And how are you in the more important part, the soul, Mrs. McC——?"

"O, all is right there, ma'am; blessed be God!"

"Then, for that you rejoice?"

"Yes, ma'am, for that I do rejoice continually," she added; "rejoice in him my Lord, continually."

Then there was joy continually in such untoward circumstances as these,—old age, decrepitude, disease, privation, poverty! O, how my soul magnified the riches of that grace of God, that



thus brightened the abode of poverty, that thus lightened the load of suffering which the discipline of his providence places upon his creatures for their eternal good. Then she informed us how long she had been a member of the church, even forty years; how her husband died happy in God; how in her widowed state, poor and with a family of small children, she had managed, somehow, to get along, till her eldest daughter marrying, left a widow, dependent, and with a house full of children, they had found it impossible to support them all on their small patch of land, had removed near the factory, where the children as well as themselves might get employment: "and, hard as my grandchildren have to work, ma'am, times are better with us now than formerly," said she: "God be praised for it!"

Then, she had been in poverty all her life, it would seem, "though poor, yet making many rich" by her prayers and example; for we found that her household was one of faith, and most of its inmates church members. We had here a striking exemplification of cheerful, industrious poverty; but poverty it was, nevertheless; and this old disciple especially, sick and poor, required much in the way of alms as well as prayers, to smooth her passage to the tomb. So, having sown to her "our carnal things," out of our baskets,



it was meet that "our spiritual things" should be sown to her, in equal proportion, out of the treasury of that faith which is of God; and so we were ready to communicate as best we might. Then I read to her some cheering and appropriate chapters of Holy Writ—then Miss B. sung some of her beautiful hymns, and a voice rich, if not as cultivated as Jenny Lind's, gave to that poor cottage, music such as few drawing-rooms ever hear; and the words of "The Rock that is higher than I," "I do believe," "I want to go there too," accompanied by that delightful melody, went right to the hearts of the auditory of the cottage; but especially to that of the aged and sick one, whose languid eyes now glistened with rapture—the rapture of the Christian, when the soul is filled with glory and with God! Then Mrs. S. prayed. O, such a prayer! It was, as Caughey says, "asking for something:" it was a direct application that met with a direct response. The golden chain of prayer had brought such heavenly manifestations down into the hearts of those in that poor cottage, as seemed to have transformed it into a palace, for glory and for beauty; a palace! no, that is too poor, a heaven; at least, we felt it to be the gate to it, to our souls that evening. As we were on our way home, "Who" said I, "would exchange that poor woman's peace in be-

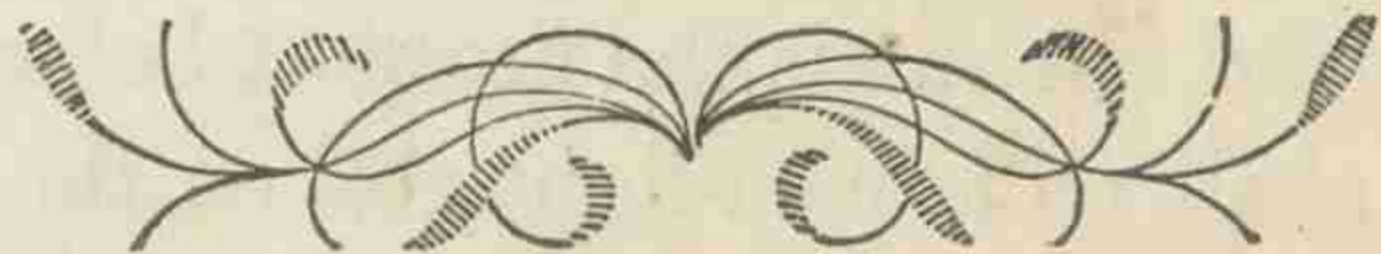


lieving, and joy in the Holy Ghost, for all that men call rich or great. With these, how much happier is she in her poverty, than a queen without the grace of God !”

“O, but you know,” said Miss B., “she is the King’s daughter !”

“And all glorious within,” I added.

Young reader, you see how we were paid for our mission of mercy to that abode of poverty. We got acquainted with “the King’s daughter;” and if also we obtained an interest in her prayers, why we secured “a friend at court;” for the prayers of the poorest saint in our behalf will reach the ear of him who ruleth and reigneth in heaven, even “the King of kings and Lord of lords.”





*To a Young Lady.*

THY young life is yet in its fresh, rosy morning,  
And gayly the flowerets of hope are adorning  
Its pathway of joy, where no trace hath yet been  
Of the cares of the world, or its grief, or its sin.

But life's morning brightness may vanish full  
soon,

And sooner, alas! may its flow'rets decay,  
And its pathway may darken, before e'en its noon  
Hath all fully appear'd, or its morn pass'd  
away.

Yet, when shadows and darkness are hovering o'er  
thee,

And dim and obscure is the prospect before thee—  
O, then, shall no beacon-light rise on the gloom,  
Thy spirit to lighten, thy soul to illumine?

O, yes! for I know in thy sunshine thou'lt  
cherish

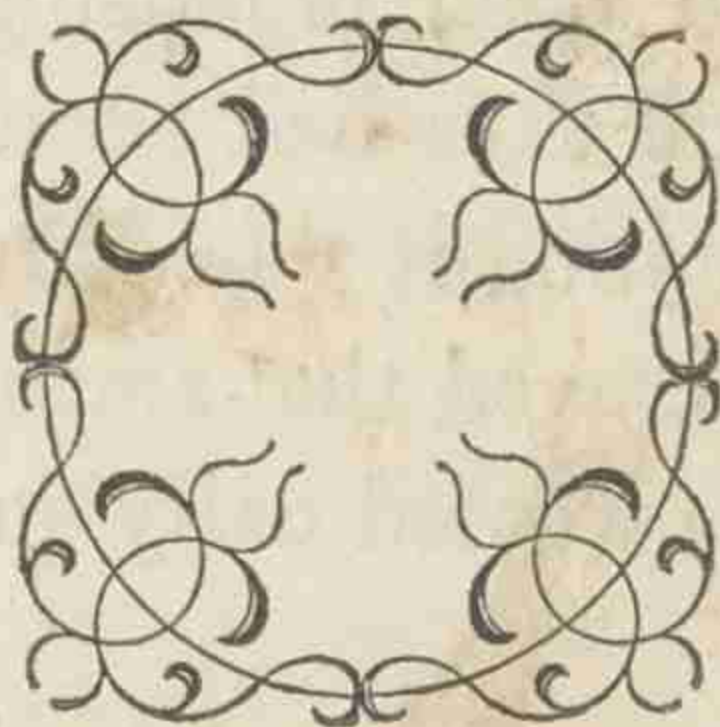
One pure ray of light to illumine thy gloom—



'Tis religion's blest beam, and it never must  
perish,  
But lighten thy pathway, e'en unto the tomb.

That heavenly ray, let it ever be beaming,  
Like the fire of the Gheber, that ever is gleam-  
ing;

'Tis thy bright saving spark, and thou ever must  
cherish  
That light of thy soul, or in darkness thou'lt  
perish!





### Self-Denial; or, Butter-Money.

I HAD been taking up a subscription for a Sabbath-school library: a little boy wanted to give something in aid of the object, and had no other way of getting a penny, but by means of retrenchment; "a penny saved, is a penny got," all the world over: so, accordingly, in a few weeks after, he comes with great glee to me, holding out his half dollar, saying, "Here, sir; it's my butter-money!" I was afterward informed by his parents, that he had been practising self-denial in the butter line, and thus had earned his half dollar; for, by calculation it was found that in the mean time he had saved that amount by the denying himself of his wonted daily quota of butter.

BROTHER! give your "butter-money;"

Self-denial is the word;

Sacrifice is necessary

Now, if ever, for the Lord.

Sister! give your "butter-money;"

Let retrenchment now begin:



Much unto the Master's treasury  
Can, by saving, be cast in.

Man ! down with your "butter-money ;"  
Call it by what name you please,—  
Wines, tobacco, hounds, or horses ;  
Give from each or all of these.

Woman ! give your "butter-money ;"  
Silk or satin, ribbon, lace,  
Broach or bracelet, ring or necklet ;  
Give it,—God will give you grace.

Child ! count out your "butter-money ;"  
Fruit or candy, toy or cake :  
All your little hoarded saving  
Freely give for Jesus' sake.

Servant ! show your "butter-money ;"  
Hard, the savings may have been :  
Hard, but O, 'twill be return'd you,  
Not with measure scant or mean :

Scant or mean is not the measure  
Christ returns to those that give :  
"Pressed down, shaken, running over,"  
Unto you, while you shall live.



Miser ! give your "butter-money ;"  
Now, your coffers open wide :  
Rust consumes the richest treasure,  
Riches will not aye abide.

Lay up now in "bank" unfailing,  
Have a "*safe investment*" where  
There shall be no sad misgiving  
For the safety of a "*share.*"

Christian ! pay your "butter-money ;"  
You are not your own, you know—  
His, who with a price hath bought you—  
Then, to Him you all doth owe.

Stewards of his gracious bounty,  
Full recipients, every day ;  
Shall we, when his cause is needing,  
Him, his own refuse to pay ?

While the souls whose hopes are on you,  
Black and red, and bond and free,  
With one voice, *on you* are calling  
To this work of charity.



Unity.

PSALM cxxxiii.

WHEN hearts would their greatest affection ex-  
press,  
And would prove that affection aright,  
They can do, it is thought, nothing more, nothing  
less,  
Than in bonds of affection unite.

When Christians in labours of love would agree,  
And would gladden the world with the sight  
Of brethren dwelling in sweet unity,  
All together, of course, they unite.

When freedom our fathers determined to know,  
In arranging themselves for the fight,  
Not straggling, by ones, to the field did they go  
In firm phalanx; they knew to unite.

When of old, the apostles were sent to proclaim  
All the gospel of life and of light,



They were taught, while they went, in the one  
blessed name,  
Yet "by two and two" still to unite.

For any great good that's expected below,  
Any flood-tide of love or of light,  
The streamlets must first all attractively flow,  
And at last in one ocean unite.

And so we are here, of one heart and one name,  
And one cause to unite, with one might,  
One hope, and one calling, one effort, one aim,  
For, though many, as one we unite.





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### Good Friday.

WOULD you hear of Christ that died?  
Christ the Lord, the crucified,  
Left his glory, came to earth,  
Humble, lowly, was his birth;  
Poverty and sorrow were  
His to suffer, his to bear  
All the sin of human kind:  
Yet, he never once repined,  
Cheerfully the ransom paid,  
Full and free atonement made.

Come to Calvary, Him view,  
Wounded, bleeding, 'twas for you;  
Braved the horrors of the grave,  
You to succour, you to save:  
Bore the agony and shame,  
Blasphemies upon his name,  
All the railing of the throng,  
All the people's wrath and wrong,  
All the curses of the crowd,  
All the tauntings of the proud,



All for you, 'twas all for you ;  
Sad the story, Lord, but true,  
Of thy sorrows here on earth :  
Teach our souls to know their worth,  
Peace and pardon by them wrought,  
Full redemption by them bought :  
Ever be thy grace adored,  
Glorious Saviour, mighty Lord !





On Presenting my Friend a Bible.

REMEMBER him, who through the storm  
Of darkest wo, was ever near,  
Who quieted thy heart's alarm,  
And still'd thy soul's desponding fear.

Remember him in every time,  
Though joyous be thy life and lot :  
In foreign land, in distant clime,  
O, never be thy God forgot !

E'en by thy girlhood's holy token,  
Thy God's in weal or wo to be ;  
E'en by his body thou hast broken,  
Thy Saviour will remember thee.

Remember him, and be thy friend  
This precious word, his gift to thee ;  
Thy friend of many years hath tried  
To find no richer gift for thee.



On my Daughter's Fifteenth Birth-Day.

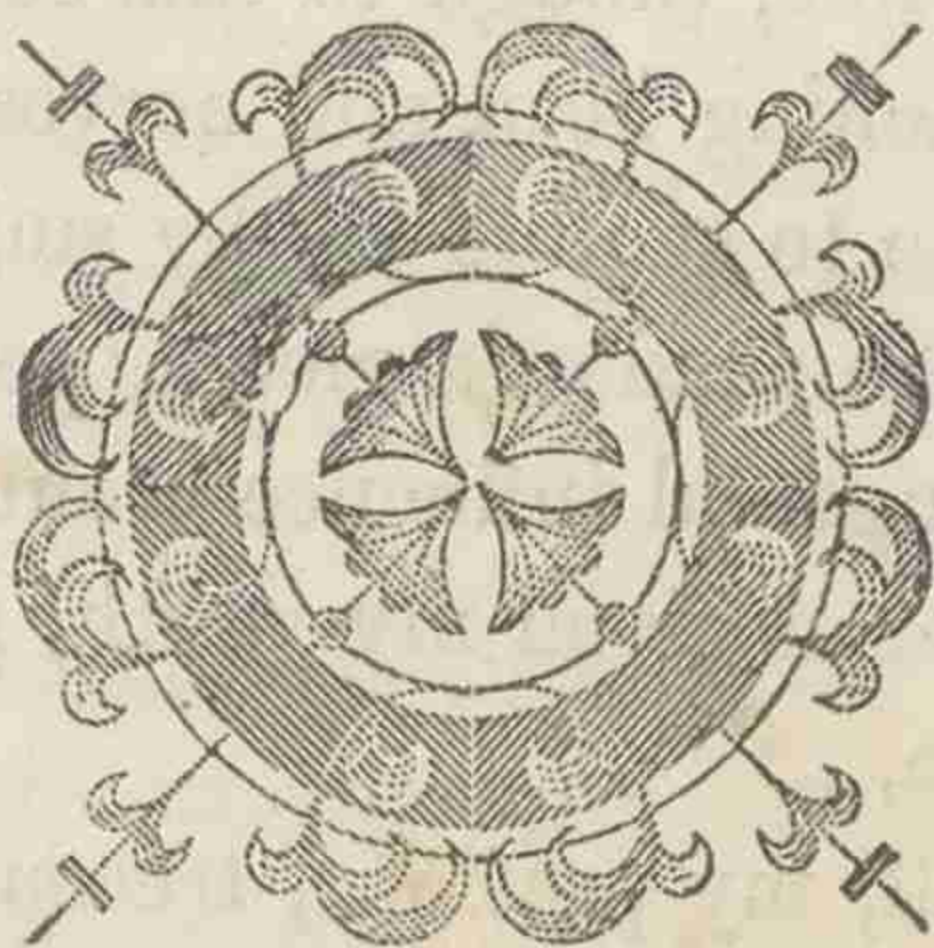
THY childhood's sunny life is past,  
O yes, it can no longer last,  
For fifteen summers sound the knell,  
To childhood, of a long farewell;  
And thou a bud, worn on my bosom,  
Soon shall expand into a blossom.

How anxiously that bud I tended!  
How eagerly from harm defended!  
How did I watch and pray unceasing!  
With every year, my care increasing;  
Those watchings, prayers, and cares, forever  
Shall they be fruitless? never, never!

For them, return'd an hundred-fold  
To me, shall be the measure told:  
For every prayer and every tear,  
For every hope and every fear,  
For all, my wages shall be given,—  
Part here on earth, the rest in heaven.



When I shall see my bud, my blossom,  
Worn on my blessed Saviour's bosom,  
The very air of heaven perfuming,  
As erst the earth's, when here 'twas blooming;  
Thus making even heaven the sweeter:  
My flower, my child,—there may I meet her!





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### The Teacher.

IN REPLY TO A KIND TRIBUTE FROM A FORMER PUPIL.

GREAT hath been my reward—exceeding great—  
Past my deserts, e'en for long years of toil,  
Of prayers, and tears, and cares.

Full sixteen years  
Of my life's prime, though to this service given,  
Oft-time with aching head and nerves unstrung,  
In sorrow, made to semble joy by smiles  
Illusive, (lest the shadow's gloom, perchance,  
Might throw ungenial influence around.)  
Though have been given my youth, my strength,  
my time,

This most of all, my precious, treasured time—  
When I had fain woo'd nature's vernal breeze,  
Inhaled her balmy freshness, by her streams,  
And through her woods, and up her mountain-  
sides,

Gain'd health and spirits. More, when I had fain  
Held gentle converse with a youthful muse,  
That stirr'd within me aspirations high,



And fervid dreamings. Most, when I had fain  
Sought solitude, for deep communion's sake  
With my Creator, and with mine own heart.  
Though more, far more than hath been mention'd  
here,  
This service hath demanded; yet, hath all  
Been cheerfully accorded, and for all  
Have I had my reward.

Hath not the husbandman who sows the seed,  
When the rich harvest crowns the smiling land,  
Hath he not his reward? And hath not he  
Who tends a flower, and notes its budding forth,  
Watches its petals, one by one, unfold,  
Its tints grow brighter with each morning's sun,  
Till in the glory of its beauty's prime,  
He reapeth hope's fruition!

Hath not the architect, who from the ground,  
Raises, in fine proportion, by the rules,  
A noble edifice—(with architrave,  
Frieze, cornice, chapiter, and cunning work,  
Curious and rare, as perfecting the whole)—  
His name enstamp'd on it, as Angelo's  
Upon St. Peter's,—hath he not reward?

Hath not the sculptor, when the unshapen mass  
Grows 'neath his hand, to symmetry and grace,



(In attitude, contour, and drapery,)   
Becomes embodiment of such rare art,   
As shall attract the world, and place his name   
And work upon the pedestal of fame,   
That pride of place, by side of Phidias :   
Hath he not his reward ?

Hath not the painter, when the dim outline,   
Each day before his rapt, admiring gaze,   
Grows into form and beauty—is adjudged   
(In outline, shading, colouring, perspective,)   
By taste refined and cultivated eye,   
A *chef d'œuvre*, a gem, worthy the master's,   
That which shall twine his yet unhonour'd brow   
With the proud wreath of "Raffaelle, the divine."   
Hath he not his reward ?

Hath not the teacher, greater than they all,   
Who, for "material," takes the human soul,   
For "soil," the immortal mind, for "canvas,"   
The undying intellect, for "marble-block,"   
The breathing being in God's image made—   
Who notes the soul's expansion, who observes   
The mind's development—who marks the growth   
Of intellect, the fining of the spirit   
From its dross—the being's purifying   
For its high destiny—its place with God—   
Who plants the seeds of virtue in the heart,



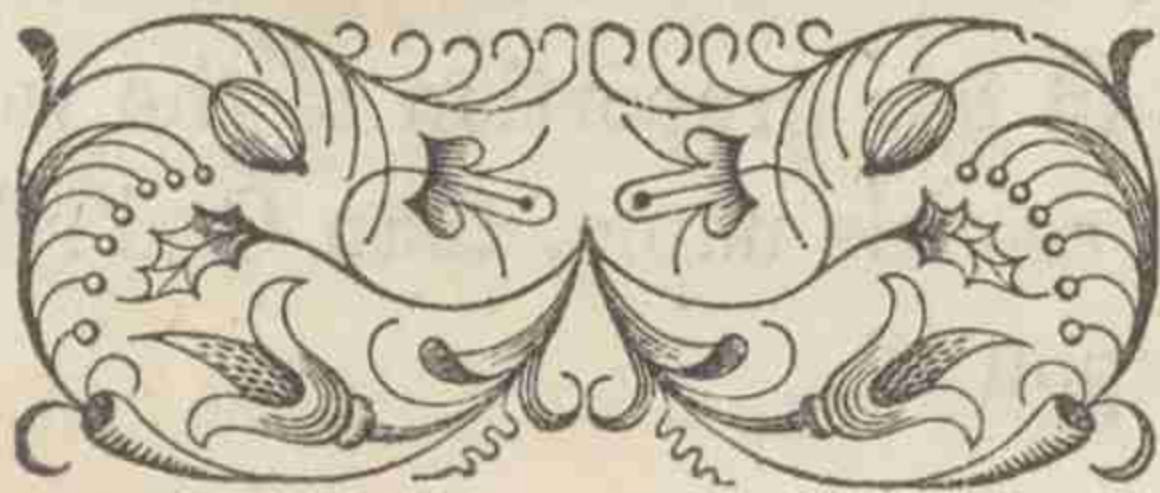
Who warms the embryo excellence to life,  
Who smiles upon the buddings-forth of good,  
Who checks at once the wayward shoots of ill,  
Who prunes, and weeds, and trims, and trains—  
    then sees  
The moral plant perfected—O, hath not  
The teacher his reward?

My labour was of love. Nurtured for God  
These children were; and he hath given me  
My wages. Yet, if when the teacher sees  
The child of many prayers, of hopes and fears,  
Of careful watching, training, answering all  
The fondest expectations; is it vain,  
Or wrong, that he'd enjoy or wish to claim  
Full meed of labour? Poets are allow'd  
To their productions to affix their names,  
And artists, too, to theirs—it is their due—  
The teacher also, nobly emulous,  
When some embodiment of excellence,  
Stands out in fair proportion to the world,  
Would also see his name, than God's but lower,  
Inscribed upon it.

Like the proud artist's glorious epitaph,  
May not the humble teacher's also say,  
"My monument, if you desire to see,  
Lo, look around you!"



Mine be my pupils—thee, as one, I claim,  
Ay, even thee—at selfsame task, also,  
With thine old teacher—wooing, too, the muse  
May be, like her, by chances or by stealth,  
Yet so successful, that thou hast caught  
The mantle, ere she goeth. May it be  
By thee, than her, more gloriously worn !  
More gratefully, it may not—for she held  
The very hem of it, as sanctified  
By God's endowment, honourable more  
Than robe of state, or even royal raiment.  
Then I've had my reward—my glorious work  
Hath been its own, exceeding great reward.  
A thousand-fold it hath repaid me—ay,  
Ten thousand-fold, when it hath paid with thee.





### The Teacher's Wages.

“Take this child, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.”

NONE are called to serve God for naught. He is no hard master. His is no unreasonable service. He gives to his servants “that which is just and equal.” He not only holds out to them the recompense of the reward at last; but he gives the faithful labourer in his vineyard, without fail, his penny a day. Of all the labourers in the Master's vineyard, perhaps none, by the world, is taken less account of, or brought less prominently forward in approbation before the public, than the Sabbath-school teacher; but the faithful Sabbath-school teacher is buoyed up to a conscientious performance of his duty by no consideration whatsoever of this kind: no ephemeral excitement, no temporary enthusiasm prompted him to begin or persevere in this patient continuance in well-doing; and it is least in his thoughts to expect plaudit from the world for his humble performance of this quiet, unobtrusive Christian



duty; but he does look forward, and this it is which animates him by the way, to at length "the well done, good and faithful servant;" and that, will not that high plaudit be an over-payment for all his work of faith and labour of love here? But he who is liberal and withholdeth not, sees to it that he has his wages for nursing that child—not at the end of the term, but all along, apportioned out to him, according to his wants and his necessities, and as encouraging to his heart, that might grow faint, or as strengthening to his hands, that might fall down; for, alas, for the stability or perseverance of the best human efforts, unless animated, strengthened, and sustained by the grace of God, of that grace which is made "perfect in our weakness!" In noting down the dolings out of my "wages," a few of them I have particularly marked, as being of themselves enough return for my poor services, even did I receive, never, more or greater. I do not here take into the account, at all, the occasional tear of youthful penitence, (than a pearl more precious to the pious Sabbath-school teacher;) nor to that love of God, irradiating, as with a star, the ingenuous countenance, (to the faithful Sabbath-school teacher, in lustre more resplendent than a diamond;) nor to the affectionate welcome of the class, nor to its kind good-bye, each Sab-



bath morning—though these, and many others of like character, are certainly the penny-fees, by the way;—but the cases I would make mention of, are where the wages came, as it were, all in a lump—where I received “mine own with interest.”

There had been an unusual earnestness and seriousness in my Sabbath-school class—several I believed near the kingdom; but I had not faith to expect, just then, any of them to enter into the possession of “the pearl of great price.” After a solemn exhortation from the desk, my class broke up with stillness and solemnity. Many a youthful face, that morning, left the Sabbath-school bedewed with the tears of penitence. The services of the sanctuary all day were unusually impressive. In the evening a call was made for mourners to approach the altar. There, to my joy inexpressible, I saw approach a number of our Sabbath-school pupils. In the mean time, the congregation was dismissed; but a few could not leave that altar. Soon I observed some excitement among a group collected around one of those who had approached for prayer, and presently from the midst of it issued a sweet voice. “My teacher! O, where is my teacher?” Well knew I the voice, and directly made I one of that happy throng, gathered around the young convert, just made to rejoice in the pardoning love



of God, richly communicated to her soul. Yes, there was my Sabbath-school scholar, surrounded by her whole family, not excepting her aged grandmother, all deeply sympathizing with her in her new-found joy; but even that joy could not be complete without having, also, as its participant, her Sabbath-school teacher. Several other pupils of our school were happily converted to God during this season of good; and now, at length, how I reaped the reward of my humble but ungrudging services as a Sabbath-school teacher. But another incident, as illustrative of the recompense of the reward, even here, of this unostentatious, but important Christian duty. I had at one time, say about ten or twelve years ago, a most interesting scholar—docile, diligent, punctual. My soul was more than commonly drawn out for that child, and I tried, in my poor way, to teach her faithfully, although I must say it was pleasure to sow seed on soil holding out such promise. In the lapse of time, when ill-health and the cares of a family, most reluctantly, have drawn me from the school, as a teacher, I nevertheless cannot deny myself the gratification of occasionally visiting the Sabbath-school. I had sent my little daughter the previous Sabbath, for the first time, to the school. On the Sunday following I stepped into the school as it was in full exercise. Judge my



emotion, when, in casting my eyes over at the bench I used to occupy, there sat my little daughter, her large dark eyes bent, lovingly and earnestly, upon her teacher—my former Sabbath-school scholar! Cant about your Claudes, Corregios, and Titians! Such a picture as that is more a *chef d'œuvre* to the Christian, the parent, the Sabbath-school teacher, than any or all of the perfect models of the masters. 'Tis a picture daguerreotyped directly upon the tablets of the heart—rich above all the colouring of art, a gem beyond all price—one of those “apples of gold in pictures of silver” that is a treasure inestimable, not only to the eye, but to the heart and the understanding. Yes, there was my former Sabbath-school scholar, anxiously, patiently, affectionately, instilling into the tender heart and conscience of my child, those same truths that I had endeavoured to impart to her.

Truly, truly “none ever served God for naught.” To be sure, it is not here that we are to look for the great “recompense of the reward hereafter;” but yet if we would notice the particular providences of God, exercised over us in the common affairs of life, we would see oftener than we do, that for our good or evil, even here, there follows somewhat of a corresponding reward or punishment—a kind of analogy between what is now,



and what will be *then*—a foretaste, as it were, of how it will be when according to our deeds, reward or punishment will be proportionate and eternal.

But yet another of my illustrations, and I am done; and this occurred but a few days ago. A young wife and mother lay on the bed of languishing and death. Consumption had marked her for its own; but this merciless, yet merciful disease had afforded her opportunity of viewing the things of time in their proper light, in order to a preparation for the eternity to which she was so certainly approaching. With all to render life desirable, she desired not life. She had been a pupil of our Sabbath-school—had there been well indoctrinated in the fundamental truths of our common Christianity; consequently, her views of the great plan of salvation were scriptural and clear; so that all she had to do now, was simply by faith to apprehend the Saviour as hers, to open the door of her heart for the reception of the heavenly Guest that was waiting to enter in. Then how easy it was to give up all for him! once “Christ Jesus formed within her heart, the hope of glory,” and then youth, family, fortune, husband, children, even her sucking-babe—she could give up all, and trust all with him, “her strength and her Redeemer.” She had but one parting injunction,



to weeping friends around, in regard to the little ones so soon to be motherless—"O, I want you to bring my children up in the fear of God." "You must send them to *Sabbath-school*." Sabbath-school teacher, who stood by that death-bed and listened to that last, solemn injunction, had you not then your reward? Go on with your "work of faith and labour of love, in due time you shall reap if you faint not." Yea, even "faint, yet pursuing," be your watchword, and "by this conquer."





### Death at School.

OUR happy school has been lately under the chastening hand of God; and we have recently received a lesson, which, if rightly improved, will be worth more to us than all the instruction ever given within our walls. One has been taken from among us—one of our youngest, sweetest, best—suddenly, unexpectedly, without time for one parting word or look of affection; but she, our pious and gentle Susan Keitt, was the one, of all; the best prepared to be the sacrifice—the one best fitted to be taken for the good of many. Death has, in this instance, been brought very near to many a light heart that had else been untouched with its awful reality; and the necessity of a preparation for that solemn event forced thus upon the consideration of many a careless conscience, that had else slept serene in all the fancied security of youth and health.

“For *us* they sicken, and for *us* they die.”

Susan's bodily sufferings were short, and comparatively slight. There was no alarming symp-



tom until Saturday afternoon, when immediately entire unconsciousness seemed to come on, and that night, (Saturday, 6th of March,) before eleven o'clock, she had breathed her last. "The last struggle" could scarcely be so called with her. It seemed but a breathing her life away on the bosom of Jesus. She had leaned on him in life, and he would be her support and solace in the hour of death. He will take his own lambs to his bosom, and she was one of his.

She was but in her fourteenth year, yet she had been a member of the church for a considerable length of time. Instead of losing her religion, (as so many young persons do when they leave home,) she appeared to be gaining in many important particulars, growing daily in the knowledge as well as in the love of God. She was never backward in avowing her religious principles, nor ashamed of being called "a Methodist." Yet she was ever modest and unassuming in her Christian profession. She never neglected her "class-meeting" when opportunity offered—was a punctual Sabbath-school scholar, and never failed to renew her covenant with God at the communion altar. In short, it was a sweet exemplification of unaffected, youthful piety—of a simple and sincere faith, that eventually, would have brought forth all the fruits of righteousness,



to the fully perfecting of a lovely Christian character.

And why this bud of promise so early nipped? but that the buds and blossoms of to-day boast not in the beauty and strength of their youth, "which cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down."

And why she of all, be taken? but that the sudden death of this young Christian might convey an admonition not to be disregarded, in words few, but plain, pointed, and not to be misunderstood by any: "Be ye also ready."

The school seem to feel their bereavement sensibly. She was obliging, kind, and affectionate to all. They all loved her; but He who loved her more than all has taken her to himself, and to her beloved parents in heaven, who had both long since gone before her to that blessed home.

O, it is surely a lovely thing for youth to die in the Lord! The ancients had a saying, "Whom the gods love, die young;" but we have a better, even the saying of the only living and true God himself,—"I love them that love me, and those that seek me *early*, shall find me;" and how could he better declare his love unto children, than by the saying, "Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven?"



Dear children! lay all this, then, to heart. Susan was a young teacher, and her death a pathetic lesson; but the teacher was at least sincere, you know, and the lesson—O, the lesson!—eternity alone can more fully teach you its importance.





### Lament of the Loved.

ON THE DEATH OF J. K. ALEXANDER.

FATHER ! he's gone ! No more you'll look upon  
His open brow, his noble, manly air.  
Mother ! the darling of your eyes is gone !  
No more you'll see his soft and wavy hair,  
Nor brush it gently from his forehead fair,  
Nor greet that smile that brightened everywhere,  
And that cast shadow none.

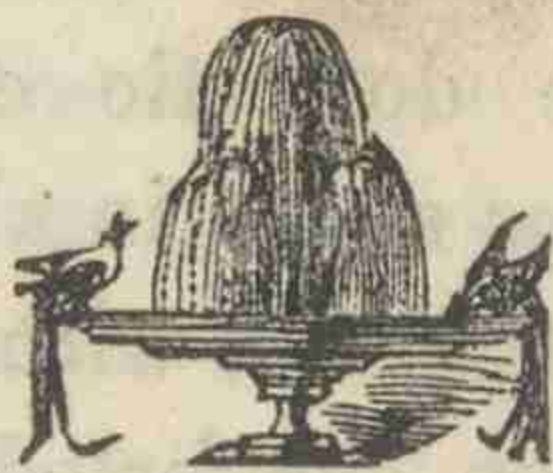
Sister ! no more his laugh shall greet your ear :  
No more, no more the music of his voice  
Shall strike upon your heart-strings, sweet and  
clear,  
Like song of birds, that doth the day rejoice.  
Gladness sprang up before him, as its choice ;  
Its very element was that dear boy's  
Own nature—joyous e'er.

Dark, dark, indeed, the gloomy vale of tears,  
Through which the broken-hearted needs must  
go



'Tis said there's solace in the lapse of years,—  
That time contains a balm for every wo :  
It cannot be—it is not so—O no !  
Slight is the solace that such can bestow ;  
Such cannot dry *our* tears.

But there *is* comfort, ay, there is, in this,  
That he was called not in his sins away :  
That, far beyond the gloomy grave's abyss,  
Our hope for him lives in the climes of day,  
Where, with his God, whose voice he did obey  
In early youth, he lives, he lives, for aye,  
In bliss, eternal bliss.





### A Happy Death.

THE family of the Rev. Mr. Talley have been in sorrow, yet rejoicing. Death has been in their midst; and yet, death deprived of his sting, and not recognisable in his character as "king of terrors." Yet, has he, with relentless shaft, cut down in his youthful vigour the youngest son, "the child of their old age," the one the parents had hoped most to lean upon in the downhill of life, to whom they had most fondly looked as the brightener of home, when their elder sons would be, in all probability, pursuing the avocations of life, far removed from the domestic circle. And yet, such sweet hope has shone in all this trying dispensation. Looking at it with the eye of faith, how have they been comforted, blessed, and honoured—yes, what parent is not honoured to give an angel to the sky? blessed, in witnessing the triumphant departure of an heir of glory! comforted, that their child has gone "where sickness and sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more!"



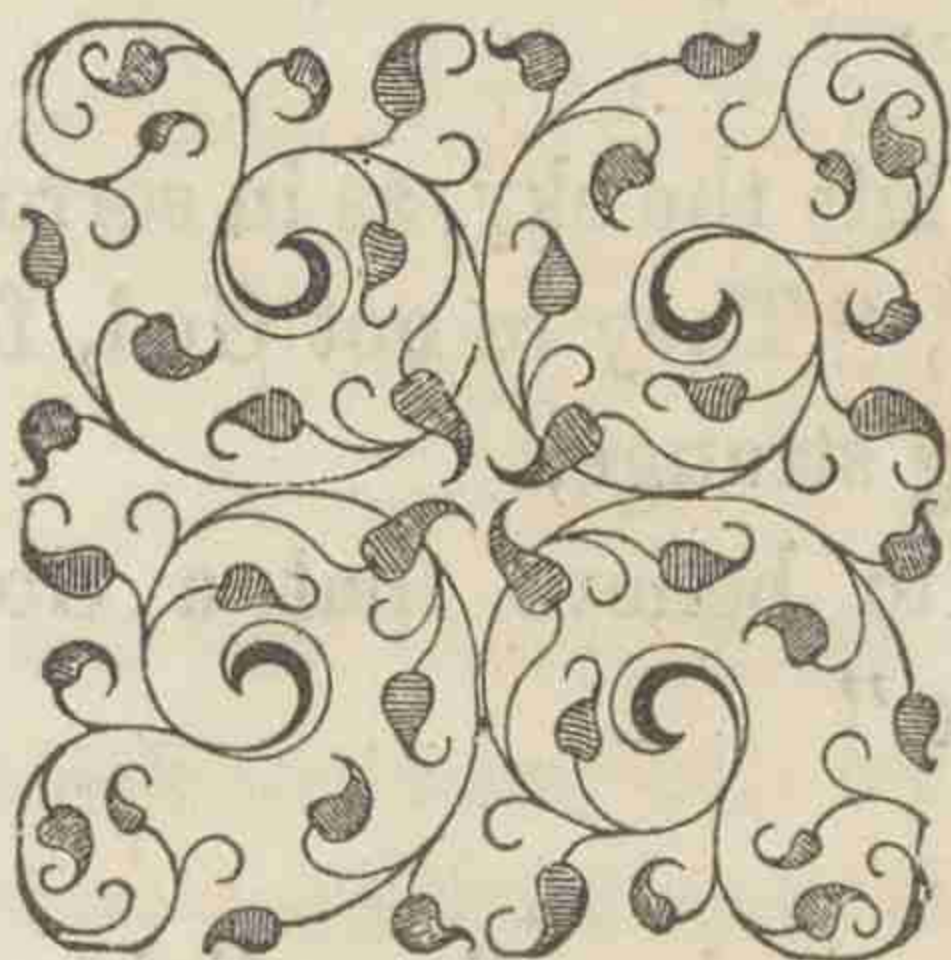
Our young Christian brother, Milton Potter Talley, who on the 2d instant triumphantly entered into the joy of his Lord, was the son of the Rev. Nicholas and Amey Ann Talley, born in Smithville, North Carolina, October 5, 1831. About three weeks previous to his death, he was attacked with pneumonia. The symptoms of the disease, with some intermissions, were alarming from the beginning, so much so, that serious apprehensions for the result were not concealed from him, his pious father earnestly exhorting him to look to the Saviour as his only refuge and portion when heart and strength failed him. This exhortation was nothing new to this child of many prayers and much religious counsel. He had been, before, the subject of deep religious feeling—he had always been remarked for his extreme amiability and affectionate disposition, loving every thing about him, even the domestic animals sharing his unceasing attention and regard; but now there was “a love above all others” that was to be absorbing, and to fill his soul with a “joy unspeakable,” that he had never felt before. O, it was a privilege to stand by the dying bed of that happy child of God, soon to enter upon his glorious inheritance, and already, in antedation, shouting the praises of him, who had wrought out for him so great salvation. Some of his expressions still



and will ever linger with us ; they were such as these—"I am no more afraid to die, than to lie down to sleep. I am going to Jesus, and I shall soon see my angel sister in heaven. Tell my absent brother to meet me in heaven ;" and, turning to one of his school-mates, "O, Willie, meet me in heaven !" Then, fixing his eyes on a favourite cousin, "Won't you all meet me in heaven." At another time said he to his weeping mother, "Don't cry—sing to me of heaven," and most affecting was it to hear that mother's voice, tremulous with emotion, yet sweetly attuned to a song of Zion, for her dying child, who would occasionally join in, and then again, filled with ecstasy, drop the song for the conqueror shout, and glory ! glory ! glory ! was his exulting strain. Shortly before his dissolution he exclaimed, "See that bright light in the room ! the angels are coming !" These, and similar, were his rapturous expressions. These scenes, over which, we have no doubt, angels rejoiced, occurred at intervals during the last weeks of his illness—he was entirely conscious, his mind unclouded, and no undue excitement was there. O, it was one of those glorious triumphs of the power of our holy religion over death, hell, and the grave, that staggers skepticism, and puts infidelity to the blush. Young reader, would you die like Milton Talley ? You



must fly for refuge to the same hope set before you; but procrastinate not this to a dying hour. He had been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He had praying parents and friends around his dying bed continually; and he had time and reason given him for a preparation for his approaching fate. You may not be thus favoured: so resist not the grace now calling you by this precious promise, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."





## Idolatry.

TRUE STORIES ABOUT IT, IN VERSE.

### I.

OF the patriarch Abraham, the faithful of old,  
In the East is the following story still told :  
May its moral prove unto you better than gold.  
The stars he beheld, like bright diamonds arise,  
Till their wonderful beauty bejewell'd the skies ;  
And he said, "They are God, and I'll worship but  
them ;"

But the stars left the sky, as in sorrow and shame.  
Then he said, "They're not God, for 'twould be  
passing strange,  
And absurd to believe that a God could thus  
change."

Then the moon in her silvery light shone on high,  
Like a love-lighted lamp, as if hung in the sky ;  
And he said, "She is God, and I'll worship but  
her ;"

But, as she did e'en at the homage demur,



She went down, and then said he, "She cannot  
be God,  
For a God to be fickle were foolish and odd."

Then the sun took his glorious place in high  
heaven,  
And seem'd as exacting the world's worship even:  
Then he said, "He is God, and I'll worship but  
him;"

But the sun, as ashamed of the homage, grew  
dim,  
And died down in the west: then the patriarch  
said,  
"He cannot be God—a God never is dead!"  
Not either of these by my heart be adored,  
But one living, true, and unchangeable Lord.

## II.

Another I'll tell you, to which, if you'll heed  
With head and with heart, will be profit indeed.  
A Catholic lady—or Papist were better—  
Had the spirit of piety lost in the letter.  
With picture and image, bell, candle, and cross,  
She had felt quite secure, till a terrible loss,  
That with apprehension her mind seem'd to fill,  
Of some fast-approaching, unqualified ill.



'Twas the loss of her cross, made of mother-of-pearl :

Ah what did she do now, poor unhappy girl ?

Unhappy ! far from it, no, never so bless'd :

The idol removed, then her soul sought its rest

Never more in the cross, but in the Crucified,

The Saviour, who on it for her bled and died.

### III.

But another I'll tell you, and if not the best,

I think you will deem it as good as the rest :

You have heard—who has not—of the great sculptor Powers,

And the world-wide renown of this artist of ours ?

He was standing one day, 'mid the gods of old Rome,

And one stood beside him, who also had come

To bask in the sunshine and glory of art,

Imbibing its spirit with eye and with heart :

Said he to the sculptor, "That *chef d'œuvre*, there,

That to look on the whole world do hither repair,

Say you, of the plastic hand, can you do *that* !"

The artist's eye glisten'd and kindled thereat,

Then sank as he said, "No ! *his* theme was *divine* :

*His* god he can make, but I cannot make mine."



"I cannot make God," said to Preston\* a Powers:  
'Twas a sentiment worthy them both—be it ours!  
For we are in danger of making our god  
Out of much, very much, in this earthly abode.

\* J. S. Preston, (the munificent patron of the artist,) from  
whose lips we had this anecdote.





## Sabbath-School Anniversary Hymns.

## HYMN I.

TUNE—"The voice of free grace."

THERE'S a sound from the mountain, a strain from  
the river,

Like the flow of the fountain; 'twill gladden us  
ever :

'Tis the voice of sweet mercy proclaiming salva-  
tion :

Now hearken unto it, each land and each nation.

CHORUS.—O! Christ has redeem'd us—re-echo the  
story,

Till earth shall be fill'd with his ful-  
ness of glory.

There's a star of the morning—a beacon before us :

The heavens adorning, its halo is o'er us :

O'er the shadows of darkness the light is victo-  
rious,

And the star of the gospel's resplendent and glo-  
rious.



---

There's a well-spring of gladness, all sparkling  
and glowing;  
For "the healing of nations" its waters are flow-  
ing:  
Come, take of it freely, to all it is given,  
With life everlasting, eternal in heaven.

---

## HYMN II.

TUNE—"Loving-kindness."

(Children, alone.)

WHEN we could neither read nor pray,  
The Sabbath-school taught us the way!  
It taught us when we only knew  
The path of folly to pursue.

CHORUS.—O, blessed Saviour! blessed Saviour!  
O, smile upon the Sabbath-school.

With hearts of unbelief and sin,  
The Sabbath-school received us in;  
And pointed to the Saviour's blood,  
To make the sinner's peace with God.

When tempted oft to wander wide  
Away from Jesus' bleeding side,  
The Sabbath-school did lend its aid,  
To seek and save the one that stray'd.



O, glory to the God of grace,  
For giving us a time and place  
Where we may read, and sing, and pray,  
And learn of Christ each Sabbath-day.

Come, let us raise our grateful songs,  
The Sabbath-school to us belongs :  
Who bless'd us once, again would prove  
His blessings in this gift of love.

---

## HYMN III.

TUNE—" *Watchman ! tell us of the night.*"

(*Teachers and Children, alternately.*)

CHILDREN ! tell us of the day—  
Vanish'd are the shades of night ?  
Teachers ! see yon solar ray,  
Almost at meridian height.  
Children ! do the rays descend ?  
On your spirits do they shine ?  
Teachers ! yea, our heavenly Friend  
Sends on us the light divine.

CHORUS.—All our hearts be tuned to sing  
Praise to thee, eternal King.



Children ! when ye saw the light,  
Did your hearts rejoice within ?  
Teachers ! yea, we bless'd the sight,  
And did strains of praise begin.  
Children ! would ye cease the praise ?  
Are ye wearied with the strain ?  
Teachers ! all the length of days  
We'd rehearse it o'er again.

Children ! e'en when time's no more,  
Shall it then forgotten be ?  
Teachers ! it shall ne'er be o'er  
Through a long eternity.  
Children ! we would meet you there,  
In that everlasting rest.  
Teachers ! 'tis our fervent prayer,  
May it Lord, be heard and bless'd.

*(Teachers and Children, together.)*

Lord, our prayers united rise,  
Answer by thy saving grace :  
Join our spirits in the skies,  
Ever to behold thy face.  
There, with all the hosts of heaven,  
With the angel choir above ;  
All our ransom'd powers be given  
To adore redeeming love.

CHORUS.—Round the throne forever sing  
Praise to thee, eternal King.



## HYMN IV.

TUNE—"Blow ye the trumpet."

SALVATION! spread abroad  
The news from pole to pole:  
Proclaim a pardoning God  
To every human soul.

CHORUS.—The Sunday-school is open wide  
To all for whom the Saviour died.

O, bless the God of grace!  
That we may enter there,  
So sanctified a place,  
And join in praise and prayer.

'Tis like a little heaven—  
There, sinner, thou mayest prove  
Thy Saviour's presence, even  
His peace and pardoning love.





Sunday-School Hymns for the Fourth of  
July.

HYMN I.

---

HAIL ! thou bless'd day, joyful day of our na-  
tion—

Gladly we join in the song of thy praise ;  
While to the Lord we ascribe the salvation,  
His be the honour, the glory and grace.

CHORUS.—Star of the morning ! we're here to  
adore thee,

Brighten our souls with the smiles of  
thy face,

Jesus ! our spirits we prostrate before  
thee,

Saviour of sinners, receive us and bless.

Praise him for this—let us praise him forever,  
For his rich mercy and bounteous grace :  
Lord ! we adore thee, for thou art the giver  
Of every blessing that gladdens our days.



Now we unite these young hearts and young voices,  
Swelling the chorus of praise to thy name,  
Sight meet for angels, may surely rejoice us,  
Lighting our souls with a holier flame.

Join our rejoicing, dear lambs of the Saviour,  
Hearts in each prayer, and souls in each song:  
Ye are the ones of his tenderest favour,  
To him your highest hosannas belong.

---

## HYMN II.

LORD ! around thy shining throne  
Brightest seraphs bend the knee :  
Saints and holy angels own  
All thy might and majesty.

We are helpless, weak, and young,  
Yet we, too, would sing thy praise :  
Fill the heart, and fire the tongue,  
To adore thy wondrous grace.

Thou art glorious, great, and high,  
Yet thou carest for us all :  
We are lowly, yet thine eye  
Taketh note of great and small.



Thou all-seeing, searching God  
Save us from the snares of sin !  
Wash us with the Saviour's blood,  
Shed to make our spirits clean !

Died he not for us, O Lord ?  
Yea, we know, we feel 'twas thus !  
Ever be his name adored,  
Since he lives to plead for us !

---

### HYMN III.

*(Teachers.)*

COME, ye children, and adore him,  
Lord of all he reigns above !  
Come and worship now before him,  
He hath called you by his love.  
He will grant you every blessing  
Of his all-abounding grace :  
Come with humble hearts expressing  
All your gratitude and praise.

*(Children.)*

On this holy day of gladness,  
We will join in praises meet !  
Every bosom free from sadness,  
All with happiness replete.



O! to feel the love of Jesus,  
O! to know that from above,  
Still our heavenly Father sees us,  
With an eye of tender love!

*(Teachers.)*

Dearest children! now adore him,  
Swell aloud the choral strain:  
Let the nation bow before him—  
Echo back the notes again.  
While he will accept the praises,  
E'en from every heart and tongue,  
Those to him an infant raises  
Still are sweetest of the song.

*(Children.)*

Lord of all, our hearts' oblation  
Now ascends to thee alone!  
We would come, with all the nation,  
Now to worship at thy throne.  
Teachers! will ye join the chorus,  
Join in pæans to his praise—  
Ye who kindly set before us,  
All the riches of his grace?

*(Teachers and Children.)*

Praise to thee, O Lord, forever!  
Gladly now we all unite:



---

Praise to thee, O God, the giver,  
Blessed Lord, of life and light!  
Ransom'd nation! spread the story;  
Rescued people! ne'er give o'er;  
All his grace, and all his glory,  
*O, proclaim forevermore!*

---

## HYMN IV.

TUNE—"Missionary Hymn."

FROM far Pacific ocean,  
Unto Atlantic wave,  
To souls of high devotion,  
The cry is still to save!  
From many a lake and river—  
From many a prairie plain,  
The cry is still, "Deliver  
The land from error's chain!"

We, on whose souls is beaming  
The blaze of gospel day,  
Shall we, in sloth, be dreaming  
The hour of work away?  
Salvation! we'll proclaim thee  
O'er all the land and sea—  
Till, Jesus! all shall own thee  
Their heritage to be!



Columbia ! spread the story  
Of God's redeeming grace,  
Till, like a flood of glory,  
It gladdens every place :  
Till each renewed nature,  
And every ransom'd soul,  
Shall praise the great Creator,  
Who sanctifies the whole !

---

## HYMN V.

TUNE—" *The Star of Bethlehem.*"

(Children, alone.)

A DESERT wide the world appear'd,  
When, pilgrims young, we first essay'd  
Its devious, thorny path ; and fear'd  
At every step to be betray'd.  
Yet onward, onward did we go,  
Unsway'd by fear of fashion's rule :  
The safe though narrow path below  
Was taught us by the Sabbath-school.

O, often had we turn'd aside,  
And sought forbidden paths of sin ;  
For pleasure's flowery path is wide,  
And broad's the gate to enter in ;



But still, one quiet, lovely spot  
Invited us—its shade was cool :  
Its rest was peace—sweet peace we sought,  
And found it in the Sabbath-school.

Asylum of our infant days,  
O, had you not received us in,  
And taught us how to pray and praise,  
And warn'd us of the snares of sin—  
O, sure we had, like others, gone  
Without a compass, guide, or rule ;  
But on our path a light was thrown—  
Thy light of life, sweet Sabbath-school.

It was a bright and blessed ray  
That saved us through the storms of night,  
That never led our steps astray,  
But kept and guided them aright :  
It was the glorious gospel star  
That came our days and nights to rule,  
That brought us, ere we wander'd far,  
To Christ, within the Sabbath-school.



## HYMN VI.

*(Teachers.)*

LET the lips of infants raise  
Holy anthems to thy praise—  
All their hearts be tuned to sing  
Glory to their God and King.

Loving-kindness shall descend  
From their everlasting Friend,  
On the youngest child that prays  
For the blessings of his grace.

Come before him now, and bring  
All your heart's pure offering:  
Odour sweet, it shall arise  
As a grateful sacrifice.

*(Children.)*

Lord! thy children now would raise  
Pious songs of grateful praise,  
To thee, Lord, who bearest rule  
O'er our little Sabbath-school.

Yea, we feel thy presence here,  
Filling hearts with love and fear—  
Love to thee and to thy cause,  
Fear to break thy holy laws.



---

Teach us, Lord, thy righteous will:  
May we love and serve thee still,  
All our life to thee be given,  
Till we gain thy blissful heaven.

---

## HYMN VII.

GOD of grace and Lord of glory!  
Now to thee our hearts ascend:  
We have heard the pleasing story  
Of thy love, that knows no end.

We have heard of Christ our Saviour,  
Dying, bleeding on the tree,  
To procure for us thy favour,  
Through his death and agony.

All the comfort of thy Spirit  
We have felt, or fain would feel:  
All the peace that they inherit  
Who have e'en "thy Spirit's seal."

Lord! our prayers are all before thee:  
Saviour! let them now ascend:  
Holy Spirit! we adore thee:  
Love and save us to the end.



## HYMN VIII.

PROVERBS viii. 17.

EARLY doth the lark arise,  
With his song, unto the skies :  
Early would we also raise  
Unto heaven the voice of praise.

Early is the dew-drop found  
Watering the thirsty ground :  
Early, thus, on earth, we would  
Give our influence for good.

Flowers of garden, and of field,  
Early, sweetest odours yield :  
Early up our hearts would bear  
Richest incense, praise, and prayer.

Early doth the morning-star  
Shed its beauteous beams afar :  
Early light and truth we'd send  
To the earth's remotest end.

Early shines the orb of day,  
Scattering night and gloom away :  
Early on the heathen's night,  
We would shed the gospel's light.



In our bud of being, we,  
Lord, would give ourselves to thee!  
In the morning of our days  
"Seek and find" the God of grace.

---

HYMN IX.

PSALM xl. 6.

WHILE every thing doth praise the Lord,—  
The bird, the flower, the bee,  
The rustling breeze, the warbling bird—  
Say, children, shall not we?

While all doth magnify his name—  
The earth, the air, the sea,  
The thunder's roar, the lightning's flame—  
Say, children, shall not we?

While all doth manifest his love,  
All that we hear and see—  
The earth beneath, the heavens above—  
Say, children, shall not we?

While saints and angels all accord,  
In noblest harmony,  
Their hallelujahs to the Lord,  
Say, children, shall not we?



## HYMN X.

PSALM xlvii. 6.

PRAISE the Lord for every blessing  
Of his all-abounding grace :  
Praise be every tongue expressing—  
Every heart redound with praise.

For the glorious light of reason,  
For bright Revelation's ray :  
Praise for each returning season,  
Praise for every new-born day.

For the gospel cause victorious,  
For the truth's triumphant sway,  
For the day-star risen glorious,  
For the sun's meridian ray.

For the Bible, and for preaching,  
For the tract's efficient aid,  
For the Sabbath-school's good teaching,  
For each means a blessing made.

O, for all the gracious favour  
Manifested to our race,  
How shall we, our Lord and Saviour!  
Offer thee sufficient praise?



To an Itinerant Methodist Preacher.

Not long hast thou sojourn'd among us, yet we,  
O, not as a stranger may look upon thee;  
But as one even whom we have follow'd in  
prayer  
In the temple of God, thou hast been with us  
there.

Thou hast been with us there—we remember the  
hour  
When thou didst proclaim us the word in its  
power,  
And gave us God's message—I may not say how,  
But angels in heaven shall one day avow.

Thou goest—in time we may never meet more;  
But shall we not meet on eternity's shore?  
To the throne of our God shall we not at last  
come,  
And dwell there forever, in one blessed home?



May we not? sure we may! then adieu, though  
not long:

Time will soon die away, like the note of a song;  
And eternity, glorious, forever, shall rise  
On souls reunited, at last, in the skies.

Farewell, then: go carry the message of truth,  
Glad tidings of joy, unto age and to youth:  
To high and to humble, to rich and to poor—  
The way of life open, by Mercy's own door.

Negotiate on, between man and his God—  
Point his hopes to a higher and brighter abode;  
And blest be thy labours of love! may they even  
Continue to win many souls unto heaven!

THE END.



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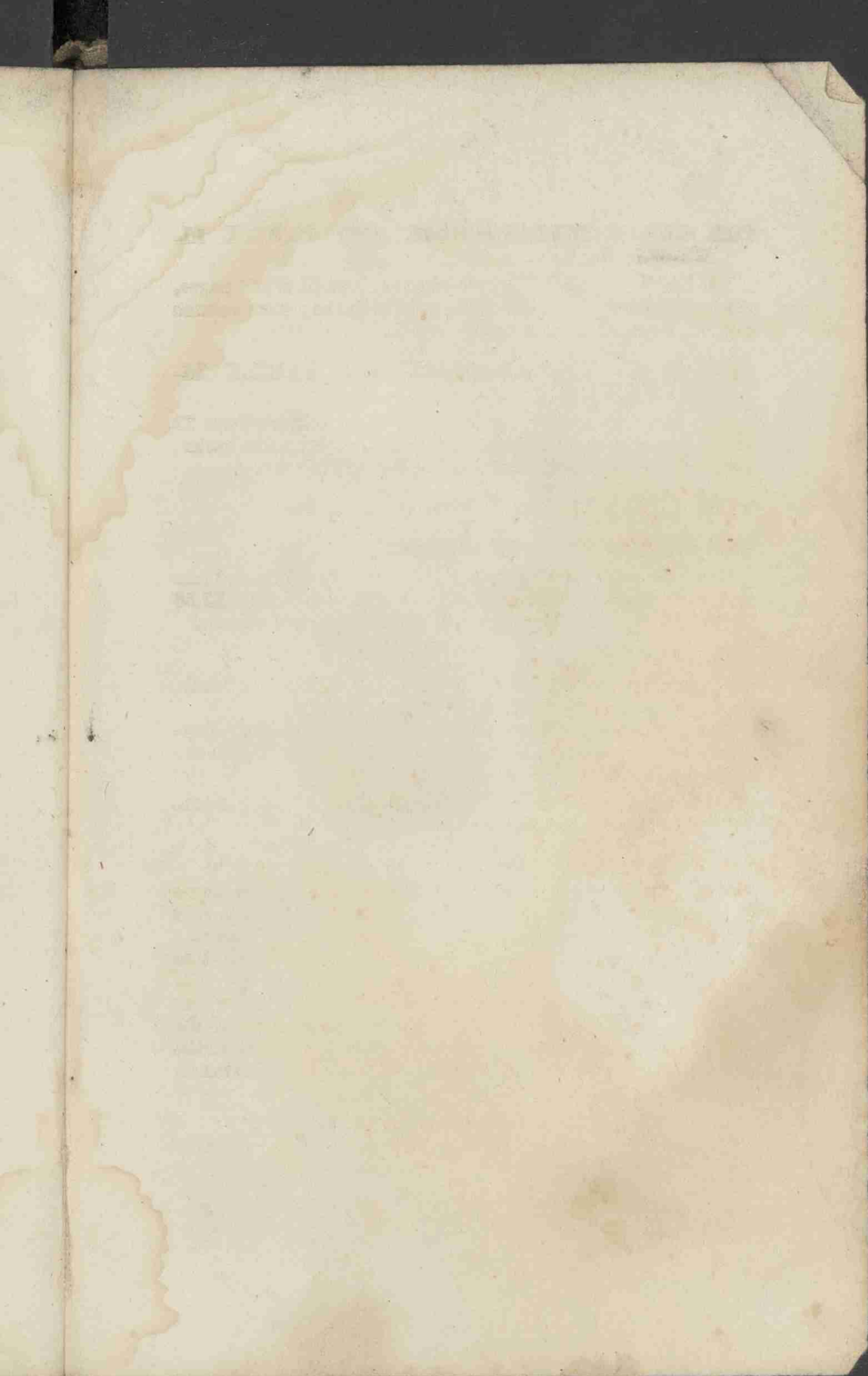
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