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Southern Baptist Seminary

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SIMPLE RHYMES.

For Grace Adelia
book given to her
by her aunt
Adelia

Grace O'Neale

From her

Aunt Adelaide Atkinson

Columbia

Feb the 25th 1869

God

SIMPLE RHYMES

AND

FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS

FOR

CHILDREN.

BY UNCLE CHARLES.

CHARLESTON:
SOUTHERN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,
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INTRODUCTION.

Henry—Well, mother, here 's a new book; have you seen it? a little book for children.

Frederick—Let me see—let me see. Mother, make brother Henry give it to me.

Mother—Be patient, my child; you shall soon see it; let mother examine it a little first. "*Simple Rhymes and Familiar Conversations for Children. By Uncle Charles.*"

George—Mother, who is Uncle Charles?

Mother—Children, don't be in such a hurry. Be patient a few minutes, and I will explain it all.

George—But, mother, just tell me, if you please, who is this Uncle Charles?

Henry—Hush, brother, there is a gentleman at the door.

Mother—Do you not know him? Why, that is the very Uncle Charles himself. Walk in, sir; I am glad to see you this morning. Take a seat near the fire. You see my children

have got hold of your little book; they are very inquisitive about it, and George, especially, is all anxiety to know who this Uncle Charles can be.

Uncle Charles—Well, here he is; I am Uncle Charles. You thought, I suppose, that he was some old, grey-headed, fat gentleman; but you see that I am not very old, nor very fat, nor very grey-headed; but I am fat and old enough to be uncle; and you must understand that I consider myself uncle to all the little children in the country.

Henry—Uncle to all the good children, I suppose.

Uncle Charles—Yes, to all the good children; I love such children, and I love to talk to them, and advise them, and encourage them to be better still.

Frederick—Uncle to any bad children?

Uncle Charles—O yes, uncle to bad children too. I love them, but I do not love their evil ways. I tell them their faults, and if necessary, sometimes give them a scolding.

Frederick—And a whipping too?

Uncle Charles—No, my child; I let their fathers and mothers whip them when they think it really necessary. I only talk to them and pray for them.

George—Well, mother, I do think that Uncle Charles is the largest Uncle in Georgia; I mean he is Uncle to so many children; good children, bad children, all the children. Uncle Charles, did you write that book?

Uncle Charles—Yes, child, I suppose I did.

Frederick—What for?

Uncle Charles—For you and Henry, and George, and all the children to read and study. It tells about a wicked mouse, and a hard-hearted boy that killed a fly; and it also tells what a bad thing it is to use tobacco, and drink whiskey, and the like. And it goes on to tell how little children must keep their temper. And it has much to say about very serious things—about the soul, about Christ, about heaven and hell, etc. A large portion of it, you see, is in verses and little hymns. Now, if you will learn one of the longer pieces of poetry every week, or two or three of the shorter pieces, and repeat them correctly to your mother, perhaps the next time I come I will bring you some raisins and a nice piece of candy.

Mrs. W.—I hope my children will be pleased with the book; I will try to encourage them to read and study it, believing that it may have a tendency to make some impressions

on their minds, which may be useful in future life.

Uncle Charles—I hope it may have that good effect. Let your efforts be accompanied with sincere and fervent prayer, that God would grant his blessing. Without his aid, all labor will be useless—our children will forget, and sin, and wander, and perish. But God has promised good in answer to prayer—a blessing to our faithful and persevering endeavors. Ask, and ye shall receive—Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not—Train up a child in the way he should go, aud when he is old, he will not depart from it.

You will perceive, madam, that the poetry of the book can make no great claim to superior excellence. I suppose, if valued at all, it will be principally on account of the sentiments it contains; when estimated in this light, I hope it may not be deemed altogether unworthy the attention of children.

Some of the pieces are written in the simplest style, suited to the capacity of very young children; others in a little more elevated strain, yet not so much so, but what they can be well understood by most children, with the aid of a few simple explanations from the older members of the family.

The little book is divided into two parts—the first made up of pieces that are somewhat tinged with humor and pleasantry, though still interspersed with religious sentiment; the other composed entirely of such as are of a grave, solemn and religious character.

For the convenience of any who might think proper to encourage their children to commit my simple verses to memory, I have divided the book into such portions as might answer for weekly lessons.

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PART I.

LESSON I.

CRUELTY REPROVED.

Oscar—Ha, ha, ha!—see how the little fellow kicks and tumbles.

Mary—O, brother, do not treat the poor thing so! Mother, do come here, and make Oscar let this poor fly alone. See, he has pulled off one wing and two legs, and the thing is almost dead!

George—And, mother, I saw him catch a fly yesterday, and serve him in the same way.

Walter—Yes, and I saw him the other night catch a bug with long wings, and burn off the ends of his wings in the candle. I felt so sorry for the poor bug.

Mother—Dear child, have I not told you again and again to be kind to every thing? How can you delight in the torment of tha.

helpless little fly? He has done you no harm. He is one of God's creatures, and you ought to let him live and enjoy himself.

Oscar—But look, mother, he is so funny. See how he buzzes and whirls about when I touch him. Ha, ha, ha!

Mother—Ah, Oscar, I am afraid you will will come to some bad end. You seem to have a very hard and unkind heart; if you now take so much pleasure in causing pain to that poor fly, perhaps when you grow up to be a man, you will delight to torment your fellow creatures—perhaps you will even mock at your mother's grief, and bring down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

There now! you have killed the poor little harmless fly! O! how sorry I am that you are so unfeeling! Come here, my child, and learn this little piece that Uncle Charles wrote for just such children as you:

THE BOY AND THE FLY.

BOY.

There now, I've got you, naughty fly;
Prepare yourself, good sir, to die—
Come off, old leg, come off, old wing;
Now let me hear you buzz and sing.

FLY.

O cruel boy, to treat me so,
And triumph in my pain and wo ;
Does it bespeak a noble mind,
In others' tears your sport to find ?

BOY.

Silence ! you little saucy thing !
Another leg—another wing ;
Now, with submission, bear your pain,
Nor of your betters dare complain.

FLY.

Does might give right! The Lord on high,
Who gave *you* life, made *me* a fly ;
My life and happiness are mine,
As much as yours, good sir, are thine.
What if the Lord had fashioned flies
Like mighty eagles in the skies ;
And I had pounced upon thee, boy,
To mangle, torture and destroy ?

BOY.

Silence, I say. There, take that blow—
I'll have you, sir, I'll have you know,
That when a little saucy fly
Insults me thus, he has to die.

FLY.

I die ; but hear, I charge you, hear,
What now I whisper in your ear ;
You may to some good end apply,
The warnings of a murdered fly.
You that now mock an insect's tears,
May harder grow in future years ;
May cause your father bitter smart,
And break your tender mother's heart.
He that delights to murder flies,
May murder men before he dies ;
Be gentle, tender—learn to dwell
In love with all. Farewell, farewell.

LESSON II.

DISHONESTY CONDEMNED.

Elizabeth—Mother, please give me a pin.

Mother—Where, child, is the one I gave you a little while ago?

Elizabeth—I have lost it, mother. I put it in my little cushion, and it is gone.

Sarah—Mother, I'll tell you all about it—John took that pin—he crept up slyly and

pulled it out of the cushion, and went and stuck it in his paper kite.

Mother—Come here, John—why did you steal your sister's pin? If you had asked her for it, she would have given it to you; or I would have given you one.

John—Mother, I did not steal it.

Mother—Don't deny it, child—that makes it worse. Did you not creep up slyly, and take that pin?

John—O yes, mother, I took it, but that was not stealing. It was only a *pin*, and I took it from *sister;* I hope you do not call it stealing to take a pin from sister.

Mother—Was it *your* pin?

John—No; it was *sister's*.

Mother—Did you ask sister for it?

John—No, mother, I did not think it worth while to ask for such a small thing.

Mother—Well, my child, I wish you to understand what stealing is—it is taking any thing without permission, which is not your own. It may be a small thing, or a great thing. And I wish you also to know that children which will take small things at first, without permission, may take larger things by and by. He that will steal a pin, may by and by steal a penny; and he that will steal a

penny, may steal a pound; and he that will steal a pound, may steal a horse; this is the way things go on from little to greater, from bad to worse. Learn, then, my child, in your early days, to be honest in small things, and you will, very likely, be an honest person as long as you live. Many a man has been sent to jail for stealing, who commenced with no larger things than pins, cents, and fish-hooks. Come, learn the story of a wicked little mouse.

THE WICKED MOUSE.

An honest mouse, (few mice are such,)
Impressed it on her children much,
That they should never lie or steal,
But honest be in all their deal.

The children minded—all but *one;*
He was a naughty, wicked son;
When quite a child, in spite of mother,
He'd pilfer little things from brother.
And when his limbs grew brisk and stout,
And he could jump and run about,
He was a pest to all the house,
Stealing from every man and mouse.
At first a trifle he would take,
A crum of cheese, a crum of cake;

But by degrees he lost all feeling,
And gave himself to bolder stealing.

The people soon contrived a plan,
To get around this little man ;
A snug wire-trap soon gave him entrance,
And brought the lad to deep repentance.
His tears were many, sad his grief ;
But sorrow brought him no relief.
It was the universal cry,
That now the thieving rogue should die.
Puss understood it, and was there,
To take poor mousey in her care.
"I'll tear your bones," said she, "asunder,
And pay you for your lies and plunder."
"Fool that I was," in death he cries,
"My mother's warnings to despise :
But steal I would—to hide it, lie,
And now for this in shame I die."

Now, children, will you not attend
To mousey's life, and mousey's end ;
His youthful crimes were his undoing,
They led him on to shame and ruin.
Then let your days of early youth,
Be marked with honesty and truth.
Steal not a pin, steal not a penny,
From brother, sister, or from any.

A little sin to greater leads,
And onward still to vilest deeds ;
The child that loves dishonest ways,
May on the gallows end his days.

LESSON III.

ABOUT TOBACCO.

Dennis—Father, I want a *gar*, please get me a *gar*.

Father—A *gar*, a *gar !* pray child, what do you mean by that?

Dennis—Why, father, dont you know? a *gar* —the thing which those big boys up at the college put in their mouths—one end of it I mean—and then they touch the other end with a coal of fire, and then they puff and smoke! O they look so grand! Father, I want to look grand like those big boys; please let me have a *gar*.

Father—O, I understand you—a *cigar* you mean. Why, child, this is the most foolish thing you ever asked for; no person looks pretty or grand with a cigar in his mouth.

Billington—No, father, that is the truth.

When I get to be a man, I will not smoke *cigars*, but I will get me a big plug of tobacco, and then get me a big knife to cut it with; and then when I am in company, I will pull out my big plug, and pull out my big knife, and cut off a big piece, and put it in my big mouth, and I will put one foot before the other, and chew, I will. O father, then I will look like a man; will I not? Father, can a man look like a real gentleman, and not chew tobacco?

Father—Dear child, you are as foolish as your little brother Dennis. A quid of tobacco make any one a gentleman? O fie! fie!

Dickinson—And I say *fie*, too, father. Billington is just as far out of the way as Dennis; and they both seem to me to have a very poor idea of what is grand and gentlemanly. However, I am several years older than they, and ought, of course, to have more sense.

Father—Well, Dickinson, what do you think is a mark of a gentleman?

Dickinson—Why, father, neither a *gar*, as Dennis calls it, nor Billington's ugly quid; but a snuff-box, sir; a tortoise shell snuff-box, lined with gold, and filled with Maccoboy or Rappee. You know Judge Stapleton, and the Rev. Mr. Catalinker, how gracefully they pull

out their bright snuff-boxes, and put in their clean white fingers, and with a genteel, circular flirt, bring the delicate powder to their noses. Ah, that's the thing—that's the gentleman. Father, am I not right?

Father—A little more foolish than your brothers; for you are older, and less excusable, therefore, for having no better notion of what is genteel. Child, there is no gentility, in my opinion, in pushing that nayseous, filthy powder up a person's nose. Mary Ellen, my child, you have heard your brothers' notions about gentility—what have you to say?

Mary Ellen—It seems to me that tobacco was not made for men, but for ladies; and not for them to smoke, snuff or chew, but to clean their teeth with. O, Mrs. H. does look so happy when she sits down in the corner with a snuff-bottle in her hand, and a stick brush in her mouth, and gives her teeth a good, long snuff-rubbing. Father, when I get old enough, will you not let me rub my teeth with snuff?

Emily—Do hear little sister, I think she must be crazy. How she could ever have thought that snuff-rubbing is genteel and lady-like, is very strange to me. For my own part, I cannot bear tobacco in any shape. Smoking is bad enough; chewing is worse

still; snuff-taking is no better—and as for this *snuff-rubbing*—O it is too bad to talk about.

Father—Emily, you are right. I am sorry that any of my children, or any body else, should fall in love with these foolish practices. They are worse than foolish, they are evil; perhaps I ought to say, they are wicked. Tobacco may sometimes be used as a medicine, but in general it does no good. It does injury. It is an enemy to neatness. It gives the breath a most unpleasant smell, and defiles the nose and the mouth in a most *ungentlemanly* and *unlady-like* manner.

Tobacco is a poison. It often injures the voice, deranges the nerves, disorders the stomach, and cuts short the health and strength, and lives of many. It costs money, and consequently wastes money. Thousands and millions of dollars are every year spent for tobacco, in some form or other. There are many professed Christians who pay more money for tobacco than they do for the support of the gospel at home, and for sending it abroad to the poor, ignorant heathen. It is hardly to be expected that the old *tobacco-chewers* and *smokers*, and *snuffers*, and *rubbers*, will give up their useless practices till they die; but all little

children should understand the evil of these things, pursue a wiser course, and grow up with more neat, genteel and useful habits. This is a duty which the Lord requires. He teaches us to avoid all evil, and to pursue things which are pure, lovely, and of good report. Now, children, for Uncle Charles' verses about tobacco. Please learn them for your third lesson. They are not the best verses I have seen, but they are much better than the thing they speak about. If you chew them, they will not hurt you; if you burn them, the smoke will do no great harm; or if you were to roll them up, and put them in your pocket, they will not send out such an unpleasant smell as a twist of tobacco And if, as I now request, you commit them to memory, and put them away in your heads, it will do you less injury, I am sure, than to stuff your noses with snuff.

TOBACCO is a *useless* weed,
But little service has it done,
And that which mortals do not need,
Surely they'd better let alone.

TOBACCO *is* a *filthy* drug,
Mouths, noses, pockets tell us so,

Hearth, carpet, fire-place, fender, rug,
All spattered, tell a tale of wo.

TOBACCO is a *poisonous* weed;
It spoils the voice, it spoils the breath;
It gives to sickness greater speed,
And hastens many on to death.

It helps domestic joys to slay;
The house of God, its feet invade;
Its fumes almost put out the sun,
And half the world sits in their shade.

TOBACCO is a *thievish* knave,
It pockets millions every year,
E'en beggars will a fourpence crave,
To buy a twist their hearts to cheer.

Before the weed kings lowly fall,
Vast kingdoms chew, and smoke and snuff;
Preachers and people, great and small,
Delight to use the filthy stuff.

Virginia, proud, majestic State,
What is the work thy people do?
The wise and foolish, poor and great,
Raise nauseous weeds for earth to chew.

For shame, Virginia! Earth, for shame!
Rise nations, from disgrace arise;
Wipe the foul stigma from your name,
Nor worship what the brutes despise.

Cut down the weed, your pipes destroy,
Cigars, snuff, pigtail, let them go;
Why should they ever more annoy,
Disturb our joys, and work our wo.

Children, be wise, nor touch nor taste,
From earth's defilements keep you clean;
Waste not your health, nor money waste
Upon a thing so filthy, mean.

Be men, be women; beat your sires
In every bright and noble deed;
Love neatness, cherish pure desires,
But love not, touch not, that vile weed.

LESSON IV.

AND NOW WE COME TO WHISKEY!

Father—Come here, my daughter; can you tell me what a drunkard is?

Mary Eliza—A man or woman that drinks a great deal of whiskey, rum, or other kinds of strong liquor, so that he or she cannot at times walk good, nor talk good.

Father—And what is the first step that leads to this?

Mary Eliza—I have heard you say, father, that the first drink is the first step.

Father—And what is the last end of the drunkard, Sarah Jane?

Sarah Jane—He dies an enemy to God, and sinks to endless ruin.

Father—My son, I will ask you a few questions. Are there many drunkards in the world?

Leroy—I have heard you say thousands and thousands.

Father—When these drunkards are all gone, will there be any more?

Leroy—I suppose, father, that as long as there are a great many who drink a little, there will be some that will drink too much.

Father—If a man is entirely temperate, what will certainly keep him so?

Leroy—Let him touch not, taste not, handle not any intoxicating drink?

Father—What will cure a man of drunkenness?

Leroy—To quit every thing that will intoxicate, and drink pure cold water.

Father—And what will cure the whole world of drunkenness?

Leroy—Let all the world drink water.

Father—What are some of the evils of drunkenness?

Leroy—I have heard you say much about them; I could not tell you one half.

Father—No, my child, nor a thousandth part. The story of the evils of intemperance would be a long, long story. Tobacco is bad enough; but whiskey, and its brothers, and uncles and cousins—I mean rum, brandy, gin, etc.—are a far greater evil, the greatest that our Heavenly Father has ever suffered to come upon the human family. But I have not time to talk it all over now. I am glad you remember so much of what I have told you before. But one more question, and then some verses about the boy and his father. Now, suppose I were to mix up some sweet, nice toddy, and drink a little myself, and your mother were to drink, and I were to offer it to you and ask you to take a little, what would you do?

Leroy—Why, father, that is a hard question; but if I were to do as I have heard you say

little children ought to do in such a case, I would choose to let it alone.

Father—Yes, my child, and if you would always do so, you would never, never become a drunkard. The verses tell about a father that offered his child toddy, and the little fellow would not drink it.

FATHER.

Come, darling, take a little toddy,
It is a cold and rainy day;
A little's good for any body;
Come take a little, child, I pray.

CHILD.

O father, do not tempt me so;
I fear I'll love it by and by;
And then my love will grow and grow,
Till I shall drink your bottle dry.

FATHER.

Fie, fie, that Uncle Charles, I think,
Has made you silly quite, and wild;
Would your dear father tell you drink,
If this would harm his darling child?

CHILD.

Father, I love you from my heart,
But O, I fear to taste your brandy;

The sugared dram shall be *your* part,
And *I* will have my sugar candy.

O father, tell me what's the matter,
At Mr. Toper's house just by?
See how the little children scatter—
And hark!—the mother's piteous cry!

FATHER.

Why, child, that lazy, drunken hog,
Has just come home to beat his wife;
The creature is so full of grog,
That all must fly to save their life.

CHILD.

And yet when he was young, they say,
He was as good as any body;
But every cold and rainy day
The father gave the darling toddy.
Father, if he had never tasted,
Would he have been a drunkard now?
His credit gone, his money wasted,
His wife and children sunk in wo?

FATHER.

But ah, my child, he drank too deep;
He should have stopped at moderation;
If we in proper limits keep,
There is no danger in creation.

CHILD.

And father, *I* may drink too deep,
If I should taste your sweetened grog;
And O, how would my father weep,
To hear them call me "*drunken hog.*"

And father, don't the Bible say,
No drunkard shall with Jesus dwell?
That God will send him far away,
To sigh and weep in deepest hell?

I love you, father, that you know;
O do not spoil your darling son;
But should I drink, and sink to wo,
I'll say my father urged me on.

FATHER.

Enough, my son; I've no desire
To urge you on to wo and pain;
I'll dash my toddy in the fire,
And never taste myself again.

My child has rescued me from shame,
And filled his father's heart with joy;
Sure I had gained a drunkard's name,
But for this precious darling boy.

Another drop I will not covet,
(James, break that filthy demi-john,)

For when a man begins to love it,
He is already half undone.

LESSON V.

AND THIS LESSON IS ABOUT WHISKEY, TOO.

Frederick—What! two lessons about the same thing?

Uncle Charles—Yes, my son; have you not already learned that whiskey is a great deal worse than tobacco, and as you have had a long lesson about tobacco, you must have two lessons about whiskey, and other things which, like whiskey, will make people drunk.

George—That is right, uncle; let us have some more verses, if you please.

Uncle Charles—Well, here they are.

THE BEAUTIES OF RUM!

Come, children, and listen to uncle's plain verse,
Whilst the BEAUTIES OF RUM he tries to rehearse:
The beauties of rum! sure they cannot be few,
Since thousands and thousands these beauties pursue.

RUM! look at the monster, and look at him well;
His heart is all venom, his visage how fell!

He's a serpent, an asp, a vulture, a bear,
He riots in tears, and delights in despair.

How wretched his lovers! he rots all their bones;
He turns them to sots, and he turns them to drones;
He mangles their limbs and abuses their tongues;
He burns up their livers and burns up their lungs.

He ruins the poor, and he ruins the rich;
The strong and the mighty he leaves in the ditch;
With nobles and princes he ventures to sit,
He pilfers their money, and he pilfers their wit.

A numberless army he pilots to jail,
The mad-house he fills with the maniac's wail;
The hospital, poor-house, are crammed with his prey,
The gallows and grave-yard he uses all day.

He feasts on the pangs of the heart-broken wife,
The orphan's keen wo is his food and his life;
Strife, curses, confusion, and murder and wrath,
Death, hell, and destruction, are all in his path.

O the beauties of rum! come tell what you think;
Will you seek for your toddy, and praise it and drink?
O banish the monster that fattens on slaughter,
And through all your lives long drink nothing but water.

Frederick—Beauties! Why, Uncle Charles, I do not see any beauty at all in that which you

have said about rum. If rum were a real man, and was to come along and look in his face as bad as he acts, he would scare all the little children out of their senses. O how much afraid I should be of him; I would run from him as fast as possible, that I would.

Uncle Charles—That would be right; always run from him—never taste of any thing which makes people drunk; and if the Lord permits you to grow up to be a man, you will certainly live and die a sober man.

Henry—Now, brother Frederick, stick to what you have said; when you see this old, wicked Mr. Rum coming, run, sir, run, run

George—Yes, Frederick, and I tell you I'll run, and I'll stick to it. Rum! O I don't want that old fellow to catch me. Come, Uncle Charles, can you not give us some more verses.

Uncle Charles—Yes, I have some more for you; but you are a very little boy, and I fear you cannot understand them all. Henry can understand them, and Frederick, I think, can understand them pretty well; and in a year or two, you will be able to understand every line and every word.

George—O, I wish I was as big as brother Henry; but, mother, you can tell me what it all means, can't you?

Uncle Charles—Well said, George; always ask your mother to explain things which you do not know, if they are such things as you ought to know. Listen now to the verses.

TOUCH NOT.

Should youth around the goblet sing?
In tempting wine delight?
Wine has the adder's cruel sting,
The serpent's fatal bite.

Wine is a mocker, and decoys
With false and flattering breath;
And wine is raging and destroys
With everlasting death.

The prudent will turn off their eyes,
The foolish look and die;
Would you be safe? then be ye wise,
And from the tempter fly.

Who have this wo, this sorrow, strife?
These babblings, eyes of flame?
These wounds that seek the precious life,
This loathsomeness and shame?

Wretches that linger at the wine,
The mixed draught pursue;

And child, this, too, may all be thine,
If you will linger too.

O touch not, taste not, handle not,
Drink from your Father's well ;
Would you on earth a drunkard rot,
Then die and sink to hell?

LESSON VI.

CHILDREN MUST GOVERN THEIR TEMPER.

Catharine—Father, make brother Albert give me my money. I lost that bright little seven-pence, and he found it, and now he will not let me have it.

Father—My son, do not treat your little sister so; give her the seven-pence.

Albert—I was going to give it to her, father, but she struck me, and then I told her I would not give it to her. But I did not mean that I would *never* give it to her.

Catharine—Well, father, he had no right to keep it, and I did not strike him hard, and he struck me back again.

Father—Then it seems that you have had a quarrel. O, naughty, wicked children! this is

not the way for little brothers and sisters to treat each other. Albert, you did wrong to keep your sister's money; and you both did wrong to lose your temper, and get into a quarrel about a seven-pence. If it had been a wedge of gold, you should not have quarreled about it.

Catharine—O, I wish it was a wedge of gold; I could then have it made into so many pieces of money, and then I could buy every thing.

Father—But, my dear child, a sweet, good temper, is worth more than money; for if you have such a temper, you can *bear* every thing. With an evil, hasty, quarrelsome temper, you would still be unhappy, if you had all the money in the world; but with a meek, patient disposition you could be happy, even if you were very poor. The Bible, that holy, blessed book, commands us to put away all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and to be kind to one another, and tender hearted. Albert, what did you learn in your last sabbath-school lesson about the person that is slow to anger?

Albert—Something that Solomon says, was it not, father? "*He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.*"

Father—And what else, Catharine, can you remember?

Catharine—"*Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.*"

Father—Now, I will tell you of two great men, and then I wish you to tell me children, which you think was the greatest. Bonaparte was a mighty man; he fought many battles, took many cities, and conquered many mighty kings and nations; but he had a bad temper, he could not govern himself. I knew a poor man, who lived in a little log house, and was not known by any body ten miles from home. When a little boy, he would sometimes quarrel, as you did, children, to-day. But his good mother talked to him, and prayed for him, and taught him that it was a great sin to get so angry. He was very sorry. He prayed to God to give him a new heart, to forgive his sins, and help him to keep his temper. The Lord heard the little boy's prayer. He grew up to be a man; and he was a good man, a meek man; he quarrelled with nobody; he kept his temper. Sometimes wicked persons would try to provoke him, and the fire of anger would begin to burn a little in his bosom; at such times he would not talk to any body, but go away and pray to God for help,

and keep praying and striving against angry feelings, till the fire was all pulled out. Now, children, tell me which was the greatest man, in the sight of God, Bonaparte, or that poor man who lived in the little log house, and kept his temper.

Catharine—Why, I suppose, according to the Bible, that the poor man who ruled his spirit, was the greatest.

Father—And what say you, Albert?

Albert—Sister, I think, has given the answer which suits father; but, father, I think I should like to be Bonaparte whilst I live; but when I come to die, I had rather be that poor, good man.

Father—Remember, my son, we should never desire to be any thing whilst we live, that we would not be willing to be when we die. We may die any moment. No person could bear the thought of dying in a fit of anger; why, then, should we think it proper to live an hour, or a moment, under the power of wrath and spite? Do, my dear children, try to keep from getting angry, for I tell you again, *a good temper is worth more than money.*

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

When your temper is stout,
Keep it hid in its case,
For if it breaks out,
It will spoil all your face.

Your wrath will breed strife,
If a moment you feed it;
Why nourish its life,
Since you never can need it.

A small spark on powder
Might tear us asunder,
And make a noise louder
Than whirlwind and thunder.

So a small spark of ire,
Confusion oft raises,
Rousing up a hot fire,
That thunders and blazes.

But if children with care,
Will keep their wrath under,
Their days will be fair,
Without tempest and thunder.

But will any one say,
That he cannot resist?
Let him watch, let him pray,
And the Lord will assist.

Our strength is but frail,
Our fierce wrath to oppose,
But the Lord can prevail,
And subdue all our foes.

LESSON VII.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT KEEPING THE TEMPER.

Henry—I do think that Uncle Charles is the greatest man to hang on that I ever did see. *Temper—temper—something more about temper.* He must think that all the children in the country are—

Uncle Charles—Sometimes caught with a wrinkle on their foreheads. Ah, my good little fellow, you did not think that I was so near, did you? You seem to have a frown on; come, come, I've got a rhyme or two for that wrinkle; and if you will say them over every time that wrinkle creeps up and takes hold of

your fine forehead, and at the same time put up your hand, and do as the verses say, I think in two months you will drive that ugly wrinkle off to Guinea. I wrote them for my boys when they were little, and they generally got in a good humor by the time they commenced the second verse; come, now, repeat:

Away, away, thou surly *wrinkle*,
My brow should never wear a frown;
And when I feel my forehead *crinkle*,
I 'll raise my hand and smooth it down.

(*Frederick*—Mother, Henry is laughing.
Mother—Be still, son, let us hear it all.)

In love and smiles be my delight;
Be gentleness my brow's adorning:
I should not wear the scowl of night,
But the pure sweetness of the morning.

George—Mother, what does *crinkle* mean—forehead *crinkle*?

Mother—*Crinkle*, my child, is an old-fashioned word—it means a turn, a fold, a wrinkle; a thing is said to *crinkle*, when it moves, or grows into folds, or wrinkles. Did you never see the little ridges on the horns of a cow?

George—O yes, mother, now I know—those

little ridges on Suckey's horns are *crinkles*—and the old black bull came up the other day as mad as he could be, and I and brother had to run and get over the fence, for fear he would kill us. And I saw the ——

Mother—Hush, child; not another word about that.

George—No, mother, I will not say any more about it; but when I see brother Henry get angry, and his face drawn out of shape, and his forehead with those ridges on it, I shall think about the *crinkles* on that old, mad, black bull's horn.

Henry—Ah, George, you need not make sport of me, for you sometimes get angry yourself.

Mother—But that does not make it right for you; and, besides, you are older than George, and ought to set him a good example.

Henry—I know it, mother, and I am always sorry when I get angry; but O, it is so hard to govern one's temper. I try to think of what you tell me, and what the Bible tells me; and then I try not to get angry, and try, and try, and try; and the first thing I know, I get into a passion.

Uncle Charles—Press on, my child; you are in the right way, I trust, to get the victory.

Here, take these little verses, and learn them after I go away. Good bye for the present.

IT IS HARD, BUT TRY ON.

How hard 't is to fight
With passion and spite,
And keep our vile tempers well under;
We bind them all tight,
With our utmost might,
But soon every chain bursts asunder.

But we must again,
With might and with main,
Put the bit and the bridle on faster;
Though keen be the pain,
Our wrath must be slain—
'T is wicked to serve such a master.

Pray oft to the Lord,
Read often his word,
In his might press on to perfection;
His grace will give strength,
To conquer at length,
And afford us forever protection.

LESSON VIII.

THE SELFISH BEE—A DREAM.

I slept and had a little dream;
And, children, would it irksome seem
If I should tell it? Listen well,
And I my little dream will tell.

I dreamed I walked amongst sweet flowers,
And garden shrubs, and rosy bowers;
The little birds were full of glee,
And insects sung most merrily.

Upon a flower that highest stood,
Of all within the neighborhood,
A bee I noticed, took his station,
To mutter forth a short oration.

All else was full of sweet delight,
But he, poor thing, was full of spite;
He seemed possessed of some new notion,
Which threw him into sad commotion.

"Fool have I been," said he, in heat,
"To gather sweets for man to eat;

'T is time to lay upon my shelf,
Something for my own darling self.

"Long time for others I 've made honey,
And saved but precious little money;
My pity shall no longer roam,
For charity begins at home."

"True," cried the flower on which he stood,
"Your views are clear, and sound and good;
Go elsewhere, sir, and get your honey,
I, too, must save a little money."

The doctrine spread; and every flower
Declared that from that very hour,
'T would be its sacred, bounden duty,
To hoard its sweetness and its beauty.

The bee went round and knocked and knocked;
But every door was on him locked;
Nor pink, nor rose, nor jessamin,
Would let the little urchin in.

That good old lady, mother earth,
Heard all that passed with joyful mirth;
"Henceforth," said she, "I think it best
To keep my moisture in my breast.

"How many, many weary hours,
I 've spent on shrubs, and trees, and flowers;
'T is time to have a little pleasure,
And spend at home my toil and treasure."

"AMEN," was now the deafening cry,
From clouds that floated in the sky;
"In bottles safe we think it wise
To cork and keep our choice supplies.

Long have we let our bounty flow,
On little useless things below;
By doing thus we plainly see
That we shall ever paupers be."

Swift as the light the tidings run,
Up to the ears of father sun;
He listens gladly to the story
And foldeth up his robes of glory.

"Six thousand years have I been spending;
My things at home," says he, "need mending;
At my own fire I 'll take my seat,
And use, myself, my light and heat."

Creation mourned; a wintry blight
Spread far and wide; all—all was night ;

The clouds grew pale, and mother earth
Was chilled with cold, and pinched with dearth

Each flower and shrub began to languish;
The little bee was filled with anguish;
And all above, around, beneath,
Seemed sinking in the arms of death.

Now, through the dark and gloomy sky,
The Lord looked down with pitying eye;
"Children," said he, "now clearly view
The mischief *selfishness* will do.

"Back to your duty, every one;
I 've nothing made for self alone;
All, their own private ends pursuing,
Will hasten on to certain ruin.

"Each flower, and bee, and man, is blest
When kindly serving all the rest;
Love is the law which I ordain
To heighten bliss and sweeten pain."

With tears and sighs the children heard,
And meekly bowed them to his word;
The sun in haste his beams unfurls,
And shines abroad to distant worlds.

The vapors thick and joyful rise,
The clouds pour forth their rich supplies;
Earth's moistened breast with ardor glows,
To nourish every shrub and rose.

The flowers unfold their sweets and beauty,
And cheerful hasten back to duty;
"Come in," they cry, "friend bee, and dine,
Our choicest fare is freely thine."

Poor bee! he wept like a whipt child,
But soon he wiped his tears and smiled;
"With man," says he, "I 'll share my honey,
Nor hold with miser grip my money."

In generous toil he seeks repose;
He loves his friends, he loves his foes;
Intent on deeds of charity,
He lived and died a happy bee.

My dream is told: Hence children learn,
All narrow selfishness to spurn;
The liberal is the happy breast;
A blessing be, and you are blest.

LESSON IX.

THE LESSONS ARE TOO LONG.

John—Mother, why does Uncle Charles give us such long lessons? There are two things he does which I do not so very well like—*he preaches too long*, and he *writes too long lessons.*

Mother—Well, here he comes; we will ask him to give a lesson which will do better for boys that are a little lazy. Walk in, Mr. M. My little son here was just talking about your long lessons; he seems anxious for shorter ones.

Uncle Charles—I am agreed to that; what shall it be about?

Mother—I think you had better say something to him about sleeping so late in the morning. He was too late for prayers this morning; and if I would let him alone, he would often be too late for breakfast.

Uncle Charles—It is not strange then that he loves short lessons better than long ones. Children that love sleep better than their breakfast, seldom like long lessons. But I will not detain him long. Here, read over these verses about getting up early; and

then go to play. To-day is Monday, recollect; to-morrow commit one verse to memory, not a line more; the next day another verse, and so on, one verse a day, till Saturday. If a verse a day is too long a lesson, I think I must give you for your lesson next week—n-o-t-h-i-n-g.

DO NOT SLEEP TOO LATE IN THE MORNING.

Tuesday.

The lark is up to meet the sun,
The bee is on the wing,
The ant his labor has begun,
The groves with music ring.

Wednesday.

And shall I sleep when rosy morn
Its light and glory sheds?
Immortal beings were not born
To rot in downy beds.

Thursday.

Shall birds and bees and ants be wise,
Whilst I my moments waste?
O let me with the morning rise,
And to my duty haste.

Friday.

Awake, my soul, and praise the Lord
For his protecting care;
Awake and read his holy word,
And bow in humble prayer.

Saturday.

Our pleasant mornings thus begun,
Will yield us pleasant days,
And fill us, when our race is run,
With gratitude and praise.

LESSON X.

WELL, THEN, TAKE NOTHING FOR YOUR LESSON.

Uncle Charles—John, have you learned those verses about early rising.

Mother—He blushes. I fear that he has found your short lesson a little too long, and that he has not learned it all.

John—But, mother, you know I have been hindered, and my school lessons are so hard; but surely I shall be able to get the lesson for this week.

Mother—And what is your this week's lesson?

John—Did you not hear Uncle Charles say it would be *nothing*, if I found his last lesson too long? *Nothing*, you know, is soon learned.

Uncle Charles—And, will you promise me that you will learn it thoroughly?

John—Why, it would be impossible for me to do less than to learn *nothing*—you may, therefore, depend on my punctuality in this matter.

Uncle Charles—Agreed; remember now that I have obtained from you a fair promise, and if you fail, what then?

John—Then, Uncle Charles, you may say that I am very stupid, and that I have learned less than nothing at all.

Uncle Charles—Here, then, is your lesson; and I shall hold you to your promise.

NOTHING.

I asked a lad what he was doing;
"*Nothing*, good sir," said he to me,
"By *nothing* well and long pursuing,
Nothing," said I, you'll surely be."

I asked a lad what he was thinking;
"*Nothing*," quoth he, "I do declare;"

"Many," said I, "in taverns drinking,
By idle minds were carried there."

There's *nothing* great, there's *nothing* wise,
Which idle minds and hands supply;
Those who all thought and toil despise,
Mere *nothings* live, and *nothings* die.

A thousand *naughts* are not a feather,
When in a sum they all are brought;
A thousand idle lads together,
Are still but *nothings* joined to *naught*.

And yet of merit they will boast,
And sometimes pompous seem and haughty;
But still 'tis ever plain to most,
That *nothing boys*, are mostly *naughty*.

There, now, there is *nothing* for you; now learn it well, as you have promised. Good bye.

LESSON XI.

DILIGENCE IN STUDY.

Uncle Charles—Busy at your book, I perceive, this morning. I am happy to see it.

Mother—My son has become truly industrious—he has studied your *nothing* thoroughly, and has taken hold of his school lessons with new life and spirit; and says that he is determined, if his life and health are spared, to be something more in the world than a mere nothing.

Uncle Charles—Well done, John; I would encourage you to press on. Try and learn a little every day, and you will be a wise man by and by. And not only study the useful books which your teachers put into your hands, but read and study your bible, which is the best of all books, and pray to God for the aid of his Holy Spirit, that you may understand and obey it, and then you will not only be a wise man, but a good man. Now learn a few more cf my verses.

STUDY HARD.

Yes, I must sweat and toil away
And learn a little every day,
The wisest men, with care and pains,
Have gathered up their wit by grains.

The bees collect their sweets with care,
A little here, a little there;
And lo! when summer's days are o'er,
They have a full and luscious store.

But what is knowledge without grace?
Lord, guide me in thy holy ways:
O may I know my sins forgiven,
And learn the way that leads to heaven.

KNOWLEDGE IS VALUABLE.

Knowledge is a shining treasure,
Better far than golden ore;
Let us, then, with constant pleasure,
Labor for the precious store.

When one study we have ended,
Onward still we must pursue;
Lofty mountains, when ascended,
Other mountains bring to view.

Minds improved are like the morning,
Robed in fair and pleasant light;
But without this sweet adorning,
They are dreary as the night.

Human wit must not be slighted,
But there is a higher prize;
Still we are in mists benighted,
Till the Saviour makes us wise.

Learn of me, says holy Jesus,
Wisdom that is pure and sweet;
What so much should ever please us,
As to learn at Jesus feet.

PART II.

LESSON I.

HOW TO KNOW AND FEEL THAT WE ARE SINNERS.

Mother—Come, hither, child, and let us talk a little about serious, solemn, eternal things. Where do you expect to live when your body dies?

Jesse—You have taught me to say that every person, when he dies, will either live in heaven with God and Christ, and saints and holy angels, or in hell, a place of torment, with devils and poor lost souls.

Mother—That is true, my child; but where do *you* expect to live? If you were to die now, just as you are, where would you go?

Jesse—I suppose if I do not hate sin, and love God, and Christ, the Saviour of sinners, I must go to the place of torment; and mother, if sister Julia is not a Christian, poor sister,

she must go there, too, and brother William, and brother John, and every body that does not love God.

Mother—Yes, my child, this is all true. We must hate sin and love God. And do you hate sin? Are you really sorry for sin?

Jesse—I know, mother, I have sinned against God, but how am I to hate sin? I cannot *feel* that I am a sinner; I sometimes try to be sorry for my sin, but I cannot be sorry.

Mother—O if you did but know what an evil thing sin is, you would hate it. Sin is any thing and every thing which is wrong and wicked in the sight of God. If God tells us to do any thing, and we do not do it, it is sin; if he tells us we shall not do a certain thing, and we do it, it is sin. Did you never disobey your parents? This was a sin against God. Did you never speak a wicked word? many wicked words? This was a sin against God. Did you never have any evil thoughts? A wicked thought is a sin against God. We all sin in our hearts, we sin with our tongues, we sin in our actions. And until God makes our hearts anew by his blessed Spirit, we never do any thing which God loves, for, until then, we do not love God, but hate him. How can God be pleased with any thing we

can do, when we hate him in our hearts? God is very great, and good, and glorious; all sin is committed against this glorious Being; it must, therefore be very evil in his sight. Christ, his Son, came into the world to bleed and die, that we might be saved from sin; how very evil, then, sin must be, if nothing but the death of God's dearly beloved Son would save us from it. All the pain and misery which you see in the world, are in consequence of sin. How very sinful, then, sin must be to produce so much sorrow and suffering. Think of these things, and it will help you to be sorry for sin. But, especially, my child, you must pray to God to show you your sinfulness, and help you to repent of sin and forsake it. Learn these little verses, and when you go away by yourself, get down upon your little knees, and say them over to the Lord, and try to feel right when you say them.

Though I am a little one,
Many evils I have done;
But I cannot feel within,
Sorrow for my guilt and sin.

Make me, Lord, O make me know,
As I should, my guilt and wo;

Do thou not my soul forsake,
Break my heart, O quickly break.

Vile and sinful though I am,
Pity me, dear blessed Lamb;
Make me truly contrite feel,
Then my sorrow kindly heal.

LESSON II.

THE PENITENT CHILD.

Julia—Mother, ask Jesse, will you, if he said those verses before he went to bed last night. Though they were intended for a little child, yet I thought they would suit me, too. I have learned them, and last night I repeated them upon my knees, and I tried to pray that God would show me that I have an evil heart. And O I feel that I have a very evil heart. Why did I never feel sensible of this before?

Mother—I hope the Lord has showed you that you are a sinner; you must not strive against these feelings; if you do, it will be a great sin.

Julia—O mother, what shall I do? I know

God cannot love such a sinner, and I do not wish to be driven away from him to dwell in endless pain.

Mother—Go, my child, and confess your sins to the Lord. Tell him what a sinner you have been. He knows it, but then he would have *you* know it, and be sorry for it, and humble yourself before him, and make confession of your guilt.

Julia—And will he hear such a sinner pray?

Mother—O yes, if you pray sincerely, and beg him to hear you, and forgive you for what Jesus Christ has done and suffered. Do not forget this. You cannot save yourself. Your prayers and tears will not save you. You can do nothing to buy the pardon of your sins. Jesus Christ saves sinners. His blood that he shed on the cross has bought pardon for poor sinners. Now, if you will depend entirely on Christ, God will hear and save you. Here is a little hymn for the one that feels his sinfulness, and is ready to confess his sins to God, and seek mercy through Jesus Christ.

Lord, I come to thee confessing
All the evils I have done;
And I come to seek thy blessing,
Through the merits of thy Son.

Foolish words my tongue has spoken,
Wicked ways my feet have trod;
Thy commands my hands have broken,
And my heart has hated God.

But the weary and relenting
Thou hast promised shall be blest;
Helpless, weary and repenting,
Lord, I seek thy promised rest.

Hear a ruined rebel pleading;
Cleanse me, Saviour, from my guilt;
Heal the heart that now is bleeding,
With the blood for sinners spilt.

Ever would I love and fear thee,
All thy holy precepts love;
Keep, O keep me ever near thee,
Guide me to thy rest above.

LESSON III.

THE YOUNG CONVERT.

Julia—Can you tell me, mother, how a person feels that is a true christian?

Mother—A true christian delights in God, and in Christ Jesus, his beloved Son.

Julia—But how may a person know that he delights in God and Christ?

Mother—If we love God, we shall love to think about him, and to pray to him. We shall love that which is good and holy, and we shall hate that which is sinful. "If ye love me," says Christ, "keep my commandments." All those who delight to do the will of Christ, to walk in his holy ways, and follow his pure and blessed example, are christians. A true christian will love the bible. He will delight in the people of God; they will be precious and lovely in his sight. He will love to go to the house of God, to hear his word explained, and to join in the prayers and songs of God's people. He will feel anxious that lost sinners should forsake their evil ways, and love the precious Redeemer; he will desire the whole world to be saved.

Julia—O mother, I hope, then, that I am a christian. I love to think of God and Christ; I do desire to be free from sin, and to be like my Saviour. I once shunned good people, but now I love to be with them, and hear them sing and talk and pray, and I find many pleasant things in the bible; and when I went

to the house of God last Sabbath, every thing looked so lovely, and the singing sounded so sweetly, O I thought if I had wings, I could fly away to my blessed Saviour, and be at rest. I feel that God is good, and that I ought to love and serve and praise him all my days.

Mother—May the Lord bless and keep you, my dear child; if you feel as you have said, I trust you have found mercy. Perhaps, then, you can learn and sing the following verses:

THE YOUNG CONVERT'S SONG.

Awake, my youthful tongue, and sing
The praises of my Saviour King,
Who has my heart renewed;
His precious love has broke my chains,
Washed out my guilt, relieved my pains,
And all my foes subdued.

All things seem new. The hills rejoice,
Flowers, birds and insects lift their voice
In sweet and happy choirs;
The stars roll on with brighter rays,
And help me sing Immanuel's praise,
Who lit their golden fires.

New light adorns the sacred book
In which no comfort I once took,

How precious to my sight!
The saints, how sweetly now they shine,
Their songs and praises how divine,
They are my dear delight.

My feet, by new attractions led,
With joyful haste the paths now tread,
That to the temple guide:
What heavenly beauties cheer the place,
'T is full of light, 't is full of grace;
Here would my soul abide.

O glorious, precious, happy change!
My joys, my hopes, my love, how strange!
How strange to be forgiven!
Come saints and join my feeble lays,
Come sinners learn the Saviour's praise,
And with me press to heaven.

But if you will not go, adieu,
My upward path I must pursue,
To seek eternal gain;
This earth no more shall have my love;
My heart, my treasures, are above,
And there I hope to reign.

Uncle Charles---Dear children, what a blessed thing it is to be a christian. Would you not

be christians, and love and serve God on earth, and dwell with him forever? God is converting many little children in our land; and in heathen lands, where our missionaries have gone to preach the gospel, God is blessing and saving little children. Pray, then, to the Lord that he would not pass you by, and leave you to die in your sins.

LESSON IV.

BAPTISM.

Cooper—Mother, I saw father lead several persons into the water last Sabbath, and put them down under the water, and then raise them up again; why did he do so?

Mrs. C.—Did you not hear him say, I *baptize* you in the name of the Father, &c. He *baptized* them, my child.

Cooper—And what did he *baptize* them for? What does that mean?

Mrs. C.—Have you not read in the Bible that Christ Jesus, just before he went up into heaven, told his disciples to go into all the world, and preach to the people, and to baptize the people? Now, when the

Lord changes a sinner's heart, and he repents of sin, and puts his trust in Jesus Christ, it is his duty to be baptized, and to become a member of the church of Christ, and let every person know that he is one of God's people. Sherwood, can you repeat the little verse in Galatians, 3d chapter, 27th verse?

Sherwood—I think I can. "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ."

Mrs. C.—That is correct. Now, I wish you to notice that persons who are *baptized* properly, profess to put on Christ, i. e., they take upon themselves his name, his commands, his service. They turn their backs upon the world, they promise to forsake sin, they openly declare that Christ is their Saviour, their King, and their portion, and that they intend to love and serve him forever.

Jesse Mercer—Does baptism take away sin, and make people good.

Mrs C.—No, my child. Baptism is "not the putting away of the filth of the flesh," as the Bible says; it is not that by which our wicked nature is changed; the blood of Christ is that, and that only, which can wash away sin. But baptism is a kind of figure or picture of it. Martha Jane, do you understand this?

Martha Jane—I think I do. See, mother, here is a picture book, and here is the picture of the sun; but, mother, this is not the sun, but only a representation of the sun. So, when a person is buried under the water, and thus washed, as it were, in the water, this is not being washed from sin, but it is a kind of picture which we can look upon, to teach us that the sins of the soul are washed away by the blood of Christ.

Mrs. C.—That explanation, perhaps, will do. But I will leave the subject with your father; he can tell you all about it.

Mr. C.—Jesse Mercer, turn to Romans, 6th chapter, and read the 3rd, 4th and 5th verses; and also read the 12th verse of the 2d chapter of Colossians. Now, I cannot explain fully to your understanding every thing contained in these verses, but you see that in baptism we are buried with Christ, and we rise with Christ. Baptism, then, is the picture of a burial; and also of a resurrection, or a coming up to life again. Now when a person is changed by God's Spirit, and brought to believe in Christ, his sins are forgiven, and he is made to hate and forsake sin. He is killed to the power and love of sin. He is, in some sense, separated from sin—buried away from

sin. Now, when a person is put down under the water, he is buried, you see; and this is a picture of his dying to sin. But when a person is truly converted to God, he is not only killed to the love of sin, but he is also made alive to that which is good and holy. He loves God. He obeys God. He begins to live for God. He rises out of that dead and stupid state in which he was before. He is a new creature. Now, when a person baptized is raised up out of the water, it is a picture of a poor sinner's rising up out of his sinful state, and of his being prepared by God's Holy Spirit to live a new life, and walk in the ways of the Lord.

Jesse Mercer—And is this all which baptism shows?

Mr. C.—No. These verses, which you have read, teach us, I think, that baptism is a representation—a picture—(that is an easier word) of the burial and resurrection of Christ. As a person who is baptized is laid under the water, so Christ was laid in the tomb; as the person is raised up out of the water, so Christ was raised from the dead, to suffer and die no more; and some persons think the scriptures teach that baptism was intended also to be a representation, a picture, of the resurrection

of our bodies at the last day. You see, then, that baptism is a glorious ordinance, or appointment of Christ. You should never think nor speak lightly of it; this would be a great sin.

Martha Jane—Father, will no other way do but to bury persons all over in the water? Some persons sprinkle water on a person, or pour water, and call it baptism, do they not?

Mr. C.—Yes, my daughter, but I do not understand that this is taught in the word of God. Have you ever seen any thing like it in those places which speak of baptism?

Martha Jane—No, father, but I did not know but what older and wiser persons had found it.

Mr. C.—No, never. They have thought so; but, as, for myself, I am certain they have been mistaken. Very good people, you know, often make mistakes. Christ, we read, was baptized in the river Jordan. John baptized in Enon, near to Salem, because there was much water there. Philip and the Eunuch went down into the water, and then the Eunuch was baptized, and they came up out of the water. These things do not look much like sprinkling or pouring. We are buried with Christ in baptism. Now, if baptism is intended to be a picture or representation of a burial, you know sprinkling or pouring could not answer

the purpose. But I desire you all, children, to read and study the word of God for yourselves.

Martha Jane—May I ask you another question? Who have a right to be baptized?

Mr. C.—None, my child, but those who repent of sin, and believe truly in Jesus Christ. John the Baptist baptized those who *confessed* their sins. Christ said, he that *believeth* and is baptized shall be saved. Peter said, on the day of Pentecost, *repent* and be baptized every one of you. Philip said to the Eunuch, who requested to be baptized, if thou *believest* with all thine heart, thou mayest. Many people think that little infants ought to be baptized; but I can find no more scripture for infants being baptized, than I do for sprinkling being baptism. Baptism is "not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God." Little infants, you know, can have no conscience about any thing.

Jesse Mercer—Father, I saw you baptize a little girl the other day, who was not older than I am. Did she love Christ. Was she a Christian?

Mr. C.—I trust she was. She had seen herself a lost sinner; she prayed to Christ for pardon, and she felt that she had been made

to love the Lord and his people, and that God had pardoned her sins. Her father and mother think she is a changed child, a true, consistent Christian; and if this be so, certainly she had a right to be baptized. O children, I wished you all loved and feared the Lord, and were prepared to follow him. Seek the Saviour now, in your early days. I love those, says the Lord, that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me. And now I wish you to learn this little piece about baptism. If there is any thing in it which any of you do not understand, I will try and explain it to you.

Behold ye the Lamb into Jordan descending,
  And bowing so meekly beneath the deep wave;
The Father and Spirit, their witness now blending,
  To honor the Son, as he comes from the grave.
And who would not walk where the Saviour has trod;
  Embracing the cross and despising the shame?
What duty so dear as obeisance to God?
  What honor so bright as the Saviour's dear name?

Ye children, despise not this holy immersion,
  It is the commandment that Jesus has given;
It speaketh to men the lost sinner's conversion,
  His dying to sin and his living to heaven.

Believe now in Jesus, and be ye immersed;
For thousands, like you, in their bright youthful bloom
Their love for the Saviour have sweetly rehearsed,
And gently bowed down in the watery tomb.

LESSON V.

ABOUT THE SOUL.

CHILD.

O tell me, father, what is this,
This which my flesh conceals;
Which has its pain, which has its bliss,
Which thinks, and wills, and feels?

FATHER.

My child, it is the precious soul,
That lives when all things die;
That thinks and feels while ages roll,
That lives eternally.

CHILD.

And in less time the sands I 'd count,
And give them all a name;
And then the starry skies could mount,
And count those worlds of flame.

FATHER.

And were those sands all diamonds bright,
And all those stars pure gold;
All with the soul compared were light,
Its worth were still untold.

CHILD.

O then I have a precious store,
What happiness is mine;
To live and think forevermore,
And all the stars outshine.

FATHER.

But think, my child, O think again;
This precious soul is lost;
Sin dooms the soul to endless pain,
Unless redeemed with cost.

CHILD.

Then I must die, forever die,
There's naught in earth or heaven,
Of worth my precious soul to buy,
And speak my sins forgiven.

FATHER.

Jesus, my child, a price did pay,
Dear as thy dreadful loss;
Jesus who dwelt in lowly clay,
And died upon the cross.

CHILD.

And Jesus, hast thou paid the cost,
That ruined souls might live?
Why, then, should my poor soul be lost,
Since thou canst now forgive?

Forgive, I pray; my loss restore,
Then bliss shall still be mine;
I 'll live and sing forevermore,
And all the stars outshine.

LESSON VI.

ABOUT THE GOOD LITTLE CHILDREN WE READ OF IN THE BIBLE.

Mother—Judson, you have read and studied your bible enough to understand many things; please tell your little sisters about Samuel.

Judson—Samuel was a great and good man. He was one of the judges or rulers of Israel, nearly three thousand years ago. He was, also, one of the prophets of Israel. His mother, Hannah, was a good woman, but she had no children for a long time, and she asked a son from the Lord. The Lord heard her

prayer and gave her a son, and she called his name Samuel, and she gave him to the Lord. When she weaned her little son, she took him up to the house of the Lord, and said, "I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent unto the Lord." She left Samuel there to minister unto the Lord, before Eli the priest. Samuel was a good child; he loved the Lord, and the Lord loved him. "And Samuel grew," the Bible says, "and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground."

Mother—What a blessed thing it is for the Lord to be with little children, to take care of them and save them. Dear children, may he be with you, as he was with good little Samuel? Isaac Watts, can you tell me about Obadiah?

Isaac Watts—I think I can. There was something about him in my last Sabbath school lesson. Obadiah lived two or three hundred years after Samuel He was a governor, or principal man, in the family of Ahab, one of the wicked kings of Israel. But though he lived with a very wicked king, he was a very good man. Ahab had a very wicked wife, by the name of Jezebel, worse, if any thing, than her husband himself. At a

certain time she caused to be slain many of the prophets of the Lord; but Obadiah took a hundred of the Lord's prophets and hid them from her in a cave, and fed them with bread and water. This was very kind. It is said of him that he feared the Lord greatly. And Obadiah said to Elijah, one of the great and good prophets of Israel, when he was conversing with him, "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth."

Father—Children, how happy should I be, if you, like that good and holy man, would fear and serve the Lord from your youth. Susan Ann, can you tell me any thing about good little Timothy?

Susan Ann—Yes, father, I heard you read and talk about him yesterday. Timothy had a good grand mother, and her name was Lois; and his mother, whose name was Eunice, was a good woman, and I have no doubt she taught her son Timothy to study God's word, and to obey his commands, for it is said that he knew the scriptures from a child.

Father—And when Timothy became a man, what did he do?

Susan Ann—He still served God, and he became a preacher of the gospel. Father, do you not think that Timothy is now in heaven

with many of the people that he taught to be good when in this world?

Father—Yes, my child, all good ministers will, no doubt, meet in heaven those whom they were the means of leading to Christ on earth, and they will be happy together forever. Well, Catharine, you are a little girl, but can you not tell me something we have taught you about Jesus when he was a child?

Catharine—You have told me that Jesus was the only person that was ever born into this world without sin. When a child, he never said, nor thought, nor did any thing wrong. He loved and obeyed his parents. He was not only holy and good, but he was a very wise child. When but twelve years of age, he conversed with the wise teachers in Jerusalem, and all the people that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. And as he grew larger he grew in wisdom, and in favor with God and man. And he never did any thing wrong in his whole life.

Father—Now, children, I desire you ever to think about that holy child Jesus, and to pray often to the Lord that you may be like him. Uncle Charles has written some verses about the good children we have been talking of.

Can you not learn them this week, and recite them next Sabbath for a part of your Sabbath school lesson?

EARLY PIETY.

How lovely, how charming the sight,
When children their Saviour obey;
The angels look down with delight,
This beautiful scene to survey.

Little Samuel was holy and good;
Obadiah served God from his youth;
And Timothy well understood,
From a child, the scriptures of truth.

But Jesus was better than they;
Not a fault in his childhood was seen;
His feet never wandered astray,
His heart from pollution was clean.

Like Samuel, Lord, I would be,
Obadiah and Timothy, too;
And O, grant thy help unto me,
Thine own blessed steps to pursue.

Make me holy, and humble, and mild;
From folly constrain me to flee;

And then, though I am but a child,
My soul shall find favor of thee.

LESSON VII.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I suppose, children, you have all committed to memory the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandmennts. If you have not, learn the *Lord's Prayer* for this week's task—but do not think it a task—and next week the *Ten Commandments*, and then you may study this lesson. In the verses which follow, I have given something like the meaning of the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. These verses may assist your memory, and help you to understand them.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, God, who art on high,
Help us thy name to sanctify ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
On earth as 'tis before thy throne ;

Give us the bread on which we live,
Forgive our sins as we forgive.
O keep us from temptation's power,
From evil guard us every hour;
For thine's the power and sovereign reign,
And glory evermore. Amen.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I.

No other gods shall have thy love,
But the eternal God above;
Our heart, our soul, our mind, our might,
He claims as his eternal right.

II.

No idle god shall be caressed,
Before thine eyes, within thy breast,
To no vile image bow thy knee,
Of aught in heaven, or earth, or sea.

III.

Take not the name of God in vain,
He hates the impious and profane;
Swear not by heaven, swear not by earth,
Nor holy things convert to mirth.

IV.

Remember thou the Sabbath day,
Now think of God, and praise and pray ;
Let man and beast enjoy the rest,
Which God has sanctified and blest.

V.

Your parents honor and obey,
Attentive to the words they say ;
With duteous sons it shall be well,
Upon the earth they long shall dwell.

VI.

Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's life,
Nor cherish malice, wrath or strife ;
The man whose heart is filled with spite,
Is still a murderer in God's sight.

VII.

Refrain from every lustful deed,
And thoughts which to transgression lead ;
All those who have a wanton eye,
God charges with adultery.

VIII.

Thou shalt not seize thy neighbor's part,
By fraud, or force, or cunning art ;

He is a robber in God's sight,
Who steals a million or a mite.

IX.

Thy tongue shall never speak a lie,
Though wealth and honor it might buy;
Be every look, and act sincere,
The man of truth has naught to fear.

X.

Covet thou not what is not thine;
Nor at thy neighbor's wealth repine;
Though thou art poor, content remain,
Contentment is the greatest gain.

LESSON VIII.

UNKIND AND DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN.

Many children have very kind and pious parents, who love them tenderly, pray for them every day, and teach them constantly the way to heaven. And yet sometimes these children treat their parents very unkindly. They neglect their commands; they will not follow the good advice of their fathers and

mothers. They use bad words, and do many wicked things. They live as though they had no souls; they do not pray to God, nor think about the love of Christ who died for sinners, nor about death, and hell, and heaven. Perhaps some that are now reading this little book, are just such children. O how can you treat your father and mother so! This is very wicked. It is awfully sinful in the sight of a holy God. Have you never thought that the Lord might take away your parents, and leave you poor helpless orphans, with no kind father, no tender mother, to care for you? Who will then trouble themselves about you? You will then remember all your unkind words, and wicked actions, and say, "O that we had paid more attention to our parents' advice and commands." But it will be too late to recall what you have done. Think, then, of your evil ways; be sorry for all you have done amiss. Do not go on in sin and folly, and make your father's eyes run down with tears, and break your mother's heart, and bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.—Consider attentively what is contained in these lines which follow:

O why to your father so negligent prove,
And why will you grieve the dear mother you love?
How oft they remind you of Christ and of heaven,
And often no heed to their warning is given.

In the grave your kind parents may soon find a home,
And leave you, poor orphans in sorrow to roam;
Who then, like your parents, will care for your good,
Weep over your follies, and point you to God?

When weeping you search out the desolate way,
Which guides to the tomb that embosoms their clay;
You then may lament with deep, heart-piercing wo,
You slighted the counsels they gave you below.

If now you forget them, O think of them there,
And bend over their graves in the fervor of prayer;
If heaven will permit, they will haste from above,
And embrace, though unseen, the children they love.

LESSON IX.

IS YOUR MOTHER DEAD?

Uncle Charles had two little sons that their mother loved very much. She often instructed them in the things of religion, and prayed

often and fervently, that they might be saved. But by and by disease smote the kind mother; she grew pale and weak; gave her little boys her last admonition, and sunk in the arms of death. It is possible that some dear little son or daughter, that is now reading this book, has lately lost a pious mother. My child, do not forget that mother. She was your best earthly friend. Think of her prayers; think of her tears, think of the advice she gave you when her lips were quivering in death; and prepare to meet her in heaven. If you will learn these little verses, and occasionally repeat them, they may tend, in some degree, to keep alive in your mind proper thoughts of that kind, tender mother, whom you will see no more on earth.

MY MOTHER.

And art thou gone, my MOTHER dear,
Gone to thy peaceful rest above?
Could'st thou no longer tarry here,
To bless me with thy tender love?

Yes, thou art gone! pale is thy cheek,
And cold thy brow as winter snow!
Death has forbid thy lips to speak,
And stilled the heart that loved me so.

But MOTHER, I will think of thee,
And bless the Lord for all your care;
I'll think how oft you counselled me,
And gave me to the Lord in prayer.

And MOTHER, when *my* breath shall cease,
And I must bid the world adieu,
May I, like you, depart in peace,
And ever live with Christ and you.

LESSON X.

PRAY FOR YOUR UNGODLY PARENTS.

My child, have you an ungodly father or mother? Let me ask you what will be the condition of that father or mother, if death finds him or her in an unconverted state?—That father must die forever. That mother must lie down in endless sorrow. Can you endure the thought? Now, what I have to request of you, my child, is that you will daily think of the soul of that dear friend; and that you will daily go in secret, and whilst you are praying for yourself, pray to the Lord that he would have compassion on the father that begat you, or (if it be a mother) that he would

save the mother that bare you. Perhaps both may be strangers to God; then think of them both; pray for them both; God may hear the humble and broken cries of a little child.

In the following verses, the words *father* or *mother*, *he* or *she*, etc., may be used, as the case may require. If the verses are to be applied to the case of a *mother*, let the last line but one be altered, so as to read as follows:

Mother, child, thy grace possessing, etc.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER FOR AN UNGODLY PARENT.

Jesus hear an infant's pleading,
For the *father* that I love;
Help me with thine interceding
On thy throne of grace above.

My dear *father!* can I bear it,
That his soul should sink to hell!
God's kind love—O not to share it,
But with ruined spirits dwell!

Shall the blissful gates of heaven
Never open to his soul?
Shall no harp to him be given,
And no glittering crown of gold?

Rouse him, Jesus from his slumber,
Save the *father* that I love;
Make him of that happy number,
That shall reign with thee above.

And to me impart thy blessing,
Save me in my tender days;
Child and sire thy grace possessing,
Then shall join to sing thy praise.

LESSON XI.

THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD.

Can I number the stars of the sky?
Can I count all the drops of the sea?
So many, so deep and so high,
Are God's tender mercies to me.

My father and mother so kind,
Are to me the sweet blessings of heaven;
And teachers to fashion my mind,
The Lord in his goodness has given.

The seasons roll round at his will,
And pour on my head their delights;

The rain and the dew-drops distill,
To sweeten my days and my nights.

He clothes me with garments so warm,
And feeds me with dainties so sweet,
He shelters me from the rude storm,
And kindly defends from the heat.

At morning, and noon, and at night,
His mercy my pathway attends;
With sorrow he mingles delight,
And healing in sickness he sends.

He pities more tenderly still:
He sends a kind Saviour to die;
The Bible to teach us his will,
The Spirit to guide us on high.

Then God should be dearer to me,
Than parents, and comforts, and home;
What beauty on earth can I see,
To tempt me from Jesus to roam.

I would not the Giver despise,
And worship the things he has given;
Be Jesus the *all* that I prize,
And earth be forgotten for heaven.

LESSON XII.

THE METEOR.

Ella—What a beautiful star-light evening! How I love to gaze on the spangled heavens! Mother, come and look!

Mother—Yes, my child, the scene is glorious; and how glorious must be that Being who made these numberless worlds! "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work." When you look at the bright heavens, think, my child, of the great God that dwells on high.

Ella—See that bright star; Archibald, what is the name of it?

Archibald—That is Jupiter, one of the planets that rolls around the sun. It is many times larger than the earth.

Ella—O mother, did you see that bright falling star? I have seen falling stars before, but that was the brightest I ever saw. What do you call those bright things that dart along the sky?

Mother—Meteors, my child; have you forgotten? Your sister Mary can tell you about them.

Mary—They are substances of some kind that move high above the earth; and sometimes, in passing rapidly through the air, they take fire, and send forth that bright, beautiful light which you sometimes see.

Mother—Bright, beautiful; but how soon it passed away! Thus it is with the charms of earth; they dazzle and die. Thus it often is with the wicked great. They shine for a time; we gaze and wonder, but they are soon gone. Their glory lasteth but for a moment. But, children do you see those bright stars? They have been shining many thousand years—they are supposed to be large suns—they shine on with a pure, steady and cheering light. May they not represent the humble, consistent christian, that walks with God, sheds around him the light of a holy example and endeavors to do good whilst he remains on earth? He shines in life, he shines in death, he shines forever. Yes, "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and that they turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." May I, may your dear father, may you, children, may we all be wise—may we all be the true children of God; then our light will never go out. Now, Ella, learn these little verses about the meteor and the stars:

The wicked shine with meteor light,
And for a moment charm the sight;
But as the meteor darts and dies,
So fades the sinner from our eyes.

Those little stars—how lovely, bright,
Sweet solace of the gloomy night;
Long have they smiled from yonder skies,
Bright emblem of the good and wise.

The saint is robed in lasting rays,
And shines to his Redeemer's praise;
When his bright course on earth is run,
In heaven he burns, a glorious sun.

Lord, give us all the light of grace,
Which sweetly beams from Jesus' face;
We would not like the meteor die,
But shine to all eternity.

LESSON XIII.

THE BIBLE.

Bright shines the sun, but brighter shines
The book that God has given;
For here are found those precious lines
That guide the soul to heaven.

It tells of God who made the sky,
And doth in glory dwell;
Of angel hosts who reign on high,
Of angel hosts that fell.

It tells of bliss beyond the skies,
Of endless pain below;
And of the soul that never dies,
An heir of bliss or wo.

It tells of God's amazing love
That was ere time began;
Of Christ, commissioned from above,
To die for dying man.

It tells how ruined sinners may
Repent and be forgiven;
And how to live, and watch and pray,
And onward press to heaven.

O may I then this volume prize,
And in its truth abide;
Its precepts keep before my eyes;
And in my bosom hide.

LESSON XIV.

THE FIRST BURMAN HYMN.

Uncle Charles.—And how do you all do? It is a long time since I have seen you; and children, how you have grown. Francis, you are almost a man; and Samuel, you are not much behind him; and who is this? Can it be Thomas Cooper? a good stout lad to be sure. And as for these, whom I knew as little chattering girls—is it possible! they are now young ladies. Time, how it carries us along. But did I not hear you singing as I came in?

Dr. B.—Yes, my children here were trying to make a little noise, but I do not think they succeed very well.

Mrs. B.—Well, for my part, considering the attention they have given to singing, I think some of them do pretty well.

Uncle Charles.—It delights me much to see young persons cultivating a taste for music, particularly sacred music. Do not let my coming in interrupt you. Sing on.

Children.—And what shall we sing?

Uncle Charles.—Any thing you please. Can you sing for me a Burman hymn?

Dr. B.—I think you would have to make Burman English before they could accomplish much.

Uncle Charles.—Here is a Burman hymn, turned into English—not by me—for I know but little more about Burman than I do about the language of the people who lived before the flood. You have all heard and read much about our brother Judson. After he had been in Burmah several years, and by his labors and the labor of some of the other missionaries, several of the heathen had been converted, he composed a little Burman hymn. For many years it was the only hymn in use amongst the Burman convrts. Mrs. Simons, the wife of one of our beloved missionaries, (now dead, and I trust in a better world,) translated the hymn into English, and sent it over to some of her friends in this country. The following is the translation:

Heaven is a golden country, seek it.
The happy souls behold the face
Of Jesus Christ, and forever more
They speak and sing of grace divine.

Exempt from punishment;
Sickness, death, old age,

Entirely banished and destroyed,
They speak and sing of grace divine.

Loving with all the heart,
And possessing everlasting bliss,
They drink in and enjoy it;
And speak and sing of grace divine.

They abide in the divine presence.
The brilliant rays of the divine glory
From Jesus Christ overshadow every one.
They speak and sing of grace divine,

Dr. B.—Now, children, let us hear you sing the Burman hymn.

Narcissa—We will try—let us see—what tune? Why, some how or other, I cannot make any thing out of it.

Emily—Neither can I—it will not suit common metre, nor long metre, nor any metre that I know of.

Samuel—Do you not see, the lines are very irregular; and look, they do not rhyme.

Francis—But notice; this is only a translation, it was not intended to be sung in its present form.

Dr. B.—I will tell you what to do. Uncle Charles here, as you call him, is a kind of

rhyme-maker; now just get him to clip and straighten these lines a little, and then, perhaps, you can sing them.

Uncle Charles—That I have already done. Here is a little piece, containing the substance of the Burman hymn, arranged to suit any long metre tune:

O seek ye heaven, a golden land,
Where happy souls rejoicing stand;
And ever view the Saviour's face,
And speak and sing of matchless grace.

Exempt from sin and sorrow's rage,
From sickness, death and wasting age;
All suffering banished from the place,
They speak and sing of matchless grace.

Love fills entire each burning breast,
Of everlasting bliss possest,
They quaff with joy the immortal spring:
Of grace divine they speak and sing.

God's presence is their dwelling place;
The glorious and effulgent rays
From Jesus' face around them shine;
They speak and sing of grace divine.

And here is another arrangement of the words, a little different, adapted to the good old tune, Lenox:

Heaven is a golden land,
O seek the happy place;
There blessed spirits stand,
And view the Saviour's face.
Forevermore in light they shine,
And speak and sing of grace divine.

Exempt from penal wo,
Sickness and death and age,
No peril there they know,
Nor fierce temptation's rage.
Forevermore in light they shine,
And speak and sing of grace divine.

Sweet love and peace possess,
And fill each raptured soul;
The floods of blessedness,
Through every bosom roll.
Forevermore in light they shine,
And speak and sing of grace divine.

Before the Lord they dwell,
The pure effulgent rays
Of their Immanuel

O'ershadow all the place.
Forevermore in light they shine,
And speak and sing of grace divine.

Thomas Cooper—Uncle Charles, I intend to learn these verses, and when I get large enough I will try and sing them, with mother and Narcissa and Emily, and my brothers.

Uncle Charles—O, shall we all meet in heaven, and meet those converted Burmans in heaven, and sing together forever? If we perish at last, the poor ignorant heathen will rise up in the judgment against us.

LESSON XV.

DO NOT FORGET THE HEATHEN.

Dear children, do you ever think of the peculiar privileges which you enjoy in this christian country? Some of you have pious fathers and mothers to instruct you in the way of life, and pray for your salvation. There are millions of children in heathen lands, whose parents are teaching them to worship idols of wood and stone, made by human hands.

You have the precious Bible, that tells you of God, who made all things; of the love of Christ, who died for sinners; and of all that is necessary for us to know, in order that we may be happy here, and happy forever; but they have not this blessed book. You have the Sabbath, that precious day of rest; but they know nothing of this holy day. They grow up hard-hearted, ignorant and sinful; and they do not know how sin can be pardoned, and the heart made holy. In sorrow, they have nothing to give them solid comfort; and when they die they have no Saviour to lean upon. Do you not feel compassion for them? And ought you not to be very thankful to God that you were not born in a heathen land, and that you are not this moment worshipping idols and evil spirits? Many kind-hearted pious missionaries, you know, have gone to various heathen lands to preach to the people the glorious gospel. In many places they have established schools, and gathered together little heathen children, and are teaching them to read and write, and are showing them the way to heaven. Some of these little children learn as well as children in this country; and some of them have become pious christians, and love the Saviour and pray to him; and some of them

have died happy, and are now, no doubt, in heaven. Can you not praise the Lord for this? But there are yet a great many children, thousands and millions, that the missionaries have never seen, and who will, probably, die before they ever hear of Christ. Christians in this country are not doing as much as they ought for the salvation of the heathen. They do not pray enough for them. They do not give as much money as they ought, to send them missionaries and Bibles and little tracts. And there are not half enough of our young preachers that are willing to go and live and preach and die in heathen lands. Are there none of you that can pray for poor little heathen children, and their ignorant fathers and mothers? Will not every one of you try to lay aside a little money every year, ten cents, twenty-five cents, fifty cents, or a dollar, as you may be able, to help send the Bible and missionaries to the heathen? And are there none of you who will pray, "Lord, make us holy and good, and prepare us, when we grow up, to go to distant lands and labor and pray for the perishing heathen." If you will all learn these verses, and repeat them occasionally to your parents, or Sabbath school teachers, perhaps it may assist you to keep alive in your hearts more

kind and tender thoughts about those who have no Bible, no Sabbath, no preachers, no Saviour.

COMPASSION FOR THE HEATHEN.

Ye children of light, where the gospel is beaming,
And God his rich mercies so freely has given;
O pity those lands where no bright ray is gleaming,
To guide the poor heathen to Christ, and to heaven.
They know not their guilt; and they know not the balm,
That cleanseth from sin, and that healeth their wo;
They pray to dumb idols their anguish to calm,
But idols of wood have no mercy to show.

O pity those mothers their children beseeching
To kneel to the altars of devils and pray;
O pity the children that yield to their teaching,
And kiss those dumb idols of wood and of clay.
And children of light, when in secret you kneel,
With Jesus for mercy and pardon to plead,
Say, can you not then, for the poor heathen feel,
And for those blind mothers and babes intercede?

And will you not plead with the God of salvation,
That light may go forth to the world's farthest shore;
And will you not say, "go ye to each nation,
Go heralds and teach them the Lamb to adore."

And children, have you no small mite to bestow,
To bless the dark lands that in wretchedness lie?
And will you not CHILDREN, *in future years go,*
Those babes and those mothers to point to the sky?

LESSON XVI.

VERSES FOR THE MORNING AND EVENING AND THE SABBATH.

FOR THE MORNING.

Above yon eastern hill,
The morning smiles abroad ;
May grateful love my bosom fill
To my preserver, God.

His mercy stood around,
Through all the night to save;
I am alive, whilst many found
Their beds a lowly grave.

May I improve this day,
Better than all the past;
With holier steps pursue the way
That leads to heaven at last.

FOR THE EVENING.

Another day has fled,
On haste the shades of night;
Thousands are numbered with the dead,
That saw the morning's light.

And yet, O Lord, *I* live,
To think of thee and heaven;
What grateful thanks shouldst thou receive
For every mercy given.

Pardon my sin, I pray;
This night my Lord may call;
But should I see another day,
May Jesus have it all.

FOR THE MORNING AND EVENING.

In the morning arise,
And lift up your eyes,
And call upon Jesus in prayer;
When evening begins,
Confess all your sins,
And yield yourself up to God's care.

THE SABBATH.

Sweetly beams the Sabbath sun,
Holy rest has now begun;
Lay aside your toil and play,
'Tis the Lord's most holy day.

For the Sabbath school prepare;
Children would you not be there?
Every child should find it sweet,
Truth to learn and to repeat.

For the house of God prepare,
Children would you not be there?
Blest instruction there is given,
'Tis the precious gate of heaven.

Bow you down, and meekly pray,
Seek the Lord this holy day;
Jesus calls you, hear his voice,
In his mercy now rejoice.

LESSON XVII.

AND NOW, IN THIS LAST LESSON, LET US TALK ABOUT DYING.

Dear children, we must soon part. We have been conversing together in this little book for some time, and now you have come to the last lesson. And what shall it be about? My little book must close by speaking to you a few things about the close of life. Do you see those yellow leaves fall? It is autumn. Thus yellow, and faded, and frail, we drop away, one after another, into the grave. Did you notice how sweet and beautiful that little flower was which you picked this morning? Look, it is faded. Smell of it—its sweetness is gone. So fade and die the sweet, the beautiful, the young.

Well do I remember when I was a little laughing boy. It was yesterday. Now, when I look into the glass, I see some gathering wrinkles, and a few grey hairs. To-morrow, when you pass by from school, you will point and say, "*yonder is the grave of Uncle Charles.*" You need not, all of you, expect to live as long as I have lived. I am not very old, it is

true; but in every grave yard which I enter, I see the tombs of many younger than myself. I see the graves of babes, and little boys and girls—in one grave yard lie three of my own little babes, close by each other's side. This has often made me think about other little children, and about their dying. James, Thomas, William, Mary, all of you, are you ready to die?

When I was a little boy, I was afraid to die. When I saw a thunder storm coming up, I would sometimes lie down in my mother's large cradle, or on a feather bed, and bury up my face and eyes. I was afraid of the thunder, I was afraid of the lightning, I was afraid of the God who made the thunder and lightning—I was afraid to die. When here was sickness around amongst the neighbors, it made me tremble; I was afraid I would be taken sick and die. And when I lay down upon my bed at night, I would often be afraid to go to sleep, lest I should wake up in eternity. Much did I suffer through this fear of death. And why? O! I knew that I was not prepared to die; I had not repented of sin; I was not a christian. I knew that if I died in my sins, I must be driven away into everlasting sorrow. This was the reason why

I was afraid to die. But I am not now much afraid of death. I have not been for many years. And how do you think my fear of death was taken away? Jesus, I trust, took it away. I became weary of a sinful life, and in my youthful days I prayed to Him, and he had mercy on me. And now, whenever I feel that I love the Saviour, and that my sins are pardoned, and that heaven is my final home, I have no great fear of death. Dear children, religion is the only certain cure for the fear of death. It is the only thing which can prepare us for death, and for rest beyond the grave.

Come, little children, think of death,
And for the grave prepare ;
Soon you may all resign your breath,
And sleep in silence there.

Have you not seen the pretty flower
Lift up its smiling head?
But ah ! it withered in an hour,
And all its sweetness fled.

Like pretty, smiling flowers, you bloom,
Yet you may wither too;
Many have found an early tomb,
As sweet and young as you.

And I and sister—all must die,
And in that dreary mansion lie.

The soul dies not—far, far away,
It lives in night, or heavenly day;
Love God, my child—then all is well;
When good ones die, with Christ they dwell.

My moments are flying,
Soon I shall be dying;
O let me then prize,
My time as it flies.

Let me study and pray,
And improve every day;
Whilst sluggards are sleeping,
The wise will be reaping.

And now, children, farewell. If you have found any good advice in this little book, try and remember it, and follow it. I hope and pray that I may meet you all in a better world. "*Heaven is a golden country, seek it;*" and I will seek it; and if we meet there, we shall be free from all pain and sin, and dwell together forever; and dwell forever with our blessed Lord and Saviour.

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