

GERMAN PARABLES. By Krummacher. Peabody & Co., 18mo., pp. 216. New York, 1833.

It is a fact that the happiness of mankind flows, in a great measure, from the influence which small matters have upon the mind. He who is not enlivened by the morning song of the feathered race—he, who is not cheered with the smiles of infant innocence—he, who is not delighted with the picture of domestic or fire-side happiness—is a stranger to pure and unadulterated feelings that constitute all that is lovely and virtuous in the principles of human society. So he, who cannot see any beauty in, nor derive instructions from, a simple parable that illustrates nature, sees the world in its ore, and knows not of the brilliant and refined riches which it contains. German pens flow smoothly and sweetly, especially when instruction and amusement are their object.

The parables are short, and so shall be our introduction to them.

**THE BLOOMING VINE.**—Samuel, the Judge of Israel, visited one day the school of the Prophets, which he had instituted at Gibeon, and the advancement of the scholars in the various branches of knowledge, and in the art of vocal and instrumental music, delighted him.

Among the disciples was a young man named Adonijah, the son of Melcha. Samuel was pleased with the youth. His complexion was dark, his countenance beautiful, and the tone of his voice strong and lovely. But his soul was full of scorn and vain presumption, because he surpassed the others in knowledge and deep meditation. He considered himself more intelligent than seven sages, and conducted himself haughtily towards his instructor, whilst his language was mingled with insult and conceit.

The judge of Israel pitied the youth, Adonijah, for he loved him more than the others, because he was full of mental vigor and of a beautiful form. Samuel, therefore, said, the Spirit of God has chosen this boy to be a prophet in Israel; but he counteracts the decree.

And he conducted the youth into the mountain, in a vineyard which was situated in the direction of Ramah, and behold it was the season in which the vine blossoms. Then Samuel raised his voice and said, Adonijah, what seest thou? and Adonijah answered, I see a vineyard, and it wafts over me a sweet odor from its distant flowers.

Step hither, cried Samuel, and view the blossom of the vine. And the youth approached, viewed it, and said, It is a tender little flower, uncomely in hue and humble in form.

Then Samuel answered, And yet it produces goodly fruit to cheer the heart of man, and to renovate his appearance, that it may be beautiful. Adonijah, thus is the noble growth of the vine, in the season of your bloom, before it brings forth the precious fruit!

Remember the vine in your blooming youth.

And Adonijah, the son of Melcha, cherished all the words of Samuel in his heart, and from that moment was full of a mild and gentle spirit. And it was said of Adonijah, who was universally beloved, the spirit of God has descended upon him.

But Adonijah increased in wisdom and in beauty, and became a man like the shepherd of Tekoah, and like unto Isaiah, the son of Amos; and his name was praised throughout all Israel.

**THE MOSS ROSE.**—The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them the dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rose-bush.

And when he awoke he said, with a smiling countenance, Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor, and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor, how willingly would I grant it!

Adon me, then, with a new charm, said the spirit of the rose-bush, in a beseeching tone.

And the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss.

'Sweetly it stood there in modest attire, the moss rose, the most beautiful of its kind.

'Lovely Lina, lay aside the splendid ornament and the glittering jewel, and listen to the instructions of maternal nature.'

(To be continued.)

#### LO, THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Lo, the lilies of the field,  
How their leaves instruction yield!  
Hark to Nature's lesson given  
By the blessed birds of heaven!  
Every bush and tufted tree  
Warbles sweet philosophy;  
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
God provideth for the morrow!"

"Say, with richer crimson glows  
The kingly mantle than the rose?  
Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
Than we poor citizens of air?  
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
Yet we carol merrily.  
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow!  
God provideth for the morrow!"

"One there lives whose guardian eye  
Guides our humble destiny;  
One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
Keeps our feathers lest they fall.  
Pass we blithely, then, the time,  
Fearless of the snare and lime,  
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;  
God provideth for the morrow!"

HEBER.

#### ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

Bishop Heber's amiable and exemplary character, has lately been placed before our readers. The following beautiful passage is from a volume of his *Sermons, preached in India* :—

Beware how you neglect that species and degree of intercourse with your Heavenly Father to maintain which, His mercy permits, and His word invites, and His grace, if you will make use of it, enables you! Beware, lest by thinking of Him but seldom, but seldom addressing him in prayer, and seldom hearing his voice in His Holy Scriptures and his public ordinances, you estrange yourself, by degrees, entirely from His love, and allow the pursuits and pleasures of the world to establish an empire in your hearts, left empty of holier affections! It is by daily prayer, and daily thanksgiving, by patient study of God's word, and by patient meditation on our own condition, and on all which God has done, and will do for us, that a genuine and rational love for Him is kindled in our hearts: and that we become unfeignedly attached to the Friend of whose kindness we have had so much experience. It is to be expected, that in the earlier stages of our approach to God, we should experience but little of that ardour of devotion, those pleasures of earnest piety, which are in this world the reward of love, as well as its most convincing evidence. Our prayer at first will often be constrained, our thanksgivings cold and formal; our thought will wander from our closets to the world, and we shall have too frequent occasion to acknowledge, with shame and sorrow, the imperfection of those offerings which we as yet can make to our Benefactor. A religious feeling, like every other mental habit, is slowly and gradually acquired. A strong and lasting affection is not ordinarily the growth of a day; but to have begun at all is, in religion, no trifling progress; and a steady perseverance in prayer and praise, will not only, by degrees, enlist the strength of habit on the side of holiness, but will call down, moreover, and preserve to us, that spiritual support and influence, without which all human effort must be in vain, but which no one will seek in vain, who seeks for it in sincerity and by the appointed means.