

about his soul's salvation, has been guilty of it. Those who have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost are totally hardened and impenitent. That there is such a sin should be a solemn warning to us all immediately to flee for safety to Jesus, and to endeavour, with the assistance of his grace, to avoid all sin.

Learn—1st. To imitate the zeal of our blessed Saviour in the work of the Lord.—1 John ii. 6.

2nd. That the followers of Jesus may expect to be slandered and maligned by his enemies.—John xv. 20; 2 Tim. iii. 12.

3rd. The imminent danger of continuing in a course of sin.—Heb. x. 26, 27.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Selected for the Evangelizer.

[The authorship of the following lines is unknown. They were first published in an Irish newspaper in 1829.]

O! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast,
For I saw a scene when I slumber'd last,
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep;
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry;
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dream'd a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee,
And I liv'd in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roam'd in a wood, mamma,
And we rested, as under a bough;
Then near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chas'd it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart was sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee;
But a white-rob'd maiden appear'd in the air,
And she hung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kiss'd me softly ere I was aware,
Saying: "Come, pretty babe, with me!"

My tears and fears she guil'd, mamma,
And she led me far away;
We enter'd the door of the dark, dark tomb;
We pass'd through a long, long vault of gloom;
Then open'd our eyes on a land of bloom;
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smil'd when they saw me, but I was amaz'd,
And wondering, around me I gaz'd and gaz'd,
And long I heard, and sunny beams blaz'd,—
Ah glorious to the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-wing'd babes to me;
Their eyes look'd love, and their sweet lips smil'd,
And they marvell'd to meet with an earth-born child,
And they gloried that I from the earth was exiled,
Saying: "Here, love, blest shalt thou be."

Then I mix'd with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair;
And saw as I roam'd the regions of peace,
The spirits which came from this world of distress,
And there was the joy no tongue can express,
For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago?
O, you gaz'd on the sad, but lovely wreck;
With a full flood of woe you could not cheek;
And your heart was so sore and you wish'd it
would break,
But it lov'd, and you aye sobb'd on.

But O! had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms of unknown care,
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had sighed
Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave when
she died,
For shining with the bless'd, and adorn'd like a
bride,

Sweet sister Jane was there!

Do you mind that silly old man, mamma,
Who lately came to our door,
And the night was dark, and the tempest loud,
And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud,
And his ragged old mantle serv'd for his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

And think what a weight of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long drawn sigh,
As the good man sat in papa's old chair
While the rain dripp'd down from his thin grey
hair,

And fast as the big tear of speechless care
Ran down from his glaring eye.

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,
Flash'd through each trembling eye,
As he told how he went to the baron's strong hold,
Saying, "O! let me in, for the night is so cold;"
But the rich man cried, "Go sleep in the wold,
For we shield no beggars here."

Well! he was in glory, too, mamma,
As happy as the blest can be;
He needs no alms in the mansions of light,
For he sat with the patriarchs cloth'd in white,—
There was not a seraph had a crown more bright,
Nor a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dream'd before;
For sound was my slumber and sweet was my rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a guest—
And the heart that has throb'd in the climes of
the blest

Can love this world no more.

Consecration is not wrapping one's self in a holy web in the sanctuary, and then coming forth after prayer and twilight meditation, and saying, "There, I am consecrated." Consecration is going out into the world where God Almighty is, and using every power for His glory. It is taking all advantages as trust funds.