

South's Corner.

THE SAVIOUR'S LAMBS.

Close of a Sermon to Children by the Bishop of Calcutta.

I think there are three sorts of children in this church to-day; and I would say a word to each of them, in applying what I have already been talking about.

First, I would speak to those who are already Christ's lambs; and to them I would say, obey and love your Shepherd Jesus Christ; pray to him to give you more and more of his grace in your hearts, that you may daily know him more and serve him better. Avoid the company of wicked children. If there is a boy or a girl in the school who is wicked, who tells lies, who is quarrelsome, and uses bad words—avoid him, pass not near him, avoid him, and turn away. All who would be lambs of Christ's flock, must keep away from children who neglect Christ and their souls. You must expect too, if you are a lamb of Christ's flock, that naughty children will sometimes laugh at you; if there is a very good boy at a school, he will be sure almost to be laughed at and called by some names of reproach; and this may seem strange, but I speak from my own knowledge and information that this is often the case. Now, though the laughter and jeer of a child would be nothing to a man, it is very hard for a child to bear, and therefore I would tell good children to be prepared for this, that they may flee like lambs to the shepherd to protect them and to teach them to bear it, that they may not be ashamed of Christ, and be led away from him.

But, secondly, there may be some here who, though they have not hitherto been the lambs of Christ's flock, yet are desiring to become so. To these I would speak a word. Is there any little child before me who has this thought in his heart: Oh, that I was one of the lambs of Christ's flock; I should like to be good and belong to Jesus Christ; I know I must die, and unless I am a lamb of Christ before I die, I must go to hell—but I have tried to be good, and I find I cannot be so—I find such a dislike in my heart to being so good. Now, my dear child, this is just what I told you before, that you have by nature a hard, wicked, naughty heart, which must be softened and changed by the Spirit of God; but every child who desires to be a lamb of Christ's flock, and prays to Christ, to every such child Christ will give a new heart. Therefore, if any little child desires to be a true follower of Christ, let him go home from church to-day and fall on his knees, and pray that Jesus Christ will give him another heart, and will teach him how to be good, and will make him a real Christian, and teach him how to do his duty; and then let him use the means of grace, and God will bless him.

But there is a third sort of children to whom I must speak; and that is, those who have never thought at all about Christ. A little boy or girl may come to church every Sunday in a year, and yet never think about religion; a boy may have very good parents, and been very well taught by them, and yet never may have all children by nature; he may be only told of play and not fond of his Bible, never thinking about his soul, or of that dreadful hell into which all wicked people will fall when they die. Alas! I know too well what children are. I have seen something of them, and know, in my own case, that the Bible says truly, *We go astray from the womb, and speak lies.* I will tell you a story which I read many years ago. A flock of sheep were going over a narrow bridge, on each side of which there was only a very low wall to keep persons from falling into the water. A foolish sheep jumped upon the top of this wall, and the top being slippery it fell over into the water, and was carried down the stream; and then all the rest of the sheep, as soon as they got upon the bridge, jumped up upon the low wall, after the example of those who went before, and not knowing what had become of them; and thus one after another they fell in, and the whole flock would have been drowned, had not the shepherd come up and stopped them. Now, this is the way of sinners; they follow one after another in a course of sin and folly, without hearing the voice of conscience, or thinking of what has become of those who went before them; and thus they are carried away, and perish. My dear children, I entreat you not to be like these silly sheep. Remember that a wicked child will grow up to be a wicked man, and a wicked man will make a hardened man, and a hardened man, if he does not repent, will go to hell when he dies. Begin then to-day to remember that you have souls as well as others, and now, while it is called to-day, harden not your hearts. Remember, that a time is coming when our gracious shepherd shall appear sitting upon his throne of judgment; and then all nations shall be gathered before him, and he shall separate them as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall put the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on his left. Remember, children, that if you would be placed on Christ's right hand then, you must begin to seek him now. If you would be a sheep then, you must be a lamb now. Oh! that all children who hear me (particularly those who usually attend this chapel) might be of the number of those who shall stand on the right hand of Christ on that day!

And now I have done. I hope every child will try to recollect what I have said; but remember, you must not only recollect what you hear, but must feel it in your heart, if it is to do you any good. To remember the sermon is a good thing, and to be able to give some account of it to-morrow is a good thing; but you must pray to God, that you may not only carry away the sermon in your heads, but feel it in your hearts by his grace, and thus you may all indeed become the lambs of Christ, the great shepherd, here, and be numbered with his sheep hereafter.

"WHERE SHALL I GO LAST OF ALL?" MANY of the heathen priests teach their followers, that the soul, after it has worn out one body, passes into another. They say, if a person has not attended to the worship of the gods, or neglected the priests, then his soul, at death, will go into a deformed and afflicted body; or, if he has given much money to the idol temples, then he shall be again born into the world, of a beautiful form, and shall be rich and happy. A soul, they say, may pass into the body of a bird, beast, or insect; and be punished in its new state, for the sins of a previous one: so that it may dwell in a buffalo, or a butterfly, a fierce tiger, or a gentle dove, according to its character in this life. And after many millions of changes, the highest state of perfection will be, when it passes into the body of a white elephant!

A Hindoo was lying upon his bed, expecting soon to die. He was full of thought where his soul would go after death. He had been wholly given to idolatry, and now he felt he was not happy. A priest came to see him, when the dying man cried, "What will become of me?" "Oh," said the priest, "you will inhabit another body." "And where," said he, "shall I go then?" "Into another." "And where then?" "Into another; and so on, through thousands of millions." The mind of the man darted across the whole period of changes, as though it were only an instant, and cried, "Where shall I go then?" The priest could not reply; and the unhappy idolater died, with no one near him to answer his anxious inquiry, "Where shall I go last of all?"

A little Burman girl was near death, and looking up to a kind lady, who was her teacher, she said, "I am dying, but am not afraid to die; for Christ will call me up to heaven. He has taken away all my sins, and I wish to die now, that I may go and see him. I love Jesus more than any one else."

What made the difference between the little Burman girl and the dying Hindoo? One had heard the gospel from the lips of the Missionaries, and had received it into her heart; therefore, she knew she was going to see Jesus, and be with him for ever; the other lived and died an idolater, and there was no one that could answer his mournful cry, "Where shall I go last of all?"—Children's Miss. Magazine.

THE MAN TRULY RICH.

I once accompanied a friend to see the princely abode of a certain nobleman, and was much struck with the splendour of the place. The castle stood on the side of a beautiful river, the water of which, as it rushed over some large fragments of an old bridge, glittered in the sunbeams. The warden opened the massy gate at the lodge, and we proceeded up an avenue hewn through the solid rock, whose sides were festooned with different shrubs and lichens. The towers and battlements were high and strong; the smoothly shaven lawn wide and green; the pleasure grounds extensive; and the broad, dark, and flat branches of the goodly cedars swept gracefully the very

But if the outside of the castle was fair to gaze upon, the inside of it was still more worthy of attention. Almost every room was ornamented with valuable paintings, hung with curious tapestry, and adorned with costly vases; statues of marble stood in niches in the hall, and in the avenues leading from one apartment to another; the armoury was filled with coats of mail, helmets, spears, and various ancient instruments of warfare; and some thousand volumes were arranged in the library. The pomp and splendour of the whole were enough to make any one believe that the possessor of such a mansion must be a rich man; and yet, at the moment that I was walking through his castle, he himself was not permitted to enter it! His constitution was decayed; his conduct had diminished his resources, so that his own castle was, for a season, closed against him. How then could he be rich who had neither health of body nor peace of mind?

Now, it happened, at the time of which I am speaking, that I knew a man who was considered poor, who lived at no great distance from the castle. He dwelt near the road side, and though he had neither turrets, nor lawns, nor goodly cedars, yet his cottage was a comfortable abode: the green before his door was very pleasant, and the fruit trees in his little garden were covered with blossoms.

He had neither paintings, statues, nor vases; nor would they have made him more happy had he possessed them. A sampler, which had been wrought by his wife in her youthful days, hung framed and glazed opposite the window; and a painted tea-tray was placed upright upon a table against the wall: these were the principal decorations of his humble abode. His library was not like that of the castle, for it consisted only of about half-a-dozen books, one of which was the Bible, and a few tracts. He was a hard-working man, had an excellent constitution, which he did not abuse; and, what was better than all, he was a reader of his Bible, and a humble and sincere disciple of Jesus Christ. He had health of body and peace of mind; held uninterrupted communion with God, and believed that when flesh and heart should fail him, God would be the strength of his heart and his portion for ever. Now, need I ask which was the rich man—the owner of the castle, or the owner of the cottage? The grace of God, in many instances, so blesses the lowly lot of the pious poor man, that in this world he enjoys more happiness than his richer neighbour, to say nothing of his being rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom of heaven. If we could more frequently call to mind how much we desire of God, and how little we deserve at his hands, surely it would appear that we wanted more of God's grace than of this world's good. Surely we should not fix our affections on things below, but on things above; and committing body, soul, and spirit, yea, all that we possess,

into the hands of our heavenly Father, we should seek his favour, which is better than life, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.—Rev. S. Kilpin.

A PREP AT MONASTIC LIFE, IN THE NINTH CENTURY.

From Ekkehard's history of the Monastery of St. Gall. [Chambers' Journal.]

There were in the house, sometime towards the latter end of the ninth century, three monks—Notker, a mild, amiable, and patient brother; Tutilo, a person the very opposite, robust and strong, with such limbs "as a Fabius teaches us to choose for a wrestler;" and the third, Ratpert, a schoolmaster in the schools attached to the monastery.—These were fast friends, and all members of the chapter or senate of the monastery: as such they were liable to misrepresentation to the superior by the other monks; amongst whom the most active in detraction was Sindolf, who, from the office of refectory, (caterer or house-steward,) had been promoted to be clerk of the works (*decanus operariorum*.) It was the custom of Notker, Tutilo, and Ratpert, says the historian, to meet, by permission of the prior, in the *Scriptorium*, "at the night in the interval before lauds," and to discourse together on such scriptural subjects as were most suited to such an hour. Sindolf, knowing the time and the fact of these conversations, went out one night, and came privily to the glass window against which Tutilo was sitting, and, applying his ear to it, listened to catch something which he might carry in a perverted form to the bishop. Tutilo, who had become aware of it, and who was a sturdy man, with full confidence in the strength of his arms, spoke to his companions in Latin, that Sindolf, who did not understand that language, might not know what he said. "There he is," said he, "and he has put his ear to the window; but do you, Notker, who are timorous, go out into the church; and you, my Ratpert, catch up the whip of the brethren which hangs in the calefactory, and run out: for when I know that you have got near him, I will open the window as suddenly as possible, catch him by the hair, drag in his head, and hold it tight: but do you, my friend, be strong and of good courage, and lay the whip on him with all your might, and take vengeance on him."

Ratpert who was always most alert in matters of discipline, went softly, and catching up the whip, ran quickly out, and came down with all his might like a hail-storm on the back of Sindolf, whose head was dragged in at the window. He, however, struggling with arms and legs, contrived to get and keep hold of the whip; on which Ratpert, catching up a stick which he saw at hand, laid on him most lustily. When he found it vain to beg for mercy, "I must," said he, "cry out;" and he roared vociferously. Part of the monks, astounded at hearing such a voice at such an unwonted time, came running with lights, and asking what was the matter. Tutilo kept crying out that he had caught Satan, and begging them to bring a light, that he might more clearly see the head of his reluctant prisoner and fro, that the spectators might the better judge, he asked with affected ignorance whether it could be Sindolf? All declaring that it certainly was, and begging that he would let him go, he released him, saying, "Wretch that I am, that I should have laid hands on the intimate and confidant of the bishop!" Ratpert, however, having stepped aside on the coming up of the monks, privately withdrew, and the sufferer could not find out who had beaten him.

THE SILVER, BECOME DROSS. Is. I., 22.

A Fragment from "Margaret, or, The Pearl," by the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, M. A.—The Rev. Mr. Harley, meeting his Godchild Margaret, after a separation of years.

"How you are grown. Why, you must be almost as tall as your dear mother."

"Will you not tell me," said the blushing, smiling girl, "that ill weeds grow apace?"

"No, no, my darling child, I will use no such words. I would rather speak of some young, tall fruit-tree, covered with opening blossoms, in its spring-time of promise, and pray that you may be as one planted by the rivers of water, bringing forth all the lovely fruits of the Spirit in due season; blessed and prospered in every thing you do. The ungodly, my Margaret, are not so. Bless you; bless you, my child," he added, drawing her to him, and placing his hand fondly upon her head. "May the Lord bless you, and make you to delight in His law, and to meditate in it both day and night." Margaret's eyes filled with tears, and she felt almost inclined to throw her arms round the old man's neck, as she had been used to do when a little child. "And what are you reading, Margaret?" he asked, taking the half-open book from her hand. His countenance changed, and he became suddenly grave, as his eye rested upon the title of the volume; but he did not put down the book. "I have heard of these works," he said: as his eye glanced over the open page before him, his look became more grave and even sorrowful. He sighed heavily as he closed it. "Surely, your mother does not read these books? She does not put them into your hands?" Margaret's blush—for she blushed deeply—deepened to crimson, as she replied with some confusion of manner, that her mother had not given her the book; that she did not think that she had read it; but that every body was reading them; those books were very popular. There was, for a moment, a searching scrutiny in Mr. Harley's glance that made Margaret shrink, and brought a cloud upon her brow; but he said no more. Margaret turned coldly away, and sat down to her embroidery-frame; they were both silent; but after a pause of a few moments, Mr. Harley turned to her again with his usual kind and cheerful voice. "I must see your work, my sweet child; you must have an

ambitious and persevering purpose to undertake so large a piece of embroidery, and you must have been very diligent to have accomplished so much already; pray let me see it." Margaret moved her head aside to let him look, but spoke not, and still held the needle with the worsted in it suspended in her hand. "Beautifully done," he said, "a fine effect of rich and glowing colours; but I find that I must put on my glasses to see this, for all that I can make out is an admirable contrast and arrangement of deep shades and vivid tints. Now, yes now, I see it; but you must explain the subject to me, for I can't make it out."

"It is chiefly symbolical," said Margaret, assuming a dry and almost careless tone; "the two heads in profile are angels' heads, and that in the centre, with the nimbus, is that of the blessed Virgin."

"And the blood-red heart," said Mr. Harley, "and the wreaths of white lilies, and the palm-branch, and the cup, and the fish, and the crozier, and the Papal banner. Dear, dear child, it is a strange, though graceful mass of confusion. What does it all mean? And what is it for? What is to be done with it when it is finished?"

"It is a part of a new altar-cloth, or carpet," replied Margaret. "I am working the sides, and Lady Selina is working the front."

"And for what communion-table? And who is Lady Selina?"

"Lady Selina is the wife of our new rector, Mr. Walton, and we are embroidering this carpet for our parish-church."

"Dear child, I don't like it," said the old man mildly, and yet gravely; "this might be very well—and yet I can hardly say as much—if you were merely copying some curious old tapestry for your own amusement; but even then, I would rather see you working the cover of a chair, or making cloaks and petticoats for the poor. Margaret, at other times I should have seen nothing in your work but a little waste of precious time. But I put two and two together. I find you reading one of those popular but most objectionable books; and I find you working a sort of Popish altar-cloth for the communion-table of your parish-church; and I fear for you, lest your young heart and inexperienced mind should have been already caught by the sad and foolish errors which are gaining ground in the bosom of our pure and Protestant Church."

"My own pastor," said Margaret, coldly, resuming her work with much apparent diligence, "wished us to undertake this work, and drew out the pattern for me on the canvas, from a beautifully illuminated manuscript which he possesses."

"A Romish Missal, I suppose," said Mr. Harley.

"Why, yes, I believe it was."

"And who lent you that book, dear child?"

"O, Lady Selina sent it me, or rather Mr. Walton told me that I should like it, and I begged Lady Selina to lend it me; and I am sure I see no harm in it; and when my own clergyman thinks proper to recommend a book to me, am I so much to blame for reading it?"

"Have I spoken one word of blame, my Margaret? I have declared my disapproval, and I repeat it most seriously; but I do not blame you, my poor child. I love you as tenderly as if you were my own daughter, and I have known and loved you ever since you were a little unconscious infant. Would you have me silent when I see you in danger! when I find you so altered! so constrained, and so unlike your former self in the tone and manner you assume towards me? I am also your own clergyman, though not the rector of your parish, and it matters not to me who may recommend error; error is itself wherever we find it. I don't blame you, but I would warn and caution you. Dear child, do you love me less than you did, because I tell you the truth? No, I will not believe that your heart goes along with your words, when you speak so coldly, and seem almost to resent my interference; but if you cease to love me, I have done. If I cannot win you, I shall use no other influence."

[The sequel of the story relates Margaret's escape from the meshes which had caught her, the search for the "Pearl of great price" upon which she then enters, and how she found and possessed it. On the question whether the work is one of fiction or of facts, the author says: "The practical working of the errors in question, and the effects which I have described, have come under my own observation."]


EARLY SELF-DEDICATION.

—A youthful understanding, a vigorous body, and senses in perfection, are worth offering to that gracious God who is the Author of them all; and if they are dedicated to his service, they will be blessed and accepted. But let no man flatter himself that God will be served by him who hath lost his capacity, and can serve nothing else; that he will accept of faculties worn out in the drudgery of sin and vanity, or that he will think himself honoured, when the dregs of life are poured out upon his altar. Happy are they who, under the decay of nature and the approaches of death, can look back upon the piety of their youth, and remember the employment of those years which were spent in the remembrance of their Creator. To such the infirmities of age will bring no bitterness, and death itself will have no terrors, for they who have remembered God in their best days, shall be remembered by him in their worst days, and be approved and accepted by him in that great day when, "he shall bring every work into judgment."—Jones of Nayland.

HUMAN FRILITY.—I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of his hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirement, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of

a sickly age; it bowed the head, broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and cold dishonour; and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance knows us not; and that change is mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discouraging, that they who six hours ago tended upon us, either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot, without some regret, stay in the room alone where the body lies, stripped of its life and honours.—Bishop Taylor.

SEX OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. O my soul! thou sometimes waxest and waneest in thy duties, as the moon in her light. At one time thou art full of spiritual appetite and vigor, at another in lowliness and want of strength. The cause is not in the Sun of Righteousness, who is always alike, but in thee who turnest not the same aspect always towards him, and therefore hast not always the same light and heat. If thou thinkest to get thy brightness from the stars around thee, instead of thy Sun, thou wilt be like the dark part of the moon, turned away from the natural sun, which often scarcely appears, or when it doth appear, is as dull as it is cold. In all providences, ordinances, and situations, Christ must be thy succour; thy light; thy life and thy trust, or they will be found, however excellent in his hand, only beggarly elements in thine.—Serle.

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