

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## A FUNERAL HYMN.

*Angels bearing an infant spirit to glory.*—Anon.

Hark! how the angels as they fly,  
Sing through the regions of the sky,  
Bearing an infant in their arms,  
For ever freed from sin's alarms.

"Welcome, dear babe, to Jesu's breast,  
Securely there in joy to rest,  
Welcome to Jesu's courts above,  
To sing thy great Redeemer's love.

"To watch thee at thy mortal birth,  
We left the heavens and flew to earth  
Obedient to thy Saviour's will,  
We stayed to love and guard thee still.

"We thy protecting angels came  
To see thee bless'd in Jesu's name,  
When the baptismal seal was given  
To mark thee, child, an heir of heaven.

"When the resistless call of Death,  
Bade thee resign thy infant breath,  
When parents wept, and thou didst smile,  
We were thy guardians all the while.

"Now with the lightning's speed we bear  
The child committed to our care,  
With anthems such as angels sing,  
We fly to bear thee to our King."

Thus sweetly borne, he flies to rest:  
We know "his will;" nay more, "his best;"  
When we our pilgrim's path have trod,  
O! may we find him with his God.

## DEATH BEARING OFF LITTLE JEMIMA.

I had been watching the clouds some time, and feared that a storm was rising. I now hastened towards the village; but as I had wandered the distance of six miles, I soon found that it would be impossible to avoid the threatening tempest. As I passed through a thick coppice, the birds sat in silence on the branches, or flew with rapidity from one tree to another; the wind blew a deep and hollow sound, and then for a few seconds ceased its howlings, as if to recover strength to send forth a more dismal groan. On descending the slope which led into a verdant vale, where spring had just retired, to leave her productions under the maturing influence of summer sky, a streak of lightning struck across my path; and instantaneously, the loud roaring thunder, echoing through the valley, produced a universal consternation in its flocks and herds. A sudden darkness came over the whole horizon; the rain descended in torrents; and having missed my path, I knew not which way to proceed. After walking on a considerable distance, I saw a feeble light glimmering through the casement of a cottage, towards which I bent my steps, with considerable emotions of joy. I knocked at the door and was welcomed in. The honest woodman immediately ordered his eldest boy to fetch a bundle of large sticks to throw on the fire; and all made way, while I was requested to draw near and dry myself. Up in the chimney corner sat a fine looking girl, about nine years of age, whose eyes were bedewed with tears: another, about three years old, sat in the window seat, wrapped in pensive sadness; an athletic youth, still older, was inclining himself against the table, which stood near the clock; and the father soon drew from the deep recesses of a wounded breast, one of the most piercing groans that ever vibrated across the sensibilities of my soul.

These symptoms of wo soon convinced me that I had retired from the disorders of the physical world to witness the convulsive throes of the moral; and my spirits which usually ebb and flow with the tide of feeling on which they are borne, began to sink within me. 'I fear,' addressing myself to the father, 'that you are in trouble?' 'Oh, yes, sir, our hearts are all bursting; for death is coming to bear off our little Jemima. She is up-stairs, sir,

where she has been these eight days, and her mother has not left her, night or day. She is one of the sweetest girls a father ever loved.' 'But death,' I remarked, 'does not come by chance.' 'Oh, no, sir,' 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord;' but it is hard work to part.' 'Walk up, sir,' said the father, 'and see her before she dies; but she is so changed!' I entered her room, and soon perceived that death had cast his fatal shadow on her countenance, which still retained its beautiful form. Addressing myself to the child, I said, 'Do you think you shall die?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And if you die, where do you expect to go?' 'To heaven.' 'What makes you think you shall go to heaven?' 'Jesus Christ has said, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' 'What do you understand by coming to Jesus Christ?' 'Believing in him, and loving him.' 'Did you always believe in him, and love him?' 'No, sir, not till he inclined me; for if we love him, it is because he first loved us.' 'Then you can leave father and mother, and all, to go to heaven?' 'Yes, sir: I have no wish to live on earth, when I have the prospect of living a nobler and happier life in glory.'

The surgeon, who had been anxiously expected for several hours, now arrived. 'Do you think, said the heart-struck mother, 'the child is dying?' This question, though familiar to the humane man, was not heard without an evident expression of grief.

'While there is life, there is hope,' he replied; 'but I would advise you not to be too sanguine in your expectations.' There was no burst of sorrow in this reply. They all knew that the child was dying, though they were unwilling to believe it; and, though their pulses beat a little quicker on hearing this reply, and their faces turned pale, yet they stood pressing round the bed, as if to keep off the king of terrors.

We now walked down stairs, and as the storm was over the surgeon left, but I could not leave. 'Will you, sir, said the father, go to prayer with us? If it were not for prayer, and the hope which the gospel inspires, my heart would break.' With this request I complied; and while praying to the God of all grace, that the little child might be favoured with the light of his countenance in her passage through the valley of the shadow of death, I heard the mother's shriek, which convinced me that she was gone. All wept aloud; the children started up, wringing their hands, and calling, 'Jemima—Jemima—don't leave us!' and the mother, with a softened melancholy countenance, appeared among us, saying with a faltering tongue, 'she exclaimed as I was raising her up on her pillow, 'I am going to glory!'—and fell back in my arms, and died.

I remained with them about a quarter of an hour after this, and administered to them the consolations of religion, and then left them, in company with the eldest boy, who kindly offered to conduct me to the village, which I reached about 10 o'clock.

When reflecting on this fact, and contrasting the bright prospect which the gospel of Christ unveils to the aged, or the juvenile Christian, with the dark and cheerless gloom of infidelity, I feel its superiority to be so immense, that language cannot give utterance to the feelings of my mind, and the following beautiful epitaph, written by Robert Robins, on four infant children, came to my mind:—

*Epitaph in Huston Church-yard, near Cambridge.*

Bold infidelity! turn pale, and die.  
Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie;  
Say, are they lost or saved?  
If death's by sin, they sinn'd because they're here.  
If heav'n's by works, in heaven they can't appear.  
Reason, oh, how depraved!  
Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied;  
they died, for Adam sinn'd; they live, for Jesus died.

*American Logic.*—Three resolutions said to have been unanimously adopted by a body of Puritans in Massachusetts, as a justification for depriving an Indian tribe of its hunting ground:—"Resolved, that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. Resolved, that the Lord has given the inheritance of the earth unto the saints. Resolved, that we are the saints."—*Cons. Jour.*

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

## THE FOUR P'S.

## ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

Allow me, dear friends, to remind you of the four P's, to which I have heretofore directed your attention, as so intimately associated with your success in teaching—*Piety, Prayer, Punctuality, and Perseverance.* O that they may be incorporated in all your habits, and form your character for life! The first of these is

*Piety.*—How cold and dull are your instructions without it! How inexpressibly awful the condemnation of those who put the cup of salvation to the lips of others, and refuse to taste it themselves! He who instructs children in the way to Heaven should

"Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way,"

He whose work is to enkindle divine love in other minds, had need keep the fire burning on his own altar. O recollect that it is not unimportant, but essential to your own salvation. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;" "Ye must be born again." The second is

*Prayer*—for your own soul, that it may be watered by divine influence, and grow up into the likeness of Jesus Christ—for those gifts of grace from the fulness of Christ, which will qualify you to be an eminent, zealous, and successful teacher—for wisdom, to know the mind of Christ in his Word, that you may communicate it in simplicity and plainness to the children—and for a heart full of love to all your fellow-teachers, to conform you to the lowly example and amiable spirit of the first of teachers and best of masters. Such a spirit of prayer will insensibly do wonders. Emptied of dependence on your work, relying on the grace and strength of Christ, the children will perceive that you are in earnest with them, and ere you are aware, will catch the same spirit and feeling, and rejoice your heart with evident tokens of the divine unction resting on your addresses. O love your closet. If you can say with David, "My soul followeth hard after thee," it shall be your privilege also to add, "thy right hand upholdeth me." The third is

*Punctuality.*—As the children will generally be what their teacher is, you will see the importance of endeavouring to be regular in your attendance, and punctual to your time. I am aware that some situations in which the teachers are placed, do not allow them to carry out the sincere desires of their hearts in this respect; but it is not generally of such that superintendents have reason to complain, but those who, from indolence, love of dress, and irregular habits at home, contract habits of irregularity at the school. A teacher, however, of devout mind, and anxious for the welfare of his children, will not suffer himself to be detained from them by a trifle. To all that would hinder him he would reply, as Nehemiah to his tempters, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" Regard also as very important the fourth, which is

*Perseverance.*—Of many teachers we may say, as Paul said of the Galatians, "Ye did run well: who did hinder you?" For a while they laboured in the schools, rejoiced in their children, and saw prosperity attend their efforts; but the world, or selfishness, or indifference, drew them aside, and they abandoned that which was a source of comfort and usefulness. Dear friends, be not discouraged, if you do not immediately see the fruit of your labour. "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient—stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."—When we seek his glory, God generally gives us all and more than we desire. We work not for him at an uncertainty—the seed can never be lost—the "well done" will not be withheld—the testimony of our conscience is a blessed reward. Set therefore your heart to the work of endeavouring to save these young souls from death. Let not the scandal

\* (From the Prefatory Address to the Rules and Regulations of the Southwark Sunday-School Society. By the Rev. James Sherman, of Surrey Chapel.)