

is, always quiet and not supplied with enough fresh water to displace the old, or keep the leaves and other matters that fall in from corruption. "But do see, mamma," said she, addressing her mother, "how very beautifully the trees are reflected, even where the shade is on the top! I can hardly tell at this distance, which are the real trees!" "It is indeed beautiful," said her mother, "but my children, we may derive more profit from this stagnant water, if we reflect upon the resemblance it holds out to us. What do you think it is like?"

Amelia, always the first to speak, said, "Like people, I suppose." Jane, after thinking a little, as was her custom, (and certainly not a bad one,) before she made up her opinion, said, "perhaps, mother, it is like our hearts, when we depend on our own strength to be good. You teach us all texts and hymns which tell us how bad our hearts are without God's Holy Spirit renewing them. So our hearts, if God should not supply them with his grace, or if we would not receive it, would grow more and more corrupted."—Here seeing her mother very attentive, she blushed, and was silent. She was commended for the correctness of her answer, and encouraged, with her sisters, to seek earnestly for the grace of God, that their evil hearts and tempers might be changed, and daily increased in holiness, by the grace of God through his son Jesus Christ.

A little after, Emily who had followed Amelia, the youngest and most thoughtless of the groupe, some distance up the road in advance of her mother and sisters, came running back in great haste and fear. Before she could recover breath to tell the cause, it came in sight. A boy and girl were driving home their parents' cows, and the children not accustomed to see so many together, nor to be so near them, were quite alarmed. Mamma assured them of their safety, and bid them stand close under the fence on the road-side until the cattle had passed. They did so, and amused themselves in imagining that they saw pleasure in the faces of the cows, at going home to be disburthened of their milk. Continuing their walk, they presently came past a farm yard, where they were milking. This was a new wonder. "So, mamma, that is the way we get milk?" said little Emily; "how good the cows are to let us have it!" Does my little girl forget who made the cows subject to man, that we might have their milk?" said her mother. "Oh, God to be sure!—Yet so it is God who is good! He is good to us, indeed; he gives us so many good things! Milk is very sweet and good!"—"And butter is very good, and cheese," interrupted Amelia, "and they are made from milk. And then the cow's skin is used for a great many things, when it is dressed; and its horns make combs, and knife-handles, and lanterns; and its fat makes candles, and its bones make buttons, and many other things. I was reading all about it the other day, in one of our books. So you see Emily, we have more reason to be thankful for the cows than you thought."

As she was speaking, they came near to an opening, where the mountain began to rise up before them, and all at once they heard the pleasant sound of rushing water. Directly after, a turn of the road brought them suddenly upon a beautiful little fall. "Sweet!" "Lovely!" "O, how pretty!" was heard from all. Their mother joined them in admiring the wild beauty of the place, and feeling rather weary proposed finding a seat, to rest herself, in some spot whence she might admire the beautiful scenery around. A fragment of rock was soon found, and putting the two younger children under the care of Jane, she sat down to enjoy the coolness of the shady retreat, and the fine summer evening.

[FROM THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.]

#### LINES

ADDRESSED BY SAMUEL WESLEY\* TO HIS SISTER ANNE UPON HER MARRIAGE.

No fiction here shall guide my hand,  
But unless truth the verse supply,  
Which all with ease may understand,  
But none is able to deny.

Nor, sister, take the care amiss,  
Which I in giving rules employ,  
To point the likeliest way to bliss,  
To cause, as well as wish you joy.

Let love your reason never blind,  
To dream of Paradise below;  
For sorrows must attend mankind,  
And pain and weariness and woe.

Tho' still from mutual love, relief  
In all conditions may be found;  
It cures at once the common grief,  
And softens the severest wound.

Thro' diligence and well earned gain,  
In growing plenty you may live:  
And each in piety obtain  
Repose that riches cannot give.

If children e'er should bless the bed,  
Oh rather let them infants die,  
Than live to grieve the hoary head,  
And make the aged father sigh.

Still dutious, let them ne'er conspire  
To make their parents disagree;  
No son be rival to his sire,  
No daughter more beloved than thee.

Let them be humble, pious, wise,  
Nor higher station wish to know;  
Since only those deserve to rise,  
Who live contented to be low.

Firm let the husband's empire stand,  
With easy but unquestioned sway;  
May he have kindness to command,  
And thou the bravery to obey.

Long may he give thee comfort, long  
As the frail knot of life shall hold;  
More than a father when thou art young,  
More than a son when waxing old.

The greatest earthly pleasure try,  
Allowed by Providence divine;  
He still a husband blest as I,  
And thou a wife as good as mine.

\*The Rev. Samuel Wesley is to be distinguished from his two brothers John and Charles, he having continued a sober-minded Christian and a social Churchman to the end of his life.—He is the author of that beautiful hymn the 204th of our collection, beginning "The morning flowers display their sweets"—and another, beginning "From whence these dire portents around," is named as his by Adam Clark, which is probably the same as the favorite hymn for Good-Friday, the 65 of our collection, beginning "From whence these direful omens round." Adam Clark says, "I wish the above verses in the hands of every new married couple in the Kingdom."—Editor Gospel Messenger.

Terms of the Christian Sentinel.—Fifteen Shillings per annum, (postage included), if paid within six months from the date of the first number taken, which will be considered the time of subscribing; if paid after that time, four dollars per annum. Subscriptions for less than six months cannot be received; as the cost of attending to such small things eats up more than the profit. After our Subscriptions are brought in, and the first Subscriber supplied with files from the beginning, it is our intention to give to our voluntary agents one copy for gratis distribution for every twelve Subscribers procured in their immediate neighborhoods.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY G. STORRS, AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
CHRISTIAN SENTINEL, THREE-BUILDINGS.