

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## MEDITATION AND PRAYER OF A YOUTH AT SCHOOL.

Another fleeting day is pass'd,  
Once more the peaceful moments come,  
The moments when I seem to cast  
A nearer gaze upon my home.

How sweet the calm of this repose,  
That brings my wonted time to pray;  
Fit time, the stillly hour, when close  
The vain and busy scenes of day.

O Thou that hear'st the humble prayer,  
Bid vain, and busy thoughts depart;  
And listen while I fondly bear  
My absent parents on my heart.

Bless Him who bade me all life through  
To get, and to be doing good;  
Bless her who taught me first to know  
That all need wash in Jesus's blood.

Bless me their much lov'd child, may I  
Ne'er plant a thorn within their breast,  
Ne'er cause the heavy heaving sigh  
That tells the heart is not at rest.

Then, if in midst of early days  
I'm call'd my dying hour to see,  
Thy fond remembrance they will gaze,  
Well pleas'd upon my memory.

Or should it, Lord, thy pleasure be,  
That I their dying eyes should close,  
I shall not feel the misery  
The disobedient bosom knows.

If ever I am left alone,  
The scenes of earth to wander thro';  
In mercy grant me from Thy throne  
A guide to lead and comfort too.

For all thy daily favours past,  
I thank Thee, giver of all good;  
And on Thy grace my soul I cast;  
Oh! wash my soul in Jesu's blood.

C. W. G.

## AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH OF A PROFANE SWEARER.

Some years ago, two profane wretches at Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, undertook to swear against each other for a wager. The man that could utter the greatest number of the most profane oaths was to gain the wager. After having spent considerable time one night in uttering the most horrible and diabolical curses, it was agreed they should renew the infernal work the next night. But mark the result. The patience of God was no longer to be trifled with. Almighty vengeance seized one of these hell-sinners, and sent him in a moment to answer for his horrid conduct before the burning throne of Jehovah. This wretch awoke from his sleep in the night, and told his wife to get up and fetch a besom, for he wanted to go to hell to sweep it out. She refused to obey the profane command; but, shocking to relate, before the besom was brought he was a corpse! Yes! he was instantly driven away in his wickedness—an awful monument of the danger of swearing to provoke Almighty wrath! Reader, art thou a swearer? Take warning.

## MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

## GAMBLING MANIACS.

Among innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating, which refers to a Mr. Porter, a gentleman who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard in twelve months. According to the story told of this madman—for we call him nothing else—when he had just completed the loss of his last acre at a gambling-house in London, he was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into his carriage to carry him home to his house in

town, he resolved upon having one throw more, to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give one chance of recovery, or fight with him; his proposition was this; that his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate and furniture—in short, all he had left in the world, except the clothes on his back—should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown for at a single cast. No persuasions could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw, and lost; then conducting the winner to the door, he told his coachman that there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without house, home, or any one creditable means of support. Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper at a livery stable. In this miserable condition, and with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognised by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries. He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming-house, and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning the next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject penury, died a ragged beggar at a penny lodging-house in St Giles's. —Chambers.

## A CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

A missionary of the Scottish Missionary Society thus described the ravages of cholera, in Astrachan, (Persia) in the year 1831. For 28 days the city had been suffering under this awful messenger of Almighty power.—Reader! is it not of the Lord's mercy alone, that we also were not consumed?

"Such a time the city of Astrachan never saw, in the memory of the present generation at least, as has elapsed since the 30th July, at which date it was ascertained that the Cholera was in the town. The greater part of that period, business was, in a manner, completely suspended, at the Bank, the Bazaar, &c. the shops were almost all of them shut; and a universal gloom sat on the faces of the inhabitants, as they passed through the streets of the city. Out of not more than about 40,000 inhabitants, it is calculated that from 5 to 6000 must have fallen victims to it in the city alone, and that about one-half of the adults have been more or less affected with it. Some were cut off almost instantaneously, and multitudes in the course of six or eight hours; while others, after appearing to be in a state of convalescence, relapsed, and were carried off. It is said, that on one day 500 were interred, and on another 480."

## ON PRIVATE PRAYER.

Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy chamber, and shut the door. And the reason is plain. He who would pray, must first retire: the spirit of the world and the spirit of prayer are contrary the one from the other, and experience will teach any one that he cannot well pray in a crowd. Business, or pleasure, or even common conversation, if it be about the things of this world, and continue for any long time, will strangely indispose the mind for devotion; and the soul, before she can take her flight to heaven, must plume and balance her wings by holy meditation: She must rally her scattered and dissipated thoughts, and fix them on the business she is going about: She must consider the nature of God, to whom she is to pray; of herself, who is to pray to him; and of those things for which she is to pray; she must know the sins she has been guilty of, to confess them; and the graces she stands in need of, to petition for them. All this is not to be done but by deep meditation, which is the mother of devotion, is the daughter of retirement. They who do not meditate, cannot pray; and they who do not retire, cannot pray.—Bishop Horne.

From the London Visiter.

## OLD HUMPHREY ON ATTENDING THE SICK.

Had I my will, every man and woman, aye, every child too, above seven years old, should be in some measure qualified to wait upon the sick.

The proper end of education is to give us a knowledge of our duty, and to make us useful in our generation. Where then, can we be more useful than at the couch of sickness and pain?

It is not the wish of Old Humphrey that every one should become a nurse, and understand the whole mystery of candle-making and sauce-panny: all that he desires is, that every one should be moderately endowed with the most necessary qualifications to alleviate and comfort the sick.

A cup of cold water to the weary and thirsty traveller is welcome indeed, and the most trifling attention to the sick is oftentimes a cordial to the fainting spirit. When the strength fails; when the grasshopper is a burden; when the silver cord is about to be loosed; when the golden bowl, and the pitcher at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern, are near being broken—when the dust appears ready to return to the earth and the spirit unto the God who gave it, it is then meet that every kindness should be shown to the sufferers.

We are all liable to be dependant on the attentions of others, and we should all therefore be qualified to attend to others. Those who in sickness have felt the relief of a well-timed cup of tea, or a small bason of well-made gruel, wine whey, or barley-water, will not laugh at Old Humphrey for talking about such things; and if they should do so, he would, notwithstanding, gladly make them a cup or basin of any of these comforts, should their situation require it.

How many hundreds of people are there in the world, who would not know how to make these common-place comforts, however urgent might be the necessity that required them at their hands!

Is it difficult to teach even a child to put two spoonfuls of tea into a pot, and pour boiling water over it; to let it stand a few minutes, and then pouring it off, to add to it a little sugar and milk? Certainly not; yet how few children are taught to do this properly.

Nor is it more difficult to boil half a pint or a pint of milk in a saucepan, and then to pour into it a wine glass full of white whey: thus making that wine whey, which only requires to be strained from the curd to be ready for an invalid. How many grown-up persons would not know how to set about this!

I know twenty people, as old as I am, who could not, without some instruction, make a decent basin of gruel; and yet how easily is this performed! While water is boiling in a saucepan, a large spoonful of oatmeal is mixed up in a basin with a little cold water; the hot water is then poured into this, when it is left to settle; it is afterwards poured, leaving the husks at the bottom behind, into the saucepan, and boiled slowly, while being stirred round with a spoon. How is it that every one is not capable of rendering such a service in an extremity, when it may be done with so little trouble? There are many other little comforts that are provided as easily as these, but surely a knowledge of those that I have mentioned is not too much to be required of any one. If you have the right sort of affection for those who are dear to you, you would not willingly let them lack, in a season of affliction, any service you could render them.

Come, Old Humphrey will make a few remarks that will help you, if you are disposed to add to your qualifications, to soothe the afflicted. If ever you are called to attend a sick bed, be sure to manifest kindness; without this quality, others will lose much of their value. Be tender, not only with your hands, but with your tongue: tenderness of heart is quite necessary. Be sure to exercise patience; if you cannot do this, you are not fit to attend the sick. Forbearance, too, is a great virtue. Sick people are often fretful and trying, and require to be borne with. Cleanliness is essential: a dirty cup, a bit of