

The Church.

"Her foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Vol. XIX.

HAMILTON, C. W., NOVEMBER 9, 1855.

No. 16.

POETRY.

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. DR. WHITTINGTON.

At this hushed hour, when all my children sleep,
Here, in thy presence, gracious God, I kneel;
And while the tear of gratitude I weep,
Would pour the prayer which gratitude must feel.

Paternal love! O, set thy holy seal
On these soft hearts which thou to me hast sent;
Repetition, guard their better will;
By thy pure Spirit to their fainter lent.

And lead them in the path their infant Saviour went.

I ask not for them eminence or wealth—
For those, in wisdom's view, are trifling toys;
But occupation, competence and health,
That flow therefrom; the passion which employs

The breasts of holy men; and thus to be
From all that taints, or darkens, or destroys
The strength of principle, for ever free—
This is the better boon, O God, I ask of thee.

This world I know is but a narrow bridge,
And treacherous waters roar and foam below;
With feeble feet we walk the wooden ridge,
Which creaks, and shudders beneath us as we go;
Some fall by accident, and thousands throw;
Their bodies headlong in the hungry stream;
Some sink by secret means, and never know
The hand which struck them from their transient dream.

But if some useful path before them lie,
Where they may walk obedient to the laws,
Through never looking in ambitious eye,
And paupered never with the world's applause;

Active, yet humble, virtuous too, the cause
Of virtue in the dwellings where they dwell,
Still following where thy perfect Spirit dwells,
Releasing others from the bands of hell—
If this be life, then let them longer live, 'tis well.

And teach me, Power Supreme, in their green days,
With meekest skill thy lessons to impart—
To show the harlot, and to show the maze
Through which her honeyed accents reach the heart.

Help them to learn, without the bitter smart
Of bad experience, vice to decline;
From treachery, falsehood, knavery, may they start
As from a hidden snake; from woman, wife,
From all the guilty pangs with which such scenes combine.

How soft they sleep, what innocent repose
Repose on their eyes, from all thy sorrows free!
Sweet babes, the curtain I would not unclose,
Which wraps the future from your minds and me.

THE UNMEANT REBUKE.

BY SILVANUS COBB.

Charles Nelson had reached this thirty-fifth year, and at that age he found himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanting to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best of wives, and his children were intelligent and comely—He was a carpenter by trade, and no man could command better wages, or be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must boss the job, and for miles around, people sought him to work for them. But a change had come over his life. A demon had met him on his way, and he turned back with the evil spirit. A new experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson, and he had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had once been the pride of its inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden, but tall rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was now dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now they had been taken off and sold. And the windows themselves bespoke poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass was gone, and shingles, rags and old hats had taken its place. A single look at the house and its accompaniments told the story—It was the drunkard's home.

Within sat a woman yet in the early years of life; though she was still handsome to look upon, the bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happiest among the happy, but now could be more miserable! Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feature; but their garbs were all patched and worn, and their feet were shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years of age and the other two years younger. The mother was hearing them recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should not grow up in ignorance. They could not attend the common school, for thoughtless children sneered at them and made them the subject of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare, to their instruction.

For more than two years, Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been earned in the house. People had hired her to wash, iron and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she lived on, and the only joys that dwell with her now were teaching her children and praying to God.

Supper time came, and Charles Nelson came feeling home. He had worked the day before at helping to move a building and thus had earned money enough to find himself in ruin for several days. As he stumbled into the house the children crouched close to the mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when thus intoxicated.

O, how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer looking man in the town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact and perfectly formed, while his face bore the very beau-ideal of manly beauty. But all was changed now. His noble form was bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, his face all bloated and disfigured. He was not the man he had once been, the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed, and wept, and implored, but all to no purpose; the husband was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bonds.

That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper, for all the food she had in the house there was not more than enough for her husband and children; but when her husband had gone she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital energy alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as soon as he arose but he was sick and faint, and liquor would not revive him, for it would not remain in his stomach. He had drunk very deeply the night before, and he felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot sling, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had sense enough to know that if he could sleep he would feel better, and he had just feeling enough to wish to keep away from home; so he wandered off towards a wood not far from the village, and sank down by the side of a stone wall, and was soon buried in a profound slumber. When he awoke, the sun was shining down upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture, he gazed about him. He knew that it was afternoon, for the sun was turning toward the west. He was just upon the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a chink in the wall, and just upon the side he saw his two children picking berries, while further off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved to the village.

'Come, Katy,' said one of these latter girls, to her companion, 'let's go away from here, because if any body should see us with those girls they'd think we played with 'em. Come.'

'But the berries are thick here,' remonstrated the other.

'Never mind—we'll come on some time when those little ragged drunkard's girls aren't here.'

So the two favored ones went away hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy sat down upon the grass and cried.

'Don't cry, Nancy,' said the eldest throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

'But you are crying, Nelly.'

'O, I can't help it,' sobbed the stricken one.

'Why do they blame us?' murmured Nancy, gazing up to her sister's face.—'Oh, we are not to blame. We are good, and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. O, I wish somebody would love us; I should be so happy.'

'But we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our mother. Who could love us as she does?'

'I know—I know, Nelly; but that isn't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to do? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us and make us happy? O, how I wish he could be so good to us once more. He is not—'

'—sh, sissy! don't say anything more. He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him I know he would.—And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us sometime.'

'Yes,' answered Nancy, 'I know he does; and God must be our father sometime.'

'He is our father now, sissy.'

'I know it; but he must be all we shall have by-and-by, for don't you remember that mother told us that she must leave us one of these days? She said a cold finger was upon her heart, and—'

'—sh. Don't don't Nancy; you'll—'

The words were choked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together.—At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, and his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

'My God!' he gasped, 'what a villain I am! Look at me now! What a state I am in, and what I have sacrificed to bring myself to it! And they love me yet, and pray for me!'

He said no more, but for some moments he stood with his hands still clenched, and eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned, and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side and he started homeward.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected to notice it not. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get some milk and flour, and make him some porridge. The wife was startled by the strange tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded just as that voice had sounded in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following morning he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

'Yes, Charles,' she said. 'We have not touched it.'

'Then if you are willing, I should like some more.'

'The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate it, and he felt better. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man who had just commenced to frame a house.

'Mr. Manley,' he said, addressing the gentleman alluded to, 'I have drunk the last drop of alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask me no more questions, but believe me now while you see me true.—Will you give me work?'

'Charles Nelson, are you in earnest?' asked Manly, in surprise.

'So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand, and yonder bar-room upon my left, I would go with the grim messenger first.'

'Then here is my house lying about in rough timber and boards. I place it all in your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. While I can trust you, you may trust me.—Come into my office and you shall have the plan I have drawn.'

We will not tell how the stout man wept, and how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having studied it for a while, he went out where the men were at work getting the timber together, and Mr. Manly introduced him as their master. That day he worked but little for he was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber, and gave directions for framing. At night he asked his employer if he dared trust him with a dollar.

'Why, you have earned three,' returned Manly.

'And will you pay me three dollars a day?'

'If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that! The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but looks spoke for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dollars, and on his way home he stopped and bought first a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beef steak, he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home. It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in and set the basket on the table.

'Come, Mary,' he said, 'I have brought something home for supper. Here, Nelly, you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get a couple of quarts of milk.'

He handed her a shilling as he spoke, and in a half-bewildered state she took the money and hurried away.

'The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak.—She moved about like one in a dream, and over and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money to buy rum with if he wanted it. What could it mean? Had his prayer been answered? O, how fervently she prayed then.

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson set the table out. After supper Charles arose, and said to his wife: 'I must go up to Mr. Manly's office to help him to arrange some plans for his new house, but I will be at home early.'

A pang shot through the wife's heart, as she saw her husband turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been before for a long while. There was something in his manner that assured her and gave her hope.

Just as the clock struck nine, the well known foot-fall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened, and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick, keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and to the hatter's. Yet nothing was said on the all important subject. Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first and built a fire. Mary had not slept until long after midnight, having been kept awake by tumultuous emotions, that had started up in her bosom, and hence she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the teakettle and potatoes began to boil and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose and put on his hat, and then turning to his wife he asked: 'What do you do, to day?'

'I must wash for Mrs. Bixby?'

'Are you willing to obey me once more?'

'O, yes.'

'Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and you must do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself and children.'

Mr. Nelson turned towards the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He did not speak, but he opened his arms, and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning he felt well, and very happy, and Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking as acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had been a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he had now in his pocket.

'Mary,' he said after the supper table had been cleared away, 'here are ten dollars for you, and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days. I am

to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job, isn't it?'

Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments, and then burst into tears.—Her husband took her by her arm and drew her upon his lap, and then pressed her to his bosom.

'Mary,' he whispered, while the tears ran down his own cheeks, 'you are not deceived. I am Charles Nelson once more, and will be while I live. Not a fact of mine shall another cloud cross your brow.' And then he told of the words he heard on the previous Monday while he lay behind the wall.

'Never before,' he said, 'did I fully realize how low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though some one had struck them off with a sledge. My soul started up to a stand-point from which all tempters of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered, my wife.'

Time passed on, and the cottage once more assumed its garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled, and in every way did the improvement work. Once again was Mary Nelson among the happiest of the happy, and her children, choose her own associates now.—*Baltimore Pictorial.*

THE VALUE OF OUR LITURGY.

Numerous are the episodes connected with ordinary life which might be detailed to show the utility and value of the incomparable Liturgy of our Church. Apart from its Scriptural phraseology, the doctrines of the written Word run like golden threads throughout, minutely intersecting every part; and so comprehensive is its scope, that there is not a single state or condition of fallen humanity, but what is in its turn presented in prayer before the God of all the families of the earth. Many an individual has had his heart first attuned to the melody of love and mercy, in consequence of hearing the allusion thus made to the particulars of his own personal or domestic trouble; and oft has it been a source of unspeakable consolation to the weary and heavy-laden—in the grief-stricken and sorrowful, that their case is not overlooked in the services of the sanctuary, but devoutly presented at the mercy-seat, through the intercession of the faithful. The following short sketch will illustrate, to a certain extent, the force of those remarks, and it is hoped that, while perused with interest, the example will not be unprofitable in spirit, at least, to general readers:

M—was the subject of prayer for her birth, and the development of intellect was seized upon by her parents and friends in order to impress her mind with religious truths. When only a year and a half old, she located at regular intervals at the house of God, and boundless was her delight to be allowed to go thither on each recurring Sabbath. As often as any little indisposition or inclemency of weather made it necessary to keep her at home, the disappointment was very great, and she could only be effectually pacified by being assured that she would not be forgotten in the prayers as young children were always mentioned by the clergyman, and her mother would think of her own in the morning.

At length God in His inscrutable wisdom rendered her fatherless at about four years and a half old, and the bereavement, thus sustained, left behind a deep and permanent impression which was very unusual and remarkable at so tender an age. When permitted, for the first time, to accompany her widowed mother to church, after a separation of some weeks, the dear child pressed close to her side at that part of the Litany where the petition occurs for young children, and afterwards, just as the minister was making intercession for the fatherless children and widows she took hold of her mother's hand with a significant squeeze, to intimate that they were both included in the prayer, and that she felt and appreciated its applicability to her case. This she continued to do on subsequent occasions or very many months, and the act itself was always unstrained, and quite spontaneous. Surely this little incident, simple and unadorned as it was, may prove the beauty and importance of our spiritual life, which could possess the power to fix the attention of so young a child, and even to draw out emotions of sympathy towards her afflicted parent! It would be beyond doubt that there is indeed a communion of saints, and a strong bond of union between mind and mind, when actuated by similar motives, and brought to pass through the same ordeal of discipline and chastisement. The object of the writer is not in any way to eulogize the child, but to narrate a plain unvarnished fact which, as once touching and beautiful, and this is done in the humble hope that it may not only strengthen attachment to our admirable form of prayer in those who are already worshipping with us in Christian fellowship, but be the means of inducing others, hitherto careless and indifferent, to unite in the same service, that they alike may partake of the precious privileges it so

fully affords. Above all, it is recorded with a view of bringing glory to the name of that gracious One who so sympathetically said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and who "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath perfected praise"—*Churchman's Prissy Mag.*

THE VALUE OF OUR LITURGY.

Numerous are the episodes connected with ordinary life which might be detailed to show the utility and value of the incomparable Liturgy of our Church. Apart from its Scriptural phraseology, the doctrines of the written Word run like golden threads throughout, minutely intersecting every part; and so comprehensive is its scope, that there is not a single state or condition of fallen humanity, but what is in its turn presented in prayer before the God of all the families of the earth. Many an individual has had his heart first attuned to the melody of love and mercy, in consequence of hearing the allusion thus made to the particulars of his own personal or domestic trouble; and oft has it been a source of unspeakable consolation to the weary and heavy-laden—in the grief-stricken and sorrowful, that their case is not overlooked in the services of the sanctuary, but devoutly presented at the mercy-seat, through the intercession of the faithful. The following short sketch will illustrate, to a certain extent, the force of those remarks, and it is hoped that, while perused with interest, the example will not be unprofitable in spirit, at least, to general readers:

M—was the subject of prayer for her birth, and the development of intellect was seized upon by her parents and friends in order to impress her mind with religious truths. When only a year and a half old, she located at regular intervals at the house of God, and boundless was her delight to be allowed to go thither on each recurring Sabbath. As often as any little indisposition or inclemency of weather made it necessary to keep her at home, the disappointment was very great, and she could only be effectually pacified by being assured that she would not be forgotten in the prayers as young children were always mentioned by the clergyman, and her mother would think of her own in the morning.

At length God in His inscrutable wisdom rendered her fatherless at about four years and a half old, and the bereavement, thus sustained, left behind a deep and permanent impression which was very unusual and remarkable at so tender an age. When permitted, for the first time, to accompany her widowed mother to church, after a separation of some weeks, the dear child pressed close to her side at that part of the Litany where the petition occurs for young children, and afterwards, just as the minister was making intercession for the fatherless children and widows she took hold of her mother's hand with a significant squeeze, to intimate that they were both included in the prayer, and that she felt and appreciated its applicability to her case. This she continued to do on subsequent occasions or very many months, and the act itself was always unstrained, and quite spontaneous. Surely this little incident, simple and unadorned as it was, may prove the beauty and importance of our spiritual life, which could possess the power to fix the attention of so young a child, and even to draw out emotions of sympathy towards her afflicted parent! It would be beyond doubt that there is indeed a communion of saints, and a strong bond of union between mind and mind, when actuated by similar motives, and brought to pass through the same ordeal of discipline and chastisement. The object of the writer is not in any way to eulogize the child, but to narrate a plain unvarnished fact which, as once touching and beautiful, and this is done in the humble hope that it may not only strengthen attachment to our admirable form of prayer in those who are already worshipping with us in Christian fellowship, but be the means of inducing others, hitherto careless and indifferent, to unite in the same service, that they alike may partake of the precious privileges it so

fully affords. Above all, it is recorded with a view of bringing glory to the name of that gracious One who so sympathetically said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and who "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath perfected praise"—*Churchman's Prissy Mag.*

THE VALUE OF OUR LITURGY.

Numerous are the episodes connected with ordinary life which might be detailed to show the utility and value of the incomparable Liturgy of our Church. Apart from its Scriptural phraseology, the doctrines of the written Word run like golden threads throughout, minutely intersecting every part; and so comprehensive is its scope, that there is not a single state or condition of fallen humanity, but what is in its turn presented in prayer before the God of all the families of the earth. Many an individual has had his heart first attuned to the melody of love and mercy, in consequence of hearing the allusion thus made to the particulars of his own personal or domestic trouble; and oft has it been a source of unspeakable consolation to the weary and heavy-laden—in the grief-stricken and sorrowful, that their case is not overlooked in the services of the sanctuary, but devoutly presented at the mercy-seat, through the intercession of the faithful. The following short sketch will illustrate, to a certain extent, the force of those remarks, and it is hoped that, while perused with interest, the example will not be unprofitable in spirit, at least, to general readers:

M—was the subject of prayer for her birth, and the development of intellect was seized upon by her parents and friends in order to impress her mind with religious truths. When only a year and a half old, she located at regular intervals at the house of God, and boundless was her delight to be allowed to go thither on each recurring Sabbath. As often as any little indisposition or inclemency of weather made it necessary to keep her at home, the disappointment was very great, and she could only be effectually pacified by being assured that she would not be forgotten in the prayers as young children were always mentioned by the clergyman, and her mother would think of her own in the morning.

At length God in His inscrutable wisdom rendered her fatherless at about four years and a half old, and the bereavement, thus sustained, left behind a deep and permanent impression which was very unusual and remarkable at so tender an age. When permitted, for the first time, to accompany her widowed mother to church, after a separation of some weeks, the dear child pressed close to her side at that part of the Litany where the petition occurs for young children, and afterwards, just as the minister was making intercession for the fatherless children and widows she took hold of her mother's hand with a significant squeeze, to intimate that they were both included in the prayer, and that she felt and appreciated its applicability to her case. This she continued to do on subsequent occasions or very many months, and the act itself was always unstrained, and quite spontaneous. Surely this little incident, simple and unadorned as it was, may prove the beauty and importance of our spiritual life, which could possess the power to fix the attention of so young a child, and even to draw out emotions of sympathy towards her afflicted parent! It would be beyond doubt that there is indeed a communion of saints, and a strong bond of union between mind and mind, when actuated by similar motives, and brought to pass through the same ordeal of discipline and chastisement. The object of the writer is not in any way to eulogize the child, but to narrate a plain unvarnished fact which, as once touching and beautiful, and this is done in the humble hope that it may not only strengthen attachment to our admirable form of prayer in those who are already worshipping with us in Christian fellowship, but be the means of inducing others, hitherto careless and indifferent, to unite in the same service, that they alike may partake of the precious privileges it so

fully affords. Above all, it is recorded with a view of bringing glory to the name of that gracious One who so sympathetically said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and who "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath perfected praise"—*Churchman's Prissy Mag.*

THE VALUE OF OUR LITURGY.

Numerous are the episodes connected with ordinary life which might be detailed to show the utility and value of the incomparable Liturgy of our Church. Apart from its Scriptural phraseology, the doctrines of the written Word run like golden threads throughout, minutely intersecting every part; and so comprehensive is its scope, that there is not a single state or condition of fallen humanity, but what is in its turn presented in prayer before the God of all the families of the earth. Many an individual has had his heart first attuned to the melody of love and mercy, in consequence of hearing the allusion thus made to the particulars of his own personal or domestic trouble; and oft has it been a source of unspeakable consolation to the weary and heavy-laden—in the grief-stricken and sorrowful, that their case is not overlooked in the services of the sanctuary, but devoutly presented at the mercy-seat, through the intercession of the faithful. The following short sketch will illustrate, to a certain extent, the force of those remarks, and it is hoped that, while perused with interest, the example will not be unprofitable in spirit, at least, to general readers:

M—was the subject of prayer for her birth, and the development of intellect was seized upon by her parents and friends in order to impress her mind with religious truths. When only a year and a half old, she located at regular intervals at the house of God, and boundless was her delight to be allowed to go thither on each recurring Sabbath. As often as any little indisposition or inclemency of weather made it necessary to keep her at home, the disappointment was very great, and she could only be effectually pacified by being assured that she would not be forgotten in the prayers as young children were always mentioned by the clergyman, and her mother would think of her own in the morning.

fully affords. Above all, it is recorded with a view of bringing glory to the name of that gracious One who so sympathetically said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and who "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath perfected praise"—*Churchman's Prissy Mag.*

THE VALUE OF OUR LITURGY.

Numerous are the episodes connected with ordinary life which might be detailed to show the utility and value of the incomparable Liturgy of our Church. Apart from its Scriptural phraseology, the doctrines of the written Word run like golden threads throughout, minutely intersecting every part; and so comprehensive is its scope, that there is not a single state or condition of fallen humanity, but what is in its turn presented in prayer before the God of all the families of the earth. Many an individual has had his heart first attuned to the melody of love and mercy, in consequence of hearing the allusion thus made to the particulars of his own personal or domestic trouble; and oft has it been a source of unspeakable consolation to the weary and heavy-laden—in the grief-stricken and sorrowful, that their case is not overlooked in the services of the sanctuary, but devoutly presented at the mercy-seat, through the intercession of the faithful. The following short sketch will illustrate, to a certain extent, the force of those remarks, and it is hoped that, while perused with interest, the example will not be unprofitable in spirit, at least, to general readers:

M—was the subject of prayer for her birth, and the development of intellect was seized upon by her parents and friends in order to impress her mind with religious truths. When only a year and a half old, she located at regular intervals at the house of God, and boundless was her delight to be allowed to go thither on each recurring Sabbath. As often as any little indisposition or inclemency of weather made it necessary to keep her at home, the disappointment was very great, and she could only be effectually pacified by being assured that she would not be forgotten in the prayers as young children were always mentioned by the clergyman, and her mother would think of her own in the morning.

At length God in His inscrutable wisdom rendered her fatherless at about four years and a half old, and the bereavement, thus sustained, left behind a deep and permanent impression which was very unusual and remarkable at so tender an age. When permitted, for the first time, to accompany her widowed mother to church, after a separation of some weeks, the dear child pressed close to her side at that part of the Litany where the petition occurs for young children, and afterwards, just as the minister was making intercession for the fatherless children and widows she took hold of her mother's hand with a significant squeeze, to intimate that they were both included in the prayer, and that she felt and appreciated its applicability to her case. This she continued to do on subsequent occasions or very many months, and the act itself was always unstrained, and quite spontaneous. Surely this little incident, simple and unadorned as it was, may prove the beauty and importance of our spiritual life, which could possess the power to fix the attention of so young a child, and even to draw out emotions of sympathy towards her afflicted parent! It would be beyond doubt that there is indeed a communion of saints, and a strong bond of union between mind and mind, when actuated by similar motives, and brought to pass through the same ordeal of discipline and chastisement. The object of the writer is not in any way to eulogize the child, but to narrate a plain unvarnished fact which, as once touching and beautiful, and this is done in the humble hope that it may not only strengthen attachment to our admirable form of prayer in those who are already worshipping with us in Christian fellowship, but be the means of inducing others, hitherto careless and indifferent, to unite in the same service, that they alike may partake of the precious privileges it so

fully affords. Above all, it is recorded with a view of bringing glory to the name of that gracious One who so sympathetically said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and who "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath perfected praise"—*Churchman's Prissy Mag.*

THE VALUE OF OUR LITURGY.

Numerous are the episodes connected with ordinary life which might be detailed to show the utility and value of the incomparable Liturgy of our Church. Apart from its Scriptural phraseology, the doctrines of the written Word run like golden threads throughout, minutely intersecting every part; and so comprehensive is its scope, that there is not a single state or condition of fallen humanity, but what is in its turn presented in prayer before the God of all the families of the earth. Many an individual has had his heart first attuned to the melody of love and mercy, in consequence of hearing the allusion thus made to the particulars of his own personal or domestic trouble; and oft has it been a source of unspeakable consolation to the weary and heavy-laden—in the grief-stricken and sorrowful, that their case is not overlooked in the services of the sanctuary, but devoutly presented at the mercy-seat, through the intercession of the faithful. The following short sketch will illustrate, to a certain extent, the force of those remarks, and it is hoped that, while perused with interest, the example will not be unprofitable in spirit, at least, to general readers:

M—was the subject of prayer for her birth, and the development of intellect was seized upon by her parents and friends in order to impress her mind with religious truths. When only a year and a half old, she located at regular intervals at the house of God, and boundless was her delight to be allowed to go thither on each recurring Sabbath. As often as any little indisposition or inclemency of weather made it necessary to keep her at home, the disappointment was very great, and she could only be effectually pacified by being assured that she would not be forgotten in the prayers as young children were always mentioned by the clergyman, and her mother would think of her own in the morning.

At length God in His inscrutable wisdom rendered her fatherless at about four years and a half old, and the bereavement, thus sustained, left behind a deep and permanent impression which was very unusual and remarkable at so tender an age. When permitted, for the first time, to accompany her widowed mother to church, after a separation of some weeks, the dear child pressed close to her side at that part of the Litany where the petition occurs for young children, and afterwards, just as the minister was making intercession for the fatherless children and widows she took hold of her mother's hand with a significant squeeze, to intimate that they were both included in the prayer, and that she felt and appreciated its applicability to her case. This she continued to do on subsequent occasions or very many months, and the act itself was always unstrained, and quite spontaneous. Surely this little incident, simple and unadorned as it was, may prove the beauty and importance of our spiritual life, which could possess the power to fix the attention of so young a child, and even to draw out emotions of sympathy towards her afflicted parent! It would be beyond doubt that there is indeed a communion of saints, and a strong bond of union between mind and mind, when actuated by similar motives, and brought to pass through the same ordeal of discipline and chastisement. The object of the writer is not in any way to eulogize the child, but to narrate a plain unvarnished fact which, as once touching and beautiful, and this is done in the humble hope that it may not only strengthen attachment to our admirable form of prayer in those who are already worshipping with us in Christian fellowship, but be the means of inducing others, hitherto careless and indifferent, to unite in the same service, that they alike may partake of the precious privileges it so

fully affords. Above all, it is recorded with a view of bringing glory to the name of that gracious One who so sympathetically said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and who "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath perfected praise"—*Churchman's Prissy Mag.*

THE VALUE OF OUR LITURGY.

Numerous are the episodes connected with ordinary life which might be detailed to show the utility and value of the incomparable Liturgy of our Church. Apart from its Scriptural phraseology, the doctrines of the written Word run like golden threads throughout, minutely intersecting every part; and so comprehensive is its scope, that there is not a single state or condition of fallen humanity, but what is in its turn presented in prayer before the God of all the families of the earth. Many an individual has had his heart first attuned to the melody of love and mercy, in consequence of hearing the allusion thus made to the particulars of his own personal or domestic trouble; and oft has it been a source of unspeakable consolation to the weary and heavy-laden—in the grief-stricken and sorrowful, that their case is not overlooked in the services of the sanctuary, but devoutly presented at the mercy-seat, through the intercession of the faithful. The following short sketch will illustrate, to a certain extent, the force of those remarks, and it is hoped that, while perused with interest, the example will not be unprofitable in spirit, at least, to general readers:

M—was the subject of prayer for her birth, and the development of intellect was seized upon by her parents and friends in order to impress her mind with religious truths. When only a year and a half old, she located at regular intervals at the house of God, and boundless was her delight to be allowed to go thither on each recurring Sabbath. As often as any little indisposition or inclemency of weather made it necessary to keep her at home, the disappointment was very great, and she could only be effectually pacified by being assured that she would not be forgotten in the prayers as young children were always mentioned by the clergyman, and her mother would think of her own in the morning.

At length God in His inscrutable wisdom rendered her fatherless at about four years and a half old, and the bereavement, thus sustained, left behind a deep and permanent impression which was very unusual and remarkable at so tender an age. When permitted, for the first time, to accompany her widowed mother to church, after a separation of some weeks, the dear child pressed close to her side at that part of the Litany where the petition occurs for young children, and afterwards, just as the minister was making intercession for the fatherless children and widows she took hold of her mother's hand with a significant squeeze, to intimate that they were both included in the prayer, and that she felt and appreciated its applicability to her case. This she continued to do on subsequent occasions or very many months, and the act itself was always unstrained, and quite spontaneous. Surely this little incident, simple and unadorned as it was, may prove the beauty and importance of our spiritual life, which could possess the power to fix the attention of so young a child, and even to draw out emotions of sympathy towards her afflicted parent! It would be beyond doubt that there is indeed a communion of saints, and a strong bond of union between mind and mind, when actuated by similar motives, and brought to pass through the same ordeal of discipline and chastisement. The object of the writer is not in any way to eulogize the child, but to narrate a plain unvarnished fact which, as once touching and beautiful, and this is done in the humble hope that it may not only strengthen attachment to our admirable form of prayer in those who are already worshipping with us in Christian fellowship, but be the means of inducing others, hitherto careless and indifferent, to unite in the same service, that they alike may partake of the precious privileges it so

fully affords. Above all, it is recorded with a view of bringing glory to the name of that gracious One who so sympathetically said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and who "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath perfected praise"—*Churchman's Prissy Mag.*

THE VALUE OF OUR LITURGY.

Numerous are the episodes connected with ordinary life which might be detailed to show the utility and value of the incomparable Lit