

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

On presenting her a Bible.

No diamond bright, or ruby rare,
To grace thy neck, adorn thy hair,
My dearest child, I give;
These are vain toys that please awhile,
But like the rainbow's transient smile,
Their beauty cannot live.

This sacred treasure, far more dear,
Than diamond, pearl, or ruby clear,
This living gift divine,
A father's love presents to thee:
Oh, may it to thy spirit be
What it has been to mine.

A solace, hope, unerring guide,
Companion constant at thy side,
To check the wrong desire;
A faithful monitor to warn,
Its purity thy soul adorn,
Its promises inspire.

Willis.

TRUE COURAGE.

"Coward! coward!" said James Lawton to Edward Wilkins, as he pointed his finger at him.

Edward's face turned very red and the tears started in his eyes, as he said, "James Lawton, don't call me a coward."

"Why don't you fight John Taylor then, when he dares you? I would not be dared by any boy."

"He is afraid," said Charles Jones, as he put his finger in his eye and pretended to cry.

"He is afraid," said Edward; and he looked almost ready to give up; for John Taylor came forward and said, "Come on then, and show that you are not afraid."

A gentleman passing by, said: "Why do you not fight the boy? tell me the reason."

The boys all stood still, while Edward said, "I will not do a wicked thing, sir, if they do call me a coward."

"That is right, my noble boy," said the gentleman. "If you fight with that boy, you really disgrace yourself, and will show that you are more afraid of the laugh and ridicule of your companions, than of breaking the commandments of God."

"It is more honourable to bear an insult with meekness, than to fight about it."

"Beasts and brutes, which have no reason, know of no other way to avenge themselves; but God has given you understanding, and though it be hard to be called a coward, and to submit to indignity and insult, yet remember the words of the wise man, 'He that ruleth his spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city.'"

"Suppose you fight with this boy, and your companions all call you a brave fellow, what will this be when we are called to stand before God?"

"Many a poor deluded man has been drawn in to accept a challenge and fight a duel to show his bravery, and thus displayed to all that he was a miserable coward, who was afraid of the sneer and laugh of his companions. Rather follow the example of that brave soldier, who, when he was challenged to fight, said, 'I do not fear the cannon's mouth, but I fear God.'"

For the Colonial Churchman.

FALSEHOOD AND DECEIT.—No. 3.

Whatever may be the maxims or the practices of those around you, or whatever unhappily may have been your case, learn and feel that the God of truth requires each of us if we would (through Christ) be woeed, and if by the holy influence of God's spirit we desire to please Him—to practise and speak truth, and to abhor all deceit.

Pride falls unpitied—never more to rise,
Humility is crowned, and Truth receives the prize—
Quit dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies.

It is obvious that a mere desire to please, or a fear to offend others, perpetually induces a concealment of the truth, or the assertion of falsehood.—While the Persians of old, were a brave and manly people, one of two things which they invariably taught their youth to consider as preeminently important, was, to speak the Truth. Late travellers, however, among that degenerated people, inform us, that "they

consider it their duty to please; and, to effect this, they forget all sentiments of honor and good faith." And what is the sad result? The first lesson which the children of the modern Persians now learn is, to practise deceit. If a stranger should evince suspicion, they sometimes exclaim—"Believe me! for though I am a Persian, I speak the truth." What a sad falling off is here; brought about probably by gradually falling away from the noble standard of former times, for in nations as in individuals, no one suddenly becomes depraved, or as we used to repeat at school, "nemo repente frict turpissimus."

But to view another side of the picture; there is an Island in the Pacific Ocean, the inhabitants of which are so addicted to truth, that it was found difficult to explain to them what is a lie! In this case at any rate we may exclaim with Gray,

Where Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

I fear, Messrs. Editors, but an undue proportion of your readers in these days of false politeness and miscalled refinement, possess that blissful ignorance!

These, reader, are but a very few of the numerous arguments and reasons in favour of Truth; and practice and observation shew her to be her own vindicator. Shun Falsehood, "pass not by" it. The sailor trims his sails, and shapes his course at the very earliest indications of the coming storm; the inhabitant of climates which reptiles invest, fly their most distant approach. Check, therefore, trifling with Truth even in slight matters, for

"Small habits, well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes;
And who a juster claim preferred
Than one who ever breaks his word?"

SIGMA.

From the London Friendly Visiter.

THE DYING ROBBER.

"The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Heb. iv. 12.)

During the awful visitation of the cholera, a clergyman, after a day spent in ministering the support and comfort of the gospel to many a sick and dying soul, had retired early to his bed, hoping to enjoy for a few hours the repose which he so much needed. He lay still for some time, but could not sleep, the scenes he had witnessed that day, the countenances of the dying, some racked with agonizing pain, and some in the livid death-like torpor of the collapsed state, still seemed before him; and a nervous feverishness from this excitement, banished sleep from his eye-lids. Oh! thought he, "that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." (Deut. xxxii. 29.) "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound of the Gospel: (Psalm lxxxix. 15,) they shall walk, O Lord in the light of thy countenance; and when they pass through the valley of the shadow of death, they will fear no evil: for thou wilt be with them; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort them;" (Psalm xxxiii. 4.) and he shuddered at the fearful contrast which that day presented to him, in the case of too many. The clock struck twelve, and he had just fallen into a slumber, when a knock at the hall door aroused him; he heard it opened and in a few minutes his servant entered the room. "Sir, there is a man below who says he must speak with you." "Ask him his name and business." "He says, Sir, he must speak to yourself." Mr. T—— rose, dressed himself in haste, and went into the hall. The man stood close to the door. Mr. T—— held the light to his face, which he seemed rather anxious to hide. He had a frightful countenance. "What do you want with me, said the clergyman. "I want you to come to a dying man, who wishes to speak to you." "What is his complaint?" "Cholera." Mr. T—— hesitated, and at length said, "I cannot go with you, you do not even tell your name, nor the place to which you would lead me; I should fear to trust my life in your hands." "You need not fear," said the stranger; "What end would it serve to take your life? come with me, take no money with you, and on my honor you are safe." Mr. T—— gave another glance at the man, and the word honor, connected with the appearance of such a being, made him smile. "Sit down,"

said he, 'I will go with you.' He went again to his chamber, committed himself to the care of his heavenly Father, prayed for his blessing on the intended visit to the dying man, and felt so strengthened and assured by this communion with heaven, that he seemed to have lost all fear of accompanying his ferocious-looking guide.

He followed the man through many streets of the large and populous city; at length they came to a street long and narrow, with houses bespeaking wretchedness, and well known as a quarter of the town remarkable for the vice as well as poverty of its inhabitants. Mr. T—— followed his guide into a long and dirty entry, which ended in a square: he there stopped, and took out of his pocket a knife, with which he began to scrape away some earth from the ground. "I can go no farther with you," said the clergyman, but considering he was already as much in the power of the man as he could be in any possible situation, his courage revived, and he watched with intense interest the movements of his strange companion. After some time he opened a small trap door, which led to a vault of considerable depth. "Fear not," said the man, as he let himself down by a rope fastened at the inside. Mr. T—— felt at this moment the awful horror of his situation; he could have fled, but he knew the man would soon overtake him, and in the dark he could scarcely find his way back. He therefore determined to proceed; and committing himself again to the protection of the Almighty, he watched at the edge of the pit until he saw a light glimmer within it, and the man place a ladder firmly, which he ascended a few steps, and entreated the clergyman to descend, assuring him again of his safety. He did descend into this pit of darkness, which reminded him of the descent of the prophet into the den of lions; for at the bottom stretched upon the ground, he beheld a number of men, savage and ferocious as beasts of prey, who raising their haggard countenances, stared wildly upon him. The man then led the clergyman into the farthest end, where, in a corner, stretched upon straw, lay a man dying of cholera. Here was a picture of humane nature brought to the last extremity of wretchedness, cramped in every limb, his eyes sunk and hollow, and his skin exhibiting the black hue attendant on this awful malady when there is scarcely a hope of recovery. Mr. T—— had been used to patients in this dreadful malady, but here was one in such a state as he had never before witnessed. "Did you wish to see me?" he asked the dying man. "I did," he replied in a clear and distinct tone. "Why do you wish to see me?" "Because," said the man, "some short time ago I wandered into your church, and heard you read what I want you to read to me again; I want to hear it before I die. Oh! it has never left my mind—night and day it sounded in my ear. I thought I could hide myself from God; but the darkness hideth not from him: he has found me out! he has laid his hand heavily upon me; and soon shall I appear before him, covered over with my crimes. And did not I hear you say, Sir, that God would slay the wicked—that he would say, Depart from me ye bloody men. O God, I have sinned against thee; thou art just; there can be no hope for a wretch like me." Every nerve in his body seemed convulsed with agony; and he fixed his eyes eagerly on the clergyman, waiting anxiously to hear again that portion of Scripture which had first convinced him of his sin. "Tell me some verses that will bring it to my memory," said the clergyman. "Oh! it told me," said the dying man; "that God knew my down-sitting and mine up-rising; that he understood my thoughts; that he compassed my path, and my lying down; and was acquainted with all my ways; there was not a word in my tongue but God knew it altogether. That if I could climb into heaven, he was there, if I went down into hell he was there also." The clergyman then knew it was the 139th Psalm that had carried conviction of sin into this poor sinner's heart; and he prayed that this might be the work of the Holy Spirit; and taking out his Bible, read it.

"Oh that is it, that is it," said the dying man in a low voice; "thank God I have heard it again." The clergyman then said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," (1 Tim. i. 15.) "To save sinners," said he, "but oh! not such a sinner as I have been." "Yes, such as you," said the cler-