

Youth's Corner.

THE AGED PEQUOT.  
A true Narrative.

"I am an aged hemlock. The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top," said a venerable Mohawk chieftain. The ancient Pequot Indian woman, whose brief history is here given, expressed herself in language alike figurative and natural to the Indian race: "I am a withered shrub: I have stood a hundred years: all my leaves are fallen; but water from the river of God still keeps my root alive." Here was a bright allusion, (waiting in the speech of the Mohawk,) which implied confidence in God.

The Pequots, her native tribe, were noted for cruelty and hatred to the Christian religion; and she herself in early life possessed the same spirit. At fifty years of age Ruth was left a lonely widow, ignorant of Christ, and with no cheering hope either for this world or the next.

About this time she became a constant attendant upon an aged lady, who was very infirm, but intelligent and pious. This lady often conversed with her on the subject of religion, and two young children connected with the family took great pains to teach her to read and understand the New Testament. Its truths, now for the first time brought home to her understanding, made a deep impression on her soul. She soon began to confess her sins to God, and to cry to him for mercy. The knowledge that she imbibed from the lips of these children, seemed to her, as she afterwards said, "sweeter than meat or sleep." Her situation was one of great confinement, but whenever leave was given her to go out for refreshment or exercise, instead of availing herself of it, she would spend the time with these children, sitting down on a low stool by their side, while they instructed her from the Bible, or other good books—preferring this privilege to the enjoyment of the fresh air, or rambling in the green fields. Thus was she gently led, like a little child, by little children, to the feet of the Saviour; and after having for some time given decided evidence of piety, was baptized about the year 1790.

During the last 30 years of her life, she resided with her youngest daughter, where the charitable and pious often went to see her, and took care that in her old age she should not be without some of the comforts of life. Those who knew her early history were surprised at the depth of her Christian experience; and even strangers were often affected to tears, to find such a heavenly relish of divine things in one so poor, so ignorant, and so aged.

Her senses were very little impaired at ninety years of age, but she had never been able to read very well, and a visit from a Christian, or even from a child, who would read to her one of her two precious books, her Bible and Psalm book, was a blessing for which she used most devoutly to thank God. For every little article of comfort also that was presented to her, she would first give thanks to God, and then express her gratitude to her earthly benefactor. The smallest of these gifts would instantly carry her mind away to its Author, and lead her to dwell upon his goodness, sometimes with calm delight, and sometimes with deep emotion. "God is good," she would say, "oh, how good! The air that comes in at my window, the singing of the birds, and all the sounds I hear, tell me that he is good. This fruit that I hold in my hand speaks of his goodness—I see it every where—I learn of it every day. Yes, he is good, and he is my heavenly Father—that is my exceeding joy."

She often spoke of the sweet views she had of God, and Christ, and heaven, during the silence of the night, always preferring to sleep alone, that the communion of her soul with God might be undisturbed. "It is sweet," said she, "to be alone in the night season with my Saviour."

A friend once said, "Ruth, do you love the Saviour more?"—she could proceed no further, before the aged woman raised her shrivelled hand from the bed, and exclaimed with great animation—"Better than all the world besides—better than friends or kindred—He is all my hope and all my joy."

She had such confidence in God, and such a happy assurance of heaven, that faith seemed at times lost in sight. Life had no distressing doubts or cares—neither had death any terrors. "I am in the hands of my Father," she would say: "God will take care of me all the days of my appointed time—I will wait. But I am not afraid of death. Jesus has been through the valley, and he will go with me. I will lean upon his rod and his staff."

All who came near her, shared in her prayers and exhortations; and after she had lost her eye-sight, even the sound of footsteps passing by would make her heart beat quick with desire for the salvation of the wayfarer man and the stranger. To some teachers who had been the means of establishing a Sabbath School in the neighbourhood, she said—"I thank my God for what you have done. May he bless you for it. I cannot see it, but I can hear the little feet as they patter along on the Sabbath morning, and I re-

joice that they are going where they will be taught to love the Lord Jesus Christ."

Once, on a cold day in winter, the members of a charitable society carried her a donation very seasonably. As they opened their stores, her daughter remarked, "Mother will surely think this comes in answer to prayer, for when I told her this morning that we had nothing left, she bade me trust in God and take courage, saying, 'I have been young, and now am old, but never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'" Her mother from her bed overheard this last sentence, and interrupting her, exclaimed—"Oh, he has always fed me and he always will: none ever trusted in him and were forsaken." At another time they arrived on their charitable errand just as Ruth was about to take her dinner. As she was blind, they entered unobserved. Her food consisted of a kind of soup, made by boiling bones in corn-water, and it stood before her in a rusty tin basin. After tasting it, she folded her hands and asked, to borrow the language of one of the visitors, "a most heavenly blessing." Her words were slow, but she expressed herself with great propriety and fervency. The idea she conveyed was, that as God had fed the Israelites in the wilderness with manna from heaven, so she in her poverty had been sustained by the same kind hand, and she prayed that she might always have a thankful heart, and as good and as sweet food as that which was now before her.

In a message to an absent minister, whose prayers and conversation had yielded her great delight and comfort, she said, "Tell that dear man, what happiness I have. Last night I had such views of heaven, that I thought I heard the music of the angelic host, and saw the Saviour face to face. I could not believe but I was there, till I called to my child, and she answered me. Oh, it was a foretaste of heavenly bliss! Tell him that this is my continual frame of mind."

In October, 1832, Ruth entered on her 100th year. She was exceedingly shrivelled, and had been blind about five years, but was able to sit up a great part of each day, and to walk with her staff from the bed to the fire. It seemed probable that she might live much longer, but an accidental wound in her hand, made by a favourite dog, was followed by mortification and sudden death. The last distinct words she uttered were, "Come, my Saviour, come!"

Happy, happy old woman! Glorious the grace of that Gospel thus manifested in her—triumphant in poverty, infirmity and death! Thine, O blessed Saviour, be all the glory.—*Friendly Visitor.*

THE RAINY SUNDAY.

Every body knows what a rainy Sunday is. It is to a great many persons the most gloomy day in the whole year. To many, Sunday is a weary day, let it be clear or stormy; but I would gladly believe that to many it is a day of happiness and a holy rest. I have two accounts to give of the way in which a rainy Sunday was passed, and none are too young, I think, to observe the difference.

Richard and Susan were down stairs early in the morning, to have their breakfast and go to Sunday school. They both observed it was raining, but nothing was said about staying at home on account of it. They had only belonged to the School two Sundays, and as on both of them the weather had been clear, they could not tell whether their mother would allow them to go this day in the rain or not. However, just as Susan was putting on her over-shoes, their mother came into the room.

"You need not put on those shoes, Susan," said she, "it is too wet for you to go to Sunday school."

"Do you think so, mother?" said Susan, "you know I went to school yesterday when it rained all along."

"I know you did, my dear; but going to school in the week is a very different thing from going on Sunday."

"How is it different, mother? It is a shorter walk to Sunday school," said Richard.

"Yes, it is shorter I know; but I am not going to have Susan's new dress and bonnet spoiled, by tramping along the streets in the rain, nor your new clothes either, Richard."

"Mother, I will wear my school bonnet and calico frock, if you will let me go," exclaimed Susan, earnestly.

"And I will wear my every-day clothes, mother," added Richard.

"Let me hear no more, children," said the mother sternly; "do you think I am going to send my family out on Sunday, dressed like the poorest children in the school? a pretty sight it would be truly!"

The disappointed brother and sister were silent. What they might have said to their mother that was improper, I cannot tell, if they had not both remembered the commandment which says, "Honour thy father and thy mother." They had the ten commandments for their lesson that morning, and this one of course was fresh in their memories. When their mother had left the room, they consoled themselves with hearing each other their lessons, which they knew perfectly.

"We shall go to Church, any how, sister," said Richard; "for father and mother have gone every Sunday now for three or four weeks."

"No, brother," said Susan mournfully, "they have only gone when the weather has been clear; one Sunday it rained and they stayed at home; but let us beg them to go this morning."

So, when the parents came into the parlour, Richard and Susan both asked them to let them go to Church with them.

"To Church!" exclaimed Mr. S.—"Why you must be crazy, Dick."

"No, father, but sister and I want to go very much, and we thought if you would take me under your umbrella, and mother would take Susan under her's, we could go very nicely."

"No my son; content yourself at home to-day. These Sunday schools have put strange notions in your head; Church is the very worst place you can go to in wet weather; you sit there a couple of hours or more with damp feet, breathing a damp air; 'tis enough to kill you!"

"But, father, we have over-shoes that we can take off when we get to our pew, and the fires are always made in the Church on Saturday night to keep it from being damp."

"There, Richard, that will do," said his mother; "I do not like to hear children attempt to argue with their parents. We are not going out to-day, and that is sufficient."

I need not say what a long and dreary day this was to Richard and Susan. Their parents, who were not religious, took no pains to give them suitable books to read, and their short attendance at the Sunday school had only been enough to teach them that they were not spending Sunday properly, without knowing exactly how they ought to spend it. They did read the Bible part of the time, but as they were left to do as they pleased, it is not much wonder that in the afternoon they read some of their usual story books.

I was only going to speak of Sunday, but I believe I had better mention, that on Monday morning, as the storm continued, the children expected a holiday; but their mother told them, directly after breakfast, to get ready for school, and to wrap up well, for they had a long walk.

"I cannot afford to pay for your education," said she, "and then allow you to stay at home for trifles."

So the over-shoes were put on, and the common clothes, and the children set off obediently. Richard could not help saying as they went along, "I wonder why mother thinks so much more of what we learn at the day school than of what we learn at the Sunday school: I think we learn better things at Sunday school, for they teach us there about our souls."

"I don't know," replied Susan, with a sigh, "but perhaps mother does not think about our souls; I never heard her speak of them."

At dinner their father came in late. "What has detained you so, my dear?" asked Mrs. S.

"I have been very busy all the morning," replied her husband, "and now I must just swallow a mouthful or two and be off again: I have been down on the wharf the whole morning in the rain, and I'm wet to the skin."

"Do, my dear, change your dress before you go out again; I'm afraid you will take cold."

"O no, no; I have not a moment's time—I think I shall make money by what I am doing to-day—I must run the risk of taking cold;" and as soon as he had eaten a hasty dinner, he went down to the wharf again, though it rained harder than ever.

In the afternoon Susan said to Richard, (for they did not dare to make their remarks to their mother,) "Don't you think father will take more cold to-day while he is out in the rain, than he would have done yesterday in the warm Church?"

"Yes," said Richard, "I do so; but I suppose father would rather make money than go to Church."

"I suppose he would," said Susan.—*Children's Friend.*

CLERICAL MEETINGS.

Of the many recollections of Mr. Simeon on which it is now delightful to his friends to dwell, one, not the least interesting or profitable, is that of the annual meetings of clerical parties, which assembled by his invitation at the house, first, of Mr. Thomason, at Little Shelford, near Cambridge; and afterwards of his successor, who subsequently removed to Aspeden Hall in Hertfordshire, where the meetings were continued. These were distinguished from most other clerical meetings, which are now not uncommon, by being composed, not of persons collected from the immediate neighbourhood, but of those with whom, from circumstances or from choice, Mr. Simeon had been in habits of more than ordinary intimacy; and also by the married clergymen being invited to bring their wives with them; Mr. Simeon, with kind consideration, wishing that that sex, which often contributes largely, like "the beloved Peris," to the success of ministerial labours, should enjoy the benefit of the general conversation which took place after dinner, and also be enabled to compare together their several schemes of parochial usefulness, as the help-mates of their respective partners. The whole of

the party, consisting sometimes of from twenty to thirty persons, were accommodated on the spot; and continued together two entire days, besides the days of arrival and departure. The clergy spent the mornings after breakfast, in conference, principally on the Scriptures; Mr. Simeon, generally assisted by some one, presiding. A favourite book of Mr. Simeon, on these occasions, was Warden's System of Revealed Religion, which contains a digest of Revelation under separate heads, composed in the express words of Scripture. The passages were usually read; first, as collected together; and then separately in the Old and New Testament; copies of the original being provided, and continually consulted. These conferences, which were divested as much as possible of stiffness—which was the more easily effected from the harmony and mutual confidence which prevailed—were exceedingly delightful, and doubtless profitable. God, being thus honoured in being inquired after in his own word by those whose province it was to dispense it to others; the search after his will being begun and ended with prayer; did assuredly manifest himself to them as he does not to the world. They have often said in words, and oftener in their hearts, "It is good for us to be here."—This imperfect record will perhaps meet the eye of some who were present, and they will with one consent confirm it.

While the clergy were thus employed, the ladies were in another room, where they read together and endeavoured to edify one another. At the hours of rest, and in the evenings, all met together. After tea, there was usually some leading topic of conversation likely to be interesting and profitable to both sexes. Letters also, or any religious intelligence, or scheme of usefulness likely to be generally acceptable, were then brought forward.

This narrative, divested of all mystery, will perhaps abate the fears of some persons, who have apprehended they scarcely knew what lurking mischief from such "unauthorized assemblies." If any who felt jealousy, or suspected evil, could have seen and heard without being seen, they would haply have fallen upon their knees, and confessed that God was in that place. They would, at least, have witnessed there, what is recorded on high authority to have taken place in olden time: when "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name; and they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Certainly not one of those who have been present at those privileged seasons now repents—except of not having profited more from such opportunities. Never, probably will such return to some of them, till they shall meet again with Martyn, and Jowett, and Lowe, and Thomason, and Sargent, and Simeon, and Farish, and (we name one alone of those still on earth, because he is out of the immediate reach of this record, though none will peruse a few months hence with greater interest, if he be spared, these recollections of his venerated friend) Daniel Wilson, and others honoured of God and much esteemed amongst men whom we could add, at the supper of the Lamb in heaven.—*Dublin Christian Journal.*

ECONOMY, THE MOTHER OF LIBERALITY.—Some gentlemen went out one day to ask such as chose to give, for money in order to send the Bible to the heathen, who have none. They went to one house, and another, and at last went up to a house where they were not acquainted. As they stopped on the door steps, they overheard the gentleman of the house scolding a girl in the kitchen for wasting a new match every time she wanted to light a candle. This they thought was real stinginess.

"Let us go on," says one, "we shall get nothing here. A man who scolds about a match, will never give any thing." "We can but try," said the other.

They went in, and told their errand. The gentleman took out his purse, and gave them more than any one had done, enough to send a hundred Bibles to the heathen. They were astonished at his giving so much. They told him that they had overheard him talking about the match, and did not expect any thing from him.

"Oh, this is the very reason," said the gentleman, "why I can give so much to send the Bible. I allow nothing to be wasted; and thus by saving all, I have money with which to do good."—*Dublin Christian Journal.*

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