

For the Calliopian.
Early Consecration to Christ.

In an inimitable letter, addressed by JANE TAYLOR to several young ladies and their brothers, she says "I am firmly convinced that, taking the whole of life together, the most pious and devoted persons—such as made an *early* and complete surrender of heart and life to God, have most real prosperity and success in this world, as well as infinitely more enjoyment of earthly good." And the sincerity and correctness of this opinion are proved and elucidated in her spirit and life, her poetry and her correspondence. Her rebuke of the unevangelical Madame De Stael, bespeaks her real character :

Aloft she flew, yet failed to see
Aught but an earthly deity.

Return, my soul, to that retreat
From sin and woe—thy Saviour's feet!
There learn an art she never knew,
The heart's own empire to subdue;—
All to resign that He denies;—
A large, but willing sacrifice.

Is the reader a daughter, and the daughter of christian parents? I earnestly say to her, that she must make "a large, but willing sacrifice," like Miss Taylor, if she would participate in the personal and relative advantages of *early piety*,—and I say this, not in the tone of an ascetic, but of a friend, who would win her soul to Christ.

That piety is the true wisdom, the settled peace, and the unalloyed happiness recommended in the Scriptures, is not to be doubted; that these must be unpossessed till, with deep relentings and frank confession, we confide our all to the Redeemer, is to be readily conceived—and when he has obtained our full confidence, we are created anew in Christ Jesus, and have our fruit unto holiness, and whatever acquisitions we possess, they are sanctified to His honor, and His only. Then life and health are consecrated to Him who is the fairest among ten thousand; studies are pursued to please Him; nature is contemplated to discover His perfections; history is read to find out His ways; painting is practised that His works may be examined, made lofty and harmonious by that name; and as life advances, there is a higher application of the powers and attainments of the pious person, in the family, in the church, and, it may be, in the sublimest fields of action for blessing the world.

Hannah, of old, was devoted to Jehovah. Ruth gave the preference, in the language of affection, to a humble people, and to their God, Rebecca served the God of the patriarchs. Anna honored the Saviour. Mary was His pupil. And St. Paul eulogises "Phebe, a servant of the church, and a succourer of many;" "Priscilla and Aquila, his helpers in Christ;" "Mary, who bestowed much labor on them;" "Persis, who labored much in the Lord." These are not merely Scripture names; they are names which the Holy Spirit delights to honor; names which have their excellence, their beauty, their impressiveness, from the fact, that they were all consecrated to the God of wisdom, and of redeeming love; names, illuminated by inspiration.

There are others, which, though not as radiant, have each a halo to render them alluring to us. I will not now bring any from ancient biography, which I know is rich in examples of female piety and usefulness. There is a galaxy of modern christian females—of a Lady Huntington, with her munificence—Mrs. Wesley, with her wisdom—Lady Maxwell, with her spirituality—Mrs. Fletcher, with her facts—Mrs. Harvard, with her love for souls—Mrs. Judson, with her burning charity—Harnet Newell, with her meekness—Hester Ann Rogers, with her exemplary patience—Mrs. Tatham, with her love to God.—Mrs. Mortimer, with her spirit of devotion.

My young friend, be persuaded to consecrate yourself to Christ this day; be convinced by His commandments; be led by His Spirit; be attracted by His Cross! Mrs. Hannah More shall address you.—She says, "O, lose no time; do not content yourself with *intending*. Now is the appointed time. Neither fancy it is too late; it is never too late to *begin*, but it is always too late to *delay*."

Do you ask for *motives*? It is your duty. From childhood

to the present—in your helplessness and your dangers—in your waywardness and your vanities—one voice has spoken, at midnight and at mid-day, and it has said again and again "Give me *thine heart!*" God says this to you. Obey Him. Obey now. You are redeemed. Earth, especially to young persons, has its specious professions and its enchanting promises; its blandishments and illusions. You feel it almost impossible to resist these. Look at them from the garden of Gethsemane, and compare them with the hallowed, and affecting, and redeeming allurements of Calvary. Does sin deserve your heart more than Christ? Reply in the fear of God. The Saviour speaks to you. Hear Him! "I have loved thee,—Lovest thou me?" Reply to Him now. "Ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God." Another motive.—Did you not once *begin* to be a christian? It was, perhaps, in God's house, or your own—in danger—in affliction, or in prospect of death. What will you do with your vow? You may have forgotten it. God remembers it. To-day, to-day give him your heart! Again,—I have supposed you are a daughter of christian parents. Is it so? Then I have more to say. Perhaps they are parents departed, and now in heaven, and their portraits are hanging in the parlor of your home—and there you stand, and gaze, and weep, and weeping say with Cowper—

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From lions enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The child of parents passed into the skies.

But what is that to you, unless you are preparing for the skin? They did consecrate themselves to Christ, and, therefore, are now with Him. Look longer at your father's picture, and be astonished at those eyes which used to be lifted in prayer for you—as yet in vain. Look longer at your mother's picture, and let her lips, which besought you, and prayed for you, subdue you at last. Because you need salvation, and God requires it, and Christ claims you, and your vows are binding, and your parents longed for it, and the Spirit is drawing you, *now* approach the Mercy-seat, and in entire dependance, say to God, "Here

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EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine.

Dependant on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

TASTE FOR READING.—If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown against me, it would be a taste for reading.