

mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin and before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on those sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers. At beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He alone in the worldly multitude, draws nigh to heaven. I thank the maternal love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether Protestant or Catholic, whether far off or nigh.—It did me good, it made me better. I could scarcely refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of a steamboat's cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

But a little while before I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathering about a company of Italian singers in the upper saloon—a mother and two sons, with voices and harps, and violin: but no one heeded, no one cared for the child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose, and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth to rest for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to him, but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But, if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him to pray.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room, and thanked God that I had witnessed it and its influence on my heart. Who train their children to pray, even at home?

MUCH IN A LITTLE.—The sum and substance of the preparation needed for a coming eternity is, that you believe what the Bible tells you, and do what the Bible bids you.

The forms of the world disguise men when abroad. But within his own family, every man and child is known to be what he truly is.

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

I came to the spot where the white pilgrim lay,

And pensively stood by his tomb;

When, in a low whisper, I heard something say,

How sweetly I sleep here alone!

The tempest may roar, and loud thunder roll
And gathering storms may arise;

Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

The cause of my master propell'd me from home,

I bade my companion farewell;

I left my sweet children (who for me do mourn),

In far distant regions to dwell.

I wander'd an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;

The trump of the Gospel endeavor'd to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

But when among strangers, and far from my home,

No kindred or relative nigh,

I met the contagion, and sunk in the tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high.

O tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone!

The same hand that led me, through scenes dark and drear,

Has kindly conducted me home.

THE HAPPY MAN.

The heart which bleeds for others' woes,
Shall feel each selfish sorrow less;

The breast which happiness bestows,
Reflected happiness shall bless.