

As soon as we feel that some foreign subject gives us pleasure and joy, let us withdraw our heart from it; and, that the heart may not take up its rest in it, let us immediately shew it its true object and sovereign good, that is, God himself. If we are but faithful in ever so small a degree to wean ourselves inwardly from the creatures, so as to hinder them from resting in the heart, which God has reserved to himself, there to be honoured, adored and loved, we shall quickly taste that pure joy which God never fails to give to a soul that is free and disengaged from all worldly affections.—
Fenelon.

CHILDRENS' DEPARTMENT.

THE RAINBOW.

The grass was yet wet with the drops of rain, and the flowers of the fields were bent down along their path by the weight of the friendly moisture, when Mr. R—— walked out with his two sons to enjoy the air and behold the beauties of the works of God. 'We shall get our feet wet, I fear,' said he, 'but we must not be stopped by small inconveniences, if we would gain any great enjoyment.' Upon the clouds yet hanging in the East was painted a beautiful and very vivid double rainbow—the air, cooled by the shower of the afternoon, was made sweet by the perfume of flowers and strawberries—the rainbow, stretching across the sky, fixed the attention of the boys: 'Is not this a pretty rainbow, papa?' said Alfred, the youngest of the boys.

Father. All the works of our great Creator, which sin has not spoil'd, are beautiful my children: and this is among the fairest. Can you tell me, William, what is said of it in the Bible?

William. That it is a sign of God's promise that the waters should never again cover the earth.

Father. And has not God kept his promise?

William. Yes sir, all history speaks of but one deluge.

Father. Of what then should you think my child, when you see this great and beautiful work of God?

William. That God always keeps his promises.

Father. Yes William; you could not have given a more fit answer. God always keeps his promises: and these promises, my children, have been your father's stay and support since first he became acquainted with the troubles and sorrows that all must feel on earth. For every one of these God has given a promise to those who love and trust him. He says he will deliver the righteous out of all his troubles: and, above all, the Godly have the promise of the life which is to come. I have been cheered by this promise, when all things else have failed to cheer me; and when I look upon the rainbow my heart is always gladdened; it seems to be a messenger from that other world, bidding me to wait still upon God, because He 'always keeps his promise.' Over your mother's grave I have wept with you, my boys, and there have thought of 'the life which is to come,' and dried my tears; and now when I think of that separation which must soon or late leave you orphans, I remember that God has said, 'He will be a father to the fatherless,' and that rainbow tells me, 'God always keeps his promises.'—
Childrens' Magazine.

J. V.

PARENTS.

(Exodus xx. 13.)

The voice of nature, yea the voice of God,

Commands to honor those that gave us birth,—

Even her, from whose supporting bosom flowed

By far the sweetest stream that flows on earth;

Whose tongue of kindness never knew a dearth

Of soothing words that could our griefs allay—

Even him who listened to our prattling mirth,

Who early taught our infant lips to pray,

And led our tottering steps to walk in wisdom's way.

A parent is indeed a tender friend,

And, if once lost, we never more shall find

A bosom that so tremulously can blend

Its feelings with our own congenial mind;

Our lips may speak with anguish to the wind
That hurries heedlessly and wildly by—

Our hearts, to lonely agony consigned,

May throb without relief—for so reply

Comes from the mouldering breasts that in their grave had lie.

And then we pause to think—alas! how late!

Of deeds that wrung a parent's heart with pain:

And oh! could we but open death's dark gate,

And lead them back into the world again—

Oh! but once more to see their face!—'tis vain!

Once more to hear their voice!—'tis sweetly driven

Across our fancy, and expires,—and then

We wish ourselves away—away to heaven,

To weep upon their breast, and there to be forgiven.

KING'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

HEBREW MELODY.

The Defeat of Benhadad.—Kings. vii. 6.

BY MORNA, IN THE N. Y. MORNING COURIER.

Where had thy war host oh Israel! fled,
When ye crouched at the sound of the Syrian's tread,
Nor raised was the banner, nor grappled the sword,
Yet the Syrian shrunk at the voice of the Lord.

It came when at midnight was closed every eye—
Hark! startling and fearful it burst from the sky!
And chariot and horsemen with crash and with clang
All trackless and wild o'er the slumberers rang.

The foeman leap'd up—fly, oh fly from the strife—
Leave purple and silver, and rush for your life!
Through thy forests, Manasseh, they swept like the wind,
And the anger of heaven roll'd fiercely behind!

Rise, daughters of Judah—no wail for the slain
Shall mingle a sigh with your harp's merry strain—
And gather young garlands and bind on your brow,
The red drop rests not on their loveliness now.

Yet no chieftain shall laugh in the pride of his might—
To the King of the Kingly the sword of the fight
Be the gush of your heart at his altar seat poured,
And wreath a green leaf round the shrine of the Lord!

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