

I was able to know *him*, as to die on the cross for my sins, and he has taken me to be among his lambs in his holy church. I will try to do every thing he has set before me in my state of life, cheerfully, for his sake."

Have you ever seen two children together, one of whom had begun to love God, and strive with his own temper, while the other was still wilful and passionate! Did you not observe the great difference in their behaviour, and in their happiness too?—I will tell you a little true story, of the conduct of two children, one about four, the other seven years of age, which I observed myself.

Lucy was ordered by her mother to do some little errand for her. She was playing, and, loving her amusement better than her duty, did not stir. Her mother waited for some time. At last little Henry, her brother said, "shall I go mamma?" He was told that he might, and ran off, glad to think that he could do any thing for his mother, whom he loved so well. While he was gone, the perverse little girl started up from her play, to prevent him from doing what she had been bid to do. When Henry came to the door with the things for which he had been sent, she strove to take his charge from him, and in doing so hurt him. Yet when he saw her tears (though they were only caused by her bad temper) he gave up what he had to her, begging her to take it, kissing her, and asking her to "be good, for God did not love naughty children." His cross little sister was only still more vexed to see her brother so much better than herself, and even felt as if she could hate him for his goodness to her. Her bad temper gave her a sad list of faults to repent of when she prayed to God for pardon and protection in the evening. What made her brother so much more happy? It was the love of God. He was anxious to please his mother, and do all he could to serve her, because he knew that God loved obedient children. He was sorry to see his sister's grief and tried to comfort her, because he remembered what he had been taught from the Bible, that the commandment of our Saviour is to "love one another," and that if we do not love our brothers and sisters who are with us, and whom we see, we cannot pretend to love God, whom we have not seen. I know that little boy used to pray to God to help him to do His will, and to make him a clean heart within him. Do you do so, my children, and you will be able to behave like him, and be as happy.—(*Childrens Magazine.*)

We should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.—*Confucius.*

(Selected.)

## STANZAS TO A FRIEND.

I marked a holy band  
Of pilgrims journeying by  
"Stranger! oh! take our proffered hand,  
We seek," they cried, "your happier land!"  
And pointed to the sky.  
Sweet was the call, it came from all,  
But *thine* seemed sweetest on my ear to fall.

"Think of Emmanuel's throne,  
Think of sin unforgiven!  
"Oh! turn to him who saves alone,  
Leave to the sordid world its own,  
And come with us to heaven!"  
I heard from each the thrilling speech,  
But *thine* seemed deepest in my soul to reach.

"Fly from these scenes around,  
Which lure thee, but to cheat;  
Oft hast thou searched, yet never found  
That all was labyrinthine ground  
Beneath thy toiling feet;  
One only dew, seen but by few,  
Can guide from all that's false, to all that's true.

This dew possess no more  
A wandering stranger thou!  
'Tis *faith*, 'tis *love* tow'rd's him, who bore  
"For thee the driven steel, and wore  
The thorns about his brow.  
With soul of aim, with heart of flame,  
Oh trace the precious footsteps of the Lamb.

I looked and all seemed new,  
I joined the pilgrim train;  
This world had lost its gaudy hue,  
Its sinfulness now hideous grew,  
While all alone beamed bright to view,  
Emmanuel's pure domain!  
Zeal moved our feet, and oh! how sweet,  
As on we press'd His heaven-seat smile to meet!

His was the love-fraught night,  
That nerved thy thrilling voice,  
His was the word, and His the light  
By thee that called me out of night,  
By thee that cleared my erring sight,  
And taught me to rejoice!  
Oh! let me raise to Him the praise,  
Whilst unto thee its purest thanks my bosom pays!

## METRICAL PARAPHRASE

ON THE COLLECT FOR THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Thou Lord whose power and mercy join  
To bless the human race;  
Thy faithful people best declare  
The riches of thy grace.

Thy service is their chief delight  
To thee they love to live;  
Yet freely own that willing mind  
'Tis thine alone to give.

Oh! let us like that favour'd train,  
Thy pow'ful grace enjoy;  
And let thy glorious service Lord  
Each future day employ.

Thus may our lives with saints be spent  
In godly fear and love;  
Hence may we rise with them to share  
Thy promis'd bliss above.