

Trust in God.

For the Calliopean.

If days are dark, and clouds arise
With threat'ning aspect, in the skies,
And hope within thy bosom dies—

Then look to God.

If friends prove false, and foes unite
To shroud thy name in blackest night,
And all thy future prospects blight—

Ask help from God.

If sorrow deep, thy heart has riven,
By human tempests, fiercely driven,
And to thy soul keen anguish given—

Seek rest in God.

If fortune frown, and meagre want
Present his visage, pale and gaunt,
And e'en thy slumbering moments haunt—

Confide in God.

If through the thick'ning gloom, above,
No spot of blue, or star of love,
Beam on thy path, thy griefs to move—

Have faith in God.

If wasting pain thy life consume,
Pointing thee to the gaping tomb,
And all thy earthly pleasures doom—

Still hope in God.

Thy Great High Priest is on the throne;
To him are all thy sorrows known;
He hears, he feels each sigh and groan—

Then trust in God.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor heart conceived, what Christ, the Lord,
Hath for his saints, in heaven, prepared—

Then dwell in God.

He's sitting now thy mansion bright;
Soon, soon thou'lt dwell with him, in light,
Far from sin and sorrow's blight—

Rest then in God.

Dorham, January 2, 1848.

CORNELIA.

Family Prayer Remembered.

"NOTHING," exclaimed a young friend of mine, "nothing comes over me in the whirl of thoughtless pleasure like the memory of my father's prayers. A hundred times have I been ready to rush into forbidden gratification, and successfully silenced even the voice of conscience, when those prayers and that family altar around which we were all gathered in the silent hour, would come to me like an unseen but mighty hand, suddenly arresting the career of folly and bringing me to a stop. Not an inch forward can I move in the forbidden path if that vision of love but once more visit my soul. Those prayers!—how often have they subdued our wild spirits, softened our little asperities of temper and melted all hearts into one. I never think of home without connecting its strongest endearments and sweetest associations with that altar of love. There was a strange mystery about it. How it was that my father could so unite our hearts with his own tender and holy aspirations, I know not. It seems to me I never can go far in the road to death, while the memory of those prayers so entrances, and, as it were, paralyzes my soul."

Happy youth! those memories shall not be forgotten, for know! they wove a mighty chain to link thee safe to the throne of God. They had mysterious efficacy to bind thee fast to a Savior's love! The blissful vision will return to visit thee in thy earthly trials, and encircle thee when the tempter is nigh. It will conduct thee through all thy pilgrimage, and lend thee a "staff" in the "valley and shadow of death."

Said another youth, "I have had praying enough! Do let me have a little respite! That long weary prayer which I have heard till I could run through every sentence before it was spoken, it

sickens me to think of it. The cold gloomy piety which I witnessed in my childhood hangs about me like a dismal spell. I wish I could shake it off!" Yes, poor youth! better for thee if thou couldst forget that dull and heartless formality; but no, the remembrance of it will brood over thy solitary soul, unless the gentle dove, in pity to thy hapless bondage, break the iron spell, and breathe into thee the refreshing, living, loving spirit of confiding prayer!

"I too," said another, "remember the family altar, and though successive years have thrown a veil over the cherished scenes of early youth, yet in the twilight of age, how clearly do I remember the morning and evening hour, when the closed shutters and darkened room shed no sad influence on my young heart; for the tones of holy earnest supplication, fresh and glowing from an upright heart, and sustained by a consistent walk with God, could not fail to interest the feelings. There were no measured sentences or technical phrases—but humble, simple, hearty supplication, varied to family circumstances, to duties and cares, but well suited to sinners addressing a holy God. It is not strange that I remember those moments 'rich in blessing' when the first gentle dew fell upon my heart."

E. B.

HOME.

He who examines human life with attentive eyes will find that it is chiefly made up of trifling incidents and petty occurrences; that our warmest wishes are excited by objects of no particular moment, and our greatest afflictions arise from bereavements or disappointments, which properly considered, should not occasion a sigh. The distresses of most common occurrences are but insect stings, which smart for a moment and are over; and the vast majority of earthly pleasures are experienced in the pursuit of some unreal good, alluring at a distance, but despised as soon as won. The bubble that charmed by its beautiful rotundity and chrysalis brightness, turns to water in the grasp; and the prospect that from afar seemed green with verdure and rich with fruitage, on near approach, is found to be chequered with the same diversity which characterized the scenes that were previously passed.

The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man may drink of waters totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes forth in the calm and shady recesses of domestic love.—Pleasure may beat the heart into artificial excitement; war may indurate its fine fibres, and diminish its sensitiveness; but it is only domestic love that can render it happy.

It has been justly remarked by an ancient writer, that, of the actions which claim our attention, the most splendid are not always the greatest; and there are few human who are not aware, that these outward circumstances of pomp and affluence which are looked on with admiration and envy, seldom create happiness in the bosom of the possessors. It is the unrestricted intercourse of the domestic circle, where heart is linked with heart, that real enjoyment must be experienced if at all; not in threading the complicated labyrinth of politics: not amidst the glare of fashion, nor surrounded by the toils of state.

Like the poor player, when his hour of mimic greatness is passed, even the rulers of the earth eagerly strip themselves, whenever an interval of ease is afforded, of the artificial ornaments and disguises that in public they are forced to wear, but which are shown to be incumbrances by the alacrity they evince in dispensing with them. From the privacy of home they issued into public; the privacy of home they revisit, whenever occasion permits; and not even the "round and top of power" can totally allure their mental vision from the contemplation of its soul-satisfying joys.

The greater part of most men's lives is spent in domestic scenes and familiar employments; it is wise, therefore, so to live that those hours may glide along in tranquil brightness, which the breath of flattery cannot dimple, nor the gaudy light of pleasure gild. To be happy at home, is the object for which ambition pants and industry labors; but which cannot be attained, unless ardor be repressed by prudence, and virtue be joined with diligence.