

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

TO A CHILD IN PRAYER.

Fold thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy mother's knee;
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thy golden hair,
Thine eyes are passion-free;
And pleasant thoughts, like garlands, bind thee
Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee—
Then pray, child, pray!

Now thy young heart, like a bird,
Singeth in its summer-nest;
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No chilling Autumn-wind hath stir'd
The beauty of thy rest:
But Winter cometh, and decay
Shall waste thy verdant home away—
Then pray, child, pray!

Thy bosom is a house of glee,
And gladness harpeth at the door;
While ever with a joyful shout,
Hope, the May-queen, danceth out,
Her lips with music running o'er:
But Time those strings of joy will sever,
And Hope will not dance on for ever—
Then pray, child, pray!

Now thy mother's voice abideth
Round thy pillow in the night;
And loving feet creep to thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's shaded light:
But that sweet voice will fade away;
By thee no more those feet will stay—
Then pray, child, pray!

Conversations at Cambridge.

Abridged from an English pamphlet, for the Colonial Churchman.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

"The voice said, Cry, and he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever.—*Isaiah xl. 6-9.*

I had promised to accompany a few friends to a small cottage, in the west of England whither the inhabitants of an adjacent sea-port occasionally resort of a summer's afternoon, to take tea, and generally with their children, who were accustomed to regard a visit to that retired spot as a great treat. We dined early, that we might have the more time to enjoy the glories of creative beneficence, which were most lovely and cheering. The air being sultry and oppressive, we resolved to proceed by water, intending to return home through the fields and lanes; and, after sailing in the harbour, we passed up a well-known lake, and soon landed at the cottage. Early as we thought we were, we found, on our arrival, that one or two parties had preceded us, and had reaped the advantage of being betimes, by having secured the best accommodations provided for the reception of visitors.

We had scarcely time to contemplate the beautiful scenery around, when the sound of bugles fell upon my ear, and, for the moment, arrested my attention. Imagining it, however, to proceed from the garrison barracks, at no great distance, I gave little heed, but endeavoured to improve to my own edification, those feelings of gratitude and praise which country scenes are calculated to awaken in every reflective mind, towards the gracious and beneficent Author of them. Presently my musings were interrupted by the same sounds, wafted upon the light air towards the spot where I stood. I hearkened for a few minutes: the music was serious and impressive, but its sound soon again receded, and presently it ceased.—Suddenly, I was again aroused by nearer and louder sounds of the same sacred melody. I listened: the air was mournful and solemn; and as I stood revolving in my mind the occasion of it, a light gust of wind brought it full upon my ear, and I instinctively exclaimed, "IT IS A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL." It was even so; for, as I continued to look towards the quarter whence the sound proceeded, the mournful procession just then turned

a corner of the road, and came in sight, marching with slow and measured step in the direction of the burial-ground; of which, by getting upon a bank close by me, I had a distinct view.

The firing party; with arms reversed; preceded by a serjeant with a small piece of crape tied round his halbert, led the way; then followed the buglemen, who upon entering the ground ceased to play: afterwards came the body, borne by six comrades of the deceased, and supported by four corporals who held the pall. On the coffin lay the hat, belt, and bayonet of its unconscious tenant, and about twenty of the corps closed the whole. It was a humble but affecting scene! No relative was there to show the last act of affection for the departed man. No parent, wife, or brother, followed the corpse to its long home. All, all were absent, and far away! ignorant of thy latter end, or perhaps already inhabitants of the "house appointed for all living," and, like thyself, entered upon another and eternal state of existence!

The clergyman now approached, and the whole party drew near to the narrow cell. I could hear no sound, save the notes of a lark, mounting over my head, and warbling its Creator's praise:—a most significant emblem! which, together with the affecting and instructive lesson of mortality on the other side of the lake, conveyed a most striking and deeply-impressive comment upon the words of heavenly wisdom: "Set your affections upon things above; not on things on the earth." The rites of sepulture were soon performed; the coffin lowered into the ground; the usual military honours of firing three volleys over the body were concluded; the men fell into their ranks, and marched away; the horsemen had disappeared; and the boys, jumping from the wall, hastened to the grave, to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the coffin, ere the earth, which the sexton was fast filling in, shut it for ever from the eye of man. Soon youthful curiosity was satisfied, and withdrew from the mournful sight; and, before another quarter of an hour had passed away, the old man had finished his work, and closed the scene, by shutting the gate of the grave-yard, and had departed to his home. All now was silent and solitary as before; and the only change was, that the earth had received within it, another portion of itself, safely to retain the deposit, till that eventful hour, when the trumpet shall sound; the dead be raised; the judgment set; the books be opened, and another book, which is the book of life; and the now lifeless clay, reunited to its immortal principle and companion, shall receive its final award, either of everlasting bliss or endless woe.

From the scene which I had been contemplating, my thoughts were involuntarily directed to the affecting and awakening question of the afflicted patriarch, "Man dieth and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Ignorant as I was of all information respecting the individual whose obsequies I had just witnessed, I could only relieve my mind of its anxieties for his eternal destinies, by endeavouring to indulge an unfounded and uncertain, and consequently unsatisfactory hope, that in his day of grace and probation, he had earnestly sought and found mercy through faith in the Redeemer's merits, and had now obtained an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven.

And where, O where wilt thou hereafter be? Pause and reflect. Hastily dismiss not the momentous inquiry, on which hangs thine eternal weal or woe. Enter into thy closet, and there, as in the presence of Him who searcheth the heart, realize to thy thoughts the moment of thy departure, thine entrance into the world of spirits, thy future, thine unchangeable portion throughout eternity, and ask thyself, am I prepared to meet my God?

THE SWEARER REPROVED BY AN INFANT.

In a family at Shelton lived Mr. G——, a person much given to swearing. Mrs. F——, being a serious woman had a little girl about four years old, that was remarkably attentive to every thing of a religious nature. This child would often remark, with great horror of mind, to her mother, how Mr. G. swore, and would wish to reprove him; but for some time durst not. One time she said to her mother, "Does Mr. G. say, Our Father?" (a term by which she called her prayers.) Mrs. F. could not

tell. She then said, 'I will watch, and if he does, will tell him of swearing so.' She did watch him, and saw him saying his prayers privately in bed. So after this she heard him swear bitterly; upon which she said to him, 'Did you not say 'Our Father' this morning? How dare you swear! Do you think I will be your Father if you swear?' He answered a word, but seemed amazed, as well he might. He did not live long after this: but he was never heard to swear again. So true is that scripture—'Of the mouths of babes and sucklings has thou obtained praise.'

THE LATE BISHOP CORRIE.

The most striking point perhaps in his character was his great and unfeigned humility. Though loved and esteemed him as a father, and looked up to him as their guide and counsellor, yet evidently he was perfectly unconscious that there was any thing in himself more than in others. He had, through divine grace, so clear a view and so deep an experience of his own natural weakness and ignorance, and was imbued with the mind of Christ, that he never appeared to value himself. His own opinion and his own desires were as nothing when he saw reason that they should be overruled: nay, he put himself on a level with the weakest and most inexperienced. Those who knew him best must remember how continually he spoke of himself and his own efforts as of no value, and was evidently pained when any thing was said which appeared to praise him. He had so high a standard of holiness for himself that he felt that he came very far short of it, and always conceived that others more nearly attained to that standard than he did himself. Whenever he spoke of being disappointed in any of his efforts, he would invariably add, "but it doubtless was my own fault;" and whenever his labors were blessed, and he could not see the fruits of them, he would always impute it to the grace of God in the hearts of those to whom he was useful, not to any thing whatsoever in himself.

Connected with this was his great and child-like simplicity. Divine grace had so taken possession of his character that there was a purity of purpose and motive about him hardly ever to be met with. Whatever he spoke they were the words of his heart; and of the abundance of the heart the mouth spoke. He bore this so about him that it would have been possible for any one to have any doubt or suspicion as to his character. This holiness shone forth, in outward expressions of feeling, but in that meek and lowly spirit; and certainly if whosoever should humble himself as a little child the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven; he was one of those whose angels do always behold that which he now himself beholds, and knows as he himself is known—the face of his Father which is in heaven.

The spirit of love prompted him to unwearied exertions for the spiritual welfare of his fellow creatures. He was ever on the lookout to do good. Those who knew him were often astonished at the warmth and even joy with which he entered into every scheme for the promotion of the cause of Christ and the good of the souls of men. He did indeed put all to shame while he was a pattern for all, by the fervor and holy zeal which characterized him.

He was found by his Lord in the work to which he had appointed him, with his loins girded and his light burning; for truly he was a burning and a shining light among us. And it is remarkable, as a proof of his watchfulness, that on the morning before he went out and was taken ill unto death, at his family prayers he prayed fervently that all present might be prepared for every change which might befall them during the day; and in a few hours he was insensible, and his death had but a few hours during which he was in possession of his faculties. During these hours the same calm, peaceful and holy spirit appeared in him which was always seen during his life. He was then conscious that he was going to his everlasting rest, and with his remaining strength he could praise God that his anger was turned away from him, and that He was merciful to him; and he then expressed his entire dependence on the sacrifice of the Lamb of God. *London Miss. Reg. for Sept. 1837.*