

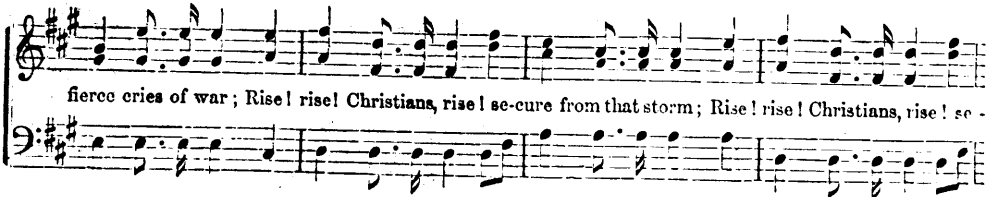
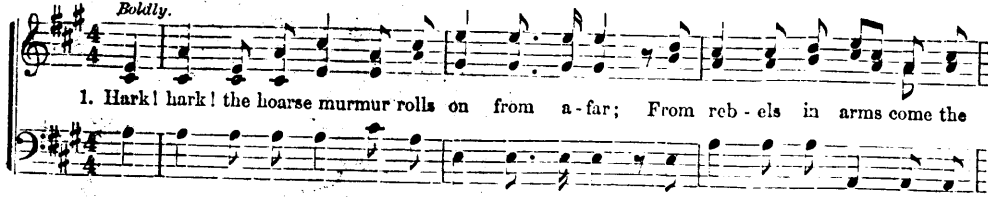
This tune is from our new book, "THE SWEET SINGER."

Sunday-schools, Form!

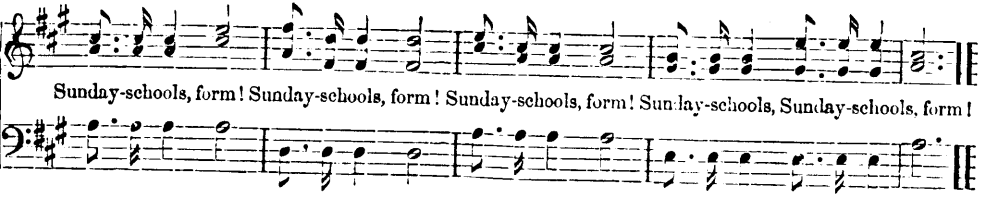
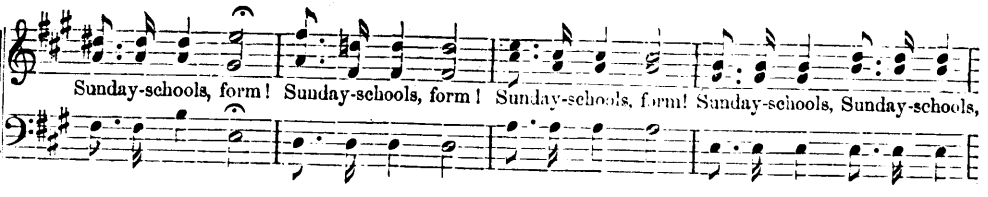
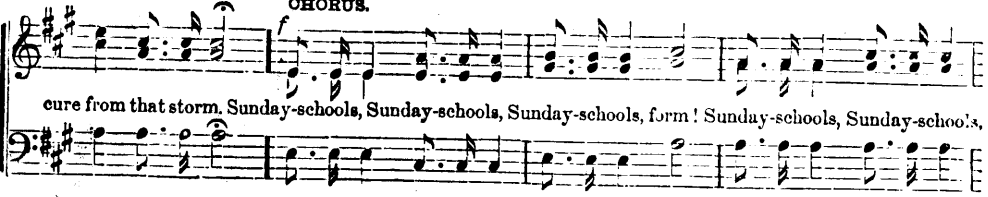
E. C. Havens.

WORDS BY REV. D. WISE, D.D.

Boldly.



CHORUS.



2.

Form, teachers! form, children! form, parents! form, friends!
Form firmly in love, which the Saviour commends!
What though we are shaken by war's fearful storm,
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

3.

Form! form! Sin like Moloch has mounted his car,
The tramp of his steeds brings ruin and war;
Our hills and our prairies all quake at the storm;
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

4.

Form schools on the prairies, form schools on the coast;
Leave none unenrolled in the Sunday-school host.
If God be our refuge from sin's fearful storm,
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

5.

Form solid! stand firmly for God and his truth!
To fight with all sin train American youth.
If nations you'd save from sin's fatal storm,
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

* The cry of war led an English writer to write a song calling the friends of Sunday-schools to new efforts in the moral battle-field. That song not being adapted to our circumstances this side the Atlantic, I have altered it, parodied it, in fact, and here it is for the benefit of my readers. I should like to hear it sung by the seven hundred thousand Sunday-school children of our Church—W.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by CARLTON & PORTER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

POOR LITTLE ROBIN.



IN the early autumn of the year 1855 my attention was attracted by a young robin which was in the habit of eyeing attentively my garden operations, and hopping without apparent fear a yard or two from the position where I might be standing. Sometimes he would alight upon a tree a short distance above my head, and altogether manifested so decided a disposition to be on good terms with me that I could not but reciprocate his friendly advances. I began my operations of a closer acquaintance by flinging a few crumbs of bread in his vicinity when hopping a yard or two from me. After divers essays of this kind he ventured within a few inches of my hand; and at length, finding that I was not disposed to do him any harm, he boldly hopped upon my hand. A good feeling being thus thoroughly established, he was not to be behindhand in displaying confidence and affection. He would come to me in the garden when called by

name. He made nothing of taking a piece of bread when held between my lips; and on one occasion, after having taken his usual meal from my hand, he commenced singing, still perched upon it, and at length gathered up one leg in the way the feathered tribe are wont to do when in a state of repose. Poor robin! one day, to my great grief, he fell a prey to a cat, and our too short acquaintance came to a sorrowful end.

I fear too many young people have a bad habit of robbing and destroying birds' nests. I should be heartily glad if this little story of a robin should lead some of them to eschew this practice for the future.—JAMES MORRIS.

HENRY CLAY AND HIS MOTHER.

HENRY CLAY, of whose talents his country was proud, always spoke with feelings of reverence and deep affection for his mother. They wrote to one another in absence, and loved one another till the last hour of her life. He held her to be a model of a mother and of the virtues of her sex. It is said that he never met an assembly of his supporters in Woodford county after her death without alluding

to her with much feeling, and deeply moving his hearers. "Mother, mother, mother," were words, though not the last, he uttered on his death-bed. We cannot but believe her a good mother who was so loved and dutifully served by such a son.



DANIEL WEBSTER'S TESTIMONY.

WHILE on his dying bed Mr. Webster remarked to his physician that he wished to leave somewhere his testimony in favor of early piety; and that he was familiar with all the great poets, Pope, Cowper, Milton, and others, but that the hymns of Watts, from his cradle-hymns to his version of the Psalms, and other deeper hymns, were always uppermost in his mind and on his tongue, and that he could repeat them faster than four scribes could write them down, showing that early religious instruction had an abiding influence on his mind and life. Pity he did not always permit it to regulate his conduct.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WALKED TWO MILES TO SCHOOL.

"SHE often walked two miles to our Sunday-school rather than lose a recitation;" so writes a friend to us of Charlotte Horton, whom Jesus lately took from Lisle village to heaven. A better epitaph for a Sunday-scholar could scarcely be written. I don't wonder Charlotte died full of comfort. W.

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