

Youths' Department.

HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

(By author of *Lord of the Forest*.)

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.

There is One God, but One alone,
He made all things in earth and Heaven,
To Him all love and praise are due,
All worship must be given.

The little birds sing happy songs,
The flowers grow brightly everywhere,
They do not know the Great Lord God,
Who made them all so fair.

But we are not like senseless flowers,
We are not like the little birds,
For we can love Him with our hearts,
And praise Him with our words.

O! if the great Almighty God
Will hear the prayers that children pray,
If he will let us love His Name,
And serve Him day by day.

If we may turn and cling to Him,
Before whose face the Angels fall,
Sure we must give Him our whole hearts,
And love Him best of all.

(To be Continued.)

"COME THIS WAY, FATHER."

During a short visit to the sea-shore of our State a few years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed one bright afternoon that we should make up a fishing party and go down to the harbour on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going farther, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbour, where she proposed to remain until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly, we left them, and proceeded six miles further. We continued out much longer than we intended, and as night approached, a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without a compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for several hours, until finally we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, which I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength—I listened a moment, and heard through the thick fog, and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy, calling—

"Come this way, father!—steer for me—I'm here waiting for you!"

We exerted by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped into my arms with joy, saying:—

"I knew you would hear me, father!"—and nestled to sleep on my bosom.

The child and maiden are both sleeping now.—They died two short weeks after the period I now refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now tossed on the rough sea of life, without a compass or guide, enveloped in fog and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of the cherub voice, calling from the bright shore,—“Come this way, father—steer straight for me!”

When oppressed with sadness, I take my way to our quiet cemetery, still as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence, “Come this way, father,—I'm waiting for you!”

ASA AND IRA.—Asa and Ira were two brothers, whose farms lay side by side in a fertile interval.

When the corn, the oats, and the barley were springing up, the weeds took advantage of the rich soil and came up with them.

“Do you see,” said Asa, “that a hold the weeds are taking? There is danger of their choking out the crops entirely.”

“Well, well, we must be resigned,” replied Ira; “weeds as well as grain was a part of the Creator's plan, and there is no use in murmuring about them.”

And he laid down for his usual afternoon doze.

“I can only be resigned to what I can't help,” said Asa. So he went to work and ploughed and hoed until his fields were clear of weeds.

“The army worms are in the neighbourhood,” said Asa to Ira one day; “they have eaten through the adjoining meadows, and are moving towards us.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Ira, “they will surely destroy what the weeds have not choked out. I will immediately retire to pray that their course may be stopped or turned aside.”

But Asa replied, “I pray betimes every morning for strength to do the work of the day.”

And he hastened to dig a trench around his land,

while the army worms could not pass; while Ira returned only in season to save a small portion of his crops from their ravages.

“Do you see, Ira,” said Asa, another morning, “the river is rising very fast. There is but a slender chance of preventing our farms from being overflowed.”

“Alas! it is a judgment upon us for our sins, and what can we do?” cried Ira, throwing himself in despair upon the ground.

“There are no judgments so severe as those which our own sloth brings upon us,” replied Asa.

And he went quickly and hired workmen, with whose help he raised an embankment that withstood the flood, while Ira witnessed with blank looks and folded hands the destruction of his harvest.

“There is one consolation,” said he; “my children, at least, are left me.”

But while Asa's sons grew up strong and virtuous men, among Ira's there was a drunkard, a gambler, and a suicide.

“The ways of the Lord are not equal,” complained Ira to his brother. “Why are you always prospered, while I am afflicted, and my old age disgraced?”

“I only know this,” replied Asa, “that Heaven has always helped me to treat the faults of my children as I did the weeds, the caterpillars, and the flood; and that I never presumed to send a petition upward without making toil my right hand servant, the messenger of my prayer.”—*Lucy Larcom.*

Selections.

BUSINESS A DISCIPLINE.

THE life of a man of business gives his character a pretty hard trial. Not only does it exercise his sagacity and prudence, but it puts his integrity to the severest test. He is surrounded by the selfishness of trade; he sees men profit by cunning and fraud, and he is tempted to try his skill in artifice and deception. Every day his honesty is tried in some way. He is thrown back upon his inward principle; and if his heart is hollow and deceitful, he will be sure to show it. And that man has reason to thank God, who has gone through a long course of business, through times of wild speculation and general bankruptcy, and goes down to the grave with the never shaken consciousness of being an honest man. He who can see others making money by false representations, and never stoop to these tricks of trade, is fitting his own pure mind for a world that is more worthy.

And yet a man cannot wholly escape these temptations. To do that, he must needs go out of the world, or retire into solitude. He might, indeed, avoid all danger by shutting himself up within the walls of a convent, and so pass a life of lazy contemplation.—But the piety that is nursed in cloisters is of a sickly growth compared with that which maintains its integrity amid strong inducements to evil. It is not the will of God that we should retire apart to keep from contamination. Not in deserts, but in cities,—not in the hermit's cell,—but among men, sharing the common lot, meeting temptation as it comes, are we to form our characters for eternity.

Men ought to rejoice in a rigid discipline. Whenever assailed by temptation, an opportunity is given to conquer themselves, and so to become nobler beings. The most heroic virtues are brought out in this struggle with inborn selfishness, and with the cowardly examples of the world. Men of brave hearts ought to welcome the conflicts and buffetings of life. Every victory they gain will make them stronger, as the teapost which rocks and tears the mountain oak causes it to strike its roots down deeper in the earth, and to lift higher its majestic arms towards heaven.

GODLESS EDUCATION.

Happy are we that the honourable name of Sanford bids fair to be worthily perpetuated. The Rev. Daniel Fox Sanford, grand-son of the venerable prelate of that name, and son of the late eminent Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, has, though a very young man, already attracted marked attention as a writer on morals. He has put forth a lecture on “Education and Industrial Training,” which is well deserving mature digestion.

Peculiarly adapted to the latitude of Canada West are the following vigorous passages:

“It is easy to speak in glowing terms of schools—the flourishing condition of a population in which every man, woman, and child is, or may be, well and efficiently instructed in all secular knowledge. But then look at the disciples of this system when they go forth into the world—look at the rampant unbelief, the bidious forms of mischief, which prevail in the United

States of America. Look at the infidelity and pantheism which are blighting Germany with the most deadly curses that can fall on man. What is the cause of all this? Can we doubt for one moment that, in a great measure, it is owing to the fact religion does not hold its legitimate place in the education of the young?—that this life is too often made the first object—that temporal advancement and prosperity are too often considered as of more importance than the Kingdom of Heaven or the holding of a right belief? In the name of Religion—in the name of patriotism itself, I protest against the attempts which are being made to turn men's eyes to schools in which the voice of prayer is never heard—in which, (in many parts of Germany, for instance), the teachers are notoriously seditious citizens, and men without a creed,—as models for our imitation. It is because, I believe that without the grace of God, we cannot banish ignorance or subdue vice; that not one step in life can be safe without His blessing and His guidance; that, in proportion as you make a child sharp and knowing in the ways of the world, as you would impart to him the power which is a necessary consequence of knowledge, so must you teach him, not now and again, but constantly, hour after hour, to rely upon himself—to use his talents to the glory of God, who gave them, and to look to Him, and to a faithful Christian life, for happiness and prosperity. For those reasons it is that I would oppose the attempt to deprive our teachers of their religious influence and religious character. Will the inculcation of the most exalted system of ethics, or the teaching of the most moral views with regard to the rights of property, and the inconvenience of people making untrue statements, be sufficient, think you, to deter boys from falsehood or from theft? To use the simile of a well-known advocate for real Christian education, you might as well expect to induce the lion to spare your flock by talking to him of the price of wool, as look to the maxims of the philosopher or the economist for any real power, when unsided by direct religious influence, to check the growth of evil—to fetter the strong power of human corruption—to withstand, either in the school or in the world at large, the overflowings of ungodliness, the outbreaks of lawlessness and crime. Give to a child knowledge without religion—the true Catholic religion of Jesus Christ—and you are merely putting into his hands a weapon to serve in the cause of evil, and, except through the love and mercy of God he be snatched like a brand from the burning flame, to destroy his own soul.

THE WONDERFUL MONTALTO.—But were we to select an example among those who at the time have been masters of the Seven Hills, we should name the wonderful Montalto, Pope Sextus V. In early life he exerted astonishing industry and talent; made himself the favorite preacher in the cities of Italy, and afterwards won the hearts of the Spaniards till he was at last made Cardinal. Then of a sudden his character seemed changed; and for almost twenty years he played the part of a deceiver with unequalled skill. He lived at a retired house, kept few servants, was liberal in his expenses for charities, but parsimonious toward himself; contradicted no one; submitted even to insults with perfect good humor; and in short acquired the reputation of being the most meek, the most humble, and the most easily guided among the Cardinals. Of the forty-two Cardinals who entered the conclave, Montalto seemed nearest to another world. A crutch supported the declining strength of his old age, and a distressing cough indicated that life was fast consuming away. Six parties divided the assembly, and fourteen Cardinals deemed themselves worthy of the tiara. On balloting, Albano, the most powerfully supported, had but thirteen votes. Let us take this good-natured, dying old man, thought they; he will be easily managed; and four parties of the six united for Montalto. The ballot was ended: “Gods! I am Pope of Rome,” exclaimed the hale old man. Casting from him the cloaks in which he was muffled, he threw his crutch across the room, and bending back, he spit to the ceiling of the high chamber of the Vatican in which he was to show the vigor of his lungs. Never did a wiser man hold the keys of St. Peter. He punished vice even in the high places with inexorable severity; he established the library of the Vatican; placed the magnificent obelisk in front of St. Peter's; caused the matchless cupola to be built; conducted water to the Quirinal Hill; erected a vast hospital for the poor; made the splendid street called from his name, Felice; reformed the finances of the States of the Church; and while he exercised great influence on the affairs of Christendom, he himself kept at peace. Since his time the Catholic Church has not had at its head a man of superior genius.