

But I must go back to the picture. What, then, is the lady reading? Certainly it is something that interests her children very much, for you can see their very souls in their faces, as they gaze upon her, and eagerly listen, to catch every word that she is saying!

Would you think it was the prayer-book, that had drawn so much attention? If you have ever used it as you ought, and have prayed to God to "put a right spirit within you," and have striven to make "your heart obedient unto wisdom," you would. But if you have never prayed the good prayers in that book, or studied all the excellent things it has joined together to help us in worshipping God, perhaps you might not. But so it was. It was Good-Friday. The lady and her children had been to church, and they had heard the Epistle and Gospel read, and an excellent sermon preached about "Christ's death for sin." But the young people, though they were quiet, and very attentive, did not understand the Epistle, nor very much of the sermon. So when they came back, the oldest boy, (who stands so quiet with his hands folded together before him,) asked his mother to explain to him what the Bible meant, when it spoke so much about "sacrifice and offering," and what was the *atonement*, of which the clergyman had talked in his sermon. This is what she is doing. She has the prayer-book open at the place for Good Friday. She has explained the collect, or short prayer, that we make for "the family of God;" that is, his Church—the number of those who believe in him, and worship him according to his will: and is showing how the sacrifices of the Jews were appointed to foreshow the death of the Son of God, and how, by his death, our sins are pardoned, if we believe in his power and goodness, so as to give ourselves to him, and obey his teaching with "all our heart, and soul, and mind." No wonder that they listened with such earnestness! No wonder that she looks so serious, and yet so full of holy joy! They all feel as the beautiful hymn expresses it:

"He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?
Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

Children's Mag.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

ORIGINAL.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

Sweet harp of Judah! touch'd with heavenly fire
Bid from thy strings celestial music flow;
And Thou, who didst the Royal Bard inspire,
Command this breast with kindred warmth to glow:
By thee assisted, from this vale of woe
The song of joy and gratitude shall rise;
Though faint at first, in murmuring accents low,
Yet if Thou smile upon the sacrifice
The swelling notes of praise shall rend the vaulted skies.

"Let there be Light"—thus spoke thy Sovereign Power,
Forth burst the beams of new-created day:
Applauding Angels hailed th'eventful hour,
Enraptur'd Seraph's bless'd the cheering ray;
The gloomy shades of darkness fled away,
The courts of Heaven with Halleluiah's rung;
Silence obtained a momentary sway,
As all, attentive, on thy accents hung;—
The Chorus "there is light" then burst from every tongue.

By thy command the azure vault of Heaven,
The billowy ocean and the fruitful earth,
Assumed the stations in thy wisdom given.
Meanwhile; rejoicing in his heavenly birth,
The Sun in cloudless majesty shone forth:
The lovely moon; mild ruler of the night,
With every star and planet, south and north,

And east and west; a new and wondrous sight
Rode in vice-regal state amid the realms of light.

Who bade these orbs in various order move,
Who bade the ocean's wave tumultuous roar?
Who bade the feather'd songsters of the grove
Their tributary notes harmonious pour?
A God! a bounteous God! his matchless power
His wisdom and his goodness all proclaim,
But chief should man that Providence adore,
Which formed with hand divine the human frame.
And gave to earthly dust a spirit's vital flame.

But not creative power alone, we praise;
The time must come, when seized with fervent heat,
The elements shall melt; in dreadful blaze
All natures funeral pile the eye shall meet.
The World shall leave no traces of its seat;
The things that once have been, shall cease to be;
But mercy pleading at thy judgment seat
Shall still prevail. From doubt, from terror free,
Redemption's perfect plan shall fix our rest in thee.

For this on Bethlehem's plains at dead of night
Angelic Hosts announced Messiah's reign;
At first the shepherds trembled with affright,
But as they listened to the sacred strain
They soon confess their fears, their terrors vain:
They heard the song with holy humble joy,
Which flow'd symphonious from the seraph train
Proclaiming "glory unto Thee on high;
Good will to man—and peace to all beneath the sky."

METRICAL PARAPHRASE

ON THE COLLECT FOR THE TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

O Lord we beseech thee, absolve thy people from their offences; that through thy bountiful goodness we may all be delivered from the bands of those sins which by our frailty we have committed. Grant this O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's Sake, our blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

E.

Offenders all against our God
How should we dread his awful rod?
But our offences to forgive
Is, Lord, thy great prerogative.

Hence we are led to seek thy face,
And hope to gain thy pardoning grace,
For still to sin we all are prone
And fly for help to thee alone.

O let us not like slaves remain
Fast bound in sin's disgraceful chain,
But break our fetters, set us free
And only bind our hearts to thee.

These blessings from thy mercy's store,
O heavenly Father! we implore,
For Jesus' sake thro' whom alone
We hope acceptance at thy throne,

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