


THE CALLOPEAN



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The Tear of Gratitude.

There is no gem more purely bright,
More dear to Mercy's eye,
Than love's sweet star, whose mellow light
First cheers the evening sky;
A liquid pearl that glitters where
No sorrows e'er intrude,
A richer gem than monarchs wear—

But ne'er shall sorrow, love of worth,
Invite this tribute forth,
Nor can the sordid slave of self
Appreciate its worth.
But ye who soothe the widow's woe,
And give the orphan food,
For you this liquid pearl shall flow—
The Tear of Gratitude.

Ye who but slake an infant's thirst
In heavenly Mercy's name,
Or proffer penny a crust,
The sweet reward may claim;
Then while you rove life's sunny banks,
With sweetest flow'rets strowed;
Still may you claim the widow's thanks—
The orphan's gratitude.

THE CARNATION.

For the Callopean.

In passing through this vale of Acher, the Christian will meet with much to distress and annoy him; not only with regard to his own personal and relative trials, but with respect to his fellow beings in general. Often, very often, will the ejaculation of David rise to his lips—"Rivers of water run down mine eyes because they keep not Thy law." The commands of his dearest Friend, his highest Benefactor, are regarded by the majority of mankind as a burden too grievous to be borne; the rule of his life is viewed by them as gloomily severe, and unnecessarily penitential and bitter; and emphatic are the proofs brought home to his heart, that here he has no abiding city; that the world is the same now, even as when his Saviour tabernacled amid its scenes; "that the disciple is not above his master—the servant above his Lord."

Very refreshing is it, when the spirit sinks beneath contemplations like the above, to turn to the precious remembrances locked in memory's cabinet, of those who have exchanged the weary march of earth for the unbreathed bliss of heaven; and the enjoyment is in no small degree enhanced if we are enabled

to remember, in the exercise of all humility and sincerity, that the first impulse which directed their wandering footsteps to the paths of peace and holiness was given by our instrumentality. The warrior may proudly exult in his hard-earned wreath of laurel; the poet as deeply rejoice in his shining lay; the merchant find pleasure in the success of his various schemes; the philosopher in his abstruse researches; but, believe me, young man, the ~~wise~~ ^{wise} man abiding, solid satisfaction in leading the ignorant ~~trump~~ ^{trump} of victory, ~~in the young~~ ^{in the young} to the foot of the Cross, which the bounded wealth, the profoundest discoveries ~~of science~~ ^{of science} are ~~erless~~ ^{erless} to supply.

Oh, it is a fearful thought, to remember how carelessly professing Christians view the moral degradation which surrounds them! Beloved friends, suffer the word of exhortation. To us are committed the oracles of God. The world will not peruse their bibles; but most scrutinisingly do they read our conduct; our motives, our daily example. Alas, alas! that they should perceive such distorted exhibitions of christian character; alas, that the unsightly thorn and stunted shrub meets their enquiring gaze, in place of the noble cedar of Lebanon and the stately oak of Carmel. We may endeavor to evade the question of responsibility; we may deceive ourselves as to the extent of our influence and obligations; but the solemn realities of a dying hour will tear away the flimsy covering, and conscience will speak, unasked, the truths we now forbid her to whisper. We talk of heavenly blessedness; of eternal life in the presence of Christ; but shall we, whose hearts are centred on this earth, presume to hope to enjoy the society of the devoted apostle Paul and his compeers—men, who hazarded their lives, and what is even dearer than life to a sensitive mind, their reputation, for the Cross—shall we, I say, who have scarcely lifted a finger to promote the salvation of one fellow immortal; who have wrapped ourselves in a kind of a religious selfishness; shall we be received with equal approbation by the just God? Impossible! And shall we continue such a course; shall it be enough to satisfy our ambition, that we are permitted to creep into heaven, saved as by fire; rescued on a plank from final shipwreck; whilst our garments are deeply stained with the blood of those who have perished so near us, so very near us, as to involve the suspicion that we have been accessory to their ruin?

To those who deem the attempt to reform and evangelise the abandoned of the lower orders as absurd and useless, I dedicate the following story; for surely, never was soil more unpromising—yet, never was fruit more abundant:—