

bud which the worm pierces; his last wailing was like the sad music from shattered harpstrings; all my world seemed gone; still in my agony I listened, for there was a voice in my soul, like the voice of the angel who had warned me, saying, 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' I laid my mouth in the dust and said, 'Let my will be thine; and as I arose, though the tear lay on my cheek, there was a smile also. Since then this voice has been heard amidst the duties of every day,—methinks it says continually, 'The cheerful giver, the cheerful giver!'"

Will there not be seeds of goodness sown in the softened heart of a mother thus resigned? Her thoughts and affections are drawn upwards. The glorified spirit of the infant is as a star to guide the mother to its own blissful clime. Is it not her wish to be where her babe is? And will she not strive to prepare herself for its pure society! If the cares or sins of earth ever threaten to gain the victory, will she not see its little hand reaching from the skies, and be guided by the cherub voice which implorcs,—“Oh mother, come to me?” And how important that we should present the subject of death to our children in a form that shall not be injurious to them, so as to prevent the fear of death, if possible, from taking possession of their little minds, and then we shall not be afraid to talk to them of going up to dwell with gentle Jesus, which “is far better” when they are sick, and we may fear the sickness may be unto death.

I know a tender mother who feels deep regret at this moment because she was unable to speak to her sweet little dying child of the place to which she was hastening. “Mamma,” said the dear little girl, “where am I going?” Her mother’s stricken heart was too full to allow her to talk of the golden city, and the bright companions she was about to join; and it may be she lost some soul-cheering words which might have been a solace to her bereaved heart. The spirit fled to a more congenial clime, and she knows now all she desired or wished below; but the mother mourns the lost opportunity.

But, in order to give to our children cheering and consoling views of death, we must correct our own. We must make it the subject of daily contemplation, praying for divine grace to consider it as leading to the consummation of our highest hope,—the summons to arise and take upon us the nature of angels, as conducting to that end for which we were born. We have seen and we have read with what calmness the righteous have passed away. Sometimes scarcely a feature has been changed, or a thought ruffled in the transition. Beda, while dictating from the Bible to his disciples, put his hand into the cold hand of death, and scarcely felt its chilliness. Herder was writing a hymn to the Deity, with his pen upon the last line, when he passed into his presence.

We do not think death is always attended by the extreme agony with which imagination invests it. The principle of consciousness has often fled before some of the organs on which it has been accustomed to act have ceased to perform their functions, as the string of a harp may vibrate with a prolonged echo after the hand that swept them has departed.

I once stood by the dying bed of a dear friend, who appeared to be in great suffering; but we did not expect she would ever tell us how deep or slight those sufferings were. We thought we had heard her voice for the last time. A few moments, however, after, she opened her eyes, and seeing all weeping around her, she sweetly smiled, and said, “I do not suffer as you imagine; it is dying, but not pain—I am very happy;” and then, with a deep long last sigh, she joined her kindred spirits in the realms of bliss. Yet, admitting that the pangs of death transcend what have been endured through life, how brief are they—how unworthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed! May we not even suppose the happiness of heaven to be heightened by the contrast, as the deep darkness of the shadowy vale yields to a day which knows no night. Pascal said, “the glory of our faith shines with much greater brightness, by our passing to immortality through the shades of death.”

We might go on to say much more, for the subject grows upon us as we proceed; but we fear you will go home to weep again and say, “Ah, it is all very true; but my sorrow is too deep, to allow me to take any comfort.” Well, take one more instance of a mother’s grief, and say, if you can, that your sorrow equalled hers. One little sentence you may easily remember and repeat to yourselves, when the floodgates of sorrow

are opening. I hear you anxiously ask, “what can that sentence be?” Simply this,—“There stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother.” You have never stood on such a spot, to see a child die! Where did she stand? By the cross. Could she reach her son’s dying lips, to moisten them? No. Could she whisper a word of comfort in his ear? No,—she stood by the cross. Who can describe that mother’s sorrow! We have seen a mother watch the dying agonies of a kind, a dutiful, an affectionate son—an only son; but he lay on a downy bed, and she was not a widow, like Mary. Dear friends, let us, in our brief probation, live near the cross; then shall we think lightly of the sorrows of earth, and joy in the thought, that, clad in robes of glory, we shall meet those to whom we have given birth, and nurtured and borne upon our prayers in the midnight watch, and at the early dawn; remember, too, that earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal. “Bear up—despair not,” says a sweet poet, for

“There is a land where beauty cannot fade,

Nor sorrow dim the eye,

Where true love shall not droop, nor be dismay’d,

And none shall ever die!

Where is that land—O where?

For I would hasten there.

Tell me—I fain would go,

For I am wearied with a heavy woe!

The beautiful have left me all alone,

The true, the tender, from my path have gone!

If thou dost know that land,

O guide me with thy hand;

For I am burdened with oppressive care,

And I am weak and fearful with despair.

Where is it! tell me where.

Friend,—thou must trust in Him who trod before

The desolate paths of life;

Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,

Sorrow, and pain, and strife!

Think how the Son of God

These thorny paths have trod;

Think how He longed to go,

Yet tarried out for thee, the appointed woe,

Think of His weariness in places dim,

Where no man comforted, or cared for Him.

Think of the blood-like sweat

With which His brow was wet,—

Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,

In that great agony,—“Thy will be done!”

Friend! do not thou despair,

Christ from His heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer!”

Bereaved mothers! look up to the sinless land, where the buds that were blighted by the chilly blasts of earth, are blooming in fadeless beauty, watered by the river of life which rises near the eternal throne, and gladdened by the cheering beams of the Son of righteousness, which shines forth in cloudless glory to make glad the city of God. You shall meet them where there is neither shade of infirmity, nor sigh of penitence, nor fear of change. Look up to that better land where all tears shall be wiped away; and, when in your heart’s bitter wailings, you ask for sympathy and courage to go forward,—think of that short sentence,—“There stood by the cross of Jesus his mother.”

YOUNG POTTER, THE MURDERER.

(From the New York Evangelist.)

The Rev. Joseph P. Thompson delivered a solemn and impressive discourse in the Broadway Tabernacle, of which he is pastor, soon after the execution of Potter, at New-Haven. It was listened to with deep interest, and has been published by request. We wish every young man in this city and out of it, who is exposed to the dangers and allurements of vice, which are so forcibly and vividly depicted in this discourse, could read and ponder its solemn warnings. The following is only a brief synopsis of the discourse:—

From the words of the prophet Isaiah, “Woe unto them who draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope,” the preacher showed the progress of vice in the young, both it and its sure punishment drawn upon the soul, at first by silken and attenuated cords, but constantly increasing in number and strength, until they bound their victim as with a cable, and consigned him to inevitable ruin. He described the promising youth first soiled in his imagination by evil communications more and more excited by wanton companions, licentious books, or immodest pictures; induced to partake of intoxicating liquors, to visit the theatre, and other places of amusement, to take a Sabbath excursion in violation of parental command and his own moral