

But not so with the righteous, they are not afraid to have their works follow them.

But, says the troubled saint, my deeds are too small to be remembered there. That is one of the true characteristics of the saint of God. "When saw we thee hungry, thirsty, &c. ? Yet he that gives a cup of cold water in the name of a Disciple or because he belongs to Christ, verily he shall not lose his reward.

Reader, art thou a Christian? Rejoice in your prospects and be faithful. But if you have no interest in Christ, then fear and tremble.

A DISCIPLE OF CHRIST.

EARLY LOST—EARLY SAVED.

"Whom the gods love die young"

BY J. E. HOYT.

In life's young morn she passed from earth away,  
Our darling blue-eyed 'Lizabeth ;  
To live mid scenes of endless day,  
In lands untrod by Angel Death.

She's passed from this cold earth away,  
From all of earthly grief and pain,  
From sin, from sorrow and decay,  
For lands where peace and joy will reign.

She was our comfort and our joy—  
One we all did pet and love,  
But death earth's brightest hopes destroy,  
Yet there are lasting joys above.

We laid her low beneath the sod,  
Our hearts are sad and lonely now ;  
And yet beneath God's chastening rod  
We silently and humbly bow.

For well we know that God will take  
Our darling to his home on high,  
That she from death's cold arms will wake  
To dwell where none will ever die.

To dwell for age 'mong scenes of bliss,  
In happy homes of endless rest,  
Beyond the tomb's profound abyss  
Where dwell the true and favored blest.

Our pet will rove through fairest bow'rs,  
Where bright plumed birds will sweetly sing,  
Where ever blown the fairest flowers  
'Mid happy scenes of endless spring.

'Tho' other clouds may shade life's sky ;  
'Tho' thorns still round our path be cast ;  
Ere in the grave we lowly lie  
We know the time will come at last.

When we shall meet our pet again  
In lands where partings are unknown,  
Where all is free from any pain,  
Where God will claim us as his own.

[Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thomas and Cynthia McNeal, Esq. & Whitby; departed this life Sept. 20th, 1863, aged 11 years lacking six days.]

EXTRACTS.

MEETING IN THE WOODS.

In the middle of August, when the leaves of some of the forest trees begin to fade and are tinged with that rich brown and red which the oak and the maple assume, we met a large congregation in the woods in the very heart of Indiana. We had opened the services in an old log house, built for the worship of God, but found it necessary to retire to the woods. The scene was truly primitive and imposing; the ground was gently undulating, and near by was a beautiful stream of water, showing its pebbly bottom. The trees were large and covered with an excess of foliage, and wagons and carriages, with horses fastened to the limbs of trees, were seen on the outskirts of the congregation. The women were seated on one side and the men on the other of the centre of the assembly; and a more promiscuous group were seen beyond. What to the speaker presented a scene of special interest, was a choice and select group just before the stand. A large coverlet had been spread on the ground, by the considerate mothers, and on this they emptied out from their arms their little infants, who were large enough to admit of the change, and placed themselves around it, in order that they might have an eye and ear for their babies, and an equal number for the preacher. The sweet innocents amused themselves; and to their credit we must say that, by the aid of their mothers, they not only kept the peace, but behaved exceedingly well. The plan was sufficiently original to attract my attention and win my admiration. It was a wholesale, if not a whole soul, method of disposing of their little children, and we think, a good one. In no other place have we seen the like arrangement, and we commend it to others under similar circumstances. We preached in the woods with some success; a few converts were made, and now the last day of the meeting came. There was considerable interest awakened. Our attention was directed, during the morning service, to a modest young lady bathed in tears, who, ever and anon, was casting her eyes imploringly to a distant part of the congregation; and as we were singing the hymn of invitation, her earnestness and emotion became intense. We expected every moment, that she would step forward to enlist in the cause of the Redeemer, but she could not for the time being be induced to move. We knew that her heart was touched and that she would not remain long in a state of doubt and indecision. We thought that some outward influences were operating against her, and believed that they would be anticipated and removed. We were right. Her mother, an aged woman, had warned her against uniting with us. We continued to press the subject of obedience upon the believing and the penitent, with all the arguments and motives we could use, and at length a young man, who had not heretofore attracted our attention, standing