

THE CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN.

Poetry.

Access to God Everywhere,
They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every where.

In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.

When our earthly comforts fail,
When the fogs of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer,
God is present every where.

Then, my soul, in every strain
To Thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer,
God is present every where.

ANON.

The Riverside.

SELF-CONTROL.

"Mother!" cried a little girl, rushing into the room where a lady sat reading—"Mother! John struck me in the face with all his might! O dear! O dear! It hurts so."
And the child pressed her hand against her cheek, and threw her head backwards and forwards, as if she was in great pain.
The lady's face reddened instantly, and the book fell from her hand to the floor. Starting up, she went hurriedly from the room. There was anger in her heart against John, and in the blindness of her sudden indignation, she resolved to punish him with a severe chastisement. But ere she reached the apartment in which her child had been playing, she paused suddenly and stood still. A timely thought glanced through her mind and arrested her steps.
"This will not do. I must control myself," she said, speaking half aloud. Then, after a resolute struggle with her angry feelings the mother went back to the room where she had left her weeping child, and sitting down in her old place, said, with as calm and steady a voice as she could assume:

"Agnes, let me see your cheek."
"O dear! How it hurts!" sobbed Agnes, as she came to her mother's side, her hand still pressed to her face.

The lady gently removed her hand, and examined the little girl's cheek. There was a red mark as if a blow had been received; but no evidence of a bruise.

"Agnes," said the mother, now speaking very calmly and gently, yet with a firmness that at once subdued the excitement of her child's mind—"I want you to stop crying, and tell me all about this trouble with John."

The child's tears ceased to flow; and she looked up into her mother's face.

"Agnes, you gave the first provocation in this matter, you or John?"

"John struck me in the face!" replied the child, evincing a great deal of angry feeling, towards her brother.

"Why did he strike you?"

"Who saw the trouble between you and John?" enquired the mother.

"Why, Mary saw it. She'll tell you that John struck me in the face with all his might."

"Tell Mary that I wish to see her."

"Agnes went after her sister. When they returned, the mother said:

"Now, Mary, tell me about this trouble with John and Agnes."

"You saw him strike me, didn't you, Mary?" said Agnes, with eagerness of resentment.

"I will question Mary," said the mother, "and while I am doing so, you, Agnes, must have nothing to say. After Mary has finished, then you can correct her statement if you wish to do so. Now, Mary, how was it?"

"Well, mother, I'll tell you just how it was," said Mary. "Agnes was teasing John, and John got angry."

"And struck his sister?" There was a tone of severity in the mother's voice.

"I think the blow was accidental," said Mary. "John declared that it was, and tried his best to comfort Agnes; even promising to give her his pet kitten, if she would stop crying, and not make trouble by telling you. But she was angry, and would not listen to him."

"Tell me just what occurred, Mary, and then I shall know exactly how far both were to blame."

"Well," answered Mary. "John and I were playing chess, and Agnes would every now and then, steal up behind John and push his elbow when he was making a move. It worried him, and he asked her over and over again not to do so. But she didn't mind what he said. At last John pushed the board from him, and wouldn't play any longer. He was angry. Still Agnes seemed bent on annoying him. John got a book and sat down near the window to read. He had not been there long before Agnes stole up behind him, slipped the book out of his hand, and ran away. John sprung after her, and they had a struggle for the book, in which Agnes got a blow upon the face. I was looking at them, and I think the blow was accidental. It seemed so at the time, and John declares that he did not mean to strike her. That is all mother."

"Call your brother," said the lady, in a subdued voice. John entered the room in a few moments. He was pale, and looked troubled.

"My son," said the mother, speaking without apparent excitement, yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice, "did you strike Agnes on purpose?"

"The boy's lips quivered, but no answer came through them. He looked into his mother's eyes for a moment or two, until tears blinded him, and then he laid his face down upon her bosom and sobbed. With love's tender instinct, the mother drew her arm tightly around her boy, and then there was silence for the space of nearly a minute.

"It was an accident, I am sure," whispered the mother, placing her lips close to the ear of her boy.

"Indeed it was!" John answered back with earnestness. "My hand slipped as I tried to get my book away from her, and it struck her in the face. I was so sorry!"

What less could the mother do than kiss with ardor the fair brow of her boy, against whom, under the influence of anger, she had passed a hasty judgment. She almost shuddered, as she thought of the unjust punishment she had come nigh inflicting, while blind from sudden excitement.

"The chief blame, I see, rests with Agnes," said the lady, turning with some severity of voice and countenance towards her little girl, who now stood with the aspect of a culprit, instead of an accuser.

"It was her fault, mother," John spoke up quickly. "She loves to tease, you know, and I was wrong to get angry."

"But teasing does not come from a good spirit," replied the mother, "and I am sorry that my little girl can find no higher enjoyment than the pleasure of annoying her brothers and sisters. I am satisfied with you, John, but not with Agnes; and now you may leave us alone."

John and Mary went out, and left their mother alone with Agnes. When the little girl joined her brothers and sisters some time afterwards, she had a sober face like one whose spirit was not at ease with itself. She had been guilty of a double wrong, and had come near drawing down upon her innocent brother an unjust punishment. So clearly had her mother brought this to her view, that she followed conviction, and was now ready to acknowledge her fault, and promise better conduct in the future.

But the one who profited most by this scene of trouble was the children's mother. After all she had harmonized again, and she was alone with her own thoughts, she lifted a heart of thankfulness for self-control, and prayed that she might ever possess her spirit in calmness.

"I tremble in thinking of the evil that would have followed a blind punishment of my noble-hearted boy!"

Thus she spoke within herself, and sadness fell upon her spirit, as imagination pictured a scene that must have been enacted, had not some good spirit whispered a timely word of caution in her ears.—[Arthur's Home Magazine.]

Sayings of Children.

Little Willie, a precocious little pet, not yet three years old, one night, a few weeks ago, after saying his prayers, and going to bed, began to call out very loud—"God!—God!" When his mamma went to him, and asked him why he called so, he replied—"I want God to speak, and say—'Why, what do you want, Willie?'"

Little E., about four years old, one day had got her playthings scattered all about the room, and I suppose it seemed hard to think of picking them all up and regulating them, so she asked her mother—

"Hadn't you as lief put away my play things as not to mamma?"

"No," answered she, "I cannot leave my work—no, I must pack them all up nicely."

"I didn't expect to get a 'satisfactory' answer when I asked you, mamma!"

A kind friend was making a cotton doll for little Annie Grace, who was much interested in the manufacture. She was impatient to have her eyes painted, and when told that they must be done last, she said—"That's the reason why we can't see how God makes us—He puts in the eyes the last thing!"

Little "Guns," between two and three years old, had not seen many snow storms; and one morning, upon seeing the ground white with snow, she exclaimed—"Oh, mamma, who spilt all 'is salt I 'like to know?"

A lady advised her husband not to go out in the cold, because he would make his cough worse. Disregarding her advice, however, he went and was heard coughing a few minutes afterwards.

"How much better it would have been, mamma," said her little girl, "if papa had minded what you said. You have had eight children, and taken care of them all, and of course you know things. I think husbands should always do as their wives tell them."

Little Salto was teaching her younger brother the Lord's prayer. They went on very smoothly until she arrived at "Give us this day our daily bread."

"No, no, Sissy—me want cake," and he refused to proceed until the desired amendment was made.—[Little Pilgrim.]

SORRY FOR HIM.

A rich man, in a costly carriage, by careless driving, brought his carriage against the wagon of a laborer. It was the rich man's fault that the two vehicles came in collision. The laborer's wagon was heavily loaded, but he gave more than half the road. The man in the carriage abused him sadly, while they were extricating the vehicle. When he had driven on, the companion of the laborer said, "I should not have taken his abuse as patiently as you did."

"Poor fellow, I am sorry for him," said the laborer.

"Poor! he is worth nearly half a million, and is laying up more every day."

"He is not laying up anything in heaven, and I am afraid he never will. He is to be pitied."

"I don't Care."

Yes you do, too, and there's no use in trying to deceive yourself with the sophistry of those words.

The best and noblest, the truest and most generous part of your nature does care for the unkind, cutting words you have uttered to one that you loved, in a moment of pique.

You may carry yourself over as proud and defiantly, you may never drop your look or word the sweet dew of healing on the wound you have made, in a nature as proud, as sensitive, and exacting as your own; but to your honor be it said, you are better than your words, and away down in your heart larks shame, and repentance, and sorrow for them.

You may carefully hide them both, and in a very little while they will be gone, for O! it is very easy to make one's self bitter, and proud, and cold—very hard to keep one's self sweet and

melancholy, and charitable; but there must be some pain, and some struggling before you can do a mean, ungenerous thing to one who loves you, and have your heart endorse you 'I don't care!'"

And how often these words are uttered, when conscience sternly refuses them; and how often they harden the heart, and keep the feet in the way of evil!

Be careful, reader, when you say, "I don't care?"

Power of Kindness.

The following story was told by the Rev. J. C. Ryle in a Meeting of the Pastoral Aid Society in London:—

Many years ago a certain minister in the United States of America was going one Sunday morning from his house to his schoolroom. He walked through a number of back streets, and as he turned a corner he saw assembled round a party a number of little boys who were playing at marbles. On seeing him approaching they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon; and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles the minister had closed upon him and placed his hand upon his shoulder.

There they were, face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy, who had been caught in the act of playing at marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? For that is what I want you to observe. He might have said to the boy, 'What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath; don't you deserve to be punished for breaking the command of God?' But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, 'Have you found all your marbles?' 'No,' said the little boy, 'I have not.' 'Then,' said the minister, 'I will help you to find them;' whereupon he knelt down and helped to look for the marbles till they were all found. Then the minister said to the boy, 'Do you like playing at marbles?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'I will play with you, but you must play at marbles with me on Sunday, and I think I could beat you, but,' added he, 'I never played marbles on Sunday. I gave that up many years ago.' The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. Then the minister said, 'I am going to a place where I think you would like to be—will you come with me?' 'Why, I live at such and such a place,' was the reply. 'Why, that is the minister's house? exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and a minister of the Gospel could be the same person. 'Why,' said the man, 'I am the minister myself, and if you will come with me I think I can do you some good.' Said the boy, 'My hands are dirty, I cannot go.' Said the minister, 'Here is a pump—why not wash?' Said the boy, 'I am so little that I can't pump and wash at the same time.' Said the minister, 'If you'll wash, I'll pump.' He at once set to work, and pumped and pumped, and pumped, and he went away quite clean. Said the boy, 'My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry them.' The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean Sunday pocket-handkerchief, and offered it to the boy. Said the little boy, 'But it is clean.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'but it was made by dirtied.' The little boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school. On approaching the door, and hearing the hum of the children inside, the boy's heart began to fail him, and, looking anxiously at the minister, he said, 'Oh, Sir, I cannot go in now; I must wait till another time.' 'But said the minister, 'you promised me that you would.' 'Are you sure that you will do me no harm if I go?' said the boy. 'Yes, I am sure they will not,' said the minister. The little boy looked in his face for a moment, and said, 'But will you give me your word that they will do me no harm?' Said the minister, 'I will give you my word that they will do you no harm.' 'Then,' said the boy, 'I will go in.' Accordingly he went in. The minister took him to an excellent old Sunday-school teacher, and in a few words told him the story of the manner in which he had met with him, and what happened afterwards. The boy was put into a class, but he was not troubled with any question which he could not understand. He was allowed to sit by and hear a hymn sung and some things explained, and he went away much interested in all that he had seen and heard.

The minister having inquired where he lived found that his father and mother were drunken and profligate people. They were, however, very much pleased at their child having been noticed, and on the next Sunday they sent him to school clean and well clothed. He attended the day-school, got on rapidly, and from having been one of the Arabs of the streets, became a promising boy. On leaving school he was apprenticed; he subsequently entered into business and the minister then lost sight of him. Twenty years afterwards that minister was walking in a street in one of the large cities of America, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said, 'You don't remember me?' 'No,' said the minister, 'I don't.' Said the gentleman, 'Do you remember twenty years ago finding a little boy playing at marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?' 'Oh,' said the minister, 'I do remember.' 'Sir,' said the gentleman, 'I was that boy. I rose in business, and became a leading man; I have attained a good position in society; and, on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you, and tell you that it is to your kindness and wisdom and Christian discretion, to your having dealt with me lovingly, gently, and kindly, at the same time that you dealt with me aggressively, that I owe, under God, all that I have attained, and all that I am at the present day.'

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