

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE TEACHING OF THE HOLY GHOST.
(A Dialogue.)

Child. Now, dear mother, are you at leisure to answer my questions.

Mother. What have you got to ask me?

Child. You said to me the other day, that I must not only read the Bible to learn how to please God, but that I must ask for his Holy Spirit, to make me good, and to help me. How does the Holy Spirit help me: and how does he make me good?

Mother. My dear child, I told you—that you must pray to God for his Holy Spirit, because you need his grace, and his teaching, and his help, to change your heart, to make you a true child of God, and to keep you in his way; and the way he does this, is by opening your understanding to understand his Holy Word, by inclining your heart to love it, by bringing it to your remembrance as you need it, by coming down from heaven and taking up his abode in your heart, filling it with peace and joy, as you are found observing his kind and gracious rules, and walking in the ways of God.

Child. Does God's HOLY SPIRIT come down from heaven to teach me, mother? and yet I cannot see him! he helps me and I never see him! This is very wonderful to me—I do not understand it.

Mother. It would be much more wonderful to me, if you could see God's Holy Spirit.

Child. Why so, mother?

Mother. My dear child, do you not remember when we were conversing a long time ago about my soul and your soul, that is, my spirit and your spirit, we both agreed that we could not see each other's spirit, with these our bodily eyes? we only see the body in which the spirit dwells.

Child. Yes, mother, I remember it quite well—I see your body, but I cannot see your spirit; nor you mine.

Mother. Then, my child, reflect; think for one moment: if you and I cannot see each other's spirits, which are confined to this one little spot, how shall we see the SPIRIT of ALMIGHTY God, which being everywhere fills the universe? God is everywhere, God is always with us—He surrounds us with his presence—in him we live and move and have our being: no human eye can look upon him; how shall we see God's Holy Spirit, when we cannot our own?

Child. Mother, I cannot understand how this is.

Mother. There are many things which you cannot understand, which you do nevertheless see with your eyes each day you live. Can you tell how it is that the corn grows when we cast the grain into the earth? Can you understand how the clouds roll along in the heavens such a great body of water in the form of vapour, until at last it falls upon the earth in showers of rain, and moistens and refreshes its surface? Can you understand how it is the dry and leafless tree puts forth its buds and blossoms in the spring, and is soon seen covered and adorned with that green and lovely foliage. We see much to admire and wonder at, in all the works of God; his works are great and glorious, and we perceive that He who made them, and who still upholds them in being, must be very great and very glorious too:—wise, and good, and mighty, above all that we can think. But it is very plain that if you can understand little or nothing of the works of God, which you can see, still less can it be possible for you to understand about God, whom you cannot see. (To be Continued.)

[From the Atlantic Souvenir.]

THE PASSION FLOWER.

BY J. H. BRIGHT.

After the crucifixion of the Lord, the eleven disciples retired to one of the mountains about Jerusalem, where they remained all night. In the morning they discovered a flower before unknown to them; which from its singular conformation and mysterious appearance, they denominated the passion flower. —*Letters from Palestine.*

Gone was the glory of Judea's crown,
And quench'd that promised star,

Before whose light the nations should fall down,
And worship from afar.

And night came o'er Judea; deeper gloom
Shadow'd that feeble throng.

That now to Carmel, from the Saviour's tomb,
Wound mournfully along.

Through the long, moonless hours, they linger'd there,
Wet by the dews of even,
And on the viewless pinions of the air,
Their prayers went up to heaven.

And ever when the shifting breezes stirred
The pliant bows of palm.

Or nestled in her tree th' unquiet bird,
Breaking the midnight calm,

Their quick ears caught the melancholy sound,
And a dejected eye

Amid the deepen'd shadows wander'd round,
As if the Lord drew nigh.

And then upon their aching sense would press
The loud unearthly cry,
Wrung from their master in his last distress
Of mortal agony.

Morn glowed upon the mountain; strange bright flowers,
Like diamonds chased in gold.

That ne'er before had shone in fields or bowers,
Their mystic leaves unfold.

And in each blossom lo! the cross appears,
The thorny coronal,
The nails, the pillar and the Roman spears,
A glory, circling all.

Then sacred flower! their grief was changed to praise,
And drooping sorrow fled,
Since he who bade thee bloom, they knew could raise
Their Saviour from the dead.

Three days within the grave's unbroken gloom,
The hope of Israel slept,
The mournful days around his guarded tomb,
The holy watch was kept.

And from that hour where'er thy buds expand,
Thou art the flower of pride,
And nature's witness to all time, dost stand,
Of Him the crucified.

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