

The Family. For the Wesleyan. FRANCE. Hear the wail of desolation, From the great, proud nation! Paris wail with grief and pain, And bleed with agony and pain, Torn with rage, and sore vexation, Seeks not in humiliation, Heaven to avert the condemnation! Long the day of her probation, Long her gracious visitation, But she yielded to temptation, Triumphed in dissimulation, Laughed at mercy's invitation, Drained the cup of desolation, Fettered Sabbath desecration, Crime, with fulsome adulation, Gloried in her population! Mistress of the world of fashion; Madly worshipped human passion! New the Prussian aggravation, Wakens more than perturbation; Vain her fierce determination, Vain her cries for consolation, Vain her feud-like desperation; Justice flows, Heaven's indignation, Guides the hand of devastation, France must suffer degradation, 'Till Heaven give such demonstration Of the source of elevation, That when comes her recreation, She will bow with adoration To our God, who gives salvation, God of love, full of compassion, Quickly and the tribulation, Give to France, true animation, Give religion's consecration, Virtue's strong fortification, Give another coronation, Then may wise consideration, Guide her in deliberation, Save from all abomination, And from future complication, Wicked threats, vain irritation, Needless, wily spoliation, And from hateful legislation, Least another declaration, Warlike, waken lamentation

G. O. H. Canning, Jan. 1871.

THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

Little children know more, feel more, and learn faster than most of us suppose. They are restless, reasoning creatures, and long before we are aware of it, have made up an opinion about our religion and our conduct generally as parents. They know when we are unkind, morose, untruthful and inconsistent. They ask the most surprising questions about God, and Christ, and themselves, and other people. They are observant to an extent that would take the conceit out of many, if they could hear what the children think of them. One thing is certain, it is next to impossible to deceive a child in reference to the honesty of your love, and the consistency of your conduct. Hypocrisy and sham are always on the surface, visible to the child's keen perceptions. Your blindest smile, and your cunningest words, will not win the love of a child. It looks deeper than your face, even into your heart; and it hears it speak, while your lips are bedewed with honeyed phrases. In the every day example of the parent, the child sees truth or falsehood and imitates either, it may be. Pious that was childhood, is a steady flame, going over evermore; like the sun's rays, scattering joy over the household. We have seen wrecked Christian families, and wondered at it, until some inside views corrected our first impressions.

An old man once told us, that he had the utmost confidence in the conversion and salvation of all his children. We then thought his assertions strong, and asked why he believed so confidently. "Because," said he, "I have given every one of them to God, as soon as they were born. I have asked him, in faith, to convert and save them; I have tried to live a consistent Christian life before them. I have no doubt of God's promises."

We believe all of his children then living were Christians. The salvation of our children should be a question of chief concern, and yet we may suffer cruel disappointments in the realization of our hopes. What burning anxiety moves the devoted parent's heart, when a son or daughter is known to have wandered from God! Could such a calamity be averted, by any possible means? We know of nothing that can stay the steps of a sinner against God. If they will not hear Moses and the prophets, neither will they repent through one rose from the dead. Pastors of long experience, know of cases wherein the parents seemed to have done all that could be done, to lead their children to Christ, and yet they were the scandal and grief of their lives. We know God's gracious promise: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," and yet Christian parents, all over the land, weep over the sins of wayward children.

We must not give up the souls of our children though they sin long and grievously against our Heavenly Father. We have known instances of the conversion of the children of the pious even after they had become old. Some striking instances have come under our own observation, wherein the prayers of the father had finally arrested the son, when the case seemed hopeless.

A mother was dying; her son, a wanderer from God, was away from home. The mother bade farewell to all, and when asked what message she had for the son, said: "Tell him I died praying for him." That convicted the son and led him to Christ.

In a fatal error to give up the prodigal boy, God has wonderful stores in his armory, and may surprise us in the means he employs to save his children. Die praying for them if you must; but never give up your child to the hands of his enemy!

We have thought much of the matter, and we come to Christian parents bringing a message of hope. God hears your prayer, and sympathizes with you, yet more, he feels more even than you can for your prodigal boy. He will arrest him, arouse him call him, save him if possible.

Our mistakes have originated in neglecting too much our children. They need the Saviour's love as soon as they begin to think. You are to represent Christ to them, by your love, a household devoid of love, is a Christian household.

WHAT THE NEIGHBORS SAID, AND WHAT MOTHER HOOPER SAID.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

"One drapery, near thy door Whose footstep leaves no print across the snow; Thy sun has risen with comfort in his face, The smile of heaven is on his broken heart, And blest with sunny hand, what? Is it long To wait and far to go? Thou shalt not go, Thou shalt not wait, 'Tis night, He saith this night I stand at the door and knock."

Mother Hooper lived alone in a little cottage by the side of a deep wood, on the outskirts of a New England village many years ago. While her husband lived, she was in her own words, "rich for a poor woman." They both worked hard and got well paid; and having grateful hearts they were happy.

Mother Hooper has a life-right to her little cottage and garden, and a thousand dollars in the hands of her nephew, to whom the house was to go at her death. With a home and sixty dollars of interest money, and the proceeds of her poultry yard and her bee hives, she had enough, and something to spare for the needy.

But when old age came on, her strength failed and her wants increased; then the neighbors in the village who had always called on her for aid in sickness came forward and offered their help in various ways, while she sounded well, amounted to very little.

Mrs. Squire Wilkins sent her a sour milk cheese the size of a teacup once in three months, and for this she called her "my old pensioner." David Barker, whose dollars were tighter in his coffers than his teeth in his mouth, once sent her a ham; and ever after he declined giving to missions, or to the poor, on the ground that he "had Ma'n Hooper on his hands."

The doctor's wife sent her an occasional dose of rhubarb, or a strengthening plaster out of the office, when she decided to give money to spend in comforts for his old favorite; she put the money in her purse, regarding rhubarb and plaster the comforts for her; and then, when called on for any benevolent object, she told how much she had to do for Ma'n Hooper and reiterated the original remark that "one person can't do everything!"

Caleb Hooper, the nephew, did not care to give her enough to prolong her life much. The sooner she died the better for him, as he could then sell the little place and pocket the money it brought. He kept the country store, and was a shrewd dealer in every thing, from molasses and pork down to jack-knives and tooth-picks. He once called on the old lady, and asked her the price for a pair of stockings, and she gave him her little lot as the law forbade his keeping it in his store. The good doctor, hearing of it, accused him of a desire to blow up the house and kill the old lady. He certainly did not pray for long life for her!

The church, as its duty bound, met all deficiencies at the cottage, but it was done in a way which sharply cut into Mother Hooper's sensitive heart. The oldest deacon, box in hand, announced, from the steps of the pulpit stairs, that the next Sabbath a contribution would be taken up for the support of our aged sister Nancy Hooper; and every body was invited to bring in his "mite," and "a ha," he usually says! Poor Mother Hooper had now become the scape-goat on whose innocent back was laid all the covetousness and meanness, and—all the hypocrisy of the place? While she received from these occasional sources less than a hundred dollars, her name was a bug-bear which guarded the rusty coffers of many and kept back at least a thousand dollars from the objects which otherwise would have received it.

While matters were in this state, the village was startled by the sudden death of Caleb Hooper. He had kept the old lady's few papers in his safe; but when sought for after the funeral they were nowhere to be found? She had no legal claim on his heirs for her thousand dollars, no proof beyond the general understanding in the community that she had a "life-right" to the cottage. Before his affairs could be settled, it must be sold with the rest of his real estate!

Mother Hooper was thus left penniless, and the neighbors supplied with an exciting topic of conversation. And this is what some of them said. Mrs. Squire Wilkins groaned aloud, and said (in reference to the sour milk cheeses probably): "All I have done for my old pensioner has just helped to lay up a fortune for Caleb Hooper's family." David Barker said (remembering the gift of that lone ham): "Well, the community will have to take hold with me now; for I can't do every thing for her; I've had her done, to lead their children to Christ, and yet they were the scandal and grief of their lives. We know God's gracious promise: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' and yet Christian parents, all over the land, weep over the sins of wayward children."

But the Christian principle triumphed at last in a church where Christian charity had grown rusty for want of work.—Mother Hooper being the only one who needed their aid. The minister and the deacons, and many of the brethren rose over the shock in an hour or two, and said, "She is one of the Lord's poor, and we will cherish her for His sake." And they resolved to go to her on the morrow, and tell her so—the storm was too severe and the snow too deep to go that night!

THE ART OF PROFANE SWEARING.

Coming down the Hudson River, the other day, I sat at dinner in the next seat to the head of the table; the man—observe I do not say the gentleman—who had the head was a well-dressed, rather pompous looking personage, who spread himself widely, as if he was master of the feast. The waiters did not seem to be impressed with a sense of his greatness, and were in no special haste to do his bidding. At length he broke out upon one of them with some violence and ordered what he wanted, with several horrid oaths, which disgusted every one but himself; for he turned to me, a total stranger, and said: "That's the way to speak to them, if you want anything done, ain't it?"

I replied with some degree of gentleness, "It may be your way, but it is very disagreeable to the rest of the company."

"O, you're one of the sanctimonious sort, are you," he cried out; "you don't swear at all, I suppose?"

"Not sanctimonious," I answered, "not the least bit of it; quite the reverse; but I have been over the world a good deal, and was never yet in a civilized country where it was considered proper to swear at a public dinner. I kept my eyes steadily on his while he was saying these words, and was somewhat apprehensive of an explosion; if I had looked down, he might have struck me, for he was very mad; and after blurring out his right to say what he pleased where he pleased, and making a show of resting a little, he left the table before the rest of the company were half done their dinner. He stood a minute or two behind my chair, as if uncertain as to what he had better do about it, but concluded to drop the subject and retire. I did not see him again."

When he had left the cabin, the gentlemen near me expressed their gratification at the manner in which the fellow had been reprimanded, and congratulated themselves on his speedy retreat from the scene. I do not know that swearing is quite so common as it was formerly. I do not hear so much of it, and it shocks me more when I do hear it.—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

DON'T BE CERTAIN.

Boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, every body will lose confidence in you. You say you will be sure in a positive statement without you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts, remove them by examination before speaking confidently. Don't be too certain.

"John, where's the hammer?"

"No, it is in the corn house."

"Well, I know it is; I saw it there not half an hour ago."

"If you saw it there, it must be there, of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn house, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand.

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