

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

From the Register and Observer.

THE CHURCH.

Sunday! sacred day of rest—
Ever welcom'd—ever blest;
Weekly toils and labors done,
Now we greet with joy the sun.

Hark! the music of the bell
Echoes loud through copse and dell,
Giving note of "meeting time:"
Sweet and cheerful is its chime.

Now we to the church repair,
And we kneel in worship there,
Looking for the promised love
Of our heavenly Friend above.

There the "merciful" are found;
There the "pure in heart" abound;
There the humble and the meek
Mourn the follies of the week.

'Tis the place where age and youth
May resort in search of truth—
Truth for man's salvation given—
'Tis the pathway then to heaven.

"Two or three," if gathered there,
Seeking God in praise or prayer,
With devoted, pious mind,
Will his blessing ever find.

To the Church, then, turn thy way,
Sinner—why midst darkness stay?
Dost thou seek a sure abode?
Turn, then, to the house of God.

From the Gospel Messenger.

AN OLD LADY TO HER LITTLE FRIENDS.

Dear Children—Perhaps you recollect that I once said to you that your minds were like a sheet of writing paper; and I now wish to explain my meaning. The paper is clean and white, till written on or blotted and made dirty and useless by abuse. When your Almighty Maker formed your soul, it was white and clean, except the inherited corruption of your nature—for every thing made by God is good; but like the paper, your young mind may become useful, or it may be soiled by folly or sin so as to render it unfit for any good thing. You know that when we write, the paper yields to the pressure of the pen, and takes any impression we choose. Now, it is your duty to yield your mind to the good counsel of your dear parents or teachers, that your heart may imbibe knowledge and piety. As the pen makes a durable impression on the paper only by means of the ink, and without that the paper at best would be but blank, so will your mind be without the blessed influence of the holy spirit of God: instruction will be useful, for it is only grace that can make your mind holy and pleasing in the sight of God. But I must tell you something more about the paper and your mind. A careless person may blot and spoil the paper and render it useless; or a weak, silly person might write something foolish, and we would throw it away as worthless; or something very wicked might be written on the paper, and we should commit it to the flames. Now, my dear child, if you are careless and idle, and only learn folly, like the blotted paper you would be spurned by society as good for nothing. If you keep company with bad children, you will learn of them to be wicked, and not love and pray to the good God, and you will become quite corrupt by sinning; and your dear parents would go down to their graves in sorrow, for they know that our holy God can not love a wicked person; and if you live in sin he will turn you into hell with all those who forget God. But, my dear children, always attend to good advice, and love to read the Holy Bible, which can

make you wise unto salvation. If you love your heavenly Father, you will pray to him night and morning to make you holy and give you grace to love and fear him. But remember, that merely repeating words is not praying. God is not to be mocked: he will accept of no prayer but the prayer of faith coming from the heart. Before you presume to offer up a prayer to the high and lofty one who inhabiteth eternity, think, most devoutly think—"I am about to address the great God of Heaven, in prayer to him that my heart may be renewed by the Holy Ghost, and that for Jesus' sake, he will in mercy forgive all my sins; and I must endeavor by his help to keep all his commandments, for he will not hear a prayer that cometh from feigned lips: but if I am dutiful to my parents, loving to my brothers and sisters, and do to all others as I would they should do to me, and above all, love my Lord God with all my heart, my soul and my strength, and endeavor to do his will, then I trust the Lord will be my merciful God and my heavenly Father, and that he will, when my earthly course is finished, take me to heaven, where, with all those who love God, I shall dwell forever, and sing the praises of my dear Redeemer, who has washed my soul and made it clean in his most precious blood, and has taken away the filthy rags of my own works, and clothed me in his own white robe of righteousness. Then shall my soul, like the clean white paper, be without sin, and made glorious by the blood of Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen, amen. O let us join the loud hosannas of heaven, and sing, Hallelujah to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb of God for ever: Praise the Lord!

From the New-York Churchman.

POPULARITY.—A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

Enter Presbyterian.

Lawyer.—Good morning Mr. P. take a seat, sir. I attended your meeting yesterday. I was highly gratified with your new preacher. I admire the warm and powerful style your clergymen are of late adopting. It is certainly calculated to awaken the thoughtless. If you settle Mr. F. in your society, you may consider me as a subscriber. It is true I am not attached to any order of Christians, but I believe the great bulwark of our national liberties must be the diffusion of knowledge; and I have always observed that your people are patronizing and sustaining our seminaries, and institutions of learning. By the bye this reminds me that our election is at hand. I hope Mr. P. we have the pleasure of numbering you with our friends in the approaching contest.

Presbyterian.—I will think of it. (Exit.)

Enter Baptist.

Lawyer.—Good morning Mr. B., I am glad you have called. Well I went down to the river yesterday noon, to witness the immersion, and I must say that it is a beautiful ordinance; and it seems to me that mode of administering it is the most simple and primitive. To see a little group stand upon the banks of a flowing stream, unite their voices in that beautiful hymn, "O how happy are they," while the candidate goes down into the water, brings forcibly to one's mind the scenes of Jordan and Judea. Besides your clergyman Elder P. is a very interesting man. Your church government I have always admired it is so republican. It was Elder L. I believe of your order who carried the great Cheshire cheese to Jefferson. He has been a faithful old patriot. Ah, this puts me in mind that the Jeffersonian principles are again to be contested this fall, and I hope I shall find you, Mr. B. as firm a patriot as Elder L. has been. (Exit.)

Enter Episcopalian.

Lawyer.—Your most obedient servant, Mr. E., happy to see you, Sir. Well, I was in New-York last week and I walked four miles in the morning to hear Bishop H. He is a truly elegant and eloquent man, and there is so much in your mode of worship that is systematic, and so much in accordance with decency and order, and so much the opposite to that wild ranting kind of worship, that I have fallen in love with it.—You see here that I have purchased me

a Common Prayer Book. The organ and choir in Bishop H's Church, are superior to any I have ever heard. I called on the Bishop the next morning and obtained an introduction to him. He does not, of course, take any part in politics, yet he gave me to understand, in the course of our conversation, that his feelings were on the right side. (Exit.)

Enter Methodist.

Lawyer.—How do you do brother M. I call you brother, because my parents were Methodists; and when I was a child the preachers used to visit our house, and I used to call them all brothers, from hearing my father and mother call them so. It is singular how strong the impressions of childhood are. Though I do not profess religion, yet I always feel more at home in a Methodist meeting than in any other. And yet I do not know whether this arises so much from the force of early impressions, as from that simplicity peculiar to your worship, and which is so congenial to my taste. I was riding through G. the other day, and as I came opposite a piece of wood, I heard the sound of singing. I immediately discovered there was a camp meeting in the neighbourhood, and notwithstanding my business was very urgent, I could not resist my inclination to attend. So I tied my beast to a tree, and after walking a mile I came to the ground. The first object that met my eye was the presiding Elder, Brother G., appealing in the most evangelical manner to the people, who were seated beneath shading branches of the surrounding forest. How forcibly it brings to my mind the Mount of Olives. I am considerably acquainted with Mr. G., and though he takes no part in the political contest of the day, yet in feelings he and I have always coincided. (Exit.)

Enter Universalist.

Lawyer.—How d' do Squire? Well I attended your meeting in the school house, the other evening, and was well satisfied with the sermon. Your preachers, whether right or wrong, are certainly men of great talent. Mr. S. used most splendid imagery in his sermon, and his arguments, admitting the premises, were certainly irresistible. I should have been pleased to have invited him home with me, but my wife was rather out of health that evening. I cannot see for my part, why people should be so prejudiced against your sentiments. They are certainly misrepresented. There is one thing people say about your doctrine, which is true; and that is "it is extremely captivating;" and as for its influence, I can say that many of our best citizens are Universalists. Let me see, I believe Squire, that you have been always a firm politician, and on the right side. Well the approaching contest requires our unanimous exertions. (Exit.)

Enter Quaker.

Lawyer.—Well, Thomas, how is thy health, I am glad that thee have taken the trouble to call.

Quaker.—I do not trouble gentlemen of thy profession very often; but I have called this afternoon to pay some money to thee. As we Friends do not believe in training men in the art of killing men systematically, they oblige us to pay for the enjoyment of our principles; and I understand there is the—I forget what military people call it—the man who receives the constitution money—

Lawyer.—Yes, and I wish I could get off so well as you do; whereas it costs me ten times the sum, besides eight or ten days drilling every year. But what renders the task more unpleasant is the reflection that always arises when I see the banners flying, and hear the drums beating around me, that the object of all this preparation is to train us in the art of destroying each other, and then I always think of the peaceful settlement of Pennsylvania by Penn. My Grandfather was a Quaker, and I have always admired their plainness of dress, their simplicity of manner, and their pacific sentiments. In short, Thomas, I have often thought if we were all Quakers, society would resemble the state of our first parents in Eden.

Quaker.—We shall never be all Quakers so long as so many of us are hypocrites, and so long as hypocrites have so much influence. If thy Grandfather was a Quaker, I am sorry thee has so degenerated from thy ancestors. The scruples thee professes about military duty condemn thee, for thee must be deluded