

before meal. This little boy, while he is in good health, told his mother one day, "Mother, I want to go home." The mother said she, "Whereabouts you want to go?" The little boy said, "Mother, I want to go home to heaven." The mother, said she, "No, no; you need not go away and leave me behind; I shall be lonesome and grieve and mourn after you." And little Simson said to his mother, "I must go home." Poor little Simson, he got sick in short time after, and while he was in the midst of his afflictions, brother Dr. John ask his little grandchild, and he said to him, "Are you remember yet that we use to engage in prayers?" The poor little

boy he was enabled to rejoice in Christ, and to raise his little arm in token that he was happy in God, and when he was departing; and we sure believe Simson happy gone home to heaven.

This little Simson was born in the month of Feb'y 10th, 1849, and baptized on 22nd of July, by the Rev. John Sunday; and he attend the funeral sermon of Simson, and reads whole chapter I. Corinthians, chap. 15—his text 55th verse in same chapter—words, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?"

C. HALFMOON.

Muncey Town, }  
October 10th, 1853. }

## P O E M S.

### TIME'S ADDRESS TO TEACHERS.

While the year is past thee flying,  
Teacher! on its margin stay;  
Hear its accents, faint and dying,  
Ere it vanisheth away:  
"Begin anew thy self-denying—  
Work, and watch, and hope, and pray."

*Work!* for fast the weeds are growing  
In the Spirit's fruitful field;  
Faster than thine earliest sowing  
Can its flowers or harvest yield;  
And the day is shorter growing  
Which must see thy work fulfill'd.

*Watch!* a legion-foe is near thee,  
And thy way is dark and long;  
There are watchers few to cheer thee,  
But thy foes are keen and strong;  
Foes of watching never weary;  
Foes to truth, a countless throng.

*Hope!* nor let earth's shadows move thee,  
Looming darkly o'er the soul;  
They are phantoms sent to prove thee,  
Ere thou reach the destined goal:  
There is One who still doth love thee,  
And can every storm control.

*Pray!* and in the conquering might  
Of celestial panoply  
Thou shalt put all foes to flight;  
And thy high reward shall be  
A dwelling with the Infinite,  
In the vast Eternity.

While the year is past thee flying,  
Teacher! on its margin stay,  
Hear its accents, faint and dying,  
Ere it vanisheth away:  
"Begin anew thy self-denying—  
Work, and watch, and hope, and pray."  
*Union Magazine*

### THE LABOUREE AND THE WARRIOR.

BY EPES SARGENT.

The camp has had its day of song!—  
The sword, the bayonet, the plume,  
Have crowded out of rhyme too long  
The plow, the anvil and the loom!  
Oh, not upon the tented field  
Are Freedom's heroes bred alone;  
The training of the workshop yields  
More heroes true than war has known.

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,  
May with a heart as valiant smite,  
As he who sees a fœman reel  
In blood before his blow of might:  
The skill that conquers space and time,  
That graces life, that lightens toil,  
May spring from courage more sublime  
Than that which makes a realm its spoil.

Let labor then, look up and see  
His craft no pith of honour lacks;  
The soldier's title yet shall be  
Less honoured than the woodman's axe:  
Let ART his own appointment prize,  
Nor deem that gold or outward light,  
Can compensate the worth that lies  
In tastes that breed their own delight.

And may the time draw nearer still  
When man this sacred truth shall heed,  
That from the thought and from the will  
Must all that raises man proceed!  
Though pride may hold our calling low,  
For us shall duty make it good;  
And we from truth to truth shall go,  
Till life and death are understood.