

Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear,
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger when here ;
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,
And sigh, dearest father, for you and for me.
My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze
On the long severed friends of her earliest days ;
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the land of the blest.

How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss,
That land must be surely more happy than this :
On you, my kind father, the journey depends,
Let me go to my mother, her kindred and friends ;
Not on me, love ! I trust I may reach that bright clime,
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive while awaiting his gracious behest
To guide thy young steps to the land of the blest.

Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy ;
Thy peace it may blight and thy comfort destroy ;
Nor wilt thou, alas, be withheld from its snares
By a mother's kind counsel, a mother's fond prayers.
Yet fear not ; the God whose disgression we crave
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save ;
His hand will yet guide you, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy mother, the land of the blest.

How God Lead Me These Forty Years.

If you refer to No. I, you will see that I received my first impressions from the eldest daughter of one of our most faithful ministers. This minister was the Rev. John Armstrong, who belonged to the old stalk of Methodist preachers. His eldest daughter was a faithful follower of the meek and lovely Jesus, and through her friendly and Christian counsel I was led to give myself to the Lord, and I shall never forget her words of love. She enjoyed at this time the blessing of holiness. Since I have