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## Poetry.

### "Abide with Us."

BY REV. H. F. LYTT.

Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.—Luke 22: 32.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness thickens; Lord! with me abide;  
When other helpers fall, and comfort flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebb life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around us lie,  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But as thou dwellest with thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, confiding, patient, free,  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terror, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;  
For all we need, a heart for every plea;  
Come Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, O! as I left Thee;  
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour,  
What but thy grace can fill the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,  
Ill have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me.

—New York Observer.

## Religious Miscellany.

### An Incident with a Moral.

A minister of the Gospel in one of the northern cities, some years ago, became deeply impressed with a desire for increased usefulness. He thought much upon the most probable means for the accomplishment of this object. The ordinary opportunities of access to his people, by public ministrations and customary pastoral visitings, did not satisfy his soul. At length, he resolved to visit every family, and as far as practicable, to ascertain the spiritual condition of each of its members, by personal conversation upon religious experience.

A day or two after he had commenced this heavenly employment, he called at the house of one of his most pious and influential members—a man of wealth. The father was absent at his place of business, and was at home. On making known to the latter his desire that she should summon her family to the parlour, and acquainting her with his design, she personally to them—to admonish, or speak to them as they might need, the mother thanked him with tears of gratitude, but said, "I have one request to make of you sir."

"What is that?" said the minister.  
"It is that you will not say anything to my eldest daughter, Mary, on the subject of religion. I have prayed for her, and will pray for her, but her heart is set upon vanity. Fashion and the world are predominant in her affections. She has become, of late exceedingly sensitive to reproach or admonition. Respectful in every other relation, she will not permit me to speak to her on religious subjects, without her mother's consent, and she is entirely unbecomingly affected. I have determined, therefore, to refrain from any direct appeal to her, until she shall give evidence of greater docility. You will please, therefore, say nothing to Mary, whatever you may say to the others. Should she, without your consent, be introduced, as well as my own, by the manner in which I am but too confident she would respond. May God bless your admonitions to the rest!"

In a few moments the family was gathered in the presence of the minister. Mary sat among them. She had entered with respectful courtesy, and taken her position at a window looking upon a street, apparently more interested at what was going on without, than attentive to the conversation within. The minister spoke first to the mother, of her responsibilities; then to the son, a youth of intelligence and promise; and to a younger daughter, and so on, until he had administered his kind and fatherly instructions to all. I mean all except Mary; to her he said nothing. He seemed to be unconscious of her presence. As tears of tenderness flowed freely from all who participated in the delightful interview, Mary sat at the window, playing idly with the tassels of the silken curtains, her proud spirit refusing the least intimation of sympathetic feeling. The brightness of her eye was undimmed by any gathering tear—the loftiness of her carriage was not, for a moment, relaxed by the minister's words. Let her be, when the minister said, "Let her be," she arose not from her seat, to bow with the rest, but remained still in her position in her scornful unconcern, her delicate fingers toying with the silken fringe of the drapery before her. The minister poured forth his soul in a fervent address to the members of the family to the guardianship of heaven referring to them, in his supplications, individually, and appropriately pressing to the mercy of the Father, through the merit of the Son. But he offered no prayer for Mary. Unconcernedly and proudly, she still played with the silken tassels. The prayer ceased—the good man arose. Taking each by the hand he affectionately gave a parting admonition and invocation; and bowing coldly to Mary, who coldly returned his civility, he left the room, and made his way to the entrance of the dwelling.

He had scarcely passed the threshold, when the words of the Redeemer, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," flashed upon his mind. Suddenly pausing, he said to himself, "Shall I refuse exertion for any soul, to save which my Master came down from heaven? Nay, God being my helper, I will return." Again he stood in the parlour. The family sat just as he left them, musing on the things he had spoken; Mary was, to all appearance, still cold and unmoved.

With a courage imparted by the Holy Spirit, he walked to where she sat, and, taking her hand in his, said, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Shall he save you?"

The rock was smitten! The waters gushed forth freely and fully! Mary, proud and scornful as she seemed to be, needed only the word of invitation, to bow, and weep, and pray. There was heard the bitter cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Angels hovered over that little assembly, and ere the descending sun gave place to the gathering twilight, the shout of conversion ascended to the throne, and there waited in heaven over the sinner that had repented.

It has been years since the above was related to us, and we do not know that it ever has been in print before. Its moral, which is two-fold, is borne upon its very face. Mothers may learn from it never to despair; and ministers may learn from it never to falter.—Power of Grace.

### The Train of Sin.

Such is the nature of man, and such the connected dependencies of his actions and events, that a single sin rarely stands alone. It has been observed that there is a strong affinity between the higher moral traits, inasmuch that he who exemplifies one will be sure to exemplify all the others in some measure, when the proper occasions are presented. Something more than this rule marks the prevalence of the malign passions. Not only will he who indulges one wicked passion exhibit a proclivity to others, on occasion, but he will, by that single indulgence, be brought into a train of circumstances, a succession of trials, and other evils, which are stages in the course of wickedness, and he who makes the first stage will find himself in the car that goes the whole route, and borne on with such a force as to render escape by no means easy.

The case of Joseph's brethren presents a striking example in point. Envy at the moral superiority of their noble brother, and the advantages connected with it, united to the fierce passion of jealousy at his usurpation of the seat of favor in their father's heart, led to their first act of crime. The thought of a rival in the heart of their father, a successful rival, did not beget in them a generous emulation by worthy conduct to live in that heart alongside their brother, sharing in fraternal love the common benediction of their sire. It rather produced the deep heart burning of a soul that deems itself wronged by the one that is worthy given to another. They, therefore, forgetting their scheme of fratricide on account of a special interposition of Providence, kidnapped and sold Joseph into perpetual bondage. This could not be done without the first crime must be concealed by a second. For should it be known at home, they anticipate the wild burst of indignation that would meet them on their return. And besides, should their father be suffered to know that his own yet living slave in Egypt, he would doubtless seek and redeem him. Then his dreams may be fulfilled, and they be forced, after all, to "bow down themselves to him to the earth."

The next step, then, is the invention of a lie that shall be sufficiently powerful to deceive their father. A lie even when approved by a sudden reprobation from a trembling guilty spirit to hide its shame and escape from punishment, is sufficiently vile. It is the comprehensive index of moral cowardice in all its varieties of form. But the man who can invent falsehood for a purpose, deliberately, who can form his plans for the emergency, and then, with face unblanched, and a voice controlled to steadiness of tone, state as true that which he knows to be false, is utterly a moral ruin. In such a man the foundation of character is sapped. The attempt to rear a superstructure would soon almost totter, since all the materials of moral excellence with which he would build tumble into ruins in the process.

And yet this is the stage at which those brethren soon arrived. And the case becomes stronger when we remember that theirs was not a single act of willful deception, but a course. They act with coolness and cunning. They are forced, as the consequence of their first act, into a course of deliberate villainy. They must carry in their breasts the fire of concealed crime.—They must act out in the most sacred relations of domestic life for more than twelve long years a stupendous lie. They must go through the mockery of rising up to console their father, who, with head shaven and mantle rent, and the sackcloth emblem of deep and hopeless mourning swathed about his loins, refuses to be comforted; and this, too, when the crime whose cause they had escaped by falsehood had brought down the crushing blow upon his head. They must forget all relatives, the absent brother, or else speak of him as dead, when they know, or at least, believed him to be alive. Oh, what a condition this for a human soul whose normal state is marked by truthfulness, honor, exquisite tenderness of feeling!—There is a lesson in all this that should burn itself into our minds. Avoid the beginning, or else speak of him as dead, when they know, or at least, believed him to be alive. Oh, what a condition this for a human soul whose normal state is marked by truthfulness, honor, exquisite tenderness of feeling!—There is a lesson in all this that should burn itself into our minds. Avoid the beginning, or else speak of him as dead, when they know, or at least, believed him to be alive. Oh, what a condition this for a human soul whose normal state is marked by truthfulness, honor, exquisite tenderness of feeling!—There is a lesson in all this that should burn itself into our minds. Avoid the beginning, or else speak of him as dead, when they know, or at least, believed him to be alive. 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