

ly hid from their view by the falling shower, while the sun yet shone brightly on the place where they were passing. As the thunder grew louder, and the black clouds came on nearer and nearer, the little ones shrunk still closer to their mother, who reminded them who it was that preserved them at home, and that he was there also. She directed their attention to the beautiful views which the occasional gleams of sunshine through a breaking cloud would lighten up, as they seemed to display themselves in fresher and more vivid colours, washed by the heavy rain, and set in contrast with the gloom around them; and then, as the cloud came nearer, she pointed out the advancing streak of foam upon the water, and made the children listen to the rattling sound of the falling drops.

The shower was not long in passing over, and presently the clustering houses of the little village to which they were going came in sight. The children watched it as it became more and more distinct, and were much pleased with its appearance, while they amused themselves in making guesses which was the house in which they were to stay. In a few minutes, they had the pleasure of walking on the shore. It was equal to all their expectations, and they quickly concluded that in such a pretty place they should never grow weary, and pressed their mother to promise a long stay. Mamma made answer, that as she had no one with her to assist in the care of the younger children, the elder sisters must of necessity have them constantly in charge while out of her sight, and that this would soon tire them, who were not accustomed to have much beside their studies to employ them. Many fine promises were instantly offered, and strong assurances made, that mother should see how good and careful they would be. Their mother smiled, and told them that she would talk more upon the subject on the morrow or the next day, when, she had no doubt, they would have made the discovery that it was quite possible to enjoy as much happiness in their own home and little garden, as in this place, with all its pretty walks, and the view of the noble river all the while before them. This they would hardly believe, even though mamma declared it, and with one accord pronounced it impossible.

Whose opinion was nearest the truth, I mean to tell you in another number. Now, I have only room to ask my readers if they cannot find some useful lesson in this part of my little history.

Perhaps if they read with a little care, they may learn,

First, that the rich as well as the poor can only be called happy, when they love and serve God.

Secondly, that they who trust in God need fear no evil, as they are safe every where, for there is no place where God is not.

Children's Magazine.

W.

ORIGINAL.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. E—A—B.

BY REQUEST.

'Tis done! thy glass of life is spent, thy frail existence o'er,
Death's final shaft has pierc'd thy heart—and he can strike no more—
Thy mortal frame has sunk beneath his long repeated blows;
His work is finished, and with it are finished all thy woes.

Thy patience has been wonderful beneath the racking pains
That gnawed upon the living nerve and run thro' all thy veins:
From month to month the lean disease fed at life's tender core:
But thy unshaken constancy one moment gave not o'er.

I tell not of the sympathy my heart shared with thy pain;
But I will tell whence was the strength that did thy soul sustain:
Twas faith in Christ that made thee strong such mighty ills to bear—
Strength caught from heaven, and borne to thee upon the wings of prayer.

Farewell!--the bitterness of death--its deadliest sting is past--
No taste of death for thee remains when others stand aghast--
Thy steps have followed where thy Lord the way triumphant trod;
And thou shalt rest in glorious hope till sounds the trump of God.

Farewell!--but not a long farewell; my days must soon be told;
My mortal flesh must fall and sink beneath its parent mould:--
Tis mine however to keep the faith, that when that trump shall sound,
To praise and honor life and peace my faith may then be found.

Our promise is that he shall come, and burst the bars of death,
And breathe upon our sleeping dust his life restoring breath,
And raise us like his glorious self--such grace has he in store!
Then shall we live and meet again, to die and part no more!

ORBATUS.

• At the day of Judgment.

THE HOUR OF DEATH,

BY MRS. HEMENS.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet has its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears; but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious to decay
And smile at thee;—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

It is when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
It is when roses in our path grow pale?
They have one season;—all are ours to die.

Thou art where billows foam;
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth,—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm of rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
And skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
The stars to set;—but all
Thou hast all seasons for thy own, Oh Death!

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