

YOUTH'S CORNER.

SORROW WITH REJOICING.

MARY ELISA R. was the only daughter of the Rev. R. V. R. From her birth she had been with prayer set apart to Christ's service...

MARY ELISA R. would rather be considered intelligent than clever. Her capacity for learning was equal to the generality of children...

With the exception of two months this little girl had been wholly educated by her Mother; and it was one great aim with her to train the affections as well as the intellect...

Through naturally passionate, yet so very independent mind, obedience to others was with her, a very difficult task; many and hard were the struggles for mastery over the spirit of disobedience; but the dear child, eventually, conquered.

My Father and Mother, I know, I cannot your kindness repay, But I hope that as often I grow I shall learn your commands to obey.

been enough to recall her from an obstinate indulgence of her own will. The selfishness of the heart was an hourly task to watch against; and her truly affectionate consideration of the comfort and happiness of others proved, that the departed had made great acquisitions in love.

Pleasing in appearance, lively in disposition, entering into all the innocent amusements of her age, this dear child was the favourite of her companions, and much beloved by her friends in general.

From the first dawn of the mind, care yet the babe could understand whose name she was taught to hush, this little child of grace had been accustomed to hear of, and taught to love Jesus.

One of the servants of the family was unable to read, and MARY had frequently endeavoured to teach her.

In consequence of the serious illness of her Father, which rendered quietness necessary, MARY and her two Brothers had been removed to the houses of friends.

My attention had been greatly taken up with recollections of the former history of Augsburg, and I rather neglected the modern works of art and industry, such as the great cotton-factory which I passed in my walk, outside the Jacob's gate.

For some time she had been in the habit of having, what they called Family Prayers, with her two younger Brothers; when she would read a portion of the Bible always; and, sometimes, pray with them.

On the last Lord's Day of her being with us, her Mother was sitting by her bed, when she said: "Mamma, please to put me on a clean cap and nightgown, and now kiss me, Dear Mamma!"—then, looking up into her face: "I do not want to stay here, Mamma!"—and on her mother's looking surprised, she added: "Does not Jesus say, Suffer little children to come to me and forbid them not?"

The next two days of her life, she was happily rational. Indeed—it was a deadly

strife between youth and death; and though every thing was done that medical skill, prompted by Christian sympathy, could suggest, yet it was ineffectual.

The first symptom of any peculiarly religious feeling was noticed in September of the previous year. Her Parents and Brothers were visiting a neighbouring Clergyman. One afternoon, her Father went to his room, when he found it fastened from within.

A ministerial friend of her Father had sent her from a distance—'Choice Gatherings for Christian Children,' of which she was very fond;—she frequently read it, and probably this suggested the thought of her teaching the servant to read, and having prayer with her little Brothers.

MARY ELISA R. was early taught the Christian duty of self-denial. The small weekly allowance of pocket-money was never spent in sweets and such, but a large portion of it cast into the poor box on the Lord's day.

From this imperfect sketch, it will be easily seen, that the bereaved friends do not mourn as those without hope, assured as they are that MARY ELISA R. SLEEPS TO REST.

May not Christian Parents feel encouraged, from this instance of what God the Holy Ghost has done, to be ever diligent in the training of their children, whether for the honour of a long life spent in Christ's service, or for the early entering on the glory of the redeemed?

Will not the little ones of Christ's fold take the lesson from MARY ELISA R., that death is near—that, would they have the presence of Jesus in sickness, they must diligently seek him in health? Should these effects be wrought by the event which has inflicted a wound on the hearts of Parents which can never be forgotten,—they will rejoice at this further instance of a FATHER'S love and power in making all things work together for good to his redeemed children.

VACATION JOURNEY from Ulm to Augsburg, in 1841.

Before I took my leave of Augsburg, I made a point of taking a walk all around the city, which is pleasant because Augsburg is beautifully ornamented with rows of trees outside the walls and ditches and ramparts, at the public expense; and beyond the public walk again there are handsome villas and gardens owned by the wealthy citizens: so you walk in the shade as if you were in a garden, yourself, and do not feel much the fatigue of your walk.

My attention had been greatly taken up with recollections of the former history of Augsburg, and I rather neglected the modern works of art and industry, such as the great cotton-factory which I passed in my walk, outside the Jacob's gate.

Mr. Cotta's steam-press I did go to see, which prints the two sides of a sheet of paper at the same time, and rolls off eleven hundred sheets of printed paper in an hour. This is a glorious invention in one point of view; that is, when you take it for granted that the work thus printed is useful and edifying for people to read.

But it is a disheartening thought, that the great majority of books which are now so easily printed, and sent forth in such large numbers, are only just such as corrupt the heart and blind the understanding. How

delightful, then, it is, to know that improvements in printing, paper-making, and binding have enabled the Bible Societies in Europe and America to print those millions of copies of the Scriptures, now circulating among almost every nation on the globe!

After leaving Mr. Cotta's printing-office, I looked into a large library full of learned and entertaining books, and then I said to myself: "I wish some one would invent a way of reading, and understanding, and remembering the contents of eleven hundred sheets of paper in an hour; that would be an invention such as the world has never yet heard of!"

I did not leave Augsburg without going to see the Railway station, where a long row of cars with their roaring and puffing and steaming iron horse stood ready to convey passengers from Augsburg to Munich; 45 miles in the space of two hours and a quarter.

And if men will not be thus convinced of their dependence upon God for the convenience of steam-travelling, they are fearfully reminded of it now and then by accidents, as people call them, because things turn out differently from what they wished or expected, though nothing happens otherwise than God knew and permitted.

I saw the train start for Munich; and while there was scarcely any thing but light-heartedness and merriment among the passengers, I endeavoured to lift up my heart to God in prayer for their safety, and also for mine, though I was not going to travel by the rail-road.

Further, do not suppose, as many foolishly think, and some wickedly pretend, that by obeying Christ you must become as an Englishman—at least food, &c. Know, that there is nothing about food in this Religion. Eat the food you have always been accustomed to eat.

THE BEES IN INDIA. From a letter written by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Missionary of the Free Church, at Bombay, 1st April, 1848.

I intended to have given you, at present, a continuation of my communication of last month; but this I am scarcely able to do.

THE TWO MEN IN THE ONE BREAST.—An Indian being among his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful.

PREACHING TO THE HEATHEN IN INDIA.

Here I mention, in a few words as may be, the substance of what I generally preach to the villagers. On first entering, I ask for the readers in the place, as, though I have often tried to address persons who have no knowledge of letters whatever, yet I have generally, not always, found it perfectly vain.

Having then, found out the readers, I tell them I have got the Word of God, which, if they are willing, they may take and read. "Here are three things," I say "which you are required to do—to worship the one, supreme, eternal God, who is a Spirit; and therefore requires not your offerings of rice, or water, or sandalwood powder; but simply that you worship Him from your hearts in spirit and in truth."

good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?

The next point is, for you to repent of all your sins; and, in order to know what sin is, you must read the words of the Great Spirit, whose book I give you.

I generally here enlarge on the nature of the moral law, and the goodness of God in creating and sustaining us, &c.; and the propriety and reasonableness of loving God with all our hearts, and our neighbours as ourselves.

Well, then, I continue, "when you are thus convinced of sin, the third point is, that you believe in the Holy Incarnation, who by His death has made an atonement for your sins, and now ever liveth to mediate between you and the Great Invisible. This Divine Incarnation is called Jesus Christ, which means God the Saviour, who came into the world on purpose to save sinners."

All eyes were instantly turned upon the young officer, and a murmur of surprise ran around the room. That a person should be so unaccustomed and so mean as never to drink wine, was really too bad; but that he should abstain from it on an occasion like that, and even when offered to him by Washington himself, it was perfectly intolerable!

Washington saw at once the feelings of his guests, and promptly addressed them: "Gentlemen," said he, "it is right. I do not wish any of my guests to partake of any thing against their inclination, and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established principle in their social intercourse with me."

WARRIORS IN RETIREMENT. There is a county in Alabama called Marengo. The circumstances under which the appellation was given to it are alluded to in an address before the University of Alabama by Mr. A. B. Meek.

There are the principal topics on which I generally insist in the villages; and considering the prejudices of the villagers especially, and how easily they take alarm, it appears to me that one should scarcely advance more until they begin to cry out, What must we do to be saved?

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we owe our signal deliverance, we are both doing well, so much so indeed that we hope in a few days to be free from all pain, if not inconvenience, arising from this affliction.

In an address delivered by the Rev. Dr. Cox, some years ago, the following anecdote of the Father of his country was appropriately introduced.

Towards the close of the revolutionary war, an officer in the army had occasion to transact some business with Gen. Washington, and repaired to Philadelphia for that purpose.

Washington saw at once the feelings of his guests, and promptly addressed them: "Gentlemen," said he, "it is right. I do not wish any of my guests to partake of any thing against their inclination, and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established principle in their social intercourse with me."

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