

## CHILDRENS' DEPARTMENT.

## THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM.

"Then Abraham gave up the ghost and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; and was gathered to his people.

"And his sons Isaac and Ishmael buried him in the cave of Mach-pe-lah, in the field of Ephron the son of Zohar the Hittite, which is before Mamre;

"The field which Abraham purchased of the sons of Heth: there was Abraham buried, and Sarah his wife."—Genesis xxv. 8, 9, 10.

Here is death again. Abraham gave up the ghost, that is, yielded back his spirit to God who gave it; and he was buried in the same town with Sarah. Abraham married after he lost Sarah, and he lived to be an hundred three score and fifteen years, that is sixty and fifteen years old; making in all one hundred and seventy five years. But this world ended with him, and so it must with us all. How foolish would Abraham have been, had he only placed his hopes on always keeping his flocks and herds, and all the riches which he had; but Abraham died in faith, and looked for durable riches in heaven. Those that live by faith as he did, will also die in faith like him, and enjoy his rest. You read, in the parable of the Rich Man, that Lazarus was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, showing us that Abraham was happy, and pious Lazarus was made as happy as he.

It is said he died in "a good old age." My dear little reader, it is not every one of whom this can be said; some people die in a bad old age. They have lived all their lives in sin; and that old age which is still spent in sin, is a very bad old age indeed, for it has no hopes beyond the grave. But Abraham had spent all his best days in serving God; he looked back upon them with pleasure, and now his old age had become happy and good. "Only fear the Lord and serve him," and if you live to be old, it shall be so with you: but a sinful life will perhaps prevent you from living till old age, or if you do, instead of being a good old age, it will be a bad old age, both in body and mind.

And here I must tell you, that Abraham though a good man, had his faults. You will often read of the faults of good men, as you read your Bible; and they are told you for two reasons: first that you should avoid them, and not commit the same; and secondly, to show that God would not hide them, and that he was displeased with them, and often corrected good men severely for them. But while others live in sin, these did not commit those faults again, and were sorry for them; and their virtues shone so brightly that their faults were only like the spots in the sun, very faint and very few, compared with their excellencies.

In the twentieth chapter of Genesis, we find Abraham, contrary to that faith or trust which he had in God, guilty not indeed of telling a lie, but of keeping back the truth when he ought to have spoken it; which was no credit to him. He went into the country of king Abimelech, and as he foolishly feared that the king might take his wife Sarah, and make her a queen, she being very beautiful, he told her to say she was his sister. This was so far true, for they had both the same father, but not the same mother; but then it implied that she was not his wife. And he had nearly brought himself and Sarah, and the king into great distress, by his mistrust of God's care in this instance.

But while we read of these faults and follies in good men, as faithfully told in the Bible, let it lead us to pray to God to keep us from doing the same, and to ask his grace that we may imitate their numerous virtues.

Isaac and Ishmael buried their father with all due regard to his memory; for "the memory of the just is blessed;" even Ishmael paid this respect to the remains of his father, though Ishmael was not a good man. Thus we learn that we should honor our parents; and as you would have your children honor you, if you live to be fathers and mothers, so respect their dust, and commit it with decency and solemnity to the tomb.—*Child's Commentator.*

[SELECTED.]

## TO WILLIAM.—By MR. PRABODY.

It was but yesterday, my child, thy little heart beat high,  
And I had scorn'd the warning voice that told me thou must die;  
I saw thee move with active bound, with spirits light and free,  
And infant grace and beauty threw their every charm on thee.

Upon the dewy field I saw thy early footsteps fly,  
Unfettered as the native bird that cleaves the radiant sky,  
And often as the sunrise gale blew back thy shining hair,  
Thy cheek beheld the red rose tinge that health had painted there.

Then withered as my heart had been, I could not but rejoice,  
To hear upon the morning wind, the music of thy voice,  
Now echoing in the careless laugh, now melting down to tears,  
'Twas like the sound I used to hear in young and happier years.

Thanks for that memory to thee, my little lovely boy,  
'Tis all remains of former bliss, that care cannot destroy;  
I listened as the mariner suspends the outboard oar,  
To taste the farewell gale that flows from off his native shore.

I loved thee and my heart was blest—but ere the day was spent,  
I saw thy light and graceful limbs in drooping illness bent,  
And shuddered as I cast a look upon thy fainting head,  
For all the glow of health was gone, and life was almost fled.

One glance upon thy marble brow, made known that hope was vain;  
I knew thy swiftly wasting lamp should never light again;  
Thy cheek was pale, thy snow white lips were gently thrown apart,  
And life in every passing breath seemed gushing from the heart.

And when I could not keep the tear from gathering in my eye,  
Thy little hand prest gently mine in token of reply;  
To ask one more exchange of love, thy look was upward cast,  
And in that long, long burning kiss, thy happier spirit passed.

I trusted I should not have lived to bid farewell to thee,  
And nature in my heart declares it ought not so to be;  
I hoped that thou within the grave my weary head should lay,  
And live beloved when I was gone, for many a happy day.

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying eyes to close,  
And how I envied in that hour thy calm and deep repose!  
For I was left alone on earth, with pain and grief oppress,  
And thou wast with the sainted, "where the weary are at rest."

Yes, I am left alone on earth—but I will not repine,  
Because a spirit loved so well is earlier blest than mine;  
My fate may darken as it will, I shall not much deplore,  
Since thou art where the joys of life can never reach thee more.

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