

## THE CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

O God of yonder starry frame,  
How should a thing like me  
Dare to pronounce thy holy name,  
Or bow to thee the same?  
I know not of my spirit's birth,  
How dust and soul combine,  
Nor being of one thing on earth,  
And how can I know thine?

I only know that I was made  
Thy purpose to fulfil;  
And that I gladly would be good,  
And do thy holy will.  
For this, my being rational,  
For this, my dwelling place,  
I bless thee, Lord; but most of all,  
For Gospel of thy grace.

Direct my soul to search and know  
What Jesus did for me;  
And teach my little heart to glow  
With thankfulness to thee.  
And when this weary life is done,  
And dust to dust declines,  
Then may I dwell beyond the sun,  
Where thy own glory shines.

Take my dear parents to thy care,  
My little kinsfolk too,  
And listen to their humble prayer,  
When they before thee bow.  
And when they pray for helpless me,  
With fervour that exceeds,  
Do thou return the blessing free  
And double on their heads.

ETTRICK SHERHERD.

## MY MOTHER.

"Ye that have lost, or ye who fear to lose,  
Can only know my pangs."

I was but five years old when my mother died; but her image is as distinct in my recollection, now that twenty years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice that was soft and cheerful, when she praised me; and when I had erred, for I was a wild, thoughtless child, there was a trembling mildness about it that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient! Methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so?" I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me "to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love." I recollect she was very ill all day, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do, before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and, laying my lips close to hers, whispered, "Mother, mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold, and when she put her arm around me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep over me. My father carried me from the room; but he could not speak. After they put me to bed, I laid a long while thinking. I feared my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt cold, as my little sister's did when she died, and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face—I removed it—it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed, her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expressions that always rested upon her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I always would be, if she would but stay with me.

She was buried. But the memory of the funeral is indistinct. I only retain the impression which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition, without fancying I saw her mild, tearful eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life. And then when I had succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensities to evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err; and I could not, would not do it. I was the child of her affection. I knew she had prayed and wept over me. I resolved to become as she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is

that is estimable in my character, I owe to the impressions of goodness made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instructions of my excellent mother.

JOHN BAILEY (who laboured in the Gospel in Chester, Ireland, and New-England) gave evidence of his gracious state when very young, by his habitual fear of God, and the practice of daily prayer. This was attended with one very remarkable and happy effect. His father was a wicked man; and his mother took him while he was a child, and, calling the family together, caused him to pray with them. His father hearing how the child prayed with the family, was so struck with the conviction, that it proved the beginning of his conversion to God.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Prospectus of a New Work from the pen of William M. Leggett, Wesleyan Missionary, to be entitled

**THE MEMENTO.** This Publication, which is to form a Duo-deimo volume of about 200 pages, will include a selection of original sermons, tracts, poems, and sacred melodies; and as the author has used every effort to render it acceptable even to the eye of criticism, his patrons may anticipate an adequate return for the small sum of three shillings and nine pence per copy.

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Bathurst, 21st Dec., 1837.

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Price 2s. per copy. 25 per cent discount allowed, where one dozen or upwards are ordered by any one person.

P. S. Subscriptions for either of the above works received at the Wesleyan office, Halifax, or at the book-store of Messrs. A. & W. McKinlay, April 9th.

In the Press, and shortly to be published, a Sermon entitled, **THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST,** Preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, at Guysboro', on Sunday January 7, 1838. By Robert Cooney. April 9.

Recently Published, and for sale at the Stationary Store of Messrs A. & W. McKinlay, Mr. C. H. Eicher, Mr. J. Munro, and

by the author in Windsor, a Treatise against **UNIVERSALISM;** in which Universalism in its Ancient Form, as embodied in the Restoration-scheme, and in its Modern Form, as enjoying no future punishment, is shown to be Anti-Scriptural. By Rev. Alexander W. McLeod. April 23.

"To convince of his error a thorough Universalist, so as to cause him to abandon it, is almost a hopeless task. In not a few instances, it is to be feared, persons of this kind, are given over to strong delusion that they should believe a lie. By such, Truth, tho' supported by the whole weight of scriptural testimony, is despised; on their wilfully perverted understandings and obdurate hearts it makes no deep, no permanent impression—the consequences of such perversity and obduracy, fearful and distressing as they are, must be borne by themselves under circumstances of hopeless remedy. Sufficient, however, it is thought, is contained in the following pages, to satisfy the enquiries of every sincere seeker after truth, and to assure him of the falsity of Universalism. To all such, and the community generally, the present publication is now committed, with an earnest desire, that it may be rendered instrumental, under the Divine blessing, of reclaiming, if possible, such as have wandered in the labyrinth of this destructive error, settling the doubts of those who are about to overstep the Rubicon of scepticism—and confirming others in the all important verities of the Gospel, which they have already embraced."—Extract from the Preface.

## TERMS, &amp;c.

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N. B.—Exchange Papers should be addressed to the Editor of the Wesleyan, Windsor, N. S.

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