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THE MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD

FOR
NOVEMBER,
1852.



THE
MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
RECORD

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No. 11



The Horse.

The horse is one of the most sensible and most affectionate of creatures. You see, every day, how a team will obey the man who drives them, going on, stopping, moving to the right or left, and turning any corner, all without the carter going near them. They have learned the meaning of his words, or they could not do this; and is it not dreadful that a creature able to understand, and most willing to obey the voice, should be beaten and tortured as horses are? Why does a horse go

as fast as he can when he is cruelly whipped, and his poor mouth wounded by the hard bit? Because he is trying to get away from the man or boy who treats him so. Ah! when God brought his beautiful creatures to the first man, to be named, and gave them into his care, there was no appearance of man ever becoming so cruel, or the animals so miserable as they now are! Yet the Lord loves mercy and judgment, and hates tyranny and wrong, as much now as then; and we may be quite cer-

tain of this, that every cruelty committed is an offence in His sight, and will be terribly punished, if it be not repented of and left off; for when a person says he repents, and goes on doing the same thing as before, he is deceiving himself and provoking God.

The horse must bear a great deal of dreadful pain and suffering to be made fit for the use man puts him to, in drawing carriages, and other things. It is not natural for him to have even a bridle and saddle on him; much less to be loaded with harness, to wear blinkers on his eyes, and to drag a great heavy weight as fast as he can run, keeping always attentive to the least touch of the reins, and turning according to prevent knocking his carriage against others. His fine spirit must be broken, his liberty quite taken away, and many a bitter smart must the poor, dumb, harmless, helpless creature suffer. But surely this ought to be enough; and you would not be the cruel wretch to add to his pains? Sometimes people *must go fast*; but one who would distress and torment a horse to make it go fast, just because it pleases him to be moving quickly, is doing a very bad thing; and so is the person who could neglect to give food and drink to a horse when he wants it. I wonder when I see the poor doing this; they know what it is to be overworked, and to want as much as they could eat; they are often cold, and cannot get firing enough; and if they were tied up, and not able to run about, or to help themselves, having no servants to wait upon them, how very badly off they would think themselves? Yet a poor horse is much worse off, he can neither do anything for himself, nor express his wants to others; he does his best, serves us faithfully, obeys all that he understands, and then to be ill-used, neglected, starved! it is a thing that I cannot bear to think of; and I hope, dear boys, you will always set your faces against such wickedness. Remember that promise which the Lord has given, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

I dare say you have heard of the Arabs—a wild people, the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham, who possess a great deal of country in the east; and are powerful and much feared, because nobody has been able to conquer them. Their greatest strength consists in having the boldest, fleetest, most docile horses in the whole world. There are some Arabian horses in England which may be known in a moment by their uncommon beauty, their delicate arched necks, waving manes, and long tails; but though a great price is given for them, and they are lodged and fed and tended with all the care possible, they cannot be so happy in a king's palace as in the tent or hut of their poor masters at home. The Arab treats his horse like a child; gives it to eat of his own victuals, to drink of his own bowl of milk, and lets it sleep in the midst of his family. Of course, the animal becomes so fond of him, that it serves him for love, carries him through all dangers, and has often been known to defend him with its life. We cannot bring up our horses in this way, nor treat them as the wild Arab does; but knowing what sense, and feeling, and gratitude, and love, this noble creature can and does show, we ought to be always watching to avoid giving it unnecessary pain, and to persuade others to be equally kind.—*From Kindness to Animals, by Charlotte Elizabeth.*

Counsels for the Young.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if trouble come upon you; keep up your spirit, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never last for ever;
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air,
A sunshiny morning comes without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver pass away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

He that revenges knows no rest.
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have accomplished your end. By little and little, great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more. Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.

The Poor Fisherman's Lamp.

Many years ago, a poor fisherman, who carried on his profession on a bold and rocky coast, sailed out to sea one day to cast his lines into the deep. Towards evening, when he was about to return, the wind suddenly sprung up, and became stronger and stronger, until it rose to a violent storm. The small worn-out boat of the fisherman was a poor vessel to bear such a gale, and it was tossed about on the high

rough waves like a ball of feathers—now lifted upon their foaming crest, and now sinking down in the deep hollow, with watery walls on either side. The coast toward which he was steering was very dangerous. High precipices overhung the deep, and reefs ran out from the shore. Some sharp rocks rose above the water, but others far more to be feared lay hid beneath it. Well did the poor man know, that if on that dark and dreadful night his little boat did but touch one of these rocks, it would break to pieces like an egg-shell, and that he would sink like a stone in the deep water. What the fisherman felt as the night grew black around him, and hid everything from his view but the foaming billows, you may imagine; for now, he could no longer see any marks to steer by, and soon he knew not on what part of the coast he was. Every moment he expected to strike upon some fatal rock, which would burst the frail planks of his boat, and prove to him the stroke of death. It was a dreadful hour; but lo! while almost suffering the bitterness of death, a glancing ray of light beamed faintly upon him from the shore, and showed him the direction of the coast. It came from a little lamp, which burned and shone from the window of a humble hut. Revived and rejoiced by this ray of hope, he now put forth the utmost effort of his remaining strength, and calling upon God for help, he rowed, with weak oars, his little bark through the wild breakers directly towards the light. Nearer and still nearer he approached the shore: his mind tossed like the sea around him with the dread of death and the hope of life, till at last, to his great joy, he sprung safely upon land. Overcome with his exertion, he sank to the ground; but at length he found strength enough to rise and kneel, and thank the merciful hand of God for delivering him from so great a danger. But he did more than this—he determined to build a hut on that very spot, with a window towards the sea, and

every night to put in that window a bright lamp, to direct storm-tossed or shipwrecked mariners to a place of safety. Poor though he was, he was able to fulfil his vow. And he would rather be without bread to eat than that that lamp should want oil to feed the flame. The hut stands to this day, and its nightly bright light has already saved many, and shown them the way across the stormy wave.

Now to such a light the cause of Missions may be fitly compared; and the poor fisherman resembles those men of God who seek to place the light of life where the benighted and perishing may see it, and be saved. They can tell from their own experience what it is to be tossed on the dark and dangerous ocean of this sinful world, in storm and night, without compass, or land-mark, and without a ray of light to steer by, in the fear of death and hell. But they have found deliverance. It was brought to them by the bright light of the Gospel. This has shown them the way of life. And how can they who have thus escaped the dread of danger, and found the joy of salvation, do otherwise than, like the fisherman, place their lamp in the window, that it may shine into the darkness of the heathen world, that thousands of others, yet in sorrow and sin, may see the light that leads to salvation and eternal glory? Should they not rather want bread than that the Missionary Lamp should lack oil? Have you, dear reader, such a lamp in your window? I mean, Have you that merciful compassion, that willingness to make sacrifices to save the heathen from spiritual and eternal death, which the poor fisherman felt for the deliverance of the storm-tossed mariner?

Character for Integrity.

We have somewhere seen a notice of a Rotterdam thread merchant who had accumulated fifty thousand dollars by his own industry, punctuality and integrity, and it was remarked of him that he never let a yard of lad thread go out of his hands, and

would never take more than a reasonable profit. By these means he acquired such entire public confidence, that his customers would as willingly send a blind man or a child to buy for them as go themselves. We refer to the case not to intimate that we have no such instances among ourselves, but for the purpose of suggesting the great value to any business man of such a character, and the exceeding agreeableness to dealers with him of the confidence he inspires. And we affirm nothing extravagant in saying that the character for strict integrity acquired is of as much real worth to its possessor as the pecuniary savings of his industry. Let such a man lose by any misfortune all his money, he is still a man of capital, of weight, of influence, and is the superior, on more business calculations, of many a man of large monied means. But the beauty of the thing is this, that any man, however small his business and limited his capital, has just as good an opportunity of winning confidence as the millionaire. Integrity in small things is even more impressive than integrity in great things. And after all that men may say in praise of the enterprise, skill, shrewdness, and tact of particular business men, there is one character towards which all minds instinctively render their reverence—and that is, the man who would rather be honest than wealthy, and who prefers integrity to gain.

"More Blessed to Give than to Receive."

"Mamma," said a bright little boy one day to his mother, "I want to go and get some chesnuts, so as to have something to give the little heathen children." So saying, he called his little brother, about four years of age, and they went very happily together to their work. They toiled for some time, and soon gathered their dishes full; and although they were quite tired, they still persevered in their labour, and soon gathered enough to send away. They then handed them to their dear papa, and he gave them their value in money. Their happy faces brightened up as they received it, and the elder said to the younger brother, "Now we have got some money to buy Bibles for the heathen!" They

then laid it up in their little mission-box, to give on the first opportunity. Now these dear little boys were very happy, *because they wanted to do good*. When asked if they were not more happy than they would have been had they kept the money for their own benefit, they replied, "Yes, because it will make the little heathens better when they read the Bibles." Now I hope all our young readers will do what they can to send the Gospel to the benighted heathen; and if they cannot get chestnuts to sell for money, perhaps they can get something else that will be valuable; and thus help to save the poor perishing heathen. Then, dear children, shall you realize the truth of that saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A Remarkable Sermon.

A story is told of Dr Beecher, of Cincinnati, that is worth recording, as illustrating the truth that we can never tell what may result from an apparently insignificant action. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister in exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was in mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not was now the question; and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only one hearer. And, when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his "congregation," but he had departed. A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after it was brought to the doctor's mind

quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we spent two hours together in a house alone once in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," added the old man; "pray, when was it?" "Do you remember preaching twenty years ago in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio.—Hogg's Instructor.

The Brahmin Outwitted.

Missionaries in India have more difficulties than in many heathen countries. Most of the people there think themselves very clever, but especially the Brahmins. These men often rail against the Gospel, and sometimes make many bold assertions. "It is impossible to reason with them," writes a missionary; "and, at times, we use stratagem to silence them, as the following will show:—A Brahmin, on one occasion, declared very positively that he himself was God. The missionary, not willing to enter into a fruitless controversy with the man, thrust his hand into his pocket, and then asked him, 'How many fingers he had on his hand.' 'Now, indeed,' answered he, 'that is nothing; every man has five fingers on his hand.' 'Confess now that thou knowest nothing,' said the missionary, 'and that, therefore, thou art not God; for I have on my hand not five fingers, but only four fingers and a half.' He then drew forth his hand from his pocket, and showed it, with part of one finger cut off, to the people. All laughed the proud Brahmin to scorn, and he went away ashamed.

See that your experience is not like the light of a ship hung astern, illuminating only the track it has passed.

GARLAND M.

Fred. SEEBOLD.

ANDANTE. Cres.

P. Since Je - sus free - ly did ap - pear, To grace a marriage

P.

least; O Lord we ask thy pre - sence here, O Lord we ask thy

P.

pre - sence here To shine on ev - ry guest, O

Dim. **Cres.** **Ritard.**

Lord we ask thy pre - sence here To shine on ev - ry guest.



Missionary Cabinet.

"Have you ever been at the Missionary Cabinet?"

"I never heard of it before," answers one child, "I do not know where it is."

I will tell you where it is, and you must be sure to visit it, whenever you have an opportunity. It is in the city of Boston. I care say *some* of the Boston Sabbath school children will be greatly surprised when they hear that, for I suppose many of them are quite ignorant of such a place. They know where the Common is, and the State House, and they may have visited the Natural History Rooms, and the New-England Museum; but the Missionary Cabinet they have still to visit. Now I will tell you where it is, and when children from the country visit the city, they must be sure to go there, to behold the curious things which the missionaries have sent home from the heathen lands where they are at work.

"Well, but how to get there." I will tell you.

Suppose you are at the Park Street church. Every body can find that, because it is on the corner of Tremont and Park streets, opposite to the very eastern corner of the Common. Go

down Tremont street by the great Tremont House, you will know it by the granite front, and granite pillars supporting the portico: then by a row of large, handsome stores, with many fine things at the windows. This is called Tremont Row. Pass along these buildings, and then you come, at the left, to a clean, wide street, going from the row up a gentle rise of ground. This is a part of Pemberton Square. As you go up on the left hand side you will see on the back side of a high building, in large letters,

"AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS."

Here is the Missionary House.

It is a very interesting sight to view these varied collections of sacred things—that is, sacred in the eyes of the heathen; but it is also a very melancholy sight when we think of the degraded condition of the people that bend and worship such things.

In the third story of the building there is a large room set apart for the different idols and images sent to the Society from the various foreign sta-

tions, several of which we have already presented to the readers of the Record. Surely darkness must cover the land, and gross darkness the people; but what is our duty? This is the important point, and we must not put it off, but decide at once what we should do to remove it.

Address to Parents.

Often, very often, when the instruction at the Sunday-school has been half over—often, when we have just been starting for church—have I seen a boy or girl come in, sometimes with a half-eaten slice of his breakfast bread and butter in his hand, and when I have said, "You're very late, my lad!" I have had for answer—

"Please, Sir, mother couldn't get me ready before, Mother was'n't up in time, Sir!"

What could I answer? What can a clergyman or teacher say to the scholar from whom he gets this reason for being late?

We can't find fault with the child.

And we can't find fault with you, by sending a message of reproof to you through your child. A clergyman or a teacher would be very unwise who should give a child a message of reproof to carry to his father or mother. We want them, and we teach them, to honor you, and therefore we don't say anything to lower you in their eyes.

So we must talk to you, and ask you—specially mothers and elder sisters—to consider what a sad thing it is that a child should lose the only little instruction he gets on a Sunday—sometimes, alas! the only little instruction he gets all the week—because his father and mother lie in bed so late that he can't get his breakfast and be ready in time.

We wish the time had come—it would be a good time for our country—when every father and mother would have their Sunday-school at home. The fireside would make the best Sunday-school, and a Christian father or mother the best teacher.

But this is far from being the case at present. Many of you, whatever may be your will, are not scholars enough to teach your children.

Well, your richer neighbors and your clergymen have done their part, and got a comfortable room and books; and kind friends, young and old, leave their comfortable and quiet homes, and are ready to teach your children on Sundays that which, by God's grace, will make them better children to you, better men and women when they go out into life, and prepare them for another and a happier world.

Teachers are not paid for this. They do it from love to the Lord Jesus Christ, who has loved us all and died for us, and who will have little children brought unto them. Teachers deny themselves home-ease and home-quiet to come to the Sunday-school for your children's sake.

Do we ask too much of you, as parents, when we ask you to send them in time? We don't begin school so very early. If you say it's no sin for a working man or woman, who is obliged to be up very early on the six days, to lie in bed a little later on the Sunday morning; "The Sabbath was made for man;" The Lord of the Sabbath cares for our bodies as well as our souls:—I reply that though you do lie in bed and rest your weary bones a little longer, yet you may still get the children ready for school.

And, surely, it's the least you can do.

We are obliged to keep order in the school, and we have found it so inconvenient to the teachers, and to the regular and punctual scholars whose mothers do get them ready in time, to have children coming in at all times, that we have made the rule that no child who is more than a quarter of an hour behind time will be let in at all. We mean to keep this rule. We begin at a Quarter-past Nine, and we want your child by that time, because then prayers begin. But if he does not come before Half-Past Nine, he

will find the door shut, and be unable to get in at all. So that if he is running loose about the streets, and getting into bad company and mischief, it won't be our fault, but yours, for not getting him ready in time.

Oh! how great will be your guilt at the judgment-seat of Christ, if your very children, standing with yourselves on Christ's left hand, and hearing the awful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels," shall accuse you of not having even taken the trouble of getting them ready for a school where they might have learned how to escape that awful doom, might have been taught out of the good book the way to God, might have found in Christ a Saviour, and might have learned to love and serve Him.

There was the school, there was the teacher, but your child's place was empty; he lost all the good seed, or much of it, because his mother was a lie-a-bed, and too lazy and careless to give him his breakfast and get him ready. You will have helped to ruin your children's souls, as well as your own, and they will curse you for it throughout eternity.

And even in this world you may have to mourn your sin and idleness with a heavy heart. Your child, whom we are asking you to let us teach better things, may grow up an ignorant, worthless vagabond; a bad man or woman; a bad son or daughter. Instead of being a comfort to you, he may break your heart, and help to bring down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. And when you see him taken off in the prison van, or standing in the dock at the court-room; or, if not so bad as this, a rough, ill-conditioned idler and drunkard; you will feel sad prickings of conscience within, and say, with bitter tears and self-reproaches,

"Oh, how I wish I had got him ready in time for the Sunday-school!"

The Daily Lesson.

"Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself."

My attention was called to these lines by seeing a copy of your valuable paper (of which they are the motto) in a very out of the way place, and they struck me very forcibly as containing a good lesson to Sunday-school teachers. A great many of them go to the Sunday-school without even knowing where the lesson is, not to mention the study of that lesson. Now it is very evident to my mind that the teacher has as much (if not more) reason to study the lesson for the day, as the scholars have. For is he not the one who is to give the sound and correct views of truth? Is not the responsibility resting on him as the expounder of the truth to the dear child, very great? Undoubtedly it is. Wrong views of Christ and of his gospel may be easily inculcated upon the young mind, to his present and eternal injury.

This view should awaken teachers to a sense of their duty in studying the lesson for each day with a prayerful spirit and an earnest desire to benefit the souls under their charge. Let then each one do his duty in regard to this matter, and by the grace of God things will be greatly altered in our schools. If the teacher does this, we will have the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing many more young and tender hearts turned into the right way and their thoughts and feelings flowing in the right channel, and the love of God and of his word and work will come up from the depths of the fountains of the heart.

O how great would be the blessing if our children and the children of our friends, acquaintances and even of those whom we know not, could be brought into the fold of Christ and consecrated to Him in their early life, "before the evil days draw nigh, when they shall say they have no pleasure in them."

I pray God that this matter may come home to the hearts and consciences of all who may read this, and may

it prove an awakening power although expressed in such an humble and homely way. May it rouse those delinquent teachers, (some of whom are personally known to me,) to a sense of the awful responsibility resting on them.

The Power of Faith.

As warriors carry different weapons with which to attack their enemies and defend themselves, so Christians are armed with different graces wherewith they accomplish their welfare, whether it be to resist a temptation, to overcome an adversary, to remove a stumbling-block from their path, or to build themselves up in the fear of the Lord.

Where'er they travel, and where'er they stay,
Their Christian graces ever mark their way.

Some stoop to conquer, achieving more victories by their humility than others can effect with their pride. Some win their way by love, being "kindly affectioned;" they serve every one they can, "believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things." Some force a path through every impediment by their zeal, allowing nothing to daunt or subdue their ardor; while others are so mighty in the Scriptures and in prayer that they seem armed for ever exigency—come pleasure or pain, light or darkness, good or evil, they are ready for them all.

Prayer gives them power whatever ills arise,
And draws down countless blessings from the
skies.

Peace in Death.

On the 23d of August, 1683, the Rev. John Owen (of precious memory) dedicated a note to his likeminded friend, Charles Fleetwood:—"I am going to him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but while the great pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible—that he will never leave nor

torsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency."

The morrow after, a friend called to tell him that he had put to the press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it: but O, brother Payne! the long wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world."

A few hours of silence followed, and then that glory was revealed. On the 4th of September, a vast funeral procession, including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning-coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there, in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where, five years later, John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr. Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with undertaker's sheds, and blind brick walls, with London cabs and omnibuses whirling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty Non-conformist."

Mount Pleasant, Sept. 20, 1852.

Sir,—Though we are far back in the wood of America, yet we have a good school, and the attendance is generally good—about 60. We take no magazine; but, as we are desirous of introducing the *Record*, you will please send me a few copies. We had a soiree this summer, in which our minister, the Rev. John Ewing, took a prominent part. Upwards of two hundred sat down to tea; and we cleared five pounds for the purchase of books. After tea, the Revs. G. Tweedie, Lawrence, Gunday, Morton, and Ewing, gave us excellent speeches. The occasion was one of much interest, and was productive of good.

JOHN McLEAN.

Beautiful Allegory.

There was once a king who had a very beautiful garden, and grounds arranged with taste to please the eye, to afford refreshing shade, retired walks, commanding views; and besides all the delightful fruits that could be produced. There was one superb old oak, so high and grand that it could be seen for miles around. There were roses and lilacs, and flowering shrubs of every kind, in short, nothing was wanting to make it a perfect spot.

One day the king's head-gardener came in and exclaimed:

"Oh, king, pray come out and see what is the matter with your garden; everything is wilting, drooping, and dying." While he spoke, other gardeners came rushing up, and all had the same sad story to tell. So the king went out, and there to be sure he found it all as they had said.

He went first up to his grand old oak tree, his pride and admiration, and said, "Why, oak, what's the matter with you, that you are withering and dying?"

"Oh," said the oak, "I don't think I am of any use, I am so large and cumbersome; I bear no flowers or fruit, and I take up so much room; and, besides, my branches spread so wide and thick, that it is all dark and shady under them, and no flowers and fruit can grow there. Now, if I were a rose-bush, it would be worth while, for I should bear sweet flowers, or if I were a peach or pear tree, or even like the grape-vine, I could give you fruit."

Then the king went on to his favorite rose-bush, and said:

"Well, rose-bush, what's the matter with you; why are you so drooping?"

"Why," said the rose-bush, "I'm of no use; I have no fruit, I bear nothing but some flowers. If I were an oak like that grand one in the middle of the grounds, I should be of some use, for then I should be seen for miles around, and should do honor to your garden. But as it is, I might as well die."

The king next came to a grape-vine, no longer clinging to the trellis and the trees, but trailing sadly on the ground. He stopped and said:

"Grape-vine, what's the matter with you; why are you ying so dolefully on the ground?"

"Ah," said the vine, "you see what a poor weak creature I am; I can't even hold up my own weight, but must cling to a tree or a post; and what good can I do? I neither give shade, like the oak, nor bear flowers, like the shrubs. I can't even so much as make a border for a walk like the box. I must always depend on something else, and surely I am of no use."

So on went the king, quite in despair to see all his place going to destruction; but he suddenly spied a little heart's-ease, low down by the ground, with its face turned up to him, looking as bright and smiling as possible. He stopped and said, "You dear little heart's-ease, what makes you look so bright and blooming, when every thing around you is wilting away?"

"Why," said the heart's-ease, "I thought you wanted me here; if you had wanted an oak, you would have planted an acorn; if you had wanted roses, you would have set out a rose-bush; and if you had wanted grapes, you would have put in a grape vine.—But I knew that what you wanted of me was to be a heart's-ease; and so I thought I would try and be the very best little heart's-ease that ever I can."

Children, can you see the moral! God didn't want a grown-up, learned, rich, great man in the place where he put you; if He had, He would have made one. He wants each of you to be a child while you are a child; but he wants you to be a good child, and the "very best little heart's-ease that ever you can." Will you try!

The ruin of young people has often been observed to begin in the contempt of their parents, and the profanation of the Sabbath.

Piety is the best parentage; and to be new-born is better than to be high-born.

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