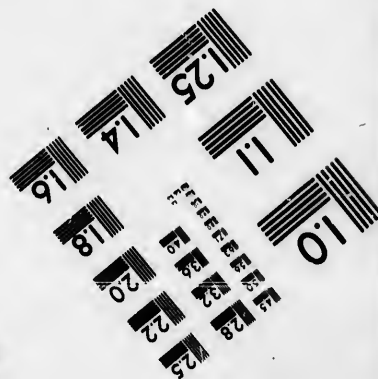
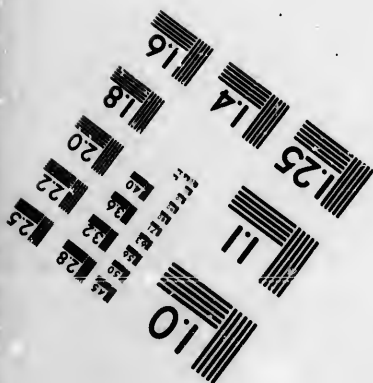
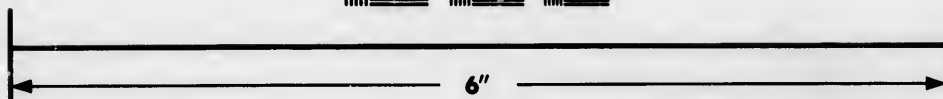
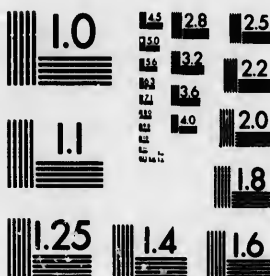


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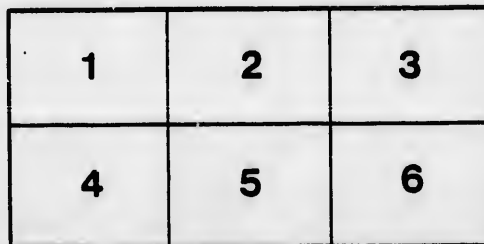
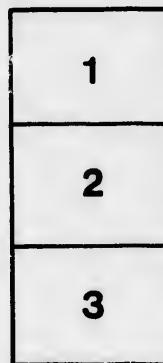
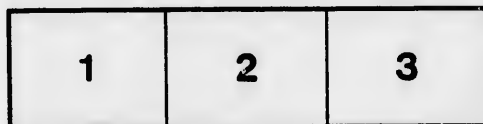
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THE CANADIAN
SABBATH SCHOOL RECITER :

CONSISTING OF

Dialogues, Narratives, and Conversations,

IN POETRY AND PROSE,

CAREFULLY SELECTED FOR

RECITATION AT SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES
- AND OTHER SOCIAL MEETINGS.

TORONTO :
JAMES CAMPBELL.
1862.

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A PLEA FOR A SABBATH SCHOOL RECITER.

MANY are the efforts which are being made at the present day for the diffusion of religious knowledge amongst the young, and the desire to present truth in its most alluring and attractive forms, has called into operation the readiest pens of the land, and the pencils of the most talented artists are now employed in illustrating Sabbath-school Books, Cards, Periodicals, and all the delightful Sabbath-day Literature of the homes where God is known.

Nor is this literature confined to Christian homes, but is to be found exercising a hallowed influence in the abodes of those who make no profession of religion, introducing to the notice of parents and others the things of "Him who came lowly to seek and to save," by means of their children, and God's blessing on their Sabbath-school instruction.

No apology, therefore, is needed in adding this mite to the heap; much as has been done, and is now doing, to store the young mind with religious truths, it falls far short of what is accomplished by the incessant efforts of a worthless portion of the press in its weekly issues of perverted truth and caricatures of humanity, sown broadcast like a blighting mildew over our land.

To assist in stemming this torrent of impure and spurious literature, this little book has been called forth. It professes to contain True Poetry, Genuine Literature, and sound Religious Teaching, in a cheerful and attractive form, and if the young are encouraged to commit

these pieces to memory and to recite them at Sabbath-school Anniversaries, and other Social Gatherings, in a modest and becoming spirit, with fluency of utterance, and with grammatical correctness—they may, by the Divine blessing, be a means of impressing religious truth on the minds, and carrying conviction to the hearts of some careless hearers, of awakening others to a sense of the beauties of holiness, and in general, lead to an extended desire to promote a healthy, manly, and vigorous tone of piety in our young country.

TORONTO, Dec. 1, 1861

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HINTS

ON

CORRECT READING AND SPEAKING.

DIALOGUE ON READING.

John.—A good reader will not only read so that one who carefully listens may perhaps pick out the meaning, particularly with a book before him, but so that even a careless hearer shall be compelled to understand what he reads, even though he has never heard it before.

James.—That must be nice reading indeed. My teacher often finds fault, and says he can scarcely understand a sentence I read. I wish you could teach me how to read in this manner.

John.—One of the first things you must do, then, is, to read without a tone.

James.—I do not read with a tone now, I did at first; but my teacher taught me better, and I have left it off.

John.—Very good. Another important thing is, to pronounce your words so distinctly that they shall not run into each other.

James.—I can understand this; but is this all that is necessary to good reading? Is there not something to be minded about stops?

John.—Yes; but unless you thus pronounce each word distinctly, all the attention you may pay to stops will not enable you to read well.

James.—I will endeavour to keep this in mind; but I beg you will tell me something about the stops. I cannot understand them. How many are there?

John.—There are only six which now require your attention: of these the first four are the most common. The comma, the semicolon, the colon, and the period, which

occur in almost every sentence. The other two are the note of interrogation and the note of admiration, which occur more seldom.

James.—How long must I stop at each of these?

John.—The length of time you must stop at each is not the only thing you are to regard. Much more depends on the tone of voice with which you read them.

James.—Be so kind as to explain this a little.

John.—The comma is the smallest of all the stops, and requires the shortest pause. But it requires you almost invariably to keep up your voice?

James.—Why thus keep up my voice?

John.—Because if you drop your voice, you conclude your sentence, and turn your comma into a period.

James.—Then keeping up or dropping the voice seems to make a greater alteration, than the time given to the stops.

John.—It does indeed. Did a person know how to suit his voice exactly to the subject he reads, he would be easily understood, without regarding any of the stops. And indeed without some idea of the management of the voice, he will be quite unable to apply the stops rightly.

James.—I wish you would make me fully understand this. I want to read well, but without more knowledge than I now have, I see I shall never be able.

John.—If I attempt to do it, I fear I shall not succeed. One of the best directions I can give you is, to mark with care some one who speaks English well, and try both to speak and to read exactly as he speaks.

James.—But still you will much assist me if you will tell me how to manage the voice.

John.—In managing the voice, there are three things to be particularly regarded; raising it, suspending it, and dropping it. Of these three, suspending, or pausing, and dropping it are required in the first four stops.

James.—Which are they?

John.—I have already told you, the comma, the semi-colon, the colon, and the period.

James.—Well; how long must I stop at a comma?

John.—While you can say "one."

James.—And must I drop my voice?

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John.—I have already told you, not in the least. If you do, you will make it either a colon or a period, stop as short time as you may.

James.—Why?

John.—Because the dropping of the voice almost invariably marks the ending of the sense.

James.—I thank you, John. I will try to mind this. What is the next of the four stops?

John.—The semicolon. At this you must generally stop while you could say "one, two."

James.—And how must I manage my voice here.

John.—This will depend in some degree on the connexion of the sentence. In general, the voice must be kept suspended here as well as at a comma.

James.—Why is this? the stop is twice as long.

John.—Still however the sense is not complete, but depends for its full meaning on what follows. If you therefore drop your voice, you conclude the sentence in the midst, and thus destroy the connexion.

James.—I understand you. Let us now come to the colon, How long must I stop at a colon?

John.—The time in which you can distinctly count three will be sufficient, if you accompany it with the due falling of the voice.

James.—But I have heard some say, I must drop my voice at a period. Must I drop it at a colon too?

John.—In reality there is but little difference between a colon and a period as to the management of the voice. Both show that the sense is complete, but when a colon is used, it allows the addition of some further idea in the same sentence.

James.—Then I suppose I need not ask particularly respecting a period. How long must I, however, stop at it?

John.—This must depend on what kind of subject you are reading. If it be a lively one, stopping while you count "four" is quite sufficient. If the subject be a grave one, you must stop while you can count "six." There are many things more which relate to good reading, but you could scarcely understand them at present. And these few remarks, if you keep them in mind, and practice them, will greatly improve your reading.

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THE
 CANADIAN SABBATH SCHOOL RECITER.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY OLD AGE.

“ YOU ARE OLD. FATHER WILLIAM,” the young man cried,
 “ The few locks that are left you are gray ;
 You are hale, father William, a hearty old man ;
 Now tell me the reason I pray.”

“ In the days of my youth,” father William replied,
 “ I remember’d that youth would fly fast ;
 And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last.”

“ You are old, father William,” the young man cried,
 “ And pleasures with youth pass away ;
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone ;
 Now tell me the reason I pray.”

“ In the days of my youth,” father William replied,
 “ I remember’d that youth could not last ;
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past.”

“ You are old, father William,” the young man cried,
 “ And life must be hastening away ;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death ;
 Now tell me the reason I pray.”

“ I am cheerful, young man,” father William replied,
 “ Let the cause thy attention engage :
 In the days of my youth I remember’d my God,
 And He hath not forgotten my age !”

SOUTHEY.

THE SABBATH DAY.—A DIALOGUE.

TOM PLAYFUL.

THOUGH the Sabbath-bells are ringing,
 Let us wander wild and free ;
 While the flowers around are springing,
 Come and play along with me.

HARRY THOUGHTFUL.

What, and mock the God who made us !
 Scorn what his commandments say !
 God is mighty, and he bade us
 Holy keep the Sabbath-day.

TOM.

Ay ! but who would mourn and sorrow
 When the sun smiles pleasantly ?
 May it not be rain to-morrow ?
 Come to-day and play with me.

HARRY.

Duty loudly bids me stay not ;
 Bids me hear not what you say :
 Life goes quickly, and I may not
 Live another Sabbath-day.

TOM.

Thus to leave me, how provoking !
 Duty is your constant plea :
 But I know that you are joking ;
 Come, one minute play with me.

HARRY.

Not a moment : grace is stronger
 Than the snares the wicked lay ;
 It were sin to linger longer ;
 I will keep the Sabbath-day.

TOM.

Haste away, then, since you dare not
 Take your pleasure ;—bend your knee
 When and where you will, I care not ;
 You shall never play with me.

HARRY.

I can pardon bad behaviour,
 Nor will I neglect to pray
 That you yet may love the Saviour,
 And holy keep the Sabbath-day.

ANONYMOUS.

HAPPY IS THAT PEOPLE WHOSE GOD IS THE
LORD.

I THANK the goodness and the grace,
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A free Canadian child.

I was not born, as thousands are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood or stone.

I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun,
And wish I were but in the grave,
And all my labour done.

I was not born without a home,
Or in some broken shed ;
Like some poor children, taught to roam,
And beg their daily bread.

My God, I thank thee, who hast plann'd
A better lot for me ;
And placed me in this happy land,
And where I hear of thee.

NOAH'S CARPENTERS.

Two persons were leaving the city of Newton, and passing along the water side to a beautiful valley, where one was resident, and the other a guest. The taller, the elder of the two, was actively engaged in a work of benevolence, in the blessings of which the people at Newton and the students of the neighbouring college shared. The work was too heavy for him, and he had invited his young friend, an impenitent lad, Henry, to aid him. Together they had spent many a weary day in supplying the Christian labourers who co-operated with them with the choicest means of usefulness as they crowded the depositories of truth. Exhausted by their toils, they were now returning after a night's repose. Hitherto not a word had been addressed to the obliging youth about his soul. The fitting occasion seemed to have arrived. A quaint but fitting manner was chosen. "Henry," asked the elder of the two, "do you know what became of Noah's

carpenters?" "Noah's carpenters," exclaimed Henry, "I didn't know that Noah had any carpenters."

"Certainly he must have had help in building one of the largest and best proportioned ships ever put upon the stocks. There must have been many ship carpenters at work to have constructed such a vessel. What became of them, think you, when all the foundations of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened?"

"What do you mean by so queer a question?" "Never mind, just now. Please answer the inquiry. And you may also tell me what you would have done in that dreadful hour when the storm came on, and all but the family of the preacher were ready to be engulfed in those black waters."

"I don't know," said Henry, in a half trifling, half thoughtful manner, "perhaps I should have got on the rudder."

"That is human nature exactly, Henry. It would 'climb up some other way.' It would 'get on the rudder,' in its pride and short sightedness, rather than go into the ark of safety. It would 'save itself' by hanging on at the hazard of being swept into the gulf of despair, instead of being saved by the provision of infinite love."

"But I'll tell you plainly what I mean, Henry, by Noah's carpenters. You have kindly and generously given me your aid, day by day, in building an ark in Newton, by which many, I trust, will be saved. I feel grateful for your help. But I greatly fear that while others will be rejoicing in the fruits of our labours, you will be swept away in the storm of wrath which will by and by beat on the heads of those who enter not the ark of Jesus Christ. No human device will avail for you. 'Getting on the rudder' will not answer; you must be in Christ, or you are lost. Remember Noah's carpenters, and flee to the ark without delay."

This conversation never passed from the memory of the youth.—It led to serious reflection, and ultimately to the ark for safety. With a career of wide-spread public usefulness before him, he never forgot "Noah's Carpenters."

HAPPY, HAPPY SUNDAY.

HAPPY, happy Sunday,
Thou day of peace and heaven,
'Tis fit we should give one day
To God, who gives us seven.

Though other days bring sadness,
Thou bid'st us cease to mourn ;
Then hail, thou day of gladness,
I welcome thy return.

Happy, happy Sunday,
We will not toil to-day ;
But leave to busy Monday,
Our work, and toys, and play.
Thy face is ever smiling,
Thou fairest of the seven ;
They only speak of toiling,
But thou of rest and heaven.

Happy, happy Sunday,
The bell e'en seems to speak,
Give thy Creator one day,
Who gives thee all the week.
We'll leave our daily labour,
To pay our homage there ;
And seek with friend and neighbour
The open house of prayer.

Happy, happy Sunday.
Thy holy hours I prize,
Thou art indeed heaven's own day,
The emblem of the skies.
May I, O Lord, inherit
That rest when life is o'er,
And with each perfect spirit,
Adore thee ever more !

THE CHILD COLPORTEUR.

"MAMMA, will you let me be a *real* Colporteur?" said little Freddy, looking up at his mother.

"A real Colporteur, Freddy?"

"Yes, mamma, not a make-believe one, as I am sometimes when I play with Mary, but a real one to the boys in our street."

"Oh, but how can you get books, Freddy?" asked his mamma.

"Why, mamma, I have got some, and Jane and Susan will give me a few, and perhaps papa and you will help me a little. We can spare some of our books, for we have read them through and through."

His mother thought it a good plan, and she consented he should begin on the following Saturday. Oh how busy he was, spending all his spare time in selecting the most suitable books, and in covering them neatly. So when Saturday came he packed up his little books in a basket and set out.

"Good-by, Mr. Colporteur," said his mother and sister. They took a kindly interest in his work, and his mother prayed that God would bless him and his humble efforts.

When Freddy came back he was full of pleasure.—"O mother," said he, "all the mothers were as pleased as they could be; they all took a book, and where they could not read, I stopt a little while and read to them."

Was not the mission of this child Colporteur a very beautiful one. Are there not in many book-cases and nurseries little books cast on one side, not again to be read, that might be lent to the poor and ragged children in the neighbourhood, and thus carry to them the bread of life, and water of life?

THE BEST POSITION.

BENEATH the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to weep,
And ponder o'er the matchless grace
Displayed on Calvary's steep.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to pray;
Nor look in vain for blessing,
In God's appointed way.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to hear
The welcome sound—" 'Tis finished,"
So sweet to sinner's ear.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to rest;
Here foolish doubts and anxious fears
Are banished from my breast.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to love;
His blood the bond of union
'Twixt saints below,-- above.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to feast
On him, my bleeding sacrifice,
My Altar and my Priest.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to sing,
The grave has lost its victory,
And death its venom'd sting.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I'd lay me down to die ;
Till in the chariot of his love
He bears me up on high.

Then seize my harp of gold,
And tune it loud and long ;
The cross of Jesus crucified,
My everlasting song.

THE LITTLE SHIP ON THE WAVES.

A LITTLE SHIP was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight ;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

The sun was smiling in the west,
The shore was near at hand ;
And those on board with hearts at rest,
Thought soon to reach the land.

When lo ! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong ;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It rolled the waves along.

Oh ! how that little ship was tossed ;
It filled with water fast ;
It seemed as though it would be lost,
And must go down at last !

And all, but one, were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep ;
His head was on a pillow laid,
And he was fast asleep.

Master! we perish—Master! save,
 They cried,—their Master heard;
 He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
 And still'd them with a word.

He to the storm says, "Peace--be still,"
 The raging billows cease;
 The mighty winds obey his will,
 And all are hushed to peace.

They greatly wondered! so may we,
 And ask, as well as they,
 Who could this glorious person be,
 Whom winds and waves obey?

Oh! well we know it was the Lord,
 Our Saviour and our Friend;
 Whose care of those who trust his word,
 Will never, never end.

D. A. T.

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

'Twas when the sea, with awful roar,
 A little bark assailed,
 And pallid fear's distracted power
 O'er each on board prevailed.

Save one—the captain's darling child,
 Who steadfast viewed the storm,
 And cheerful with composure smiled
 At danger's threatening form.

"Why sporting thus," a seaman cried,
 "While terrors overwhelm?"
 "Why yield to fear?" the child replied,
 "My father's at the helm!"

Christian! from him be daily taught
 To check thy groundless fear;
 Think on the wonders he has wrought;
 Jehovah's ever near.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

How blessed was the day
 When Christ appeared on earth !
 Angels and men together join
 To hail the Saviour's birth.

How kindly he became
 A little child like me ;
 A child of poor and lowly name,
 The Saviour deigned to be.

The stable was his room,
 The manger was his bed ;
 The birthplace of the King of Kings
 Was where the oxen fed.

Hail, gracious, heavenly Prince !
 To thee let children fly ;
 And on thy constant providence
 Oh ! may we all rely.

Jesus will take the young
 Under his special care ;
 And he will keep their youthful days
 From every hurtful snare.

He knows their tender frame,
 Nor will their youth contemn ;
 For he a little child became,
 To love and pity them.

Nor does he now forget
 His youthful days on earth ;
 Nor should we ever cease to praise
 For the Redeemer's birth.

 THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

SLOW from the darkened city's gates
 Forth came a funeral train ;
 It was a mother's only son,
 A widowed one's of Nain.

Oh ! bitter is the Dead Sea brine,
 And deep, deep is its flow ;
 But bitterer are a mother's tears,
 Deeper a mother's woe.

One only hope she had on earth,
That only hope is fled ;
In vain the sun now shines for her, —
Her beautiful is dead.

The flower that fades in winter's wind
In spring again will bloom ;
But what can cheer the mourner's lot,
Whose heart is in the tomb ?

The Lord drew near with pitying gaze,
He saw the sorrowing one ;
" Weep not," he said ; and from the dead
Restored to life her son.

Now Nain was glad, and songs of joy
Rang all the city round ;
Our dead one is alive again.
Our lost one—he is found !

PENCILINGS IN PALESTINE.

WHO IS THIS, AND WHAT IS HIS NAME ?

EIGHTEEN hundred years ago, there appeared in the East a child such as the world has never seen either before or since. In outer form and appearance he was like other children ; but in his soul within he was pure as an angel in heaven. He was born in a stable ; but his birth was announced by angels, and a star guided a company of wise men to the manger which was his cradle.

When about thirty years of age, he went forth among his countrymen, to teach them the way to be good and happy. He led so holy a life, that wicked men stood in awe, and were afraid of him ; he taught so many holy and heavenly things, that good men said he was a prophet ; and the works he did were so marvellous, that all men were astonished at them. He had power to heal all manner of sickness and disease. He often gave sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, and speech to the dumb. He could calm the stormy sea and the raging wind by merely saying, "Peace, be still!" And three several times did he bring back to life those who were dead ;—once, in the case of a maiden newly dead ; again, in the case of a youth, the only son of a widow, whom his friends were carrying to his burial ; and yet again, in the case of a man who had lain three days in the grave. This mighty power, too, he never used except for the pur-

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pose of doing good. He refused to call down fire from heaven to destroy wicked men, though urged by some of his friends to do so. But never did he refuse to perform an act of kindness. He went about doing good.

Yet though thus good and kind, he had many enemies who hated him, and evil-entreated him. Some of the chief men of the country were jealous of him; some were afraid of him; others said he was mad; and all joined together to plot his death. And at last these wicked men prevailed. They seized him by force, and dragged him before the governor, pretending that he was a blasphemer, and a stirrer up of the people. And this unjust governor, to please these wicked men, condemned him to die, and had him put to the bitter and shameful death of the cross.

But the triumph of his enemies was short. Before he had lain three days in the tomb, he rose again from the dead, and shewed himself alive to many. And at the end of forty days, whilst he was in the act of lifting up his hands and blessing his friends, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. Since then he has never been seen on earth, except by some good men in dreams and visions. But it is certain that he still lives in heaven, and takes an interest in the things done here on earth. From age to age, too, his friends have been ever more increasing; so that they are now a multitude which no man can number. They love him, though they see him not; they pray to him, and sing hymns to him; they set apart every week a day to his honour; they count it their chief glory to walk in his steps, and suffer for his sake: and they look onward with joyful hope to the time when he shall return from heaven with power and great glory, to put his enemies to everlasting shame, and to take themselves to dwell with him in eternal glory.

Who is this, and what is his name?

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

THE GREEN PASTURES.

I WALKED in a field of fresh clover this morn,
 Where lambs played so merrily under the trees,
 Or rubbed their soft coats on a naked old thorn,
 Or nibbled the clover, or rested at ease.

And under the hedge ran a clear water-brook,
 To drink from, when thirsty, or weary with play ;
 So gay did the daisies and buttercups look,
 That I thought little lambs must be happy all day.

And when I remember the beautiful psalm,
 That tells about Christ and his pastures so green ;
 I know he is willing to make me his lamb,
 And happier far than the lambs I have seen.

If I drink of the waters, so peaceful and still,
 That flow in his field, I forever shall live ;
 If I love him, and seek his commands to fulfil,
 A place in his sheepfold to me he will give.

The lambs are at peace in the fields when they play,
 The long summer's day in contentment they spend
 But happier I, if in God's holy way,
 I try to walk always, with Christ for my friend.

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THE BEST USE OF A PENNY.

SHOULD you wish to be told the best use of a penny,
 I'll tell you a way that is better than any ;
 Not on apples, or cakes, or playthings to spend it,
 But over the seas to the heathen to send it.
 Come, listen to me, and I'll tell, if you please,
 Of some poor little children, far over the seas.

Their skins are quite black, for our God made them thus,
 But he made them with bodies and feelings like us ;
 A soul, too, that never will die, has been given,
 And there's room for black children with Jesus in heaven.
 But who will now tell of such good things as these
 To the poor little heathen, far over the seas ?

Poor children in this land are well off indeed,
 They have schools every day, where they sing, sew, and
 read :

Their church, too, on Sunday, and pastor to teach,
 How the true way to heaven through Jesus to reach.
 Yet, sad to remember, there are few of these
 For the poor little heathen far over the seas.

Poor blacks have few schools to learn reading and singing,
 No Sunday for them with its cheerful bell ringing :
 And most little blacks have no Bible to read.
 Poor little black children, you're ill off, indeed !
 But one penny each week will buy Bibles with ease,
 For the poor little heathen, far over the seas.

Oh ! think then of this, when a penny is given,
 " I can help some poor black on his way home to heaven."
 Then give it to Jesus, and he will approve,
 Nor scorn e'en a mite, if 'tis offered in love.
 And oh ! when in prayer you to him bend your knees.
 Remember your brethren, far over the seas.

LADY WRIOTHESLEY RUSSEL.

 THE IRISHMAN WHO SWALLOWED THE TRACT,
 AND HOW HE PAID FOR A BIBLE.

A MISSIONARY lodged one night in the house of a gentleman, among the mountains of Kerry, in Ireland. In the morning, as he stood beside his host, looking over the wild and beautiful country, they saw a shepherd tending some

sheep at a little distance. The gentleman pointed him out to the notice of the missionary. "There is Peter," said he, "one of the shrewdest men in the district." Then the missionary went up to him, entered into conversation, and gave him a tract in Irish. A few weeks after, he and Peter met again. "I've *swallowed* the tract," said the latter. "If I give you an Irish Bible, will you swallow that?" "I won't be indebted to you for it, but I'll buy it." "Well, I've got two or three." "What is the price?" "The price I ask is this; when God shall strike the light and love of it in your heart, that you will teach six men like yourself to love the Bible." And Peter took it. Some time after an English gentleman, accompanied by the missionary, started to cross the mountains. Just before them was Peter. "Och," said he, "but y'r reverence is welcome so early." "Why, Peter, what are you doing here?" "Sure, I'm doing honestly; I'm paying for the book," and on the top of the mountain, where, by this time it was broad daylight, he led me to a haystack, behind which were six Roman Catholic men, away from the eye of the Priest, waiting for Peter to teach them to read the Word of God!

Irish and English boys—do you know and love God's Word—then persuade other little boys and girls to love it too.

QUESTIONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

LITTLE CHILDREN, do you pray,
 Call on God from day to day?
 Do you pray that God may keep,
 And protect you where you sleep?
 Do you in the morning pray,
 God to bless you through the day?
 Little children time should spare,
 Every day for humble prayer.

Little children, do you praise,
 And your humble voices raise,
 Unto him in whom each lives,
 And who all your blessings gives?
 Do you praise him for your food?
 For your clothes, and all that's good?
 For his sweet redeeming grace?
 For his love to all our race?

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Little children, have you read,
 How the blessed Saviour bled,
 That he might your souls restore
 Unto joys for evermore ?
 How he did ascend on high ?
 How he lives above the sky ?
 How he waits your souls to bless,
 With the riches of his grace ?

Little children, do you love
 Christ who dwells in heaven above ?
 Do you love his precious book ?
 Do you in it daily look ?
 Do you love your parents dear ?
 Teachers do you love to hear ?
 Little children, you must love,
 All below and all above.

Little children, you must die ;—
 To your only refuge fly,
 If you wish to die in peace,
 O, then, seek the Saviour's grace ;
 This will teach you how to die,
 This will raise to heaven on high,
 This will make you ever live,
 This will crown immortal give!

THE BIBLE IN THE HEART.

I HAVE often heard children repeat the beautiful hymn that begins,

“Holy Bible ! book divine !
 Precious treasure, thou art mine !”

I wonder how many of them really felt what they said. A treasure is something that is worth a great deal, something that we take great care of because we value it very much. It is in this way we should look upon the Bible. It is the greatest treasure any one can have, for it tells us how to escape from hell ; how to find pardon for our sins ; and teaches us to love God, and delight in doing his will.

In some countries the people are not allowed to have any Bibles. The priests will not let them read the word of God, and if the priests find a Bible they burn it.

There was a little boy living in one of these countries who had somehow got a Bible. He was very fond of it,

kept it with him wherever he went, and when he had a moment of spare time he would open it, and read again and again the story of the Saviour's love for sinners.

He had read it so often that he knew a great part of it by heart. At last the priest found that Larry had a Bible. He went to him, and made him give it up. "I am going to burn it!" said the priest. So he threw it into the fire, and watched until every leaf was blackened and withered by the flames. Then he turned to Larry, and saw that he was smiling.

"What are you smiling at?" he asked. "Because," said the boy, "I was thinking that you might burn my Bible, but you cannot burn the part of it that is laid up in my heart!"

Do you love the Bible as Larry did? Do you lay it up in your heart? or when you have read it, do you go away and forget it all?

The Bible is not like any other book. It is God's own word. If we had not the Bible we should not know anything about God or the blessed Saviour. It is written to teach us what God wishes us to do, and we should be very careful not to do anything which the Bible tells us is wrong.

I must tell you a story about a Chinese boy who had been taught to read the Bible in a school kept by missionaries. He had gone home to spend the holidays, and when he returned the missionary said to him, "Did you go to the temple with your father?" for his father was a heathen, and prayed to idols.

"No," said the boy, "I did not go."

"But you went last year," said the missionary, "who told you not to go this time?"

The little Chinese took out his Bible, and pressing it to his breast, said, "I didn't understand *this* when I went to the temple last year."

THE POOR WIDOW.

I KNEW a widow, very poor,
 Who four small children had,
 The oldest was but six years old,
 A gentle modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled,
 To feed her children four;
 A noble heart the mother had,
 Though she was very poor.

To labour she would leave her home,
For children must be fed ;
And glad was she, when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had
On any day to eat ;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day, when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home ;
'Twas searched by every breeze,
When going in—the eldest child
I saw upon his knees,

I paused to listen to the boy ;
He never raised his head,
But still went on and said, " Give us
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child had done,
Still listening as he prayed ;
And when he rose, I asked why
That prayer he then had said.

" Why, Sir," he said, " this morning when
My mother went away,
She wept, because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.

" She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead ;
And then I told her not to cry,
For I would get some bread.

" Our Father, Sir, the prayer begins,
Which made me think that he,
As we have no kind father here,
Would our kind father be.

" And then you know, Sir, that the prayer
Asks God for bread each day ;
So, in the corner, Sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
 And went with fleeting feet,
 And very soon was back again
 With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the boy,
 I answered with a nod;
 I could not speak, but much I thought
 Of that boy's faith in God.

RAGGED TOM THE SURETY.

ONE Sabbath afternoon, a big boy stood at the door of the Sabbath School. He had been so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sabbath before. His father and mother brought him and begged that he might be received in again. The superintendent said, "We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example."

"We know he is a bad boy at school," said the parents, "but he is ten times worse at home; he will be lost if you do not take him back."

We could take him back, if we could secure his good behaviour. I will see, thought the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang the bell for silence. All listened while he said, "That boy wants to come into the school again, but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behaviour. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads. They said they knew him too well. The others did not care for him. But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard his little voice, "If your please, Sir, I will, Sir."

"You, Tom, a little boy like you. Do you know what is meant by being a surety, Tom?"

"Yes, Sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy I am to be punished for it."

"And are you willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes, Sir, if he's bad again."

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"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy with a downcast face walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked, "I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not so bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—no never." God had graciously put that thought into the big boy's mind. He was helping Tom as a surety.

As the children were leaving school the superintendent saw the big boy and little Tom walking away together. He said to himself, "I am afraid that boy will do Tom harm. I must go and look after them."

When he reached the cottage where Tom lived, he said to his mother, "where is your son Tom?"

"Oh, he's just gone up stairs with a great boy he brought in with him. I don't know what they are doing."

"May I go up?"

"Oh, yes, Sir."

The superintendent went slowly and quietly up stairs, and as he reached the top he could see through the door that Tom and the boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice, saying, "O, Lord, make this boy that has been the worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him the best."

The superintendent knelt down by Tom's side, and they all prayed together.

God heard them; and he made the big boy to become one of the best boys in the school. And raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and after that sent him to college, so that at length he went as a missionary to the heathen.

LUTHER'S SNOW-SONG.

It was a cold dark night—the wind was blowing hard, and the snow was falling fast. It was a night to make the shopkeepers in a little town of Germany close their doors, and put up their shutters, and to make them feel thankful they had a home to shelter them, and that they could sit round their cheerful fire. On this night a worthy citizen, Conrad, who loved to sit at home better than to spend his time and his money at the tavern, was sitting playing his flute, while his good wife Ursula busied herself in preparing their supper. The good man was very fond of music, his flute was a source of great enjoyment to him. He was playing

the last bar of his tune, when the voice of singing outside fell on his ear. He listened, and heard—

Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into his nest ;
But I wander here alone,
And for me their is no rest.

Tears filled the eyes of the good citizen—"what a fine sweet voice," said he, "what a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather."

"I think it is the voice of a child," said his wife ; "let us open the door and see."

The poor woman had lost a sweet little boy not long before, and her heart was open to take pity on the wanderer for the sake of her own lost one.

So Conrad opened the door—the piercing wind drove the cold snow into his face, still he went out to look for the singer.

Not far from his door he saw a ragged child ; who came to him and addressed him in a musical tone—

"Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake ; God be gracious to you, as you are gracious to the poor."

"Come in, my little one," said the good citizen, "you shall rest with me to-night."

The boy bowed his head, and said, "Thank God."

The heat of the room was at first too much for the poor child, and he fainted. Oh how solicitous was Ursula that he should recover. Soon her efforts was successful, and he opened his eyes.

"Where am I!" he asked, "is this heaven?"

"No, dear child," answered the good woman, "but you are with friends who will take care of you."

They gave him some supper, and then they asked him to tell who he was, and why he came to that town.

"I am," he said, "the child of a poor miner, and have been used to gather sticks in the wood, and to help my father in his work." The child had been taught to love and fear God, and was anxious to do something for him. He wanted to be a priest, and if he was one, and lived in a monastery, he should be quite happy. He wandered about and sung, and lived on the money the people gave him, but that day he had earned nothing ; he thought he must die, he was so faint and so tired. His kind friends were quite affected by his simple narrative, they would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed in a room prepared for him.

Before he lay down he knelt before his crucifix to pray.

When he was asleep, Ursula and her husband looked in upon him. He had such a pleasant smile they were pleased they had given him shelter, and determined he should remain with them.

They little thought who that child was. Though now he was a street singer, and prayed before a crucifix, he would rise to be the champion for the truth.

This poor child was Martin Luther. By his new friends he was sent to a school, afterwards he was sent to a monastery, and there he found an old Bible. He read it, and soon began to preach the great truths contained therein. Truths that made the papal power tremble, that freed the souls of men from priestcraft, and carried light into the regions of darkness and death.

The whole of the hymn Martin sung in the streets that memorable evening was--

Lord of heaven, lone and sad,
I would lift my heart to thee ;
Pilgrim in a foreign land,
Gracious Father, look on me ;
I shall neither faint nor die,
While I walk beneath thine eye.

I will stay my faith on thee,
And will never fear to tread
Where the Saviour master leads ;
He will give me daily bread ;
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor ;
He will feed me from his store.

Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into its nest ;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest ;
Yet I neither faint nor fear,
For the Saviour Christ is here.

If I live, he'll be with me ;
If I die to him I go ;
He'll not leave me, I will trust him,
And my heart no fear shall know ;
Sin and sorrow I defy,
For on Jesus I rely.

WE WON'T GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

We won't give up the Bible,
 God's holy book of truth ;
 The blessed staff of hoary age,
 The guide of early youth ;
 The lamp that sheds a glorious light
 On—else a dreary road !
 The voice that speaks the Saviour's love,
 And leads us home to God.

We won't give up the Bible ;
 For it alone can tell
 The way to save our ruined souls
 From being sent to hell ;
 And it alone can tell us how
 We can have hopes of heaven,
 That through a Saviour's precious blood
 Our sins may be forgiven.

We won't give up the Bible,
 Nor heed the crafty tongue
 That would this treasure take away—
 Ye evil ones, begone ;
 For you would fain condemn our minds
 To gloom of mortal night ;
 But we defy your baneful power,
 And " God defend the right."

We won't give up the Bible ;--
 But could you force away
 That which as our life-blood 's dear,
 Yet hear us joyful say,
 " The news which we have learnt while young
 We'll follow all our days ;
 And these engraven on our hearts,
 Ye never can erase."

We won't give up the Bible ;
 We'll shout it far and wide,
 Until the echo shall be heard,
 Beyond the rolling tide ;
 Till all shall know that we, though young,
 Withstand your treacherous art ;
 And that from God's own sacred word
 Will never, never part.

"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A LITTLE girl with a happy look,
 Sat closely reading a ponderous book,
 All bound with velvet, and edged with gold,
 And its weight was more than the child could hold ;
 Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
 And every day she prized it more ;
 For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
 It said, " Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
 And the lesson home to her heart she took ;
 She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
 And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
 Which said, just as plain as words could say,
 The holy Bible I must obey ;
 So mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
 For " Little children must love one another."

I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play,
 Yet I'll love him still, for I think the way
 To make him kind and gentle to me,
 Will be better shown if I let him see,
 I strive to do what I think is right ;
 And thus when we kneel in prayer to-night,
 I will clasp my arms around my brother
 And say, " Little children, love one another."

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
 And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought ;
 For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
 To meet the light of her loving eyes ;
 His heart was full, he could not speak,
 And he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek ;
 And God looked down on the happy mother,
 Whose " little children loved each other."

THE SWEETEST STORY.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
 I should like to have been with them then ;

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look, when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

If Jesus were here, and would smile on my song,
When to love Him, and praise Him I tried,
With sweetest hosannas I'd join in the throng,
And would press myself close to his side,
And if they should chide me or send me away,
I would cling to his sheltering knee;
And I'd tell them the words he himself once did say,
"Let the little one come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,
In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come;
I long for the dawn of that glorious time,
The fairest, the brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms to be blest.

WHO IS THE GOOD SHEPHERD?

"How pretty the fields are, mother? How pleasant it is to take a walk," said little Anna one fine morning in spring; "and look at those little lambs skipping about! They seem as happy as I am."

"You may say the same of the little birds over our heads," replied her mother, "God is very good in giving so much happiness to all his creatures, as it was said in the psalm you read to me this morning, 'Thou openest thine hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing!'"

Anna.—But, mother, how can God be said to open his hand, as he is a spirit?

Mother.—The word is used that we may better understand what is meant. Do you remember our visit to the farm-yard yesterday morning?

Anna.—Yes, and how the farmer's wife scattered the handfuls of grain that she had in her apron, and how the fowls ran after her.

Mother.—In the same manner we are told the eyes of all wait upon God, who giveth them their portion in due season.

Anna.—Look, mother, at the lambs in that little field where Stephen the shepherd boy has just led them. How green the grass is, and how clear the stream of water that flows through it. And Stephen seems very kind to the poor little things. He is just now carrying in his arms a little lamb that was not able to walk with the rest. And now he is putting it down. How careful he is of it!

Mother.—A shepherd has to be careful and tender of all his flock, and sometimes to deny himself for their sakes. Jacob did so when he was feeding his uncle Laban's sheep. He said, "In the day-time the drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from mine eyes."

Anna.—In those countries where Jacob was the wild beasts often devour the sheep, do they not?

Mother.—Yes, my dear child, this often happens.

Anna.—In the 10th chapter of John, that I read the other day, Jesus speaks of himself as the good shepherd, but he never kept sheep, did he, as David did before he was king?

Mother.—Do you recollect what happened to David once, when he was keeping his father's sheep?

Anna.—O, yes, mother, I am very fond of that story.

Mother.—Why do you like it so much?

Anna.—Because David spoke of it to Saul just before he went to kill Goliath, "the Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of the Philistine."

Mother.—And David found that God took care of him all the rest of his life.

Anna.—Yes, mother; for he was often in great danger, and I should think would have been killed if God had not watched over him just as he watched over sheep.

Mother.—Yes, he was a shepherd over his sheep, but the Lord was his shepherd. You know in the 23rd Psalm he says, "The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want." "I will fear no evil, for thy rod and staff they comfort me."

Anna.—Now, mother, I understand what Christ meant

when he said, "I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." I suppose people who love and obey him are his sheep?

Mother.—Yes, he himself says, "My sheep hear my voice, I know them, and they follow me." Do you know what he has done for them?

Anna.—Yes, he laid down his life for them. Mother, how kind and good the Saviour is! how happy his sheep must be!

Mother.—Is he the Shepherd of grown up persons only?

Anna.—O, no, mother, for he said, "Suffer little children to come to me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I should like to be one of his lambs.

Mother.—Pray to him to make you one. He himself says, "Ask and ye shall receive—seek and ye shall find—knock and it shall be opened to you."

We must go in now, because we have many things to attend to—and the sheep and lambs of Christ must not neglect any of their duties, whatever they are.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE snow had been falling all the evening; and William went to bed full of the thought of the grand times he should have to-morrow. He lay awake a good while thinking about the sliding and the snowballing; and after he fell asleep he kicked off the bed-clothes—dreaming that he was in a snow-bank. When his mother came to see him,—which she always did before she went to bed,—he cried out in his sleep, "It is not fair to pelt me when I am down."

Alas for William's bright visions! In the course of the night the snow-storm turned to rain; and in the morning every flake had gone. Poor William was quite out of humour about it, and came into the breakfast-room looking very cross indeed.

"What is the matter, William?" said his mother.

"I say it is too bad," exclaimed he, pouting.

"What is too bad, William?"

"Why, the snow is all gone!" and he looked up as if he had a good mind to cry.

"I am sorry for your disappointment," said his mother; "but never mind: there will be more snow-storms before winter is over. And now, to cheer you a little, I will tell you a story."

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William's face brightened somewhat at the sound of a story; and the rest of the children also gathered round to listen to their mother.

"You have heard, children, of the shepherd of Salisbury Plain, a very poor, but a very good man. One day when he was tending his sheep, a gentleman rode up and said, 'Friend, what do you think the weather will be to-morrow?' 'Why,' said the old man, 'it will be just such weather as pleases me.' The gentleman was surprised that he should answer him so, and asked him what he meant. 'I mean, sir,' said the old man, 'that it will be just such weather as pleases God; and whatever pleases God pleases me.'"

"What a good old man!" exclaimed several of the children. William did not speak; but he looked as if he thought the story was meant for him.

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION.

"Thanks be to God for the mountains!"—*Howitt's Book of the Seasons*

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod,
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge,
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky:
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where thy still, small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirr'd;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
 On his quarry from the heights,
 And the stag that knows no master
 Seeks there his wild delights ;
 But we, for *thy* communion,
 Have sought the mountain sod ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain
 Far, far below us waves ;
 The war-horse of the spearman
 Cannot reach our lofty caves ;
 Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
 Of freedom's last abode ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of thy presence,
 Round our camp of rock outspread,
 For the stern defiles of battle,
 Bearing record of our dead ;
 For the snows and for the torrents,
 For the free heart's burial sod ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

HEMANS.

 TO YONDER SIDE.

Luke viii. 22-25.

BEHIND the hills of Naphtali
 The sun went slowly down,
 Leaving on mountain, tower, and tree,
 A tinge of golden brown.

The cooling breath of evening woke
 The waves of Galilee,
 Till on the shore the waters broke
 In softest melody.

"Now launch the bark," the Saviour cried,
 The chosen twelve stood by,
 "And let us cross to yonder side,
 Where the hills are steep and high."

Gently the bark o'er the water creeps,
 While the swelling sail they spread,
 And the weary Saviour gently sleeps
 With a pillow 'neath his head.

On downy bed the world seeks rest—
 Sleep flies the guilty eye—
 But he who leans on the Father's breast
 May sleep when storms are nigh.

But soon the lowering sky grew dark
 O'er Bashan's rocky brow—
 The storm rushed down upon the bark,
 And waves dashed o'er the prow.

The pale disciples trembling spake,
 While yawned the watery grave,
 "We perish, master—master, wake—
 Carest thou not to save?"

Calmly he rose with sovereign will,
 And hushed the storm to rest.
 "Ye waves," he whispered, "Peace! be still!"
 They calmed like a pardoned breast.

So have I seen a fearful storm
 O'er wakened sinner roll,
 Till Jesus' voice and Jesus' form
 Said, "Peace, thou weary soul"

And now he bends his gentle eye
 His wandering followers o'er,
 "Why raise this unbelieving cry?
 I said, *To yonder shore.*"

When first the Saviour wakened me,
 And showed me why he died,
 He pointed o'er life's narrow sea,
 And said, "*To yonder side.*"

"I am the ark where Noah dwelt,
 And heard the deluge roar—
 No soul can perish that has felt
 My rest—*To yonder shore.*"

Peaceful and calm the tide of life
 When first I sailed with thee—
 My sins forgiven—no inward strife—
 My breast a glassy sea.

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HEMANS.

But soon the storm of passion raves—
 My soul is tempest tossed—
 Corruptions rise, like angry waves,
 "Help, master, I am lost!"

"Peace! peace! be still thou raging breast,
 My fulness is for thee"—
 The Saviour speaks, and all is rest,
 Like the waves of Galilee.

And now I feel his holy eye
 Upbraids my heart of pride—
 "Why raise this unbelieving cry?
 I said, *To yonder side.*"

McCHEYNE.

Begun at the Lake of Galilee, 15th July, 1839.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the Flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
 Have nought but the bearded grain!
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
 I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord hath need of these flowrets gay,"
 The Reaper said, and smiled;
 "Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by my care,
 And saints upon their garments white,
 These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love;

She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

THE PILGRIMS OF EMMAUS.

It happened on a solemn even tide,
Soon after he who was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all their sorrows left behind :
Sought their own village, busied as they went,
In musings worthy of the great event ;
They spake of him they loved, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The further traced enriched them still the more ;
They thought him, and they justly thought him one
Sent to do more than he appeared to have done ;
To exalt a people and to place them high
Above all else, and wondered he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them, with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,
And truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That reaching home—"The night," they said, "is near,
We need not now be parted—sojourn here."
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And made so welcome at their simple feast,
He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming—" 'Twas the Lord!—
Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way?"

COWPER.

BE THANKFUL FOR YOUR SENSES.

WHAT a mercy is it that we are not lame, or blind, or deaf, as we might have been! To whom do we owe this? We owe it to God. Unless he had cared for us, our parents and friends would have tried in vain to shield us from harm.

John Kitto was the son of a mason at Plymouth. One day, when he was carrying a load of slates up a ladder to his father, who was slating the roof of a house, the boy lost his footing, and fell backwards into the paved court below. He was carried to his bed, and there he lay, utterly unconscious, for a whole fortnight. When he came to himself, he asked for a book which he had been reading before he fell. But when his friends answered him, they saw by his face that he did not hear; they shouted, but still his eye and his tongue kept inquiring, as if they had not spoken to him at all; they then answered him by signs, but he went on saying, "Why do you not speak?—let me have the book!" One of them near him wrote on a slate that the book had been given back to its owner. "But," said the poor boy, "why do you write to me, why not speak?" Then the sad truth could no longer be kept back, and so there was written on the slate, and held up before him, the dreadful words, "You are deaf."—And he was deaf to the end of his days. Yet though deaf, and very poor, love of books was so strong that he taught himself many languages; he travelled in many lands; and when he died, he left behind him many very useful and learned books, helping us to understand that "best of all books"—the Bible.

Now, in this case you see that all that man could do was done. God, and God only, could have saved this boy from deafness. If, then, we are neither lame, nor deaf, nor blind—if we can work without pain, and without hindrance—if we can hear the song of birds, and the sound of pleasant voices—if we can see the cheerful sunshine, and the bright flowers, and the faces of those we love, then we should be thankful to God, who up to this very hour has guarded and kept us from all danger.

And let God's goodness to us lead us to pity and help all who suffer from bodily deformity or infirmity. It is cruel and cowardly to join in teasing such, or laughing at them; it is cruel and cowardly *not* to pity and help them. I have read of a crippled beggar who was trying to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown to him from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered round him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his rags and wretchedness. Presently, a noble little lad came up—

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pushed through the crowd—saw what was the matter—at once set to work, and helped the cripple to gather up his gifts and put them in a bundle—and ran on. A lady, the wife of one of the chief men in the town, saw the whole affair, and as the lad passed she asked his name, and wrote it down, to tell her husband, that he might help him on in the world; and she said to him as he left her, “God will bless you for doing that kind act.” But it was not for show, or for reward, that the lad had done it; still the lady’s kind words of approval were pleasing; and he found, too, that he had made his own heart glad by doing good.

There was a boy at one of our schools who had a stutter in his speech; and whenever his class-fellows took notice of it, or laughed at him, his infirmity became worse. It happened that a new teacher came to the school. When it came to the turn of the stammering boy to say his lesson, not being used to the teacher, he could not get on. The teacher, of course, thought that he hadn’t learnt it, and most of the class were laughing at the poor boy; but one generous lad said, “Teacher, give him time.” The teacher did so, and soon the lesson was said. That was right conduct; “Go and do ye likewise.”

REV. J. ERSKINE CLARKE.

FAITH.

We saw thee not, when thou did’st tread,
 O Saviour, this our sinful earth;
 Nor heard thy voice restore the dead,
 And wake them to a second birth:
 But we *believe* that thou didst come,
 And quit for us thy glorious home.

We were not with the faithful few,
 Who stood thy bitter cross around,—
 Nor heard thy prayer for those who slew,
 Nor felt the earthquake rock the ground,—
 We saw no spear-wound pierce thy side:
 Yet we *believe* that thou hast died.

No angel’s message met our ear
 On that first glorious Easter-day,—
 “The Lord is risen, he is not here,
 Come see the place where Jesus lay!”
 But we *believe* that thou didst quell
 The banded powers of Death and Hell.

We saw thee not return on high ;
 And now our longing sight to bless,
 No ray of glory from the sky
 Comes down upon our wilderness :
 Yet we *believe* that thou art there,
 And seek thee, Lord, in praise and prayer

RUGBY HYMN BOOK.

MY THREE BOYS.

I HAVE a son, a little son,
 A boy just five years old,
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness,
 And mind of gentle mould.
 Strange questions doth he ask of me,
 When we together walk ;
 He scarcely thinks as children think,
 Or talks as children talk.
 He cares not much for childish sports,
 Dotes not on bat or ball,
 But looks on manhood's ways and works,
 And aptly mimics all.
 Oh, when I look into his eyes.
 And stroke his thoughtful brow,
 I dare not think what I should feel
 Were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son,
 A simple child of three ;
 How silver sweet those tones of his,
 When he prattles on my knee !
 I do not think his light blue eye
 Is, like his brother's, keen.
 Nor his brow so full of childish thought,
 As his hath ever been ;
 But his little heart's a fountain pure
 Of kind and tender feeling,
 And his every look's a sunny gleam,
 Rich depths of love revealing.
 Should he grow up to riper years
 God grant his heart may prove
 As sweet a home for heavenly grace,
 As now for earthly love :
 And if beside his grave the tears
 Our aching eyes must dim,
 God comfort us for all the love
 Which we shall lose in him.

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I have a son, a third sweet son ;
 His age I cannot tell,
 For they reckon not by years and months,
 Where he has gone to dwell,
 I cannot tell what form his is,
 What looks he weareth now,
 Nor guess how bright a glory crowns
 His shining seraph brow :
 But I know (for God hath told me this)
 That he is now at rest,
 Where other blessed infants be,
 On the Saviour's loving breast.
 Whate'er befalls his brethren twain.
His bliss can never cease ;
 Their lot may here be grief and fear,
 But *his* is certain peace.
 When we think of what our darling is,
 And what we still must be ;
 When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss,
 And *this* world's misery ;
 When we groan beneath this load of sin,
 And feel this grief and pain ;
 Oh, we'd rather lose our other two,
 Than have him here again.

MOULTRIE.

 THE PRODIGAL SON.

WHAT blissful sounds are these that fill the air ?
 Methinks they echo from yon dazzling halls !
 Unbounded mirth succeeds to gloom and care,
 For sorrow long hath reigned within those walls.

That mansion, too, has looked both lone and drear ;
 But now ascends unusual bursts of joy ;
 Perchance some glorious news has reached the ear,
 It may be tidings of their absent boy.

For, lost to virtue's pure and peaceful way,
 He mocked his father's word and mother's tears ;
 He left his home in other lands to stray,
 Regardless of parental love and fears.

I stood as if on some enchanted ground.
 And as I fondly listened, soon I learned,
 Their lost and long abandoned son was found,
 The fainting prodigal had then returned.

Welcome, indeed, to him was this retreat,
 When sunk in vice, in poverty and woe—
 When he had fed on husks the swine did eat,
 To find again his happy home below.

Of every comfort, every friend bereft,
 Wandering through hopeless stormy paths unknown,
 No fragment of his wasted fortune left,
 He felt undone, forsaken, and alone.

Till musing long, in dark and deep despair,
 With hands still clasp'd upon his breast,
 "My father has enough and much to spare,
 Why should I be for ever thus distress ?

"Unworthy though I am, yet not in vain
 To a fond parent's heart shall I appeal ;
 I'll seek my childhood's tranquil home again,
 He will not spurn me when I humbly kneel."

And now, behold in view the well-known spot
 Where stands his aged father's blest abode ;
 From grief to joy was changed his chequered lot,
 That father met him in his toilsome road,

And fell upon his neck, encircling round
 His once fair form, in warm and fond embrace ;
 But as he raised him trembling from the ground,
 He saw that grief had marked his pallid face.

With downcast eyes suffused in tears, he said
 "Father, I've sinned 'gainst heaven and in thy sight ;
 Oh grant that from thy crumbs I may be fed,
 I'll serve thee daily with supreme delight."

But love parental could not long forbear,
 The sire replied, "Son, thou wert ever mine,
 A robe of honour thou shalt shortly wear,
 And on thy head shall pearls and diamonds shine.

" For thee the fatted calf shall now be killed,
 Beneath my roof shall joy and mirth abound,
 My gladsome home shall now with guests be filled,
 For thou, my child, wert lost, but now art found."

But joy, far greater joy, in heaven is heard,
 Unlike this transitory bliss below,
 When sinners turn to our forgiving Lord,
 When tears of penitence are seen to flow.—

Angels, awake their sweetest cords and sing
 " Arise, thy heavenly Father bids thee come ;"
 The jasper walls above with rapture ring,
 When one lost child is seeking for his home.

HEAVENLY ZION.

BEAUTIFUL ZION, built above ;
 Beautiful city that I love ;
 Beautiful gates of pearly white ;
 Beautiful temple—God its light !

Beautiful trees, for ever there ;
 Beautiful fruits they always bear ;
 Beautiful rivers gliding by,
 Beautiful fountains, never dry !

Beautiful light without the sun ;
 Beautiful day, revolving on ;
 Beautiful worlds on worlds untold ;
 Beautiful streets of shining gold !

Beautiful Heaven, where all is light ;
 Beautiful angels clothed in white ;
 Beautiful songs that never tire ;
 Beautiful harps through all the choir !

Beautiful crowns on every brow ;
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show ;
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear ;
 Beautiful all who enter there !

Beautiful throne for God the Lamb,
 Beautiful seats at God's right hand,
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease !
 Beautiful home of perfect peace !

LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

COME hither, little Christian,
And hearken unto me ;
I 'll teach thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.

When a Christian child awaketh,
He should think of God in heaven,
And softly say, " I thank thee, Lord,
For the sleep which thou hast given."

He must say when he ariseth,
" From evil and from harm
Defend thy little child, O Lord,
With thine everlasting arm."

He reverently kneeleth
To pray beside his bed,
With closed eyes and humble voice
His holy prayers are said.

And as he thus approacheth
The God of heaven above,
He looketh down and smileth on
The little child in love.

He goeth from his chamber
To his work or to his play ;
But the prayers that he hath prayed
He must keep in mind all day.

He hath asked to be obedient,
And so he must fulfil
His parents' bidding cheerfully,
With a glad mind and will.

If a playmate take his playthings,
He must not rudely try
To snatch them back, but mildly ask,
Or meekly pass them by.

He hath asked to be made holy,
So he must strive all day
To yield his will to others' will,
His way to others' way.

No greedy thoughts dishonour
The Christian child at meals ;

He eateth what God gives him,
And ever thankful feels.

When no human eye can see him
He knoweth God is nigh ;
And that darkness cannot cover him
From his all-seeing eye.

Again, when evening cometh,
The Christian child will pray,
And praise the Lord for blessings given
To him throughout the day.

Then his soul to God committing,
He quietly may sleep,
God and his angel hosts
Will watch around him keep.

God bless thee, little Christian.
Be holy, humble, mild,
Obedient, truthful, diligent—
A truly Christian child.

God bless thee, little Christian,
And bid thee God bless me ;
I 've taught thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

"Oh, Mary," "I wish you had been at School yesterday, we had such an interesting subject for the day."

"I 'm always sorry, Eliza, when I cannot go ; but with so many little sisters, I must sometimes be kept at home. Yesterday, Sarah was so very ill. I was attending to her all day, because you know mother has the baby to nurse ; it is only three weeks old."

"Yes, Mary, it is true—and our teacher has often told us our first duty is at home. But I wanted you to hear about the lesson. I never thought there was so much to interest us in Joshua's history. You know who he was, Mary."

"Yes, he was the man who succeeded Moses, and who led the children of Israel into the promised land."

"When Moses died they were very near Canaan ; but there was one great hindrance to their going into it."

"What was that?"

"The river Jordan, and at that time of the year, the melting snows from the mountainous regions of the north of Palestine and Lebanon, caused the river to overflow, and then it became a dashing torrent. So the people thought we will wait a little, and then we will go over."

"Did they wait?"

"No, God told them to go at once. The priests were to go forward with the ark, and all the people were to be ready to follow directly."

"But, Eliza, how surprised the people would be at such a command, when the river was so full."

"Yes, Mary, they were; but in the morning they saw the pillar of cloud that went before the Israelites, begin to move down towards the deep river."

"Did the people follow?"

"First, the priests went bearing the ark. The people were to keep a little way off that they might see distinctly which way the priests went. Now, Mary, comes the part that is so wonderful. The priests went on, on—till their feet touched the water; and then they divided and were driven back perhaps several miles."

"Did the people follow at once in the path?"

"No, the priests went steadily and slowly on as far as the middle of the stream. then they stood still."

"Why did they do that?"

"Because the pillar of cloud rested, and so it remained till the people passed over."

"Did they all get over safely?"

"Yes, none were left behind: no child, no old man, the Bible says, 'all the people passed clean over Jordan.'"

"Did the people go on then?"

"No, not directly—the people were then in Canaan; but they were to take twelve stones of remembrance out of the middle of the river, to be set up on its banks, as a monument of God's care over them."

"Did the waters go back again?"

"Yes, as soon as the priests carried the ark to the bank of the river nearest to the land of Canaan, there was a rush of the waters back again."

"Did Joshua say anything to the people about the stones?"

"Yes, he told them that when their children should ask them in time to come, what the stones meant, they were to tell them how God had dried up the waters of Jordan that they might pass over. 'That all the people might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty.'"

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"What part of Joshua is this account in?"

"In the third and fourth chapters, Mary—we can read them together sometime. And Miss Clayton told us that this miracle would show how faithful God was: he had said he would be with Joshua as he had been with Moses, and this was a proof that he was so. It would also show that God was the friend of Israel. She told us also that Canaan should make us think of the better land to which God's children are hastening, and that Jordan should remind us of the river of death through which we shall have to pass. Oh, Mary, let us try to think more about these things, and pray to God to forgive us our sins, so that he may be our friend now; and that we may go to him when we die."

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

CHILD.

WHAT can I do for Christ, mamma,
Who does so much for me?

MOTHER.

Give him your youthful heart, my child,
And from all evil flee.

CHILD.

I think he has my heart, mamma,
And I detest all sin.

MOTHER.

Then end each day with prayer, my child;
With prayer each day begin.

CHILD.

I pray both morn and eve, mamma,
And love God's word to read.

MOTHER.

Act too, that all may see, my child,
That you are Christ's indeed.

CHILD.

All this I strive to do, mamma,
Can I do nothing more?

MOTHER.

Yes, tell that Christ has died for us,
God's favour to restore.

CHILD.

To whom can one so young, mamma,
The Saviour's mercy teach ?

MOTHER.

To all you love, and all you know,
And all your voice can reach.

CHILD.

But there are dying souls, mamma,
In many a distant land.

MOTHER.

Well, send some men to preach the word,
That they may understand.

CHILD.

How can I send them men, mamma,
Who am so weak and poor ?

MOTHER.

Help those who do, and that with prayer,
A blessing to secure.

CHILD.

If prayer would turn my pence to pounds,
I fain your plan would try.

MOTHER.

Elisha, and the widow's oil,
My answer will supply.

CHILD.

Oh ! yes, I see ; I have not much,
But what I have I 'll give ;
And God may make some dying soul
Through my small pittance live.

MOTHER.

Do thus, my child ; and you will find,
When sun and stars are dim,
That Christ regards what 's done for men,
As if 'twere done to him.

“ OH, LET ME RING THE BELL.”

A MISSIONARY, far away
Beyond the Southern Sea,

Was sitting in his home one day
With Bible on his knee ;

When suddenly he heard a rap
Upon the chamber door,
And opening, there stood a boy
Of some ten years or more.

He was a bright and happy child,
With cheeks of ruddy hue,
And eyes, that 'neath their lashes smiled,
And glittered like the dew.

He held his little form erect
In boyish sturdiness,
But on his lip you could detect
Traces of gentleness.

"Dear sir," he said, in native tongue,
"I do so want to know
If something for the house of God
You'll kindly let me do."

"What can you do, my little boy?"
The missionary said ;
And as he spoke he laid his hand
Upon the youthful head.

Then bashfully, as if afraid
His secret wish to tell,
The boy in eager accents said—
"Oh, let me ring the bell !

"Oh, please to let me ring the bell
For our dear house of prayer ;
I'm sure I'll ring it loud and well,
And I'll be always there !"

The missionary kindly look'd
Upon that upturn'd face,
Where hope, and fear, and wistfulness
United, left their trace.

And gladly did he grant the boon ;
The boy had pleaded well,
And to the eager child he said,
"Yes, you shall ring the bell !"

Oh, what a proud and happy heart
 He carried to his home,
 And how impatiently he longed
 For the Sabbath-day to come !

He rang the bell : he went to school,
 The Bible learned to read,
 And in his youthful heart was sown
 The Gospel's precious seed.

And now, to other heathen lands
 He's gone, of Christ to tell ;
 And yet his first young mission was
 To ring the Sabbath bell.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK GENTLY ! it is better far
 To rule by love than fear ;
 Speak gently ! let not harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.

Speak gently ! love doth whisper low
 The vows that true hearts bind ;
 And gently friendship's accents flow—
 Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child !
 Its love be sure to gain ;
 Teach it in accents soft and mild ;—
 It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
 Will have enough to bear ;
 Pass through this life as best they may,
 'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
 Grieve not the careworn heart ;
 The sands of life are nearly run—
 Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
 Let no harsh tone be heard ;
 They have enough they must endure,
 Without an unkind word.

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Speak gently to the erring ; know
 They may have toiled in vain ;
 Perchance unkindness made them so,
 Oh ! win them back again !

Speak gently ! he who gave his life
 To bend man's stubborn will,
 When elements were in fierce strife,
 Said to them, " Peace, be still ! "

Speak gently ! 'tis a little thing
 Dropp'd in the heart's deep well ;
 The good, the joy which it may bring
 Eternity shall tell.

HOW MUCH ARE YOU IN DEBT ?

FATHER AND SON.

Henry.—(*Entering his father's counting-room.*) O father, how much you must owe people ; or what a lot they must owe you ; for such a big book to be wanted to keep your accounts in !

Father.—It is hardly fair to judge by the size of my books.

Henry.—Why not, father ? Will not a large book hold more than a small one ?

Father.—Yes ; but different people have different plans of book-keeping. Some people who are deeply in debt do not keep any books at all.

Henry.—Indeed that must be a very bad plan. Well, nobody owes me anything, and I owe no one a single shilling.

Father.—I am not certain of that, my son ; in fact, when I said there are some people deeply in debt who keep no books, I meant to include you among the number.

Henry.—Me ! What ! do you think I am in debt ? I paid Lizzie the shilling she lent me yesterday, and I owe nobody a penny.

Father.—What, if after all you have said, I should find you over head and ears in debt ? What would you say then ?

Henry.—You are joking, father ; for no one can make it out that I am in debt. I do not owe a single penny.

Father.—Well, if you are so sure, you can have no objection to my inquiring into your affairs a little.

Henry.—Not in the least. You may ask any question you like. You cannot make me in debt, that's certain.

Father.—Very well; we shall see. Take your place there beside me, while I proceed as a committee of investigation. I might properly bring my own bill for ten years' board, clothing, lodging, and education, which would be many many pounds; but I will pass this by.

Henry.—O! I never thought of such things.

Father.—And for that reason it is my duty to think of them in examining your affairs. I told you I thought you a very bad accountant. Your two principal creditors are your earthly father and your heavenly father. What you owe the former is not worthy of being mentioned in comparison with what you are indebted to the latter.

Henry.—I suppose I shall soon be puzzled if you go on at this rate. I didn't mean such things.

Father.—Well, correct me if I make a wrong charge. You are indebted to your heavenly father for life; and all your senses of seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling. Would you part with them for a thousand pounds each?

Henry.—No, father; you know I would not. But, then, did not God give me all these?

Father.—Yes, he gave them to you; but he asks something of you in return. He says, "Son, give me thine heart." Then, there is your faculty of speech, your health,—

Henry.—Stop, stop; I see that you would make a much larger bill against me than I could ever pay. I confess I did not think of reckoning these things, but you will never hear me say again that I owe nothing.

Father.—I trust not, Henry; I heartily hope not. We are all of us in debt, beyond our power of payment, and all we can do is to acknowledge the goodness, forbearance, and love of our divine parent.

WE ARE SEVEN.

I MET a little cottage girl,
 She was eight years old, she said;
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That cluster'd round her head.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
 How many may you be?"
 "How many? seven in all," she said,
 And wondering look'd at me.

"And where are they, I pray you, tell?"
 She answer'd, "Seven are we;
 And two of us at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 My sister and my brother;
 And in the churchyard cottage I
 Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea,
 Yet you are seven; I pray you tell,
 Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
 "Seven boys and girls are we;
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You ran about, my little maid,
 Your limbs they are alive;
 If two are in the churchyard laid,
 Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
 The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
 And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit;
 My 'kerchief there I hem;
 And there upon the ground I sit—
 I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
 When it is light and fair,
 I take my little porringer,
 And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
 In bed she moaning lay;
 Till God released her from her pain,
 And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid:
 And when the grass was dry,
 Together round her grave we play'd,
 My brother John and I.

“ And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go
And he lies by her side.”

“ How many are you then,” said I,
“ If those two are in heaven ? ”
The little maiden did reply,
“ Oh, master, we are seven.”

“ But they are dead—those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven.”
’Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
“ And said, “ Nay, we are seven.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

I SAW a little lamb to-day,
It was not very old ;
Close by its mother's side it lay,
So soft within the fold :
It felt no sorrow, pain, or fear,
While such a comforter was near.

Sweet little lamb, you cannot know
What blessing I have lost :
Were you like me, what could you do
Amid the wintry frost ?
My clothes are thin, my food is poor,
And I must beg from door to door.

I had a mother once, like you,
To keep me by her side :
She cherish'd me and loved me too ;
But soon, alas ! she died.
Now, sorrowful and full of care,
I'm lone and weary everywhere.

'Twas thus a little orphan sung,
Her lonely heart to cheer ;
Before she wander'd very long,
She found a Saviour near :
He bade her seek his smiling face,
And find in heaven a dwelling-place.

SABBATH CHIMES.

THERE'S music in the morning air,
 A holy voice and sweet,
 Far calling to the House of Prayer
 The humblest peasant's feet.
 From hill, and vale, and distant moor,
 Long as the chime is heard,
 Each cottage sends its tenants forth
 For God's enriching word.

Where'er the British power hath trod,
 The cross of faith ascends,
 And, like a radiant arch of God,
 The light of Scripture bends !
 Deep in the forest wilderness
 The *wood-built church* is known ;
 A sheltering wing, in man's distress,
 Spread like the Saviour's own !

The warrior from his armed tent,
 The seaman from the tide,
 Far as the Sabbath chimes are sent
 In Christian nation's wide,—
 Thousands and tens of thousands bring
 Their sorrows to his shrine,
 And taste the never-failing spring
 Of Jesus' love divine !

If, at an *earthly* chime, the tread
 Of million, million feet
 Approach whene'er the Gospel's read
 In God's own temple-seat,
 How blest the sight, from death's dark sleep,
 To see God's saints arise ;
 And countless hosts of angels keep
The Sabbath of the skies !

C. SWAIN.

SUMMER-TIME.

I LOVE the cheerful summer-time,
 With all its birds and flowers,
 Its shining garments green and smooth,
 Its cool, refreshing showers.

I love to hear the little birds,
That carol on the trees ;
I love the gentle murmuring stream,
I love the evening breeze.

I love the bright and glorious sun,
That gives us light and heat ;
I love the pearly drops of dew,
That sparkle 'neath my feet.

I love to hear the busy hum
Of honey-making bee,
And learn a lesson, hard to learn,
Of patient industry.

I love to see the playful lambs,
So innocent and gay ;
I love the faithful, watchful dog,
Who guards them night and day.

I love to think of him who made
These pleasant things for me ;
Who gave me life, and health, and strength,
And eyes that I might see.

I love the holy Sabbath day,
So peaceful, calm, and still ;
And oh, I love to go to church,
And learn my Maker's will.

THE CHERRY TREE.

At each breath of the breeze they came rustling down ;
To his servant Spring, the good God said,
" For the poor little worm a table spread !"
Straight on the cherry tree there were seen
Thousands of leaflets fresh and green.

Then the poor little worm woke up, and crept
From the cell where all winter long it had slept,
It rubbed its eyes in a dreamy mood,
And opened its little mouth for food.

And with slow silent tooth it gnawed away
The little green leaflets on many a spray,
And it said to itself, " This is very good,—
" 'Tis quite a feast on such delicate food !"

To his servant Summer the good God said
 "For the poor little bee a table spread!"
 Straight the tree all over was bright
 With thousands of blossoms fresh and white.

Soon as the morning reddened the east,
 The little bee flew from his hive to the feast,
 And hummed to himself, "This is pleasant juice,—
 "Can such nice little china cups be for my use?"

"So clean and so white the cups are, let me dip
 "My tongue into each, and the sweet juice sip!"
 So from cup to cup he flutters and drinks:
 "This year there is no want of sugar," he thinks.

Then to Summer the good God said,
 "For the poor little bird a table spread!"
 Straight for each blossom came fruit instead,
 Thousands of cherries so fresh and red.

The wren and the sparrow then flew to the tree,
 Each chirruped and said, "Is this meant for me?"
 "Here let us feast the whole summer long,
 "And our throats will be clear and sweet for song!"

Then to Autumn the good God said,
 "Clear the table,—the children have fed!"
 Quickly a cold wind blew from the hill,
 And its breath was hoar-frost, dank and chill.

And the leaves turned yellow, and red, and brown,
 At each breath of the breeze they came rustling down;
 What had come from earth returned to earth,
 And died on the bosom that gave it birth.

Last to Winter the good God said,
 "Over all that is left a covering spread!"
 Quickly the snow-flakes began to fall,
 Wrapping them up in a close, white pall.

SOWING AND REAPING.

DAYS and years are left behind us,
 But, while seasons come and go,
 None can leave us as they find us—
 Worse or better we must grow.

Rivers to the ocean tending,
 Ever deepen as they roll :
 And for bliss or woe unending
 Every hour prepares our soul.

Like the trees still wider spreading
 Laden boughs and thirsting roots,
 All the life we now are leading
 Foster sweet or bitter fruits.

Should the spring in vain incite us
 Now to sow the precious seed,
 How shall harvest e'er requite us
 But with fields of thorn and weed ?

Let us, mindful of the warning
 We from day to day receive,
 Give to God our life's fresh morning,—
 Then shall he make glad our eve.

Let thy grace, O Lord ! be given,
 That, by all we hear and see,
 We may grow more ripe for heaven,
 More prepared to dwell with thee.

HYMNS FOR YOUTHFUL VOICES.

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Be kind to thy father— for when thou wert young,
 Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
 He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
 And joined in thy innocent glee,
 Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
 His locks intermingled with gray ;
 His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
 Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo ! on her brow
 May traces of sorrow be seen ;
 Oh well may't thou cherish and comfort her now,
 For loving and kind hath she been.
 Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray
 As long as God giveth her breath ;
 With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
 E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother - his heart will have dearth,
 If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn ;
 The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
 If the dew of affection be gone.
 Be kind to thy brother - wherever you are
 The love of a brother shall be
 An ornament, purer and richer by far
 Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister - not many may know
 The depths of true sisterly love ;
 The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
 The surface that sparkles above.
 Be kind to thy father - once fearless and bold, -
 Be kind to thy mother so near ;
 Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold ;
 Be kind to thy sister so dear.

HAVELOCK.

THE journey 's o'er, the battle 's fought,
 The victory is won ;
 The Lord hath sent his messenger
 To bid his servant come.

And he who fear'd not death from men,
 Shall now obtain the prize,
 And see his master face to face
 Beyond the starry skies.

Blest are the dead in God who die,
 And from their labours cease ;
 Is he not faithful who hath said
 That they shall rest in peace ?

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor tongue of man can tell,
 The joys that Jesus hath prepared
 For those who serve him well.

Let us not mourn as those who have
 No hope their hearts to cheer ;
 The Saviour took the sting from death,
 And what have we to fear ?

In Jordan's dark and bitter stream
 He will be still our guide,
 To lead us to eternal rest
 Upon the other side.

And when the joyful day shall come,
 When we shall part no more,
 Then happy shall our meeting be
 With those who went before.

Among the rare and brilliant gems
 Which deck the Saviour's brow,
 Shall be our gallant Havelock—
 The hero of Lucknow!

H.

 TALENTS.

"Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."—
Matt. xxv. 30.

HAVE you read of the servant who hid in the earth
 The talent his master had given,
 When, by diligent use, to redouble its worth,
 He ought to have faithfully striven.

My child, you have talents,— God gave them to you,
 And will surely require them again :
 Take care not to waste them ; if ever so few,
 Let them not have been given in vain.

You have *speech* ; then remember to watch your words well,
 And let them be gentle and kind ;
 It may seem a small matter, but no one can tell
 The comfort a word leaves behind.

You have *time* ; every minute and hour of the day
 Is lent by your father in heaven :
 Make haste to improve, ere it passes away,
 This talent so graciously given.

You have *influence*, too, though it seems very small.
 Yet, in greater or lesser degree,
 You affect the improvement and comfort of all
 With whom you may happen to be.

And the child who in earnest endeavours to live
 As an heir of eternity ought,
 By his silent example a lesson may give,
 Which by words he could never have taught.

Then consider the talents intrusted to you,
 And may they be duly improved ;
 Let your service be hearty and free, as is due
 From children so greatly beloved.

THOUGHTS IN VERSER.

H.

THE LOST LAMB.

A TRUE STORY.

A LITTLE LAMB with fleece so white, lived in a garden fair—
 A happy little lamb was he, sweet Annie's play to share ;
 And Annie was a happy child, with many a treasured toy,
 But more than all, her own pet lamb wou'd fill her heart
 with joy.

Once Annie to her mother ran with tears which fell like
 rain,
 "Mamma, mamma, my lamb is lost! he'll never come
 again."
 "Cheer up, my child," her mother said, "we'll send the
 gardener round,
 And very soon, you may be sure, your favourite will be
 found."

So Annie wiped her tears away, and tried once more to
 smile,
 But still, before he came again, it seemed a long, long while ;
 Until at last (what joy!) she saw the gardener at the door,
 And back within his careful arms the little lamb he bore.

Then on her knee her little girl her mother fondly took,
 And talked to her of things we read in God's most holy
 book :
 "You were a straying lamb, my child, but Jesus died for
 you,
 And now he calls you to his arms—the Shepherd kind and
 true."

She clung around her mother's neck, then bounded to her
 play,
 And merrily the hours passed by of that bright summer day.
 'Twas Annie's latest day on earth, she drooped at evening
 hour,
 And through the long and weary night she faded like a
 flower.

Yet ere the spirit passed away, she raised her infant head.
 And gazed upon her parents dear who wept around her
 bed :
 "Mamma," she said, "the Shepherd kind for his lost lamb
 is come ;
 Mamma, oh, may he have it ?" and then—God called her
 home.

Oh, happy lambs, by Jesus called thus to his arms on high,
 So kindly and so tenderly he bears them to the sky,
 And happy those he leaves on earth in holiness to grow,
 And ere they join the fold above to fill the fold below !

M. K. M.

THE SOLDIER OUT OF UNIFORM.

A SOLDIER, going along the road in his regimentals, over-
 took a serious-looking young man who was reading a hand-
 bill. The young man was the taller of the two, but the
 soldier seemed to have the advantage on account of his high
 cap. They had not walked many yards before they began
 the following conversation :—

Soldier.—Marching is warm work such a day as this ; but
 you seem to clear the ground as if you were used to it.

Young Man.—Why, when one has a distance to go,
 there's no good got in letting the grass grow under one's
 feet.

S.—True, comrado ; you look like a hearty young fellow
 that has got some pith in him, just fit to serve your sovereign.
 What say you ? Will you list for a soldier ?

Y. M. No, that is not necessary, seeing that I am a
 soldier already.

S.—Indeed ! then let me tell you that it seems a queer
 thing to me that you are not in regimentals.

Y. M.—It may ; but the men in the company that I be-

long to are allowed to dress in what way they like, so that they go well armed, keep themselves neat and clean, and don't disgrace their profession.

S.—Ay! Never did I hear before that any regiment in the service was allowed to dress out of uniform. I am afraid you're joking; and yet you look as solid as old time. How old are you? I take you to be about thirty.

Y. M.—You are not far from the mark; but I call myself an old soldier for all that.

S.—May I be bold enough to ask if you have ever seen service? Have you ever been in an engagement?

Y. M.—Oh, yes! in a great many, and have been desperately wounded too in some of them; but here I am, thank God, willing to fight as long as I have a leg to stand on.

S.—Well, that's right; you seem to have some heart in you, as every soldier ought to have. You can read, I dare say, or you wouldn't have that paper in your hand; and if you can write a bit I shouldn't wonder at all if you were promoted, and made a corporal.

Y. M.—I've no great desire for promotion; it's a soldier's business to do his duty cheerfully rather than to want to hold up his head above his comrades.

S.—Very true; but for all that I have no great wish to remain "a full private" all my days. Come now, be honest with me, for it pops into my head that it's all moonshine about your company not wearing uniform. I am afraid you're a deserter.

Y. M.—Not a bit of it. Many a thing have I done in my time that a faithful soldier ought not to do, but as to deserting I'd lose my life first.

S. Well, well, I'm not the man to betray a brother soldier, if you had been one; but I'm glad you're no deserter. Here's a public house, I see; what say you to a glass of brandy and water; or, perhaps, you like the brandy best by itself?

Y. M.—I am neither in want of the one nor the other. In the first place, I can't afford to drink brandy; and in the next place, orders are given at head-quarters that our company should be very moderate in such things.

S.—If you can't afford it, you shall have a glass at my expense, and welcome. Moderation is all very well; but when one is not on duty, a soldier may take a drop now and then.

Y. M.—But our company is ordered to be always on duty,

night and day, wet or dry, in doors or out. We are ordered to keep guard continually, and to be always ready for the march.

S.—What! always on duty? Why that's enough to break any soldier's heart. In time of war its warm work with us, I grant you, and there's no time for carousing; but when we are at peace, and at home, as I may say, to be always on duty is quite out of the question. Look here, now; while we have been talking we have left the public house behind us. But tell me, do you belong to the artillery, or the lancers, or the foot-guards? You are tall enough for a life-guardsmen.

Y. M.—No, I belong to none of these.

S.—Why don't you tell me, then, what you are? Are you ashamed of your colours, or your captain?

Y. M.—Blessed be God, neither the one nor the other. No, no; if any soldier has cause to speak well of both, it is I.

S.—You seem to me to be an odd fish, comrade; you wear no uniform. and you won't drink brandy! It is not above ten minutes ago that you said your company were all to be well armed. Now, you have not so much as a bayonet by your side. If you are so particular about one part of your duty, how is it that you are so careless about another? I can't see how a man can be well armed while he goes about in coloured clothes, with neither musket, sword, nor bayonet about him.

Y. M.—Why, the weapons we are commanded to carry are of a different sort to yours; and as to our armour, we wear that under our clothes. It has been found out that inside armour answers best.

S.—Has it? And how long may that be ago? Why the life-guards wear breastplates, cuirasses—as they call them now—just as they used to do. Do you mean to say that you have got armour under your clothes now?

Y. M.—Suppose, before I answer your question, I read over this handbill, for it will explain the whole affair a hundred times better than I can do it. It will give you some account of the corps that I belong to.

S.—Then let us have it.

Y. M.—You shall; therefore “Attention.” It runs thus:—“Every true Christian is a soldier: Christ is the Captain of his salvation; for God, who is over all the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth, hath appointed him to be a ‘Leader and Commander to the

People.' He hath said, 'Thou art my battle-axe and weapons of war; for with thee will I break in pieces the nations, and with thee will I destroy kingdoms.' Every true and faithful soldier of Christ is bound to obey his Captain's commands in all things; and in order that he may do this, they are all written in a book. This book contains a full and particular account of his arms and accoutrements, his exercise, and all his duties, so that no one can excuse himself on the score of ignorance. The book contains the Articles of War, the enemies he is to fight with, the way he is to begin his attack, and the manner in which he is to secure the victory."

S.—I see now, comrade, what sort of soldier you are, and wonder I did not find it out before; but, however, go on with reading your paper.

Y. M.—"He must be clothed with humility; he must have clean hands and a pure heart, and ever be ready to shed the best blood that runs through his veins in fighting against the world, the flesh, and the devil. His weapons and his armour—"

S.—Ay, I'm glad it says something about them. Go on, comrade.

Y. M.—"His weapons and his armour are not of forged iron and sharpened steel, but they are always to be kept fit for service, that he may be mighty in pulling down the strong-holds of sin and Satan. On his head he is to wear the helmet of salvation, his loins are to be girded with truth, with the breastplate of righteousness over his heart. His left hand is to bear the shield of faith, his right to wield the two-edged sword of truth, and his feet to be shod with the preparation of the gospel."

S.—I know how to manage my firelock as well as here and there one; and I look upon it that it would take a strong man and a sharp sword to cut through my cap; but such arms and armour as you talk about I never heard tell of before; how do you know how to use 'em?

Y. M.—Listen to the handbill. "Thus armed for battle, his Captain teaches his hands to war, and his fingers to fight, and marches on before him, 'terrible as an army with banners,' conquering and to conquer."

S. You're a long way beyond me. I shou'd make but a poor soldier in your corps. There are two or three in our company like you, but I always keep away from them. If you have got any more in your paper, let's hear it; for, to

tell you the truth, I don't care how soon you come to the end of it.

Y. M. - There is but little to read now, but that little is worth your attending to. "Every human being who is not a Christian soldier, but a disobeyer of God's commandments, is a rebel and a traitor, for God is the true Sovereign of all, being King of kings and Lord of lords, and is thereby entitled to the allegiance and service of all his subjects. He that serveth an earthly sovereign as a soldier, and refuseth to be the soldier of the King of heaven, is a deserter from the standard of the cross, and lives a life of open rebellion to his lawful Sovereign. Heavy is the punishment of a soldier for disobedience to his sovereign, but heavier still for disobedience to the King of kings; for the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God."

S.—You're rather hard there, comrade; but, now that your paper is finished, let me tell you that when I listed to serve my sovereign I received bounty-money, and clothing and arms, so that I am bound to serve truly, and to fight my country's battles, to shed my blood for the honour of old England.

Y. M. And have you received no bounty from the King of kings?

S.—Not a penny.

Y. M.—No! Why who gave you your life, and all your faculties? Who made the sun and moon that light you by day and night; the beasts and the produce of the fields that supp'y you with food and raiment? Who gave his own Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to die on the cross for sinners? Who bestowed on us that blessed book the Bible? and who has prepared a world of glory for every one that fights under his banner, and continues to be his faithful soldier till his life's end? Instead of not receiving anything at his hands, you have nothing that you have not received from him.

S.—You look so earnest at me, and speak in such a way, that I could feel half afraid of you. To make me out to be a deserter, and a rebel, and a traitor, is going too far. I don't see that I am any worse than other folks, though I can't say that I am any better. You make me out as black, indeed.

Y. M.—Nay, comrade, I have only read the handbill to you, and, if there is anything there that touches you, I can

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only say that the substance of it is from the word of God. Now, supposing that a war should break out, and you should get wounded, what will become of you?

S.—Become of me? Why I shall be taken care of, and have a pension, to be sure! Did you never hear of Chelsea Hospital? Old soldiers live there as happy as lords. Our sovereign has taken care of that.

Y. M.—And if you should live there as happy as a lord, you must die there at last; and what will become of you then? has that been taken care of too?

S.—How you talk! that's my look-out.

Y. M. I am glad you think so; and now tell me, comrade, what sort of a look-out you have got?

S.—Why, that's a poser; but I reckon it will be with a many of us as it is now; our rations will be pretty much the same; I shall share as well as my comrades. It's a thing that I don't much care to think of. We must all die when our time comes; that's certain.

Y. M.—The Bible says as much, but dying is not all; "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

S. That is what Harry Towers every now and then is telling us, but, as I said, I keep away from him.

Y. M.—You may keep away from Harry Towers, but you can't keep away from the judgment-seat of Christ, comrade.

S.—You're right enough there. How do you manage that?

Y. M.—By fleeing for refuge to the stronghold; by acknowledging my sins, and seeking pardon through the death and intercession of the Captain of my salvation. The gospel of Christ is worth more than a thousand Chelsea Hospitals.

S.—But what is this gospel that you say so much about?

Y. M.—What is it? Why it would take the tongue of an angel, ay, of an archangel, to tell you what it is. You must not expect that such a poor unlettered sinner as I am can tell you a hundredth part of what it is. However, as you ask me the question, I will not be quite silent about the matter. The gospel is the news of God's grace; it is tidings of great joy; it is medicine to the sick; a cordial to the faint; wine and oil to the wounded; food to the hungry; drink to the thirsty; clothing to the naked; riches to the poor; a friend to the friendless; a home to the homeless. It is—

S.—Halt! Why your tongue runs as glibly as our cor-

poral's when he hears the roll. I asked you but one question, and you have given me a matter of a dozen answers already.

Y. M.—Well, hear me out:—The gospel of our blessed Saviour is a remedy for sin, a cure for sorrow, a life-purifier, a death-composer, a hope to the hopeless, a joy to the wretched, a remover of all things that stand between us and God, and a heaven to those who look for nothing but weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

S.—A pretty good list, take it altogether; but a man must be a saint before he deserves these things.

Y. M.—They are not deserved by a saint, but God in mercy has promised them all to a repentant sinner. If you are once taught that you are a perishing sinner, and cry for mercy to the Father of mercies, you will not cry in vain. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Come, comrade, will you be a Christian soldier? Will you enlist?

S.—You're a queer man; I little thought to be tackled after this fashion when I asked you to 'list for a soldier. I am no great reader, but, if you'll give me that handbill, I'll try to spell it over at another time.

Y. M.—Do, comrade, do; but one word with you before we part, for I must turn off here; don't make a light matter of your eternal salvation. "The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him; to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry and will save them." But remember the great review day is at hand, when the Judge of heaven and earth shall rend the heavens, and come down in might, majesty, and dominion, to judge the assembled world standing before his throne. Then will it be seen whether we are true men, or deserters and rebels. The question what uniform we have worn will be as dust compared to the more important inquiry, have we been faithful soldiers of Christ, ready to live and die in his service, willing to share his cross, and desiring to wear his crown?

S.—Well, comrade, farewell! I'll be as good as my word, and spell over the handbill.

Y. M.—Farewell! may the words, like arrows, be sent home to your heart, so that we may yet be soldiers of the same corps, and obey the same Captain.

S.—That's a good fellow. I'll be bound for it, and wishes well to a soldier, but it's what I did not think of, to be met

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with and taken to in this manner. The truth's the truth, however, all the world over; and I do think that many of us are a most heathenish, ungodly set of folks, and so I said. I'll spell the handbill over again; maybe it will do me good. One thing I see for certain now that I never saw before; and that is, that a man may be well armed who carries neither a musket or bayonet, and also that he may be a good soldier without being in uniform.

ARE we the soldiers of the cross,
The followers of the Lamb?
And shall we fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Now must we fight if we would reign:
Increase our courage, Lord!
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow,
But thou hast loveliness far above
What Nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But he that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
 And palms, in thy soft air,
 But that Sharon's fair and bleeding rose
 Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
 Thou calm reposing sea ;
 But ah, far more ! the beautiful feet
 Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

These days are past—Bethsaida, where ?
 Chorazin, where art thou ?
 His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
 The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
 Was the Saviour's city here ?
 Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
 With none to shed a tear ?

Ah ! would my flock from thee might learn
 How days of grace will flee ;
 How all an offered Christ who spurn,
 Shall mourn at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea
 The new-risen Saviour said
 Three times to Simon, " Lovest thou me ?
 My lambs and sheep then feed."

O Saviour ! gone to God's right hand !
 Yet the same Saviour still,
 Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand
 And every fragrant hill.

Oh ! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
 Threefold thy love divine,
 That I may feed, till I find my grave,
 Thy flock—both thine and mine.

Sea of Galilee, 16th July, 1839.

"THEY SING THE SONG OF MOSES."

DARK was the night, the wind was high,
 The way by mortals never trod ;
 For God had made the channel dry,
 When faithful Moses stretched the rod.

The raging waves on either hand
Stood like a massy tott'ring wall,
And on the heaven-defended band
Refused to let the waters fall.

With anxious footsteps, Israel trod
The depths of that mysterious way ;
Cheer'd by the pillar of their God,
That shone for them with fav'ring ray.

But when they reached the opposing shore
As morning streaked the eastern sky,
They saw the billows hurry o'er
The flower of Pharoah's chivalry.

Then awful gladness filled the mind
Of Israel's mighty ransomed throng ;
And while they gazed on all behind,
Their wonder burst into a song.

Thus, thy redeem'd ones, Lord, on earth,
While passing through this vale of weeping,
Mix holy trembling with their mirth,
And anxious watching with their sleeping.

The night is dark, the storm is loud,
The path no human strength can tread ;
Jesus, be thou the pillar-cloud,
Heaven's light upon our path to shed.

And oh ! when, life's dark journey o'er,
And death's enshrouding valley past,
We plant our foot on yonder shore,
And tread yon golden strand at last.

Shall we not see with deep amaze,
How grace hath led us safe along ;
And whilst behind—before, we gaze,
Triumphant burst into a song !

And even on earth, though sore bested,
Fightings without, and fears within ;
Sprinkled to-day from slavish dread,
To-morrow captive led by sin.

Yet would I lift my downcast eyes,
On Thee, thou brilliant tower of fire—
Thou dark cloud to mine enemies—
That Hope may all my breast inspire.

And thus the Lord, my strength, I'll praise,
 Though Satan and his legions rage ;
 And the sweet song of faith I'll raise,
 To cheer me on my pilgrimage.

Edinburgh, 1835.

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.*

Come to the sunset tree !
 The day is past and gone ;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,
 And the summer dew to flowers,
 And rest to us is given
 By the cool soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest !
 Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
 And the gleaming of the west,
 And the tuft whereon we lie.

When the burden and the heat
 Of labour's task are o'er,
 And kindly voices greet
 The tired one at his door.

Come to the sunset tree !
 The day is past and gone ;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done.

Yes ; tuneful is the sound
 That dwells in whispering boughs,
 Welcome the freshness round,
 And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest more sweet and still
 Than ever night-fall gave,
 Our longing hearts shall fill
 In the world beyond the grave.

* "The loved hour of repose is striking. Let us come to the sunset tree." See Captain Sherer's interesting "Notes and Reflections during a ramble in Germany."

There shall no tempest blow,
 No scorching noon-tide heat ;
 There shall be no more snow,
 No weary wandering feet.

And we lift our trusting eyes,
 From the hills our fathers trod,
 To the quiet of the skies,
 To the Sabbath of our God.

Come to the sunset tree !
 The day is past and gone ;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done !

ENGLAND'S DEFENCES.

"Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks."—*Isa. xxxv. 1.*

Thou hast thy mighty bulwarks,
 Thou island of the brave,
 Who sittest on thy sea-girt throne,
 The empress of the wave,
 Stretching thy sceptre o'er the sea,
 With proud, imperial smile,
 Waving the banner of the free
 O'er ocean and o'er isle.

Thou hast thy bristling ramparts
 Where thundering cannon roar ;
 Thou hast thy stately walls of oak
 At vigil round thy shore ;
 And a hundred gallant argosies
 Toss proudly ocean's foam,
 And stream thy pennon on the breeze
 That wafts thy treasures home.

Ay, spears would rise like forests
 Around thy peaceful bowers,
 Ere the banner of a foreign foe
 Shall float from England's towers :
 The strong would man thy battlements,
 The weak would scorn to flee !
 Yet *these* are not thy *true defence*,
 Dear island of the free.

SANTS.*

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Thou hast a mightier bulwark
 To guard thy hallowed sod—
A praying people, lifting up
 The banner of their God ;
A people, weak in carnal might,
 Yet strong in faith and love.
 Drawing supplies of life and light
 From treasuries above.

Thou hast a dauntless people,
 Right loyal to their Lord,
 Whose ægis is the shield of faith,
 Whose brand the Spirit's sword.
 And valiant is their noble strife
 'Gainst wrong and grief and sin,
 Their battle-field the path of life,
 Their warfare all within.

Ah! thou hast matchless treasures,
 (Though some may prize them not),
BIBLES in queenly palaces,
BIBLES in hall and cot ;
 With Christ's own testament of peace
 For every grief and wound,
 And jubilees of full release
 For souls whom sin hath bound.

Oh, England, haughty England !
 Thy towers may mock our trust,
 And battled wall and bannered height
 May crumble into dust ;
 But Christ will be our sure defence,
 And God's own truth shall be
 For bulwarks and for battlements—
 Dear island of the free.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

COME, messmates! 'tis time to hoist our sail—
 It is fair as fair can be ;
And the ebbing tide and northerly gale
 Will carry us out to sea.
So down with the boat from the beach so steep,
 We must part with the setting sun ;
For ere we can spread out our nets in the deep
 We've a weary way to run.

As through the night-watches we drift about,
 We'll think of the times that are fled,
 And of Him who once called other fishermen out
 To be fishers of men instead.
 Like us, they had hunger and cold to bear ;
 Rough weather, like us, they knew ;
 And He who guarded them by His care
 Full often was with them too !

'Twas the fourth long watch of a stormy night,
 And but little way they had made,
 When He came o'er the waters and stood in their sight,
 And their hearts were sore afraid ;
 But He cheer'd their spirits, and said, " It is I,"
 And then they could fear no harm :
 And though we cannot behold Him nigh,
 He is guarding us still with His arm.

They had toil'd all the night, and had taken nought ;
 He commanded the stormy sea—
 They let down their nets, and of fishes caught
 An hundred and fifty-three.
 And good success to our boat He will send,
 If we trust in His mercy right,
 For He pitieth those who at home depend
 On what we shall take to-night.

And if ever in danger and fear we are toss'd
 About on the stormy deep.
 We'll tell how they once thought that all was lost,
 When their Lord " was fast asleep."
 He saved them then, he can save us still,
 For his are the winds and the sea ;
 And if he is with us, we 'll fear no ill,
 Whatever the danger be.

Or if he sees fit that our boat should sink
 By a storm or a leak, like lead,
 Yet still of the glorious day we 'll think,
 When the sea shall yield her dead.
 For they who depart in his faith and fear
 Shall find that their passage is short
 From the troublesome waves that beset life here
 To the everlasting port.

REV. J. M. NEALE.

THE WATCHMAN'S SONG.

[The watchmen in Germany amuse themselves during the night by singing their national songs, as well as others of a more devotional character ; of the latter the following is a specimen, taken from a very interesting work, the "Autumn on the Rhine." When the verses are good, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and pleasing.]

"HARK! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below, from God in heaven.
Human watch from harm can't ward us—
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Give us all a blessed night.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven apostles, of holy mind,
Taught the Gospel to mankind.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
One has peal'd on the belfry bell!
One God alone, one Lord, indeed,
Who bears us forth in our hour of need.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Two resounds on the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free;—
Neighbour, choose the best for thee.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Three now tolls on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Human watch, &c.

“ Hark ! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Four are the strokes of the belfry bell !
Four gospels pure to men proclaim
Eternal life in the Saviour's name.
Human watch, &c.

“ Hark ! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Five now rings on the belfry bell !
Five barley loaves, when Jesus will'd,
Five thousand fed—twelve baskets filled.
Human watch, &c.

“ Hark ! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Six now tolls from the belfry bell
Six are the days to labour given.
In six days God created heaven.
Human watch, &c.

“ Hark ! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Seven resounds from the belfry bell !
The seventh day is the sacred rest—
The Lord's own day, the Sabbath blest.
Human watch, &c.

“ Hark ! ye neighbour, and hear me tell,
Eight are the strokes of the belfry bell !
And eight were the souls that the ark did save
Above the flood's o'erwhelming wave.
Human watch, &c.

“ Hark ! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Nine has pealed on the belfry bell !
The ninth sad hour saw Jesus die ;
The rocks, the graves, the dead reply.
Human watch from harm can't ward us—
God will watch and God will guard us ;
He, through His eternal might,
Give us all a blessed night.”

THE COLPORTEUR.

UNDER his burden bending,
With footsteps weary and sore,
A labouring man is wending
His way on the darksome moor ;
But a Hand unseen and a Light within
Beckon him on before :

Making the road seem shorter,
Making the darkness day,
For he is a blessed colporteur,
Out on his sacred way—
Bearing the word of the living Lord
To the regions far away.

To the people in darkness pining
Under the shadow of death.
A burning light, and a shining
Beacon across their path ;
The coat on his back, and his well-filled pack,
All the provision he hath.

Called by the poor a pedlar,
Called by the rich a tramp,
To the bigot, a would-be meddler,
To the scoffer, only a scamp ;
All honour the more, for he carries the war
Into the enemy's camp ;

Scaling him by the barrier,
Mining him in the ditch,
Or, like a true-bred warrior,
Meeting him in the breach,
Armed with the sword of the winning word,
Satan to over-reach !

And out on the early morrow,
Or ever the first cock-crow,
When forth to the farm and furrow
The children of labour go,
With wallet in hand will he take his stand,
The seed of the word to sow.

In the shade of the rural byeway,
In the shine of the village mead,
In the town and the public highway,
Wherever a man may tread,
Alike at the door of the rich and poor,
Sowing the precious seed.

J. W. HOLME.

TURN THE CARPET ;

OR, THE TWO WEAVERS.

In a Dialogue between Dick and John.

As at their work two weavers sat,
 Beguiling time with friendly chat,
 They to'ch'd upon the price of meat,
 So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
 Quoth Dick "I'm almost tired of life :
 So hard my work, so poor my fare,
 'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state !
 His house so fine ! his wealth so great !
 Heaven is unjust, you must agree :
 Why all to him ? why none to me ?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
 In spite of all the parson preaches,
 This world (indeed I've thought so long)
 Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
 'Tis all confused and hard, and strange ;
 The good are troubled and oppress'd,
 And all the wicked are the bless'd."

Quoth John : "Our ignorance is the cause
 Why thus we blame our Maker's laws ;
 Parts of his ways alone we know,
 'Tis all that man can see below.

"See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
 Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun ?
 Behold the wild confusion there,
 So rude the mass it makes one stare !

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
 Would say, no meaning's there convey'd ;
 For where's the middle, where's the border ?
 Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick : " My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits ;
Besides, you reason like a lout ;
Why, man, that *carpet's inside out* "

Says John : " Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen ;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

" As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends ;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

" No plan, no pattern, can we trace ;
All wants proportion, truth and grace ;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

" But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design.
And own the workman is divine.

" What now seem random strokes, will there,
All order and design appear ;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the *carpet shall be turn'd.*"

" Thou'rt right." quoth Dick ; " no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble ;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

SILENTLY and slow she came,
Shrinking from the proud ones' gaze ;
Lowly bending, dropt the gift,
Nor did once her bow'd head raise.

She had worked to gain that mite,
By the night-lamp's misty flare ;
Till the heavy eyelids fell,
Stupor came in spite of care.

She had sat beside the hearth,
Gathering round her thin attire ;
Watched, while keen the wind blew in,
A dying mockery of a fire.

Few there were had marked that gift,
Marked the half-checked weary sigh ;
Marked the thinness of that cheek,
Marked that hollow, anxious eye.

Those that did, their nostrils raised,
Curled their lips in proud despite,
And, with coarse derisive laugh,
Mocked the widow's humble mite.

And the rich came boldly in,
Brushed the timid woman by ;
And the ringing of their gold
Sounded through the treasury.

Standers-by the offerings praised ;
"Generous ! liberal !" cried they ;
While, unnoticed or despised,
There the widow's farthing lay.

But One there was who stood apart,
And whose more than human eye
Saw the mysteries of each heart
Before its brightness open lie.

Turning to his friends, he cried :
" Verily, to you I say,
This poor widow more hath given
Than have all the rest this day.

" They, in their abundant store,
Will not find one comfort less ;
She hath wrung the last small coin
From her want and wretchedness."

Homeward the poor woman went,
With firmer step and heart more light ;
For the blessing of the Lord
Had repaid the widow's mite.

LILY BRENT.

THE HEAP OF HAY.

'Twas little Jenny, and she sat
Upon a heap of hay,
Beneath the shadow of a tree,
And read the "Peep of Day."

The blackbird sang his merry song
Above her curly head ;
And hopping boldly at her feet
Was little robin red.

But Jenny did not care to hear
The merry blackbird sing,
Nor watched the robin-redbreast smoothe
His pretty shining wing.

For bending o'er her book she read
Of Jesus in the sky,
And how the angels come to fetch
Good children when they die.

The aged gardener, working near,
Would often look that way,
And wonder why Miss Jenny loved
Her reading more than play.

At length he close and closer drew,
And "Little Miss," said he,
"You have a pretty book ; I wish
You 'd read a bit to me."

And little Jenny's eyes of blue
They sparkled as she said,
"I'll read about the death of Christ,
And how he left the dead."

"The death of Christ?" the gardener asked,
"First tell me who was he?"
Said Jenny, "Don't you know the Lord,
Who died for you and me?"

"Ah! Miss, I never went to school,"
The poor old man replied ;
"It seems as if I 'd heard his name,
But nothing else beside."

The tears came into Jenny's eyes,
 And "Oh! how sad!" she said;
 What! have you not in all your life
 The holy Bible read?"

"And did you never go to church
 When you were young?" said she,
 "Or never say your pretty prayers
 Beside your mother's knee?"

"No; I was never taught at all,"
 The aged gardener sighed;
 "A single word I could not speak
 When both my parents died."

"Oh, dear!" said Jenny, "if you like,
 I'll come here every day,
 And sit beneath this shady tree
 And teach you, if I may.

"Come, sit beside me on the grass,
 And let us *now* begin
 To read about the lamb of God,
 Who took away our sin."

With many thanks the gardener sat
 The gentle girl beside,
 And heard her tell of Jesus' love,
 So boundless, deep, and wide.

And when she closed her pretty book,
 He scarce a word could speak;
 His heart was full of thought, and tears
 Were on his withered cheek.

That night, as lost in slumber deep
 The aged gardener lay,
 He dreamed that holy angels bright
 Stood round the heap of hay.

And often as he worked next day,
 Across the field he 'd look,
 To see if little Jenny kind
 Was coming with her book.

She came at last—that happy child—
As summer morning bright,
Plucking the king-cups in her way,
And pink-edged daisies white.

The gardener he had shaken up
Her soft and fragrant seat,
And swept a pathway through the hay
For Jenny's tripping feet.

And down again they sat and read :
And all that summer long,
He listened to that pleasant voice
As sweet as wild-bird's song.

And when that lovely field was cleared
Of all the scented hay,
The gardener suffered none to move
Miss Jenny's heap away.

The sunbeam, struggling thro' the leaves
That clothed the elm-tree tall,
Upon the light locks and the grey
Day after day would fall.

But when those leaves, so deeply green,
Looked yellow in the sun,
And down upon the grass below
Came floating, one by one.

The aged man and blue-eyed child
Sat talking there no more,
For stretched upon a bed of pain
He lay in suff'ring sore.

And now that dear attentive girl
Would seek his darkened room,
With words and deeds of comfort kind
To cheer him in the gloom.

And he would talk of God and heaven,
And Jesus, as he lay,
And how he learned the love of Christ
Beside the heap of hay.

But weaker every day he grew,
 For he was very old,
 And in the churchyard he was laid
 Before the winter cold.

There, often as she came from school,
 Would little Jenny go,
 And leave around the gardener's grave
 Small foot-prints in the snow.

And oftener still, when Spring came back,
 She sought the favourite spot.
 And planted on the grassy mound
 The blue forget-me-not;

And thought upon that happy soul,
 Safe in the realms of day,
 Who learned of her the way to heaven,
 Beside the heap of hay.

JOSEPHINE.

A STORY ABOUT THE RAIN.

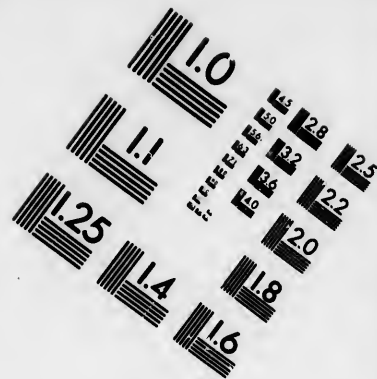
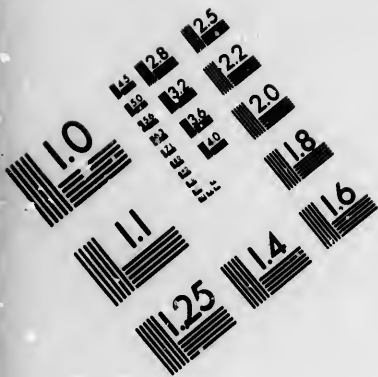
" I AM sad and weary, mother,
 I am weary of my play ;
 I am dull and weary, mother.
 Through this dreary, dismal day.

" In the morning, when I waken'd,
 Then I listened to the rain,
 And I watched the little streamlets
 Chase each other down the pane.

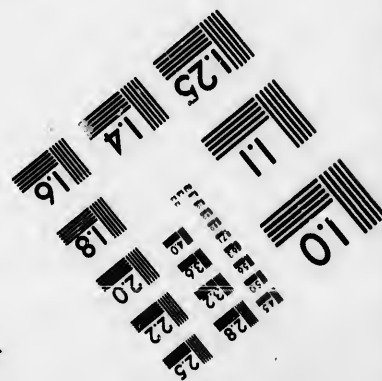
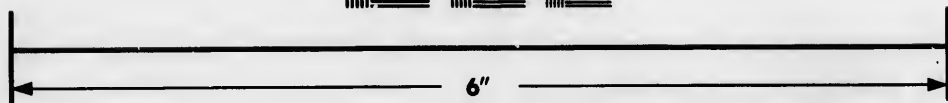
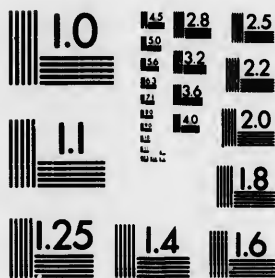
" And I marked, out on the branches,
 The poor drench'd robins cower,
 All their merry singing silenced
 By that ugly, rattling shower.

" And the cheering sun is hidden
 By that chill expanse of grey ;
 Oh, I hate such weather, mother !
 Oh, I hate a rainy day !





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“ Why have we such dark days, mother ?
For you tell me ‘ God is love.’
And that he sends naught but blessing
From his happy throne above.

“ If I had the power, mother,
I would send no rainy day,
But have sunshine ever smiling,
And have summer ever gay.”

“ Now come hither to me, Harry.
Set thy stool here by my knee,
And I ’ll tell a little story
Which may tend to answer thee.

“ There was once a lovely summer,
Fill’d with bright and splendid days ;
Not a cloudlet speck’d the heaven,
Not a shadow dimmed the blaze.

“ But where some tree’s heavy foliage
Made a mild and pleasant bower,
Where the weary herds might shelter
From the great sun’s scorching power.

“ For awhile, the fields were lovely,
And the summer flowers, in bloom.
Filled the whole air with the fragrance
Of their rich and mixed perfume.

“ And the birds rang out their music
In the laden breezeless air ;
There seem’d no music half so lovely.
And no summer e’er so fair.

“ But each day grew still more sultry,
And the sky more deeply blue,
Till the ev’ning brought no cooling.
And the night no glistening dew.

“ Then the red earth cracked and blistered,
And the fields grew brown and sere,
And the scorch’d flowers droop’d and wither’d,
Though ’twas early in the year.

- “ And the farmers’ looks were anxious,
As they gazed along the plain ;
Man and nature both seemed praying
For one little shower of rain.
- “ Then the brooks and springs were dried up,
For no mist-cloud touched the hill,
And the herds low’d in their torment,
As they sought the vanished rill.
- “ And low whispers went of famine,
For the land was sorely tried,
And the flocks grew weak and sickened,
And by hundreds drooped and died.
- “ Then with fear all men grew madden’d,
And went rushing too and fro,
For the cry was still for water,
Wheresoe’er a man might go.
- “ So the summer waned to winter,
And then summer came again ;
Still the heart was not yet gladden’d
By the welcome sound of rain.
- “ And the husbandman, in trembling,
Sowed the baked and harden’d soil,
But the autumn brought no harvest,
And no blessing on his toil.
- “ Then, as rainless winter followed,
Men’s hearts failing them for fear,
Dared not contemplate the horror
Of another rainless year.
- “ And the sounds of woe and wailing
Were in palace and in cot,
For no home was in that country,
Where the curse had rested not.
- “ Till men felt it was a judgment,
And bow’d humbly ’neath the hand
Which had stricken down their cattle
And in ashes laid their land.
- “ Then their king (whose name was Ahab
Searched throughout the land in vain,
For he found no springs of water,
Saw no welcome cloud of rain.

“ But unto him as he journeys
Elijah’s startling form appears ;
And the prophet tells the monarch
The reason of those rainless years ;

“ For Jehovah’s servants smitten,
And his altars in the dust,
And a nation’s heart given over
To idolatry and lust.

“ Yet, God is not always angry,
His gracious hand is raised again,
And once more he sends the blessing
Of that hoped for, prayed for, rain.

“ Now the prophet seeks the mountain,
And in earnestness he prays,
While his servant, o’er the ocean
Looks with anxious, wistful gaze.

“ Ah ! the ocean slumbers deeply,
Bright and cloudless is the sky,
And the sun, in awful glory,
Rides his blazing course on high.

“ So unto the praying prophet
Still the servant tells the tale
Of that sky so blue and cloudless,
And that sea untouched by gale.

“ But Elijah’s faith is earnest,
And he knows that grace is near,
Though, till seven times, to that servant
Doth no hopeful sign appear.

“ Yet, with faith still undiminished,
Is the far horizon scanned ;
‘ Ha ! a cloud ! see in the distance ;
’Tis no bigger than my hand.

“ ‘ Get thee up, thou dark king Ahab,
Up, up quick, and haste away ;
For the rains will overtake thee
E’er the closing of the day.’

“ See ! the king in haste is fleeing,
While the clouds roll darkly o’er,
And the thunders crash and battle,
And the bursting torrents pour.

“ There is joy in every dwelling,
 As the black clouds wildly flee ;
 And they praise the Gracious Giver—
 Say, child, have I answered thee ? ”

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

“ Ye have done it unto me.”—*Matt.* xxv. 40.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I can never answer “ Nay.”
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went or whence he came ;
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered—not a word he spake ;
 Just perishing for want of bread,
 I gave him all : he blessed it, brake,
 And ate—but gave me part again.
 Mine was an angel’s portion then,
 For while I fed with eager haste,
 The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
 The heedless waters mocked his thirst :
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
 I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
 Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
 Dipt, and returned it running o’er :
 I drank, and never thirsted more.

’Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
 A winter hurricane aloof :
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew
 To bid him welcome to my roof ;
 I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
 Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
 Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
 In Eden’s garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side ;
 I raised his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Revived his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment : he was healed.
 I had myself a wound concealed ;
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn :
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honoured him 'midst shame and scorn.
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die.
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
 The stranger darted from disguise ;
 The tokens in his hands I knew—
 My Saviour stood before mine eyes !
 He spake, and my poor name he named,
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
 Those deeds shall thy memorial be ;
 Fear not—thou didst them unto me."

THE SAVIOUR.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
 Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun.

He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
 To those who suffer wrong,
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;

To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

By such he shall be feared
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, revered,
For he shall judge the poor.

Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth,

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.

Before him on the mountains
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see.

With off'rings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore him ;
His praise all nations sing ;

For he shall have dominion
On river, sea, and shore ;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For him shall prayers unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.

The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
He on his throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.

The tide of time shall never
The covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is love.

