

The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

VOLUME XIV. No. 19.

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1862.

WHOLE No. 669.

Religious Miscellany.

Hymn to the Flowers.

[The following exquisite verses, from the pen of Horace Smith, are well worthy of republication and reprinting at least once a year.]
Day-stars! that ope your eyes with man,
To twinkles,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle,
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly,
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalice a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright meadows! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous embryos of insective duty
Your forms create!

Ye clustered blossoms! each floral bell that swings
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever rings
A call for prayer!

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fame most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon
supply—

Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky!

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Thro' the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awe'd by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without weep, and blush without a crime,"
Oh! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert, not Solomon, is all thy glory,
Arroyed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah! how transitory
Are Human Flowers!"

In the sweet-scented perfume of Heaven's Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread
hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for
pleasure,
Blowing o'er the field and waving day and night
From every source your sanctified me treasure:
Harmless delight!

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection,
Upraised from rest or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth!

Were I, O God! in cherub lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My voice would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

The Silver Cup.

The palace of the Duke de Montreux was decorated for a banquet. A thousand lights burned in its stately rooms, making them as bright as mid-day. Along the walls glided the restless tracery of the Gobelines, and beneath the foot lay the fabrics of Persia. Rare vases, filled with flowers, stood on the marble stands, and their breath went up like incense before the life-like pictures shining in their golden frames above. In the great hall glittered massive tables, covered with delicacies from all lands and climes, and the rich glass of Murano. Music, low and soft, now held and high, floated in through the open casement, and was answered at intervals by tones of magic sweetness. All was ready. The noble and gifted pined into the gorgeous saloons. Silks rustled, plumes waved, and jeweled emeralds flashed from Geneva velvets. Courteously congratulations fell from every lip, for the Duke de Montreux had made a step in the path to power. With sparkling, the laugh went round, and his guests pledged him in wine that a hundred years had mellowed. Proudly the Duke replied; but his brow darkened and his cheek paled with passion, for his son sat motionless before his unattuned cup.

"Wherefore is this?" he angrily demanded. "When did my first-born learn to insult his father?"

The graceful stripling sprang from his seat, and knelt meekly before his parent. His sunny curls fell back from his upturned face, and his youthful countenance was radiant with a brave and generous spirit.

"Father," he said, "I last night learned a lesson that sunk into my heart. Let me repeat it, and then at thy command I will drain the cup."

"I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop, holding in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

"We went on, and, father, a citizen of noble air and majestic form descended the wide steps of his fine mansion. His wife put back the curtains, and watched him eagerly, as he rode away. He held in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

"I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop, holding in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

"I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop, holding in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

"I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop, holding in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

"I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop, holding in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

"I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop, holding in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

"I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop, holding in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

"I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop, holding in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

"I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop, holding in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

"I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop, holding in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

"I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop, holding in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished."

and the armorial bearings of a Duke were visible in the moon-beams. We waited for his own orders. Soon the servants came crowding out; sorrowfully, they lifted him in their arms, and I saw that some of the jewels were torn from his mantle, and his plumed cap was crushed and soiled, as if by the pressure of many footsteps. They bore him into the palace, and I wondered if the duchess wept like the beautiful wife of the citizen.

"As I looked on all this, my tutor told me that it was the work of the red wine, which leaps gaily up, and laughs over its victims, in demoniac merriment. I shuddered, father, and resolved never again to taste it, lest I, too, should fall. But your wish is law to me. Shall I drain the cup?"

"No, my son, touch it not. It is poison, as thy tutor told thee. It fires the brain, weakens the intellect, destroys the soul. Put it away from thee, and so thou shalt grow up wise and good, a blessing to thyself and to thy country."

He glanced around the circle. Surprise and admiration were on every face, and, moved by the same impulse, all arose, while one of their number spoke.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

The laughing courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his breast, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and the rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France."

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

"I have met with a great loss to-night."
"How?"
"You know," said he, "that noble yoke of mine I lately bought of Mr. S."
"Yes; what of them?"
"Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barnyard and lay dead in the water."
"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"
"Poh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"
"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."
"That man may breathe, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom some one loves, when none can think: Creation's best, creation's best."
[—N. Y. Examiner.]

