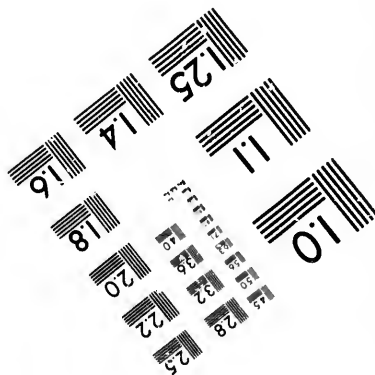
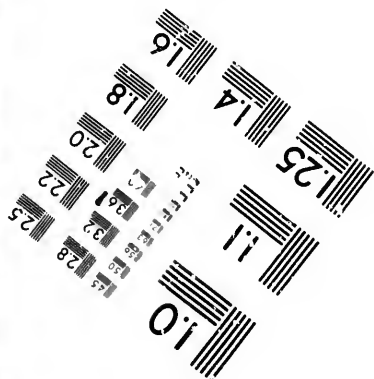
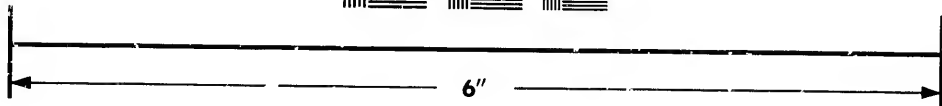
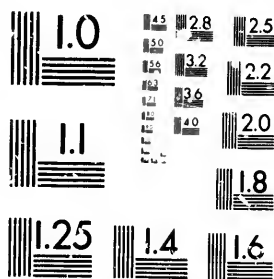


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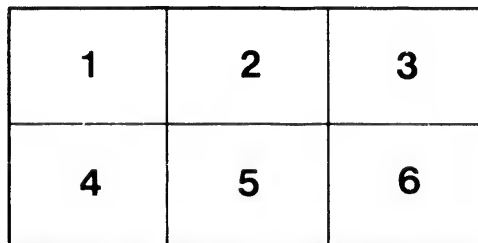
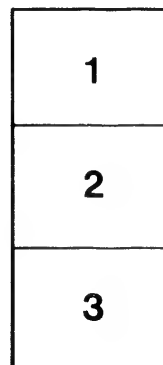
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THE  
VOYAGE TO GLORY,  
AND  
OTHER SKETCHES.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF  
THE GREAT LOVEFEAST IN HEAVEN.

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TORONTO:  
WM. ROWE, PRIMITIVE METHODIST BOOK ROOM.  
1869.

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THE VOYAGE TO GLORY.



## THE VOYAGE.

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**I**T was a beautiful morning when the noble ship Immanuel sailed into Bethlehem, with the flag of redeeming love floating at the mast-head.

Night sat in solitary grandeur on her ebony throne. The stars shone with their usual brilliancy, but there was one star brighter than the rest. There it stood in mid-heaven, pouring down its cold silvery beams on the quiet old village of Bethlehem.

And there appeared an angelic embassy, whose fadeless diadems lit up the heavens with unearthly splendour, who became jubilant with songs of praise.

A number of Arabian philosophers have entered Jerusalem. Passing through the silent thoroughfares of the city, and hastening to the palace, they gain an audience with Herod

the king, and announce to him the arrival of the Immanuel.

When Herod heard these things he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And he called together the Council, and asked them if they knew what port the vessel was from, the object of her visit, and the place of her destination. They told him, that as to her nationality it was not easy to define, but her destination was Bethlehem of Juda, and the object of her mission the restoration of Israel. The illustrious foreigners depart from Jerusalem, and the star which guided them over the trackless desert again appears. They hail it with joy, and follow it till it stands over the place where the Immanuel is riding at anchor. They go on board, and falling down at the feet of the Commander, and opening their treasures, they present unto Him offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Meanwhile, the news of her arrival spreads, and becomes a source of deep anxiety alike to the Jew and the Roman.

Behold that venerable Hebrew sire, perusing a highly treasured copy of a Mosaic chart: he is reading the dying prediction of the patriarch Jacob, and then he calculates the number of years recorded by Daniel, and as

he reads, and as he calculates, his eyes glisten with hallowed joy, his heart well nigh bursts with rapturous delight; he thanks the God of his fathers that He has allowed him to see the advent of the Deliverer, whose appearance many kings and righteous men desired to behold, but were not permitted. And there sits a proud Israelite, with powerful emphasis repeating the prophecies of the ancient seers, and those portions of the Psalms which speak of the Messiah as "mighty to save," and which tell of His achievements:—How He shall go forth from "conquering to conquer," until, in his mind's eye, he beholds his native soil again unpolluted by the foot of the uncircumcised alien; his race free from foreign domination, and Jerusalem become again a praise in the whole earth.

And pursuing the exciting theme, he pictures to himself the expected One as a martial chief—as the Bozrah conqueror, whose garments are dyed with blood, leading the troops of Israel from victory to victory; the Roman eagle flying before the Jewish standard; the mistress of the world humbled in the dust, and his countrymen, perchance himself among the number, taking a fearful retribution for the sufferings and insults of many generations.

Hark! the distant murmur of a storm. It rushes down upon the land with thunder-crash and deafening roar. Fear seizes hold of the people; in Ramah lamentation is heard, Rachel weeping for her children! Onward sweeps the regal tornado, bestrewing the peaceful harbour of Bethlehem with wrecks. The chief officer of the Immanuel, having been warned of the approaching storm, weighed anchor, and took refuge in Egypt. The tempest having blown over, she sailed into Galilee.

While cruising along the coast, she picked up Peter, James, and John. She also called at Bethany, and took on board Mary, Martha, and Lazarus.

The wind having chopped round, she made for the city of Magdala, which, on entering, the look-out saw a strange looking craft belonging to a person named Magdalene. Seven pirates had taken possession of her. Her condition was extremely perilous. The Captain of the Immanuel ordered a shot to be fired across the bows of the flag-ship of the fleet, which brought them to. He then called upon them to surrender their prize, which they did unconditionally. She then set out for Calvary, where she had a most severe engagement with the enemy. The arch-pirato

had collected all his forces, which spread out over the ocean in formidable array. He had also obtained the assistance of the Jewish and Roman fleets.

The sun was climbing towards meridian when the great battle commenced: the sound thereof shook the earth—hushed into profound silence the grand harmonies of the celestial minstrels, and made hell quiver from centre to circumference.

Mount Sinai also smoked and rocked to the tempest that swept around it.

About the ninth hour the grand charge was made by the combined forces on the King's ship, and so terrible became the contest that the very ocean seemed encircled in a sheet of livid flame. The Immanuel stood the shock of battle bravely, raking the enemy fore and aft. After an engagement of six hours, a shout was heard from the deck of the King's ship, which thrilled every heart, and arrested every attention:—"It is finished." Immediately down went the black flag; the enemy had surrendered; and the world's redemption was accomplished.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away, the flag, which never shrank at the approach of any foe, was seen fluttering in the breeze,

bearing this device, which was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the polished Greek, foolishness:—"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; in whom we have redemption in His blood, even the forgiveness of all our sins."

As the Immanuel was preparing to leave the scene of action, the Captain observed a marine belonging to the allied forces, who had been severely wounded during the engagement, clinging, in the agony of death, to the ship's cable, crying aloud:—"Lord remember me." "Throw him off," shouted voices from beneath; but the Shipmaster, who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them, gave him a look of tenderness, and said, "To-day shalt thou be with Me when I enter into paradise." Fully manned, and with a commission as wide as the world, she started on a cruise which shall only terminate when time is no more. She sailed into Jerusalem on the morning of Pentecost. A vast crowd had assembled to see this famous ship, just from the heat of battle, enter the port of the capital; many of whom had not only witnessed, but even taken part, in the engagement.

The Captain having opened the ship's port-holes, and having made ready for action, Peter,

one of her officers, stood up, "not to hold a dry argument with the people about duty, but spoke to them of free-grace. Nay, the living thing was there, operating upon men's minds and consciences, melting them down into faith and repentance, hope, and Christian love. Christ was there in the raiment of his suffering, winning sinners' hearts." Before the address was ended, three thousand rebels, upon whom the Spirit had descended, cried in wild amazement and in different languages—"Men and brethren what shall we do?" Peter had anticipated such an enquiry, therefore the reply was prompt—"Repent and be baptised, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, and you shall receive the forgiveness of all your sins." There was no need to despatch envoys here and there to obtain information; Peter was enabled, by his commission, to settle the dispute at once.

Leaving Jerusalem, she sailed for Damascus. During the voyage she fell in with bad weather; both the wind and the sea raged furiously, injuring many of the marines, some of whom fell victims to the storm, and exchanged mortality for immortality.

As they were entering the beautiful harbour of Damascus, they closed with a rebel of

stately build, from Tarsus in Cilicia, owned by Saul, an aristocrat of the old Hebrew faith; a proud and freezing academic fresh from the schools of philosophy, who had seized and imprisoned many of the King's officers. The Captain of the Immanuel, seeing that she meant mischief, opened upon her a terrific fire, which threw her on her beam-ends. The King, having no desire to treat the rebel unmercifully, or even to retaliate for the injury she had done the service, bore down upon her, and took possession, saying:—"Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me? Arise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have chosen thee to be my minister, delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to turn them from the service of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them which are justified by faith that is in me."

She then made for Athens, where Plato lived, and Aristotle taught the light of science. Here she met with much opposition. The two forts of the city, Philosophy and Reason, opened upon her a heavy fire; though Paul, the master gunner of the King's ship, made a powerful impression on the enemy's batteries, he could not silence them; "some mocked,"

while others deserted the service of the enemy, and sought refuge on board the Immanuel; among whom were Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris.

They then left Athens and sailed to Corinth, a celebrated city in Greece, on the southern part of the Isthmus, between the Ægean and the Ionian Seas, about twenty-five miles west of Athens. Here they found a "certain Jew named Aquila, born in Pontus, lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla." They were also joined by Silus and Timotheus, who had come from Macedonia, having been there on the King's business. Paul went on shore, and entering into the synagogue, reasoned with the Jews and the Greeks, testifying that Jesus was the Christ; but they received not his testimony. Then Paul shook his raiment, and said unto them, "Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean; from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles." And he departed thence, and entered into a certain man's house, named Justus, one that worshipped God, whose house joined hard to the synagogue; and Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, with all his house, and many of the Corinthians, sought admittance, and were accepted into the King's service.

In consequence of this, the Jews made insurrection against Paul, and brought him to the judgment-seat, saying, "This fellow persuadeth the people to worship one whom they know not, which is a violation of our law." Gallio, the judge, said unto the Jews, "If it were a matter of wrong, or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you; but if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such matters." And he drove them from the judgment-seat.

They left Corinth and came unto Galatia. Here a little unpleasantness arose amongst the crew, many of whom were dissatisfied with the restraints of the service; so they applied for their discharge, which the Captain gave them at once; it being contrary to the laws of the ship to retain any one against his will. The mutineers were at once put on shore, and their names struck off the service list.

This occurrence produced a painful feeling among the crew, many of whom were moved to tears when they saw the men leave the ship, and not a few affectionately urged them to acknowledge their faults, and re-enter the service: even the Captain, whose authority they defied, spoke kindly to them, and entreat-

ed them to turn from their evil ways; but they paid no heed to his exhortations.

After leaving Galatia, they set out again for Jerusalem. The day after their arrival, Paul and James went out to meet the elders, who received them graciously. Paul now made known to them the things which God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry. And when they heard it they glorified God. Then Paul, and certain others, after purifying themselves, entered into the temple, and when the Jews which had come from Asia saw him in the temple, they stirred up the people, and laid hold on him, crying out, "Men of Israel, help; this is the man that teacheth all men, everywhere, against the people, and the law, and this place, and moreover brought Greeks also into the temple, and hath polluted this holy place;" for they had seen with him in the city Trophimus, an Ephesian, whom they supposed Paul had brought into the temple.

The whole city was moved; and the people ran together, seized Paul, drew him out of the temple, and closed the doors. They would have killed him, but tidings having reached the chief captain that Jerusalem was in an uproar, he took a band of soldiers

and centurions, and ran down unto them, and when they saw the centurions and soldiers they left off beating Paul. Then the chief captain came near, and took him, and commanded him to be bound with two chains and conveyed to the castle. The next day Paul was brought before the Jewish council, but the Sanhedrim having no legal right to arraign him, he was sent to Cæsarea, to appear before the Governor.

The day of his trial came. He is introduced into court under a burst of popular indignation, and loaded with public obloquy; but does he hesitate or cower—does he temporise or conciliate—does he compromise his conscience and his creed, as the price of his freedom? No. Clad in steel as he was, and loaded with chains, disdaining the trappings of a court and the diadem of the Cæsars, he gallantly planted the standard of the cross, in the presence of his judge and his accusers; and throwing down heaven and hell at their feet, extorted from the astonished tribunal the involuntary confession, “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.” He had previously appealed unto Cæsar, therefore the court at Cæsarea had no jurisdiction, and he was taken to Rome. After a stormy voyage he reached the “eternal

city," and being delivered to the captain of the guard, he was allowed to dwell by himself, with a soldier to keep him; and he dwelt two years in his own house, and received all that came in unto him.

We have no account of his trial before Cæsar, but he was finally released in the spring of A.D. 62 or '63, having been fully acquitted. After his release, it is said he preached the Gospel "to the uttermost parts of the west." Now began the first general persecution of the Christians. An immense multitude were put to death by the most horrifying means which savage cruelty could invent. During that fiery trial, it is supposed that Paul came to Rome to encourage the Christians to bear, with patience and resignation, the storm which was raging. Such a distinguished leader of the Christian faith could not long escape the fury of the tyrant. He was apprehended, and, along with Peter, it is said, was cast into prison. We learn from the last epistle he wrote to Timothy, that almost all his companions had deserted him, except Luke the physician, whose affection for Paul diminished not.

At length, the noble prisoner was led out of the city for execution. "As he marched along,"

says an historian, "several of the soldiers who formed the guard were converted by his conversation." He was beheaded; and thus passed, from the publicity of a scaffold, to the crown of a martyr, one of the greatest heroes of the Christian faith.

When the news of his martyrdom reached Jerusalem, the officer in command of the Immanuel summoned all hands on deck, and communicated to them the great loss they had sustained in the death of their illustrious comrade, Paul. After which each man retired to his berth, and poured out his soul unto God, for grace to enable them so to triumph, should they be called to suffer death for the sake of the Gospel.

They then left Jerusalem and sailed to Ephesus. Here they found John, the beloved disciple, who was apprehended by order of the Emperor Domitian, and banished to Patmos, a lonely island in the Ægean Sea, and left there to chant the name of Jesus to howling winds and booming waves. John, while at Ephesus, had been pre-eminently useful in persuading many to enter the King's service; one of whom was Polycarp, who afterwards perished at the stake, for the testimony of a good conscience. He often spoke

of John, how he used to repeat to him Christ's last discourse to His disciples. During the reign of the emperors Trajan, Antonius, Severus, Maximus, and Decius, it would seem as if Satan, and his imperial confederates, put in force every means that their infernal minds could invent, to exterminate the faith of the Gospel. Houses full of Christians were set on fire, so that no less than 100,000 in one year passed through the flames of martyrdom to that inheritance which is incorruptible. Notwithstanding the breaches made in the Church, we find according to Gibbon, in the reign of Constantine 6,000,000 of Christians.

About the close of the fourth century, the good ship Immanuel entered France, and the Gauls became Christians.

Early in the sixth century she sighted the coast of Albion (England.) Augustine, one of her officers, was despatched to Ethelbert, the king, and explained to him the nature of the Christian religion, and he was converted, and the Saxons gave up their idols and became Christians. Even before that time there were Christians in Wales who would not submit to the Pope. She then sailed to Germany—thence to Burmah's shore and India's coral strands—to Polar snows and sunny Africa—

to America's smiling coasts and Asia's distant isles; and ere long her glorious ensign, in folds of living light, shall float over every land; and far-off continents, together with the islands of the sea, shall break forth into singing:—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

To meet the spiritual necessities of the human race, the Captain of our salvation has established on life's rugged and stormy coast several life-boat stations, that those who are ready to perish may be gathered up in safety. These lifeboats are all built under the superintendency of the Lord High Admiral of Heaven, and are at the present moment cruising on the broad ocean of time.

Perhaps you are wishful to know the names of a few of the boats in the King's service. Mark! *not all* who bear the King's name belong to the service. There, lying under the guns of a French battery, is an old vessel fully manned, but sadly out of repair: to venture out to sea in her present condition would be certain destruction: Pope Pius is her captain; tyranny and persecution are the orders under which she sails.

Lying at anchor in the roadsteads, is a large

old-fashioned-looking boat; some of her crew look like Romish priests, while the others are less gorgeous in their apparel; but they all receive State patronage.

There is a heavy strain upon her cable just now, and her crew fear that ere long she will break from her State moorings. This boat belongs to the ENGLISH EPISCOPALIANS.

Not least amongst the many craft in the King's forces is the fine old PRESBYTERIAN LIFE BOAT. What storms she has braved! what victories she has won! Though she has come out of many a battle with her yards almost stripped of canvas, yet, she has never had to chronicle a defeat; and if her present seamen are equal in courage and nautical skill to those who manned her in earlier days, her future is indeed an enviable one.

Yonder, gliding in solemn majesty over the unruffled waters, is an admirable boat, which belongs to the BAPTISTS. In the early part of her cruise, she had many fierce storms to encounter. John Bunyan was one of her chief officers. For twelve years he was confined in a miserable dungeon, whose walls were ever dripping with damp, because he would not cease to recruit for the King's service. "But from that dim apartment he sent forth a book,

whose original conception, grand and beautiful imagery, touching pathos, purity of style, and truthfulness to nature and experience, has given him an unrivalled fame." At present, among the noble forms upon her deck, is a young officer, by the name of Spurgeon : his eyes gleaming with the fire of his enkindled soul, his form expanded to its utmost height, and his lips moving with energy, he paces the deck, exclaiming, as he points to the formidable batteries of Antichrist, "These strongholds must be taken. Quick ! Clear the deck, make ready for action !"

"Comrades ! stand firmly by your guns, and never cease firing till you see that flag dripping with the blood of the martyrs hauled down." The command, "Blaze away," rings like a trumpet-blast from one end of the boat to the other. Flash follows flash in rapid succession, and the roar of the cannon booms across the sea. "How goes the battle, Landels ?" cries the young Chieftain. "I already see several breaches in the walls, Sir," is the reply. "Equip yourselves like men ; be strong and fear not, for the Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge." "Let the Armstrongs of imperishable truth be brought to bear upon them, Burns." "Aye ! aye ! sir." What shouts

re those I hear from the mast head? They are  
he shouts of victory, sir. The enemy has sur-  
rendered. The mariners man the yards, and  
there ascend the high and joyful strains of  
the old Hebrew faith,

“ God is our refuge and strength,  
In straits a present aid,  
Therefore, although the earth remove,  
We will not be afraid.”

There, riding splendidly over the waves, is  
another boat : she belongs to the CONGREGA-  
TIONALISTS. She has just come in from a cruise  
in the South Sea Islands, where John Williams,  
one of her bravest seamen, perished—a name  
that will live in the memory of men, when time  
has wiped out the names of the heroes of mili-  
tary fame from the sculptured marble of  
Westminster and the fretted ivory of St.  
Paul's. Her present position in the service is  
second to none; and need we wonder, when  
she numbers amongst her crew a phalanx of  
such glorious men as James Parsons, Thomas  
Binney, Newman Hall, Theodore Cuyler,  
Henry Ward Beecher, &c.

Far to the Northward, where icebergs glist-  
ten in the diadem of night, is another boat :  
she belongs to the MORAVIANS. A more faith-  
ful crew is not to be found in the service, and

a most glorious reward awaits these devoted servants of the King.

Do you see that boat entering the beautiful haven of endless joy, where flash the jewelled gates of immortality? It belongs to the **WESLEYAN METHODISTS**.

“Thousands she has safely landed,  
Far beyond this mortal shore.”

She has shipped many a sea, and picked up millions on the verge of ruin.

Far out upon the ocean, like a speck upon the horizon, is another boat. She belongs to the **METHODIST NEW CONNEXION**. Her officers are well skilled in nautical science, but until she shakes out her reefs, and casts a flowing sheet to the wind, she will never make much head-way.

See! See! that vessel tossed fearfully on the raging ocean of iniquity. A dreadful tempest has overtaken her, and the gale is still increasing. The lowering clouds have gathered in awful blackness, and they are buried in the shades of midnight darkness. How perilous their condition! Sails rent; masts gone; rudder unshipped and compass lost; and, while contending with the fury of the elements, they are driven by the resistless rage of winds and seas to the very brink

of ruin. The ship is rapidly sinking in the waves. What can be done for those shipwrecked men? See, there is a boat on its way to the rescue! A braver crew never manned the oars. It belongs to the PRIMITIVE METHODISTS. After many fierce struggles, the wreck is reached and the rescue made. In examining the logbook of this boat, I find noted down many marvellous deliverances, some of which are worthy of being chronicled on marble. Let one suffice at present. Some years ago, a young man was seen far out to sea clinging almost lifeless to a floating spar. Many boats hastened to save him, but in vain. At length, when nearly all hope was gone, the Primitive Methodist lifeboat put out on the errand of salvation, and after shipping many seas, one of the mariners caught the young man just on the verge of being swallowed up in the vortex of endless ruin: that young man is Spurgeon, the most popular minister of the day.

Hoving in sight is another boat: she belongs to the FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. She was launched in 1843. At the helm stood the polished and classic Welsh, "his pure and glowing spirit shining through his fragile body, like a lamp through a vase of alabaster." At his right hand was the white-

headed Chalmers, with "his massive frame and lion port," supported by nearly four hundred of Scotland's best ministers, and as many elders.

As this boat left the national docks and ecclesiastical emoluments, dismay and astonishment marked the countenances of the royal commissioners and adherents of the crown ; while a long-drawn, sobbing sigh, and a suppressed cheer of admiration and sympathy swept from the thousands of spectators, who gazed with solemn wonder at the sight. Most of those brave men who stood true to principle in that stern hour of trial, have gone to their reward. Their burnished feet now press the golden strands of Canaan. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the former things are passed away."

Amongst the present crew of this Scottish boat, like Saul among the elders of Israel, stands the venerable Guthrie. Grand old man as he is, his brow furrowed with more than thirty years of active service ; I can see him with form erect, near the figure-head, his eyes peering through the haze that curtains the sea of life, watching for the lights upon the distant shore. May he watch there till the morning cometh, that knows no darkening.

Coming into sight, under a heavy press of canvas, is another boat. It belongs to the METHODIST FREE CHURCH. Her officers—Messrs. Miller, Myers, Gutteridge, &c.—are daring, yet cautious men ; and under the management of such navigators, I have no doubt that she will give a good account of herself.

These boats are all provided with provisions and instruments of navigation—"A perfect and infallible chart, a chronometer that only needs care in winding, and a barometer that foretels all changes of weather. They have instruments to take their reckonings by the sun, and also for lunar observations, and they have their log-books and the best spy glasses ; and besides all these, they have means, by the faithful use of which, though it needs no little skill and attention, they can detect the direction and strength of unseen tides and under-currents. They are, indeed, provided with everything calculated to make the voyage prosperous, sure, and successful."

"There are ships," says the eloquent Melville, "that never will founder in life's battles, or go down in life's tempest ; which shall be in no peril when the last hurricane shall sweep earth, and sea, and sky ; and which, when the fury is overpast, and the light that

knows no night breaks gloriously forth, shall be found on tranquil and crystal waters, resting beautifully on their shadows. These are they who have trusted in Jesus; these are they who have been anchored upon Christ."

Reader! have you embarked for the port of glory? If not, step on board the Gospel Life Boat, while she is abreast the pier; for all things are now ready.

Aged sinner! you resemble a vessel which has been a long time out of her course; and unless you haul in sail, and pause on the high sea of life, you will soon be in hell. Beware! lest the storm of God's fiery indignation overtakes you. Oh! decide at once for Christ.

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## THE HARBOUR.



## THE HARBOUR.

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"Hurrah! the harbour's near,  
Lo! the red lights!  
Slacken not sail yet,  
At inlet or island;  
Straight for the beacon steer,  
Straight for the highland;  
Crowd all the canvas on,  
Cut through the foam;  
Christian cast anchor now;  
Heaven is thy home."

**Y**OU may have seen that beautiful engraving:—"The Sailor's Dream." A sailor boy is represented as being cast upon a foreign coast. About a league from the shore is the wreck, lashed by the foaming waves. Weary with his brave struggles for life, he has fallen asleep. Above him is a picture of his dream. He dreams the long voyage is at an end, and home is reached; a mother's arms are flung around him, and he feels again the pressure of those lips which in infancy

kissed his tears away. No haven is so sweet to the mariner as home. "The thoughts of home, and the hope of returning thither," says an experienced seaman "made all the privations of a foreign clime bearable, and all the hardships of a voyage seem light.

What emotions thrill the heart of the mariner when he hears from the mast the shout "land ahead!" But there are other hearts leaping for joy as well as his. Loved ones, who peopled his dreams when rocked on the bosom of the mighty deep, are anxiously waiting his arrival. At length the cry is raised, a sail! a sail! In a moment the straining eyes of fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, wives and children, are rivetted on the vessel far out on the foaming waters. The gallant bark draws near, expressive looks are exchanged; she runs into port, drops her anchor, and the mariners leap ashore, greeted by a thousand welcomes. Such, in a higher sense, will be the joy experienced by the Christian, as he enters the harbour of glory :

" A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys ;  
And naught disturbs that peace profound,  
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys."

"The unspeakable blessedness of our holy

religion, in life's closing scene, is most strikingly illustrated in an interesting narrative of a converted British sailor, by Lieutenant Rhind, R.N.

'The subject of this sketch, Andrew Miller, when dying was visited by a pious friend, who said to him,

'It is a blessed thing to make a good landfall when the voyage of life is drawing towards its close, Andrew.'

'The fading eye of the dying one brightened and his pale and wasted features became animated, as he gave expression to his glorious hope and unshaken faith in Christ:—

'O, it is, it is! and I may truly say I have had the land abroad ever since I was laid up here. It's the looming of the hills of glory that cheers my soul; and it matters not how rough the voyage has been, since I have got into a good roadstead, and the port is right under my lee.'

To his pastor he said, 'I have but another anchor to heave, and then I am off with a flowing sheet, to the land of endless bliss.'

On another occasion he said, with a smile, I am close-hauled, but I hold a good wind. The pirates hove in sight this morning, but I spied the black flag and marrow-bone. One

of them ranged alongside; but I poured a broadside into him; and he sheered off again. 'You are a horrible sinner,' said he; but I stopped his mouth, quickly. 'I know that,' said I.

'I the chief of sinners am;  
But Jesus died for me.'

'O sir, what should I do with these fellows, if it were not for the witness of the Spirit? Sometimes I have them on all sides, like a swarm of bees, and then I run up my red ensign to the main, and they are off like smoke.'

As the last storm darkened and lowered around, he said,

'I have had a heavy strain or two, but my ground-tackling is good; and when the breeze freshened, I began to pay away more of my cable, and with the long service I rode easy enough till slack tide, and I hove short, and got under way again, and now I am once more in deep water.'

With his dying breath he whispered to his friend,—for the power of articulation was now failing—his voice was broken and low,—

'I mean to cross the bar, all standing, studding sails, royals, and sky-sails, and fire a royal salute as I run in, my last breath on

earth, and my first in glory shall praise Him. I can only think of one thing now. O the greatness of his love! I am persuaded there is nothing greater, or more surprising in heaven. There is nothing will ever astonish me more, than that He should bring such a sinner as me to see Him as He is. You will be praising Him still in our blessed little Zion, and some may think that my lips are silent in the dust: but your Andrew will be praising Him louder than you all.' "

What scenes of surpassing splendour the Christian beholds, as he draws near the bright and beautiful shore of the BETTER LAND. No mortal eye ever gazed on such transcendent loveliness, nor ear heard such music as that, "Where angel-bands in concert meet, and hosts seraphic sing." All around the land blushes with entrancing beauty, and on either side of the harbour stand mansions of inconceivable grandeur, and elysian bowers, which angel-fingers formed,

"Ere the fresh stars began their race of glory,  
And young Time told his first birthday by the sun."

Beautiful streams meander through fields redolent with the fragrance of Sharon's rose, and vocalised with the music of Hallelujah's

songs. There wave luxuriant forests, under whose fadeless foliage are groups of celestial harpers singing, accompanied by the sweetest music, "Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever."

The celestial city is full in view. "Gold paves its streets; around its secure and blissful homes rise jasper walls; earth holds no such city, the depths of ocean no such pearls as form its gates. Winter never strips its trees, day never dies into night, but crowns of glory flash and blaze on the heads of its sinless and white-robed multitudes." "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Some of them had to pass through storms of a personal and domestic character.

One of them had a large family and a splendid fortune; but the same black day saw that fortune fly away, and the grave close upon seven sons and daughters. Another was a king, and his heir apparent was his pride and joy, a youth whose beauty was a proverb through all the realm, so noble, so handsome, that his glance was fascination, and the people followed his chariot with delirious plaudits;

but while the doting father with swelling emotion eyed his gallant successor, the selfish youth grasped at his father's crown, and the old monarch fled with a bursting heart, to return with a broken one, for his misguided son was slain. One of them filled a dignified office in a heathen land; but fidelity to his God brought him into jeopardy, till rest of his title and torn from his mansion, he was flung, food for lions, into the howling den. Another was an evangelist, who delighted to go from city to city, proclaiming the Saviour whom he dearly loved, till the hand of tyranny bore him away to an ocean rock, and left him to chant the name of Jesus to howling winds and booming waves.

Among the shining ones, "is the spirit of a heroic Christian, who was dragged from one of the jungles of India, pale with loss of blood, and wasted to a shadow with famine and hardship; far away from father and mother or any earthly friend, and surrounded by a cloud of black incarnate fiends or sepoy, he saw a Mahommedan who had been converted to the Christian faith, appalled at the preparations these demons were making for his torture, and about to renounce his faith, fast dying, and almost beyond the vengeance of his enemies,

this good lad, having a moment longer to live, and willing to spend his last breath for Jesus, he raised himself up, and casting an imploring look at the wavering convert, cried, "Oh ! do not deny your Lord." Inspired with holy courage, the Hindoo yielded not, but was willing, if need be, to pass through the fires of martyrdom to heaven. He has long since heard the victorious shout—the conquering hallelujah, burst from heaven's full-peopled depth.

" We come, for hark ! we hear the seraph lay ;  
 We come, thy Son to kiss, His grace to pay,  
     No more we roam.  
 We give ourselves to God, to earth our clay ;  
 Herald of bliss ! we come with Thee away ;  
     Lead, lead us home."

Yes, guide us, O Father, to that harbour that knows no agitation, unruffled, smooth, and pellucid—where there shall arise no shades of darkness, no tempests to discompose ; for in those days of our eternal youth, the clouds return not after the former rain, There, no sighs are heard, no tears are shed ; but the tossed and the wearied enjoy eternal quietude.

The death chill's past, the struggle's o'er, they have reached the radiant shore, where angels stand all diademed, and harp in hand,

to hail the storm-tossed mariner to the land of perfect bliss. Hark ! how the welcome plaudit rolls in strains seraphic from the shining minstrelsy as the burnished feet of ransomed spirits touch the golden strands of Canaan.

*It is a Harbour that knows no change.* Its pleasures are perpetual. "Destruction is the law of the present system. The race of earthly glory is soon run ; riches flee away ; youth is a dewdrop which the rising sun soon exhales. Thrones and sceptres are but the tottering emblems of power. Empires and States pass away," but the happiness of the glorified is eternal.

Immortality is written on the gates and walls of the Celestial City. It flashes in jewelled lustre from the wreath that encircles the brow of the cherubim. It glows and burns in the splendour of the sapphire throne. It rises in the mansions and the temples where the redeemed dwell, worship, and adore.

*In that Harbour there will be no more dangers.* No more hazards, likened to perils on the sea. Many a noble ship has foundered at the entrance of the harbour, when all danger was esteemed as past.

They strike, and while they triumph, they expire. But once these conflicts survived, and the latest billow past, all fear may be given to the wind.

“Oh! thou tossed with tempest and not yet comforted; thou who art driven by adverse winds from thy course, and disappointed in thy hope, when it was fondly thought thy troubles were all over! wait a little, and thou shalt escape the blast of the tempest, and enter the harbour, where there shall be no more privations and trials, no more nights of weary watching and deep agony, no more startling intelligence of the loss of those we love.”

*This Harbour possesses another pleasing feature. There will be no more separations from our friends* It was on the sea-shore that Paul knelt down and prayed and wept at leaving those whom strong affection and a kindred faith had so mutually endeared. Though we may never have parted with friends in like circumstances, yet we have experienced many sad partings, the like of which we pray our eyes may never again witness, and our hearts never again feel.

“Since the beginning of the world what vast multitudes have been deposited in the seaman’s churchyard. Though no tolling bell has

called together sympathising friends ; though no green sod has opened to receive them, and no quiet grave invited them to rest beneath its shadows ; yet they have had their funeral services ; the winds have sung their requiem, the waves have furnished a winding sheet, coral monuments mark their resting places, generation after generation have sunk in the dark waters, and now wait the summons of the last trumpet-peal. Multitudes will follow them, and go down to sleep beside them—yes, but there is a home far above ocean-tempests—a home where the death-chill from cold waters will never be experienced. ‘And I saw them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God, and they sang the song of Moses and the Lamb.’”

The tides of time sweep us out to open sea. We may not cross each other's path, as we stand off and on ; we may or may not come within hail ; but shall we not come at last to anchor in the harbour ? The harbour ! I seem to see it sometimes, when the night wind is high, and hurrying clouds scud wildly across the heavens, or sullen clouds hang dense and drear, and there is no light of the sun, or the

moon, or of any star. Then, from its lighthouse streams the clear signal-light, and we know we near it safely.

I see it again, when, as in the glory of our rich autumn, the sun sweeps westerly in mantle of crimson and gold. It is no storm-scene now; it was stormy, but the tempest passed with a rain-bow hanging upon its sable skirts, and now the ships are coming in, not battered, with rent canvas and broken cordage, but with sails full-bent, and the cross-blazoned colors flying, with decks crowded with happy voyagers, who shout the voyage ended! See! they look landward; they are watching for familiar faces among those who crowd the wharves. Do they not see them? Who are they that shout glad welcomes from the ever-green shore? Are those strangers who wear palm and laurel? Are those eyes of tender flame such as we have looked upon never? Oh, land of the pure and the holy, country where graves are never made! Oh, mountains of beatitude! Oh, city which hath foundation! Oh, throne of God and the Lamb, bright with excessive light! There, there, after the battle, after the mortal affliction, after the sore conflict with the King of Terrors; there where, near the Redeemer, gather the rapt forefliers from

our homes and altars ; there, at the portals of  
our Father's house, we name our trysting  
place, and there appoint our greeting. Until  
then, hail and farewell !

" We're afloat, we're afloat, for the haven of rest,  
We're afloat, in full sail for our home in the skies ;  
For the home of the weary, the home of the blest,  
The mansions of peace, and the kingdom of joys !  
Who's afraid, when our Christ, and our God, and His  
Spirit,

Assure us Their kingdom we now shall inherit ?  
Let us go. Death's below—Life's above !  
Let us go."



" Land ahead ! its fruits are waving  
On the hills of fadeless green ;  
And the living waters laving  
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

Then, let go the anchor ! riding  
In this calm and silvery bay ;  
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,  
Shores in sunlight stretch away."

" Compass and Chart are in thy hand ;  
 Roadstead and rocks thou knowest ;  
 Thou art warned of reefs and shallows ;  
 Thou beholdest the harbour and its lights ;  
 What ! shall thy wantonness or sloth  
 Drive the gallant vessel on the breakers ?  
 What ! shall the helmsman's hand  
 Wear upon the black lee-shore ?  
 Leave awhile the rudder to swing round ?  
 Give the wind its heading ?  
 And be wrecked !"—*Tupper.*



" Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee  
 Give thy mind sea room :  
 Keep it wide of earth,  
 That rock of souls immortal :  
 Cut thy cord ; Weigh anchor ;  
 Spread thy sails ; Call every wind ;  
 Eye thy great pole-star,  
 And make the land of life !"—*Young.*

THE  
GRAVE IN THE WILDERNESS.



THE  
GRAVE IN THE WILDERNESS.

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CHEQUERED like the twilight of morning, with the shades of evening, is human life. As in battle, friend after friend falls; and we are left alone, to struggle with the stern realities of life. Many of us have more friends in heaven than on earth. It used not to be so; but the last few years have narrowed the circle of our acquaintance.

Once we had a paternal asylum, to which we could repair in time of trouble: where tear mingled with tear, and heart beat in unison with heart. However cheerless the night that came down upon us, there was a light ever burning in that dwelling; a lamp to guide our youthful feet. It went out suddenly; and left us, like a shipwrecked mariner, to struggle amid darkness, through the thick folds of which scarcely a ray of light was visible. By that mother's grave we have stood

with uncovered head, and wept. And even now, that the Atlantic rolls its proud waves between us, it is not forsaken. The eye of the morning weeps coronets of dewy diamonds on her tomb, and old winter sprinkles his hoar frosts upon her last resting place. It is only through tears that we can look upon the old homestead. Once it had charms, but they are gone forever.

A most touching incident of bereavement occurred not long ago : it took place on the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway. When the train stopped at Saratoga, among the passengers from the West came a middle-aged man, elbowing his way through the crowd. He bore in his arms an infant. He was a poor man : both he and the child were poorly clad. Around his hat was tied a piece of soiled, worn crape. It was evidently all the mourning his scanty means could afford for the mother of the child, who was dead. This man was rough in the exterior, but his face was an honest one.

Unaccustomed to nursery life, he handled the baby roughly ; yet there was tenderness in his sad look, which showed the purity of a father's love. The infant lay asleep, unconscious of the loss it had sustained, on his

coarsely-clad knee. A stray sunbeam glanced across its tired face. They were both tired, the father and the child, for they had come from the Far West. And as he raised his broad, hard, toil-worn hand to shield it from the intense and golden rays, there was blended in his look a mixture of sadness and care, as if his pent-up feelings had been so crowded back into the inner cells of his heart, that even tears could have been no relief to the hidden anguish that was making his life a misery. The poor child wept: it might be it was tired, or perhaps it missed its mother. The tears rolled down its baby cheeks in silvery rivulets. The father wiped away the dewy drops as they fell, and then tried to feed it. He was so awkward with the bottle, that he knew not how to give his darling its nourishment. As he made effort after effort to hush the cries and check the tears of his motherless babe, how he must have missed her, who in his life of labour and privation had been his solace and comfort? An unforbidden tear started in his eye, but he brushed it quickly away. All who saw him pitied him. At length a lady, richly appalled, with an infant resting on the lap of its nurse beside her, said, in a soft and gentle tone, "Give me

the child." The poor man glanced at her with a look of gratitude, for there was a mother's tenderness in her voice. With humble resignation, as if it were pain to part with him, even for a moment, he gave her his boy. The lady took it ; its soiled clothes rested on her costly silk, but its heavy head was soon beneath her shawl, and in a moment all was still.

Like the Grecian daughter, who through the iron bars of a prison cell fed her starving father, so did this high-born lady from her breast feed the hungry child ; and when, on her gentle bosom, the little one lay in calm and untroubled sleep, she put aside the shawl.

The father's heart swelled with gratitude. He said, as a tear welled in his eye, and his voice was thick with emotion, " Thank you : I'll take him now." Then the woman's nature spoke forth, as she answered, " Not yet ; you will wake him ;" and for mile after mile that noble-hearted lady held that poor man's child ; and it was not till her own required such nourishment as only a mother can give, she gently rose, and placed the stranger-boy with his father.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence ! How difficult it is at all times to

say, "Thy will be done." How few there are who can submit, without a murmur, to such stern discipline. I have read of a wounded Paraguayan, whose resignation under the most acute suffering the Christian would do well to imitate. "I was waiting for the doctor," says the narrator, "to complete his arrangements for the operation, when I saw the Paraguayan sergeant who had charge of the wounded approach the bedside of the man suffering from inflammation in the bowels, now groaning with much pain. One word uttered by the sergeant stopped his complaint. Then the same official pronounced an harangue in Guarani, (his natural tongue,) and which the pilot on board translated for me as follows :—' Dog of a bad Paraguayan ! are you not ashamed to let the enemies of your country hear you complain, and give them reason to laugh at you ? The glory of having been wounded fighting for your country does not appear sufficient, without crying for sympathy in your sufferings ! Do not let me hear another groan from you, or I shall report you to the highest power'—meaning, of course, Field-Marshal Lopez. From that moment the poor sufferer never uttered a moan, although he died in four hours after-

wards, evidently in dreadful torture. Some Argentines who were on board,—no doubt those described as the ‘enemies of his country,—called this ‘Paraguayan stolidity or stupidity;’ but to me it seemed the perfection of discipline, joined to the highest class of moral and physical bravery.”

Such, in a higher sense, ought to be our conduct as we meet the trials of life. Are the promises of God less inspiring than they were when martyrs perished at the stake? Is not His grace sufficient for us? The passenger in an Atlantic storm remains tranquil while he sees the commander unruffled. And on Alpine wilds, when the grand hills are shaken to their very base by the rolling thunder, and path after path lighted up by the flashing lightnings, and the receding glens that ran up among the hills are turned into so many trumpets, giving back the echo of the thunder, the mountaineer bounds like a hart along the dangerous pathway, nerved by the fearless visage of his guide. Then why are the beloved of the Lord distracted with terrors? Is not the Lord of hosts still a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest? Is it not written, “The name of the Lord is a strong

tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe; the shadow of a rock in a weary land." Here is a shelter for our fainting spirits,—a pavilion for weary pilgrims to rest awhile.

There are in many places along the lonely sea-coast of this continent, little huts erected close by the shore. They stand at a considerable distance from the inhabitants, and in places where, in the hour of storm, the stranded vessel is most likely to come ashore. Now, when the half-drowned sailor crawls up the beach, and discovers one of these huts, provided with wood, matches, and other materials, his joy is unspeakable.

They speak to him in voiceless, but intelligible language. They say, "The people, anticipating your danger and understanding your necessity, if cast ashore, have built this for your use and help; and, accordingly, he accepts the shelter.

In like manner has the Lord placed, along the highway of holiness, many a hiding-place from the tempest, so that the Christian may take refuge, while the storm passes over.

Then, however rugged and dangerous  
may be your path through life, fear not,  
the Lord of hosts is with you, and the God  
of Jacob is your refuge.

"Hold on thy way with hope unchilled,  
By faith and not by sight ;  
And thou shalt own His word fulfilled,  
" At eve it shall be light."

IDA IN THE HOME NEST.



## IDA IN THE HOME NEST.

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“**H**AVE you not forgotten some one?’

The child had risen from her knees, and lifted her soft brown eyes to her mother’s face.

‘Have you not forgotten some one?’

A shade of thought fell over the child’s countenance, as her mother, almost a child herself, gravely repeated the question.

‘Who, mamma?’ she asked; then, before her mother could reply, she said, ‘Oh, yes, I did forget,’ and dropping on her knees, clasped her dimpled hands, and with shut eyes and face upturned, spoke these words to our Father in heaven:

‘Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy.’

As the gentle young mother kissed her darling, she closed her eyelids tightly, to keep the tears from falling over her cheeks.

‘You must never forget dear papa,’ said the mother. It was only by an effort that she

was able to speak with a steady voice, for her heart was moved by some strong feeling that she wished to hide.

'I won't again,' answered the child, and then added, 'I don't know what made me forget. I always do pray for him. Oh, I wish he were here to kiss me before I go to sleep. Tell him to kiss me when he comes home—won't you, mamma? May be I'll know it in my dreams.'

The mother's eyes-lids could hold the tears no longer. Large round drops fell on the child's forehead.

'O, mother dear!' the little one exclaimed, throwing her arms about her mother's neck, 'what makes you cry? Is it because I forgot papa in my prayers? Oh, I'll never forget him again. I can't tell what made me.' For a little while her arms were clasped tightly around the child, and her head held closely against her mother's breast. Then good-nights were said, and kisses were exchanged. Soon after, the only sound heard in the room was the soft breathing of a child asleep.

For over an hour the young mother sat in the still chamber alone with her little one. Then she went to an adjoining room, and sat by an open window, listening to the foot-steps

that came and went along the pavement, never catching the sound for which her quick ears hearkened. Often she sighed ; but she spoke no words of weariness or complaint.

Another hour passed, when, returning to the room where the child slept, she undressed herself, and lying down with an arm under the head and her cheek against the face of her little one, was soon lost in slumber.

All was not right with the young mother. Such tears as she held so closely beneath her eye-lids, that they might not fall, are not tears of joy.

One loved by her, oh so tenderly!—the father of her sweet child—was absent ; and always when he was away her heart felt lonely.

Where was he ? What held him away from his wife and little one, now that the day was over ? Why did the darling of his heart pray for him at bed-time, instead of giving him her good-night kiss ? Had business taken him to another city ? Was he absent at the call of duty ?

Across the great city, in a room miles away from that in which angels watched lovingly over the sleeping mother and child, half a dozen young men were gathered around a table on which supper had been served. They

had eaten and drank, and now sat smoking. Waiters cleared off the table, and brought in bottles of wine, and glasses.

More wine! Had they not been drinking freely at supper? Yes, too freely. But they who 'tarry long at the wine' grow thirstier the more they drink, until sense and reason are too often drowned.

'Let me fill your glass,' said one of the company to a young man, whose noble mein gave no signs of an evil or depraved life. Looking at him, and then at his companions, any one would have seen that he was out of place, and in danger.

'Nothing more at present,' answered the young man, who had already taken, with his supper, as much wine as he felt it prudent to drink.

Without heeding this reply, the one who had addressed him filled the young man's glass and also his own.

'To Ida in the home-nest!' he said, lifting his glass.

The young man thus challenged, raised the wine and held it between his eyes and the light.

'To Ida in the home-nest!' Ah, the tempter miscalculated the power of that sentence.

He meant evil to the young man, but God had this thought put into his mind that he might use him as an agent of good. Just then, Ida in the home-nest was saying, 'Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy,' and God, who is ever trying to lead his erring children into the right ways, heard the prayer, as he hears all prayers that true hearts offer up, and answered it in his own best way.

As the young man held up the glass of amber-colored wine to the light, he saw in it the picture of a kneeling child. The face, beautiful as the face of an angel, was tender and very earnest; the large brown eyes had in them a shade of sadness. While he looked, the face and form grew more and more distinct. He saw the sweet lips move, and heard them say, as clearly as if the words had been spoken in his outward ears:

'Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy.'

The glass of wine did not touch his lips.

'Not drink to that!' exclaimed his tempter, in surprise, as he saw the untasted wine.

'Thank you for the toast,' answered the young man, as he rose from his seat. 'I must look to my Ida in the home-nest;' and bowing to the company, he hastily retired. One

laughed, another sneered, and another made a coarse jest; while a fourth said, with a gravity of manner that was felt by the rest as a rebuke.

‘Our young friend is right: his place is at home, with his wife and child, and not here. And there are some of us who, in my opinion, might take a lesson from his example.’

A dead silence followed. One looked at another; and crimson spots burned on cheeks that had on them no sign of shame a little while before.

‘No more wine for me,’ said the last speaker, replying to an invitation to fill his glass.

‘I’ve no patience with this kind of stuff,’ spoke out one of the company, almost angrily. ‘What has wine been ordered for, if not to drink?’

He who said this was a gambler, in the disguise of a friend. He wished to steal away the reason and conscience of his young companions with wine, that he might rob them of their money at cards.

As he spoke, he filled one glass to the brim, and then pushed the bottle toward his neighbour, who filled his glass in turn. But

when it came to the third in the circle sitting around the table, he passed it on, leaving his own glass empty. The fourth and fifth filled their glasses. Said the one who first passed the bottle, lifting his glass as he spoke :

‘Here’s to good fellowship.’ And all but one repeated his toast, and drank as he drank. Then the third in the circle filled his glass with water, and rising, said in a clear, ringing voice :

‘Here’s to Ida in the home-nest !’

Frowns darkened on his companions’ faces. Raising the water to his lips, he drank it slowly. As he set down the empty glass, he looked at the angry face of the gambler, whose real character he more than half suspected, and bowing slightly, said :

‘I also thank you for that toast ; and I also will look to my Ida in the home-nest.’

Then, bowing gracefully towards the company, he left the room ; the sound of curses in his ears, as he shut the door.

The young man whose refusal to drink any more had first broken in that company the charmed circle of danger, walked hurriedly away, turning his steps homeward. He was, as we have said, miles distant, and at the

opposite extremity of a great city. Hurriedly he walked at first ; then his steps grew slower, and his head was bent down ; for painful and self-condemning thoughts were in his mind. A street car passed ; it would have taken him, in less than an hour, within a few yards of his home. Why did he let it go by unheeded ? Was thought so busy that he had forgotten he could ride ?

No, that was not the reason. He had drank too freely at the supper table, and he knew that his breath was tainted with liquor ; and now that a new light had come into his mind, and he saw, as in a mirror, a true image of himself, he was shocked to discover that he was less a true man than in days past, and less worthy to bear the name of husband and father. This was the reason why his steps were slow and his head bowed down ; and the reason why he did not take the car, and pass quickly homeward. He shrank from the thought of laying his tainted lips upon the pure brow and lips of his wife and child, and so revealing to them that weak and sensual side of his character which was holding him back from a nobler and purer life than the one he was living.

Slowly he continued to walk, still with bowed

head and busy thoughts and memories. Suddenly there came before him, even more clearly, if possible, than when he saw it in the amber wine, the image of his kneeling child; and again the voice, so full of sweet music for his ears, was heard with strange distinctness, saying:—

‘Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy.’

Could God have answered the petition of that loving child for her father in any better or more effectual way than by sending the words of her prayer to his inward ears by the voice of an angel? He could not make him good and happy, except through repentance and a better life; but He could make the prayer a means of conviction and repentance. So the good Lord is ever using us, whether we are children or grown-up men and women, and using us by thousands of different ways, in the work of leading others from evil courses into paths of virtue and peace. And we are always better instruments in his hands, if we are pure and good, than if we are selfish and evil; for, in some way that we do not clearly understand, our loving desires actually pass to others, and move their hearts. And so if we are pure and true, our influence over those we

love, even when they are away from us, will be for good. We shall be as magnets, continually drawing them back from evil. Our love and our prayers will go after them as angels of mercy.

The image of his kneeling child seen again so distinctly, and her sweet voice lifted heavenward in prayer for him, heard again with such startling clearness, so touched the father's heart, that he clasped his hands passionately together, and looking upward, exclaimed,

'O Lord, I am not worthy of anything so pure and precious as this child!—one of the little ones whose angels are ever before thy face.'

A deep quiet fell upon his soul as he bowed his head once more and walked, still moving slowly, onward. And now, contrasted with the innocence, sweetness and purity of his wife and child, stood out before him an image of himself that made shame-spots burn on his cheeks as if fire had touched them. They so loving and unselfish; so true to him in all things; so free from earthly taint, and he so selfish and worldly, yielding to gross appetites, and giving his thoughts to what was mean and sensual, instead of to things good and noble!

'Give me strength to lead a new and better

life,' he prayed, as he moved along the street. 'This night I have turned my back upon the evil that was opening its jaws to devour me. This night I set my feet in a new way. Let thy power, O Lord, pass into my poor resolutions, and I shall be saved.'

Home at last. It had taken him nearly two hours from the time he turned so resolutely away from his dissolute companions. Entering very quietly, he went first to the bathroom, where he washed his hands and face, and carefully cleansed his mouth, to remove, if possible, all smell of liquor or tobacco smoke.

How silent it was! How strangely he felt! Softly he opened the chamber-door, and stood in the presence of his wife and child. How peacefully they slept! Their faces laid close together, both so young and fresh,—so tender and sweet that they looked like sisters, instead of mother and child.

A little while he remained bending above them. Great waves of tenderness came sweeping over his heart. They had never seemed so lovely and precious. Stooping, at length, for he could no longer restrain himself, he touched his lips to the fair forehead of his wife. She moved slightly, but did not awaken. Then he kissed the little one who had said,

ere she went to sleep, 'Tell him to kiss me when he comes home, mamma, won't you? May be I'll know it in my dreams.'

An angel must have told it to her now, for, while yet the touch of his lips was warm on her lips, a glad light flooded her countenance. As the light faded slowly off, her lips moved, and she said, still sleeping, yet speaking out clearly—

'Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy.'

The father's heart was too strongly moved already to bear this without losing his self-control. A sob heaved his breast. Then, clasping his arms about his sleeping treasures, he pressed them passionately to his heart.

'God bless you and keep you from all evil, and make me worthy of you, my darlings!'

This was the sentence, spoken in fervour, that met the ears of his waking wife and child.

We cannot picture, in words, the joy that filled that young wife's heart, when the full meaning of all this came like a great light into her soul.

She never sat lonely in the night-watches again, waiting with a shadowed spirit for the loved but absent one in fear of the very

thoughts that went out after him. And few and far between were the times that the little angel of their home asked that a kiss might be given which she could feel only in her dreams.

Little ones, pray for those who are dear to your hearts. The angels are nearer to you, because of your innocence, than they are to those who are older and less pure, and they can often give to your prayers a power for good that will fall in blessings on those you love."



A TALE OF SORROW.



## A TALE OF SORROW.

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"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's blast,  
And stars to set ;—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,  
O death !"

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Among the poor are occurring daily deeds of quiet heroism, as full of the finest qualities of our humanity, as in what we call the higher ranks of life. The following brief and too true story is a striking illustration :—

A few years ago there lived in Halifax, England, a family named Mann, consisting of a mother and some half dozen children. The eldest daughter's name was Alice. Many months

before, the father had crossed the Atlantic, to found a new home for his family in the United States. He prospered sufficiently to be enabled to send enough money to pay the passage of his household across the ocean, and they prepared to leave. Now Alice was no ordinary girl, in many respects ; she was industrious almost to a fault, intelligent beyond her station, and withal deeply religious. The greater part of the care and labour of attending to and bringing up the children had devolved upon her. She discharged most of the common household duties, and was the main stay of the family, in having to produce, from wages earned at the factory, that which provided them food, and kept a roof over their heads. The Sabbath found her equally busy in the help of others ; for none were more diligent in the Sabbath School, or more regular in the performance of those little, but important duties which fall to the lot of such as her, in connection with our churches. Qualities like these could not but attract admiration, and win love.

To one who sought her in marriage, she refused entirely on religious grounds. Another,

against whom there was not the slightest objection of this kind, she declined, her only reason being, that she must go to America. There was in her mind the utmost repugnance to leave England, and every inducement for her to remain, but one—the strong desire to see her father. From across the ocean came his earnest message, that if she came not, none need come; and from the household there was the equally earnest expressed determination, that if she did not go, none would go. So, active preparations were made for their departure.

Alice was at work in the factory daily, almost to the very last; for money was yet urgently needed. The nights were occupied in the multitudinous preparations which the voyage involved. Limited, indeed, was the time allowed for sleep. The arrangements for the departure of the family, however, were agreeably broken in upon, for those who knew her best could not suffer her to depart, without some memorials of respect and affection. At the Sabbath-school with which she was connected a large meeting was held and books were presented to her.

bearing inscriptions, expressive of the highest admiration.

But there is another circumstance, which gives a tinge of romance to the narrative. The first lover, of whom we have spoken, with a chivalry as high-minded and as sensitive as ever animated knight of old, and with a determination yet to win the love he sought, hearing that she was about to go to America, sailed himself thither, that he might be prepared to meet her on her arrival, and show his determination to cut off old habits and associations,—thus proving how much he could sacrifice for her sake.

At length the family reached Liverpool; and the energies of Alice, apparently exhaustless, were taxed to the very utmost. She had to see to the numerous necessities incident in the arrangements for a long sea voyage. Upon this girl, and her ready sense and labours, depended the comfort of this household, in their coming passage across the Atlantic. At length, the good ship William Tapscott sailed. Dysentery and fever, the ever present scourges of the emigrant ship, did their work among the passengers; and one of

those who suffered most was Alice. Every faculty of her body and mind had been strained to its utmost tension, and in her weak and exhausted condition, she fell an easy prey to disease.

It was on the 17th September the ship left the Mersey ; and on the 18th of October she anchored in New York harbour. Among those carried from the deck was Alice, fever-smitten, and, alas ! death-stricken. The new home founded by the father was on one of the beautiful prairies of Illinois ; and word was sent him that his family had arrived. It was arranged that they should make their way to Illinois, and that he should proceed towards New York, to meet them.

The illness of Alice detained the family for five days ; and as she did not recover quickly, she was left, all expecting that she would be able to follow in a short time. The very next day she died. The brief voyage of her storm-tossed life was ended. It seemed that the purpose and end of her life had been for the family only ; not for herself : and now that she had lived to pilot over the children to their natural protector, her work was finished, and it only remained for her to

die. Her life from first to last was full of cares, hardships, and toils, endured mostly for others; but bravely she struggled with them all; and never did they mar the purity of her character, or turn her from her unselfish course: brief indeed was the fight, but it was a sharp one. Why a life so valuable should so early close, when apparently there seemed to be hope of rest and quietness, none can tell. Looking at the circumstances of human existence, there are some things far beyond our philosophy, and which faith alone is able to reconcile with our belief in the existence of an all-merciful Providence. To the man whose mind is not stayed by a firm belief that some future state of being will be the complement, and finish of the condition of things here below, the story of this poor girl must be inexplicable indeed. Yet her faith, and the attributes of the Almighty, are both verities; and all that we can say is, that they are somehow reconcilable in that vast circle of things, the entire circumference of which we are at present unable to discern.

Alice is now "where the weary are at rest;" she is gone to be "for ever with the

Lord ;" and though in this life she moved among what are called the "humbler classes," the memory of her affection, and of her lofty devotedness, will long remain. Who knows what good may be effected by the grand sermon continually preached in the life and death of such a woman.

---

" 'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus ! where hope has built  
 a tower,  
 Like that of Eden, wreathed about with every thorn-  
 less flower,  
 To dwell therein securely, the self-deceiver's trust,  
 A whirlwind from the desert comes, and 'all is in  
 the dust.'

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus ! that, when the poor  
 heart clings,  
 With all its finest tendrils,—with all its flexile rings,  
 That goodly thing it cleaveth to, so fondly and so fast,  
 Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered by the  
 blast.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus ! with beams of mortal  
 bliss,  
 With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world  
 as this ;  
 One moment round about us their angel lightnings  
 play,  
 Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all has  
 passed away.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus! with sounds too sweet  
for earth,—

Seraphic sounds, that float away, borne homeward in  
their birth ;

The golden shell is broken,—the silver chord is  
mute ;

The sweet bells are all silent, and hushed the lovely  
lute.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus! with all that's best  
below ;

The dearest, noblest, loveliest, are always first to go,—

The bird that sings the sweetest ; the vine that  
crowns the rock ;

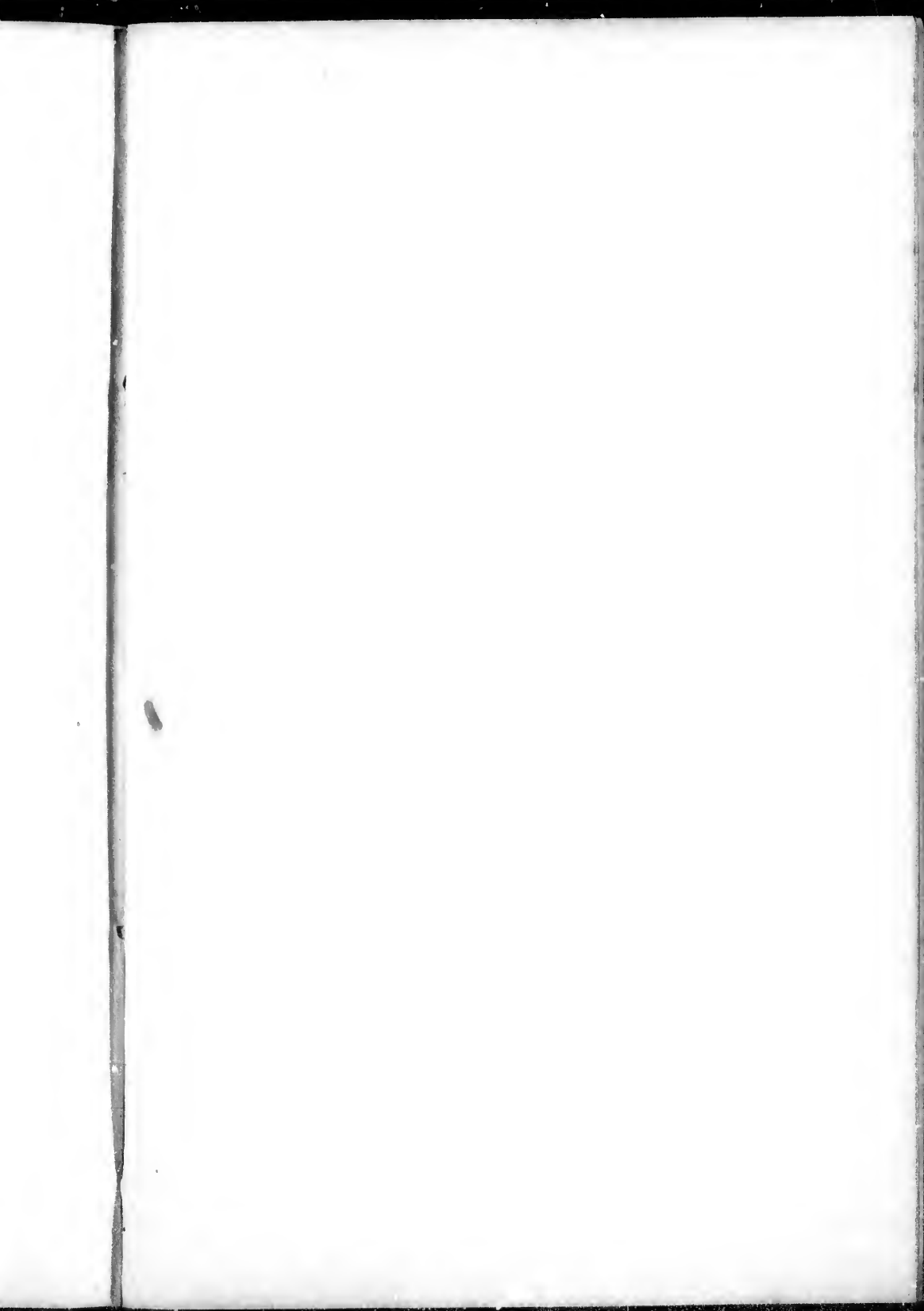
The glory of the garden ; ' the flower of the flock.'

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus! with creatures heaven-  
ly fair,

Too finely framed to bide the brunt more earthly  
natures bear ;

A little while they dwell with us, blessed ministers  
of love,

Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek  
their home above."





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and with them he beholds the Pilgrim Fathers, the Scotch Covenanters, and Bunyan, Wesley, Watts, Whitfield, Kilham, Bourne, and Clowes, and also a few 'sisters,' such as 'Mrs. Dodsworth, and Mrs. Wilkinson, of blessed memory.' Coke, Clarke, Watson, Benson, Bramwell, Billy Dawson, Sammy Hick, Asbury, Carey, Morrison, Rowland Hill, and, *mirabile dictu*, Prince Albert, are all recognised as safely landed in the heavenly Canaan. Then he calls upon a number of these rather incongruous worthies to relate their varied experiences, not even excusing the late Prince Consort from this public duty ; and though we cannot tell on what principle our author has made his selection of speakers, yet we notice one singular feature in this Celestial Lovefeast is, that they 'rise and tell the wonders of Immanuel' according to *seniority of residence*. Moreover, they all speak in true Methodistic fashion, though it may fairly be presumed that Methodist usages and phraseology were not familiarly understood in patriarchal and pre-Wesleyan times. Whatever these brethren were on earth, it is clear enough they are Methodists in heaven. Well, be it so !

' It is the hope, the blissful hope,  
Which Jesus' grace hath given,  
The hope, when days and years are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.'

We may congratulate the author on the ability with which he has wrought out his theme. His descriptive powers are of a high order ; practice and culture will enable him to achieve wonders ; and to take not only a high stand among his brethren, but a very respectable position amongst English authors. This Lovefeast is very cleverly described. Elijah is made to tell the longest experience. We are rather surprised that he should have been permitted to take up so much of the valuable time. In a well conducted Lovefeast, no one is permitted to trespass on the time of the rest. This, however, may have been the first Lovefeast ever held in heaven ; and so we may account for the ' prophet of fire' being privileged, out of the fulness of his great heart, to occupy the time of the meeting so long : on subsequent occasions it will be necessary for him to exercise a little more discretion. Adam describes the intensity of his grief, when he became conscious that, through his disobedience, he had subjected all his posterity to death. Abel tells of the surprise occasioned in heaven by his arrival, ' a

stranger from a strange world.' 'When I arrived,' he said, 'I found no companion, none who had wept, none who had suffered, none who had died.' A 'sweet but lonely song' was his. Enoch relates the story of his translation thus :— 'One day, as I was alone, meditating upon the glories of my celestial home, a chariot and horses of fire came sweeping through the heavens, as on the wings of a whirlwind, and I was caught up into the flaming vehicle by an invisible hand, and away went chariot and steeds, like an ascending glory, up the hills of eternity ; and we never stopped for a moment all the way from earth up to the gates of the New Jerusalem.' Noah tells of the flood : Abraham of Mount Moriah : Moses of his marvellous rescue in infancy ; his more marvellous life at the Egyptian court, and subsequently in the wilderness of Sinai, and his still more marvellous death and burial : Stephen tells of his martyrdom : Paul, 'a person of rather diminutive stature, but wearing on his head a crown of more than ordinary brightness, and having a majestic voice,' relates his conversion : Luther describes the Diet at Worms : Bunyan tells us of Bedford Jail and the 'Pilgrim's Progress : ' Wesley narrates the rise and progress of Methodism : Hugh Bourne recites his thrilling story : and after him, last but not least, rises Prince Albert, and wakens up afresh the hallelujahs of heaven, by declaring that though his death plunged a nation into grief, yet it was to him inestimable gain. Moreover, he assured the listening angels, and the crowned princes of the redeemed, that one thought was ever present to his mind, namely, 'the meeting of my beloved Victoria and dear children in this glorious Temple, where we shall part no more.' We find, also, plenty of singing. Bursts of glorious song, and Amen ! and Hallelujah ! responses, in the intervals of speaking. This book is deeply interesting. It is neatly got up, well printed, and is a very handy pocket companion. It is admirably adapted for Sunday reading ; and would be an acceptable presentation volume to a young Christian. It well deserves a large circulation."—*Methodist Quarterly*.

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