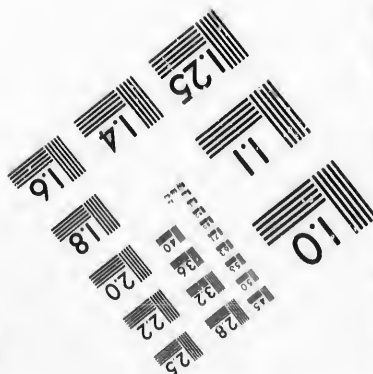
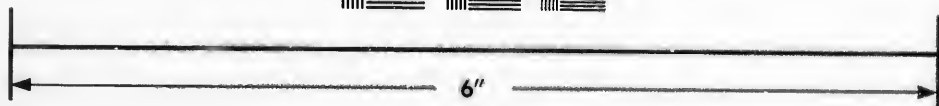
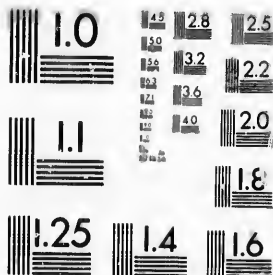


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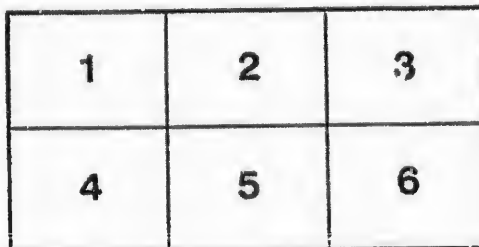
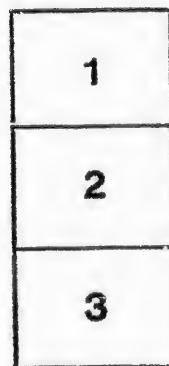
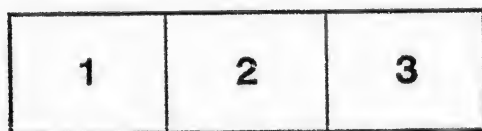
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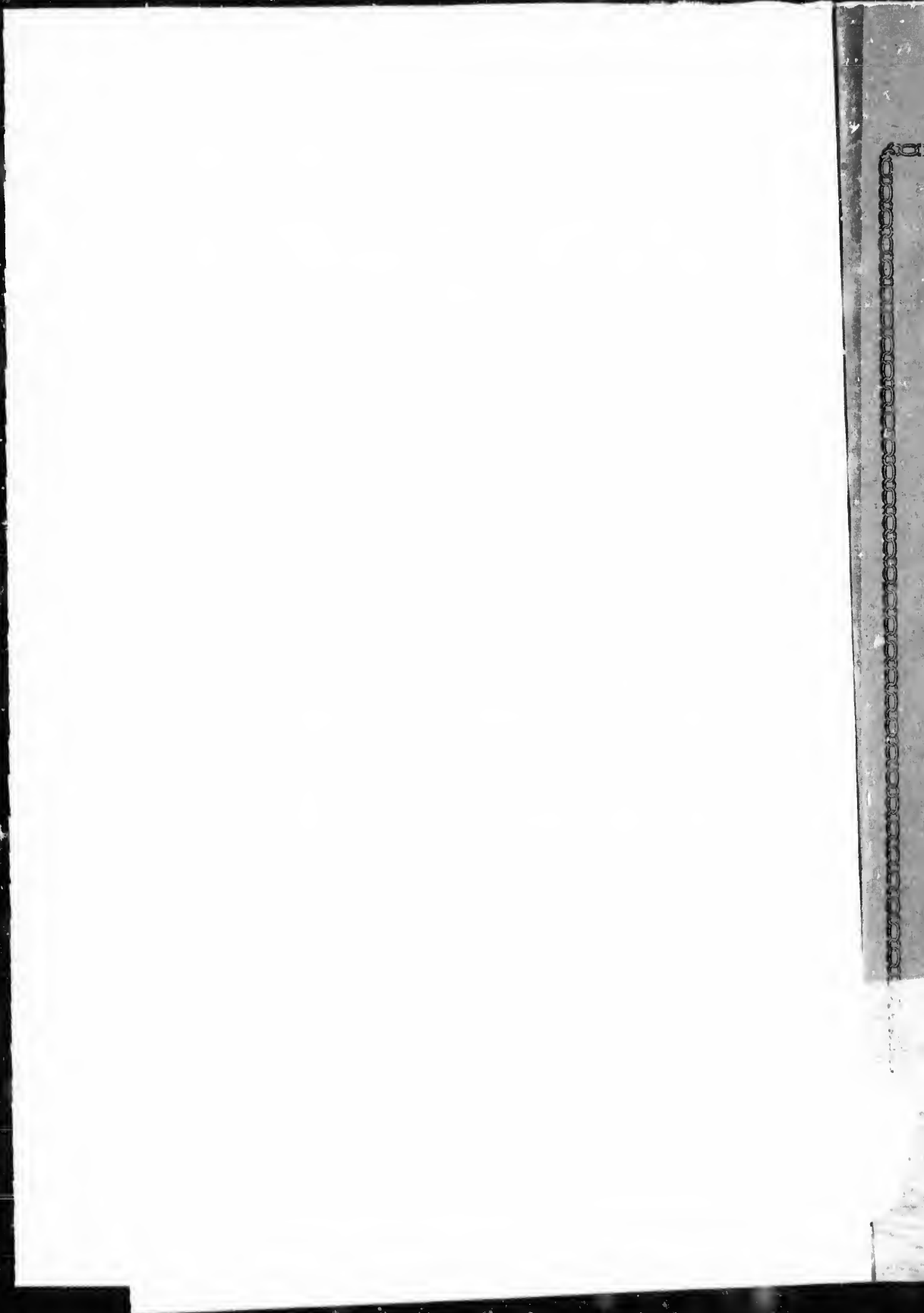
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MENTAL CULTURE;
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WITH OTHER ARTICLES,
BY YOUNG HUMPHREY.
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P R E F A C E .

This book now presented to the public, has not been hastily written. It has been prepared with care, and thought, and prayer; and also, with a thorough belief, that it will do good. We hold it as a maxim, not to be controverted, that man should be useful, and should endeavor to do good to others, while passing through time. This being conceded by the reader, we will observe, that this book '*Mental Culture*,' consists of *seven letters on the advantages of Reading*, published mostly as they now stand with the exception of the two first, which have been re-written; and the last which has been added. They were published in the *Christian Journal*, at various times in 1858-9; and will be recognized by a portion of the public, excepting the two first, and last, as specified. Two of the other articles were published in the *Christian Guardian*, in 1856 and in 1861. Both those papers, *Journal* and *Guardian*, are published in the City of Toronto, and are well known to the community. The last prose article appeared in the *Standard*.

The Poetry by MATILDA has already appeared in the *Christian Guardian*, *Christian Journal*, and *Norfolk Messenger*; excepting three pieces, now given to the public for the first time, from her unpublished MSS.

If this book should meet with a ready sale, as we believe it will, we have others ready for our numerous friends in "this Canada of our's."

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Guelph, Sept. 14th, 1862.

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ADVANTAGES OF READING.

LETTER I.

COURTEOUS READER—You are allowed to live in an age of special privileges, in reference to things temporal, and also to things spiritual. We wish to dwell on one of great importance. It is the one specified at the heading of this article, "*Advantages of Reading.*" We think it well nigh impossible to exhaust a subject so full, so deep and so complete, as the one before us. But, allow us to suggest, that as we have only one life to live, it is well to improve the time *judiciously*. There could not well be a better chance, than the one we have, in the last half of the nineteenth century. Works of good old authors are republished; obsolete words either find a place to modern words, or, if retained, explained to the present inhabitants of earth. Never, since printing was invented, have mankind had so many books to read, to exult; to feel grateful as now. How slowly books increased in the world from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, compared with the number of good and valuable books, in this nineteenth century! True, there are so many bad books published, as now, but that arises from the fact, that evil agents, will work for their master, the devil. This reminds us of a quaint verse, the celebrated Dr. Adam Clark quotes, in his invaluable Commentary; and we might apply the principle involved to authors presenting *bad* reading to the world, to counteract *good* reading:

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil's sure to get a congregation there,
And it is found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation."

It will then be conceded, that *good* will be, and is opposed by *evil*; but the *good* will be allowed to gain the day; if not in the *present time*, in the *reward* at last. All glory to God! that the *good* shall finally triumph, and the *evil* shall return upon the head of the *evil*. How truly the Psalmist refers to the reward of the *evil*. "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate." Psalm vii. 16 v.

Works are also published by living authors, and many of them have done, and are doing much good; perhaps it would not be too much to say that there never were so many good authors, living *at the same time*, as now. We earnestly trust and pray, that the writer and the reader, may be continually engaged in doing good.

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Paisley Block, August 28 1862. MSS.

LETTER II.

We closed our first letter, by trusting and praying, that we might, writer and reader, be enabled to *do good*. If one is to *do good*, it must be pre-supposed, that before *that* can be done, it is important to *get good*. An important means of getting good, is to *read*; of obtaining knowledge, is to *read*. When the Saxon Princes wished information, they were told by the Queen of Ethelwolf, to *read and they would know*. Alfred did read to purpose, and became famous and good, as Alfred the Great. He established trial by jury, divided England into Counties, Hundreds and Tithings, and translated the Creed and Ten Commandments for his subjects. It has been said, he founded the University of Oxford, and composed more books than most men have done whose whole time has been devoted to study. In A. D. 890, he promulgated a code of Laws, which are justly considered as the foundation of the common law of England. He died at the age of 51, A. D. 900. His glory is greater than that of Alexander the Grecian conqueror of the world. Alfred with propriety might have been termed *Alfred the Great*. And what reading did for him, upwards of 900 years ago, it does for the studious reader in the present day; although possibly in a less degree. But those only obtain substantial information who feed on substantial mental food! It is possible to read much, and yet from its quality being bad, to be only injured by it. But the wise will not do thus. They will read that which is reliable and good. To read what is termed *light reading*, tends to a superficially mawkish sort of sentimentality. To confine your reading to the biographies of eminent, or even pious persons, is certainly not on a sufficiently comprehensive basis, because a *narrative series* though excellent in itself, needs an addition to it, in order to enjoy it, and to make us useful. Who ever read the biography of any eminent person, without perceiving, that the person of whom the book treated, fed intellectually on other departments besides the biographical. The fact of their eminence proves this: they were eminent on account of usefulness to society, and that usefulness was the result of application to some science, or a useful and laborious career, alike advantageous possibly, to the State, the Church, and the World. It was necessary, however, to fit them for eminence; that they should cultivate their mind; and to do this, they must visit the different departments of knowledge, and levy contributions therefrom. Historical reading, should not be so pursued, as to ignore other useful reading matter. Scientific, and philosophical reading, should not claim all the time. But there is one species of reading, to which it is indispensable to attend; and which every one who does his duty, *will read*; from the towering intellect, to the one a little under mediocrity; and that reading, is *the Bible*.

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Guelph, Sept. 6, 1862. MSS.

LETTER III.

It is now designed to bring forward *two* very important thoughts, in connection with the reading of the Word. The first was suggested in consequence of meeting, some years ago, with a striking sentence, in the life of Rev. John Hessel, thus expressed: "God follows you out of your room."

with a jealous eye, in the morning, to see if the first book you read be His book, or a book on some unimportant subject." Another sentence, given from some shrewd writer, was, "Take care of the minutes, the hours will take care of themselves." Thus, by properly improving the *minutes* the sacred volume can be read. The advice of John Wesley to his preachers, is to be copied and acted on by all classes of general society; at least, it would be well were it to be so. *First Rule*.—Do not waste away time, or waste it in any way. *Second Rule*.—Do not employ yourself in a trifling way.—*Third Rule*. Do not be engaged in a useless way. All these carried out tend to advance one's knowledge. I read, read, still read, and yet you have to read the Bible. The Bible, the old Family Bible, "that lay on the stand," Thrice blessed thy reminiscences, reader, if thou carest, with the association of parents and home, connect the pleasing thought that the blessed Bible was read there morning and evening; its truths prized, its precepts followed. The Lord defend the right, that no species of sophistry may ever induce the public to ask for a new translation of our old-fashioned, our noble, our beautiful Bible. It is invaluable, not only as the protector of our rights, but as the great and only effectual preventive of language *running wild*, with the newly introduced words, for the most part of pigmy authors, of insect notoriety, as well as of others, of larger dimensions; who are, continually, strange as it may appear, pampering language, by the introduction of words, many and new-fangled. For our own part, if such a law should pass, one thing is certain, the writer will feel it his duty to purchase one of the A. D. 1611 Bibles, and keep it as his rule, rather than any new translation. Let us use all lawful means to keep our present translation of the Bible *unimpaired*. Parents, allow us to suggest, that you present each child with a Bible, and in after life it will be prized; and, as in a number of cases, may produce important results when you are no more.

The *second* important thought we have to present is, to learn one verse each day. As the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain—Hannah More's hero of patient endurance—observed: "When the year is thought of, we have 365 verses of Scripture, at the rate of one per diem; but if we improve a little on the good shepherd's suggestion, and look at the number thus acquired, in ten years we have the round sum of 3,650—a valuable amount of biblical knowledge. Learn one verse each day, and let it remain among the other fragments of knowledge in the mind. You need not keep adding them together, or it might be too difficult, and make, it a laborious, rather than a pleasant duty.

Bible.
HUMPHREY.

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Lynndock, Sept. 30, 1858.

[*Journal.*]

LETTER IV.

The best plan you can follow, is to *digest properly*. As with our earthly bread, we must masticate it properly to reap the advantages connected with eating it; so spiritual bread must be rendered nutritive too, and this can be accomplished. Dr. Adam Clarke thought that Nehemiah viii. 8—"So they read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly, and gave the sense, and

caused *them* to understand the reading"—was the best definition of the *duty of the preacher* he ever read. We think, as the worthy doctor did, on that subject; and we have just the same opinion, with reference to reading. "Understandest thou what thou readeſt?" was the interrogation addressed by Philip, the deacon, to the Ethiopian eunuch—Acts viii. 30. It is necessary to understand, in order to profit. Any ordinary mind will understand the Word of God, by patience, attention, and industry. The wayfaring man, though deficient he may be—*though a for'*—yet he can ascertain his duty therein. If a will of some rich man should name us as entitled to a large legacy, and a condition was made that we should *study that will*, we should do so with great earnestness. If we could not read, and the will should enjoin our reading it personally, we should learn to read. We have met with some who could not read. Three persons, adults, and all of the male sex, *could not read*. They could have learnt, you possibly think—*they thought not*. One said, "he could not learn under existing circumstances." Another said, "he was too old." The last one said, "he had no time." His excuse was the most ridiculous one of the three. But you can read, you say; take care, then, and read the Word in a *systematic way*. Possibly, our articles in the *Journal* have induced you to commence; or you began to do so before. Continue to do so, *even to the end*.

Biography states that this man, that woman, and those children read the Bible on *their knees, in their private devotions*. It was well to do so. Some well-meaning people confine their attention to the Psalms and the New Testament. But the Old Testament should be attentively perused as well. It is there that the majesty of the Lord is so conspicuous—His unapproachable grandeur, His mighty power. Recently, a course of lectures were commenced on the book of Job by the writer. When the first had been given, an aged man, nearly 70 years of age, in conversation, said, "I have been reading the book of Job lately; I never read much in that book." He was a pious man, but *lacked system*,

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Lynn dock Nov., 26 1838.

[*Journal*]

LETTER V.

A regular system is the great desideratum in the reading world. And more is this to be observed in reference to Bible reading than to any other sort of reading. By system, unweariedly pursued, wonders can be effected. A young married couple have, during the last 15 months, read the twelve minor, or smaller prophets through, *after dinner*, and 109 of the Psalms too; and the reading was for quality—twenty verses at a time, more or less, has effected it. During the last nineteen months they have read their morning and evening lessons, from Genesis to the latter part of the 2nd Book of Kings. The young husband has read through the New Testament, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel and Job, as his private reading; read entirely for quality, falling back on chapters and portions of chapters, just as you would read a will of some rich relation, in

which you are interested, and which required much research. He has also read the 1st Book of Kings through—2nd Kings he had already read—Ben-son's Commentary with it. The young wife has read from Genesis to the Psalms, and has read upwards of a hundred of these. And what they have done, you can do, reader. The writer not long since conversed with a worthy couple of pious people, but had to reason closely with them, and even then could not prevail on them to read the Bible through by system. The man said, "I think we should read the New Testament, being under the new dispensation;" but the Old Testament, he felt inclined not to read *that*, so much as the new. The wife said, "Well, Mr. C——, I have so much to do, I really cannot read in that way!" The remark to counteract this strange idea was, "But you read the Bible?" "Oh, yes," was the response. "Then if you do," said we, "why not read, if it be but three verses a day; begin at Genesis, go right through; read the next week in the New Testament, the next in the Old, and, if you are seven years, go through with it—that is the way." "Mr. C——," said the good woman "you have got plenty of time, I have not—I cannot do it." Of course, reader, you see that her remarks did not amount to reasoning: if she could read at all, she could readily do so by system. Adopt system, and carry it out.

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Cranbrook, September 6, 1856.

[Journal.]

LETTER VI.

The climax of our reasoning is attained, when we refer to our Lord Jesus Christ, as experiencing those temptations, through which He passed, when "led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." Matt. iv. At that time His long fast of "forty days and forty nights" made him "an hungered;" a suitable temptation was presented; "If thou be the son of God, command that these stones be made bread?" the answer of the Saviour was: "IT IS WRITTEN, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This sentence is found in the speech of Moses, the man of God, in the fortieth year of the children of Israel's journey in the wilderness; Deut. viii. 3. Among Israel's mercies, they were "fed with manna," and were thus taught the truth as recorded in the quotation of our Lord, in answer to the temptation presented. After our Lord had been placed on a "pinnacle of the temple," which it seems was such a great height, that when one sat and looked beneath, a giddy sensation seized him, our Lord, being seated in this position—Satan "saith unto him. If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written: He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, least at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Satan now begins to quote from the Holy Scriptures; the reader will perceive the perilous position of those not acquainted with scripture, when *they are tempted*; a devil can quote scripture! *and they cannot!!* Shame! shame!! on such a wilful neglect of the Sacred Scriptures. Satan quoted from Scripture; but perverted the meaning. Psalm xci 2, it is said: "TO KEEP THEE IN ALL THY WAYS."

This is artfully left out, and the arch fiend is thus teaching *presumption*, or attempting to do so: the original meaning in the Psalm cited, is to teach *dependence on God*.

Luke iv c. 10 v. has it "to keep thee" but even there "in all thy ways" is not added, so that the charge of misquotation of the psalm in question, against Satan, is as strong as ever. Dr. Adam Clarke says, on Matt. iv c. 6 v. "The clause, to *keep thee in all thy ways*, Satan chose to leave out, as quite unsuitable to his design."

As Satan acts, so does his servants. Not only the Paines, Voltaires, and the whole rabble of infidel malcontents, but the ordinary careless—the *million*—they act so too, for they frequently quote detached portions of scripture, perverting and wresting it from the tenor of the Word of God, to support error. Now it must be apparent, that if a believer should be asked a reason of the hope within him, he would present but a sorry spectacle if he could not support a single doctrine of scripture, *from scripture*; and, moreover, he would not be able to do what St. Peter states it is his duty to do, 1 Peter iii. 15., and consequently, could not possess "a good conscience."

The Saviour's answer to the temptation last brought forward is; "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." The Saviour resists, and overcomes the temptation, not by the power he possesses as God and man; but by the all important statement, "It is WRITTEN," with the quotation needed from the Word. *The Saviour is the believer's pattern*. Reader, be careful to imitate the Saviour; it is thus you resist the tempter.

"Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him. All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Was ever a more horrible temptation presented by the tempter than that, to thee, trembling believer? Never! It could not be. But of the Saviour it was said, in Isaiah liii c. 9 v. "neither *was any* deceit in his mouth." Be encouraged, then, believer, and remember that temptation is NOT SIN; it is yielding to temptation that constitutes THE SIN. When the devil presented the temptation above referred to, he omitted to quote from scripture, for he does not like scripture, excepting to *wrest* it, and injure the sons of men.

Our Lord refutes this last temptation with, Get thee hence, Satan; FOR IT IS WRITTEN Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." If the reader will look in Duet. x c. 20. v. he will see it reads thus, "Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God; Him shalt thou serve, and to Him shalt thou cleave, and swear by his name." "Then," continues the evangelist, "the devil leaveth Him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him," It was the Old Testament our Lord quoted from; and so did his apostles and followers. And never should it be forgotten, that our Lord has given us a LAW, and that law is TO READ THE OLD TESTAMENT; for that was the book he referred to in John v c. 39 v. "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." Yes, the Old Testament testified of Jesus. The "gospels" and "epistles," were not then written; the "ACTS OF THE APOSTLES" were not then performed; the; APOCALYPSE OF REVELATION not revealed.

The early christians read much and prayerfully in the Old and New Tes-

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taments. If you read Baxter, if you read Bunyan; if you read Wesley, if you read the productions of *any worthy*, in the different churches, whose writings have been effective in probing the hearts of the people, you must perceive the profound knowledge such writers had of the scriptures. Reader, be eminently a person of one book, as your chief book. Read, judiciously, good books; you have no time to squander on trashy, light, useless literature. "Todd's Student's Manual," is very excellent, and cheap too. *Act that book out*, student or no student. Read D'Aubigne's "Reformation;" Paley's Works;" "Wesley's Sermons," and books a judicious and pious friend may recommend you to read, and a world of excellence will open up before you,

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Cranbrook, September 21, 1859.

[Journal.]

LETTER VII.

In summing up the Advantages of Reading, we might refer to the vast world it opens up before us. The world of *thought*, in which you find the undisputed pre-eminence of the empire of mind. Empires have been founded, they have been prosperous and mighty, they have flourished in unwonted magnificence, they have given evidence of decay; they have decayed, they sunk, and all that remains of them is found on the page of history; but the *Empire of mind* shall ever continue. It shall survive:—

"The wreck of matter
And the crash of worlds."

CRASH, the very letters forming the word, seem to produce a stunning effect and the imagination seems to convey an overwhelming idea of the din occasioned by the crash of worlds; but amid all this uproarious combination, amid the DEATH OF WORLDS the *Empire of mind* shall still LIVE. Nay more, when Old Time's vast pendulum shall cease its vibrations; the *Empire of mind* shall still continue. It shall NEVER cease to exist. Like the fire of the grace of God, spoken of by the prophet, it shall never go out.

It seems well nigh impossible, to possess a key opening up to us in the world of thought, an acquaintance with the eternal world to which we are going, and our friends and relations, and the entire human race are going, and yet, refuse to use that key by possessing ourselves of the necessary *practical knowledge*, to fit us for a seat at God's right hand, for evermore. But that key is possessed by many, who refuse to use it aright. Reader, pray in faith to the Lord, that you might be enabled to use it aright, and that the writer might.

Among other advantages, reading confers on us, is that of *living in the past*. Napoleon died some years before I was born; at present, I am reading the best 'Life' of him I have yet seen, and it seems to me as though I know him quite well, the intelligent reader will understand, *how I know him!* Historically, in the same sense that we know Hannibal, and Scipio, and Aristides, and Socrates, and a host of other celebrities. We can trace accurately, the movements of nations once famous, now extinct, by using this good

key, reading. Another advantage, is that of *living in the present.* I knew a boy who at twelve years of age, inspected the Foreign Department, in the *Mark Lane Express*, on his return home from school, each Saturday, to see what Mahomet Ali was doing in Egypt, what the Sultan was doing in Turkey, what Espartero, Duke of Vittoria, was doing in Spain, what Don Miguel was doing, while opposing Don Pedro in Portugal, what was going on in Greece, what was transpiring in India, what in Canada and what in the United States. I was not surprised at the boy, he merely wished to live in *the present.* We now conclude without exhausting the subject, our letters on *the Advantages of Reading.*

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Guelph, September 6, 1862. MSS.



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HUMPHREY.

MY OLD FRIENDS.

The word has something attached to it very grateful to me. There is something of profound pleasure in knowing that I have the sympathy of a much loved one, and consult his advice with reference to my movements. That pleasure is heightened if the person in question has done much to oblige me, and much to oblige my friends and relations, and has even disobligeed himself, by *obliging me and mine*. I call such an one *my friend*. It pleases me to see him, whether he be comely in appearance, or not. The sound of his voice is sweet to me. The mention of his name even, or seeing his name written, either by himself, or some other person, or seeing his name in some of the publications of the day, sends a thrill of pleasure to my heart. My feelings for such a friend are similar to those a certain eminent divine in London experienced, as he thought of his native place, *Camborne*; and as he thought of it, for the pure gratification of looking at it, *he wrote it on his finger nail*. One can smile at the good man's being so sensitive, but the smile is one of sympathy, and *not* of reproof. It is a characteristic of a pleasing description. It presents some of our finer emotions to view, for it brings the truth full before us, that *friendship exists in name and in reality* too. And there is a friendship of a brighter character, and we believe that when Dr. Young gave the lines to the World:

———"From friendship
Angels gather half their joy,"

he but gave a truth borne out by the Holy Scriptures. The thoughts thus expressed are produced in consequence of our thinking of by-gone scenes. We may be allowed possibly to refer to our boyish days. It fell to our lot at that time to attend a school in the very ancient and truly venerable town of Winchcombe. The town in question existed in the days of the Saxons. Its ancient name was Wincelconbe, so named from its position, being situated in the corner of a valley. Different monarchs, both before and after the conquest, had visited the old town, and its ancient abbey, and also the neighboring and magnificent Sudley Castle. Legends, and tales of a marvellous character abounded in such a locality; and as a matter of course, we felt a great pleasure as we rambled in the neighbourhood of the castle, and retailed the tales we had picked up to *our listening companions*. It was here that Catherine Parr, the last Queen of Henry VIII, and widow of Lord Seymour was buried. But I forbear, intending, if spared, to give an article on that subject in the future. One feels an interest in such associations; and yet, will it be believed, there were three householders in that town, and at the present moment, and at that time we felt more interest in them and their families, than in any thing else besides. Their full names could be given, but prudence forbids it. It would be taking too much liberty with them we therefore simply give the initials of their surnames. Mr. S——, Mr. W—— and Mr. T——. Some persons residing in this province, as their eye rests on this communication, will know the brethren in question. They were all

Wesleyan Methodists, and moreover, the standards of Wesleyan Methodism in that town; and as my ever to be revered parents were standards, too, in the neighbouring village of Hawling, my native place; it so happened, that my parents were very intimate with them and so were their families with ours. It gave me pleasing emotions, of a character beyond description, to see either of those worthy friends pay a visit to my father's residence. *O days for ever fled, ye are gone—and gone for ever! Happy days! Memory loves to linger on you.* But ye are gone! A tear unbidden, presents itself in the eye of the writer, but he can drop a tear on days of childhood, *as a lawful tribute to them,* and pass on.

Of the three friends mentioned, Mr. S——, was the most interesting in conversation. It afforded the present writer unbounded satisfaction to listen to him, as he sat with our family in the old house at home. He knew all the movements with reference to circuit affairs, could give an account of all words he had heard uttered in any official meeting he had attended: he was indeed better than a reporter; for while a reporter would merely furnish the actual matter, our friend S—— would give his account of the words spoken and describe the style of the speakers and their movements so vividly, that it seemed to us as though *we were in the meeting ourselves.* And then he abounded in anecdotes, and knew well what to select, to interest and instruct; so that we felt when he came, *as though suddenly possessed of a new and splendid library and also of panoramic views of the scenes described!* He was a man possessing extraordinary powers of mind. He was a Local Preacher too, on the Cheltenham Circuit, and a very good one. It may be vanity in the writer, but he would rather think it satisfaction, that induces him to mention some very pleasing circumstances here in connection with the Cheltenham Circuit. We had on the plan two brethren of note in the religious world.—Thoms Jerram, Esq., and Alderman Scarth, recently from Leeds. Two other brethren of equal note were possessed by us, though they were not Local Preachers, yet they were very useful gentlemen,—Robert Middleton, Esq., and Thomas Walker, Esq., Mr. Walker came from Stockton. The reader, if he does not know any of the gentlemen named, personally, must know some of them at least by name. We had other men of importance too, and they were *whole souled men*; and their plans—their operations—their every movement—was *stamped with true nobility.* The consequence was, that our official meetings were very interesting; and Mr. S—— being a busy man, and useful too; and usually an attendant at those meetings, it so happened that we obtained all the information from him we wished to have. But time rolled on, and changes were produced. Mr. S——unhappily gave way to intoxication; but he gave evidence of being reclaimed, and would possibly have been reinstated by his brethren in his former position, when death *prevented it*, by snatching him away into the eternal world. He died quite suddenly, being precipitated from his conveyance after night, as he was coming home from Cheltenham. He was picked up and taken home, but ere morning dawned had breathed his last. We all indulged a hope, however, from the evidence given just before his death, while in health, that he was saved. This case admonished all of us to be continually on the watch tower, watching unto prayer.

The next friend we alluded to was Mr. W——. He started on his course in

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comparatively humble life, but eventually became a tradesman of good standing in the town of Winchcomb. His family still maintain their position in the same town, and other branches of them in other towns. Two of his sons, intimate friends of mine, are both Wesleyan Ministers at home. Their names are Charles and Joseph. Both of them are laborious energetic, useful young men. But with reference to Mr. W——, he was useful too. He occupied an honourable position for many years as a Local Preacher on our Circuit. The Lord had given him what the old fashioned people termed a "good voice," and he well knew how to use it. I well recollect, when a child, his singing *bass*: it certainly seemed to us, that he made the singing *go rather better than common*, when he was appointed our preacher for the day. *We do like good singing.* It makes the meeting at least one third better to have good singing. A curious thought now occurs to us: we have seen a piece of poetry in the mother country, comparing the different ministers of our denomination at home to *certain choice flowers*, but the local preachers to potatoes—good, wholesome, and always in season. So with Mr. W—— he was always in season, as he was always *willing to work*. We feel partial to a willing man, albeit, he hath to work somewhat hard, *generally speaking*. Another good trait in Mr. W—— was, he knew you when *he was away* from his home, and if you happened to call upon him when he was at home, *he knew you then*. We like such persons *very much indeed*. But we must not pause to moralize. It remains for us to say, that not long since, this sentence occurs in one of my sister's letters.—*'Mr. W—— is dead.'* Simple as the sentence was, it produced a deep effect upon us. Forthwith we wrote a letter of sympathy to Mrs W—— and family, condoling with them in their bereavement.

We now refer to the last friend mentioned—Mr. T——. He was a Wesleyan Methodist, and a class leader too. A man of influence, resembling a deep river in some respects; flowing onward through the vale of time, and throwing around him fertility and health. He was eminently a business man, and most *thoroughly a useful man*. As he was a banker, and a *very kind one*, he was occasionally very useful to us. Almost every business man in the neighbourhood, could obtain the valuable assistance of Mr. T—— in a case of need. His advice too, was invaluable in cases requiring it. Long shall I remember his kindness on the death of my honored father. Peace to his memory! But we must proceed. Another letter just received from home says, "*Mr. T—— died on Good Friday. His death was not expected by his family and friends. The whole town feels his loss.*" This communication caused me to feel acutely. That generation is passing away. *We too shall follow*. One more item, and a pleasing one. Mr. S——'s family, Mr. W——'s family, and Mr. T——'s family, are nearly every one of them, good *Wesleyan Methodists*. Some members of each of the families still reside in Winchcomb. Instead of the fathers, there are the children. The promise of holy writ is there verified. *This is as it should be—as it always ought to be.*

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Opsey Mission, July 28, 1856.

[Guardian.]

EIGHTEEN-HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.

The following moral reflections were written in a part of the township of Osprey, recently settled. The creeks not bridged, the roads rough, the clearings small, and the snow storms of that winter heavy and severe, tended to render the position of the writer romantic in the extreme, while writing at the solemn hour of midnight, in the residence of the new settler, after the family had retired to rest.

September 9. 1862.

I thought the last day of the year presented a theme for profitable reflection. Sable night rests now on this portion of our earth. I cannot attend a watch-night this year, although I have been accustomed to do so. This is written in a wild part of our Canada. It is the day on which an appointment falls, in this part of our mission. It took place at half-past six p. m. At its close we knelt in silent prayer. The congregation have retired, as the roads are bad, the snow deep, the country new, it is impracticable, at present, to hold a watch-night service. Yet two hours and a half, and the year 1855 will be numbered with the dates of olden time: How solemn, how important the thought, with its associations. My mind runs back to the past. Mentally, I again occupy my accustomed position at home. In imagination I take my seat in the Wesleyan chapel, in Winecomb, in the Cheltenham Circuit. There are the galleries, and the old square pulpit, and the minister within it. I look around, but what do I behold? Possibly if there, I should perceive that during five years absence death hath taken some of the occupants from their pews. I will, however, suppose they are still there. The building is lighted and heated, the congregation seated, the service proceeding. A weighty sermon is delivered. The minister recollects that time is connected with eternity. He preaches as though *accountability* and *responsibility* were attached to him. He feels *his subject*, so do *his audience*. They listen, not as umpires, to decide whether the sermon is a good one, or a middling one, but as probationers, to reap all the advantage they can from it. The sermon closes and then another brother gives an exhortation, and some of the friends engage in prayer. Time restless, and impetuous, still rolls onward. The old year is just about to pass, the new one to commence. All engage in silent prayer. Some perhaps are formal, but many are sincere, gratitude for past and present mercies, dedication of talents, time and influence to the Lord, is the subject of their prayers. The new year has begun, the people are called upon to arise. They sing that fine old hymn, to the noble tune our Methodist fathers appended to it.

"Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear."

The minister from the pulpit wishes each one a *happy new year*. The congregation retire. As they leave the edifice for the street, the peal of the merry bells from the old tower in the distance, send their intimation to all around that a new year has commenced. I pause. This is now past. The

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Atlantic's mighty billows are now rolling between me and those scenes. Be it so. It is all right. I have been repaid for coming to Canada. God has given me souls for my hire. The salvation of one soul is *worth more than countless worlds*. But now, a thought presents itself to my mind. There is a possibility of my meeting with those much loved friends *before the throne*. I can meet with them now *in spirit* before the mercy seat. O, what a privilege; how *bright and undying the chain of Christian love*. It extends into eternity. As Baxter observes, Christian friendship, is but commenced in time, it is perfected in eternity. But time will soon cease, and eternity commence, or rather I shall inhabit it. And, reader, you will inhabit it. Allow a stranger to you, to present this request—*live for eternity*. Let us determine, by the grace of God enabling, to be the Lord's in time, and then shall we be his in eternity. The present year is about to close. It is going. Allow me, old year, to address thee. 'I have not duly improved thy moments.' 'I have not valued thee sufficiently.' 'I prize thee old friend.' 'Wilt thou not advise me how to act for the future.' Methinks the old year tells me each day to start with this motto. 'Live to-day.' *The Lord assisting me, I will.* Reader—will you? Perhaps thou art aged, then *live to day*, it is of the deepest importance, for thou wilt soon be called upon to pay the debt of nature. Possibly thou art middle aged, and actively engaged in the duties of life—take care—do not give thyself to business so fully, as to exclude more important affairs, but let our motto rule thee 'live to day.' But you are young, you say, and strong, and healthy, well then, 'live to day;' not an iota too much time, or talents, or effort can'st thou make, or use for God. Up and be doing, duty calls thee to enlist on the Lord's side and fight manfully the battles of the Lord. I now must say, farewell reader, for the present, and farewell old year, till we meet at the last tribunal; I have been writing slowly, and thinking, and now the time has come for prayer, as at the watch-night service. * * * It is over. * * * 1856 has commenced. New year, emblem of youth and hilarity, I congratulate thee. O, may I improve thee. Reader, I wish thee a happy new year:

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Osprey Mission, Jan. 1st, 1856.

[Guardian.]

MY SON'S DEATH.

Possibly, gentle reader, I was wrong, in regard to certain impressions, in days of yore. It must be acknowledged that it *was wrong*. Hearing that an infant, or young child, was dead, it was our wont to respond—'Well, it was only a *little thing*,' and yet we were not so *cruel as thoughtless*. It was only *little*, it is *true*; but then, it might be all the world to its parents. At all events, our feelings on the subject are much changed. And we can't help it; and we would not, even if we could; it would be so unnatural.

Leaving the babe and its youthful mother in good health, we found ourselves in the pleasant busy town of S—, the county town of old N—; or as it is termed in modern parlance, glorious old N—. Being detained beyond our time, obliged by the force of circumstances, to stop the second night in town, we arose, breakfasted, and started at six o'clock, in a November morning, homeward. On arriving at the rural and secluded village of J—, we called on our friend Rev. I. B—; after a little conversation,

Sister B. said, 'Have you heard from home, since you left?' 'No,' was our response; we began to feel uneasy, and yet dared not ask a question on the subject. 'I am to be at your house by two o'clock,' said Bro. B——, still we could not ask whether anything had happened; we feared to do so; after a pause, Bro. B—— said: 'Your CHILD is DEAD!' It was then we felt that we could not say,—'It was only a little thing.' 'Oh, no,' it seemed to us like losing a *world*; yes, like a very lovely and complete world, LOST—or, at least, GONE. Only eight days old! that was all; and yet we felt. * * Language is too meagre. * * I thought I could say 'how,' but I cannot. But one feature was *loss*; another *disappointment*; and yet another *chastened anguish*. And there was a feeling, joyous, even in grief. 'My child,'—'our child,' rather, for I saw my young partner M——, not literally, but mentally, waiting in suppressed anguish for myself at home. 'OUR CHILD IS IN HEAVEN!' * * * * *

On returning home, my M——, as she saw me enter the house, burst afresh into tears. Drawing my chair beside hers, we sat, and both wept, and both felt resigned, and both felt our language was:

"A Father's hand prepares *the cup*,
And what He wills is best."

'Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.'

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Mono Mills, March 5, 1861.

[*Guardian*.]

THE PEN.

Ah, how small it is; what can such a little object effect? Far more than *Alladin's wonderful lamp*, the tale states, that brought riches; but the pen *governs all*. What could monarchs effect without it. How could they make themselves heard? Not by their voice, for they are in that particular like other men. Not by travel, for then they would exhibit the carrying off of perpetual motion. But the pen effects it. Gaze we on a Napoleon, with his sword beside him, and at the little unassuming pen in his hand. Which effects most, his sword or his pen? We think the preponderance is in favor of his pen; with that he attaches NAPOLEON to the bulletin or official document; sometimes applauding; sometimes inciting; and as a consequence he gives crowns and kingdoms to his relations and to his favorites. Let us leave that royal personage, and refer to another, in whom we have an interest, our beloved Queen. We all remember the Queen's Letter to the troops in the Crimea. That letter will be treasured in the affections of those heroes as long as memory shall be continued them; and may be found and read by future generations on the page of history; but those sweet, nerving, and loving words, came, or were made tangible by the pen.

Greatest boon given to the sons of men—The Bible—but those great, sublime, and noble truths, were preserved for us by the Pen; and we bless God for it.

The Pen! much more could we say, but business calls us away; and, therefore, reader, farewell, but do not forget the noble;

YOUNG HUMPHREY.

Simcoe, March 12, 1859.

[*Standard*.]

J. W. S.

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HUMPHREY.
[*Guardian*.]

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[*Standard*.]

POEMS BY MATILDA.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. J. M. CLARK

Wesleyan Minister of the Mono Circuit.

The writer was present with him at a social Tea Meet-
ing, on the 14th April, at 6 P. M. He presided, and
made a speech. He was then indisposed, but serious
fears were not entertained that it would prove fatal. He
expired the 17th April, at half-past one o'clock, P. M.;
aged 27 years. He left a young partner behind him, and
an infant eight months old. When he died his young
wife was suffering from the same malady, and the infant;
but the Lord saw fit to restore them to health and enjoy-
ment.

How sad and changing is the state
Of mortals here below;
To-day we live in vigorous bloom
To-morrow are laid low.

Snatch'd in a moment from the earth,
By God's Almighty hand;
He who has left us here to mourn,
Dwells in a brighter land.

I love to peer into the Heavens,
And know thou dwellest there;
O, happy, happy spirit, thou,
Freed from all earthly care.

O, could we cast aside the veil
That hides our gaze from thee,
And see thee as thou sittest now,
Beside the Deity;

Would we not check the heaving sigh,
And wipe the falling tear,
And say, "I will not call thee back,
To linger with me here."

Ah, no! for him I murmur not;
He from all pain is freed;
'Tis for the loved one of his heart,
My heart for her does bleed.

He from all earthly care has ceased,
And dwells forever blest;
But she must wander here below,
And seek in vain for rest.

Death! death! how dismal does the sound
Ring in her widowed ears;
She clasps her infant to her breast,
And bathes its face with tears.

'Tis joy, 'tis pain, to look and see
 Thy father's face in thee;
 It calls back painful memory
 Of joys no more for me.

Oh, could I help thee to forget
 Thine agonizing woe;
 And feel again the joys of life,
 That now thou canst not know.

But God alone can guide thee safe,
 And be the widow's friend,
 Cast all thy cares at Jesus' feet,
 He'll keep thee to the end.

Accept a tear of sympathy
 From me, my sister dear;
 May God support thee in thy grief,
 And hear the widow's prayer.

April, 1858.

MATILDA.

[Journal.

I AM PINING AWAY.

Matilda wrote this Poem while Edmund was sick.

The bloom has faded from my cheek;
 My health has past away!
 And I am now a wretched wreck,
 Of lingering decay!

I am pining away! away! away!
 Beneath the summer's scorching ray!
 But worse than this, within my breast
 Beats a sad heart, which knows no rest.

And why 'tis thus, I need but say,
 My hopes were blighted in a day?
 And since that time, the dove of rest
 Hath fled, and left her welcome nest.

My morn of life had just beguna.
 To brighten, as the rising sun;
 Oh, happy time! then I was blest,
 I had the one, my heart loved best!

But oh, how fleeting and how vain,—
 Ye were but messengers of pain;
 The thread on which my hopes were hung,
 Gave way, and I am now undone.

That moment shall I 'ere forget,
 Until life's weary sun has set?
 Me thought the stroke I could not bear!
 My mind was filled with dark despair!

I live, but every hope has fled,
 And grief bows down my weary head;
 The hand is gone, that wiped my tears,
 The voice that hushed my rising fears.

Oh might I for a moment rest,
My aching head upon his breast?
But no! that boon doth Heaven deny,
And must I sink in grief, and die?

The sun still travels on his way,
And all around seems bright and gay;
But nothing has a charm for me,
There's nought can fill this vacancy.

'Tis thou, Oh God, who took away,
The star that lit my early day;
That star still brighter yet may burn,
Then shall my bosom cease to mourn.

MATILDA.

Written in the summer of 1847.

[Guardian.

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UNKNOWN BUT NOT UNLOVED.

Sister Bess is in England, she is the "unknown, but not unloved" of the following stanzas. Matilda never saw her.—*Edmund.*

Unknown but not unloved one,
Thou art ever dear to me!
I always do remember thee,
When e'er I bow my knee.

I fancy oft I see thee,
With thy calm and heav'nly form?
As gentle as an angel,
Just in life's sunny morn.

But a cloud is brooding o'er thee,
Alas! there's trouble there:
Thou'rt mourning for the absent one,
In thoughts of deep despair.

But hark! there is a whisper,
"Shall I ever meet him more?"
Ah yes, I fain would hope so,
Before life's journey's o'er.

AND IF I NEVER MEET THEE,
IN THIS WORLD OF GRIEF AND WOE,
I hope I shall in HEAVEN,
With thy robes as white as snow.

And may Heaven's power guide thee,
In all the paths of peace;
So we may meet in glory,
Where all life's troubles cease!

Then fare-thee-well, thou loved one,
My heart with grief does burn,
The more I think upon thee,
The more I've cause to mourn.

MSS.

MATILDA.

"IS LITTLE WESLEY SLEEPING YET?"

The question was put by a young husband to his young wife, about one year after the death of their infant son, Wesley. The young wife regarded the question in a melancholy sense, and composed the following lines on the circumstance.

EDMUND.

Thus the words were lightly spoken,
But they touched a mother's heart;
And the cord of love unbroken,
Caused my tears afresh to start.

YES, LITTLE WESLEY'S SLEEPING,
In his cold and grassy bed;
They laid him in that lonely spot
Alloted for the dead.

Twelve months of sin and sorrow,
On the wings of time have sped,
Since they tore my darling from my breast,
And said that he was dead.

I gazed upon the little form,
So cold, so pale, so still;
It was then I felt how hard it is,
To suffer my Master's will.

Still as I gazed upon him,
And thought, he can't be dead,
A thought pass'd through my bosom,
Nay, 'tis but the spirit fled.

'Tis but thy Wesley's silent clay,
That is buried in the tomb;
For his little angel spirit,
In Paradise doth bloom.

MATILDA.

Guardian. November, 1860.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO BELOVED CHILDREN.

COMPOSED BY REQUEST FOR MRS. C. R.

The little girl, aged six years, while dying, on seeing her step-mother weep, said: "Mother, don't cry, I die, but I shall live again!"

They sat upon the threshold
Sporting with childlike mirth;
Keeping the sacred festival,
That gave their father birth.

But death on his pale horse passed by,
And stamped his seal upon their brow;
When lo! their mirth is changed to grief,
Each face is wrapt in sadness now.

And now the anxious mother sits
To watch, beside the couch of pain,
She weeps, for ah! she cannot hope,
She ere may call them hers again.

'Elizabeth' my child 'she cries'
'How can I bear to give thee up?
How can I bow beneath the rod?
Or drink the dregs of this sad cup?

'Weep not Mamma,' the child replied,
'Though suffering the cutest pain,
I soon shall be in heaven with Christ,
I die—but I shall live again!'

Then calling all the loved ones round,
She bade them all a fond adieu,
And home on holy angel wings
She to the Saviour's bosom flew.

'Tis done, but still the mother clings,
With death-like grasp to save her boy,
Spare him, Oh God! she wildly cries;
Thou can'st not quench a mother's joy!

But he whose wisdom cannot err,
Did also pluck this budding flower,
And now it blooms in paradise,
Untainted by earth's blasting power.

MSS.

MATILDA.



ON SEEING MY MOTHER WEEP.

Oh mother! sacred is thy name,
Though breathed in grief or glee,
Still may I worship at the sound,
Wherever I may be.

'My mother, wipe away thy tears,
And cheer thy aching brow,
For never did mine eyes behold
Thee sadder look, than now!

I sought thee in thy solitude;
Thine eyes were filled with tears,
For memory's tide came rushing in,
Fond thoughts of other year's.

Thine eyes are growing dim with age,
Thy locks are turning gray,
And something whispers in mine ears,
Thou soon must pass away.

God bless thee dearest mother!
And guide thee by his love,
And take thee home to heaven,
To reign with him above.

MATILDA.

Messenger.

CHILD'S SYMPATHY.

The young husband was sick, the young wife sat weeping one day; her little niece came, and sitting on aunty's knee, wept with her. This pretty incident, called forth the annexed effusion.

I am sitting sad and lonely,
And my heart is filled with grief!
There's not a kind congenial soul,
To offer me relief.

But a fair sweet child, sat on my knee,
A child that's dearly lov'd by me!

She sat so mute, nor spoke a word,
For she seemed to know that my soul was stirred,

Then she lifted her head, and her soft blue eye
Had caught my grief, for she heav'd a sigh!

Oh! how that sigh did thrill my heart!
And the tears in my eyes afresh did start,
What sight upon earth more dear could be,
Then a child endowed with sympathy?

And I kiss'd her, and whispered in accents mild,
God bless thee, and keep thee, my darling child,

That thy tender heart may never know
The cause of my agonizing woe.

Messenger.

MATILDA.

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 WRITTEN ON A DECEMBER DAY.

The downy snow is falling fast,
And all things wear a wintry sight.
The thick black clouds that gather o'er,
Tell the approach of night.

And while I'm sitting here alone,
My thoughts are travelling far away;
When e'er I try to call them back,
Unwillingly they stay.

Eager, futurity to know,
They take their willing flight;
'But tis enough, while here below,
THE PRESENT FOR OUR SIGHT.

The fleeting wheels of time roll on,
Bearing along each night and day,
This short-liv'd year, will soon have fled,
And all its joys, and griefs be sped, into eternity.

But oh! if God should spare my life,
To enter on another year;
Oh! may he help me to improve,
And worship him with love and fear.

MSS.

MATILDA.

