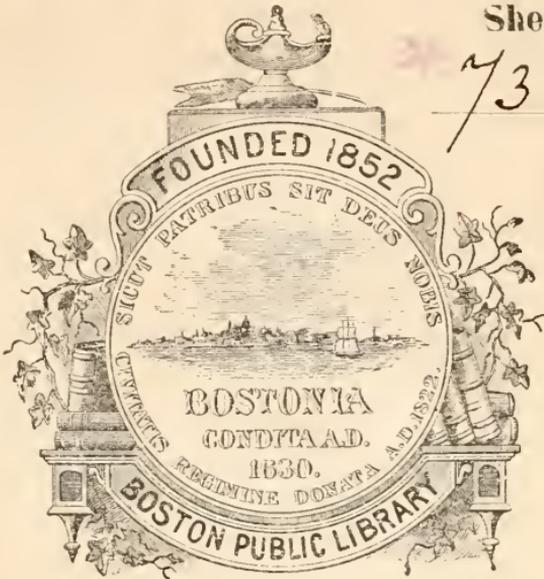




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Dr Francis H. Brown
June 5, 1895



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EDWARD AND WILLIAM. *See p. 11.*

THE
SABBATH SCHOOL
ANNUAL.

EDITED BY
MRS. M. H. ADAMS:

“My little book ——

Go forth, — with serious style or playful grace,
Winning young gentle hearts; and bid them trace
With thee the Spirit of Love through earth and air;
On all the children of our mortal race.
So, do thy gracious work; and onward fare,
Leaving, like angel-guest, a blessing everywhere!”

MARY HOWITT.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES M. USHER,
CORNHILL.

1847.

Dr. Francis H. Brown.
June 5, 1895.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1846,
By JAMES M. USHER,
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P R E F A C E .



To the friends and patrons of the Annual, we herein present another collection of writings for juvenile readers ; such as we hope will be worthy a continuation of their generous favor, and even a recommendation from them to the many who are yet strangers to the work.

To our correspondents we are sincerely grateful for their aid, transmitted in offerings for these pages, so interesting, so simple, so instructive, that they who read will be made better, and they who glance merely will be induced to read.

To our young friends the readers, we would appeal, for an attentive and studious perusal of our little book, not because we are engaged in it, but because the writers who have so kindly assisted in its preparation, have done so for the *good* of all our readers. Among the variety you will find a good number of tales, considerable poetry, with a few pieces of another character. And here we would entreat our older readers not to pass by those excellent articles, merely because they are not stories. They are all within the comprehension

of children ten years of age ; they should be read by all who own the book or borrow it. Will you not read them from respect to the authors as well as to benefit yourselves ?

To patrons, correspondents and readers, we are humbly grateful for the encouragement offered for the presentation of this second Annual. We hope it will in no particular disappoint the expectations of those who have waited its appearance or aided in its publication.

M. H. A.

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THE LONG DAY,

AND HOW IT ENDED WITH A LONG TALK.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

“OH, mother!” said Ned Willis, one bright summer’s morning, as he ran down stairs with his little sail-boat in his hand, “oh, mother! do let me play all day to-day. I want to sail my boat and fly my kite, and do lots of other things.”

“You forget, my child,” said Mrs. Willis, “that your teacher will expect you at school.”

“School! dear me, that old school! I wish there were no such word as school, s-k-u-l-e, school. I wonder what such places were ever made for!” muttered Ned, with a very cross look.

“To teach you to spell better than you do now,” said his mother, “and to be more obedient and industrious. You have often grieved me, Edward, with your wish to stay from school, and play. To-day, I will grant your wish, as a punishment. You must not go to school, nor do any work to-day. Go and play in the fields, spend your time in any way you like,—only remember, you must not do anything which can

injure another. Be careful to commit no other sin than wasting your time, for that is certainly enough, and you will find, that it brings with it its own unhappiness.”

Edward waited only till his mother ceased speaking and then he bounded away into the fields and woods, followed by his faithful Ponto. He could not believe it possible, that he would be less happy at play than at school, and was almost overjoyed to think his mother had given him so much time for his sports.

“What a nice punishment!” said he to himself, “to play all the long day and not have a lesson to recite. I would be naughty very often, if I could get punished in this way always. But I wish the other boys were here to play with me.”

The morning passed rapidly away amid his sports, but before noon he began to be fatigued. He had watched his little boat, played with his ball, trundled his hoop, and chased butterflies, until play had ceased to be amusement. Even flying his kite, which before had seemed a never-failing resort, now seemed wearisome, and Ponto was nearly as tired as his young master.

Edward sat listlessly down in the shade, and began to think what a long time must pass before night. He had usually, so much to do, so many lessons to learn, and so many little errands to do

for his friends, that the hours passed rapidly away. Now, it seemed as if it never would be night.

When he went home to dinner, he felt a secret wish that his mother would propose his going to school in the afternoon, but he did not like to ask her, and she wisely thought it was better for him to stay away, until he had learned how great a blessing it was to attend.

“Do you not wish me to do some message for you, mother?” said he after dinner.

“No, Edward, this is your play-day,—enjoy it as much as possible,” said his mother, gravely.

Edward turned sadly away, and rambled back to the fields, with very different feelings from those with which he started in the morning. He had been an idle boy, he had grieved his parents often by teasing to stay at home when he should be at school, and once or twice, had even been so wicked, as to play truant; but now he felt as if he would be glad to get back to school. He seated himself beneath a large oak tree, and there remained through the afternoon. Fortunately, his fatigue, together with the heat of the day, made him feel sleepy, and he spent an hour or two of the time in a deep slumber, but even with whistling, singing, and flinging stones into the river, he found the time to pass slowly.

He was, at length, aroused by a glad voice among the trees and bushes near, singing, "Away to school!"

"There's Willie Ashton!" he exclaimed with sudden joy, springing up to meet his playmate.

The next moment, William Ashton came up with a light step, bearing a basket of flowers on his arm. He was a noble-looking lad,—some years older than Edward, and with a much more thoughtful countenance. He looked surprised when he saw Edward, and said, with a very serious voice, "Why, Ned, I am sorry to see you here! Why have you not been to school to-day?"

"Oh, mother gave me leave to go and play," said Ned, looking quite ashamed.

"Well," said William, "I cannot think you have enjoyed it as much as if you had been at school. We had a first-rate time at recess to-day. Then, too, we all had good lessons, and our teacher praised us, and looked so happy! And see, I have filled my basket with flowers for sister Jane. You know she has been sick, and I get her some every night as I go home, they please her so much."

"I wish I was as good a boy as you are, William," said Ned, thoughtfully.

"I did not love study any better than you now

do, until after I began to attend Sabbath school," said William. "My teacher there talked with me about it, and told me God had given me a mind that I might get knowledge, and I ought to use it for some good purpose. Then I determined to try, and now I love to attend school and learn all I can."

"But I never attended Sabbath school," said Ned; "I always thought it was a dull place, and it was bad enough to have to go to school other days."

"That is a mistake," replied William, "and if you will go with me next Sabbath, you will be convinced it is very pleasant."

I have not room to write down *all* they said. William talked long and earnestly with his young companion, while the hoop and kite were forgotten, and Ponto stood by, looking as if he understood every word.

Edward was soon a happy Sunday school boy. When he became old enough, he became a teacher in the same school; and now, he is a minister of the gospel, preaching in a town near.

He often walks with William Ashton to the place where they met that summer day, and as they talk over their boyhood's hours, he thanks William, again and again, for persuading him to attend the pleasant Sabbath school.

Boston, Mass.

THE SEASONS.

BY REV. J. G. ADAMS.

BLESSINGS on the seasons !
 How they come and go ;
 Summer with its sunshine,
 Winter with its snow,
 Spring with flowers and blossoms,
 Autumn with its sheaves ;
 And each one as surely
 Its own lesson leaves.

Opening spring advances ;
 Blossom, sun and shower
 Showing us in beauty
 God's creative power ;
 Type of infant gladness,
 Innocence and love,
 As our shining moments
 In life's spring-time move.

Summer then succeeds her,
 With its warmer sky ;
 Hanging all around us
 Its green tapestry ;
 As in life advancing
 Budding hopes change hue ;
 Stronger, deeper greenness
 Clothing all anew.

Autumn next is with us ;
Fruit and bending grain,
Ready for the harvest,
Decking hill and plain ;
Rich in life's experience
May we thus become,
And with truest pleasure
Wait our " harvest home."

Winter, hoary winter,
Comes in white at last,
With its cold and ices,
With its stormy blast,
Wrapping in its death-robe
Every field and flower ; —
Thus life's winter cometh —
Old age and death's hour.

Blessings on the seasons !
They are all of heaven ;
So are life, its changes,
And its blessings given.
Let us hail them gladly,
As they come and go ;
Life and love are in them ;
God hath told us so.



THE FORBIDDEN PATH.

BY MRS. E. A. BACON.

COME, black eyes, and blue eyes, and little curly pate, you have all hopped round the room long enough to make the very chairs and tables look dizzy with your antics. Now take your little crickets and sit by my rocking-chair, and I will try to tell you a story.

Now don't look too wonder-struck, bright eyes, for it is a tame story for your wild spirit; for though I was a little girl once, and loved ghost, witch and fairy tales, a little better than I did arithmetic and grammar, I'm a sober woman now, and can tell nothing but fact stories about real children.

Yes, darlings, my story will be good for something; it is all true; and I could carry you to the very spot where the events took place; but, dear me! may be, the pond is all dried up, and the fences torn down, for the speculators have served my girlish haunts so shamefully, that were I to give you a description of what it once was, you would hardly believe me.

But, you look uneasy. Well,—there was a

pond, and a beautiful pond too, beside the road which led to our village school; and it was always a half-way place for us little loiterers, both in winter and summer. And O, the coasts, and slides, and paddles we had there! Why, I could spend a day in telling you of them.

But, about our pond there was one bad thing, which made us behave badly, sometimes. On the opposite bank from the road, there was an old rotten fence, and to show our skill, we would sometimes venture on the narrow foot-path between that and the pond, holding on the fence for support, and a wet foot, or soiled frock, would soon be forgotten, when we crossed the path triumphantly.

But mothers heard, as mothers will, of these careless tricks, and their daily cautions kept us in the right path, though the rotten fence and narrow foot-way looked very tempting. I used to think we had a harder trial than mother Eve.

Well,—one bright, beautiful morning, we took up our march for school, as usual, the boys with clean collars, and the girls with clean aprons, looking as if we *meant* to behave well, and return as good and neat as we started.

Good resolutions kept company with all of us as far as the pond; there, sad to tell, they bade

some of our party good-bye ; for, Oh, the morning was so warm and sunny, and the bank, by the rotten fence, looked so green and cool, overhung with willows, what harm could there be in crossing it? So thought a little boy and girl, and away they started, to show they were not so chicken-hearted as the rest of us.

We all stood in silent admiration, to see them glide along, though we could n't help whispering, "What will their mothers say?"

On they went with steady foot and hand, and passed over half the distance, laughing and shouting with glee at their courage and our cowardice.

But, Oh dear! while they were rejoicing in their own strength, they forgot the old fence had none; and, very suddenly, off snapped a rail, and down slipped the little girl! We all screamed, but the boy seized her dress and drew her to shore with much difficulty.

There she stood amid us, pale and dripping! Should she return to her mother and tell her all? No, like foolish children, we consented to shield her, and thought we could coax a neighbor next the school-house, to let her dry her clothes beside the fire, and say nothing about it.

So, on we went, pitying the little culprit, and when any one passed us, we would shield

her from observation. But, a horse and chaise appeared in the distance — what now could be done? She must certainly be seen! The wisest ones, said, “Oh, form a ring round her, and the gentleman and lady can’t look over our heads.” And so, a ring was formed, and some of us came near sharing the fate of the frog in the fable, all to no purpose, for the gentleman and lady, after pitying us a little, mortified us dreadfully, by laughing, heartily, at our little “drowned rat!”

We reached the school before it commenced, and the neighbor took the wrecked one, wrapped her in dry clothes while she dried her drenched ones; and, of course, she did not appear in the school-room that morning.

She looked so pitiful, sitting in the corner, wrapped in the old lady’s calico gown, that I felt it would n’t be *very* naughty for me to stay with her; so, there were two truants from school that day.

The clothes were dried, ironed and aired, and we went home with the scholars, after the school was dismissed, thanking our stars for our good luck, thinking the old lady would never, of course, say a word about it.

I don’t know how our little diver felt about it, for we didn’t like to speak of it aloud, but some-

times, a feeling of guilt would come over *me*, even in my play, and I would resolve to tell mother I had played truant, and why; but I did not, and I thought it might be all forgotten in time.

One afternoon, there was a tea-party in the village, and all our mothers were to be there: and, woful to tell,—the old lady that lived near the school-house, was to be there, also. We all tremblingly waited our trials.

When mother came home, I sat in my little chair, sewing very busily, and looking very industrious. Mother came by me, and looked down upon me, as I supposed, in anger and grief a few moments. I dared not look up, and after enduring it a moment, I burst into tears.

“Why, what is the matter, my dear?” said she. “I was watching your busy little fingers; what a little industrious girl you are!”

I looked at her with wonder, and exclaimed, “Why, didn’t Mrs. F—— tell you I played truant!”

“You play truant! No, I could not have believed it if she had, and I was just thinking how grateful I was, that you were not so disobedient as little Martha, who crossed the pond by the broken fence, and fell into the water, the other day.”

“O, mother! and did n't you know I staid from school with her?”

My mother confessed she did not, and weeping, I told her all and obtained forgiveness.

Now, my pets, my story is finished, and you must hear a short sermon, before you leave your crickets. Don't say, little curly pate, as you do when I'm going to read the moral to a fable,—“Skip it, mother!”

In the first place, keep out of all forbidden places, for slippery paths and rotten fences are always found there. But if cool willows look too tempting, and you are for a moment coaxed there, and get into trouble, take the surest way home: for you'll find it just like winding a bad skein of yarn,—if you go straight, you'll come out right at last; but if you slip through the snarls, you'll soon get into one there's no slipping through.

But, above all, never disobey your parents; then you will not have the troubled conscience that distressed me, and made me imagine my mother was frowning, when she was, really, admiring her little girl.

Over go the crickets, and off you skip, but, don't forget my story.

“THOU SHALT LOVE THE
LORD THY GOD.”

BY P. H. SWEETSER.

“FATHER,” said my little boy, as he ran laughing to me one day, and put his arms around my neck, “I love you, father!”

“And what do you love me for?” I inquired.

“I love you,” said he, “*because you are my FATHER, and I want to love you!*”

I was deeply moved by his reply, at the time, and I have remembered it many times since. It has caused me joy and grief. Joy, to reflect upon the simplicity, significance, and beauty of the sentiment,—grief, to think of the comparative coldness of my own love toward our Heavenly Father, and that I had come so far short of duty in the fulfilment of my obligations to him, from whom proceeds every blessing we enjoy. How few persons can say, with sincerity, when addressing him, “Father, I love thee, *because thou art my Father, and I want to love thee!*”

Did you ever seriously consider, my young friends, that God is your Father, and that, *because*

he is your Father, you should *desire* to love him? If you had never seen your earthly parents, you would feel an affection for them; you would desire to become acquainted with them; and, I doubt not, to honor them. You have never seen your Heavenly Parent, but you have seen the creatures which he has made;—you enjoy the life which he has given you;—you know that he is good, and you should love and honor him. Your earthly parents, through ignorance, may err, but God is “too wise to err.” Your earthly friends are liable to death, but God can never die. He is infinite in being; his care and goodness are infinite, and you may confidently love, and trust in him.

You should love him for the blessings he has conferred upon you. He has created you, and filled you with desires, that He might satisfy your wants. He has made the earth to bring forth fruit to gratify your taste; and the air which surrounds it, to be the medium of sweet sounds to the ear, and pleasant sights to the eye. He has given you friends to counsel and protect you; knowledge, to make you wise, and religion to make you happy. Jesus came on an errand of mercy from the Father, and the gospel and its promises are yours. These blessings are the fruits of his love, of such love as none but

the Father feels. You should love him, "because he first loved you," and is "more willing to bless you than you are to receive" his blessing. O, give him all that he requires of you, — your cheerful obedience and love. Let these words be yours :

I love thee, Father, for I know
That thou my Father art !
I want to love thee, every day,
And love with all my heart !

You should love God, because, by so doing, you will best secure your own happiness. To love, is to be happy. Love will lead you to obedience, and obedience to the enjoyment of Heaven's peculiar mercies. No person can be happy without love ; and no person can be unhappy, whose heart is filled with love. If you love your Heavenly Father, you will desire to be like him ; and if you strive to be like him, you will become more and more like him, until you reach the stature of perfect men and women, and partake of the fulness of bliss. Hate is the antagonist of love, and always makes its possessor miserable. If hatred toward God, or your fellow-creatures, has ever entered your breast, I need not tell you it has made you most unhappy. Hate is your greatest foe, and when you feel its deadly power,

let love enter your souls, and hate shall perish in its consuming fires.

Seek ye, my friends, true happiness?

Then love your Father — God :

Love, trust, obey, revere and bless,

And sound his praise abroad !

You should love God, because He *commands* you to love him. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind,” is the language of Scripture ; and whatever he commands, it is our highest interest to do. He has a right to command us, because he is our Father ; and for the same reason, we ought to obey him.

The simple fact, that God has commanded you to love him, proves that it is for your interest to do so, for his requirements are always intended for your good. You should endeavor to *feel* that God is your Father, inasmuch as he has created you, and upholds you, and in all things blesses you, and then you will not need the force of a command to lead you to the performance of your duty. He commands you to love him, not only by the words of his truth, but by every other motive that ought to influence the human heart. Then cheerfully yield your hearts to

him, and bring forth fruits worthy of the great principle of love.

" 'T is love that makes our willing feet,
In swift *obedience* move."

Your obedience to God cannot increase his happiness, for he is perfect in all his attributes, and consequently, perfect in bliss. He does not require you to love him merely for his sake, but for your own good and for the good of others. You can show your love to him by deeds of mercy towards his creatures. A new commandment is given unto you, "that ye love one another." If you love your fellow-beings, your brethren, children of the same great Father, and are ready to do all in your power to aid them, you will be accepted of God, and it will be the strongest evidence of your love to him. Love will prompt you to act the part of the good Samaritan to every object in distress; and you need not be at a loss for objects of charity, for there are sorrowing creatures all along the way of life. I charge you, be active in deeds of benevolence, in your early days.

While youthful joys, with sprightly dance,
Beneath your morning star, advance, —

Remember that,

Life is but a day at most,
And not a moment should be lost.

Time is lost, when it is spent in idleness and folly ; and worse than lost, when it is used up in trying to benefit ourselves alone. “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” Study the character of Jesus. His was a life of love. No selfish spirit marked his course ; no act of folly mars the beauty of his life ; no idle hours were his. Let your lives be such, that you can look back with pleasure on the past, and let your confidence in God be such that you can thank him for his goodness, and see his ruling hand in each event of life. Then, when death shall come, and in whatever form it shall come, you will be prepared to meet the summons.

During the great fire in Hamburg, which happened a few years ago, an interesting event occurred, which I will here relate.

The fire, in its awful progress, destroyed hundreds, perhaps thousands of buildings, and among them several splendid cathedrals. In the tower of one, which contained a set of musical bells, was an aged man, whose duty it was, at certain hours of the day, to play upon them some appropriate tunes. The fire had taken

hold of the cathedral; the flames crackled and ascended to the sky, and the steeple began to shake, when the hour arrived for the old man to commence the chiming of the bells. He began the sublime anthem, "Now praise ye the Lord!" and in the midst of the glorious harmony, the tower trembled, and fell! The body of the faithful old Bell Player of Hamburg was buried amid the blazing ruins below, while his spirit ascended, with the music of his bells, to the Great Spirit of Love and Harmony above!

So may it be with you, that when death shall come,—whether in the tempest, or the flood, or in the flames, or in the calmer scenes of life,—you may be found striving to the end, yet ready to depart, with the spirit of love in your hearts, and the celestial anthem on your lips, "*Now praise ye the Lord!*"



CHARLIE.

BY MISS ELIZABETH DOTEN.

“OH, how I love our Charlie dear!”

Said little Ellen Gray ;

“He went out in the fields with me,
To gather flowers, to-day.

“We went across the meadow green —
We climbed up o’er the hill,
And crossed the bridge above the stream
That passes by the mill.

“Then he and Rover took a race,
Along the smooth green way,
Until, at last, a puff of wind
Blew Charlie’s hat away.

“Away he went : his little feet
Scarce seemed to touch the ground,
And off went Rover after him,
And soon the hat was found.

“Then he returned with laughing eyes,
And cheeks of rosy red,
Holding the little truant hat
Upon his curly head.

“And when, as I was picking flowers,
A little nest I found,

Woven and wrought so curiously,
And built upon the ground ;

“ Dear Charlie ! then he really seemed
The picture of delight, —
He clapped his hands and danced for joy,
At such a wondrous sight.

“ Then, while I told him God had made
All things we see around,
And taught the bird to build her nest
So neatly on the ground ;

“ His soft blue eyes were fixed on me,
His lips were half apart ;
It seemed as though each word I spoke
Went to his very heart.

“ He looked up to the sky, and said,
‘ How good I ought to be,
And try to be a better child,
For all God’s love to me.’

“ And when he said his evening prayer,
He kissed me o’er and o’er,
And said that every day he lived,
He loved me more and more.

“ Oh, God has given many things
To make me happy here,
But far the kindest gift of all
Is my sweet Charlie dear.”





WILLIAM AND HIS GRANDFATHER.

ENGLISH WILLIE.

BY MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

STOP a moment, little boy! do not hurry over the leaves so fast; there is something else in this Annual beside pictures. Here is a story, expressly for *you*, about the engraving on the opposite page, that you have just been looking at — can't you stop to read it?

It is a story about English Willie. He is looking up, as you see, very earnestly to his aged grandsire, whom he has found sitting at the shady side of the cottage, and with his tiny finger is pointing to a verse in the large Bible, that is lying open on the knees of the good old man. His spotted dog, Carlo, wearied with their morning ramble, has laid down to rest beside them, but his upturned face looks very much as if he heard and understood every word they are saying. On the bench lies Willie's large straw hat, and the hand of the feeble old man rests on his staff, without which he could not take his morning and evening walk with his little grandson. A beautiful vine creeps up the sides of the cot-

tage; the roof, which is of thatched straw, instead of pine shingles, as in American dwellings, projects a little over the latticed windows, which are rarely found but in English cottages, and which are formed by bars that cross each other like open squares of net-work; and above the whole scene swallows are darting and wheeling through the morning air. Now, will you not like to read the story that explains this picture?

English Willie, whom everybody loved, because of his mild disposition, loving heart, and gentle manners, was so called to distinguish him from another little boy in the neighborhood of the same name, who was born in Ireland, and was called Irish Willie. His father died when he was a wee babe in his mother's arms, and all that he knew of him was from his portrait which hung in the parlor, and just as the little fellow was entering his sixth year, as glad and happy a boy as ever danced over the green earth, his dear mamma was taken to heaven, to be an angel in the presence of God.

Willie received her last kiss, and her dying blessing, and heard her bid him be a good boy, and then he saw her cheek grow fearfully pale, and saw them close her eyes, which remained partly open, and while he wept bitterly they drew him from the bedside, and told him his mamma

was dead. Night came, and they laid him in his cot to sleep, but oh! how sorrowfully he wept when they told him that the soft hands which folded over his as he said his evening prayer, would take them no more, that the voice which said "good night" so kindly, was hushed forever, and that the lips which had so often kissed him, had bestowed on him their last caress.

The day of the funeral came, and, enclosed in a dark coffin, Willie saw his mamma borne to the grave-yard, and in the shadow of the old gray church towers, and underneath the yew and cypress trees, he saw her buried deep in the earth; and though he did not understand what it is to die, nor why his mother was buried, he yet felt that he was indeed separated from her.

After his mother's death, his home was with his grandparents, who doated upon him, but neither their kindness nor the affection of all the neighborhood, nor yet the liveliness of his pretty playfellow, Carlo, could divert Willie's thoughts from his departed mother, whom he had loved so tenderly.

One beautiful summer morning he put on his straw hat, and whistling for Carlo, walked along the main road slowly, then turned down the green and flowery lane that led to the grave-yard, plucking the daisies, buttercups, violets and

hedge-roses, as he went along. Opening the gate of the church-yard, he went in, and strewing the flowers over his buried mother, he sat down amid the monuments and grave-stones, beneath a willow that shaded his mother's grave. Above him, the birds were chirping and twittering very merrily; grasshoppers were jumping, as if for joy, up from the clover and tall grass; beautifully painted butterflies were fluttering from flower to flower, industrious bees were dipping deeply into the dew-filled blossoms, in search of honey; timid humming-birds, with plumage of gold, green, and purple, were flitting here and there, like restless children at play; gentle flowers were nodding their heads gracefully to him, as if bidding him "good morning," and the breeze, whispering through the leaves of the trees, made a pleasant music—but all this failed to gladden Willie's heart. His thoughts were with his mother, his little bosom heaved with sorrow, and throwing himself on his mamma's grassy grave, the big tears rolled down his cheek as he cried, "Oh, mamma! dear mamma! come back to me! come back to your Willie!"

While he was thus mourning, a gentleman, riding by, caught the sorrowful sounds, and dismounting from his horse, he entered the grave-yard, and found Willie grieving deeply. Kindly

taking the child by the hand, and putting the soft brown hair from his face, he inquired the cause of his trouble, and then sought to comfort him.

He told him of the blessed Saviour, who died and rose from the dead, as an assurance that all should thus rise ; of the Good Father, who, when earthly parents die, loves, cares for, and watches over little children ; of that holy heaven, into which his mamma had entered, and pointing to the words of Jesus, found in the eleventh chapter of John, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," which were engraved on the monumental stone, he assured him that his mamma lived with God, where he would at some time rejoin her, though she might not return to him. Then taking the boy in his arms, kissing the tears from his cheek, and commending him to the Father of the fatherless, he bade him "good morning," mounted his horse, and hurried on his way.

Willie gazed after him, as though he had been an angel, and then, as fast as his feet would carry him, he hastened home, Carlo running beside him, and found his grandfather, as you see in the picture, sitting on the bench in the shade of the cottage. Bringing the large Bible to him, he begged him to find the good words of the Redeemer, that were on his mother's grave-

stone, and with his finger pointing to the verse, with a bright and glowing countenance, he told him all that the good gentleman had said to him. Now, do you not understand and like the picture better, *much* better than before you read the story connected with it?

Shall I tell you more about Willie? From that day he was comforted, and though he often spoke of going to dwell in heaven with his mother, he was happy, and his bright blue eyes were again lighted up by joy. Summer passed away, and then the autumn and winter and spring came again with her birds and flowers, and found little Willie, who was always delicate, sick and suffering. Every day he grew worse and worse, and at last the doctor said the poor boy must die.

But Willie was not afraid to die, for in heaven, he said, the flowers were fairer than those then blossoming, and the fields greener; and there dwelt his blessed mamma, whom he so longed to see, and the loving God, who had always been so good to him. Lying in his grandfather's arms, with his head resting on his bosom, he begged his grandparents not to cry because he was going to leave them, for they would soon join him.

He asked to be buried beside his mother, and

bidding them "good night," as if he were going to slumber, his blue eyes closed in the deep sleep of death. They laid his little form, as he desired, beside his mother, but his young spirit, so lovely and beloved, ascended to dwell with its Father and its God.



THE OLD POUND.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

MY readers have doubtless heard of what is called a pound; it is an enclosure for the confinement of horses, cows, or any stray animals, that may have broken into fields, or have been found feeding upon the road unwatched. It is the duty of persons called field-drivers, if they see any such stray animal or animals on the road, to drive them to the pound, where they are secured till called for by the owner, who cannot take them out without the payment of damages, whatever they may chance to be, and also a fee to the turnkey.

A great deal of anger is often shown by the owners who come after their property. Accusations of injustice and extortion are heaped by them upon the head of the poor turnkey, who, in his turn, tells them he is but doing his duty, and if they do not wish to have their cattle put in the pound, they must take better care of them. But threats and loud words generally avail little. The property is safe under lock and key, and not

till the money is safe in his hand, will the assiduous turnkey deliver up his charge.

The pound of which I am to speak was very near a school-house, and the poor animals that were often confined there were not more uneasy than the restless urchins, their nearest neighbors. And it was a great deal harder work to keep under control their impatient and buoyant spirits, than to impound a whole drove of cattle, for the turnkey had but to drive the latter into their prison-house, and bar the gate, and his work was done till the owner called. But not so easy the teacher's task; his restless drove constantly needed his attention, and I doubt not full often the tired and wearied pedagogue has almost wished himself in the situation of the turnkey; that he has often thought *his* best endeavors, like the turnkey's, have been repaid by murmurings and unjust accusations.

A grand place was that old pound, when empty, as it often was, for a play-ground. Regularly at intermission was it filled with wild and eager childhood. The favorite game in summer was "Puss in the Corner." The enclosure was just square, and there was considerable distance from one corner to the other, and swift must be the foot, and quick the eye, to elude the vigilance of "old puss" in the centre. Oh, it was glorious fun

enough. But when winter came, then that old pound was the place for many a pitched battle; snow-balls flew thick and fast from side to side, and when the hated bell sounded in their ears, each eager combatant must wait to throw just one snow-ball more.

But this was years ago. That school-room has been removed for the accommodation of a new one, and the old pound has been removed to another part of the town. It stands now in a pleasant place. A cluster of locust trees rises in the back ground, an apple orchard is on one side, the main road passes by it, and the entrance looks towards the only meeting-house in town. It commands, too, a fine prospect. To the south and east lie the cities of Cambridge and Boston; farther east are Charlestown and Bunker Hill with its monument; still farther are the ruins of the Convent on the celebrated Mount Benedict. To the north the Mystic, like a stream of silver, flows along, and white houses, peeping out from amid the green hills, complete the picture. Surely the occupants ought to be thankful for their superior advantages. But enough of description.

On one very warm summer day, one of the field-drivers might have been seen walking behind an old, lean, wretched-looking horse, which

it was evidently his intention to put into the pound, as he was walking in that direction. Passively the wretched-looking beast obeyed his driver. He was soon fastened in, and the man walked away. He had been gone but a few minutes, when the cry of a child was heard, and looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, was seen a little, ragged-looking boy, of about eleven years of age. He was crying bitterly, and uttering some passionate expressions of grief, unintelligible by reason of his sobs and cries.

“What is the matter, my little boy?” said some one near him.

“They’ve put my horse in the pound. Oh dear, what shall I do?”

“Your horse! is this *your* horse?”

“Oh, yes! and how shall I get him out?” and again the poor little fellow abandoned himself to grief. He was a bright, sturdy-looking child, and although his clothes were old and patched, and his feet uncovered by shoes or stockings, there was nothing ugly or malicious about him, but his appearance bespoke honest and hard-working poverty. His skin was dark, both by nature and exposure to the sun and wind. His black eyes and high cheek-bones spoke his Canadian origin.

“ But how came your horse in the pound, my little man ? ”

“ Why,” said he, lifting his head from his hands, and shaking back his long, straight, black hair, “ I was feeding him by the side of the road, and I laid down under the wall and went to sleep ; when I waked, my horse was gone ; I looked all around and saw a man driving him off. I ran after him, but I could n’t catch him, and he has put him in here, and now I don’t know how I shall get him out.”

“ But how came you by the horse, and what are you going to do with him ? ”

“ Why, he is my horse, and I was feeding him on the road.”

“ But where do you live ? ”

“ I used to live in Burlington ; my mother lives there now ; but my brothers and I came to Boston to get work.”

“ But what did you want of the horse ? ”

“ Why, he was our horse, and we brought him with us ; we thought he might get work too. But we can’t find anything for him to do. My brothers work in Boston, and we can’t afford to buy anything for the horse to eat, so I come out with him in the morning, and feed him on the road, and then go back at night. But he never got in the pound before.”

“ But how came you to get to sleep ; you ought to have kept awake and watched him.”

“ I was tired,” said the little boy, “ and laid down ; I did n’t mean to go to sleep.” And again he cast a wistful look at his old companion, who stood there very composedly, looking through the wooden bars of the enclosure.

The boy’s simple story was readily believed by all his listeners. He was now seated on the doorstep of a house opposite, where he could see his poor imprisoned companion, and every little while he would raise his hand to brush away the falling tear ; for his passionate grief had now given way, and he was considering what he should do next.

It was some ways to the house of the field-driver ; it was in the heat of the day, and even if he should go and see him, he had no money to take the horse out, and it was quite improbable that he would be released without this one thing needful. The boy was evidently conscious of the difficulties of the case, as he sat looking at the animal with sad and tearful gaze.

“ Well, what are you going to do, my little man ?” said a kind-hearted gentleman, who had just come up, after hearing the case.

“ I don’t know, sir,” said the boy, looking earnestly up in his face.

“ I suppose, if you get him out once more, you will be very careful not to let him get in again ? ”

“ Oh, yes, sir. ”

“ Well, then, ” said the gentleman, “ I ’ll take my horse, and you can jump up behind me, and we will go and see the man, and ascertain what can be done. ”

The boy’s dark eyes flashed with joy ; he jumped eagerly from his seat, and while the man went for his horse, he pulled up a few handfuls of grass, and threw in for his own miserable-looking animal.

“ Come, my lad, ” said the man, who was now ready.

The boy sprang up behind him, and they were soon out of sight.

In about twenty minutes or half an hour, they returned with the field-driver, who, however, refused to let the boy have the horse short of half a dollar. Remonstrance was in vain. Although the poor old creature had done no damage, the man said he had a right to half a dollar, and half a dollar he must have, or he should not open the gate. The poor boy had no money ; but the gentleman who had aided him before, now put his hand in his pocket, and taking out half a dollar, gave it to the inexorable man, who

instantly unlocked the gate, and brought forth the horse.

Thanking his benefactor very kindly, while tears of gratitude stood in his eyes, the boy mounted his horse, and after many cautions and admonitions not to get into the same difficulty again, departed.

The summer after the occurrence just mentioned, the gentleman of whom I have spoken happened to be riding through the town of Burlington. As he rode leisurely along on one of the back roads, he saw, at a little distance, a small, old-looking house ; this, however, did not strike him particularly, for he had passed many of the same description. But in front of the house, on a spot of green grass, a horse was feeding ; and in a little garden close by, an old woman and a boy were very diligently at work. Surely he had seen that old horse before. Yes, it was the same one he had released from the pound the summer previous, looking but little better, notwithstanding he seemed to be in such good quarters. The gentleman looked very earnestly at the animal and at the boy ; he was sure he was not mistaken. At the sound of wheels, the boy and the old woman both stopped their work and looked up. It seemed that the boy recognized the gentleman, for he spoke a few words very

earnestly to the woman, who instantly went into the house, while the boy came towards the carriage. The gentleman stopped his horse, and speaking first to the boy, who seemed somewhat abashed, said,

“ Well, my man, you have got your horse now out of danger. Do you live here ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” said the lad ; “ I could n’t find any work in Boston, so I came home.”

“ But where are your brothers ? ”

“ In Boston, sir.”

“ But what do you do here ? ”

“ I work on the farm,” said he, with some importance. “ I raise potatoes, and beans, and peas, and sometimes I go to market with them.”

At this moment the old woman came out of the house, and holding out her hand to the gentleman, with a silver half-dollar between the thumb and forefinger, seemed very desirous that he should accept it. She looked almost like a gipsey. Her skin was dark, her eyes very black, and her hair, thickly sprinkled with gray, and unconfined by a cap, was streaming out from under her sun-bonnet, giving her a very wild appearance.

“ But what is this for, my good woman ? ” said the gentleman, to her earnest solicitations that he would take the money.

“ It is to pay you, sir, for being so kind to my

son; he says that you are the gentleman who paid for taking our horse out of the pound."

"But I don't wish for your money; keep it yourself."

"But we are willing to pay you, sir."

"I don't doubt it; but I would rather you would keep it." And being so hardly urged, the woman withdrew her hand, and put the money into her pocket.

"Do you own this place?" said the gentleman to the woman.

"No, sir, it is not wholly paid for. I have two boys at work in Boston, and they pay something towards it every year. Tommy and I do the work, and we think we shall pay for it before long. We sell some vegetables, and we have some apples too," pointing to a small orchard at the back of the house. "Tommy," said she, "run and fetch some of those early apples for the gentleman's children."

Tommy did as his mother directed, and soon returned with some bright red apples, which he tossed into the carriage, much to the delight of two or three children who had listened eagerly to all that passed.

The gentleman now went on his way. Tommy and his mother watched them till they were entirely out of sight, and then returned to their work.

Every summer after, at about the time early apples were ripe, Tommy, with his old horse, and cart borrowed for the purpose, would stop on his way to Boston, and leave at the house of the gentleman, whom we have so often mentioned, about a peck of those same beautiful red apples, as a payment for the slight kindness which was never forgotten.

Surely a kind deed never goes unrewarded.



TAMERLANE AND BAJAZET.

BY MRS. E. R. PIERCE.

FAR in an Eastern country,
 There lived long years ago,
 A famous king called Tamerlane,
 Who had a mighty foe.
 They fought a long and bloody war,
 And as the hist'ry has it,
 This famous king the vict'ry won,
 Over his foe Bajazet.
 He led him to his princely home,
 And asked, "What would you do,
 If you were conqueror like me,
 I, prisoner like you?"
 "What would I do!" Bajazet cried,
 With anger on his brow;
 "I 'd put you in an iron cage,
 And ride you round to show."
 "Good," quoth the haughty Tamerlane,
 "A punishment is found;
 Come, soldiers, get an iron cage
 And ride Bajazet round."
 And so they rode the monarch round,
 Which sorely hurt his pride:
 He could not bear the deep disgrace,
 But sickened till he died.

Now I'll not like Bajazet be,
Nor yet like Tamerlane,
Who loved to fight their wicked wars,
And give each other pain.
But I will strive to train my heart
For peace and holy things ;
Then shall I have a happier life
Than war or conquest brings.
And if a mighty enemy
Should come in some dark hour,
And ask me, what I'd do with him
If I but had the power, —
From out a kind and loving heart,
I'd answer something good ;
And that might melt his hardened soul,
And soothe his angry mood.
Then he would give me liberty,
And soon perhaps would find,
The greatest victory is gained
By being good and kind.



THE THREE PRAYERS.

BY REV. E. FRANCIS.

AT the close of a beautiful day in Autumn, a bright-eyed little boy was kneeling by his mother's side. His hands were clasped as if in prayer. He had not been able to talk but a few months. His innocent prattle, however, had already made the hearts of his parents leap for joy, and led them to serious reflections as to their future course of conduct and instruction, to prepare him for usefulness and make him what they hoped he would one day become—a good man, beloved and respected. They felt the need of the assistance of the GREAT FATHER, to direct them in the right way, and therefore wished their son might early learn of his dependence on him for life, health, and all things.

His mother had been talking with him about God, and telling him how good and kind and lovely God is. He had asked various questions about God, which his mother answered as well as she could, to make him understand that he provides for and blesses little children and all mankind.

His mother, as it was time for him to go to bed, had told him to come close to her, and get upon his knees, fold his little hands, shut his eyes, and she would teach him how to pray. He repeated the words after her, in a gentle and sincere manner. The sentences were short and simple ; but they were heard in heaven. When he said amen, and stood up again, he felt very happy.

And this was the little boy's FIRST PRAYER.

“ God always lends a listening ear
To what the youngest child can say.”

In mid-summer, a young girl lay upon the pillow of disease. For several years she had been a scholar in a Sunday school. Her health had ever been delicate, but her affection for her teacher and the school was so strong that it was seldom her seat was vacant when the hour arrived for the school to commence. Her parents cared but little about sacred things, yet they so loved their only child that they would do almost anything to promote her happiness. As she never liked to be absent or late, they would assist her to be regular and punctual in her attendance. Her lessons were always well learned, and she

allowed nothing in them that she did not understand, to pass without getting the explanation she needed from her teacher. These things she treasured in her heart. The time came when she was deprived of the opportunity of going up to the house of the Lord, to hear of God, of Jesus, of the Gospel, and of duty. As she lay there at home, prostrated by sickness, suffering under a burning fever, she would talk much of the Bible, and of the goodness of our Heavenly Father; and as it became evident that she could not recover, a smile of trustfulness and resignation settled upon her countenance, and a desire for more patience to wait the coming of the messenger death, often escaped her lips.

Not far from this home there was a young man who had been for a few months engaged in studies preparatory to entering upon the sacred duties of the ministry. He was not accustomed to public speaking, nor had he ever visited the sick to administer consolation. Being acquainted with this young girl, however, he called to see her, and one time as he was about to leave, she looked up into his face with a holy sweetness, and said, "Will you pray with me?" He had never prayed aloud in the presence of others, but this plea could not be resisted. The father and the mother, with one or two friends, were in

the room. The young servant of Christ knelt by the bedside, and (as she wished) taking her hand in his, with broken accents petitioned for words to express his feelings, faith to strengthen, hope to support, and patience to be vouchsafed to the uncomplaining one. Thus did he begin the work of his Master in that part which bade him smooth the pillow of the dying.

This was his FIRST ORAL PRAYER.

“Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,
The Christian’s native air ;
His watchword at the gate of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.”

It was spring-time, at the hour of midnight ; an aged man wept like a child. His frame was bowed under the weight of years. The snows of more than seventy winters had fallen upon his head. He had seen much of hardship and want. His life had been chequered with sin and wrong, and the infliction of the penalties of broken laws. For more than thirty years he had been confined within the walls of a prison. In his youth he became a slave to appetite. He bowed to the monster tyrant alcohol. He was often intoxicated. At these times, when his

brain was crazed, his moral sensibilities deadened, his passions enraged—he committed crimes which in his more sober moments he would have shrunk from with horror. But the deeds were done—it mattered not by what influence—and the magistrate pronounced the sentence imposed by the statute. These things occurred before the Washingtonian had gone forth in the spirit of kindness and love to perform his noble mission.

The morning sun shed a pale sickly light into his narrow cell; the small taper of evening glimmered feebly there. Day after day moved along. Months and years began and ended, as he brooded over his youth and innocence, and his succeeding manhood and evil acts. He attended the prisoner's Sunday worship, and regularly did his allotted work. Yet all this touched not his heart. He felt that he was an outcast from society; and looked forward in expectation of closing his eyes in death, within the limits of the prison yard. But by-and-by the hour came when the period of his sentence expired—when he might go abroad once more and be a freeman. He knew not where to go. The friends and associates of his youth had most, if not all, gone to that city where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” He was a stranger in the land of his fathers.

He crossed the bridge which connected the town where he had been with the metropolis, and by some means fell in with a man whose whole soul was full of the milk of human kindness, and who was familiarly termed the "PRISONER'S FRIEND." This man greeted him as a brother—a father, perhaps, and taking him by the hand, led him to his own home. He was himself poor, but of his poverty had something to give to the unfortunate; he therefore fed him at his frugal board, and at night gave him a comfortable bed. All this was new to that poor old man. He laid off his garments and sought repose; but in vain, He wet his pillow with the tears of penitence and gratitude. He turned every way, he laughed, he cried, but slumber came not to his eyelids. He had never been so dealt with—as though he was a man—a brother, before. He never dreamed of such heavenly traits moving one human bosom. And so the time passed on to "the small hours of the night." The man bethought himself that there was ONE above who never slumbers nor sleeps; who can hear at midnight as well as at noonday, who is everywhere present and full of blessing.

For a time he dared not pray. He had never prayed in his life. Threescore years and ten had been his, and should he now begin? He

shuddered at the thought. An angel seemed to whisper encouragement. At last he arose, and, kneeling by a chair, at that still, quiet hour, poured forth in secret the burden of his soul. And God heard and answered. Again he laid his head upon the bed and gentle slumber refreshed him. Such was the time and the occasion, when that sin-stained, aged man offered HIS FIRST PRAYER.

“Prayer is the contrite sinner’s voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, ‘Behold, he prays.’”

My little readers, this that I have written is not fiction ; but the incidents related are true. I could give you the facts if it were necessary. Do you ever pray ? None are too young, none too old to pray. Let us all try to have prayerful hearts, for it will make us better.

“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That lies within the breast.”

THE SORROWFUL OLD MAN.

BY REV. J. WESLEY HANSON.

I SAW an aged man weeping. His white hairs were thin and scattered. His brow was filled with wrinkles, and his form was bowed with debility. His steps were slow, and he tottered as he walked. With a staff in his hand, he groped his way, and I saw tears flow freely from his eyes.

Dark clouds hung over his path; the cold north wind beat upon his head, and he strove in vain to warm his shivering body with the tattered mantle which blew loosely around his trembling limbs.

As I listened, I heard him complain: "O youth! O young days of pleasure! O blessed days, when I, a child, knew not sin, and was always happy! Would I had improved my youth! When I lived in CHILD-LAND, those who loved me came to me,—they gathered around my path, and pressed me earnestly with kind counsel. Why did I not obey? Why did I reject their admonitions? When my father, kind

old man, who stood where now I stand, with his shadow stretching across the grave, warned me, why did I not obey? He said, '*Youth is the golden time to form life's path.* Labor now to do right, and old age will be serene and happy!' Father, would I had obeyed thee! I forgot thy counsels, and now life has no pleasure. Dear hours of youth, would you were here once more! I would not tread the precious moments under my feet, like worthless sand-grains; I would improve them all,—and like the setting of the morning star should be the end of my life; it should not go down in darkness behind the western hills;—it should fade away in the bright glory of the morning!"

Then the old man wept, and I could not forbear joining with him as I saw his grief. We mourned together.

* * * * *

A change came. The clouds fled away. Slowly they journeyed towards the east, and their billowy edges rolled like waves of gold in a sea of purple light. The north wind died away, and the western breeze lifted the little leaves, and sung among the clover blossoms, and waved the old man's snowy locks.

He changed also. His tears were dried; his

hair assumed a darker hue, and in a little time he became a youth again. A little boy he frolicked before me, and with a clear white brow and a light step, I saw him go out and sit under a tree. Youth had returned! The beautiful days for which he had sighed had come back, and he was able to commence a course which would bring him abiding peace.

With a holy step he moved. He walked in the ways of wisdom. In youth he was obedient to God and the laws of his own soul, and when, at last, old age came again, it found him prepared. He went down into the grave cheerfully. He shed no tears. The grave was not dark to him. There were no clouds around him. The sky was blue over his head; the earth was green with waving grass beneath his feet; birds sang; running streams chanted; and when he entered the gates of death, the angel of life took him by the hand, and led him to the fadeless realms of glory. As he left the earth, I saw a beautiful silver star glow on his forehead, and golden wings rustled around him, while songs of rejoicing welcomed the traveller to the spirit-land. He had spent youth well.

My little friends, this is a parable. When once *you* are old, you will never again be young. But in this allegory you may see how an old

man, who looks back upon an ill-spent youth, will regret the waste of years. He would gladly be a child again. If he could he would be happy to commence life over, and he would try to live aright.

You are young. Would you live happily? Do you desire a pleasant old age, and a quiet journey to the tomb? Then shun whatever is wrong, and always do that which is just and right. A good and virtuous childhood will make a happy old age, and a beautiful and serene death.



CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

THE merry laugh of childhood,
 It soundeth in my ear,
 Like a strain of vanished music,
 Yet sweetly, sadly dear.
 It brings no bitter feelings,
 Though in my silent home,
 The sound is hushed, and sadly,
 I sit alone — alone !

The happy voice of childhood,
 'T is the sweetest sound e'er heard,
 Like the gushing of a rivulet,
 Like the warbling of a bird.
 'T is like all free and happy things,
 But it brings the burning tear,
 And I list within my silent home,
 But it is not — is not here !

The bounding step of childhood,
 O, when it cometh near,
 Its very sound brings gladness
 To many a listening ear.
 But it crosses not my threshold,
 It enters not my door ;
 And childhood's graceful shadow
 Falls not upon the floor.

The sunny face of childhood,
How many a mother now
Is gazing with love's earnestness,
Upon her fair child's brow!
The soft eyes meet hers lovingly,
The lips just press her own,
O they wist not in their joyousness,
How many homes are lone.

The gladsome heart of childhood;
As sunshine to the earth,
As flowers around our pathway,
So are their hearts of mirth.
But how oft the light is darkened,
How oft the flowers decay,
A breath, a shadow cometh,
The loved have passed away.

The merry laugh of childhood,
Its voice of mirth and glee,
And bounding step of gladness,
Are ever dear to me.
Like a vision that hath vanished,
Is its bright and sunny face,
And its heart is with all cherished things,
That in my heart hath place.

They speak of vanished happiness,
Of hopes that now have fled;
Yet they bring up blessed memories,
Sweet memories of the dead.

And soft, dark eyes are beaming
Beneath a fair, young brow,
And angel tones are breathing
Upon my spirit now.



EVENING PRAYER

IN THE CLERGYMAN'S FAMILY.

BY MISS SARAH C. EDGARTON.

DR. ELWOOD was a clergyman, who, in his youth, had been very poor, but who had received from nature an ambition so holy, and an energy so unconquerable, that he never for a single day relaxed his exertions till he had acquired the education that was requisite to admit him into the ministry.

It was not until he was forty years of age that he found himself in a situation to marry; at that time he chose from the circle of his acquaintances a young lady, whose amiable qualities and Christian virtues had been long known to him, and who fulfilled all his hopes by making him one of the best wives in the world.

Two children were given to this affectionate pair—a daughter and a son. At the time of which we write, Rose Elwood was thirteen years of age, and George only eight. They were very good children usually, though it must be confessed that they had some faults that required

much watchfulness and correction. Rose had nearly conquered hers; but George, who was several years younger, found that he had yet some labor to perform before he could be as good a boy as he earnestly wished to become.

One afternoon, Rose, in making up a bouquet of flowers for a sick friend, had gathered some roses from a large bush which George claimed to be his. She did not suppose he would make any objection to this, as she knew him to be usually very ready to give away his flowers. But it so happened that, unknown to her, George had been reserving these roses for a birthday present to his mother; and he was so disappointed to find them gathered just the very day before, that, notwithstanding Rose sorrowfully apologized for her fault, and tried to comfort him by the assurance that fresher and more beautiful blossoms would open upon the bush the next morning, he was so angry with her for having taken them without his leave, that he struck her violently with a stick and called her many hard names.

His father, who was sitting at his study-window, overlooking the garden, witnessed this unpleasant scene, and was grieved to the heart to find his little boy the victim of such a violent temper. He said nothing, however, but watched George, who continued sulky and unkind towards Rose all the afternoon.



FAMILY AT PRAYER.

It was Dr. Elwood's custom, every evening after tea, to call together his little family, and kneeling around the table, to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon their heads. On the evening of this day, he opened the family Bible, and read simply that verse of the Lord's prayer which says, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us;" then bowing his head in prayer, he said, "Oh, Father! has any one wronged us to day? If so, give us the hearts to forgive! Thy son Jesus, who spent his whole life in teaching holy truths, and doing blessed deeds to men, was cruelly nailed to the cross and left to die there by the very beings whom he so much loved. Did he curse them for this and call them angry names? Oh no! He lifted his eyes to heaven, and said, '*Father, forgive them!*' If then the great and good Jesus could forgive such awful injuries, shall *we*, poor sinning creatures ourselves, refuse to forgive the little wrongs we sometimes receive? Oh, Father, forgive us that we are ever angry, and help us to become more ready to excuse and to love each other, and to be worthy of thy love!"

Here the good man ceased his prayer, and rose from his knees without speaking. George, who felt that every word had been a peculiar supplication for himself, was overwhelmed with shame

and remorse. He sprang toward his sister Rose, and throwing his arms around her neck, burst into tears, crying, "Oh, dear Rose! do forgive me. I have treated you very wickedly, but I am sorry enough for it now. I know you did not mean to vex me by picking my roses, and ever since I struck you, you don't know how unhappy I have felt; but I was too proud to let you see that I regretted it. Now I am not proud, but ashamed. Do forgive me; do, dear Rose."

Rose fondly kissed him, and assured him of her love and full forgiveness. His father called him to his knee and blessed him, while his mother, overcome by tenderness, burst into tears of joy. *Now* George was good and happy!



HEAVEN.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

A FRIEND has asked me to write about *Heaven*, and reminded me of what a singular man once said of what he was *sure* would be in heaven. He was called the Crazy Poet, and used to advertise in the papers to write poetry for anybody who would pay him for it. He had very queer images in his poetry sometimes, and one of his figures I love to repeat; it is a poem about Evening, and he describes the coming on of the evening, and the appearance of the evening star, very beautifully and quaintly, thus,—

“The twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star!”

He was walking one day in a very beautiful place called Greenwood Cemetery, where he had often asked to be buried. A friend was with him selecting a spot for a grave, and telling him that all the arrangements which he desired should be attended to when he was buried, and he was

very much pleased. "I hope," he said, "the children will come. I want to be buried by the side of children. Four things I am sure there will be in heaven,—music, plenty of little children, flowers, and pure air."

This shows what he most loved. It was heaven to him to be surrounded with pure air, flowers, children and music. These were all good things, that could harm no one, but could do a great deal to keep his craziness from growing into wildness.

But some will be all ready to ask me if I think that such things will be in heaven. I certainly do. Little children will be there, because Jesus the Saviour smiled upon their innocency and blessed them as heirs of heaven. When I see a little child die, I feel that the grave will only hold the body, but the spirit goes to heaven. I don't know *how* it goes, nor *where* it goes, any more than I can tell how the perfume of the flower goes out from its crushed leaves, and where it flies in the air. I cannot tell you how the grass springs up, and everywhere there are things I cannot understand. There is a beautiful verse of poetry which I always love to remember when I am thinking or talking on this subject. You have been out in the woods I suppose, and seen the broken shells of the birds' eggs thrown out of

the nest, and have found the nest itself all empty. Mrs. Hemans wrote a piece of poetry in which she mentioned such a thing as that, and said,—

“ Who seeks the vanished bird
By the forsaken nest and broken shell?
Far thence she sings unheard,
Yet free and joyous in the woods to dwell.”

I love to think of little children who have died, as having gone away from the body as the happy bird flew away from the shell and the nest. I do not know where the bird is; it may be here now, and in the southern part of our country in a few months, but I love to imagine how she is situated, and think I hear the sweet music of her song. And when I do so, I always think of flowers and pure sweet air. I think of a beautiful garden. Heaven has been thought of as a garden by a great many nations. *Paradise* is a word that is used to mean *heaven*, and that signifies a garden, where there is everything delightful to see, more beautiful than Eden, where Adam and Eve lived, and lovelier than anything ever seen on the earth. It will do us no harm to think of heaven in this way, for there is much in a garden to make us feel kind and happy; and when we cannot be in one, it is pleasant to think of

one, for the thoughts of it do us good. So will it be with thoughts of heaven. When I think of a garden I think of nothing but what is quiet and gentle ; the music of birds and running streams ; the beauty of the foliage of the trees and of the flowers ; the sweet, pure air that revives us, and seems to give us better health in a moment. I love to imagine children there, — they are always so happy when they get where the birds and flowers are. How they will clap their hands ! They skip about so free, it always does my heart good to see them.

Little children, like the bird's song, the fresh air, and the sweets of flowers, can make the heart of the sorrowful happy. I have seen the poor sick man begin to smile after walking in the garden a little while, looking at the roses, the pinks, and the beautiful plants all around the walk. How cheerful he looked when he leaned on his cane and kept still, so as not to frighten the birds, and listened to their sweet song ! And then when he walked along again, I've seen him take off his hat and open his hair that the fresh breeze might come to his head, and he would look up to heaven so thankfully, that it seemed to me he was praying. And I don't doubt but that he did pray a heart-prayer, blessing God for the fresh, pure air. But when he sat down to rest on a

little seat covered over by an arch, on which bloomed the sweet brier, and the little children from the village school gathered around him, all gentle and quiet, because they knew he was a sick man, and wanted to make him feel as happy as they could, — O then I thought that he had found a heaven indeed. “Bless ye, little children!” said he; “I felt happy in seeing the flowers, in hearing the music of the birds, and in feeling the fresh air upon my head, but your sweet faces and bright eyes and gentle voices, make me happier still.” And then they sang to him some of their Sabbath hymns, and recited some of the pieces they had learned at school, and a happier group I never beheld. He could not talk to them of anything but of God, and his great love, as shown in the Gospel by his dear Son, and every face looked as holy as the stars.

Ah, then I understood what the crazy poet was thinking of when he spoke of heaven as he did. He was sure there would be everything in heaven to make people good and happy. He thought of that, and it comforted him, as he stood over the place where he was soon to be buried. He did not add to his trouble by asking, “Where is heaven?” for no one could answer him; but he kept dwelling on what heaven is, — and was

satisfied with thinking of it as a state of health — where there is no sickness and death, and where there is beauty and music and innocency to gratify the intellect and the heart; and to which God would take him when men said he was dead.

Will my readers think of heaven, so that they may grow better, more gentle and kind? Remember that we need not wait till we die to find more happiness than we now enjoy; for we can be better than we are now, and the better we grow, the more happy we shall become. “Angels are happier than men, because they are better.” Love the Sabbath school, and then you will be able to sing as I tried to sing the first hymn I ever learned,—

“ I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
 Not all my pleasures and my play
 Shall tempt me to forget that day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
 The holy precepts of thy word,
 That I may ever seek to be
 A good, obedient child to thee.”

THE CUCKOO.

BY REV. J. WESLEY HANSON.

A YOUNG bird flew from his nice, warm nest,
Where the long summer night he had taken his rest,
He lighted beneath a tall maple-tree,
And sung out with joy, most sweetly sung he :

“ *Cuckoo! Cuckoo!*
Pray, how do you do? ”

A little boy saw him alight on the ground,
And softly crept he around, and around,
And he coaxed the bird with him to stay,
But the little bird sung, as he hopp'd away —

“ *Cuckoo! Cuckoo!*
Pray, how do you do? ”

Then the lad placed corn on the grass so green
As nice yellow corn as ever was seen,
And hoped the bird would approach him nigh,
And be caught, — but he sang as he looked in his eye :

“ *Cuckoo! Cuckoo!*
Pray, how do you do? ”

The boy went away and left him unharmed,
And he ate, and ate, and was still unalarmed,
And he picked up the kernels, so plump and nice,
And sung as he flew away in a trice :

“ *Cuckoo! Cuckoo!*
Pray, how do you do? ”

Many times after, I saw the lad,
 After that bird, — 't was really too bad !
 But I always saw with extreme delight,
 That he sung, as he flew away in a fright :

“ *Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !*
Pray, how do you do ? ”

My dear little friends, 't is cruel and wrong
 To catch little birds, and hush their song !
 How much more pleasant to see them fly,
 And hear them sing from the clear blue sky :

“ *Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !*
Pray, how do you do ? ”

And now each day, first thing in the morning,
 When the cloud-shadows sail in the red of the dawning,
 When I lift my head from my tumbled pillow,
 I hear him sing from a neighboring willow :

“ *Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !*
Pray, how do you do ? ”

And out in the meadows all day long,
 As I work I hear the same glad song,
 Up goes my cap, — I answer him loudly,
 But he, nothing daunted, sings back proudly :

“ *Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !*
Pray, how do you do ? ”

Sing on, pretty bird ! do not cease you to sing,
 You are pleasant to me, bright prophet of spring !
 Let me hear you sing, as I meet you in life,
 With sympathy-voice for my sorrow and strife :

“ *Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !*
Pray, how do you do ? ”

J E R U S A L E M.

BY REV. J. G. ADAMS.

PALESTINE is a wonderful land, because the occurrences which belong to its history are among the most marvellous the mind can know. I should be glad to take my young readers with me all over this land, in history and description ; but this would require a large volume, while the article I am now penning must be very brief. I can here speak only of the most renowned place in this Holy Land—the far-famed Jerusalem.

This city is in the southern portion of Palestine. It was built on four hills : Sion, Acra, Moriah, Bezetha. It was taken from the Jebusites by David. An account of the capture is contained in the fifth chapter of the second book of Samuel. The first temple was built by Solomon on Mount Moriah. East of the city, and opposite Mount Moriah, stands the Mount of Olives, separated from the city by the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The hill of Calvary is in the west of the city, and was formerly without the walls. Many were the improvements made in the city

in the days of Solomon. He has written thus of his work there in Ecclesiastes i. 4—6. "I made me great houses ; I planted me vineyards ; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits ; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees."

Great and lovely as this city was, it was doomed to destruction. This destruction came upon it by Nebuchadnezzar the Assyrian. The multitudes carried away by him into Babylon were doomed to a captivity of seventy years. In succeeding ages the power of this people was regained ; the temple was rebuilt by Zerubbabel ; and in fulfilment of the Scripture prophecy, Christ came. This holy city was blessed with his holier presence. He walked its streets—did miracles among its inhabitants—taught in its synagogues, and in the temple. It was into this temple that the children came on that memorable occasion of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. Yes—their young and innocent voices were heard in the glad shout, "Hosanna to the Son of David ! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord !" That was a welcome which our Lord could most truly understand. He loved the free and pure soul of innocent childhood. The devotion of such a soul he

would bless. And so he will now. Precious to him and to his Father is the devotion of the young heart—precious the true hosannas of childhood's lips—the praises and prayers they may utter in spirit and in truth. That old and magnificent temple has passed away. But the welcome to Christ shouted by those children, will live forever. Let all my young readers ask themselves if they can now bid Christ welcome.

To its blinded inhabitants, and to his countrymen who came to Jerusalem, Christ predicted its overthrow. And about forty years after his ascension this overthrow took place. It was accomplished by the Roman general, Titus, commissioned by his father, the emperor Vespasian. And never was ruin more complete. The glorious temple went down in flame. Every dwelling was the abode of famine—every family of faction—every street ran with blood. Christ had prophesied of this-very event: "For there shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be." Matt. xxiv. 21.

Since this destruction of Jerusalem, it has seen many changes. Heathens, Christians, Mohammedans, all have contended for the holy city—and each in turn have possessed it. The history of the Crusades is most intimately connected

with this portion of the history of Jerusalem. To recount its risings and fallings — its glories and desolations — the number of its captive and its slain, would be only to examine a most unwelcome record. Let the past be explained by that wisdom which is able to make all its dealings plain to us, and which speaks in every age that “righteousness exalteth a nation, but” that “sin is a reproach to any people.”

Of all places in our wide world, no one is more replete with interest at the present hour than the city of Jerusalem. How the memory starts — how the heart throbs — how the eye beams at the name! It calls up David and Solomon, and the long line of the prophets. We seem to see in it the throngs who came up to the temple service on the old Jewish feast days. We hear the praises chanted to Jehovah by those myriad living voices long since hushed in silence. We walk with Christ as he taught the people. We hear his gracious words — hear him rebuking sin and giving encouragement to goodness and truth — see him resisting the proud and giving grace to the humble. His death — his resurrection — the spread of Christianity, like the beams of the sun, from this central place of its power! these, too, are before us. Its events, its people, its history, all come thronging upon

us like occurrences of some wondrous dream. Such is Jerusalem.

Travellers and pilgrims from all the nations of the earth come hither now — the Gentile and the Jew — “Barbarian and Scythian, bond and free.” They come, and behold on the very elevation where now stands the Mohammedan Mosque of St. Omar, the exact site of the old temples of which we read in the Bible. Though few of Jerusalem’s antiquities retain their original appearance, yet here is Mount Sion to be distinguished, and the brook Kedron and the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, and the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Tomb of Absalom, the Pool of Siloam, with its steps worn by the polish of ages. Four thousand dwellings constitute the city, mosques and minarets rising from the midst of them. Around the west and north of the city the country is dreary and barren; and the city itself is but a mockery compared with its former magnificence and glory. She who was once “beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth,” is now sitting as in the shadow of death. The inhabitants are few, poor, oppressed and miserable. A modern writer has given us this strange description, true, I suppose, to the life :

“No suburbs, no surrounding busy population,

none of the stir and activity of enterprising life is to be witnessed; but only one rude scene of melancholy waste, in the midst of which the ancient glory of Judea bows her widowed head in desolation. A few goats and sheep, straggling about the rocks which overhang the shattered remains of the village of Siloam, a few swarthy shepherds, plying their listless occupation — with here and there a fierce armed Bedouin, from the surrounding deserts and mountain fastnesses, and now and then a cowled monk or wandering pilgrim, steal in upon the picture; and except it be the sound of the muezzin from the minarets, proclaiming the hour of prayer to the followers of the false prophet, you may sit on the hill slopes, on either side, for an hour together, and not hear the vibration of a human voice from that spot, which once echoed to the strains of sacred song and royal triumph and national glory, and the busy din and tumult of 2,000,000 of people.”

What renders Jerusalem and Palestine doubly interesting, is the fact that its old inhabitants and children, the Jews, are still looking for it to be restored — for their Messiah to come — for their nation to be exalted. We would not, as Christians, speak lightly of any good hope they may have concerning the future. Yet we think we

have higher expectations, even for them, than they have for themselves ; a better hope, established on better promises — embracing Jew and Gentile — and declaring God's salvation to the ends of the earth — building up, not a temporal city merely, but one that hath foundations of righteousness and peace. We are looking for a Jerusalem not only on Sion, Acra, Bezetha and Moriah, but “the New Jerusalem come down from God out of heaven,” in which the words of Hebrew prophets and lofty singing-bards shall be more than fulfilled. It is for such a moral Palestine, such a Christian Jerusalem, that we hope, and trust, and pray ; when almighty TRUTH, bespeaking MAN'S REDEMPTION, shall so shine forth, that

“ Wandering Gentiles to its ray
From every nook of earth shall cluster,
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to its rising lustre.”

Then shall our wide earth be one blessed Sion. Its highways shall be those of holiness ; all its city walls shall be salvation, and all their gates praise !

TRUTH-TELLING.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

ONCE, when I was a small boy, I heard my father's voice calling for me, as though something terrible was the matter, and I quaked with fear, lest some great evil was approaching. I soon discovered that I had been charged with going into the yard of a house where a children's dancing school was kept, and overthrowing some pots of flowers! I was perfectly innocent of the sin, and begged the privilege of going directly to the house and meeting my accuser, who was a notorious falsifier of the truth. My mother took me by the hand, and we went speedily to the place where the destruction of the flowers had taken place. There I met my accuser's mother, and she told the story which her eldest son had invented; just then, he came in, and his younger brother was present in the room. The elder boldly told his lie, and while he was relating it, his father entered, rather *unsteady*, which, however, was not thought so much of in those days as now. He stood with a lobster in his hand, eating the meat of some of the smaller

parts of it, and listened to the recital of the romance then repeating. When the story was ended, the younger son looked keenly into the face of his brother, and with indignation of a most manly character in his eye, he said, "Sam, you know you do not speak the truth, for he was not in the yard all the afternoon, and by an accident the flower-pots were thrown down." I never shall forget the attitude and looks of the father that moment. He raised himself up to his full height, and with his countenance full of animation, he stretched forth his hand, holding a piece of the lobster shell as a sceptre, and exclaimed, addressing my mother, "*There, I'd believe Horace just as if God spoke!*" — The whole difficulty was finished. The elder brother poutingly stepped out of the way, and after exchanging a few words with the rest of the family, we left for home.

How frequently during the subsequent twenty years have I recalled that incident. It has spoken to me many times of the worth of a truthful boy. How much evil it is in his power to prevent by the testimony he can give which no one will dispute. I was very forcibly reminded of the incident I have sketched, on hearing of a remark made by a school-mistress in the town of Medford, Massachusetts. Some of her scholars

were desirous of leaving school at an earlier hour than usual, and had received permission to do so from their parents—but not in writing. The schoolmistress hardly knew what to do; the children saw that she doubted their word, and so, in the despair of the time, they exclaimed,—“ Well, ask Eddy, for *he* never tells a lie.” His testimony decided the case in a moment. But what an admission did those boys make in the praise they bestowed on their brother and cousin! Hear *him*, for *he* NEVER tells a lie,—thus confessing that *they did* tell a lie sometimes! This shows the truth of the common proverb, “ The punishment of the liar is, not to be believed when he tells the truth.” A sad case truly! Yet how many boys soon become such,—by telling falsehoods they lose the confidence of their parents and friends, and are not believed when the truth is spoken by them! The fate of such wickedness is well illustrated in the case of the boy who troubled the shepherds in a certain country very much, by crying out, “ *The wolves are coming!*” They were alarmed several times by his wicked sport, and at last did not heed him. Once he was left alone with some sheep, and the wolves did actually come, and he screamed out the old cry, “ The wolves are coming!” but though it was heard by the shepherds at a distance, yet

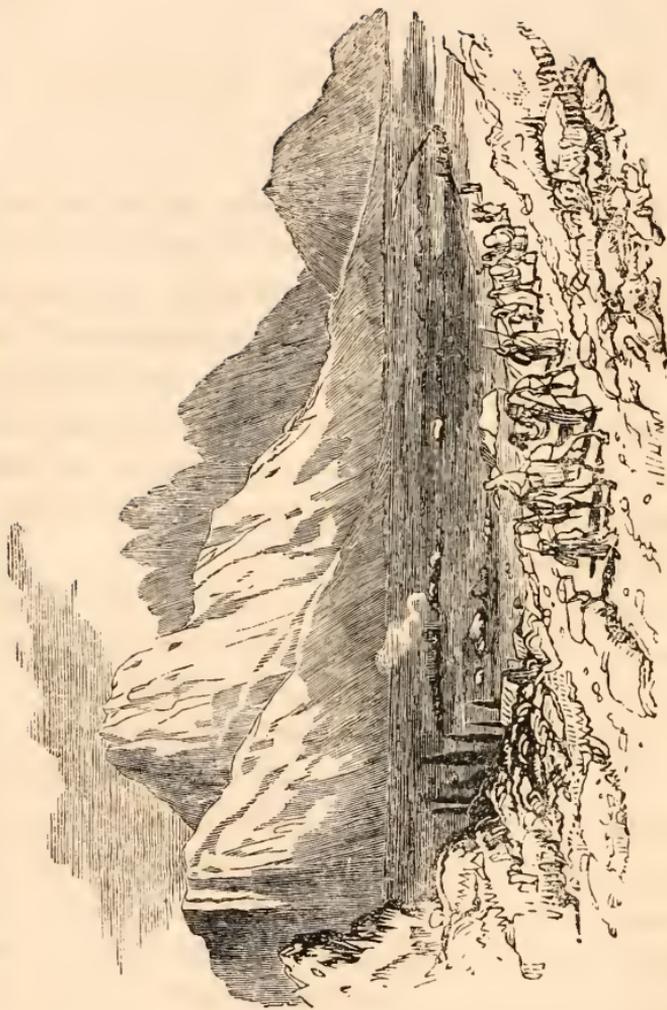
they did not heed it, till the cries of the boy became so piercing that real danger was apprehended, and they rushed to the place where he was. But before they could deliver him, he was terribly torn by the hungry and wild wolves. Such a fate as this may never come to any of my readers, but there are many evils to which they will make themselves liable by indulging in falsehoods.

The grief of a father or a mother when it is discovered that a child has indulged in lying, cannot be described. It is worse than sickness. It takes away all joy and all pleasure. They look on their little boy or girl with a sad face, and their hearts are pained to think that their child has been deceiving them. Before that, they believed every word which was spoken to them, but now they have to doubt, *doubt* everything! And how ashamed must that boy or girl feel who comes to their parent with some story they wish to tell, and finds that they cannot be believed because they have not always told the truth!

If any of my readers have ever indulged the habit of telling falsehoods, let them now resolve to never tell any more. Let them be careful to tell the truth in everything, even though it may expose them to punishment for having done

wrong. Be noble, like young Washington, who had cut down carelessly a tree which was very valuable to his father. When his father asked him if he knew who did the wrong, he answered like a good boy as he was,—“ You know, father, I can't tell a lie, and must own that I did it—I cut it down with this little hatchet,”—and he lifted up a little hatchet which his father had given him. His father kissed him, and told him how glad he was to find his George such a truth-telling boy. And Washington was always a truth-teller. Nobody ever doubted his word, or mistrusted that he was deceiving them. So let it be with all my readers, and they will find a happiness which many lose. They will grow up respected by all ; and when matters of difficulty arise, their testimony will have great weight, for those that hear them speak will say, “ That is the truth, for *he* was never known to tell a lie.”





THE PLAINS OF SINAI.

WILDERNESS OF SINAI.

BY MRS. M. H. ADAMS.

THE picture of this wilderness may not be very attractive to little folks ; very likely it was not placed here solely for its beauty ; in making books for young readers, we try to instruct them as well as please the eye. If you will study the picture of Sinai, and think of it as a real mountain, as a real wilderness in Arabia, it is more than probable you will be benefited by reading this little account of it.

Hold out your left hand, shut all the fingers but the forefinger, curve that a very little and keep the thumb straight. Your forefinger and thumb in this position resemble the arms of the Red Sea that run up into Arabia at the northern extremity of the sea. That part of the waters in the place of your finger is called the Gulf of Suez ; that in place of the thumb the Gulf of Akkaba. Close down between these arms of the sea, is the group of mountains called by late distinguished travellers, "Horeb," and one single peak in the group, is called "Sinai."

Should you have a full description of these

mountains, you would not be pleased to hear of such immense quantities of bare blackened rocks as are seen in every direction, of such soul-sickening solitude as reigns there, such awfully grand scenery as meets the eye on every side in this little "world of mountains." No grass, or shrub, or tree, grows on these piles of dingy rocks. From the summit of Mount Sinai may be seen "the silent and empty plains" where thousands of the Israelites encamped, waiting for the commandments of the Lord.

It is quite probable that all who read this account are perfectly familiar with the Ten Commandments, yet very few children know much of the circumstances under which, or the place where, they were given. As near as can be ascertained by observing and sensible travellers, the place where the Israelites encamped was the level land seen in the picture, called The Plains of Sinai.

"And Moses went up unto God. The Lord called to him out of the mountain, saying, Tell the children of Israel, if they will obey my voice and keep my laws, they shall be a peculiar treasure unto me, a holy nation.

"All the people answered together, All that the Lord hath spoken we will do.

"The Lord said to Moses, Lo, I come unto

thee in a thick cloud. Be ready the third day, for I will come down in the sight of all people upon Mount Sinai. Thou shalt set bounds for the people round about the mountain, saying, Take heed that ye go not up to the mountain or touch the border of it: whosoever toucheth it shall be put to death: whether it be man or beast it shall not live."

On the third day, in the morning, a thick cloud rested on the mount, and the sound of an "exceeding loud" trumpet was heard resounding among those mighty chasms and "splintered peaks." Terrific thunders echoed among those mighty cliffs, and lightnings flashed through a thousand ruptures in those rocky walls, and fell like a cloud of fire upon the plains around the camp. "The whole mount quaked and all the people in the camp trembled."

At the command of Moses all the people left the camp and approached the bounds set by their leader. A dense smoke rose from the mount "because the Lord descended upon it in fire;" the trumpet grew louder and louder, until Moses spoke. The Lord answered by a voice. He called Moses to the top and desired Aaron and seventy of the elders to go up with him.

There, on that fearful day, God delivered to Moses the Ten Commandments, with two tablets

of stone on which to engrave the newly received law, amid continued thunder and lightning. These appearances were witnessed for six days, and Moses tarried on the mount forty days and forty nights.

These laws—and those added to the ten commands for the government of the Israelites,—were called the Old Law, the Jewish law, the Mosaic Law, the Ceremonial Law. The whole nation respected and punctually obeyed them. Even to this day the Jew or Israelite gives no heed to Christian laws, but faithfully follows the old ceremonial law.

But we have a law more perfect than that of Moses; a Lawgiver whose commandments fell from lips of gentleness and love. Nothing fearful attended the delivery of his precepts. His compassion, his tenderness and love, won the heart and secured obedience. Very truly, my young friends, “We are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet and the voice of words—but we are come to Mount Sion.” The gospel is our Sion. Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, is our Lawgiver. While we remember the terrors that startled the Israelites, and their ready obedience to their laws, ought we

not to strive more earnestly to obey our Leader? Ought not our lives to be a record of faithful obedience to the laws of goodness, mercy and love? Let us all answer together, "ALL THAT THE LORD HATH SPOKEN WE WILL DO."



"TRUST IN GOD."

BY MISS ELIZABETH DOTEN.

IN all Scotland, there was not a fairer or sweeter child than little Alice Findley. Her soft blue eyes seemed overflowing with the joy of her happy heart, and her golden ringlets resting on her fair brow seemed to shed a sunny light over her sweet countenance. Her voice was soft and melodious as a bird's, and her light foot, as she bounded over the hill-tops and through the green valleys, scarce bent the golden heather, or pressed the little flowers that bloomed upon the hill-side. She had no brothers or sisters, therefore she made friends of all around her. The little children would stretch out their hands to her as she passed the cottage door, and the hearts of the old would leap up within them, when they saw her happy countenance, and heard her ringing laughter.

Although Alice was always merry, and loved to frolic and play, she was not an idle child. If a mother was sick, and her little one became weary and fretful, Alice would take it gently in her arms, and sing it to sleep with a sweet low

voice, and lay it upon its couch, as softly and tenderly as the mother herself. As soon as the rising sun tinged the hill-tops with its red light, Alice would spring from her bed; with a heart overflowing with love and gratitude, she would offer up a prayer of thanksgiving to the Good Father who had watched over and cared for her; and when the morning meal was over, she would call forth her little flock of sheep into the green valleys. The sheep knew her sweet voice and followed her gladly. She was very kind to them, for she loved everything around her. She loved the little lambs, her faithful dog Fido, the birds, the flowers, and her dear father and mother; but most of all, did she love the Good Father in heaven.

Often as she sat upon the green hill-side, tending her flock, she would gather the flowers around her, and when she saw how strangely beautiful and perfect each leaf was formed, and how delicately their colors were blended, she would wonder how that God, who had made all this great world, should care to make a little flower, or should love and watch over such a child as herself, who had never done anything to serve Him; and as she listened to the murmur of the running waters, and the sweet melody of the birds, her heart would overflow with love to

God, and she would kneel down upon the green grass, among the little flowers, and pray that God would help her to be better, that she might become more like his holy child Jesus, who came to teach little children how much God loves them, and how they may be happy by doing what he has commanded them.

When the sun left the deep valleys and gilded only the mountain tops, she would hasten home, that she might read in the Bible to her father and mother. To her this was the happiest part of the day. She loved the Bible very much, and when she read how the good Saviour took little children in his arms and blessed them, her heart would be filled with joy. But when she read of his agony in the garden, and his death upon the cross, the tears would gather in her eyes, like the dew-drops in the bosom of the sweet violets, and she would hide her head upon her mother's bosom, and weep that one so kind and gentle, so full of love to all, should have died such a cruel death.

Some distance from where Alice lived, there was a large town, where she often went to procure a few necessary things for the family. The way was across a long moor, and then through deep, shady glens. In summer it was very pleasant, but in winter it was a long dreary walk.

One mild day at the close of autumn, little Alice wrapped her warm plaid around her, and taking her basket on her arm, she gave her mother a parting kiss, and with a cheerful heart and a light step, she set out for the town. But long ere she reached the place of her destination, she perceived dark fleecy clouds gathering around the tops of the mountains. She knew these were the messengers of an approaching storm, and she hastened to complete her errand, that she might return home; for few, even of the hardiest, can withstand the fierce winds and driving snows of a Scottish winter. But before she could turn her steps homeward, the large snow-flakes began to fall around her, and the wind whirled the dry leaves in clouds through the lonely glens; but heedless of this, she hastened on, for she thought only of the blazing fire, and the cheerful smile that awaited her.

She had got some distance from the town, when she thought she heard a child weeping. She stopped and listened; and being directed by the sound, she perceived a little child, sitting beneath a clump of birch trees, weeping bitterly. Her gentle heart was touched with pity, and going up to him she kindly asked the cause of his grief. The child's only reply was, "Mother! mother!" and he burst into a fresh flood of tears.

Alice supposed that he had wandered from his home, and could not find his way back. She knew that if she returned with him, she would not reach home before night. She hesitated; but it was only for a moment. "No," said she, "I cannot leave this little one here, to perish, and God will take care of me. I will trust in Him." She took the child by the hand, and turned to retrace her steps. Encouraged by her presence and her sweet voice, he began to talk so merrily, that she scarce heeded the long way they passed over; when he suddenly uttered a cry of joy, and springing forward exclaiming "Father! father!" he seized the hand of a shepherd, who came to meet them. The shepherd appeared very grateful to Alice for her kindness. She gave the smiling little one a kiss, and once more turned her steps homeward.

The snow had already whitened the earth far around, and the wind sighed mournfully through the slender branches of the tall birch trees; but Alice was so happy that it seemed to her that she could almost see the pleasant sunshine, and hear the sweet singing of the birds. She pressed vigorously onward, but ere she reached the moor, her limbs were chilled and her strength had forsaken her.

As she stood upon the little bridge over the

stream that separated the moor from the glens, a feeling of fear came over her, for far before her was a pathless waste of snows, which the wind whirled in deep wreaths and drifts around her, and the shadows of evening had settled down upon the moor, so she could see nothing beyond.

“Surely,” said she, “God, who takes care of the birds and flowers, and the little lambs, will take care of me ; still will I trust in Him.”

Poor Alice ! Her faith was indeed put to the trial. It was in vain that she strove against the cold wind and drifting snow. At length, faint and exhausted, she sank down and burst into tears. Those soft golden ringlets, that floated so freely over her happy brow, now fell wet and cold against her pale cheek, and her hands, benumbed and stiffened by the cold, were unable to hold the little basket any longer.

“Oh, mother ! mother !” said she, “how your heart would ache, could you see your dear Alice now. It is a hard, hard thing, to die here, amid these cold snows. Oh, I could die so sweetly, if I could lay my head upon my mother’s bosom, and hear my father’s voice once more, and know that they would lay me in my quiet grave upon the green hill-side, where the flowers would bloom, and the lambs would play around me, and the birds would sing their sweet songs. Dear

father ; how he will feel when he finds me here, stiff and cold. Oh, it will break his heart ! and who will take care of him and mother, when I am gone ? There will be no one, no one to care for, or love them." The thought was agony. She knelt down upon the drifting snow, and prayed that God would comfort and watch over them in their declining years, until she should meet them in heaven. She prayed God to be with her, and strengthen her, that she might not fear, but await the coming of the holy angels with a patient and a trusting heart. She felt that she must die, and wrapping her plaid about her, she closed her eyes, and tried to forget everything but the bright angels, and the good Father in heaven.

At that moment something warm pressed against her hand. She opened her eyes ; it was Fido ; and shortly afterwards her father clasped her in his arms. The joy was too great for her. She faintly murmured " Father," and sank silent and still upon his shoulder.

Trembling and fearful, he bore her homeward and laid her upon her mother's bosom. There were no signs of life. The color had fled from her cheeks, and the soft eyelid rested motionless upon the blue orb. They feared the spirit had forsaken her.

It was, indeed, a long, long time before she

opened her eyes. She sat up and gazed around as if awakened from a deep sleep. Slowly the events of that fearful night came to her mind. She rose up, and taking the hands of her father and mother in hers, she knelt down between them, and with a low, fervent voice, she blessed God for his tender care and unfailing love towards her, and thanked Him that he had preserved her life, for her kind parents' sake.

Dear children; you who have read of little Alice, should strive to imitate her in her goodness, and her never-failing confidence in the great Father; that whenever the storms of life darken around you, your hearts may be filled with that holy trust, and strong reliance upon the Almighty arm, that strengthened her, in her hour of trial.



TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY REV. H. C. LEONARD.

THE recollections of early boyhood are very pleasant to me. Especially those of my first attention to, and appreciation of flowers. Besides such flowers as grew in my mother's garden—the various kinds of roses, the forget-me-not, the pinks, and other common flowers—there were familiar and beautiful wild flowers which attracted my notice and tempted my culling fingers. Among these, the Trailing Arbutus became a favorite. When sweet, smiling, merry May came round, it was my childish, simple delight, to roam over the pasture, beneath the trees of which, this flower showed itself just above the surface of the ground, or close at the base of some bush-covered hillock, to pluck it as a suitable companion for me, as I walked along in my innocency, or as a pretty present for the dear ones around the hearth of home. How fresh and delicate were its white and slightly crimsoned leaves! How redolent and grateful was the atmosphere with its charming fragrance! The world was not very large to me then, and

this flower made it all a heaven of beauty and sweetness.

Before I reached the age of half a dozen years, my father moved his family from the farm on which this flower was a general and conspicuous adornment in its season, to a new home in a thickly settled village, two days' journey distant from it. This movement from the little New Hampshire farm was a "good-bye" for many long years, to the Trailing Arbutus, or May Flower, as we country people used to call it.

I wandered with children out from the village into the woods and over fields in early spring, and frequently returned home with a bunch of flowers containing a respectable variety as the reward of my labors. In these Saturday afternoon excursions, the picture of the old farmhouse, the pasture, its oaks, pines, shrubbery and flowers, would sometimes come up before my mind's eye so distinctly and pleasingly, that I sighed and wished that I could but find the May Flower, with its fair and exquisitely tinted and dew-filled cups, and its sweet fragrance.

I never spoke of it to my youthful companions. I had a reverent love for it which I could not express to them with any form of words at my command. The consciousness which I had of the charm that it raised within and all around me

when it was one of the chief and most valued things of the world to my heart, was as a blessed, holy, undying light in my soul, which no one, it seemed to me, would think of with the same feeling with which I thought of it; therefore, I ever kept silent with regard to it.

More than twenty years had passed, and I had neither seen nor spoken of my favorite flower. I had been in the school-room, and in the workshop; in the crowds of the city, and in the solitudes of the forest; now elated and encouraged by friendship, and now baffled and thwarted by disappointment; I had, in short, been many long years under the burthens of care and anxiety, now cheerfully and now sadly struggling for subsistence and needed advantages in the more sober walks of life. But I had not forgotten the flower that blest my childhood. At the period of time, after the lapse of more than twenty years, I had begun to study flowers more particularly than children commonly do, and to be more than ordinarily interested in conversing with intelligent and thoughtful individuals, learners in the school of nature, in relation to these beautiful creations of God; and thus started in so delightful a way of learning and conversation, it was with considerable freedom that I related to my friends, one day, the cherished recollections of the flower of

my early years, ending my remarks concerning it, by affirming that, could I find it, I should immediately know it, for no other flower could be like it.

Shortly after this, as I was taking leave of one of these friends to visit other friends at a beautiful country-seat not many miles distant, I was asked to find and bring back with me the Trailing Arbutus. I said: "I am not acquainted with the flower." "O well," answered my friend, "our friends at W. will find it for you." I was soon at the retired mansion, surrounded by noble and handsome forest-trees, and, with the amiable and agreeable occupants of the place, contemplating and admiring the beauties and attractions of the sylvan retreat. It being the very last of May, it was not till after a somewhat lengthy, though pleasant search, that we succeeded in obtaining the flower that I had been requested to secure. But, although at last, we found only one, and that an imperfect specimen of its kind, I cannot describe the agreeable surprise which I felt at the instant I looked upon it and smelled its delightful fragrance. It pleased me greatly to have nature herself prove to me in so late an hour, that she really had, in the beautiful and fragrant form which I had but poorly described, visited and entertained me in the spring-time of

life, and that my imagination had not been cheating me with a fictitious idea. The Trailing Arbutus was the May Flower of my boyhood.

I have written this little history, in order to remind my youthful readers, that the smallest creations of God, which they casually or particularly notice around them, are wonderful manifestations of the wisdom and goodness of their Maker, and are beautiful benedictions showered down from heaven, and scattered over the earth, that will comfort and cheer them all along, as they advance in their earthly way.



THE CONSCIENCE BIRD.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

I WISH I had a little bird
 To be with me all day,
 To tell me when I'm going wrong,
 And bid me flee away, —

To sing a mournful note when'er
 I've said an angry word ;
 I'm sure I'd mind the warning voice
 As soon as ever heard.

And should I ever, 'mid my play,
 Do any wicked thing,
 How quick that little creature's voice
 A punishment would bring !

Thou hast, my child, just such a bird,
 And *conscience* is its name ;
 Within your breast it dwells all day,
 To *praise*, as well as *blame*.

THE GOLD-FISH.

A PARABLE.

BY REV. J. WESLEY HANSON.

THE yellow sunlight shimmered through the brown leaves of the chestnut grove, and fell in platines of bright gold upon the blue bosom of a sleeping lakelet. There was not a breath of air to wake the waves from their dreamless slumbers. They slept in their crystal caverns.

A little boy rested upon a bank of violets, and gazed into the calm waters. They were so clear and lucid, that he could almost count each silver pebble on the sandy floor.

By-and-by the winds came up, and with their thin, shadowy fingers, they put back his brown locks, and kissed his white forehead. The leaves danced and shouted over his head, and their shadows in the water beckoned him to come and be at rest. A Blue-bird on the spray above him looked inquiringly down, and when he poured out his liquid music, it seemed as though it was his shadow in the lake that sung. The

broad sky, of a more celestial blue than the waters, was mirrored below, and when the great clouds marched across the firmament, and waved their black banners in the air, it seemed as though mighty water-monsters moved upon the bottom of the lake! If a bird shot across the sky, its image in the water seemed a beautiful fish, and once, when a great dragon-fly scaled the liquid brim of the lakelet, the little boy thought he saw a strange creature among the waves. The world above was reflected in the blue eye of the lake.

All was so calm and serene, that the youth wept. He could not restrain his grief. A tear dropped into the lake, and like a pearl it slowly sunk.

Then there came a beautiful gold-fish to seize the tempting prize. His scales seemed of a wonderful gold that changed as the sunlight fell upon them, until they gleamed with the purple light of the amethyst, and glowed with the green fires of the emerald. Slowly,—as you have sometimes seen a great thought arise in the eye of your friend,—the graceful one sailed towards the youth. His yellow fins, like oars of gold, rowed him through the waters without disturbing their serenity. His bright eyes gleamed like diamonds.

With a glad cry the youth sprang forward and would have seized the glowing creature,—but swifter than thought it darted away. A rippling line of light shot like a sunbeam across the waters. This alone revealed his flight.

He came gliding into view again, but the boy molested him not. He gazed upon him and wept.

Then there was a commotion in the waters. They began to slide along the beach with a musical dip, and the glad waves lifted themselves up, and when they had taken each other by the hand, they danced around in giddy circles, as if rejoicing that their favorite had escaped. The golden fish was always in the centre, gleaming like a star. All was so strange, the youth knew not where he was.

Slowly, a dim, shadowy form arose from the water-depths. The glassy rings parted, and a thin, transparent being glided along, until it stood at the feet of the boy. A shower of liquid diamonds fell upon the crystal marge; and a mantle as of water enveloped the figure.

It seemed a long-loved friend of the youth, and he sprang to embrace it, when it fell back upon the waters, and he grasped mist and spray!

“Come back! oh, bright one,” he cried;—
“come to me again, and rock my throbbing brow upon thy cool, grateful bosom!”

Weepingly he sunk back upon his pillow of violets, and slept. But in dreams there ever came a strange, beautiful one to him, who whispered such words as made him reach out his hands, and cry, "Come back to me!" But he could not clasp the loved one to his bosom. Wheresoever he went, it always glided before him, and while one hand beckoned invitingly, the other always pointed onward and upward. He always saw it in the distance, but it never took him by the hand.

* * * * *

Young reader! As thou walkest in life's path a beautiful angel glides before thee. Her form is of morning-light, and on her brow heavenly glories cluster. Mysterious music attends her steps, and a sweet serenity smiles in her cerulean eyes. She ever pointeth to a far-off crown, which glistens like night's starry diadem, on which is inscribed: "THE UNATTAINABLE." Follow her, and be wise. Listen to her song. Obey her voice. She is thine IDEAL!

THE HEAVENLY MESSENGER.

BY MISS E. DOTEN.

It was a balmy summer evening, when a fair child wandered by the borders of a fountain, in a beautiful garden. The weary bird had sought her nest, the lamb had ceased from its play, and the flowers had closed their little eyes and bowed their heads in sweet slumber.

There was beauty all around. Soft music stole forth from the harps in the garden bowers, whose delicate chords thrilled at the lightest touch of the evening wind. There was a fairy-like murmur amid the graceful willow branches, and the fountain sent forth a gush of merry music, as it cast its bright waters high in the air, and sparkling in the clear moonlight, it fell back in silvery showers upon the heads of the beautiful roses that drooped within its marble basin.

Yet, though all things seemed so very, *very* beautiful, the child heeded it not; and as he threw back his golden curls, and lifted his brow in the soft moonlight, a tear glistened in his eye, and a shade of sorrow passed over his fair young countenance. Sadly he knelt him down by the

fountain, and as he bathed his brow in the cool waters, he softly murmured, "Oh, why am I *so* unhappy? My home is very beautiful, with its marble pillars and spacious halls; there is music and dancing, the song and the wine-cup. Yet my heart turns from it. There is not one of those that gather there that love me,—not one to whom I dare speak and tell them how sorrowful my heart is. Oh, I am very, *very* sad." Silently he bowed his head among the dewy flowers, but a soft hand was laid among his golden locks, and a sweet voice called him. Quickly he looked up, and lo, a bright angel stood beside him. The heart of the boy sank not, neither was he fearful, but his whole soul was stirred within him. He sprang joyfully forward and knelt down at the feet of the beautiful being, and the tears that had long been sealed up within his sorrowful heart, gushed forth like the waters of the fountain. The kind angel cast his loving arms around him, and raising him to his bosom he comforted him with pleasant words, and wiped away his tears.

"Dear one," said the angel, "wherefore dost thou weep?"

"Oh, thou beautiful one!" said the child, "there is no one to love me or care for me, no one to speak to me. My mother and sisters are fair and stately ladies, they dance all night to the

sound of gay music, and when the morning comes they are weary and cannot speak with me. My father is a brave soldier, and it is a long, *long* time since he rode away upon his gallant charger, with his plumes waving in the wind, and his bright sword by his side. Now there is no one left to care for me, and it is because I am lonely and sad that I weep."

Then said the angel, "It is for this reason that I have come unto thee, because there is no one to teach thee, or to lead thee in the right way. He that careth for the birds and the flowers, careth for thee also. He will not suffer one of his little flock to go astray. He has sent me to thee, dear little one, to teach thee that thou art not alone, that there are loving arms extended on every side to keep thee from evil; on every breeze come breathings of love from the spirits that surround thee, and daily and hourly are blessings falling upon thy head, which as yet thou dost not know or understand. Dost thou see that star?" said the angel, pointing upward. "Long before thou wast born, that star shone as beautiful and bright as it does now. Ages on ages, has it stood there, its light undimmed by years, never wearying, never sleeping; yet I say unto thee, that more faithfully than that star has watched over the green earth, has thy Heavenly

Father watched over thee. Behold this flower," said the angel, as he raised the dewy head of a little rose-bud; "see how beautifully the hand of thy Father has fashioned it, and clothed it in its garments of green moss. He giveth it the rain and the sunshine, the dew and the soft winds, and as it grows in strength and beauty, it will unfold its leaves and become a perfect flower. Thou art but a rose-bud in the garden of thy God. Like the rain and the dew, are the blessings of his grace falling upon thee, and like sunshine and the soft breath of heaven, shall his love brighten and make glad thy pathway. And oh, may it be," continued the angel, as he unfolded the delicate petals of the flower, "that thou mayest bloom as sweetly, with a heart as free from sin and the presence of all unholy things, as is this little bud."

"Oh," said the child, "they never told me that I had such a good Father; *now* I shall love him very much. Take me to him, kind angel."

"Nay," he replied; "I need not take thee to him, for he is here with thee, although thou seest him not, for he is a spirit, and like the summer air he is *unseen*, yet his presence is *felt*." At that moment, a gush of sweet music came forth from a shady bower, as a nightingale shook the dew from her wings, and soared

upward, warbling forth a song of sweetest melody.

“List!” said the angel, “how joyfully that bird breathes forth her song of praise, as she wings her way upward in the clear light of heaven. I tell thee, the song of that little bird is not unheard by its Maker, but it comes to him as an acceptable offering of praise and love; and shall the birds and flowers, and running waters, all speak their thanks, and thou, one of his loved and cherished little ones, be silent?”

At these words, all the holy emotions and sweet affections that had long centred in the heart of the child, burst forth in a flood. He clasped his hands on his bosom, and kneeling on the green grass, with his countenance glowing with an expression of holy love, with a sweet voice he cried, “Oh, Father! dear Father! listen to the words of thy little child. Oh, I would tell thee how much I love thee, but I am weak and small. Teach me how to pray. Take care of thy little rose-bud, and make me love thee more and more.”

Oh, it was a pleasant thing, to see that little child as he knelt there, breathing forth the thoughts of his young heart to the Great Father in such simple words. A holy smile overspread the face of the bright angel, and as the boy

ended, he touched his eyes ; a sweet sleep stole over him, and he left him there to bear the tidings upward, that the little lamb that had been lost was found, and another jewel was set in the crown of the Great Ruler.

They sought the little one in bower and hall ; they called him in the silence of the night, and they heard no answering voice ; but when they came to the fountain, they found him sleeping beneath the rose-tree, with his soft ringlets resting on his rosy cheeks, and a sweet smile upon his happy countenance. When he awoke and told them of the beautiful vision, they were filled with wonder, and knew not what it meant, but they felt the place whereon they stood was holy ground, and when the child continued to come at morning, and noon, and evening, to speak with his Heavenly Father by the fountain, his mother and sisters came also, and kneeling by his side, they, too, received the blessing of love, and that peace entered into their hearts, "which passeth all understanding."

The mission of the bright angels is not at an end upon the earth. Although we see not the blessed spirits that hover around us, yet every holy thought, every whisper of conscience, is but a *heavenly messenger*, winning us back to God and to our duty. To every child that walks the

green earth, a voice is calling, wooing them with pleasant words to the bosom of the Father.

Let every little one listen to these gentle monitors, as they speak to them in all beautiful things, and from out the fulness of their own hearts; for the heart cannot weep at its own loneliness when it is with God, and to dwell with *Him* is to be happy.



KEEPING THE SABBATH DAY HOLY.

BY MRS. M. H. ADAMS.

“COME, Abby, let’s go out in the yard and jump rope. Where is the great benefit of keeping so very still Sunday?”

“So I say, Caroline,—sure enough, *what is the use of being so very still and unnatural every Sabbath day?*”

The girls snatched down their ropes from the hooks in the back entry, and started for the smoothest spot in the yard, meaning to defy all decorum and parental commands, and have a grand game at jumping the rope.

Caroline, a very active, thoughtless girl, had tied on her bonnet and was jumping before Abby had reached the yard door. When she saw Caroline already engaged in the sport, she dropped her rope by her side, saying, “Stop a minute, Caroline; we don’t know what is the use of being still on the Sabbath, and so we think there is none. But perhaps if we should be told what was the use, we should act very differently.”

Caroline stopped to hear what her sister had

to say, then rolling the rope in the clean gravel under her pretty little foot, she burst into a hearty laugh. "Oh, Abby Tilton, you are the greatest scarecrow I ever had for a sister. You don't dare to eat unless mother says you may. Come along and jump."

"No—I am going in to ask mother something about the Sabbath, and why she doesn't allow us to do the same on that day as any other."

She turned back, hung up her rope and went into the sitting-room where her father and mother were reading. She had scarcely seated herself, however, before the light-footed, inquisitive little Caroline, determined not to be cheated out of anything worth hearing, came into the room and took a seat by her sister. Abby sat silent a few moments. The impatient Caroline actually broke silence herself, by saying with a sigh, "Mother, what do we have Sundays for? Does the governor appoint them as he does Fast days and Thanksgiving days?"

"Caroline," said Mrs. Tilton gravely, "you are too old to be as ignorant as that question would imply you are. Do you really not know why we have Sabbath days?"

Mrs. Tilton was a step-mother. She had been but a few months in the family of Mr. Tilton, and in that short time, had not become entirely

acquainted with the characters of the little girls who called her mother. She was an affectionate, intelligent woman, guided by principle in her conduct, in her whole life a Christian. Caroline's reply to her question, brought tears into her eyes and induced her to lay down the book she was reading, to instruct those sisters in wisdom and holiness.

“When God made the world, Caroline, it took him six days. On the seventh day he rested from all his labors; so he called the seventh day the Sabbath and blessed it. After he had created man, and people had increased on the earth, he chose the family and descendants of a man called Israel, to be his favored people. They became a powerful nation. God did many things for Israel's children and people that he has never done for any nation since. When a man called Moses ruled this people, God commanded him to go upon Mount Sinai and there gave Moses ten laws, which Moses was to teach the people. Those laws are called the Ten Commandments, and Moses commanded the people to obey them. The fourth law told the people what they should not do on the Sabbath day. It is written in our Bibles, so I will read it to you.”

Mrs. Tilton opened her Bible, found the twentieth chapter of Exodus and read as follows.

“Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

“Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work :

“But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates :

“For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.”

Mrs. Tilton closed her Bible and said to the girls—

“The people were commanded to be very exact indeed in keeping the Sabbath day ; and Sabbath-breakers were very severely punished.”

“Who are Sabbath-breakers, mother ?” said Caroline.

“Those who broke the law concerning the Sabbath. Any one who labored on that day or made his cattle labor, broke the law and was a Sabbath-breaker. We do not keep the Sabbath as we ought, when we labor unnecessarily or spend its hallowed time in any manner that disturbs the rest which God intended his children should enjoy on that day. The meaning of the word Sabbath, is rest. Sabbath day means rest-

day or day of rest. There is an instance in the Bible where a Sabbath-breaker was stoned to death, while the Israelites were journeying in the wilderness of Sinai."

Mrs. Tilton opened her Bible and read from the fifteenth chapter of Numbers, the story of the Sabbath-breaker.

"Well, mother, you said God rested on the *seventh* day, but you know our Sabbath comes on Sunday, the first day of the week," said Abby.

"Yes, dear, the seventh day was the Sabbath till Jesus Christ rose from the dead. He rose on the first day of the week, and that day has since been called the Sabbath. The first day of the week is the Christian Sabbath, the seventh day is the Jewish Sabbath. The Israelites were called Jews and Hebrews. Those who live in our day are called Jews, and still keep the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath."

"Why should we little girls rest on the Sabbath day, if we are not tired? Why is it wrong for us to play?" said Caroline.

"Our bodies would wear out too soon if we never rested. Exercise is very necessary for the health of the body, but too much of it weakens it."

"Oh well, we could rest just when we pleased, mother."

“Yes, Caroline, we *could*, but the question is, *should* we. Do you think we should often feel that we could lay aside our work or our play if there were no day appointed for rest? When you have lived as many years as I have, you will see that many men and women work till the very last hour of our working days has gone, before they rest. And if no law existed demanding rest, they never would leave work. Some little children, too, would play every day alike, forgetting that rest was necessary.

“But there is another benefit of the Sabbath. It is a holy day, and on it we should attend to holy things. God has given us six days to attend to the necessary labors of this life, and we devote them most faithfully, scarcely sparing an hour for communion with Him who made us, or to think of our better home in heaven. And very many of God’s creatures forget that there is a God, except when Sunday comes. God seems to have designed that we should think of him and holy things on that day, since by a law he has forbidden us to attend to our worldly pursuits.”

“Well, mother, I don’t know what holy pursuits are,” said Caroline.

“You know, Caroline, we hold meetings on the Sabbath. You are old enough, too, to judge somewhat of the character of those meetings.

You can tell what the subjects of the reading, the preaching, the singing and prayers are?"

"Oh yes, mother; I have heard the minister read about 'cease to do evil, learn to do well. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.'"

"And you have heard him read and preach about our Creator and his government of his great family; of the future life. You have heard him pray that our sins may be forgiven; that God would give us strength to lead good and holy lives. You know the hymns sung in church are very different from those in your little song book. They are generally on the same subjects as the ministers preach, which are holy or religious subjects. The meetings are holy or religious meetings. The day is a holy day, and it is perfectly proper to read and hear about holy things. If we hear of nothing but what is holy, our *thoughts* very naturally become holy; holy thoughts produce holy conversation and holy actions. The Sabbath being the only day when business, all troublesome things, all foolish pursuits, all amusements are laid aside, it is a fit time for us to consider seriously those holy subjects so necessary to our happiness and so instructive to all."

"I should think, then, we could keep the Sabbath holy at home, as well as at church."

“ No, Caroline, not *as well* at home. We can keep the day holy at home, I allow; but you remember the church is ‘THE HOUSE OF GOD.’ While we are there, our family concerns and week day thoughts are, or ought to be, forgotten. Nothing is allowed there but what is strictly consistent with the holy day and holy place. And with so few interruptions, our thoughts are more easily guided to those subjects suited to the day. And again, if every one reasoned in the way you do, the people would by degrees forsake the house of God; and where that is the case you will find the people careless of the Sabbath, of their Sabbath day conduct, conversation and thoughts.

“ I dare say, you little girls would find it much more difficult to leave your play, if your toys were scattered around you on Sunday, than you do now. And I presume you think much less of your plays in church on the Sabbath, than you do at home where you are accustomed to engage in them.”

“ I am sure I do,” said Abby.

“ If, then, going to church is a help to us in keeping holy thoughts and conversation, a help to us in keeping the Sabbath holy, let us never neglect it. Communion with God will always do the heart of man good, and Sabbath hours,

well and properly spent, prepare us for all the duties, the troubles, the pleasures of other days, making our whole lives more or less religious and holy."

The words of that dear mother were never forgotten by those sweet sisters. Every Sabbath brought pleasant and holy thoughts to their minds, and a desire to know more of the way to keep the Sabbath holy.



THE MAGI.

BY REV. J. G. ADAMS.

THE little readers who study the pictures of the Annual, will expect a description of these most singular people represented in the plate. Neither the countenances or dress of the figures indicate that they belong to the present age. Among the Persians, the magi were their philosophers and priests; no one could be king of the nation until he had first been one of the magi. With all their learning they possessed a knowledge of some curious arts, such as pretending to discern clearly the destinies of men in the stars, interpreting dreams, and, by the interpretation thereof, revealing the future. Some have regarded them as not the best of men. The general opinion concerning them, is that they were good men and great scholars. They were the first among the Gentiles who worshipped the promised Messiah. They were consulted on all occasions of importance and in cases of difficulty.

In the picture you perceive them gazing at a star in the heavens, or an illuminated appearance which has ever been called a star. It was either



THE MAGI.

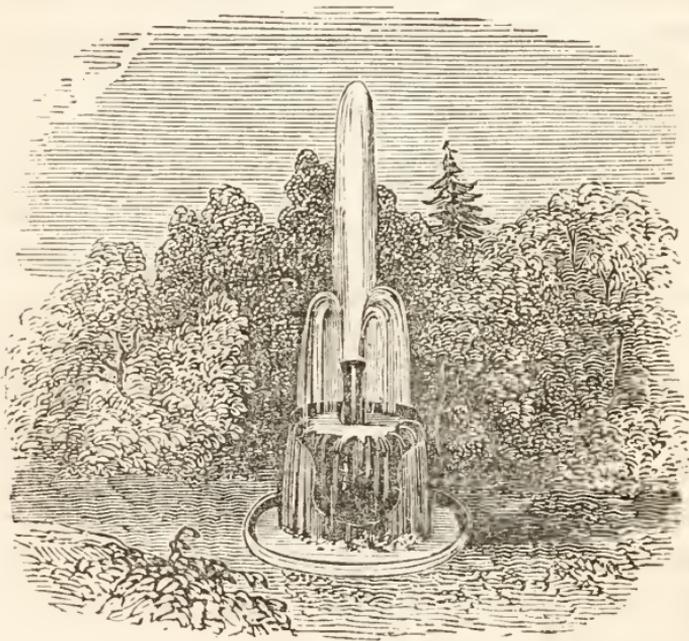


in a new situation in the heavens or was uncommonly brilliant, and thus attracted the notice of the astrologers or magi. They beheld it and were filled with wonder and admiration. At the time of its appearance, the Jewish nation were confidently expecting the coming of the Messiah, "the King of the Jews," who had been foretold in their Scriptures. The magi believed the star to have some connection with his coming.

Believing it would guide them to the place of his birth, they committed themselves to its guidance, and are following the star to Jerusalem, when we see them in the picture. There they inquired with much interest for the king of the Jews. These inquiries troubled Herod, the king who was then over the people. He summoned the priests and scribes, to know where the promised Messiah was to be born. Turning to their Scriptures, where the prophet Micah had written, they decided it was to be at Bethlehem. Herod secretly consulted with the magi and encouraged their going to Bethlehem, charging them if they found the promised child, to bring him word, saying, "that I may go and worship him." But the magi knew his wicked heart; they knew he only wished to destroy the young child's life.

The magi followed the star till it stood over Bethlehem; there they found the infant Saviour

born in a stable, with a manger for his cradle. In joyous adoration they "fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented him gifts, gold, and frankincense and myrrh." They sent no word to Herod, but, being directed of God so to do, returned to their own country another way.



DOING BECAUSE OTHERS DO.

BY REV. J. G. ADAMS.

[This dialogue with that following were prepared for an exhibition at Malden, and have been repeated at exhibitions in Boston and vicinity. To some of our readers they will be new. Having been frequently requested for publication, we give them a place in the Annual. The latter was written several years since, but is inserted without alteration.]—ED.

Henry. Well, Charles, I don't think that sounded very well.

Charles. What do you mean, Henry?

H. O, you need not make strange of it. I heard you plainly enough.

C. Heard me? What did you hear?

H. Why I heard you calling poor Jemmy Clubfoot names. That was rather mean business, Charles.

C. May you not mistake, now? Are you sure you heard me?

H. Very sure, Charles, very sure. Don't you suppose I know your shrill voice? Why, I could tell it among all the voices of all the boys in town.

C. Well—I suppose you did then—for there's no use in denying it. But *what* of all that?

H. What of it? Why, as I just said, it is mean enough for any boy; and I am ashamed of it in you. What harm has Jemmy ever done you? and why do you wish to ridicule him on account of his deformity and lack of brightness? Supposing you were in his situation? Would such treatment from boys suit you?

C. You are very grave about it, I should think. I have no desire to abuse old Jemmy; and why should you think I have?

H. If you did not intend to insult him, why did you assail him with such language? Just tell us that?

C. Why—I heard John Warner calling after him, and so I joined in.

H. Aha! You joined in with John then; and why did John do it?

C. Well—you can ask him; here he comes, and may speak for himself.

(*Enter John.*) *John.* What now, boys? What's going on? Who called my name?

H. Charles and I. We were speaking of Jemmy Clubfoot, as he is called; and of the insult offered him by the boys. I had been asking Charles why he sung out after him in the streets; and what do you suppose his answer was?

J. Really, I couldn't tell; except that he liked the sport of it?

H. No—he denies that. He says he did so because you did! a great reason, to be sure. Now will you be so condescending, as to tell me why you do it?

J. You seem to be very inquisitive. Why do you take the matter up so seriously? Do you think there is any harm in having a little fun with old Jemmy?

H. John, if you were old Jemmy, should you like such salutations? Come, now, I have touched your benevolence, I know; so now “own up,” and be honest.

J. O, I shan’t dodge that question. I spoke about Charley’s liking the sport of it. But I didn’t mean so. I shouldn’t have thought about calling after Jemmy, if William Simpson had n’t put me up to it.

H. Indeed! so here is another confession. Well now, I should like to ask William—and here he is coming, fresh from the scene, I suppose—yes—I’ll ask him who coaxed *him* to do *his* screaming.

J. Come on here, William, and give us your evidence; we have a court here.

(*Enter William.*) *William.* A court? Well, don’t try me very hard. But what’s your case, now?

J. Henry wants to ask you a question.

W. What's that, pray?

H. O, a very simple one, William. We were speaking of the insults offered by the boys to poor Jemmy Clubfoot. I was asking Charles here, why he sung out after him. He says it was because John did. I asked John his reason, and he says your example induced him. Now will you tell me your object in assailing this poor fellow?

W. O, I've no particular reason to give. The other boys sing out after him, and so do I now and then.

H. There! now we have the weighty reason of the whole matter. You do it because others do it; not stopping to ask whether it is right, whatever others may think or do. Isn't that it?

W. Yes, I suppose so. But why do you speak as though it were of so much importance? Do you suppose I wish to injure old Jemmy?

H. No, no, William; I don't think that; but you don't believe that such salutations to the unfortunate, are really right, do you?

W. No, I do not.

H. Well, now let us see if we cannot learn a lesson here. I remember what our schoolmaster said to Henry Stocker the other day when he threw stones, and Henry told him he did so because Joseph White did. "Supposing Joseph

White should tell you to jump overboard, would you do it?" I thought this a good hit. But this is not all. We shall find that many of our ordinary evils are kept in being in this way. One upholds them because another does. A silly fashion comes up. One is foolish enough to run into it because another does. One swears because another does. One drinks, one gambles, one lies, one defrauds and steals, because another does. You remember what the temperance lecturer said the other evening about the rumseller who said if he didn't sell liquor to get folks drunk, somebody else would. So because others sinned, he must. Why this is a wicked pretence; and we ought to know it and feel it. We should learn to do a deed because it is right, or not to do it because it is wrong; no matter what others do, or what they do not. What say you, William, isn't this right?

W. I think so.

John and Charles. (*Both.*) And so do I.

H. Well, just to be winding up our talk, I will recite to you a few verses from Cowper. They present the matter, I think, in a ludicrous light.

(*All three.*) Let's hear.

“ A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test ;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

“ He was shocked much indeed, and he answered,
‘ O no !

What ! rob our good neighbor ! I pray you don't go ;
Besides, the man 's poor, and his orchard 's his bread,
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.’

“ ‘ You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we 'll have ;
If you will go with us you shall have a share ;
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.’

“ They spoke, and Tom pondered — ‘ I see they will
go ;

Poor man ! what a pity to injure him so !
Poor man ! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind, here, will do him no good.

“ ‘ If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they drop from the tree ;
But since they will take them, I think I 'll go too ;
He will lose none by me though I get a few.’

“ His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize ;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan —
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man ! ”

W. That's a good hit, as you said of your schoolmaster. I shall think more of this matter in time to come.

H. I trust you will; and that Charles and John and all of us will be wise enough in the future just to ask ourselves when we are prompted to do anything of at least a questionable character—not whether others do it—nor whether it is a custom, or the fashion—nor whether the many or the few approve it; but whether it is really in itself just and right. When I hear of any better course than this, I will try to inform you of it. When *you do*, just send me word.



THE EVILS OF GOSSIPING.

BY MRS. M. H. ADAMS.

Eliza. Martha, will you come and analyze these flowers for me this afternoon? I have just been— But what makes you look so very thoughtful, Martha? I hoped to find you lively and ready to dissect these pretty little flowers with a cheerful heart. What has made you so sober and downcast?

Martha. I feel sober, truly, Eliza, and grieved at the weakness of some of our own dear sex— “the gentler, tender sex,” as we are termed. If you will suffer me to explain the reasons of my dejected looks, I will then get my Botany and examine the flowers.

E. Do tell me, Martha, and I will sympathize with you in your sadness.

M. I went down to Lucy Bates' this morning, intending to stop awhile, and Miss Billings came in very soon. You know I do not care about meeting her, or any one else, who is in the habit of making fair professions of affection and tenderness to one's face, and then goes away and ridicules them. Friendship like this, I do not care

to be troubled with, if we can call it friendship. She is so very talkative, she says many things in a little while, and is so full of low jesting, that she spares no one's character, however much they are respected.

E. She dislikes me, Martha, and I suppose has scandalized me; that has grieved you, you love me so well. But for all that, I want you to tell me if she has.

M. She has not to-day, Eliza; but she did poor Ellen Murray, that good girl whom all good people love. She commenced as all busy-bodies do; "Have you heard how Ellen Murray treats her folks?" Knowing Ellen to be always courteous and kind, I told Miss Billings she might have received a wrong impression. "A wrong impression," said she, "no I haven't! I heard it from somebody who was passing the house, and heard her abusing her brother shamefully." Then followed a string of the most abusive and silliest accusations I ever heard. To close, she called her a proud, abusive girl, a stiff-necked pretender to religious feeling, and a close-fisted miser. I left her as she was storming the loudest.

E. I am astonished, Martha! Well, it does seem as if some of our pretended good folks did nothing else, but babble children's stories, and rob

everybody of their good character. Ellen was only relating a story to her little brother, when that woman passed, for I was there. She imitated the old cross woman, and amused her little brother so much, that he screamed for joy. It makes me feel as unhappy as it does you to think of it. Where is there a better girl than Ellen Murray? Think how she tries to be so good as to win the love of every one, and make her father's family happy without their good mother. I know she does not visit much, but she never forgets her friends, rich or poor. In the midst of plenty, she lays aside for the poor, always remembering that all do not have as much as she. She is always happy to see her friends—but because she will not gad about from street to street, and house to house, these meddling gossips despise her. But still, I do not believe one of them can say that she ever passes them, without stopping or speaking, or to say the least, bowing politely and familiarly. Do you?

M. No, Eliza; but I do believe many of them turn their heads away in shame, and give her no opportunity to bow.

E. I have seen them do it; and poor Ellen feels this, very much. She has nothing against them, and wants them to think so. But if she was proud, they need not act so hypocritically

towards her and others. You know they have several notorious gossips in their neighborhood, who make it a business to find out all they can, and suppose as much more, about their neighbors, and tattle it all off before night to make room for a new portion the next day. Most of this information is gained from the children of the families spoken of, or the little girls they have taken to bring up, by "pumping" them, as they say. But what I meant by hypocritical conduct was this,—those very tattlers go often into the families of these unsuspecting persons and offer to assist them, or ask their advice, or borrow something and make every profession of kindness and good will, and then go away immediately to a sister gossip, and say every unfeeling thing they can. It is too low—too ridiculous—too childish for those who have come to the age of women, to indulge in.

M. Oh! it is, Eliza. Can you think our Maker formed woman that she should become a pest to society, and the very bane of social intercourse? Has woman no better occupation than to wickedly traduce and defame a fellow-citizen's character? Where are the husbands and children of these meddlesome mothers? Alas! Where *are* they? *How* are they, Eliza? Too often parading the streets, or waiting at home for

a late meal, a half mended jacket, or hunting up a mislaid stocking or handkerchief. All these things naturally occur in a gossip's family;—and I have known their little children listen to every word of an idle story, that they may tell of it first to Mrs. Such-a-one. It seems as if——

(Little girl comes on, and interrupts Martha by addressing Eliza, as Martha says "seems.")

Little Mary. Eliza Wise, did you know Mr. Baker's wife was dead?

E. She is not dead, Mary.

Mary. Yes she is dead, too; Miss Billings says she is, for she saw the postmaster give Mr. Baker a letter sealed with a black wafer, and saw Mr. Baker carry his valise full of clothes down to the tavern to go to Boston and New York, to go to her funeral. And Miss Warner is dead, too.

E. No, Mary, Mrs. Baker is not dead, for I received a letter from her this morning, and she is perfectly well. The letter, to be sure, was sealed with black wax, but we must not always think it denotes death. Mr. Baker has carried his valise to be mended, not to go to Boston or New York. Of course, I know, as he boards at our house.

M. And Miss Warner was able to ride and called at my brother's this morning, Mary. Now you see how foolish it is to be so anxious to tell all we hear.

Mary. I always thought Miss Billings knew everything. But now I have found out she tells falsehoods and *makes up* her stories. I never will tell anything she says again, or anybody else.

E. You had better not, Mary, till you are very sure that what you hear is true. Poor Miss Warner's only brother heard she was dead, and suffered much, before the report was contradicted to him. False stories, of any character, cause our friends many unpleasant feelings,—and there are many *true* stories that never ought to be spoken of or handed about as they are. We ought to remember that these reports always go to the ears of those spoken against, or talked about, and the names of those who carry them go with them.

M. Now take a lesson from this, Mary, and do not grow up a tattler.

Mary. No, I will not; and I will go and tell Miss Billings what a story-teller she is!

(Mary leaves the stage.)

M. We have had a striking proof of what I was saying about children learning to bear tales about, Eliza. How true your remark is about names going with reports. I presume if busy-bodies knew that their names are invariably found out and handed through the community,

they would be more cautious how they speak. A tale concerning me, never comes to me without the author's name ; and I treat that person accordingly. They greet me with the same pretended fondness and politeness as ever, but I see through their deception.

E. Of course, Martha, you will not neglect them if sick, needy or suffering.

M. No, Eliza, I will assist them and forgive them any time when it is in my power.

E. I despise the spirit that will descend to such a mean abuse of the tongue. I wish they could see the " Antidote of Slander," I saw once. I recollect it advised all who are given to slander, to take their Bibles when they are about to speak against an acquaintance, and read certain verses over many times. All these verses related to the bad use of the tongue. Some they were directed to read sixty-three times, and by that time their thoughts would be turned from the story. This practice is very destructive of peace, both public and private ; and I do wish something could be done to open the eyes and stop the noisy tongues of these meddling tattlers.

M. It is certainly to be lamented that so many mothers, daughters, and sisters, are so strangely withdrawn from purity of conversation, so beautiful in woman. It is strange that so many intel-

ligent females will corrupt the influence of their society, by mingling this fault with the strong and holy powers of their minds, in all their intercourse. It is strange they cannot see the effects of it on their children—that they cannot see how an inquisitive spirit should be watched and guided, lest it seek to destroy another's interest and happiness. It is very surprising that weak minds and some strong ones too, always couple pride with riches, and a haughty spirit with a comfortable competence in life. Those persons whom busy-bodies denominate proud, only feel above their base practices and despise those, not their persons. If they would be good, and peaceable, and womanly, they would be treated affectionately, and be regarded as equals in rank and influence. But, Eliza, we will now go and analyze the flowers. I hope our conversation may induce profitable reflections in our own minds, in little Mary's mind, and in the minds of all who may be listening to us.

E. We will leave them to their own reflections, hoping that God will bless us with an extensive reformation in this place; that some better employment may be followed by us all than gadding, gossiping, slandering, lying, and meddling with the affairs of others, which do not concern us.

“OUR FATHER WHO ART
IN HEAVEN.”

BY MRS. H. A. P. NYE.

It was usual for religious teachers in ancient years, so we are told, to instruct their disciples in regard to the duty of prayer. Jesus, the founder of the Christian faith, pursued this course. He bade his followers beware of the errors into which others had fallen in regard to the nature of this service. He gave them, and us, that concise and beautiful form which we commonly term “the Lord’s prayer,” commencing with these “words of the heart,” Our Father who art in heaven.

“Father!” how is that name invoven with some of the holiest, most enduring feelings of the soul; it is a magic tie, connecting our tried and saddened hearts to a season of innocence and joy. Repeat it, and a sweet vision of gladness and content rises before us. Again we are children at the fireside of love, again we are sporting beneath the blue heavens, the clear laugh ringing out from the bright lip in very joyousness of existence; we are light of heart, and free as the

winds that kiss the cheek, or lift the soft tresses from the brow while we bound along in gaiety and glee. Not a care, not a thought of sorrow or of want shades the laughing eye. Reposing in love that has never proved false to our trust, that has supplied each want and guarded us from ill, we feel that we rest secure from all that can injure or afflict.

We are *children* still ; we have a Father who still guards and protects us, and by him is our every want supplied. We are watched at all times, and in all places, with tenderest care. In the stillness of the midnight hour, as well as in the varied scenes of day, events are working together for our good. "Our Father" will never forsake us, but will bless us evermore. It was a beautiful thought of the ancients, that "God is very near at the birth of a little child." Over the cradle of the helpless babe his love watches, in the night hours his presence guards the sleeping innocent. The child grows to manhood, but he goes not forth unaided, in darkness, to struggle with temptations. The guardian spirit leaves him not when most protecting love is needed. Let not the tempted think that God ever forsakes ; even in the darkness of sin he is around us, calling in deepest love, "son, give me thine heart." He pleads ever, for our affections,

seeking to bring us unto himself, to bring us unto the light of love and truth. As the Father watched over the entrance of the young spirit into this world, so does he guard it on its departure for that abode which is unseen and eternal.

Our Father! how perfect the confidence we feel when repeating these words; for has not our Father all strength, all power? Is he not over all, and above all? Is he not God? What then have we to fear? His voice of love will sound forever in the depths of our being, till, with penitent hearts, we say we will arise and go to our Father, and will leave his presence no more forever.

Our Father! wilt thou with thy wisdom, with thy power, aid and strengthen all, who strive, with pure endeavors, to spread abroad the knowledge of thy true character, and of the unchanging love thou bearest to thy world of erring children! And soon, oh soon, may the veil which enshrouds so many minds in sorrow and in fear, be pierced by the rays of truth, that all, with heartfelt trust, may address thee, as "Our Father who art in heaven."



THE RAINBOW.

THE RAINBOW.

BEAUTIFUL upon the dark summer cloud stands out that token of peace and love divine. All eyes greet it with delight when the shower has passed over, and the sunbeams are playing among the rain-drops, forming this object of admiration, which stretches over hill-top and valley and stream—over the thronged city, or afar out into the “deep blue sea.”

Long, long have men beheld it. When God had sent his waters upon the earth to destroy its inhabitants, and these waters had sunk down again so that the dry land appeared, and Noah with his family went forth from the ark in which they had lived through the deluge—at that time, ages ago, did this beautiful bow appear in the clouds to give assurance to man that God would no more destroy the world by water. So that this magnificent arch is a covenant sign of God's favor towards his children.

So let us ever regard it. Let every young beholder thus read this blessed sign. While you admire the gorgeous coloring of this wonder in the clouded heavens, let your admiration lead you

to praise. Beautiful indeed is the rainbow—but more beautiful and far more glorious is that Being who made it. Blessed is the assurance he gave in this sign to his children anciently in that covenant which informed them he would no more destroy the earth by water. More blessed is that covenant of his grace which assures us that not destruction but salvation shall be the portion of all his children through our Lord Jesus Christ. If we have true Christian faith, we shall often see this bright rainbow gilding the darkest clouds of the present life, and assuring us of the returning and abiding sunshine of heavenly peace and love.



THE VISION.

BY MRS. E. R. B. WALDO.

I DREAMED I stood in heaven, and near the throne of
 God,
 On a bright and jeweled pavement, by holy angels
 trod!

Ear hath not heard such sounds of joy as those that
 lingered there ;
 The eye of man hath never seen a temple half so fair !

I listened to the glorious strains, my ear with rapture
 caught,
 And drank the rich perfume, that from the tree of life
 was brought ;
 I knelt beside the living fount, from which salvation
 springs,
 In hope to feel the healing power, its crystal water
 brings.

When lo ! from out the veiled throne, I heard a sol-
 emn voice,
 " A sinner hath repented, let the heavenly hosts
 rejoice !"
 There came from saints' and seraphs' lips, a song of
 triumph then,
 And golden harps, and silver trumps, prolonged the
 loud amen !

And straight my feet, which on the earth in sin's dark
 way had trod,
Were washed in holy water, and with salvation shod ;
My garments like the sun were bright, a harp was in
 my hand,
And soaring upon wings of light, I joined that shining
 band !

Then one glad thought my bosom filled ; if such as I
 can be
From foul pollution's stains redeemed, and from temp-
 tation free ;
Then, there are none upon the earth, that will not be
 forgiven,
And, turning from the ways of death, be heirs with
 Christ in heaven !



THE DISCONTENTED BOY.

BY REV. ALEXANDER HICHDORN.

IT was the spring-time of the year ; the winter had departed, and the flowers, that hid at his approach, peeped forth again with their bright and laughing eyes ; they breathed upon the soft air their sweetest perfumes, and seemed to vie with each other in the richness and variety of their colors. The merry swallows were darting through the air, chasing each other in antic sport, like happy children at play. A fair-haired boy was sitting upon the soft bank of a gentle stream, splashing his naked feet in the water ; and anon, he would tear the pretty violets which grew within his reach, from their roots and cast them in wantonness upon its bosom. Though nature had cast his features in her finest mould, and written beauty upon his fair and noble brow, yet his face wore an air of discontent and fretfulness, that now banished the charm, wont to play around his features.

He was heedless of the beauty the hand of God had strown around him ; he saw not the beauti-

ful flowers; his ear was deaf to the music of the happy birds; even the gentle murmurings of the brook were unheeded; and the tiny fish that darted beneath its waters, had no charms for him, yet they were rejoicing that the sun had melted the icy walls of their prison, and given them their freedom once more. His mind was not among such scenes; and in the midst of all this beauty and joy, he was sad and unhappy.

“O, that I were a man,” said he, “and I should not have to study those dull and perplexing books. I should not have to go every day to school to learn those hard lessons; nor every Sunday to the Sabbath school to learn about Peter and Paul. I would have a fine horse, and instead of staying here all the time, I would ride far away and see the world, and leave the books to Johnny Birch the schoolmaster, and to Jophet Warner the parson, to study if they wished. I would not be such a fool. There is nothing here to make me happy, and never will be, until I am a man. Here I am but ten years old; eleven more before I shall be a man. O what a long time it seems—must I wait till then? But I shall be happy when those days do come, and I wish they were already here.”

He was interrupted in his meditations by the sound of approaching footsteps, and in a moment

the form of a man stood beside him. He was one that had passed the meridian of life, and the form that had once stood as straight as the young cedars, was now bent with its weight of years and of sorrow; the once raven locks were now white with the snow of many winters, and thinly waved, here and there around the brow, like dry and withered grass left by the mower, time; the eye, which in youth had been lit up by the fires of intellect and ambition, was now sunken and dim, and many a deep furrow was seen upon the brow once as fair as that of the child before him.

The sight of the beautiful boy seemed to awaken in his mind the holiest memories of childhood; in a moment he had travelled back through the long years of his pilgrimage; he was again a child, though but for a moment, for as his eye fell upon the sun now sinking beneath the horizon, it reminded him of the truth, that his earthly day was drawing to a close.

“And so thou art playing among the flowers, my child,” said he; “well, now is the day of thy pleasure; thy morning is in its brightness; enjoy it while yet unclouded, while the freshness and vigor of youth is upon you; for at noon thou must bear the heat and burthen, and when this is passed, the toil and sorrow that thou hast

endured, will bear thee down, and thou wilt sigh for rest and peace."

"And shall I not be happy when I am a man?" asked the boy, gazing earnestly at the venerable form before him, and showing that he was deeply interested in the reply. "I am very unhappy now, and do not tell me that I shall not be when I am grown up." The old man uttered a deep sigh, and seating himself by the side of the beautiful boy, he thus replied.

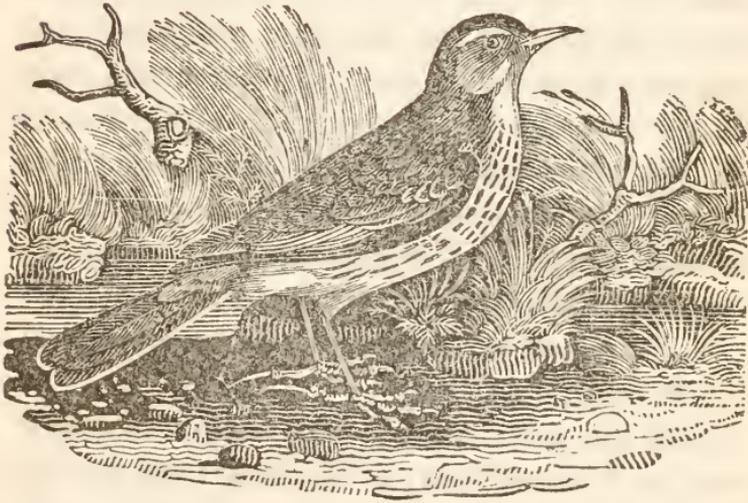
"Thou canst be happy when a man, and thou canst be happy now; but thou first must learn two lessons, *be content, and improve the present.* Look upon me! it seems but a few days and I, that now am so stricken with years, was as fresh and as young as thyself; and like thee I was heedless of the means of enjoyment that God had placed in my reach. I sighed for the days of manhood, and vainly imagined that these would bring me my fill of pleasure. Time rolled on. I became a man; but the dream of boyhood was not realized. I looked for the morrow to consummate my joy; but 'to-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh which a traveller never reacheth;' and thus I ran through my days, forgetful of the present, and hoping for the future. The companions of my youth are all sleeping beneath the quiet sod; my wife and my children have all

been cut down around me, and I am standing alone, like some withered flower the frosts of death have spared; yet still I look forward for happiness, though not in this life; the fields of eternity must bear the flowers of my future bliss.

“ If you, sweet child, would be happy, live for to-day ! let the greetings of the sunshine, and the flowers, the birds, and the sparkling waters, all sink into your heart. Let no moment pass unheeded; strive to-day for the happiness that is in it; improve all thy faculties; embrace every opportunity of doing good to others; and thou needst not sigh for the blessings of the future, for thy present will be undimmed by a single cloud. Gather sweets from the flowers of the present, as fast as their leaves unfold; live in the moments that now are, for these, my child, are ‘ the harvest of thy yesterday, the sweet corn of thy morrow.’ ”

The old man ceased, and rising from their seat, each turned away to his home; but the boy had learned a lesson never to be forgotten. He now saw the foolishness and sinfulness of discontent, and resolved that from that hour he would cease repining, and strive to be happy by being good, by obeying the commandments of God. When the Sabbath again was come, and he went

up to the house of God, to be instructed by his affectionate teacher, he realized the beauty and sublimity of the words of the Saviour that were read him, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."



THE LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY REV. R. O. WILLIAMS.

I KNEW a lovely little girl,
Whose name was Sarah Wright,
Three summers had she scarcely seen,
Of weeping and delight.

Her cheek was fresh and beautiful,
Her heart was light and gay ;
I loved to sit and join with her
In all her artless play.

And she was such a pleasant girl,
I loved her all the more ;
So kindly did she smile and sing,
And play upon the floor.

But she was taken sick one day,
Her cheek turned ashy pale ;
Oh ! how she cried, and how did I
Her fate lament and wail !

Yet she grew worse and worse each day,
At length they said she died ;
And in the ground they buried her ;
Oh, how much more I cried !

They told me Jesus took her home
Where death cannot alarm,
To make her well and comfort her,
And keep her free from harm.

And is it so my dear, dear friends?
Did Jesus come that day,
And take her off to that sweet place
Where angels sing away?

Then I will love him! oh, I will!
For he is good indeed;
And I will bless him for his love,
And to his ways give heed.

And he will come and take me home,
If I should die to-night,
And let me live and sing in heaven
With little Sarah Wright.





