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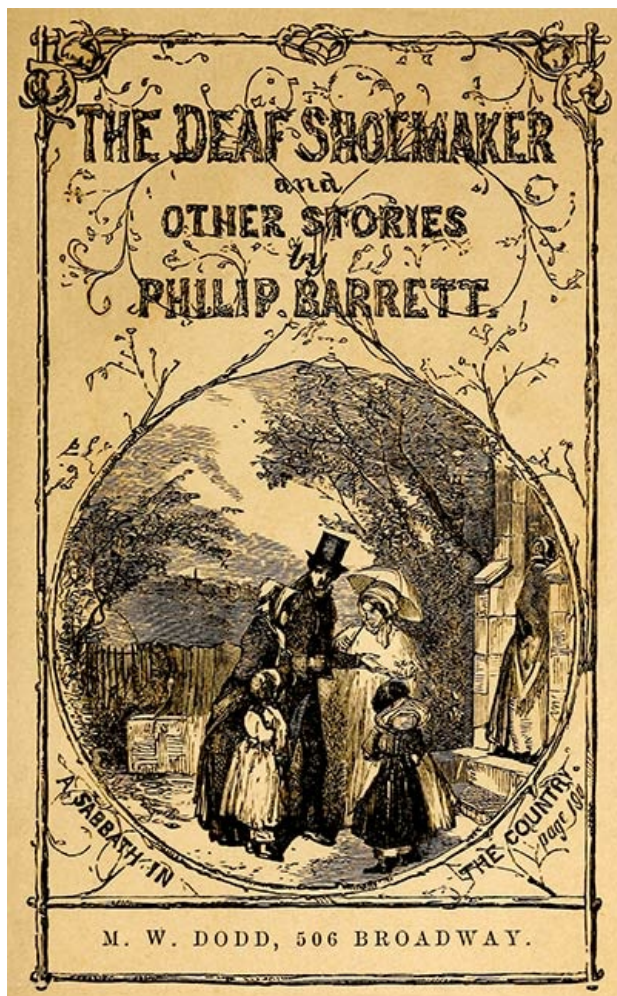
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE DEAF SHOEMAKER:
TO WHICH ARE ADDED OTHER STORIES FOR THE YOUNG ***



A SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY, *page 190*

The Deaf Shoemaker

and

OTHER STORIES

**THE
DEAF SHOEMAKER.**

BY

PHILIP BARRETT,

AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS BY THE WAYSIDE."

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

Other Stories for the Young.

'Tis RELIGION that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis RELIGION must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

MRS. MASTERS.

NEW YORK:

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TO
REV. ERSKINE M. RODMAN,
RECTOR OF CHRIST'S CHURCH, NORFOLK, VA.,

This Little Volume is
INSCRIBED,

AS AN HUMBLE TESTIMONIAL OF THE FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM OF

PHILIP BARRETT

PREFACE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

ENCOURAGED by your kind reception of my former little volume, I have gathered together my scattered sketches with the earnest wish and heart-felt prayer that they may be instrumental in leading you to childhood's best and truest friend—the blessed SAVIOUR.

Your attached Friend,
PHILIP BARRETT,

Rural Retirement, Va.

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JOHN McDONOUGH.

“JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.

“Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.”

“JOHN McDONOUGH! who is *he?*” my young reader will doubtless exclaim.

It is true, his name is not written in golden letters on the pages of History,—no Senate chamber has resounded with his eloquence,—the conqueror’s wreath has never encircled his brow; but John McDonough has performed a deed which posterity, to the remotest generation, can never forget.

But a few weeks since, the steamer Northern Indiana was burned on one of the Northern lakes, and then and there it was, that this noble and gallant deed was performed.

You who have never seen a ship on fire can form no idea of the awful horror of such a scene. All was wild excitement and mad confusion. The flames spread like a whirlwind over the noble ship, and soon wrapt it in their withering embrace. Every heart was lifted to God in prayer; every voice was joined in supplication; mothers were clasping their infants to their bosoms; husbands endeavoring to save their wives; fathers encircling their sons in their strong and unfailing arms; the waters were a mass of living, immortal beings, struggling for life.

Amid the hissing of the flames, the pale glare of the atmosphere, and the wild shrieks of hopeless agony that arose from the sinking passengers, John McDonough might have been seen, calm and composed, struggling nobly with the swelling waves, and bearing in one hand *life-preservers* to the perishing souls scattered over the surface of the lake, which, to many, was destined soon to be the winding-sheet of Death.

How noble the action! How my heart swells within me when I think of the gallant and fearless conduct of such a man!

When despair clothed every brow, fear paled every cheek, and the wild cry —“Save, Lord, or I perish”—echoed in the ears of the drowning, his lofty brow showed no signs of fear, his eye beamed with hope. He still struggled on, and on, till many and many a soul was rescued from a watery grave.

I had rather be the brave, the dauntless, the self-sacrificing John McDonough—the humble laborer on the ill-fated Northern Indiana—than Alexander the Great weeping because there were no other worlds for him to conquer.

God bless thee, noble John McDonough!

Though no eulogy be pronounced at thy death, no booming cannon thunder over thy grave, no proud monument mark thy resting-place, yet there will be erected in the hearts of thy countrymen a monument more lasting than marble, more enduring than brass. May thy name live forever!

My young friends, do you not also see, concealed as it were by the terrible grandeur and painful horror of the scene, a beautiful and important truth displayed in the conduct of this noble-hearted man?

We are all embarked in a ship. The destination of that ship is *Eternity*. The voyage is tempestuous, and when we least expect it, the fires of hell may take hold upon us. But, thanks be to God, there is a Great Life-preserver always at hand. That Life-preserver I now extend to you: reject it if you dare; destruction is the consequence. Accept it; and you will soon be landed on the blissful shores of Heaven. That Life-preserver is

CHRIST.

CHRIST THE ROCK OF AGES.

“ROCK OF AGES, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

“Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil the law’s demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

“Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

“While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

MARY AND HER DRAWER;

OR, NOTHING MADE BY GETTING ANGRY.

I CANNOT curb my temper,
I might as well have tried
To stop, with little pebbles,
A river's rapid tide.
My good resolves I hardly form,
When trifles raise an angry storm.

CHILD'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

THE church bells were sending forth their merry chimes, and hundreds of children were wending their way to the Sabbath-school. Mary was late that morning, and ran very quickly to her drawer, in which were kept her gloves, hymn-book, catechism, &c., and endeavored to jerk it open at once; but in so doing she got it crooked, and it would move neither way.

Being in a great hurry, she began at once to fret and blame the drawer for not coming out. She soon became quite angry; her check flushed, her eyes sparkled, and with a violent effort she pulled the drawer out, emptied its contents on the floor, tore her dress, disfigured her hymn-book, and almost ruined the drawer itself.

Her father was patiently waiting in the hall for his little daughter, when the accident occurred, and asked her what was the matter. Her instant reply was, "Nothing, Father; you go on—I will overtake you presently."

Little Mary did not overtake her father, and he looked in vain for her at the Sabbath-school.

Her dress was so badly torn that she could not go to Sabbath-school, and with tears flowing down her cheeks, she sat down and thought soberly over her conduct.

She doubtless felt very sorry for her anger, and the unnecessary damage she had done.

No one, when the family returned from church, said a word to her, but left her to her own reflections. When her father had taken off his hat and seated himself, she modestly approached him, threw her arms around his neck, and said,—

"Father, do you know why your little Mary was absent from Sabbath-school this morning?"

"No, my child," he replied.

"I was in a very great hurry, and attempted to pull my drawer out very quickly, and got it fastened so tightly that it would move neither one way nor the other. I tried and tried, but it would not move. I then got angry with the drawer, pulled it very hard, and not only scattered its contents over the floor, but hung the knob in my dress and tore it so badly that I could not come to the Sabbath-school."

Her father told her he willingly forgave her, and that she must also ask God's forgiveness, for she had committed a sin in giving way to her anger. He also told her to remember that nothing was ever made by getting angry. If she ever tried to do anything, and could not do it at once, she must not get angry, but be patient and calm.

I hope this little thing taught Mary an important lesson—and may it teach you the same, dear little reader. *Nothing was ever made by getting angry, but something always lost.*

AGAINST YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

My love, you have met with a trial to-day
Which I hoped to have seen you oppose;
But alas, in a moment your temper gave way,
And the pride of your bosom arose.

I saw the temptation, and trembled for fear
Your good resolutions should fall;
And soon, by your eye and your color, my dear,
I found you had broken them all.

Oh, why did you suffer this troublesome sin
To rise in your bosom again?
And when you perceived it already within,
Oh, why did you let it remain?

As soon as temptation is put in your way,
And passion is ready to start,
'Tis then you must try to subdue it, and pray
For courage to bid it depart.

But now you can only with sorrow implore
That Jesus would pardon your sin,
Would help you to watch for your enemy more,
And put a new temper within.

JANE TAYLOR.

“IT IS I!”

“CLAIM me, Shepherd, as Thine own,
Oh, protect me, Thou alone!
Let me hear Thy gracious voice,
Make my fainting heart rejoice.”

THERE was once a great storm on the Sea of Galilee.

The wild winds howled, and the furious waves rose almost mountain high.

There was a small vessel in the midst of this storm, and in this vessel were some of Christ’s disciples.

When the storm had reached its utmost fury, and certain destruction seemed to await those who were in it, a man was seen walking on the water towards the vessel.

The disciples were at once struck with wonder and amazement. They were doubtless somewhat superstitious, and supposed it to be a spirit; for they were well aware that nothing having flesh and blood like themselves could walk on the surface of the water without sinking.

But whose familiar voice is that, heard even above the roar of the sea, and the noise of the winds? Who is He that dares approach their vessel on such a night?

The voice is the voice of their Saviour; and He who dreads not the rage of the billows, is He whom “the winds and the sea obey.” What are His words? They are few and well chosen—such as were best suited to the occasion: “It is I; be not afraid!” Oh, how welcome the visitor! How delightful that familiar voice! How the downcast hearts of the disciples throb with joy when they welcome their Saviour to their bosoms! How their hearts gush forth in thanks when they see the raging billows become, at His command, as gentle as a lamb, and the furious winds as innocent as a little child.

Children, do not we gather some important truths from this Scripture narrative? In the storms of adversity and sadness, affliction and bereavement, ought we not hear Christ saying to us, “It is I; be not afraid?”

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

THE beating rain in torrents fell,
The thunder muttered loud,
And fearful men with deep grief dwell
Before their Saviour bowed.
The billows lashed the rock-bound shore,
The howling winds roared by,
While feeble cries rose on the gale,
"Christ, save us, or we die."

Upon a bed of sweet repose
Our blessed Saviour lay,
While round Him played the lightning's flash
From out a frowning sky.
And feeble cries of grief and woe
Were heard around His bed,—
"Oh! Jesus, wake—we perish now,
Our courage all has fled."

The lightnings flashed, the thunder roared,
The foaming waves rolled by,
And Jesus calmly rose and said,
"Fear ye not; it is I."
Loud roared the winds in wailing notes,
The night was cold and chill,
And to the raging storm He said,
"Hush, ye winds; peace, be still."

The winds were stilled, the sea was calm,
The clouds soon passed away,
And sunny skies, with golden gleams,
Beamed on the face of day.
"What man is this," the seamen cry,
"That e'en the sea 'll obey?"
He only whispered, 'Peace, be still,'
And darkness passed away."

WESTERN RECORDER.

THE ORPHAN.

“AN orphan in the cold wide world,
Dear Lord, I come to Thee:
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
My Friend and Father be!”

“COLD is the world without a father’s arm to shield, and a mother’s heart to love. The sun shines but dimly on the head of the orphan, for sorrow claims such as its own, and no earthly power can release from its embrace. When a father dies, and she who ‘loves with a deep, strong, fervent love,’ is laid in the grave, then is the brightness of earthly existence extinguished.”

Children, how accurately do the above lines describe the lonely and forsaken condition of the orphan!

Have you never felt your little hearts throb with sorrow when you saw the children of the Orphan Asylum walk quietly down the aisle of the church and seat themselves in regular order in the front pews? Did not their plain dress speak to you in language which you were obliged to hear? Did not the prayer arise from your breasts, that God would be a Father to the fatherless, that He would watch over, guide and protect, throughout the journey of life, that helpless little band of fatherless and motherless children?

How lonely must their condition be. No father to counsel, no mother to love, no home beneath whose shelter they may rest, but dependent upon the cold charities of a colder world.

He who would treat unkindly, or wound the feelings of *an orphan*, is worse than the brute of the field.

My young orphan friends, there is but one source to which I can direct you; there is but one friend who will never desert you; there is but one house whose door will never be closed against you.

That source is God; that friend is Christ; that house is one not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. God will counsel you; upon the bosom of Christ you may “lean for repose;” and the angels of heaven will ever welcome you to their blest abode.

The kind father and the loving mother, from whom you have been separated by death, you shall meet again, if you are Christians.

And to you, dear little readers, who know not the length and breadth and depth of a Saviour’s love, let me say one word: THERE IS NO ORPHANAGE LIKE THAT OF THE SOUL WHICH LEANS NOT UPON CHRIST AS ITS SAVIOUR AND REDEEMER.

LAMENT OF AN ORPHAN.

"HOMELESS, friendless, for many years
I've wandered far and wide,
With none to wipe away my tears,
And none to be my guide.

"No gentle word to soothe my grief,
Words so harshly spoken;
No tender hand to give relief,
And now my heart is broken.

"I sigh to think in former days,
When by my mother's side
I watched the sun's last golden rays
As they sank at eventide.

"Oft I've played beside the brook,
My brother's hand in hand,
As each did seek his favor'd nook,
Then we're a merry band.

"I have no friends—my mother's gone,
She is far, far away;
I sit beside her lowly stone,
And sing my plaintive lay.

"I pray that God will take me home
To that bright world above;
There we shall meet to part no more,
In that heaven of love.

"Death has marked me for its own,
And I no more shall rove;
God has called the orphan child
To praise with Him above.

"Can you hear my prayer, Mother,
In yonder region bright?
I'm coming to you now, Mother,
Earth's but a dismal night."

THE RECORDING ANGEL.

“AMONG the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is as a shining light
That turns the darkness into day.”

WE are told, that during the trial of Bishop Cranmer, in England, he heard, as he was making his defence before the judges, the scratching of a pen behind a screen. The thought at once arose in his mind that they were taking down every word he uttered. “I should be very careful,” thought he to himself, “what I say; for the whole of this will be handed down to posterity, and exert an untold influence for good or for evil.”

Do you know, my young friends, that there is a Recording Angel in heaven that takes down not only every wicked word you utter, but the very thoughts of your minds and desires of your hearts?

Remember, that though your actions are not all seen by men, nor your thoughts known to your companions, yet every action, thought and word is carefully recorded in the Book of God’s Remembrance.

How chaste, then, should be your conversation, how guarded your conduct, how pure your every wish!

At the day of judgment, how full will the pages of that book be of your unkind treatment of some poor, forsaken little wanderer; of your revengeful feelings towards your schoolmate for his little acts of childish thoughtlessness!

But is there not some way to blot out these dark sins from the Book of God’s Remembrance? Yes, there is. Christ has *died*, that you might *live*. He assures you that though your sins are “as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

THE EVER-PRESENT GOD.

"IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

"Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

"My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean."

THOMAS WARD; OR, THE BOY WHO WAS ASHAMED TO PRAY.

“COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.”

EARLY one morning, in the month of September, 184-, Mr. Ward's family were assembled around the family altar for prayer, to implore the blessing and protection of our Heavenly Father in behalf of their only boy, who was about leaving his home for a distant school.

Thomas, a boy of about twelve summers, was deeply affected by the solemn services, and as he arose from his knees his eyes were filled with tears, thinking, perhaps, that he might never be permitted to enjoy that delightful privilege again. His father prayed particularly that God would take care of his boy during his absence from his parents; that He would preserve him from all dangers; that He would be near him in all his temptations; and, if they should not meet again on earth, that they might all—father, mother and son—meet where the “wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” He endeavored to impress upon his mind the necessity of prayer, and that he should never neglect it, under any circumstances. *Don't be ashamed to pray, my son*, said his father.

The ringing of the car-bell announced that in a short time he must be off. The most trying point had now come,—he must bid his parents farewell. Claspng his arms around his mother's neck, he said: “Oh, my Mother, my Mother, shall I ever see you again?” and with a kiss to each, bade his affectionate parents adieu, and, valise in hand, walked hastily to the dépôt.

Having procured his ticket, he seated himself in the cars, and in a few moments left the home of his childhood for the P— H— school, at B—. His heart was sad, as he thought of the many happy hours he had spent “at home” with his kind parents, and a tear stole silently down his cheek. These sad and melancholy thoughts, however, were soon banished from his mind by the magnificent scenery of the country through which he was passing.

He thought “the country,” as it was called in town, was the loveliest place he had ever seen. Thomas' mind became so much engaged with the picturesque scenery—mountains, lakes and valleys—that he reached his place of destination ere he supposed he had travelled half-way.

He met the principal at the dépôt, awaiting his arrival, and in a few moments they were on their way to the school. Nothing of interest occurred during the remainder of the day, with the exception of the boys' laughing at Thomas, calling him “town boy,” etc.; “initiating” him, as they termed it. When the time for retiring to rest drew near, and one after another of the boys fell asleep, Thomas was surprised that not one of them offered a petition to God, asking Him to take care of them during the silent watches of the night. He knelt beside his bed, and attempted to offer a short prayer; but his companions were laughing and singing, and he arose from his knees, wishing that he was at home, where he could, in his quiet little chamber, offer up his evening devotions. Some of the boys were actually so rude as to call him “Parson Ward,” and ask him if he intended holding forth next Sabbath?

The next night Thomas felt so *ashamed*, that he determined *not to pray*, and laid his head on a prayerless pillow,—a thing he had not done since he was able to say, “Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.” The last words of his father, “*Don't be ashamed to pray*” came to his mind; but thinking about them as little as possible, he soon fell asleep.

In a short time Thomas became the ringleader of the gang in all that was bad, and soon learned to curse and swear worse than any of his companions.

On a beautiful Sabbath morning, instead of going to church, he wandered off, and finding nothing to engage his thoughts, determined to take a bath. He had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when he was seized with cramp, and sunk to rise no more. The last words that lingered on the lips of the drowning boy were, “Oh, my mother!”

The awful death of Thomas speaks for itself. May it serve as a warning to those who violate God's holy commandment, and are *ashamed to pray*. May it also teach us how quickly one sin leads to another. His *first* sin was neglecting to pray; his *second*, profanity; his *third*, Sabbath-breaking, which terminated in his death.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

"JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

"Ashamed of Jesus!—Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

"Ashamed of Jesus!—Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend!
No, when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

"Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may,
When I've no sins to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

"Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me."

THE ROSE.

“There is no rose without a thorn.”

THERE are few lovelier things than the rose to be met with along the pathway of life.

There is something about it so meek and modest, that I love to look at it; and what is sweeter than the mellow fragrance of a beautiful rose? It always reminds me of that beautiful country where, we are told, never-fading flowers continue to bloom forever.

The Church of Christ is compared, in the Bible, to the Rose of Sharon; and it seems to me that the inspired penman could not have found, throughout the length and breadth of the world, anything better suited to convey the idea of gentle lowliness and meek humility, than the rose.

Its fragrance can be enjoyed by all. It is not sweeter to the king than to the peasant. So with religion. It is a fountain from which all can drink.

There is another thing about the rose which should teach us a lesson. As there is no rose without a thorn, so there is no enjoyment without some pain connected with it. There are many children who are always discontented; they are never pleased with any thing, but are always looking out for what is disagreeable, and not for what is pleasant. What is this, but forgetting the delightful fragrance of the rose, and piercing our fingers with the few thorns which are about it. Our blessings are much more numerous than our cares and troubles. Why not, then, clip off the thorns, and keep merely the fully opened rose?

As the leaves of the rose wither and die, so must we.

Let us always remember this, and also live in such a way, by shedding a sweet fragrance about our pathway, that all who know us will love us, and forget the few thorns of evil which may be found in our characters.

“How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May;
And the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

“Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead and fine colors lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

“So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,
Though they bloom and look gay like a rose:
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,—
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

“Then I’ll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade,
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I’m dead.”



CHILDREN AND THE FLOWERS.

“FLOWERS, sweet and lowly flowers,
Gems of earth so bright and gay,
Is there nothing you can teach us,
Nothing you to us can say?

“List, and ye shall hear our voices
Speaking to you from the sod;
List, for we would lead you gently
Upwards from the earth to God.

“Children, as ye gaze upon us,
Think of Him who, when below,
Told you well to mark the flowers,
How without a care they grow.

“Children, know that like the flowers
You must quickly fade away:
Life is short; improve the hours—
You may only have to-day.

“We were once but seeds, dear children—
We were placed in earth, and died;
You must die; but trust in Jesus—
Fear not, but in *Him* abide.

“We proclaim the resurrection,
How the dead in Christ shall rise;
Incorruptible, immortal,
They shall reign above the skies.

“Farewell, children, and remember,
When our forms shall meet your view,
That the Lord, who clothes each flower,
Will much more provide for you.”

THE LANTERN.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears—
Through the changes here decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us—
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

SP. SONGS.

THE sun had disappeared behind the western hills, and darkness was fast covering the face of nature, when a little girl, who had been to a distant city, commenced retracing her steps homeward. A kind friend handed her a lantern, and told her if she followed the road on which the lantern shone, it would certainly direct her home. She started with a light heart and joyous spirits, much delighted with her journey beside the still waters, and through the green pastures.

By and by she came to a certain place where two roads branched off. She did not know which one to take; but soon found that her lantern shone very plainly on the one beset with thorns and briars. She concluded to disregard the advice of her friend, and took the opposite road, as it seemed so much more pleasant than the one on which her lantern shone. At first her pathway was bordered with roses of the sweetest fragrance, and with everything calculated to make a young person happy. Finally she reached a point in her journey where she knew not what to do. She had no lamp to direct her; no kind friend to whom she might look for directions; all around her was dark and dismal. Wherever she trod, her steps seemed beset with troubles of every kind.

At last a friendly voice whispered in her ear, and said: "Stop, my dear child—stop and think. You know not whither you are going. You are in the road to death. Stop, before you further go."

She determined to turn her course, and retraced her steps with a heavy heart, determined thereafter always to follow the road on which her lantern shone. She soon reached the place where she had left her lantern, and found its rays still brightly shining on the same road.

She continued her journey onward, and found, though it was rough at first, the farther she proceeded, the better was she pleased. When she reached her home, she found her friends anxiously awaiting her arrival. They all greeted her with a kiss, and welcomed her back again.

Children, the little girl about whom I have been telling you is the young Christian, commencing her journey from the city of Destruction to the New Jerusalem. The journey is her Christian life; the two roads are the long and narrow road to Heaven, and the broad road to Hell; the kind friend is some fellow Christian, and the lantern is God's Holy Word. The thorns in the one road are the trials of a Christian; while the roses in the other are the allurements placed there by the Wicked One, to ensnare the careless and inconsiderate. Her *home* is *Heaven*.

Young Christian, learn a lesson from the conduct of this little girl: Never pursue the course which seems most pleasant, but the one laid down in the Bible.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger
Wand'ring through this lonely vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?"

"Pilgrim thou hast justly call'd me,
Passing through a waste so wide;
But no harm will e'er befall me
While I'm blessed with such a guide."

"Such a guide!—no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise:
If some guardian power befriends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes."

"Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
I have near me such a friend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end."

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

"I'M but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

"What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last.
Heaven is my home.

"Therefore I murmur not;
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home."

THE DECISIVE MOMENT.

“THERE is a time, we know not when,—
A point, we know not where,—
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.”

Not many years ago, when the H— river was very much swollen by the spring rains, and the water had nearly reached its highest point, a lumberman was seen in the midst of the stream, attempting to secure a lot of timber which had broken loose from its fastening.

In his deep interest to secure the timber, he went too far out into the current. His little bark was caught by the rapid tide, and borne along with almost lightning rapidity.

There he sat, motionless as a pillar, not knowing at what moment he should be swallowed up by the roaring and foaming stream. A friend on shore sees his critical situation, mounts his horse, and rides, courier-like, to a neighboring bridge which spans the river. On and on he speeds; now the rider and the boat are side by side; anon the boat passes him, but he spurs his noble animal onward, reaches the bridge in time, seizes a rope and throws it over the arch, awaiting with breathless suspense the approach of the pale and fear-stricken lumberman.

The boat passes immediately under the arch, the boatman grasps the rope with death-like earnestness, and is *saved*.

One moment's delay of the rider, or his failure to grasp the rope, would have sealed his doom forever, and the noble H— been his grave.

My dear young friends, how often do we see persons, in their mad attempts to procure the filthy lucre of this world, go too far into the current of Sin, and are swept wildly over the cataract of Destruction, not knowing, or not desiring to see, that the rope of Salvation is within their grasp! Children, Christ bids you come, *now*. If you delay another moment, your destiny for despair may be sealed.

How bitter will the thought be, when you come to die,—“I might have been saved, but I neglected the golden offering of mercy, and therefore must be consigned to a never-ending eternity of misery and suffering!”

THE VALUE OF TIME.

If idly spent, no art or care
Time's blessing can restore;
And God requires a strict account
For every misspent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon the prospect ends;
Yet on that day's uncertain date
Eternity depends.

POEMS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE ALARM WATCH.

BUT if we should disregard
While this friendly voice doth call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard,
That it will not speak at all.

JANE TAYLOR.

A YOUNG lady, who was very much given to the habit of sleeping late in the morning, purchased a small alarm watch, hoping that it would be the means of breaking her of a practice not only troublesome to those around her, but really a sinful waste of time. At night, on retiring to rest, she so adjusted the watch that it would awaken her at five o'clock the next morning. The watch, with a punctuality worthy to be imitated by all of us, not only at the appointed hour, but at the *very minute itself*, commenced such a whirring noise, that the sleeper was immediately awakened, arose at once, and prepared herself for the duties of the day.

The day passed away very pleasantly. She was at prayers and breakfast at the appointed hour, and everything moved quietly and pleasantly on throughout the entire day; and when the shadows of evening darkened the face of nature, she felt that it was the most pleasant day she had ever spent.

She retired to rest, the next night, with the same resolutions; but when the morning came and her watch commenced its rattling noise, she thought it was not worth while to get up then, but would lie in bed only fifteen minutes longer. The expiration of the fifteen minutes found her sleeping soundly, and she did not awake till the sun had risen far above the tree-tops, and the laborers were busy at their work.

The next morning she heard her watch at its accustomed noise, but came to the conclusion that getting up ahead of the sun was all a humbug.

The next morning she slept so soundly that she scarcely heard the watch at all; and that night concluded not to wind it up, as she had no idea of having her morning's nap disturbed by such a disagreeable noise as that. Thus did she return to her former bad habit, and "her last state was worse than the first."

Each of you, my dear young friends, has an alarm watch in your breast. The moment you disobey your parents, utter an untruth, use a profane expression, or break God's Holy Day, you hear the busy fluttering of that watch whispering in your ear, "*you have done wrong*, YOU HAVE DONE WRONG." The first time you did wrong how loudly did that little watch whirl and buzz! You turned pale, and your heart throbbed so violently that you could almost hear it.

The next time its noise was fainter and fainter; and at last it grew so feeble that you could not hear it all.

Then it was that you could swear so boldly, utter an untruth without your cheek coloring, and break the Sabbath without one painful thought.

My young reader, you know too well what that alarm watch is, whose ticking you so frequently hear in your breast. It is your CONSCIENCE. And oh, how I tremble when I think of what an awful thing it is to endeavor to drown the voice of that conscience!

Day after day, since your early infancy, your conscience has been begging, entreating you to come to Christ and be saved. Its voice has been unheeded. Beware, O young man or young woman, how you trifle with your conscience! Its voice, once stifled, will be hushed forever.

Like the young lady about whom I have been telling you, if you do not obey its summons at once, but keep on putting it off and off, it will leave you in the awful embrace of that sleep "which knows no waking" in this world, and you will only be aroused by the piercing notes of the Archangel's trump,—“Come to judgment.”

Conscience, my young friends, is “the fire that is not quenched,” and “the worm that dieth not,” which shall continue to burn, yet not consume, to gnaw and not diminish your immortal soul, if you do not obey its whisperings by coming to your Saviour, now, in the morning of life.

How awful! oh, how awful will it be, to hear the voice of your disregarded conscience ringing throughout the dark, deep caverns of hell:—

“Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when *your fear cometh as a desolation*, and your *destruction cometh as a whirlwind*; when distress and anguish cometh upon you.”

CONSCIENCE.

WHEN a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us "It is sin,"
And entreats us to beware.

If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says, "Your faults confess;
Do not dare to tell a lie."

In the morning, when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
"Child, consider," Conscience cries;
"Should not God be sought to-day?"

When within His holy walls,
Far abroad our thoughts we send,
Conscience often loudly calls,
And entreats us to attend.

When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill,
"Now subdue it," Conscience cries;
"Do command your temper still."

Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret, gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

But if we should disregard
While this friendly voice doth call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard
That it will not speak at all.

JANE TAYLOR.

“CONDEMNED.”

“Now, despisers, look and wonder;
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound—‘Depart!’
Lost forever!
Hear the dreadful sound—‘Depart!’”

I SAW, not long since, a man busily engaged in branding, with a red-hot iron, the word

“CONDEMNED,”

on a large number of barrels of flour.

On asking him what it meant, he informed me that the flour was not sound, and he was instructed to brand all such “*Condemned.*”

How forcibly, my dear young friends, did it remind me of the situation of sinful persons—those who have no part nor lot in Christ’s kingdom! What a melancholy spectacle would your Sabbath-school present, if your Superintendent were instructed by a Divine command to brand all the bad boys, and girls too—for we often find little girls as bad as boys—“*Condemned!*” What would be their feelings while undergoing such a painful and disgraceful operation? Yet God says those who believe not on Christ are condemned already, and you know “His Word is truth.” There is one, and only one, way by which this word can be effaced from your guilty and sin-defiled hearts; and that is by the purifying and sin-cleansing blood of Christ.

Then pray that He will “Create in you clean hearts, and renew right spirits within you;” so that you may love Him better and serve Him more faithfully in the future than you have done in the past.

THE SPIRIT QUENCHED.

THERE is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below
May bloom, as Eden bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

O where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed?
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost!

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called TO-DAY, repent,
And harden not your heart."

DR. J. ADDISON ALEXANDER.

“I WANT TO BE A MINISTER.”

LIVES of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.

LONGFELLOW.

MORE than a century ago there lived in England an orphan boy of no ordinary promise. From his early childhood, “I want to be a minister,” was his chief desire. Being deprived not only of the counsel of a father and the affection of a mother, but also of the necessary amount of money to carry out his cherished desire, his youthful spirit was bowed to the earth, and his noble heart throbbed only with feelings of bitter disappointment and despair.

But a brighter day dawns. There is a prospect for his ardent desire to be gratified. A wealthy lady kindly volunteers to pay all of his expenses at the University of Oxford, if he will become a minister of the Church of England.

But he is a Dissenter, and his noble spirit refuses to sell the religion of his father and mother for the perishable riches of this world, and he most respectfully declines the proffered kindness. God bless thee, noble youth! Wait patiently—don’t despair—*never give up*. “Where there’s a will, there’s a way.” The path of Duty is always the path of Right.

Not long after this occurrence, a poor boy, dressed in the garb of poverty, presented himself at the door of a celebrated minister, and asked to have a private interview with him relative to studying for the ministry. The minister listened patiently to the recital of his many difficulties and numerous trials, but told him that he thought it entirely unheard of, for a youth like himself to think about entering upon so high and responsible a calling. He advised him to think no more of preaching, but to choose some other calling.

Disheartened at himself, discouraged by his friends, poor, penniless and forsaken, he knew not whither to go. No smile of encouragement met his eye; no voice of approval sanctioned his noble endeavor. There was one Friend, however, who had never forsaken him; who had never turned a deaf ear even to his smallest desire; who had ever loved him with fatherly affection and motherly tenderness. To that friend he then betook himself, and when engaged in fervent prayer, a postman knocked at the door, and handed him a letter from an old friend of his father, informing him of his willingness to take him under his care and assist him in his studies, if he was still intent upon studying for the ministry. “This,” he exclaimed, “I look upon almost as an answer from Heaven, and while I live I shall always adore so seasonable an opening of divine Providence.”

The wishes of the poor orphan boy were thus gratified; and before many years had passed away, under the guidance and instruction of his friend, he became a bright and shining light on the walls of Zion.

Youthful reader, this orphan boy was PHILIP DODDRIDGE—the pious and devoted minister of Christ, the beautiful writer, the faithful pastor, the brilliant Christian.

If there be any one into whose hands this little article may fall, who, like Doddridge, “wants to be a minister,” and is prevented from accomplishing his desire on account of want of means, let me say one word—*never despair!* If God wants you to be a minister, He will provide the means. Wait patiently, and pray earnestly.

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.”

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

"ON a bridge I was standing one morning,
And watching the current roll by,
When suddenly into the water
There fell an unfortunate fly.

"The fishes that swam to the surface
Were looking for something to eat,
And I thought that the hapless young insect
Would surely afford them a treat.

"'Poor thing!' I exclaimed with compassion,
'Thy trials and dangers abound,
For if thou escap'st being eaten,
Thou canst not escape being drowned.

"No sooner the sentence was spoken,
Than lo! like an angel of love,
I saw to the waters beneath me
A leaflet descend from above.

"It glided serene on the streamlet,
'Twas an ark to the poor little fly;
Which soon, to the land reascending,
Spread its wings in the breezes to dry.

"Oh, sweet was the truth that was whispered,
That mortals should *never* despair;
For He who takes care of an insect,
Much more for His *children* will care.

"And though to our short-sighted vision
No way of escape may appear,
Let us *trust*, for when least we expect it,
The help of '*our Father*' is near."

RUFUS TAYLOR.

Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord.—BIBLE.

ON an evening in July, 18—, as several youths, from twelve to eighteen years of age, were standing at the corner of a street in the little village of B—, Rufus Taylor, one of their companions, came up to them and said, "Come, boys, let's go and take a cool bath—'tis terribly warm."

Rufus had been positively forbidden by his parents to go bathing without their consent; but, thinking they would never know anything about it, he came up to the group of boys and made the preceding proposition.

They all, with one consent, agreed to it, and soon were on their way to the bay.

Arriving at their famous bathing spot, and undressing in a few moments, they soon plunged into the cooling water, and swam to an island, a few hundred yards distant.

Rufus alone remained on the shore.

He was afraid to attempt swimming such a long distance, as he had but recently learned to swim. But, collecting all his courage, he followed his comrades, and cried out that he would overtake them or be *damned!* What an awful word to proceed from the lips of a boy twelve years old! He had not swum more than fifty yards, when his strength failed, and he sank beneath the blue waves of the roaring ocean. Every effort was made by his friends to save him, but they were all in vain.

Let his untimely end be a solemn warning to boys who are in the habit of disobeying their parents.

May it teach a lesson, also, to those who indulge in the use of profane language. Rufus did not think that his *damnation* was so near at hand, when he uttered that awful curse.

He was hurried into the presence of his Maker without one moment's warning, and with the profane expression still lingering on his lips.

Who can tell the unutterable anguish of his parents when the intelligence of the death of their only son—their disobedient boy—reached their ears? His father, on being told that his son was drowned, exclaimed, "*Oh, my disobedient son! I told him not to go bathing without my consent. Would to God I had died for him!*"

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

“LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With reverence mark their parents’ word,
And with delight obey.

“Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten’d by the Lord
To him that breaks his father’s laws,
Or mocks his mother’s word?

“What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

“But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.”

JAMES JONES;

OR, THE LITTLE GAMBLER.

"MAKE us unguarded youth
The objects of Thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare."

"WHAT can be meant by 'the little gambler?' I never heard of a boy's gambling in my life!" my little reader will, no doubt, exclaim. Though it may seem very strange, yet such things often occur. I will relate to you an incident that occurred in my school-boy days, which, perhaps, may bring to your recollection the fact that you have indulged in it yourself. Boys as well as men are frequently found to be gamblers, though, of course, on a much smaller scale.

At the corner of a street in the city of — was a gaming house, kept by a boy not more than twelve years old. It was one of the most beautiful and pleasant places I ever saw, well calculated to entice within its polluted walls the heedless and inconsiderate youth. Here, after school hours, quite a number of boys were accustomed to assemble and spend their evenings.

Passing near the above place one pleasant evening in May, I saw a youth, whom I shall call James Jones, who seemed to be intently engaged in the issue of a game. He was successful; and when he gathered up the "stakes," a smile of exulting joy passed over his face. I saw nothing more of James till some eight years after the above occurrence. I was standing in the court-room one morning, when I heard the clerk read out a charge against James Jones for forcibly breaking into the trunk of a certain gentleman, and stealing therefrom the sum of \$500.

On examining the appearance of the young man more closely, I found him to be the same youth whom I had seen in the "little gambling house." A widowed mother sat by his side, weeping most bitterly. His appearance had altered very much. Long confinement had turned the healthy, robust man into a mere skeleton. His countenance was haggard, his cheek sunken, his eye dim, his step tremulous.

He was found guilty, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the State Penitentiary. When he arose to receive the sentence the most perfect indifference was manifested by him, while his poor mother seemed as though she would die beneath the weight of such heavy affliction.

She informed me that James, at a very early age, became fond of bad company, and would often steal away at night, and spend the time allotted to rest in the most dissipated assemblies. He finally became involved in debt, and determined to get out at all hazards. He was thus almost forced to commit a deed which brought the grey hairs of his mother in sorrow to the grave, and ruined him for life.

Doubtless, you would like to know what was James' first act in his downward career. It was betting at the "*little gambling house*." There he learned to do evil rather than good.

I have neglected to explain to you what the *gambling house* was. It was a wide-spreading elm tree, beneath the hospitable shade of which the boys of the neighborhood were accustomed to meet and play marbles for *have-ance*; that is, each boy kept all the marbles he knocked out of the ring.

Have any of you ever been guilty of this? If so, then you were gambling, and, unless you stop it at once, the gallows or the penitentiary may be your end. Do not gamble with marbles; it may be your ruin. Truly, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

“Placed on the verge of youth, my mind
Life’s opening scene surveyed;
I viewed its ills of various kinds,
Afflicted and afraid.

“Oh, how shall I, with heart prepar’d,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienced feet?

“Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
My Maker’s will has placed me here,
A Maker wise and good.

“He too, my every trial knows
Its just restraint to give,
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

“Though griefs unnumbered throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the rolling tide.”

TAKE HEED.

“Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.”

“Let him who thinks he stands secure,
And in self-confidence is sure
He shall unto the end endure,
 ‘Take heed.’

“Let him who fears not Satan’s art,
Nor dreads temptation’s fiery dart,
But says he’s safe in every part,
 ‘Take heed.’

“Let him who sees his neighbor wrong,
And makes those faults his daily song,
Blasting his fame with thoughtless tongue,
 ‘Take heed.’

“Let him whose heart is lifted high,
Who’ll pass an erring brother by,
Or bid him from his presence fly,
 ‘Take heed.’

“Who feels not his own strength is small,
Nor lifts to heaven an early call
For daily grace, lest he should fall,
 ‘Take heed.’

“By faith in ‘Christ our strength’ we stand,
He keeps by His almighty hand,
Those who obey His wise command:
 ‘Take heed.’”

GERTRUDE MASON.

"COME, children, come!
God bids you come!
Come and learn to sing the story
Of the Lord of life and glory;
Come, children, come!"

MRS. BROWN.

GERTRUDE MASON was a sweet little girl of about ten summers, with rosy cheeks, and bright, sunny hair.

She did not live in the city, like a great many children, but she lived at a quiet little cottage in the country, which she called "Rose Neath."

Gertrude was a good child.

She loved everybody, and everybody seemed to love her.

She was meek and gentle, and was always willing to do any thing she could to minister to the wants of the poor and needy.

Gertrude had a beautiful Newfoundland dog, named Rescue, and wherever she went, her friend Rescue was always at her side. She loved him very much, and used to give him part of her meals every day. One lovely Sabbath morning, when the sun was shining brightly, and the little birds singing sweetly from the boughs of the trees, Gertrude, dressed neatly and tidily, hymn-book and catechism in hand, started off for the Sabbath-school.

She had not gone very far, when she came to a creek.

Thrown across this creek was a log, on which persons were in the habit of crossing.

It had rained the night before, and the log was very slippery. Gertrude did not think of this, and was about crossing over, when her foot slipped, and she was thrown headlong into the swollen current.

She would have been drowned, had it not been for her faithful friend Rescue, who swam in and brought her safely to the shore.

Thus was the life of this lovely girl saved by her affectionate dog.

This little story should teach us two lessons.

First, if we wish persons to love us, we must be kind and attentive to them.

Secondly, the pathway of life is very slippery, and many of our companions fall into very great sins, and it is our duty, like Rescue, to save them from destruction.

“REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.”

WHILE in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,

Remember thy creator, God,
For Him thy powers employ;
Make Him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

GIBBONS.

THE DEAF SHOEMAKER.

TOILING—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

LONGFELLOW.

BENEATH the scorching rays of a blistering summer's sun, or chilled by the piercing blast of winter, a puny, sickly youth might have been seen daily ascending a ladder, bearing on his head a heavy weight of slate. There is nothing about his appearance but his feeble step and emaciated frame, calculated to attract the attention of the passer-by: a closer observation, however, will show that he possesses an eye which bespeaks an amount of patient perseverance but seldom known.

On one occasion, when about twelve years of age, while engaged in his accustomed labor, his foot misses the round of the ladder which he had so long ascended, and the infirm youth is thrown a distance of thirty-five feet on the hard stone pavement beneath. In a state of perfect insensibility he is taken up and borne to the arms of his afflicted friends. For two long weeks he remains in a state of unconsciousness, not knowing the nearest and dearest of his relatives.

At the expiration of this time his mind begins to revive, and his feeble eye wanders about the room with listless indifference. Recovering from his attack, he immediately inquires for a book in which he had been deeply interested previous to the accident which came so near terminating his earthly career.

No one seems to answer his inquiries. "Why do you not speak? *Pray let me have my book!*" Still no one replies. At last some one takes a slate and writes upon it that the book had been returned to its owner.

"Why do you *write* to me?" exclaimed the sufferer—"speak, *speak!* SPEAK!" Again was the pencil taken and the three words—*you are deaf*—written.

How severe the affliction! No more can that ear drink in the sweet melody of the little warblers; no more listen to those words of affection which make home the brightest and happiest spot in the world; no more hear the gentle notes of the "sweet singer of Israel," or gather the soul-stirring anthems that echo and reëcho through the vaulted roof of God's sanctuary.

As his father was very poor, he was placed in an almshouse to keep him from starvation.

He was soon removed, however, from his lonely prison home, and placed under a shoemaker, but was treated so unkindly that his friends found it necessary to have him again put in the poorhouse.

His studious habits and intellectual qualities soon attracted the notice of the officers of the almshouse, and he was treated with marked kindness and attention. While others were wasting the golden moments of youth, the *deaf shoemaker* was busy garnering his spare minutes, and storing his mind with information which was destined to exert an influence throughout the world.

In a short time he was removed to the London Missionary Society, whence he went to Malta as a printer.

Here he studied very closely, and, after returning to London, accompanied Mr. Groves in a tour through Russia, Georgia, Armenia, Kurdistan and Persia.

During this tour he gathered a vast amount of information relative to Eastern manners and customs, which rendered him one of the most instructive and interesting writers in the world.

He published, as the fruit of his arduous toil during this journey, quite a number of books, which have been greatly sought after both in Europe and America, and have made him a welcome guest at thousands of happy firesides.

His toilsome and unceasing labors for the cause of truth and religion were too severe for so feeble a frame, and at an early age, not fifty years old, JOHN KITTO—the deaf shoemaker of Plymouth—gently fell asleep in the arms of his Saviour—beloved and respected by all who knew him, and honored by those who had become familiar with him from his deeply interesting and invaluable productions.

In speaking of Kitto, a clergyman of considerable distinction uses the following beautiful language:—

"Rarely have we read a more touching record of heroic struggle than the toilsome ascent of the deaf boy of Plymouth to the lofty position of the world-famed Editor of the Biblical Encyclopædia, the Pictorial Bible, the Daily Bible Illustrations. He reached, through incredible difficulties, a position that few

attain under the most favorable circumstances, and has left behind him nearly fifty volumes, some of which take high rank as works of critical authority. Truly the heroic ages have not yet ceased, and there is a heroism of the solitary student that is a nobler thing than that of the warrior on the field of battle; and such heroism is seen in the life of Kitto."

My young friends, how touchingly beautiful and highly instructive is the brief but brilliant life of John Kitto! Do not

"Lives of *such* men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time—

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again?"

THE CHILD OF POVERTY.

LORD, I am poor, yet hear my call;
Afford me daily bread;
Give me at least the crumbs that fall
From tables richly spread.

Thou canst for all my wants provide,
And bless my homely crust;
The ravens cry, and are supplied,
And ought I not to trust?

Behold the lilies, how they grow,
Though they can nothing do;
And will not God who clothes them so,
Afford me raiment too?

O may I heavenly treasures find,
And choose the better part:
Give me an humble, pious mind,
A meek and lowly heart.

JANE TAYLOR.

NORMAN HALL;

OR, THE BOY AND THE ROCK.

"BLESSINGS, Lord, vouchsafe to give
On the teaching I receive."

NORMAN HALL was what most of us would call a "dull boy;" that is, though he studied hard, yet he was never ahead in his classes, and could not master his lessons as easily as a great many other boys. He was respected and beloved not only by his teacher, but also by the scholars. His father and mother both felt very sad because their only boy did not rank among the first in his class, and knew not how to account for it.

One Friday, Norman missed nearly all of his lessons, and was so much discouraged that he almost determined to quit studying entirely and go to some honest trade. He left the school-room with tears in his eyes, thinking that he had entered it for the last time. As he was going home, he saw a large and deep hole in a rock, which a small stream, by continually falling in the same place, had worn. It was the very thing he needed, and suited him exactly. The thought at once arose in his mind, if a little stream, so soft in itself, can make such a deep and lasting impression on this hard and flinty rock, I am sure, by hard studying and close application, I can make an impression on my mind, which certainly is not as hard as this rock.

He returned to school on Monday, and studied more diligently than he had ever done before; and as he grew in years, he grew in understanding, and at length became a learned man.

Remember, "That a drop hollows out the stone not by force, but by falling often; so you will become learned, not by a violent effort, but by frequent reading."

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
'You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.'
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher:
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,"
This man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to *love working and reading*.

WATTS.

“DELAY NOT.”

“DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Salvation is purchased, redemption is free.”

THE sun was hanging low in the West; dark and threatening banks of lead-colored clouds were moving slowly across the heavens; the distant muttering of thunder, and quick and piercing flashes of lightning, bade me prepare for the approaching storm. In circumstances like these, I was riding slowly along the banks of a canal, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a small house, which sat just above my head, on a little eminence. Seeing the storm was rapidly approaching, I thought it would be a good shelter from the rain.

The unhinged shutters, the broken panes of glass whose places were supplied by dirty rags, the large cracks between the logs, all told too plainly that withering poverty had there an abode. After repeated knocks at the door, a woman made her appearance. Such a human being I had never seen. She looked more like a fiend from the regions of the damned, than a living and immortal soul. Her cheek was sunken; her eye dim and staring wildly about; her hair thrown loosely over her shoulders; her feet uncovered; and her person clad in the most filthy and disgusting manner.

She did not seem accustomed to seeing strange faces, and gave me such a wild stare that my very blood chilled in my veins. There we both stood. For some moments not a word was uttered by either. I was waiting to see if she would ask me to take a seat. This she did not do; and feeling that I had a matter of more importance than politeness to attend to—*her soul's welfare*—I sat down on the remains of what was once a chair, and commenced the following conversation:

“Are you a Christian?” “No.” “Do you ever expect or hope to be a *Christian*?” “No.” “Have you ever felt the workings of God's Spirit upon your heart?” “Never, since a child.” “Have you at any period in your past life ever read your Bible?” “Yes, I read it when a school-girl.” “Did you not see a peculiar beauty and simplicity in it?” “I did not.” “Do you believe in the Bible?” “Yes,” she angrily replied, “*I believe it to be a lie from beginning to end.*” “Have you ever read any other books besides the Bible?” “I have read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and believe that he was as complete a liar as ever lived, and never experienced one feeling described in that book, but wrote it only to deceive the foolish common people.” “Are you, in your present situation, willing to die?” “*Yes, and willing to go to hell, and stay there forever and ever!*”

Giving her several tracts on infidelity, which she contemptuously threw on the floor, I invoked a Father's blessing on her, and departed—never to meet again till we stand around the judgment-seat of Christ.

The clouds which were wandering over the heavens when I entered the house, had collected in a mass, and produced one of the most awful storms I ever witnessed in my life. The wind blew most furiously; the rain poured in torrents; peal after peal of the most deafening thunder echoed and reëchoed among the mountain crags; and flash after flash of piercing lightning darted across the heavens. But, my dear young friends, this storm did not compare, in its madness and fury, with that still more awful storm of despair and hopeless agony which was raging in the breast of her from whom I had just parted.

Dear young friends, do not put off till to-morrow the eternal interests of your immortal souls. Remember—oh, remember the terrible condition of the woman about whom I have been telling you.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
To seek for Heaven or think of death?"

A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That He'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!

What if His dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse His offer'd grace,
And all His love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place!

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His power and vengeance none can tell:
One stroke of His almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to Hell!

Then 'twill forever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

WATTS.

THE SAVIOUR.

ONE there is, above all others,
Who deserves the name of Friend.
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

NEWTON.

A MOTHER with three children was once returning home, at a late hour of the night, through one of those dark and lonely passes which abound in the Alps mountains.

The night was so very cold that she drew two of her children close to her side, and clasped the youngest to her breast, in order to keep them from freezing.

They thus journeyed on, drawn rapidly over the smoothly beaten road by their faithful horse, dreaming only of the warm fire and affectionate welcome which awaited them at their mountain home, little thinking of the danger which lurked so short a distance behind them.

Presently she heard in the far-off distance the faint howl of a wolf.

In a few seconds that of another, and another, fell upon her ear.

The sound grew louder and louder, and the number seemed to increase every moment.

The thought at once flashed across her mind, that a pack of half-starved wolves was in hot pursuit of herself and darling little ones.

The noble horse knew too well the danger that awaited himself and his precious burden, and with renewed speed hastened rapidly onward.

But his strength was not sufficient to rescue his mistress and her little ones from the jaws of twenty hungry wolves; for their fearful yell rang louder and louder on the midnight air, till, on looking behind her, the affrighted mother beheld them within a hundred yards of the precious laden sleigh.

Their blood-shot eyes glared fiercely, and their tongues hung far out of their mouths.

There was no escape—destruction was certain. Yes, there was one means of escape, and only one; that was, to throw one of her children to the wolves, and while they were satisfying their hunger on its body, she and the other two might safely reach their home. Awful thought! She looked into their cherub faces, kissed by the soft rays of the silver moon, with that tenderness which a mother only can feel, and her loving heart shrank back with horror from such a fiendish deed.

Not a moment was to be lost. The yelling wolves were within a few steps of the sleigh—she felt their heated breath warming her cheek. One minute more, and herself and children would be devoured by the bloodthirsty beasts. Love for her children prevails, she throws herself a sacrifice to the hungry pack, and soon breathes her last, surrounded by the growls of devouring wolves, and the mournful dirge of the mountain winds.

Children, was not that loving mother the SAVIOUR of her tender offspring?

And now I ask you,—Will you, can you, reject that dear Saviour who suffered, and bled, and died on Calvary, to save you from a never-ending destruction?

“Oh! that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.”

THE STRAYED LAMB.

Matt. xviii. 12, 13.

“A GIDDY lamb, one afternoon,
Had from the fold departed;
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it, broken-hearted;
Not all the flock, that shared his love,
Could from the search delay him:
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

“But, night and day, he went his way
In sorrow, till he found it;
And when he saw it fainting lie,
He clasp'd his arms around it;
And, closely shelter'd in his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He brought it to his home of rest,
And pitied, and forgave it.

“And so the Saviour will receive
The little ones that fear Him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near Him;
Bless, while they live—and when they die,
When soul and body sever,
Conduct them to His home on high,
To dwell with Him forever.”

AUTUMN.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound.

On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid;
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

HORNE.

To me, no season of the year brings with it so many solemn and instructive reflections as Autumn. When I look around me and see everything looking so barren and desolate, I cannot help feeling sad. The fields which a few months since looked so gay and beautiful, with their flower-dressed meadows and waving grain, are now parched and dead. The busy scythe of the reaper has laid many a proud stalk level with the ground, and the frugal husbandman has gathered his abundant harvest into his garner, or left it carefully stacked in the field to breast the storms of the approaching Winter. The variegated blossoms of the apple-tree have matured, ripened, and fallen to the ground. The garden which, a short time since, sent forth such delightful fragrance, now lies barren and bare. The leaves have fallen one by one from the sturdy oak, and left it in its lonely barrenness to battle with the piercing winds and howling tempests of the winter king. I have sat by my window and seen the green leaf of Summer first fade into a pale amber color, grow darker and darker by degrees, till it finally turned to a beautiful russet, and then flutter to the ground. When I first noticed the tree, it was covered with a heavy foliage. In a few days it became thinner and thinner; in a few more days a few leaves lingered on its topmost boughs, and at last they, too, fell to the ground, and left it perfectly solitary.

Children, can you look upon such scenes as these, and not feel that they were intended by God to teach you many important truths? Does not the barren field remind you of that soul from which the light of God's countenance has been withdrawn? The gathered harvest of that great harvest of mankind which shall take place at the judgment day? Does not the oak teach you, if you wish to encounter the trials and tempests of the world, that you must lay aside everything, however small it may seem, which will enable those trying tempests better to uproot your faith and cast you headlong into destruction? May you, like it, the more violent the storm, the deeper penetrate the roots of your trust into the soil Christ Jesus.

*"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."*

When we look upon the fading leaf and the withering flower, may we feel that "We all do fade as a leaf," and that "All flesh is grass, and the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever." How frequently do we see it the case, that those whom we consider friends, when the sun of prosperity shines brightly upon us, cannot be drawn away; but, like the leaves of the forest, as soon as the pinching frosts of adversity begin to wither our hopes and blast our cherished expectations, they can nowhere be found, but have left us to struggle against difficulties, when we most needed their advice and counsel. Let us not, then, put too much trust in an arm of flesh, but always rely upon God, who will never desert us or leave us to the mercy of our enemies. As the leaf falleth to the ground, and moulders into dust, so does the body of man; but his spirit returneth to God who gave it, and shall spend an eternity amid the joys of Heaven or the woes of Hell.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

THERE COMES, from yonder height,
A soft repining sound,
Where forest leaves are bright,
And fall like flakes of light
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And visits with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look
From out their sunny nook
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind;
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind,

And wanders on to make
That soft uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell
Can win a moment's stay;
Nor fair untrodden dell;
He sweeps the upland swell,
And away!

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state,
O soft, repining wind!
That early seek'st, and late,
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find?

Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West;
The wind that stops to rest
Is no more.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

W. C. BRYANT.

NERO; OR, CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

COWPER'S TASK.

ABOUT fifty years after the birth of Christ there lived a Roman Emperor whose name was Nero. He was one of the most cruel and unmerciful men whose lives are recorded in history. He put to death many of the noblest citizens of Rome upon the very slightest and most unfounded charges. The most bloody and brutal act of his life was the persecution of the Christians in and about the city of Rome. He set fire to the city in order that he might enjoy the pleasure of seeing a conflagration similar to that of a great city which had been destroyed many years before. To silence the report of his having set fire to the city, the base Nero laid the guilt of it upon the new sect of Christians, whose numbers were rapidly increasing in every part of the empire. The death of these poor harmless Christians was aggravated with sport; "for they were either covered with the skins of wild beasts, and torn to pieces by devouring dogs, or fastened to crosses, or wrapped up in combustible garments, that when the daylight failed they might serve, like torches, to illuminate the darkness of the night."

He not only inflicted upon them every manner of torture and suffering which his wicked and depraved mind could invent, but he also took a great delight in seeing the poor innocent creatures suffer. Sometimes he drove a chariot among the sufferers, and at others he stood among them as a spectator of scenes which would make the coldest heart melt with sympathy, and the eye of the most unfeeling shed tears of sorrow.

Such was the character of one of the most cruel and merciless wretches that ever lived. And to what thing do you suppose, dear reader, his cruelty may be attributed? To the great delight which he took, when a child, in inflicting pain on the harmless and inoffensive little insect. It was his delight to extract from it cries of sorrow, and to tread upon the worm in order that he might witness its painful writhings. As he was in childhood, so was he when he became a man. As in childhood he caught the fly and pierced its body through with pointed instruments, so in manhood did he cause his fellow-man to suffer every pain which his corrupt heart could wish, or his sinful mind invent.

Whenever I see a little boy or a little girl catching flies and pulling their legs and wings off, or piercing their bodies, I always think *there* will be a *second Nero*, if that disposition is not changed by God, or a check put upon it by some kind friend.

Children, be kind to every thing around you, particularly the dumb brute. Do not throw stones at the harmless little sparrow, or the pretty little snow-bird. Life is as precious to them as it is to you. Doubtless they have feelings of love and tenderness for each other, and why do you wish to destroy their happiness? Even if they had ever wronged you, it would be your duty to return good for evil; and how much more is it your duty *not* to *injure* them, since they have never harmed you in the least. It always pains me very much to see a little boy throwing stones at every cow, horse, or hog that passes along within striking distance of him. Oh how unkind! How unlike Him who went about doing good!

I once saw a boy throw a stone at a beautiful young horse. He did it thoughtlessly, and did not intend hurting the animal; but the stone struck it in the eye and destroyed its sight forever.

Dear reader, if you had seen the agony and heard the screams of suffering which that *one* stone caused that harmless horse, I am sure you would never throw another stone at a bird or beast as long as you live. The boy, when he saw the pain which he had caused the innocent colt, went off and wept most bitterly; and I am certain, learned a most instructive lesson. Children,

"Let love through all your actions run,
And all your *deeds* be *kind*."

"SWEET it is to see a child
Tender, merciful, and mild;
Ever ready to perform
Acts of mercy to a worm;
Grieving that the world should be
Thus a scene of misery;
Scene in which the creatures groan
For transgressions not their own.

"If the creatures must be slain
Thankless sinners to sustain;
Such a child, methinks, will cry,
'Treat them gently when they die;
Spare them while they yield their breath;
Double not the pains of death;
Strike them not at such a time,
God accounts the stroke a crime.'

"God is love, and never can
Love or bless a cruel man;
Mercy rules in every breast
Where His Spirit deigns to rest;
We ourselves to mercy owe
Our escape from endless woe;
And the merciless in mind
Shall themselves no mercy find."

SPARE THE INSECT.

"Oh, turn that little foot aside,
Nor crush beneath its tread
The smallest insect of the earth,
That looks to God for bread.

"If He who made the universe
Looks down in kindest love,
To shape an humble thing like this,
From His high throne above—

"Why shouldst thou, then, in wantonness,
That creature's life destroy?
Or give a pang to any thing
That He has made for joy?

"My child, begin in little things
To act the gentle part;
For God will turn His love away
From every cruel heart."

THE RAILROAD.

“For we are sojourners, as were all our fathers.”—BIBLE.

THE cars were crowded. In one corner sat the grey-haired grandfather; by his side, the gay, thoughtless maiden; farther on, the youthful aspirant after the world's honors; and at his elbow, the stern, thinking business man, intently engaged in reading the morning's *Prices Current*, thinking only of Profit and Loss, and the rise and fall of articles for which he trafficked, forgetting, not the *almighty dollar*, but his *immortal soul*.

We started. On and on the fire-breathing iron horse drew us along:—now hurrying around the sweeping curves; now ascending some steep acclivity; now rattling through dark, dungeon-like tunnels; anon speeding with almost lightning rapidity over the smoothly laid track.

None seemed to fear. All was happiness and joy. One was thinking of the joyful welcome that awaited him at his happy home; another of the pleasure he expected to meet with from the friends of his childhood, from whom he had been separated many a long year; others were perfectly indifferent—no trouble to cloud their brows, no care to harass their hearts—gazing, with countenances of delight, on the fair fields of nature which stretched out before them, the mirror-like lake, or the cloud-capped mountain that lifted its proud head far above the bustle and confusion of the world.

None thought of danger. None thought that the next moment might find them a mass of bruised and mangled corpses, or struggling for life amid the waves of some roaring river. The engineer was at his post; the conductor would see that no harm should befall them.

My young friends, as I sat in that crowded car, many were the thoughts that rose in my mind. I thought this life was but a railroad; we the passengers. Some of us are thoughtful and considerate; many gay and inconsiderate. The railroad of life has many curves, to avoid the current of sin, or the pit of destruction; many a high acclivity of difficulty; many a dark, lonely tunnel of doubt and uncertainty; many a deep cut of affliction, from which the light of God's countenance seems entirely withdrawn. The route lies along the flower-dressed meadows of happiness, and through the dark, dismal morasses of poverty and want. At one moment all is beauty, loveliness and grandeur; at another, the clouds of God's wrath gather thick and heavy around us. Some of us are journeying to our heavenly home; others, far from that home, in search of what the world calls enjoyment, but, like the apples of Sodom, bitterness and remorse.

My young friends, if Christ be our engineer and God our conductor, we need fear no evil. All will be well; our journey safe and pleasant: and we shall safely reach a glorious home in Heaven, and there spend an eternity of blissful happiness in the company of the loved and lost who have traveled this road, and reached, without any collision or accident, its termination.

THE SPIRITUAL RAILWAY.

"THE line to heaven by Christ was made;
With heavenly truths the rails are laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends;
To life eternal—there it ends.

"Repentance is the station then,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fees for them are there to pay,
For *Jesus* is Himself the way.

"The Bible is the engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

"God's love—the fire, His truth the steam
Which drives the engine and the train;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ—in Him abide.

"In the first, second, and third class,
Repentance, faith, and holiness,
You must the way to glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.

"Come, then, poor sinners, now's the time,
At any place along the line;
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in."

A TRUE SKETCH

“LET us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.”

LONGFELLOW.

A VENERABLE minister of Christ left his home one bright, beautiful Sabbath morning, for the house of God. He was riding a restless, fiery mountain colt, but had no fears of his ability to manage him, as he had been raised from early childhood, as it were, on a horse's back, and feared the wildest animal as little as he did a playful kitten.

He had gone but a short distance on his way, when the horse, becoming frightened, made a sudden leap, and threw his rider headlong against the projecting points of a large rock lying near the roadside. The rock entered his skull, and in a few moments that aged father in Israel breathed his last, with no kind friend near to whisper words of consolation in his dying ear, or wipe the sweat of death from his patriarchal brow.

The anxious congregation waited long and impatiently for the appearance of their much-loved pastor, but he came not. His spirit had winged its way to that bright, happy land,

“Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.”

A portion of the congregation determined to find out the cause of his long, unusual delay, and accordingly set out along his accustomed road. After travelling several miles, what was their surprise and sorrow to find their grey-haired shepherd, who had so long and so cheerfully led them “beside the still waters, and through the green pastures,” who had taken the lambs of the flock in his bosom, and protected their tender little feet from the thorns which strew the pathway of childhood, lying stretched on the cold ground, a lifeless corpse. Many were the tears that moistened the noble brow of this man of God; bitter were the throbbings of stricken hearts that stood around the body of him who, Sabbath after Sabbath, had broken to them the Bread of Life.

There anxiously kneels at the side of her sainted father a little girl, whom they have failed to notice. What is she doing there? Come, gather closely around this scene, children, and look at one of your number. She heard the clattering of the horse's feet as he hurried wildly from the spot where lay his lifeless corpse; she hastened quickly towards the church and reached her father only in time to hear the death-rattle in his throat, and see his brains all scattered over the ground. What does she do? She gathers them up, places them once more in his skull, and with her little hands endeavors to hold the shattered fragments together. But it is too late now. Dear, loving little Mary can't recall the spirit of her departed parent back to earth; and the sorrowing members of that shepherdless flock bear her away to a home, around whose bright fireside and at whose morning and evening altar shall never again be heard the voice of one whom none knew but to love.

My young friends, I have witnessed and heard of many touching scenes, but for child-like innocence, and tender, loving affection, this surpasses them all.

I now leave you to learn the many lessons of affection and love this hasty sketch teaches, and hope you will not throw the book carelessly aside, and forget all about it; but think if you love your parents as fatherless little Mary loved hers.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DEPARTED.

I KNOW thou art gone to thy home of rest;
Then why should my soul be sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.

HERVEY.

“THE LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.”

“HASTEN, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for to-morrow’s sun,
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn
Before the needful work is done.”

“THE LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON,” stood forth in bold prominence from mammoth posters at every prominent place in the city.

“*The Last Night of the Season*” headed an advertisement in every daily paper.

“The Last Night of the Season,” was echoed by thousands of handbills.

“The Last Night of the Season,” lingered on the lips of nearly every passer-by.

At night, thronging crowds, with hurried step and anxious heart, pressed earnestly into the accustomed entrance—then too narrow to admit the greatly increased numbers—of a large and brilliantly illumined building.

Do you know, breathed in quick succession from one to another, it is “The Last Night of the Season?”

Fellow traveller to the bar of God, “I have somewhat to say unto *thee*.”

Has not this sentence already gone, like an arrow, to your heart? Do you not feel that perhaps you have seen the last night of the season of salvation?

Oh! it is an awful thought. Yet, thanks be to God, there is still another opportunity of being saved. I now present you that opportunity. Will you, can you, refuse? It may be the last night of the season. God only knows.

“Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day,
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.”

Fathers, mothers, friends, relatives, brothers, sisters, those that love you tenderly, dearly, Christian ministers, the writer of this little article, all join in the earnest entreaty, “COME TO JESUS!”

He is a precious Saviour.

He is a loving Saviour.

He is a willing Saviour.

He is an able Saviour.

Then, will you not come and cast your burden upon *Him*?

He has never turned away *one* soul.

The thief on the cross,—poor, weeping Peter—Mary Magdalene, with her seven devils,—all found Him such a Saviour as I have described.

Young man, in the morning of life, you whose brow no cloud of sorrow has ever darkened, will *you* not come to that Saviour?

Young lady, will *you* not come to that Saviour? Will *you*, whose sex was the last at the cross, the first at the sepulchre, stay away from that Saviour? The daughters of Jerusalem found Him an all-sufficient Saviour, and will *you* not come, like Mary, and

“—fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore?”

MARY AT JESUS' FEET.

To hear the Saviour's word
The gentle Mary came;
Low at His feet she sat and heard
Sweet mention of her name.

She chose the better part,
The one bright pearl she found:
May we, with Mary's constant heart,
In Mary's grace abound.

Like her, we look above,
To learn our Saviour's will;
The droppings of His lips we love,
And would His word fulfil.

Speak, as to Mary Thou
Didst speak in Galilee;
Call us by name, our hearts shall bow,
And melting, flow to Thee.

E. M. C.

HUGH MILLER AND THE PRECIPICE.

"HEAVEN above and hell below,
Pleasure, pain, and joy and woe,
Repeat the words in accents slow,
Stop and think!"

THE celebrated Hugh Miller, when a boy, was in the habit of scaling giddy precipices, either in search of some peculiar specimen of rock, or some unknown species of bird.

On one occasion he saw a raven's nest far above the ground, snugly fixed on a very high cliff, which had never been scaled by the foot of man. From below it was a matter of impossibility to reach it, for it was more than a hundred feet above the level of the sea. He therefore determined to make an attempt from above. Creeping carefully along, now holding by some protruding rock, now clinging to some slender shrub, he at last found himself within six or eight feet of the desired prize. There he stopped and hesitated. Beneath, the raging surf roamed and boiled. One misstep would launch him into eternity.

His foot was stretched out to take the first step, when he observed, as the sun burst suddenly from behind a cloud, the light glisten on a smooth surface of chlorite, slippery as glass. He at once saw the consequences of such an attempt, retraced his steps, and was, in God's providence, spared to exert an influence for good, the extent of which will never be fully known.

Reader, have you ever attempted to perform some act which no one else was able to accomplish, and been on the very brink of destruction, when the Sun of Righteousness shone on your pathway and revealed to your darkened understanding the imminent danger of your position?

Young man, you that are anxious to write your name high above that of your fellow-man, beware how you step. The ocean of a never-ending eternity is roaring beneath you. You, perhaps, do not see your danger, yet it is there. If you are seeking only the riches of this world, which perish with their using, and endeavoring to do what no one else has done, pray that God will show you the peril of your position, retrace your steps, and remember the sad end of him "who layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God." Luke 12: 21.

The sequel to this little sketch is very, very heart-rending.

Not long after the above occurrence a youth named Mackay made a similar attempt; paused even for a longer time; then trusting himself to the treacherous chlorite, his foot slipped, and he fell headlong over the precipice. His head striking violently against a projecting rock, his brains were scattered over a space of ten or twelve square yards in extent.

The rock doubtless yet remains—a lasting monument of the sinful folly of man.

A FEW SHORT YEARS—AND THEN.—

"A FEW short years—and then
Our young hearts may be reft
Of every hope, and find no gleam
Of childhood's sunshine left!

"A few short years—and then,
Impatient of its bliss,
The weary soul shall seek on high
A better home than this!

"A few short years—and then
The dream of life will be
Like shadows of a morning cloud,
In its reality!

"A few short years—and then
The idols loved the best
Will pass in all their pride away,
As sinks the sun to rest!"

THE HOME OF ST. PAUL.

I NEVER left the place that knew me,
And may never know me more,
Where the cords of kindness drew me,
And gladdened me of yore,—
But my secret soul has smarted,
With a feeling full of gloom,
For the days that are departed,
And the place I called my home.

TUPPER.

WHO is there that can stand beside the simple stone which marks the birthplace of GEORGE WASHINGTON, or enter that plain cottage in the slashes of Hanover, or walk the halls of Monticello, and not feel arising in his bosom feelings of pleasure and delight? Such feelings are natural; and I hope, dear reader, you will ever cherish them for the memory of such men as Washington, Jefferson, Clay, and the host of others who have done so much for our common country. If we love to visit the birthplaces and homes of men who have preferred death to bondage, how much greater must be the love with which we look upon the home of him who suffered and bled and died for the liberty of the soul from the powerful bondage of sin and Satan—the home of Saul of Tarsus, the scholar of Gamaliel.

That Tarsus was the birthplace of Saul is not very certain, as no one informs us of the fact; but one thing is certain, it was there he spent the hours of his childhood, there he was taught to reverence God's Word, and there his tender mind received those impressions of love to God and his fellow-man, which followed him throughout his interesting and eventful life.

Tarsus, at the time of Saul's residence, was one of the largest cities in Asia Minor. It was beautifully situated on the river Cydnus, in the midst of a most fertile and picturesque valley, and was the capital of Cilicia. On the one side a lofty peak of the Taurus mountains lifted its hoary head, and stood like a sentinel, to watch over and protect the city which lay in such calm quietude at its base; on the other lay the lovely valley of the Cydnus, interspersed with beautiful groves of palm trees and luxuriant gardens, through the midst of which the silver stream wound its way till it was lost in the Mediterranean sea. Over this plain, happy cottages were scattered like stars in the blue canopy of heaven. Above the city, about a mile distant, were the falls of the Cydnus, whose sullen roar added no little to the grandeur of the scenery. Such was the nature of the country in which the youthful Saul spent the days of his childhood and youth. Tarsus, as Saul himself says, was "no mean city." It was no less remarkable for the beauty of its situation, than as a seat of learning and wide-spread commerce.

There is something about the word Home, which in itself is pleasant. How delightful is it to him upon whose locks have fallen the snows of many winters, and whose brow has been furrowed by the hand of time, to look back to the home and friends of his childhood! Every thing about the old homestead is interesting to him. Here, surrounded by kind friends and dear relatives, he spent the happiest hours of his life. Every spot has some attraction. In one he once was rescued from danger; in another he used to indulge in those sportive games which afford so much pleasure to the young beginner of life's journey; beside some murmuring stream he often strayed, and stole the nimble trout from its crystal home, or rested his weary limbs beneath the wide-extending branches of the aged oak which overhung the gushing spring.

Such, doubtless, were the feelings with which the great "Apostle of the Gentiles," when his mind was "burdened with the care of all the churches," visited his native city. And now how changed! An English writer thus describes the present condition of that once prosperous city: "It is now a Turkish town, greatly decayed, but still of some relative importance, and carrying on a somewhat active commerce. The population is about 6,000."—However the works of *man* may have decayed in and around Tarsus, yet the works of *God* remain almost unaltered.—"The rich harvests of corn still grow luxuriantly after the rains in spring; the same tents of goats' hair are still seen covering the plain in busy harvest. The same sunset lingers on the pointed summits. The same shadows gather in the deep ravines. The water-falls of the Cydnus still break over the same rocks."

Who would not like to visit a city once hallowed by the presence of one of the greatest and best of men?

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

I LEFT my home in childhood,
The beautiful green spot,
Where I used to sport among the leaves,
Around my native cot.

My heart was full of happiness
Among the woods and hills,
And I heard the voice of hope and love
Sing gayly in the rills.

Each lawn and sunny meadow,
Each tree and flower was dear—
And I left them full of sadness,
With childhood's flowing tear.

And after years of roaming
I sought again the scene—
I stood within the cottage door,
And looked upon the green;—

But my heart within me died away—
For time had trod the lawn,
And change had passed o'er field and cot,
And those I loved were gone!

The earth was full of beauty,
There was balm upon the air,
But the feelings of my childhood
I found no longer there.

C. W. THOMPSON.

HOME.

I AM not one of those who wander
Unaffection'd here and there,
But my heart must still be fonder
Of its sites of joy or care;
And I point sad memory's finger
(Tho' my faithless foot may roam)
Where I've most been made to linger,—
To the place I called *my home*.

TUPPER.

THOUGH many a long year has passed away since I mingled in the pleasant enjoyments and childish sports of my native home, yet I look back with feelings of the deepest sorrow, and sincerely wish that I could again spend those hours which afforded me so much innocent delight. It is true, that I had a home only for a very few years, for I had scarcely learned to love my mother and feel the worth of my father, before the clods of the valley rumbled over their coffins; yet those years were the happiest of my life.

It is in the family circle that we are taught so many lessons of kindness to our fellow-men, and it is there we are fitted to enter upon the stern realities which await us in the busy world. There, and there alone, are the seeds of truth and morality sown by the affectionate hand of an attached mother; and a loving sister entwines her affections around the heart of a thoughtless brother, and frequently keeps him from houses "which are the way to hell," and from a drunkard's grave.

Blot out of existence the thousands of Christian homes in this land of ours, and you will destroy the very *corner stone* of this happy and prosperous country.

It was around the fireside that such men as Patrick Henry, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster first learned those lessons of wisdom and unwavering devotion to their country.

Well has it been remarked, "There is no place like home."

I had rather part with my right hand or my right eye, than to be deprived of those simple truths taught me by my sainted mother when I was scarcely old enough to lisp her name. How indelibly are they impressed upon my mind! And those simple prayers which she taught me—shall I ever forget them? No, never. They will go with me to my grave. And when I was sick, how she watched over me, nursed me, and prayed for my recovery!

My home! How thoughts of the loved and lost arise in my mind at the mere mention of the name! That dear father, that more than sainted mother, where are they? Gone, gone forever!

It is customary with many heathen nations, when any one of their number is thought to be dying, to place him upon a narrow couch, set by his side a small portion of bread and water, and permit him to draw his last breath with no friend near to whisper words of consolation in his dying ear, or shed a tear of regret at his departure.

How different in the Christian family! Nothing can equal the tender care and soothing attention paid to him whose sand is well nigh run out. And when he is gone, how fast do tears of bitterness flow from the eyes of those who loved and watched over him even in the hour of death!

William Jay, in speaking of domestic happiness, uses the following beautiful and touching language: "Oh! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the quiet joys of home? Yonder comes the laborer;—he has borne the burden and the heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy his repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness. His hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats and is satisfied. Inhabitant of the lowly dwelling! who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace to thy house!"

But, children, that pleasant home cannot always be the abode of happiness.

Since sin entered into this world of ours, and death by sin, man can never be perfectly happy.

Sooner or later some member of that family will be locked in the cold embrace of Death; and sadness will follow in the footsteps of joy. There will be a vacant chair, and a deserted hearth-stone, ere many more days shall have passed away. That dwelling in which pleasure and happiness now reign, shall soon echo with the sobs and lamentations of those who have parted with perhaps a father, a mother, a fond sister, or a loving brother. He who to-day resides in the costliest mansion, may to-morrow be an inhabitant of a hovel.

That father who to-day bowed before the family altar, and asked a Heavenly Father's blessing upon his children, may be wrapped in the winding sheet of Death to-morrow.

How important then is it, that we should look forward to a home in that house not made with hands, whose builder and maker is God. There father and mother, husband and wife, brother and sister, shall meet to part no more. There shall be no night there. Pain and anguish, sickness and sorrow, affliction and disappointment, shall be feared and felt no more for ever. How happy the scene! How joyful the meeting of friends and relations! How delightful will it be to meet with that father and that mother who have gone before, and feel that we shall never be separated again!

Children, if you wish to meet your departed relations, who have died trusting in Christ, in Heaven, beware how you trifle away your inch of time. If you die in your sins, you can never be with them in that "happy land;" for to a sinner *Heaven* would be the worst *Hell* into which he could be placed. Then, "Seek the Lord while he is near, and call upon Him while He may be found."

MY OLD DEAR HOME.

"BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lovely home where I was born;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still:
But a stranger's foot hath crossed the sill!

"There is the barn—and as of yore
I can smell the hay from the open door
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the pee-wit's mournful song:
But the stranger comes—Oh, painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof!

"There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there!

"There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow;
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing:
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring!

"Oh! ye that daily cross the sill;
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door,
To gladden the eyes that are no more.

"Deal kindly with those orchard trees,
And when your children crowd your knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart:—
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

"The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows, with their lowing herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall,—
My heart still lingers with them all:—
Ye strangers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still."



TO MY SABBATH-SCHOOL CLASS.

LEWISBURG, Va., July 31st, 1858.

MY DEAR SABBATH-SCHOOL CLASS:—I have been intending to write you a short letter ever since leaving home, but have been so constantly engaged that I have not found an opportunity.

A great deal of interest has transpired since the commencement of my mountain trip, of which I should like to tell you, but must defer doing so until we meet, which, if God spares our lives, will be in a few weeks. I know you would like very much to leave the hot and dusty streets of Richmond, and come out and enjoy the pure mountain air and health-giving water. My own health has improved very much, and I do most earnestly pray that it and my life may be precious in the sight of God, and I may yet ere long enjoy the greatest of earthly privileges—preaching the mystery of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I have very often thought of and frequently remembered you at a throne of grace. Oh! you know not how much pleasure it would afford me to see you *all* professors of religion. You know I told you before leaving, if any of you should *perish*—I feel sad to think of such a thing—I hoped it would not be my fault, for I had endeavored, feebly and imperfectly though it was, to lead your youthful feet in the ways of righteousness—the paths of peace.

I feel constrained to urge you once more to *come to Jesus*. We may never meet again on earth, and I do so sincerely desire to meet my Sabbath-school class in heaven. Suppose *one* of you should be missing, which will it be? May each one of you ask himself the question, "*Lord, is it I?*"

And then, my dear young friends, we want ministers so badly. Where shall we get them? Do I not hear at least *one* of you say, "*Here am I; Lord, send me?*" Think of that shepherdless and sorrowing flock, that vacant pulpit, that newly made grave, in Amelia county! think how fearlessly and faithfully the lamented S. HAMNER DAVIS stood up for Jesus, and how triumphantly he died! My dear scholars, will not *some* of you, would it be too much to say *all* of you, dedicate yourselves to the work of the blessed ministry? I know it has not a great many earthly attractions, but there is something cheering in the thought of living for the benefit of your fellow-men. I had rather be the humble instrument, in the hands of God, of saving one soul, than be worth all the riches or obtain all the honors which the world can furnish.

May the Lord abundantly bless and preserve you all, while we are absent from each other, is the prayer of

Your affectionate Teacher,
PHILIP BARRETT.

HALF AN HOUR IN BAD COMPANY.

“Separate from sinners and unspotted from the world.”—BIBLE.

A YOUTH was once unintentionally thrown into the company of some half dozen young men of very immoral character. Their language, their jests, were of the lowest order. Indecent expressions, vulgar anecdotes, heart-defiling oaths, characterized their conversation. It was evident there was no thought of God in all their hearts.

He left them and went to his room. It was time for retiring to rest. He opened his Bible and attempted to read its sacred pages; but he could not confine his thoughts. The low, vulgar anecdotes of that godless party were continually flitting across his mind. Their hollow mockery of God still rung in his ear; the thought that perhaps there was no God, no heaven, no hell, disturbed his hitherto pleasant evening meditations; but that kind, friendly voice within, the lives and death-beds of parents whom he had loved only to lose, told him too plainly there was a God above, of tender and forgiving mercy, there was a heaven of bliss and joy, there was a lake whose waves of fire and brimstone were never quiet. He knelt down to pray, and the profane jests of that God-rejecting company intruded themselves upon his thoughts; he retired to rest—they haunted his slumbers; he awoke in the morning—they still lingered in his mind. Year after year has passed away, but that half an hour in the company of the profane, the wicked, still exerts its injurious influence upon the heart of that young man. It will never leave him. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, it will remain in his mind to the last day of his life. It may be forgotten for a time, but, like the serpent concealed in a bed of violets, it will again and again come up to pollute his best and purest thoughts, to poison his sweetest affections.

My dear young friends, particularly boys, write this as your motto upon the fly-leaves of your books—write it on the walls of your rooms—write it in your copy books—write it on your hearts—KEEP OUT OF BAD COMPANY.

THE BIBLE A GUIDE TO THE YOUNG.

How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page!

WATTS.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.

YOUNG.

ANOTHER year, with its fond anticipations and blasted hopes, its scenes of joy and its seasons of sorrow, its days of rejoicing and its nights of weeping, has been laid in the grave of the past.

Many a bounding heart that welcomed us a year ago, now lies beneath the clods of the valley: many a cloudless brow which then met our eye, now meets it no more for ever; many a manly form which then walked the streets of our city, now walks the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. The young man, before whom the future stretched in scenes of brightness and beauty; the young lady, whose glowing cheek and brilliant eye bespoke a long life of joy and happiness; the father, whose presence cheered and whose counsel guided his little flock; the mother, whose yearning heart seemed to throb only for the dear little one whose cherub arms clung so lovingly around her neck; the young minister, whose hopes of wide-spread usefulness gladdened his lonely hours of toil; the venerable man of God, whose golden virtues, mingled with his silver locks, won the love and admiration of all who knew him;—these, all of these, have been laid in the cold and silent grave, during the year that is past and gone.

Over some of their graves the green grass is not yet growing, and stricken hearts are now bleeding for loved ones, with whom we had expected to walk hand in hand during the year which has so beautifully dawned upon us.

During the past year we have permitted many a golden opportunity for doing good to pass away unimproved; we have failed properly to use many a precious privilege; and does it not then become us, to-day, to implore forgiveness for the past, and unreservedly to dedicate ourselves and all we have and are, to the service of our blessed Redeemer?

Let us determine that this year shall be a year of entire consecration to God's service; that our places at the Sabbath-school, in the house of God, at the Wednesday evening lecture, at the prayer-meeting, shall be less frequently vacant than they were during the past year.

That this shall be a year of prayer—earnest, importunate prayer. That we will especially pray for those who are bound to us by ties of affection and love, but who know nothing of the warm affection and tender love of a Saviour's heart.

That it shall be a year of heart-searching.

“Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.”

That it shall be a year of unremitting prayer for the outpouring of God's spirit, not only upon the church with which we are connected, but throughout the length and breadth of His vineyard.

And, in conclusion, that we will endeavor so to live and act, that whenever the summons comes to call us hence, our lights shall be burning, our lamps trimmed, and we shall hear the welcome invitation, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

"SWIFT as the wingèd arrow flies,
My time is hast'ning on;
Quick as the lightning from the skies
My wasting moments run.

"My follies past, O God, forgive;
My ev'ry sin subdue;
And teach me henceforth how to live,
With glory full in view.

"Thanks, Lord, to Thine unbounded grace,
That in my early youth
I have been taught to seek Thy face,
And know the way of truth.

"Oh! let Thy Spirit lead me still
Along the happy road;
Conform me to Thy holy will,
My Father and my God."

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WENT TO SLEEP IN CHURCH.

“WHEN to the house of God we go
To hear His word and sing His love,
We ought to worship Him below
As saints and angels do above.”

THERE is but one instance mentioned in the Bible in which a person went to sleep during religious service. It was at night. Paul, the eloquent preacher, with his usual burning zeal and strong enthusiasm, had enchained the attention of his audience till a late hour—12 o'clock. On the morning he was to leave them, His hearers were hanging with deep sorrow on his parting words, for they felt “they should see his face no more.” There was, doubtless, many a quivering lip, many a tearful eye, many a throbbing heart.

In the midst of such a scene, beneath the preaching of so gifted, so talented a man as Saul of Tarsus, there sat a young man unmoved by the tears of the listeners, unaffected by the sermon of the minister. Deep sleep fell heavily upon his slumbering eye-lids; his dull ear was closed against the touching appeals of the fervent speaker.

The house was no doubt crowded; for the young man was sitting in a window; “and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and *was taken up dead.*” (Acts xx. 19.)

Sleeping, slumbering souls in the church of God, beware least you fall asleep and *be taken up dead!*

SLOTHFULNESS LAMENTED.

"My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul;
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

"We, for whom God the Son came down
And labored for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with His blood!

"Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Spirit, come and fill
And wake and warm our hearts."

MARGARET WILSON.

A COVENANTER SKETCH.

O FEAR not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.

ALMOST two hundred years ago there lived in Scotland a girl whose name was MARGARET WILSON. She was a covenanter; that is, she belonged to that noble band of Scotch Christians who claimed the right of worshiping God according to the teachings of their own consciences.

About this time a violent persecution was commenced against these quiet, inoffensive and pious covenanters. The officer who commanded the King's (James II.) forces in Scotland was named CLAVERHOUSE. He was a man of violent temper, and possessed a heart as hard as adamant. The mere mention of his name would cast a gloom over many a happy home, and mothers would clasp their children closer to their bosoms whenever the news of his approach reached their ears. He drank in iniquity like water, and breathed out bitter persecution and death against God's servants. The poor covenanters were driven from their peaceful homes by his troopers, and forced to seek shelter in the rugged sides of the mountains. There they were hunted and shot down like wild beasts of the forest. Homeless, poor, despised, forsaken of man, day after day, and night after night, they wandered through the pathless woods without clothing to protect or food to nourish them. From many a mountain top, from many a barren heath, in the silence of the night, the fervent prayer and the wild warbling notes of some simple Scotch hymn went up like incense before the face of Jehovah. It is true "they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts and mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." (Acts xi. 37, 38.) They were imprisoned by hundreds, and hung by scores. Corpses were seen dangling from trees, and the atmosphere itself was tainted with death. The blood-thirsty troopers spared neither age nor sex. The prattling babe and the hoary head were alike disregarded.

The severity of the persecution only made them cling more closely to their religion, and a mighty army of martyrs went up from Scotland to join the ranks of the great captain of their salvation—Jesus Christ.

The noble courage with which MARGARET WILSON suffered death rather than forsake the religion of her childhood, has made her name to be held in lasting remembrance. She was quite young, but showed a degree of calm composure and unshaken faith worthy of much riper years. On being seized by the troopers, she was told that her life would be spared if she would give up her religion. This she positively refused to do, and was sentenced to be drowned. She was alike unmoved by the fierce countenances of the brutal soldiery and their horrible threats. Her heart was fixed. She was as firm as a rock. Finding her still unyielding, she was taken to a place where the Solway overflows twice a day, and securely fastened to a stake fixed in the sand between high and low water mark. Presently the tide commenced coming in. At first it played around her feet; by and by it rose higher and higher; at last the waves approached within a few inches of her lips. Still she remained unmoved. Her unclouded brow looked serene and happy. Her cheek was pale, but not with fear. Her thoughts were wandering by the banks of the river of the Water of Life; she seemed to be listening to the angelic notes of the heavenly choir.

"Will you deny now your religion?" demanded the cruel soldiery.

"No, never; I am Christ's; let me go," she gasped out, her voice choked by the gurgling water, and the waves closed over her for the last time.

“THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.”

THEIR blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim—
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth;
To walk with God; to be divinely free.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes flew
—No marble tells us whither.

COWPER.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

THE morning hours of cheerful light,
Of all the day are best;
But as they speed their hasty flight,
If every hour is spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.

And life is like a summer day,
It seems so quickly past;
Youth is the morning bright and gay,
And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

JANE TAYLOR.

GILBERT HUNT.

TOILING, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

LONGFELLOW'S VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

THERE lives in the city of Richmond, Virginia, a very venerable and highly respected negro blacksmith, named Gilbert Hunt. For more than three-score years he has pursued his humble calling; and even now, at the advanced age of seventy-seven years, the merry ring of Gilbert's anvil is among the first things that break the stillness of the morning. His shop is situated on one of the most busy streets in the city; and long before the stores are opened, or the busy hum of human voices heard, the lively glow of the blacksmith's fire and the unceasing blowing of his bellows, whisper in the ear of many a tardy young man—*Be diligent in business.*

Thus has he lived and labored through the weary days of many a long year. Though time has plowed many a deep furrow across his dusky brow, though his head is covered with the almond-tree blossoms of age, though those that look out of the windows are darkened, though the doors are shut in the streets, though the silver cord has been worn almost to its last thread, yet Gilbert Hunt remains still healthy and robust, retains the cheerfulness of youth, and seems to feel that his work on earth is far from being accomplished.

His dark countenance, while in conversation, is lighted up with a happy smile, and you cannot help feeling, as you look upon the old and grey-headed man, what a precious promise that beautiful old hymn expresses when it says,

"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
*And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be borne.*"

The eventful life of this aged blacksmith, together with his vivid remembrance of bygone days, renders an hour spent in his company very pleasant.

'Tis true, his name is unknown both to fortune and to fame; for but few stop, in this cold world of ours, to pay the deserved meed of praise to humble, unpretending merit.

"Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,
His sober wishes never learned to stray—
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."

But to return to our first intention. Gilbert Hunt was born in the county of King William, (Va.) about the year 1780; came to the city of Richmond when seventeen years of age; learned the trade of a carriage-maker, at which he worked for a considerable length of time, and by constant industry and close economy laid by a sufficient amount of money to purchase his freedom of his master. In 1832, he determined to emigrate to Liberia; and in February of that year, left Virginia. He remained in Africa eight months, and having travelled some five hundred miles into the interior, returned to the coast and embarked for home. His reception, on arriving at Richmond, was one which would have done honor to any conqueror or statesman, so highly was he respected by the citizens. "When I reached Richmond," to use his own language, "the wharves were crowded with all classes and conditions of people; I was invited to ride up town in a very fine carriage, but preferred a plainer style, and came up in a Jersey wagon, seated on my trunk." Since that time, nothing of special interest has transpired in the life of this truly remarkable man. "Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," he has followed with unpretending simplicity of character his accustomed labor. Success seems not to make him proud, nor failure to discourage him. He has made a sufficient amount of money to enable him to spend the evening of his life in quiet retirement, but his place at his shop is seldom, if ever, vacant.

For more than half a century he has been a consistent member of the Baptist Church; thus teaching us, would we have the needed blessings of life added to us, we should seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

The event which invests the name of Gilbert Hunt with more than ordinary interest, is the active part which he took at the burning of the Richmond theatre in 1811.

We add a brief account of this sad occurrence, as related by Gilbert himself, feeling there are but few eyes which can read it without moistening with tears.

“It was the night of Christmas, 1811. I had just returned from worship at the Baptist church, and was about sitting down to my supper, when I was startled by the cry that the Theatre was on fire. My wife’s mistress called me, and begged me to hasten to the Theatre, and, if possible, save her only daughter,—a young lady who had been teaching me my book every night, and one whom I loved very much. The wind was quite high, and the hissing and crackling flames soon wrapt the entire building in their embrace. The house was built of wood, and therefore the work of destruction was very short. When I reached the building I immediately went to the house of a colored fiddler, named Gilliat, who lived near by, and begged him to lend me a bed on which the poor frightened creatures might fall as they leaped from the windows. This he positively refused to do. I then procured a step-ladder and placed it against the wall of the burning building. The door was too small to permit the crowd, pushed forward by the scorching flames, to get out, and numbers of them were madly leaping from the windows only to be crushed to death by the fall. I looked up and saw Dr. — standing at one of the top windows, and calling to me to catch the ladies as he handed them down. I was then young and strong, and the poor screaming ladies felt as light as feathers. By this means we got all the ladies out of this portion of the house. The flames were rapidly approaching the Doctor. They were beginning to take hold of his clothing, and, O me! I thought that good man who had saved so many precious lives, was going to be burned up. He jumped from the window, and when he touched the ground I thought he was dead. He could not move an inch. No one was near that part of the house, for the wall was tottering like a drunken man, and I looked to see it every minute crush the Doctor to death. I heard him scream out, ‘*Will nobody save me?*’ and at the risk of my own life, rushed to him and bore him away to a place of safety. The scene surpassed any thing I ever saw. The wild shriek of hopeless agony, the piercing cry, ‘Lord, save, or I perish,’ the uplifted hands, the earnest prayer for mercy, for pardon, for salvation. I think I see it now—all—all just as it happened.” And the old negro stopped to wipe away a tear which was trickling down his wrinkled cheek.

“The next day I went to the place where I had seen so much suffering. There lay a heap of half-burnt bodies—young and old, rich and poor, the governor and the little child—whose hearts were still fluttering like leaves. I never found my young mistress, and suppose she perished with the many others who were present on that mournful occasion. *I thought there would never be any more theatres after that.*” The old man was silent; his tale was told; tear-drops were standing in his eyes.

Should any of my readers desire to learn more of the history of this venerable old negro, the simple sign of

GILBERT HUNT, Blacksmith,

which still hangs over his door, will direct them to his lowly shop, and guarantee a warm welcome at his hands.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat, and slow;
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like his mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught:
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

LONGFELLOW.

SKETCHES FOR YOUNG MEN.

NOTE.

FINDING in my portfolio a number of sketches not considered entirely suited to the class for whom my little volume is intended, I have determined to add them in the form of an appendix, with the hope that they may prove interesting and instructive to persons of maturer years.

THE AUTHOR.

SKETCHES FOR YOUNG MEN.

THE LAMP AND THE LANTERN.

No. 1.

It has long been a mystery to us that the Bible is so little read, so poorly appreciated. A few hurried snatches in the morning, the shortest psalm in the evening, to a very great extent constitute the Bible reading of many who even profess and call themselves Christians. The prolific press is daily pouring forth issues of aids to Scripture reading; the most gifted intellects, both of this and other lands, are using all their powers to make the Bible the text-book of the age; but in vain. There seems to have arisen, in the minds of many, an insatiable desire for something new, something stirring, something calculated to arouse their stupified faculties.

Persons will pore, hour after hour, over the pages of some trashy novel, while the Bible—*its* pages glittering with golden truths—its chapters glowing with a Saviour's love—lies unopened for weeks, yea, months; its clasps blackened by canker—its cover thick with dust.

They will nestle in their bosoms the sin-stained pages of Byron—not knowing his slime is polluting, his poison infecting, the purest affections of their hearts, while a stream of living water is gushing from this ever full and overflowing fountain of Truth. In the one are found waters of Marah; in the other, sweet, soul-inspiring, soul-cheering streams, whose supply is never wanting, whose freshness never departs.

You cannot inflict greater punishment on some persons than force them daily to read a portion of God's word. To them it is as a root out of dry ground, having no form or comeliness. Notwithstanding this, we find in the Bible every thing that is attractive and lovely. Viewed as a literary production, *aside from* its inspiration, there is no work, ancient or modern, which is marked by such variety of style—such beauty of diction—such sublimity of sentiment. Its writers are taken from all classes and conditions of life—from the shepherd boy that watches his father's flocks on the grassy hill-sides of Judea, to the king, the golden magnificence of whose court, and unerring wisdom, attracted the notice of Arabia's queen—from the humble fisherman who mends his nets on the shores of "deep Galilee," to the talented scholar of the learned Gamaliel.

The rich and the poor, the aged and the young, the wise and the ignorant, the pastor and his people, can all discover in its pages something to suit their respective situations. In fact, from Genesis to Revelation, it is filled with truths simple enough for the prattling child—deep enough for the profoundest scholar.

What sublime simplicity characterizes the Pentateuch! what melodious notes fall upon the ear, like "sweet music from some far-off isle enchanted," as the sweet Psalmist of Israel sweeps the chords of his thrilling harp! what rapt, impassioned eloquence bursts from prophetic souls as they picture the future glory of Immanuel's kingdom, or paint the awful scenes of that wrathful day,

"When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead!"

RURAL RETIREMENT, Va.

THE LAMP AND THE LANTERN.

No. 2.

TURN to the New Testament. How touching those simple narratives! Hard indeed must be the heart of him who can read without deep emotion, that truly affecting account of the return of the prodigal son to the father of his early love, the home and scenes of his childhood.

Behold that aged man, as with tottering step, forgetful of the pressing weight of his many years, he *runs* to meet his poor wayward boy, clasps him to his yearning bosom, falls on his neck and kisses him.

Stand beside the grave of Lazarus; look at those loving sisters of Bethany, as with throbbing hearts and swollen eyes they gather around the last resting-place of that much-loved and only brother. Is your heart more unfeeling than the heart of Him of whom it was said, "Behold how he loved him?" If not, then moisten his grave with a tear of sympathy for those heart-stricken sisters; for it is not unmanly to weep,—

"That noble gift! that privilege of man."

Let us leave these scenes, so well calculated to sadden the heart and moisten the eye, and turn to others of a far different nature.

Look at that stranger standing on Mars Hill. 'Tis true he is not commanding in person; neither is his speech in itself eloquent; but there is an electric current which continually passes from his soul to his eye, making it to flash with dazzling brilliancy.

With the deep blue sky as his canopy, and standing where Socrates once stood, he begins one of the most highly finished and closely argued orations on record.

With kindling features and burning ardor, he enters at once into the mysteries of his subject,—*The nature of God*. What eloquence!

"It wields at will that fierce democracy."

John Milton has truly remarked: "There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the prophets; no politics like those which the Scriptures teach."

But there is another feature in this precious Book to which we would briefly direct your attention.

THE CHARACTERS.—A young man, dressed in the plain garb of a husbandman, is wandering over the rugged sides of mount Ephraim in search of his father's cattle. Exposure to wind and storm has rendered his frame robust, his tread firm and steady. Fearless courage sits enthroned on his peerless brow; stubborn resolution, untiring energy, prompt decision, all beam from a countenance, which, though bronzed by the ardent frown of the summer's sun, yet is none the less attractive for the noble qualities which it so plainly displays. But it is the commanding appearance of his person, the symmetry of his form, which first unconsciously draws the attention. As the oak of the forest lifts its head far above the surrounding trees, so does the dauntless crest of this choice young man rise head and shoulders above his companions.

Such is the person and character of him who was chosen as the first king of Israel; and as Pallas, "over the head and shoulders broad" of Ulysses,

"Diffused grace celestial, his whole form
Dilated, and to statelier height advanced,
That worthier of all reverence he might seem
To the Phæacians,"

so God endowed the son of Kish, in order that he might better command the respect of those over whom he was called to preside.

Time does not suffice to notice in detail his anointing by the venerable Samuel, nor the swelling tide of human beings which rolled along the streets of Mizpah, on the day of his proclamation, nor how the enemies of Israel were swept before his stalwart arm, like chaff before the whirlwind.

Thus far Saul presents one of the noblest specimens of filial obedience, of daring bravery, of unreserved submission to the will of God, to be found in sacred history.

But his heart becomes elated at his unparalleled success, and the remainder of his life is a series of heaven-daring presumption, of flagrant disobedience, of detestable faithlessness, of unmanly cowardice; his bosom swells with arrogant pride—that invariable precursor of destruction—which paves his way to the most ignominious of deaths—that of a cowardly suicide.

“Then wish not o’er his earthly tomb
The baneful night-shades’ lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew;
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With spring’s green swelling buds to vegetate anew.”

But only remember that *one* act of indiscretion will blast a lifetime of virtue and usefulness; and remember also how essential it is that we be true to our God, true to our country, true to ourselves.

RURAL RETIREMENT, Va.

THE LAMP AND THE LANTERN.

No. 3.

THERE is one other character, noticeable for none of those traits which mark the life of Saul; yet of an order to which no one, we think, will be unwilling to pay deserved tribute,—which next claims our attention.

Two men—the one in the prime of manly vigor, the other has passed the ordinary limits of human life—are standing on the banks of the Jordan. The one is arrayed in royal garments, the other in a pastoral garb,—for during many a long year has he led his flocks beside the still waters, and made them to lie down in the green pastures of Gilead.

The snows of four-score years have fallen softly upon his head, and his “brow has grown wrinkled like the brown sea sand from which the tide of life is ebbing.” The friends of his youth are *asleep with their fathers*; the playmates of his childhood have also been laid in the cold and silent sepulchres of Nebo or Pisgah. With the Poet he exclaims,

“They are all dead now:
I’m old and lonely.”

He is blind.

“Thus with the year
Seasons return. But not to him returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev’n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer’s rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine.”

To him taste has lost its sweetness; music, its melody.

David—for it is he who wears the robes of royalty,—insists on his aged friend accompanying him to Jerusalem.

Noble-hearted old Barzillai replies, that he will go a little way with him beyond Jordan, but adds, “Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried in the grave of my father and my mother.”

How beautiful! how touching! how true to nature!

The winter of age is not severe enough to wither the blossoms of youth!—

A storm is raging on the sea of Galilee; the heavens are black with clouds; the moaning of the billows, as they dash against the sides of the vessel, falls on the ear with a peculiar loneliness; the winds are howling fearfully through the rigging; an occasional flash of lightning, as it darts athwart the waters, reveals to the eye many a face pale with fear, and many a form struggling nobly with the furious elements.

There is on that vessel an old weather-beaten sailor, whose home is the bosom of the lake. Hardship and exposure have rendered him perfectly reckless as to danger. His brow shows no signs of fear; his noble heart throbs only with emotions of fearless daring.

A familiar voice is heard above the fury of the winds, the roar of the waves.

The practiced ear of the sturdy old sailor quickly catches the sound, recognizes it as his Master’s voice, and with impetuous zeal and unshaken confidence, makes an attempt to rush into his embrace.

Though this Galilean fisherman doubtless possessed a rough exterior, yet his heart was easily warmed into expressions of the deepest love, and quickly melted to tears.

At one time we behold him, with that quick impetuosity which so peculiarly distinguished him, cutting off the ear of a high priest’s servant; at another, going out into retirement, and weeping with intense bitterness.

In no instance is his ardent temperament more plainly shown, than the one in which Christ appears to His disciples by the dim twilight of morning on the shores of Galilee. It is he who hastily girds his fisher’s coat about him, casts himself into the sea and swims with longing earnestness to the shore.

It is true there are some acts in this noble apostle’s life over which we should like to throw the mantle of forgetfulness; yet there is much worthy of admiration and imitation.

No one ever suffered more than he on account of his errors; no one of the apostles labored with more self-denying application for his Master’s cause; and we are sure no one received a richer reward.

We know not with any degree of certainty how he died, though tradition informs us that he was crucified, with his head towards the earth, thus showing he never forgot, to the last hour of his life, that one act of denial which caused him so many bitter tears, such intense anguish of spirit.

There are many other lovely characters which, did time permit, we should

love to dwell upon.

Let us read God's word with more diligence and greater earnestness in the future than we have in the past: let us lay its sacred truths up in our hearts, and practice them in our lives.

Oh! let us rejoice, that this lamp does not shed its light on a chosen few, but that its rays have penetrated many a land of darkened ignorance and fiendish cruelty, scattering joy and happiness in habitations where sorrow and misery once had their abode.

Let us thank God, that leaves from this Tree of Life have been wafted by propitious breezes throughout the length and breadth of the world. They are to be found in the hut of the Esquimaux, the hovel of the African, the wigwam of the Indian, in the cottage of the laborer, in the palace of the lord, floating on the surface of the Ganges, fringing the borders of the Nile.

'Tis a fountain ever bursting,
Whence the weary may obtain
Water for the soul that's thirsting,
And shall never thirst again.

'Tis a lamp forever burning,
By whose never-dying light,
Sinners, from their errors turning,
Are directed through the night.

'Tis a mine of richest treasure,
Laden with the purest ore;
And its contents, without measure,
You can never well explore.

'Tis a chart that never fails you,
Which God to man has given,
And, though rudest storms assail you,
Will guide you safe to heaven.

'Tis a tree whose fruits unfailing,
Cheer and stay the fainting soul,
And whose leaves, the nations healing,
Scatter joy from pole to pole.

'Tis a pearl of price exceeding
All the gems in ocean found;—
*To its precepts ever listening,
In its truths may I abound.*

RURAL RETIREMENT, Va.

“WHO SHALL BE THE GREATEST?”

No. 1.

A TEACHER of great wisdom is seated in the midst of a class of students, who long have hung with breathless silence on the wonderful words which fall from his lips. His class is composed of persons from nearly all conditions and callings of life. Some have been nurtured on the bosom of the deep; some dwelt from early childhood under the shadows of venerable mountains, and caught from them true nobility and loftiness of soul; others, doubtless, spent their days in the peaceful pursuits of husbandry; while one, at least, has lived amid the active duties of public life, demanding, perhaps, with Shylock relentlessness, the uttermost farthing from the hand of his debtor.

As they sit at the feet of their instructor, what diversity of disposition meets our eye. One is impulsive, ardent, passionate; by his side sits another, of fervent love, gentle mildness, unshaken confidence; another is evidently very skeptical—sometimes doubting the truthfulness of his own vision; by his side is one whose heart is as guileless as that of a little child; while not far off, is another, of calculating mind and heart, as black as night with vile hypocrisy.

What is the question which has so deeply absorbed their thoughts?—It is one which they have been discussing by the wayside—for their cheeks would burn with shame did they think their Master suspected such feelings ever throbbled in their bosoms. It is this:—

“WHO SHALL BE THE GREATEST?” (Mark 9: 34.) That this is still an absorbing thought of mankind, may be seen from the anxious brow and hurried step of the merchant, the feeble frame and the hollow cheek of the student, the brawny arm and vigorous tread of the laborer; yea, the skeleton fingers of the lowly seamstress, as she mingles her very life’s blood with her daily toil, and sings alike the “Song of the Shirt,” and the Dirge of the Sewer. Neither is it alone common to the city of the living; its intrusive front has even invaded the solemn silence of the city of the sleeping dead.

Though prattling childhood and hoary-headed age, the lordly rich and the needy poor, there dwell side by side, how great is the contrast between the places of their abode! Over the one rises the proud monument, on whose cold front are written in letters of gold the names and deeds of the dead. The simple rose, with its blushing purity, planted by the hand of affection, and watered by the tears of love, sweetly blooms above the other. In what beautiful numbers has the poet sung:

“Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o’er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

“Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor’s voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?”

“WHO SHALL BE THE GREATEST?”

No. 2.

MEN are ambitious of the esteem of those who are prominent in the eyes of the world on account of their wealth, their greatness, their learning.

How fond we are of the notice of the rich! How we strive to win their approbation! How we labor to gain their interest! How highly prized, how exaggerated, how boasted of, their slightest attentions. We will lick the very dust from the feet of *wealth*, and refuse to shake the honest hand of *poverty*. With what amazing sycophancy do we bow our heads at the footstool of him who has been mighty in battle, or great in the councils of the nation! And then the learned! How we out-Boswell Boswell himself, in picking up the crumbs which fall from their tables. In their august presence the world-worshipper prostrates himself in the dust of humility, and looks up to them for a smile with that air of servility with which the dog turns his face to the eye of his master for a crust of bread.

Men are Ambitious of Wealth.

The son of some poor cottager is charmed by the glitter and glare of riches. His father's cottage soon becomes too small for his accommodation; the narrow confines of the little farm cramp too much his swelling expectations. He leaves the home of his childhood, the friends of his youth, and enters the busy, bustling marts of commerce. No stone, however heavy, is left unturned; no task is too burdensome, no difficulty too great, for the accomplishment of his heart's desire. Toilsome labor, assiduous application, penurious economy, a heart steeled alike against the cries of want, the claims of his Maker, are called into requisition for the furtherance of this one mighty object. Visions of beautiful and boundless fields—of coffers overflowing with gold, of princely mansions, flit across his disordered imagination during the silent watches of the night. The more fuel he adds, the stronger the passion burns.

As the shipwrecked mariner, driven at the mercy of the winds and waves, seeks to quench his burning thirst by drinking the briny element which surrounds him, only to find that his thirst is increased rather than diminished, so does man find his desire for wealth increase with each successive gain. Soon his ledger becomes his Bible, his bank his sanctuary, his gold the god at whose shrine he bows morning, noon and night.—When he has reached the dregs of his existence, when his body is wasted by disease, weakened by age, when enfeebled Reason sits tottering on her throne, how bitter must be his thoughts when they revert to the hearts he has left all crushed and bleeding, to the homes all deserted and destroyed.—He then begins fully to realize the fact that he has been in the constant pursuit of an ever-receding *ignis-fatuus*, which dazzled only to destroy him. He has betrayed the noblest principles of the human heart for the sake of filthy lucre: like Judas, madly dashes the occasion of his misery to the ground, and frequently goes forth and hangs himself.

“WHO SHALL BE THE GREATEST?”

No. 3.

Men are Ambitious of Distinction.

As the child with uplifted hand and eager look chases the bubble which its tiny lips have fashioned, only to find that it vanishes into thin air as soon as it is grasped, so does man, seemingly but a child in understanding, spend days and nights of laborious toil in pursuit of the bubble Distinction.

The heart of some youthful aspirant is fixed with a burning desire for the gaudy tinsel of distinction, with which the name of some hero in life's battle is clothed. He abandons the cheerful fireside and genial society of home, and chooses for himself some arduous profession. Every energy is bent towards this one great object of his life. Every faculty of mind and body is rendered subservient to this "heart's desire." Hours which Nature has allotted to rest, are spent in unwearied application. He finds himself not only burning the oil of his midnight lamp, but the oil of the very lamp of life itself. He soon finds that the race is not *always* to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—that "there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

As one competitor after another passes him, lean-faced Envy whispers words of malice in his ready ear, so that him whom he once loved he then despises.

As Themistocles could not sleep because of the deserved honors of Melviades, so do the *deserved* honors of his rivals drive peace from his side, repose from his couch.

Every *laurel* which crowns their brows becomes a *thorn* in *his* pillow. Anxiety for the future, dissatisfaction with the present, remorse for the past, embitter his lonely hours. Long-deferred hope makes his heart sick. And then he comes to the pass of death.

"Another followed fast,
And a book was in his hand,
Filled with the flashes of burning thought,
That are known in many a land;
But the child of Genius quailed to hear
Death's pitiless demand.
"Here that book cannot enter with thee,
For the bright flash of Genius is nothing to me.""

He presses into the unknown night alone, leaving behind him the sad warning to those who come after him—LOVE NOT THE PRAISE OF MEN MORE THAN THE PRAISE OF GOD. (John 12: 43.)

It may seem that we have painted the lovers of wealth and distinction in colors too deep and dark. They, however, are intended as the background from which true nobility and true greatness shall stand forth with greater beauty and loveliness.

He who is conscious of possessing powers capable of benefiting his fellow man, and spends his time and talents in inglorious ease, is guilty of sinful self-indulgence. It is not ours, like the stupid rustic, to sit still and wait until the stream passes by in order that we may cross, but rather stem the current and breast its billows. If we succeed, then success has been gained where it is always surest and sweetest, in the discharge of duty. We have sacrificed no principle; we have stooped to no mean act; our gold is not stained with the blood of trampled-on innocence; our reputation has not been gained in the pathway of shame.

If we fail, then we are encouraged by the thought that we have done what we could. (Mark 14: 8.)

In reply to a letter from a young man in which the following sentence occurred,—

"If I know my own heart, I ask not wealth or honor; but to do good and to communicate, (Heb. 13: 16) is the object of my life,"—a successful Christian merchant thus wrote:

"The object of your life as you explain it, is the noblest on the face of the earth; and although it will not bring you worldly wealth and ease, it is sure of much higher reward both here and hereafter. *Press forward. Never lose sight of it.* Be very thankful that God has thus called you to his service, and show Him your gratitude by consecrating yourself wholly to Him. I think I have lived long enough to *know* that your choice, or the service to which you are called, is not only the noblest, but in fact, the only service worth a man's living for at all. How many failures do we see in the lives of the ambitious and the great, notwithstanding advantages of the highest distinction. *But*

bankruptcy with a genuine child of God is impossible. HIS LIFE CANNOT BE A FAILURE.

That there are and have been numberless persons, the object of whose lives was to advance Christ's Kingdom and add to the happiness of their fellow-men, we have abundant testimony. The names of Howard, of Wilberforce, of McCheyne, of Henry Martyn, of Hedley Vicars, of Brainerd Taylor, of Harlan Page, of noble-hearted Daniel Baker, the pioneer of the cross in the wilds of Texas, of many others, of whom the world is not worthy, stand out in the boldest prominence. Yea, such men are to be seen around us every day. In the pulpit, at the bar, in the counting-room of the merchant, in the shop of the mechanic, at the bedside of the sick and dying, fearing neither the death-breathing pestilence, nor the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

Shall it not, then, be ours to follow in their footsteps? Is there any pleasure so great as the pleasure of doing good?

Who shall be the greatest? Not in worldly honors, but in the measureless wealth of disinterested kindness, and the unfading honors that cluster around the Cross of Christ.

Longfellow beautifully sketches the upward and onward career of a youth who, despite the warnings of the aged, the entreaties of the young, wound his weary way up the steep sides of one of the Alps mountains only to make his grave beneath the cold snow of the topmost peak.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,

EXCELSIOR.

"Beware the pine tree's wither'd branch
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night,—
A voice replied, far up the height,

EXCELSIOR.

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,

EXCELSIOR.

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device—

EXCELSIOR.

There, in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,

EXCELSIOR.

THE POOR CONSUMPTIVE.

A COLPORTEUR SKETCH.

“Is this the place where a princess dwells,
A favored daughter of the King of kings?
Within their humble and contracted cells,
Do heavenly spirits wave their guardian wings?”

STRETCHED on a bed of painful sickness there lay a woman in the last stages of consumption. Pale-faced poverty was an inmate of the hovel in which she dwelt. The broken panes of glass, the bare floor, the large cracks in the wall, the scanty covering, carefully thrown over the bed, all plainly bespoke the absence of the very necessaries of life. As I entered the door, my heart throbbed hurriedly when my eyes caught the destitution, the misery, the wretchedness, which surrounded me. Several children, from six to fourteen years of age, were in the room—some of them lying together on the floor, others seated on the remnant of a chair, while one little fellow, with matted hair and unwashed face, scowled at me from behind a door, as if he thought me an unwelcome visitor. The children had evidently been long neglected. No voice of love had often fallen on their ears; no smile of affection had cheered their loneliness. Their lives had been made up with scenes of want and wretchedness. Their minds were like gardens all overgrown with noxious weeds. But few seeds of truth had been sown in their little hearts by the hand of kindness, and their little voices had never sung the sweet notes of “Happy Day,” or “The Sabbath-school.”

But let me not forget the quiet sufferer, who, with such calm composure, has all this time been lying in unbroken silence. Her days are almost numbered. Consumption, that fell destroyer of human hopes, has long been gnawing at her heart-strings. The cord of life is worn almost to its last thread. Her hollow cheek, her wasted form, her sunken, death-glazed eye, all tell me that the cold, clammy hand of Death is gradually chilling her life-blood. She breathes with difficulty, for her lungs are too far gone to perform their functions. Now and then a hacking cough seems as if it would rend her frail chest to pieces. In her feeble hand she holds a fan, with which she is endeavoring to cool her burning brow. Its faint fluttering is but the counterpart of the almost fainter fluttering of life, as it hovers round her heart.

I sat for several moments quietly gazing on the wan and wasted features of the poor sufferer, before I could summon the resolution to say a word. I finally broke the solemn silence which filled the desolate chamber, by telling her that I sympathized very deeply with her in the suffering through which she had to pass.

I then asked her, if God should see fit to call her away from earth, did she think she was prepared for so awful a change. She feebly whispered “Yes.”

“What is then to become of your unprotected children?”

“God will take care of them.”

“Do you think it right that *you* should suffer so much, while others are in the enjoyment of countless blessings?”

“Perfectly.”

“Shall I read a portion of God’s Word, and pray with you?”

“If you please, sir.”

She reached her arm under the pillow and drew forth a Bible. Oh! how precious a thing it is, in the hour of death, to pillow one’s weary head on the precious promises of that blessed Book!

I slowly turned its sacred pages till I reached the fourteenth chapter of John—that chapter of blessed memory, which has soothed the troubled spirits of so many dying souls—after reading which, I knelt at her bedside and united with her in prayer. When I arose from my knees, her eyes were melted to tears, and a calm and holy peace rested on her pale and emaciated face.

Reader, it was a precious season to my own soul. God grant that the influences of that scene may never depart from me. My heart was cast down in humility, in penitence, as I remembered how often I had rebelled against God’s holy law. The unbidden tear was quietly trickling down my own cheek as I left that Bethel—that house of God.

Since writing the above, “The Poor Consumptive” has sweetly fallen asleep in Jesus.

“WHAT I LIVE FOR.”

“I LIVE for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the Future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.”

WE are told that a word, when it has fallen from the lips, never dies away; that the sound goes on widening and widening throughout the immensity of space.

Such are our lives. The acts which we do, the words which we utter, are exerting an untold influence for good or for evil. They are moulding, silently but certainly, the character of those by whom we are surrounded, for weal or for woe. Their influence extends even to eternity.

Fellow Christians! impressed with this solemn thought, let our heart's desire be to minister to the wants of the sick and dying, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the hovels of ignorance and poverty, to cheer the homeless orphan, to console the friendless widow; for by so doing, we shall surely gain our reward both in this world and that which is to come. Let us do what we can to dry the tear of sorrow, to gladden the heart of the laborer in his long hours of lonely toil; do what we can by precept, by prayer, by example, by toilsome labor, to win souls to Jesus Christ. Who had not rather be the means of saving one soul, than obtain all the riches or receive all the honors the world can furnish?—

THE LAST SERMON OF THE SEASON.

“WHAT a thought! The last opportunity I shall ever enjoy of making my peace with God; the last time I shall ever listen to the glad tidings of salvation; the last time I shall hear from the sacred desk the earnest entreaty, Come to Jesus; the last time I shall ever sing the songs of Zion!”

Such were the thoughts which rushed wildly through the mind of a young man as his unwilling feet lingered on the steps of the house of God. He was leaving that house with a heart at enmity with his heavenly Father. Again and again had he put off for a convenient season the eternal interests of his never-dying soul. Long, long had Satan pacified his restless conscience by whispering in his ear that to-morrow would be time enough. To-morrow after to-morrow had come and gone, yet he was farther from salvation than he had ever been.

The minister's earnest entreaty, a conviction of the awful eternity which awaited him if he died in his sins, pressed with burning weight upon his thoughts. He seemed to be held fast by some resistless power. “Perhaps it may be the last night of the season of salvation; God only knows. I will arise and go to my Father,” thought he to himself. He sought the minister; went with him to his study; and there, by the aid of God's Spirit, trusts he gave himself to his Saviour.

Fellow sinner, this may be the last night of the season of salvation to you. Will you not come to Jesus? Father and mother, brother and sister, those that love you tenderly, all join in the entreaty, *Come to Jesus*. He is a precious Saviour; he is a willing Saviour; he is an able Saviour. Then will you not come and cast your burden of sin upon him? He has never turned away one soul. “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.”

"WILL NOBODY SAVE ME?"

"NOTHING in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked come to thee for dress:
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

DURING the burning of the Richmond theatre, in 1811, a gentleman who had nobly endangered his own life in endeavoring to rescue others from the jaws of the devouring flames, was seen to leap from one of the topmost windows to the ground. So severe was the fall, he was unable to move an inch. Above him stood the tottering wall, ready to fall and crush him to death. He looked around him; not a soul was near. From the depths of his agony, he cried out, "*Will nobody save me?*" The cry fell on the ear of a sturdy negro, who rushed to him, and bore him away in his strong and brawny arms to a place of safety.

Such is the case with the sinner. When he finds that of himself he can do nothing, that God's angry vengeance is tottering above his head, that no one is near to save him, then it is that he cries, "*Will nobody save me?*" The cry comes to the waiting ear of his blessed Saviour, and He bears him away in His arms of love to His Father's bosom.

A SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

THERE is something to me peculiarly pleasant in a country Sabbath. No rattle of carts, no bustle of crowds, no hum of voices, disturb the calm and holy quietude of the hallowed day. Cattle are quietly grazing on grassy meadows, or sleeping in the refreshing shade; the irregular tinkle of the sheep-bell falls sweetly on the ear; the plough stands motionless in the unfinished furrow; the little songster trills from some swinging bough its morning song. The household dog seems to know it is a day of peaceful rest. His voice is hushed in silence. The clouds glide calmly across the heavens; the rays of the Sabbath sun rest sweetly on the face of nature. A dreamy, delightful serenity hovers over all the land. The incense of prayer rises from many a family altar, and the accents of praise tremble on many a lip.

Let us go up to the house of God. How different from our city churches! Perhaps it is some venerable building whose foundation was laid by men to whom the faces and forms of a Samuel Davies, or William Wilson, were familiar; perhaps remains of the foundation erected for the protection of God's people against savage cruelty still linger around it; perhaps marks of the Indian's bullet have not yet been effaced from its rude stone walls. Let us cross its threshold. No stained glass softens the rays of light, no cushioned pew invites you to a seat, no costly pulpit meets your eye; no beautiful fresco will draw your attention from the minister or the word of God. Every thing is as plain, as practical, as solid, as the men who first worshipped beneath its roof, but who now sleep beneath the waving grass of the adjoining cemetery.

One by one the congregation begin to enter and take their seats. They reverently bow their heads and seek the aid of God's Spirit to enable them rightly to understand and apply the truths to which they shall listen. Many and varied are the personages which draw the attention. One is a venerable elder: time has not dealt gently with him; his brow is furrowed, his cheek wrinkled, and he totters feebly to his seat beneath the weight of many years, and a life of laborious toil. Though the fires of life are well nigh gone out, hope burns brightly in his heart, and beams forth from his eye. The assurance that his Redeemer liveth, is the rod and staff on which he leans for support. Another is a young man. His step is firm, his frame robust. He has not seen the snows of more than twenty winters. His countenance wears a thoughtful, solemn air. He is thinking of God, of heaven, of eternity. He has not come to the house of God because it is his custom, to see a friend, or to while away an hour. His is a nobler object. It is to worship God, to obtain instruction which shall lead his steps in the ways of righteousness, the paths of peace. At his side sits his mother—"he is the only son of his mother, and she a widow."

But another form, of dignified, yet gentle, demeanor, enters the door. The placid features of his face, the mildness of his eye, point him out as "the man of God." His appearance is such as at once to attract the attention. He is very tall, perhaps above six feet. His person is quite spare. He is slightly bowed with age, and as he feebly walks down the aisle, you almost involuntarily rise from your seat as if to do him reverence. He has long been a laborer in his Master's vineyard. For more than half a century has he proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation from the same pulpit which he now occupies. His mind easily reverts to the time when the whistle of the red man's bullet was liable at any moment to disturb the worship of God's people; when the hardy pioneers of Christ and His kingdom came up to the house of God with muskets lashed to their backs. The thriving village in which he now resides was then almost a wilderness; cattle grazed, and corn grew in the fertile valleys from which now rises the populous city. The wild Alleghanies, then the home of the beasts of the forest, now daily echo with the rattle of the stage coach; and the shrill whistle of the locomotive has made the panther and the bear to seek shelter in the more distant West. He is one of a very few of the links which bind the Virginia of the present with the Virginia of fifty years ago. His few remaining silver locks are combed back from a forehead of fine proportions. He enters the sacred desk; bows his head and supplicates the assistance of God's Spirit. He rises; "Let us worship God," falls tremblingly from his lips, and the whole congregation rise to their feet. With earnestness, with simplicity, he invokes the presence of Him with whom is the residue of the Spirit. He then slowly turns to that beautiful old hymn, so dear to God's people—

"Whilst Thee I seek protecting power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled."

So distinct is his enunciation that his voice falters on every syllable. Every heart trembles in unison with his, and many an eye is dimmed with the

unbidden tear. From almost the entire congregation rises up a united song of praise. One voice after another catches it up, till there is scarcely one which does not join in the melodious hymn.

“They chant their artless notes in simple strain,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee’s wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive martyr’s, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame;
The sweetest far of Scotia’s holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise,
No unison have they with our Creator’s praise.”

“*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief,*” is announced as his text.

Such a sermon I never heard before; such an one I am afraid I shall never hear again. His voice, at first weak and tremulous, strengthens as he progresses with his subject. His eye burns with a new lustre; his frame becomes more erect, his features kindle with animation, as with pathetic eloquence he dwells on Christ’s mission to this sin-stained world of ours. And then, his invitation to those who know Him not. How simple, how sublime, how earnest! His whole heart is full of the deepest emotion struggling for utterance. As he looks anxiously on the waiting congregation, and in accents of melting tenderness, says, *of whom I am chief!* the hot blood rushes unbidden to my face, and the briny tear trickles unconsciously down my cheek.

I shall never forget that Sabbath, that sermon, that minister. They will go with me to my grave. When I am earnestly engaged in other pursuits, ever and anon visions of them flit across my mind, and awaken emotions of the most delightful nature.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-CHAMBER.

"WHY lament the Christian dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
She can greet the opening tomb."

EVERY voice was hushed; every step muffled. The soft rays of an April sun kissed, with a lingering affection, the pale cheek of a young lady, the tide of whose life was fast ebbing away.

She was the child of Christian parents, who had faithfully endeavored to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. At an early age she was deprived by death of her sainted mother; and before many years had elapsed, she was called to mourn the loss of a father upon whom every affection of her young heart was centred. To the *bitterness* of orphanage was added the loss of the greatest blessing on earth—health. The rose of Death was long blooming on her cheek, ere her nearest friends were aware that she was falling a victim to the flattering and insidious attacks of consumption.

She had not neglected the early instructions of her pious parents, and, when very young, made a profession of her faith in Christ. For several years previous to her last sickness, her mind, at times, was clouded with doubts, and she occasionally seemed to suffer unutterable anguish at the absence of God's Spirit from the heart. A few days preceding her death, these doubts and fears were all entirely removed, and she seemed to enjoy, to the fullest extent, the light of God's reconciled countenance. It was indeed beautiful to see her, who, but a few weeks before, was so cold and indifferent, now wholly absorbed in the great and glorious truth of salvation through Christ. She was frequently engaged in earnest secret prayer, and never allowed anything to be read in her presence but the Bible, or some of those sweet and touching hymns so soothing to the troubled heart of the dying Christian. No moment was to be lost. During the silent watches of the night, she would frequently call her brother to her bedside, and say, "T—, read to your dying sister some of those beautiful passages in Revelation which our dear father used to love so tenderly, and caused to be read when dying." "How beautiful! how grand! how sublime!" she would exclaim, when the book was closed.

Reader, come with me and stand beside the bed of this dear, dying young Christian, and see how calmly, serenely and happily a Christian can die. Contrast *her* death-bed with that of Hume or Voltaire, and tell me if there is not something in religion they knew nothing about—something that fits a man for *life*, and especially for death; listen attentively to the few words which drop from her faltering tongue; treasure them in your memory, and so live that your last end may be like hers.

The devoted Pastor of the — church had frequent and delightful interviews with her. In one of them the following conversation occurred: "Miss M—, you doubtless are aware that you can be with us but a few days more; are you *perfectly* resigned to God's will?" With calm and sweet composure, she replied, "Yes, Mr. M—, perfectly, *perfectly*, PERFECTLY; I long to be with my Saviour; earth has no charms for me now."

After reading the beautiful 14th chapter of St. John, Mr. M— extended his hand, and was about bidding her, what seemed to him, a last farewell, when she made the following remarks: "Perhaps this will be the last time we shall ever meet again on earth: I wish you to preach my funeral sermon in the old R —n church—the church of my father and my mother, where first I listened to the glad tidings of salvation; preach it from the text, "In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death"—Prov. xii., 28. Preach to the living—to the living—to the living! And I want the congregation to sing that delightful hymn, beginning,

'God moves in a mysterious way—'

Good-bye." The Sabbath previous to her death, several of her friends united in singing that beautiful old hymn,

"Rock of ages," &c.

When they had completed the 3d verse, and were just beginning the last—

“While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee”—

she, with a sweetness and heavenly melody which beggars description, joined with them and sung the entire verse *alone*,—as the voices of all in the room were so much choked with emotion they could not utter a word. Oh, what a scene! That feeble, faltering voice spending its “last lingering breath” in singing her Redeemer’s praise! I felt as if I was standing in the very vestibule of heaven, catching some of those sweet accents of devotion warbled by immortal tongues. Such composure, confiding trust, holy resignation!

When her brothers and sister stood around her bed to receive the dying embrace and last fond kiss of their dear sister, she made them kneel down at her side, laid her feeble hands on their *orphan* heads, (*yea, doubly orphan*, since she was about leaving them,) and gave them a sister’s dying blessing. She then remarked to her younger brother:—“My brother, you *alone*, of the three which will be left when I am gone, are not a Christian. My brother—my young, fatherless, motherless, almost sisterless brother—*be a Christian!*”

A few moments before her death, a new and unusual lustre shone forth from her eyes, a beautiful glow mantled her hitherto pale and wan cheek, and in accents of the most touching and rapt eloquence, her voice rich and full, she gave utterance to the following sublime sentiment, which should live forever, and be proclaimed wherever the Gospel of Christ is preached:—“I have tasted of Racine; I have dipped into Voltaire; I have read Tom Paine; I have had the daring audacity to study Hume; I have attempted to form a Philosophy myself—but have found them all”—not one exception—“FALLACY, FALLACY!”

With these words lingering on her lips, she calmly and resignedly fell asleep in Jesus. O for the death of those that die in the Lord!

The devoted Mr. M—— complied with her minutest requests; and when he informed the congregation that he preached to them from the text selected by his departed sister in Christ, and that she urgently requested him to preach to the *living*, there was not a dry eye in the house. Many a soul left that old time-honored church, feeling that “IN THE WAY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS IS LIFE; AND IN THE PATHWAY THEREOF THERE IS NO DEATH.”

WHAT PRAYER DOES.

“PRAYER moves the arm that moves the world.”

HEROD Agrippa, finding that the death of the Apostle James pleases the Jews, has seized the venerable Galileean fisherman and thrust him into prison. Four quaternions of soldiers are guarding him. He is chained by each hand to a Roman soldier—soldiers who know that, to sleep at their post is to die. Thus guarded, the doors and windows and gates all bolted and barred, he lays himself down to sleep. His sleep is doubtless sweet and refreshing. His faith is strong in the promises of the Lord. To human eyes, death seems certain. On the coming morrow, this veteran soldier of the cross must lay his life down for Jesus. Tears, hot and bitter, will be shed by God’s people over the lifeless form of him who once so fearlessly breasted the strong waves of Galilee to meet his Master.

But we are told that the Church “made prayer unto *God, without ceasing, for him.*” And even while he is quietly and sweetly sleeping, there is going up from an inner chamber on one of the dark and unfrequented streets of Jerusalem, a fervent, importunate prayer in his behalf.

During the prayer, an angel of the Lord descends and stands by the side of the slumbering apostle. A heavenly radiance lights up the dark cells of the dismal prison. The heaven-sent messenger arouses the sleeper, and the chains fall from his hands. No sound of footsteps is heard; no rattle of chains breaks the solemn silence. There is no hurry. Peter slowly girds his coat about him, and binds on his sandals. He then throws his rough cloak around him, and follows the angel. They pass, unheard and unseen, through the wards of the prison; the massive gate moves on its hinges, and opens wide at their approach. At last he is safe—safe from the wrath of his enemies. All—all of this accomplished through importunate intercessory prayer!

Christian, I care not how lowly your situation, never say again, “*I can’t do any thing for Jesus.*” YOU CAN PRAY.

“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”

DURING a great outpouring of God’s Spirit at — college, my attention was called to the case of a young man of the most wicked and immoral character. It is true, he was the son of a godly father and a praying mother; but this, rather than softening, seemed to harden his heart. It was one of the most copious outpourings of God’s Spirit I ever witnessed. The windows of heaven were indeed opened, and God was pouring out such a blessing that it seemed there could not be room to contain it. The dry bones of the valley had been breathed upon by His Spirit, and hearts once dead in trespasses and sins were awakened to a new life, and rejoicing in the blessed hope of salvation through Jesus Christ.

Nearly every student seemed to feel the need of a Saviour. Every countenance was marked with concern; every heart lifted to God in prayer for mercy and forgiveness. Rooms which once resounded with drunken revellings, were now Bethels of the living God. Lips which once profaned Jehovah’s name, and joined in singing lewd and vulgar songs, now trembled with the accents of prayer, and sung the songs of Zion. It was a delightful season—I shall never forget it.

Amid such scenes as these, there was one whose hard heart was steeled against the influence of God’s awakening Spirit. It was A. M—, the son of pious parents. Many and fervent were the prayers which ascended in his behalf, but they seemingly were of no avail. The more Christians prayed for him, the more hardened he became. The campus, time and again, resounded with his awful profanity; and even the most obdurate would stop and wonder that man, “whose breath was in his nostrils,” could call upon God so frequently and earnestly to *damn* rather than *save* his soul.

Such was the extent to which his God-defying; wickedness went, that frequently, when the Christian students were engaged in the exercises of a prayer-meeting, he gathered together a few of his sinful comrades and held a *mock prayer-meeting* in an adjoining room. Is it not wonderful that God did not cut him down in the midst of such heaven-daring presumption? But, like Paul, he was a chosen vessel. God had yet a great and glorious work for him to perform.

During one of those meetings which he was in the habit of holding, the arrow of conviction pierced his flinty heart, and laid him low and bleeding at the foot of the cross.

Great was the joy among the students, when the glad tidings flew from lip to lip that A. M— had come to Jesus and fallen at His feet. Old men wept with delight, and yearning hearts throbbed with inexpressible pleasure.

The “tidings of great joy” soon winged their way to the ear of the young man’s mother. Her heart overflowed with rejoicing, and tears of exultation flowed in quick succession down her furrowed cheek. Said she to a friend, “*I have never bowed my knee without beseeching God to convert my poor wayward boy; and now my prayer is answered. Joy, joy, joy! Now let thy servant depart in peace. My son is a Christian.*”

This wayward boy is now a devoted minister of Christ, and has gone far hence to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to the hundreds of settlers scattered along our western territories. Christian fathers, Christian mothers, Christian brothers, Christian sisters, *pray without ceasing* for those who are near and dear to you. Your prayers will be answered.

APPENDIX.

Letters from Staunton, Va.

NO. 1.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

Staunton, Va., May, 1859.

THE Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, situated at this place, is a building of very attractive and beautiful appearance. Occupying an eminence to the right of the Virginia Central Railroad, it is among the first things that attract the attention in your approach to this beautiful mountain town,—for we believe it has not yet risen to the dignity of a city.

The style of the building is Doric; the entrance being a large portico supported by six massive pillars. On each side of the portico are two attractive wings, used for the reception of visitors and recitation rooms;—in the rear are several other apartments, all large and well arranged, appropriated to the different purposes of the Institution.

The building is situated in the midst of quite a number of stalwart mountain oaks, and the yard is beautifully diversified by various kinds of shrubbery and winding graveled walks. There is an absence of everything like studied formality in the arrangement of both the shrubbery and the walks, and the eye is at once struck with the peculiarly easy and natural appearance of the building and its surrounding ornaments.

On entering, you are at once pleased with the neatness and beauty of the internal arrangements. A very polite and attentive gentleman meets you in the reception room, and inquires if you wish to look through the Institution. On replying affirmatively, you are first ushered into the apartment for

THE BLIND.

The scene is one which awakens mingled feelings of pleasure and pain; of pleasure to see so many afflicted little ones, for most of them are young, led by the hand of kindness in the pleasant and peaceful ways of wisdom; of pain, when you behold them rolling wildly their sightless orbs, and seemingly endeavoring to gather in some few straggling rays of the cheerful sun, or to look out upon the beautifully draped fields of nature, and know that all these things, so attractive to us, are midnight darkness to them.

One of the scholars, a little girl about ten years old, read several passages from various books for me, and then pointed out on a large map of the United States, Pittsburg, and told me at the junction of what rivers it was situated, Richmond, Staunton, and many other places, with an ease and accuracy really astonishing. Two other girls, somewhat older, sung, and played on the piano "Do they miss me at home?" As I listened to the sweet melody of their well-tuned voices, I, for a moment, forgot their blindness, and felt tears dimming my eyes as my mind wandered back to the two near and dear ones at home, and I thought to myself, "Do they miss ME at home?" I then listened to the reading of several passages in French by a young lady of about sixteen. It really was surprising to witness the fluency with which her delicate fingers glided over word after word, and sentence after sentence.

In all these cases the reading is done by passing the fingers over raised letters.

The sweetness of expression, the amiability of character, the flow of spirits which characterized one of the little pupils, Bettie Archibald, engaged my attention, and enlisted my affection. On being asked if she would be blind in heaven, she very sweetly and quickly replied, "No, sir."

Quite a number of the male pupils are daily instructed in instrumental music, and many of them display more than ordinary talents. It was quite a treat to hear the little fellows play "Yankee Doodle;" their faces were soon lighted up with smiles, and they played with as much life and animation, as if they were leading an American army on to victory.

We now wend our way into the apartments for

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

A large class, consisting of boys and girls, is seated in regular order opposite their instructor, who is also deaf and dumb. At a given signal, they all devoutly rise, and with eyes fixed on the fingers of their teacher, follow him in his devotions, as he leads them to a throne of grace. It is the most touching scene I ever witnessed. There is but one person (he, your correspondent,) in that large assembly can utter a syllable, or distinguish a sound. Not a sound is heard; the stillness becomes painful—deathlike; the devotion seems to grow warmer and warmer; the prayer is concluded; the seats resumed; all of this gone through without the utterance of *one* word.

What a lesson should it teach us! How true is it that we shall not be heard for our much speaking! Leaving the chapel, we enter the recitation room. Each pupil is standing opposite a black-board, with his eyes turned to the teacher; questions and answers are written by the instructor, and then copied by the pupils. In this room are assembled classes, each under the charge of a separate teacher, studying geography, grammar, history; and in one room is a small class just beginning to read. The chirography of some of the pupils is really beautiful; and we leave the room feeling that though God has deprived them of two senses, yet, in his loving kindness, he has bestowed upon them unusual capacities in the others. It may be a fact worthy of mentioning, that the deaf and dumb do the printing (raised letters) for the Blind: such is the economy of the Institute.

The number of pupils in the departments is at present sixty-nine.

In conclusion, I would express my especial thanks and obligations to Assistant-principal Mr. COVELL, Mrs. COLEMAN, of the Blind, and Mr. FINK, of the Deaf-mute Department, for their extreme kindness and attention.

In my next, I shall give you a sketch of the Lunatic Asylum, also situated at this place.

Yours, truly,
PHILIP BARRETT.

No. 2.
THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

STAUNTON, VA., June, 1859.

THE sun was hanging low in the west, when we stood at the gateway of the Staunton Lunatic Asylum. His rays were gilding with a golden lustre the hoary summits of the Blue Ridge, as they printed their bold outlines on the cloudless evening sky; and as a few beams fell here and there on the graveled walks, the flower-crowned terraces, and verdant shrubbery of the beautiful greensward which stretches forth in front of the Asylum, we could but thank an ever-gracious and ever-good Providence, for His inestimable gift to mankind—the bright, sparkling, joyous sunshine.

A moment's glance at the general appearance of the buildings convinces the beholder that they are not as beautiful nor as commanding as those of the Blind Institute; though much taste is displayed in the arrangement of the walks, and selection of many and choice specimens of rare and beautiful flowers and shrubbery. You enter the main building, after ascending a flight of granite steps, through a portico of Ionic architecture, supported by four graceful pillars. The first apartment which we enter is the *chapel*. On either side of the pulpit are painted in beautiful gilt letters, the Ten Commandments; in the opposite end of the room stands a large and handsome organ; the dome and walls are beautifully frescoed. The pulpit is occupied every Sabbath evening by some one of the ministers of the various evangelical denominations worshipping in Staunton. All these bespeak that these poor demented creatures are not forgotten on the Sabbath; and even where a few sparks of intellect linger amid the ashes of minds once proud and noble, it is interesting to see how those sparks are kindled anew by the light of religion.

After wending our way through various other portions of the buildings, and stopping here and there to bestow a hasty glance at one and another rare specimen of curiously carved workmanship, by some lunatic genius, we find ourselves gazing through iron bars at a scene which would cause the most unfeeling heart to shudder with horror. There are grouped together, in the narrow confines of four tall brick walls, not less than a hundred patients in the very worst stages of lunacy. It seems that the darkest cavern in the regions of Despair could present no more heart-rending picture.

The wild glare of the piercing eye, the dishevelled locks; the meaningless gibberish; the incoherent babbling; the fiendish ravings that rent the silent air, together with numberless other acts which constitute the sum of a poor maniac's life, have left an impression on our mind that will go with us to our grave.

How true are the words of the poet—

“Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down.”

We willingly leave such scenes, and turn our ready steps to an observatory which crowns the main building, and commands one of the loveliest views we ever witnessed.

Let us forget the painful sights we have just beheld, and drink in the resplendent beauty of nature as she stands robed in the crimson folds of evening—

“For the west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.”

Beneath us are the various buildings of the Asylum, glittering, like burnished gold, in the rays of the setting sun. To the north rise the graceful proportions of the Blind Institute, nestled in its grove of wide-spreading oaks; to the west are seen the heaven-pointing spires and beautiful residences of Staunton; to the east is the graveyard of the asylum, with its plain, upright marble slabs, marking the spot where slumber the remains of many a friendless maniac; to the south is one wide-extended view of sloping hills, smiling valleys, sunlit streams and snow-white cottages, dotted over the scene like stars in the blue canopy of heaven.

Who can look upon such a prospect and not feel his thoughts turn from nature to nature's God?

“All things are calm and fair and passive; earth
Looks as if lulled upon an angel's lap,
Into a breathless, dewy slumber: so still
That we can only say of things, they be.”—FESTUS.

The gathering darkness reminds us that we have trespassed too long on the kindness of the gentleman who has so cheerfully shown us through the many apartments of this truly noble institution, whose object is to ameliorate the

condition of the suffering maniac.

We bid her, her directors and her officers "God-speed" in their noble enterprise, and earnestly pray that they may continue "blessing and being blessed" until the light of reason shall be shed abroad in the darkened intellect of every lunatic in our land.

There are many other points which we might mention; but they are of such a nature as only to sicken the heart, and we pass them by in silence, simply remarking that if there be one crowning blessing for which our hearts should ever be outgushing in grateful thanks to our Heavenly Father, it is REASON.

PHILIP BARRETT.

Transcriber's Note:

APPENDIX has been added to the Contents. Punctuation has been standardized, and spelling and hyphenation have been retained as they appear in the original publication, except as follows:

- Page 23
but dependant upon the cold *changed to*
but dependent upon the cold
- Page 30
he seated him self in the cars *changed to*
he seated himself in the cars
- Page 38
this lonely vale of of tears *changed to*
this lonely vale of tears
- Page 39
and with everthing calculated *changed to*
and with everything calculated
- Page 131
their was no thought of God *changed to*
there was no thought of God
- Page 138
many a quiverering lip *changed to*
many a quivering lip
- Page 145
one of the most business streets *changed to*
one of the most busy streets
- Page 159
cords of his thrilling harp *changed to*
chords of his thrilling harp
- Page 168
'Ts a mine of richest treasure *changed to*
'Tis a mine of richest treasure
- Page 173
soon becomes two small for his *changed to*
soon becomes too small for his
- Page 173 only to find that his hirst *changed to*
only to find that his thirst
- Page 177
"The object of your life as you explain it
Unmatched quotation mark retained as printed
- Page 196
the child of christian parents *changed to*
the child of Christian parents
- Page 215
dotted over the scene liks stars *changed to*
dotted over the scene like stars

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE DEAF SHOEMAKER:
TO WHICH ARE ADDED OTHER STORIES FOR THE YOUNG ***

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