THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Vol. II.---No. 15. PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH,—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, EDITOR.

RALEIGH, THURSDAY APRIL 9, 1857. $1 50 a Year, in Advance.

Poetry.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

Missionary Hymn.

BY CHARLES BABCOCK.

Go, herald's of salvation,
Go forth as morning light;
In every land and nation
Dispel the shades of night.
Unfurl the Gospel banner,
Inscribed with Jesus' name,
And cry aloud, Hosanna!
Our God is come to reign.

How glorious on the mountains
His standard doth appear,
Leading to Zion's fountains,
Which flow so free and clear,
In streams of full salvation,
For every thirsty soul;
Through every land and nation,
The *living* waters roll.

Messiah's banner waving,
The wond'ring nations see,
And Gospel blessings craving,
Shall bow the suppliant knee
Before the King of Zion,
Whose garments, dipp'd in blood,
Proclaim him Judah's Lion,
The Lord, the mighty God!

Their idol temples, shaking,
Shall crumble into dust;
The chains of error breaking,
High wave the Gospel banner,
As Jesus' name is sung,
And let the shout, Hosanna!
Flow forth from every tongue.

Selections.

A Minister Hunting Snakes.

The Rev. Dr. Watson, in his late volume of 'Tales and Takings,' gives this entertaining picture of plantation life in Mississippi. Uncle Billy and Aunt Susa need no special introduction.

In a previous chapter, the reader had a glance at the features of an old-fashioned 'two days meeting,' in this early day at these out-posts. Two day's rest to the preacher were generally found necessary following such an effort. Tuesday morning had arrived, my weariness was relieved, and I was prepared to join 'Uncle Billy on an adventure into the swamp to see its 'lions,' and especially its snakes.

It is yet early in the morning, however, and the cold rain of a few nights since, renders it necessary that we wait until the hot hours of the forenoon. I will seek a brief interview with Aunt Susa in her little cabin.

'Good morning Aunt Susa,' said I, as I stepped into her quarters.

'Why, good mornin', Massa Watson; laws o' marcy, dis no place for the likes o' you.'

'Why,' said I, 'Aunt Susa, have you some places here too good for me?' and saying this, I advanced toward a little mantle shelf, and seized Susa's pipe, together with some nice tobacco leaves of her own raising, and was preparing to regale myself a little, when she flew towards me exclaiming:

'Massa, you no shall smoke wid dat pipe; it no go in your mouf after havin' been in dis child's dirty mouf, dat sartin. Here be a new pipe, an' a mighty good un, too; an' like to the colt, de foal of an ass, we read ob, massa, which no one never ride afore, no one has eber smoked in it.' And here she commenced filling it up as I threw myself into the rude resemblance of a chair.

'Susa,' said I, 'where did you learn to quote scripture?'

'Why, massa, blessed be your lips, I learn much from de preachers; but dar, massa, look, dar, by the side ob you!'

When turning round, my delighted eyes rested upon a well-soiled, well-thumbed, old fashioned Bible, that had recently received an additional covering of buck-skin.

'Susa,' said I, 'where did you get this?'

'I brings it from old Tennessee,' said she, 'twenty years ago;' saying which she handed me the new pipe, on the top of which she had balanced a coal from the hearth.

Inhaling a whiff or two, said I:

'Susa, can you read?'

'Yes, massa, blessed be God, I reads mighty well for the likes ob me; do de hard words are a great bother—some of which I skips; but I read dat Bible dare a mighty heap; read it from the apostle Solomon all de way to the prophet Saul; but reads de most in dat part where Jesus be on de earth, it being the most easy.'

'Can Uncle Billy read?' I asked.

'No; he says he too old to larn, now, but he set here ob nights, and listens mighty close to what I reads. He thinks it be enough for I to know how to read.'

'Who learned you to read, Susa.'

'Well, now, dat be's a funny question, kase if I tell you I fear you won't believe me, nohow.'

'Why, yes,' said I, 'I will believe you.'

'Well, den, I tell you, it was de angels. I no know how to read, an' I lays an' cries, an' prays about it ob nights; I den goes to sleep an' dreams about it, an' most ebery night for a year I prays an' cries, and takes up my Bible, when one night it seems as if an angel come down, an' I don't know whether I 'wake or sleep, I sees all de letters in de book, an' it say to me, 'Dis be a, an' dat b, an dat c, and so on; an' arter a little while I gits up and opens my Bible, when I knows most ebery letter. Next morning young massa Tom, who knowed how to read, come in here to run bullets, when I axed him, says I,

'Tom, do you call dese letters dis?'

'Why yes,' says he, 'you old fool you.'

'Now,' says I, 'Tom, you'll want some ob my good 'bacca soon, an' if you 'buse me in dat way you no get it.'

'Well,' says he, 'Aunt Sue, if you'll run my bullets for me this mornin', I'll come in here to night, an' show you a heap about reading.'

Here I paused to simplify the theology of this blessed passage, which I feared the simple saint had understood too literally, when she exclaimed that she 'had often kind ob thought dat!' and that Jesus to her 'was de sweetest name under de sun;' and that she loved to sing,

'Jesus my all to heaven is gone.'

A stave of which, with dampened eyes she had already struck up, when Uncle Billy's arrival announced all things in readiness for our tour in the swamp.

Accompanied by young Massa Tom, and the campaign headed by Uncle Billy, each with a rifle on the shoulder, we were soon at the edge of the lake, or morass, to which reference has been made. Following its low shore some half a mile, my nerves were gradually schooled to the test to which they were to be subjected by frequently meeting with his snakeship, that literally swarm in some parts of these morasses. It is not the ordinary water snake, but a lazy, sluggish, and arrow mouthed, poisnous reptile, called by the swampers the moccasin-mouthed snake.

He executes his bite but clumsily, which greatly lessens the danger of his presence, and he seldom leaves the shore of these unsightly marshes but a few yards; another fortunate circumstance; and in the season of the year already referred to, they seem to be congregating for winter quarters, which may account somewhat for what we shall in a moment detail. The bite of this reptile is deadly, quite as much so as that of the rattle-snake or copperhead. I am informed that swine very readily devour them, which item of information I should have felt quite as well not to have received, as I had been enjoying at brother J's, the luxury of some well smoked side bacon, along with some krout and corn dodger.

At the next meal I felt my preference for venison to very much predominate. We soon arrived at Billy's canoe, and in the centre of the rocking thing I was seated, with Uncle Billy and Massa Tom at either end. Two paddles soon sent us some distance out into the muddy and shallow waters, and amid the huge trunks of fallen trees and comical tussocks which constitutes the musk-rat's home. Snake after snake soon began to make its appearance, coiled upon almost every square inch of surface. On a single log I counted ten, ourselves not more than ten feet from them. I shuddered, and armed with a big club, was constantly assuming attitudes of defence, while Uncle Billy shook his burly sides in impertinent laughter, and Massa Tom amused himself by seeing how many decapitations he could make by a given number of shots. On we paddled, and more numerous became the snakes.—Occasionally they splashed about the side of our bobbing nautilus; and now as we passed under the low limb of a tree, Billy would knock them off with his paddle in the canoe. I remonstrated, pleaded, hallooed, but could procure no retreat.

Tom went on with his snake shooting; uncle Billy paddled us further and further into this pademonium, when the horrible idea took possession of my mind that should we tip over, (an event by no means improbable,) what position could be conceived of more horrible than thus to be tumbled into the very jaws of a thousand detestable reptiles, amid mud and quicksands! From entreating I became peremptory, and Uncle Billy paused. When at a safe distance from the detestable 'varmints' we counted all that were visible, I counted one hundred and fifty snakes, the furthest of which was not fifty feet from me. When thoroughly satisfied that what Uncle Billy had said about 'de way he would show me snakes was a caution, dat sartin,' was no exaggeration, we returned to the shore, and to our home.

With Tom and Uncle Billy the sight was common place. Upon my mind it had a far different effect. It was the reality of more than I had ever read or dreamed about horrible dens of serpents, whole regions now and then strewed with rattle-snakes, etc. I said little more than to remark 'that it was a mighty snake country there,' at which Uncle Billy laughed. I spent the rest of the day in reading the Bible.

But with me, as with Aunt Susan, the subject of 'sarpints' became rather obtrusive.

But if my waking thoughts were of snakes, my dreaming ones greatly exaggerated the whole matter. My sleep was as much interrupted as if it had been the doomed Medusa. The want of sleep steadied my nerves by morning so that sweet sleep, oblivions, triumphed for a refreshing season.

I awoke at an hour rather late, and if my last thoughts were not of snakes, my earliest ones, *nolens volens*, certainly were. Opening my eyes, what should I see directly over my bed, protruding from a knot hole in one of the rough logs, but the head of a detestable snake.

At first I thought I dreamed, and it could not be a reality, when, watching my loathsome visitor for an instant, I saw the head turn, and the forked tongue protrude, but I saw no more.

In an instant I was on the floor, and seizing the most indispensable of my wardrope, I retreated to the hall with a scream, that secured the anxious presence of Susa in a trice. I told her what I had witnessed, and pointed to the knot hole over my bed, not doubting but there were one or two others in my bed, if she could but look.

At that moment the head of a little harmless reptile, with a white ring about his neck, again made free to take observation from the knot hole. As we were joined by one and another of the family, old Aunt Susa's laugh, which had commenced with the first cause of my fears, became perfectly obstreperous.

'Why, massa, dat no more'n a littte bit ob a milk snake, an' he no more bite dan a worm. Dey come back ob de house here to de spring house to steal my milk, an' I kills one ebery now and den, an' dey does climb up de corners ob de house, for I seen one dar toder day, an' struck it wid my broom. I suppose de log hollow, an' he creep in dar. But if it were full ob such snakes dar be no danger, dat sartin.'

Taking it thus coolly, and with such provoking sympathy for my fears, Aunt Susa retired to complete her breakfast, when, as she retired, I sent this rebuke after her: said I,

'Aunt Susa, I hope that snake will get into your bed to night, to see how easily you will be frightened,' when remembering my lecture in the morning, she wittily retorted:

'Preachers dat come into dese woods to bruise de head ob dat old sarpint, de debbil, mustn't be frightened into a fit at de sight ob a milk snake.'

There was much more in Aunt Susa's retort than she herself comprehended. It was fruitfully suggestive. Yes, thought I, the missionary of these woods must not be men of starch and buckram, of taper fingers and tender stomach, kid gloves and broadcloth, velvet slippers and spotless linen.

Here, the stalwart arm, the brawny fist, the hunting shirt, with Bible and discipline under one arm, and rifle on the other, are the best representatives of the Missionary. Like John in the wilderness, he must wear what the people wear, and eat what the people eat, and ask no questions. Yes Aunt Susan he must not be afraid of snakes. If gifted in the tack of his holy calling, his education and refinement will only aid him to adapt himself to these rude paths of life, and cause him to be a guide, light, and example upon them

But if wanting in this tact, his timidity, and, in some respects, his manifested superiority, will not be appreciated. What would be natural in other latitudes would here be prudery. What would be becoming in another place, would here be ridiculous; and more than one would exclaim, with Aunt Susan, 'Preachers dat come into dese woods to bruise de head of dat old sarpint, de deble, must not be frightened into a fit at the sight ob a milk snake.'

The Ruins of Babylon.

In former days the vast plains of Babylonia were nourished by a complicated system of canals and water-courses, which spread over the surface of the country like net work. The wants of a teeming population were supplied by a rich soil, not less bountiful than that on the banks of the Egyptian Nile. Like islands rising from a golden sea of waving corn, stood frequent groves of palms and pleasant gardens, affording to the idler or the traveler their grateful and highly valued shade. Crowds of passengers hurried along the dusty roads to and from the busy city. The land was rich in corn and wine. How changed is the aspect of that region at the present day! Long lines of mounds, it is true, mark the courses of those main arteries which formerly diffused life and vegetation along their banks, but their channels are now bereft of moisture and choked with drifted sand; the smaller offshoots are wholly effaced.—'A drought is upon her waters,' says the prophet, 'and they shall be dried up.' All that remains of that ancient civilization—that 'glory of kingdoms,' 'the praise of the whole earth'—is recognizable in the numerous moldering heaps of brick and rubbish which overspread the surface of the plain. Instead of the luxuriant fields, the groves and gardens, nothing now meets the eye but an arid waste—the dense population of former times is vanished, and no man dwells there. Instead of the hum of many voices, silence reigns profound, except when a few passing travelers or roving Arabs flit across the scene.—Destruction has swept the land, and the hand of man been made the instrument by which God has effected his punishment. But for the curse upon it, there is no physical reason why it should not be as bountiful and thickly inhabited as in days of yore; a little care and labor bestowed on the ancient canals would again restore the fertility and population which it originally possessed. It would require no immense expenditure of funds to clear the channels of the loose sands, which have accumulated during so many centuries, and to render them navigable for the shallow vessels of the country. Such a work of supererogation is not, however, to be expected from the existing race of Turkish officials, and must be left until the time when the curse upon it shall be removed, and European civilization, with its concomitant advantages, shall penetrate into those distant wilds. May that time soon arrive!

I have been led into this disgression by the fact that the Nahr Malka, one of the four main arteries which supplied Babylonia with the waters of the Euphrates, passed close to Khan-i-Za'ad, and is still traceable by a slight depression. It should be remarked, that the beds of navigable canals are below the level of the surrounding country, while those of the secondary or irrigating canals are above that level. This arises from the comparatively shallow depth of the latter, and rapid accumulation of matter held in suspension by the water, which, on deposition, raises their channels each successive year.—Now and then the beds of canals in action at the present day are cleaned out, and the deposit, forming embankments at the sides, prevents the flooding of the cultivated land.

Between Khan-i-Za'ad and the little village of Mohawil there is nothing to interest the traveler, but soon after passing the date trees and modern canal of the latter place, a small mound affords from its summit the first glimpse of the ruins of Babylon. Truly said the prophet concerning her, 'Babylon shall become heaps, an astonishment, and a hissing, without an inhabitant.' Unsightly mounds alone remain of that magnificence which Scripture so frequently dilates upon, and which the pages of Herodotus so carefully describe. Who can recognize in those shapeless piles, exposed to the ravages of time and the destructive hand of man during twenty centuries, any of its former grandeur?—*Traveler.*

Graphic Delineation of the Miseries and Effects of Intemperance.

The following is the most graphic delineation of the miseries and effects of intemperance that we have ever seen—it is from arguments advanced by certain citizens of Portage county. Ohio, in a memorial to the Legislature on the subject:

And yet its march of ruin is onward still!

It reaches abroad to others—invades the family and social circle—and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor—manhood in its strength—and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart—bereaves the doing mother—extinguishes natural affection—erases conjugal affection—blots out filial attachment—blights parental hope—brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life.—It makes wives widows—children orphans—fathers fiends—and all of them paupers and beggars. It hails fevers—feeds rheumatisms—nurses gout—welcomes epidemics—invites cholera—imparts pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails—supplies your alms houses—and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies—fosters quarrels—and cherishes riots. It condemns law—spurns order—and loves mobs.—It crowds your Penitentiaries; and furnishes victims for your scaffolds. It is the life blood of the gambler; the aliment of the counterfeiter; the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary.

It countenances the liar; respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations; reverences frauds; and honors infamy. It defames benevolence hates love; scorns virtue; and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring; helps the husband to massacre his wife; and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man; consumes woman; detests life; curses God, and despises Heaven.

It suborns witnesses; nurses perjury; defiles the jury box; and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes; disqualifies voters; corrupts elections; pollutes our institutions; and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen; debases the legislator; dishonors the statesman; and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair; not hope misery, not happiness. And now, with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its desolations and insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity; kills peace; ruins morals; blights confidence; slays reputation; and wipes out national honor; then curses the world; and smiles at its ruins.

FALSE REPORT.—The Western *Democrat* contradicts the report so industriously circulated through the country, that the small pox was prevailing in Charlotte, N. C. Any quantity of measles, but no small pox in that section.

The Influence of Wealth.

At the recent marriage in the Rothschilds family of England, the nobles of the land, Dukes and Duchesses, Lords and ladies, attended the ceremonies and partook in the festivities, thus acknowledging the supremacy of wealth over hereditary title. It was a splendid pageant, as well it might be, when those concerned in it could boast of their millions of pounds sterling, and their influence, by means of their money, over all the crowned heads of Europe. The Rothschilds are the richest family in the world, though the origin of the family was in very humble circumstances and of obscure lineage.

We have no respect for mere successful brokerage, unaccompanied with honorable traits of character; but in the case of the Rothschilds, it is said that honorable dealing has characterized the family, from the original founder to the present generation; and we know not why they should not be considered the equals of the Dukes and Lords of the realm. They have risen to opulence by their own sagacity, energy and enterprise—and deserve credit for having arrived at their present condition. In the United States, they would be equally, or perhaps, more idolized, than in England, by the would-be aristocracy—for here, the money power is more worshipped. The first society here is not distinguished so much for worth as for money. To get money—to accumulate wealth—is the first consideration—and, if that be attained, the individual takes rank with the aristocracy of the land, whatever may have been his former character—and the youthful offshoots of the family are looked upon as excellent matches, however inferior they may be to others of less wealth. This is an error which judicious parents will correct, prefering merit to dollars and cents.

In England they have an established nobility, which descends from father to son. They pride themselves on their descent, and are fond of tracing back their genealogy—and yet this proud aristocracy yielded its pre-eminence to the influence of wealth. The lordly of the land were proud to associate with the descendants of the money king, and take those by the hand whom their forefathers spurned with contempt, and persecuted with ignorant and vindictive malice. The 'despised Jew' has been elevated into the esteemed and courted Israelite, by the potent influence of money. It is well that even mony can remove the injustice which has heretofore been practiced towards the followers of Moses, who are entitled to the same consideration as the rest of mankind. In the United States the distinction is not between the Jew and the Gentile; but between the rich and the poor. What is significantly termed the 'cod-fish aristocracy' seems to be the governing power, although they are compelled to solicit the assistance, sometimes, of the most worthless portion of the community. They cannot stand firm in their assumed preeminence; for success in trade adds to their number, and diminishes their exclusiveness; whilst occasional reverses sometimes place them at the foot of the ladder.

The English and New York papers are full of details in relation to the marriage in the Rotschild family; whilst the latter also fill their columns with the marriage of Dean, the Irish coachman, to the daughter of a N. York millionaire. These things serve to amuse, and, perhaps to instruct. We are not the advocates of ill-sorted and unequal matches; but they serve the purpose of restraining the too prevalent opinion, that money should control the natural affections. Some descendant of Dean may yet be President of the United States, or lead all upperendom at his heels. Stranger things have occurred. Or, should Dean be so successful as to obtain a fortune, he may turn on his heel to those who now affect disgust at his presumption, although they were employed but a few years ago in currying down horses, and in forking up the manure of the stables which they kept. Of all pride that of wealth is the most contemptible, though it is the most prevalent.

We like to see a man rise by honest industry, prudence and economy from poverty to wealth—from obscurity to distinction. There is something which gratifies us in the self-made statesman or philosopher—but the bare possession of wealth confers no dignity, and carries with it nothing of worth or inherent respectability, however it may be courted by a venal crowd, who attach more importance to the title of a millionaire than they do talent, virtue and integrity. Money is useful and to be desired, as it procures the comforts and conveniences of life; but something more is required to confer happiness in this life, or in that which is to come. We had rather be amongst the poorest of the poor, with a fair reputation, than to be expelled from the councils of the nation for corrupt practices to procure wealth. Humble mediocrity, with a clear conscience, is far to be preferred to the position of Rotschild, if his elevation has been procurred by fraud or corruption. In the United States there should be no aping the nobility of Europe—no efforts to mount upon stilts, for fear of a fall—though every one must rejoice when they find a Peabody abounding in wealth, honestly acquired, and using it for beneficent purposes, without affecting airs of supericrity.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

From the Central Presbyterian.

"Uncle Meekins."

The Presbyterian Church, in Raleigh, was this evening the scene of a most impressive spectacle, in the funeral services of 'Uncle Meekins' its colored sexton, for nearly thirty years, and to whom the text, "the hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness" was especially applicable. How forcibly did it appear, while the procession composed of five or six hundred persons, wound its length through street after street, that 'a good name was rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.' His character for moral worth, through a long life, was as well known as the features of his face, as was fully evinced by the general sorrow at his death. He was regarded and treated with the highest respect and confidence, which invariably attend the proper discharge of duty, in the humblest as in the most exalted. To the faithfulness with which he discharged his domestic duties, let her testify who sustained to him the honored relation of wife for nearly thirty years. Many to whom his form had been familiar from childhood, who had associated him with dear ones, now passed away, shed tears of unfeigned sorrow when this link with the past was broken. From his official position he had long heard the words of eternal life, but the golden drops, like the miser's hoard, had apparently been unused, until a severe family affliction caused this unexpected treasure to yield a gracious return. On the spot where this evening his mortal remains were deposited, a few weeks ago he bowed his head to receive the baptismal water, and united for the first, and last time with God's people in the sacramental supper. His peace flowed as a river—the name of Jesus was very precious to him, and he sat under his shadow with great delight. No cloud obscured his setting sun, but sinking in a clear sky, gave promise of a glorious rising. At the grave's mouth all distinctions cease. 'For he that is called in the Lord, being a servant, is the Lord's freeman; likewise also he that is called, being free, is Christ's servant.' 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

J. P. A.

Sunday, March 8th, 1857.

Self-Righteous.

It is no uncommon thing for men to flatter themselves that God cannot be displeased with them because they have omitted to do a great many bad deeds, which they would have done had they not been restrained by the fear of the law or of public opinion. The soundness of such morality is very well exhibited in Lessing's parable of 'The wolf on his death-bed.'

'A wolf lay at his last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. 'It is true,' said he, 'I am a sinner, but yet I hope not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once, I remember, a bleating lamb that had strayed from the flock came so near me, that I might easily have throttled it; but I did it no harm.'

''I can testify to all that,' said his friend, the fox, who was helping him to prepare for death. 'I remember perfectly all the circumstances. *It was just at the time when you were so dreadfully choked with that bone in your throat.*''

A Fine Thought.

"I would not [said one who was not himself pious] marry any one who was not a Christian. I should feel it such an honor to share a heart in which God dwelt." It was a fine thought, and deserves to be specially remembered.

You want a friend in whom you can have entire and unlimited confidence; one who can be your counsellor in all circumstances of difficulty or trial: one who is to be identified with you through life, in hope and fear, in joy and sorrow. She is to be a sort of presiding divinity at thy family board, and her countenance the mirror in which must be reflected the faithful image of thy domestic bliss or woe; one who will be discreet, affectionate, and firm in governing her children; in short, who will love you for your own sake, be happy with you in a cabin, and who will cleave the closer to you when the storm of adversity or persecution shall have swept away or withered every vestige of earthly comfort from about you. Now bear all these things in mind; and then to your prayers and the exercise of a becoming prudence, and you will not be likely to fail.—*Bishop Andrew.*

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—A quibbling writer of the last century quaintly observes, that when the cannons of the princes began to war, the cannons of the church were destroyed.

'It was,' says he, 'first mitrum that governed the world, and then nitrum—first St. Peter, and then Saltpetre.'

A Week's Work.

SUNDAY—church doors enter in,
Rest from toil, repent from sin;
Strive a heavenly rest to win.

MONDAY—to your calling go;
Serve the Lord; love friend and foe;
To the tempter answer, No.

TUESDAY—do what good you can;
Live in peace with God and man;
Remember, life is but a span.

WEDNESDAY—build your house upon
Christ the mighty Corner stone;
Whom God helps his work is done.

FRIDAY—for the truth be strong;
Own your faults, if in the wrong;
Put a bridle on your tongue.

SATURDAY—thank God and sing,
Tribute to his treasury bring,
Be prepared for Terror's king.

Thus your hope of Jesus cast;
Thus let all your weeks be past;
And you shall be saved at last.

For the Children.

A Child's Realization of Trials.

Little Myra McFerrin's mother died when she was a few days old, and she was thereafter the special charge of her grandmother, till three years old. Grandma to her was all the world; she was her angel, her idol, her refuge in all her sorrows, her sunshine in all her joys. Not long ago her grandmother was very ill, and Myra was removed to a neighbor's house. At length she was brought home, when she instantly ran crying, "Grandma! I want my Grandma!" She was led to the parlor where the pale corpse was lying. "Your grandma is dead," said her pa. "Wake her up, she is asleep; she will get up by-and-by." She was led away reluctantly, but fully confident she would see her sweet mother again, and hear her speak. She could not understand why she was being dressed for a funeral occasion; and after the corpse had been coffined, and the company gathered, she stole from her pa and ran to wake her grandmother. She stood a moment at the parlor door, and called softly, "Grandma! Grandma! O, I want my grandma—my grandma!"—deep silence was her only response. Then, as if pierced with an arrow, she suddenly fell to the floor, and her plaintive, desolate moan told that now, for the first time, she glimpsed the meaning of the word death, and loss of a mother. It is, however, mournfully pleasant to remember that with such knowledge comes the thought of immortality.—The Christian child whose mother is dead, ever thinks of heaven and guardian angels, and sees that mother continually,

"With her deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies."

Nash. C. Adv.

A Little Boy's Prayer.

A little boy after saying nightly the prayers which had been taught him, was quite tenacious of what he called praying his own way He had a large number of brothers and sisters, whose needs and peculiarities he sometimes made the subject of his petitions. On one occasion, at commencing this exercise he was overcome with sleep. Wrestling with this stupor, he said:

"O, Lord, bless Elizabeth and make her better than she is."

His head fell back on his pillow, but soon rousing, he murmured, drowsily, "Bless Henry too" It was in vain; the tongue refused its office—so he added, indistinctly,

"Oh, Lord, I can't, there's too many of 'em," and he sank into the deep slumber of childhood.

At another time, while conducting this exercise in a somewhat more wakeful manner, he said:

"Lord, please to bless father and give him a new heart. Be so kind as to bless sister Mary, and give her a new heart.—Oh, Lord, bless mother—but you need not give her a new heart, for she could not have any better one than she's got, and I don't see how she'd go to work to be any better woman than she is now."

Doing Good to Others.

Here is a pretty story of a littte girl. Perhaps you have read it before, but it will do you good to read it again:

'A mother who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done during the day to make others happy, found a young twin-daughter silent. The elder one spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions, founded on the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' Still the little bright face was bowed in silence. The question was repeated, and the dear little child said timidly:

''A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school had lost a baby brother. All the time she studied her lesson she hid her face in her book and cried. I felt so sorry that I laid my face on the same book, and cried with her. Then she looked up, and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her so much good.''

Beware.

A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.
Just as the broadest rivers run,
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done,
Have grown from little things.