

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, EDITOR.

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Poetry.

Who wrote it?—What a pity it is that so many such beautiful little gems like the following should wander over the sea of letters, tossed by every wave, unclaimed:

MY DEAR OLD HOME.

I came again to my dear old home,
But years long since had sped,
And 'mid the raven locks of youth,
Lay many a silvery thread;
The bounding step was slow and sad,
And the sparkling eye grew dim,
And the bird-note, once so blithesome, fell
Like the chiming of a funeral hymn.

I looked for the roof that sheltered once
The loved of childhood's hour—
I sought for the hearthstone—upon it lay
A mound of grass and flowers—
Was the broad-armed oak whose boughs
Were wont to mark the spot
That told of its sad decay.

I wandered down to the poplar spring,
And drank from its gushing stream,
But the draught had lost its magic charm,
The waves their golden gleam;
For the rippling waves seemed to speak
With the tones of long ago—
Oh! many a tuneful voice is still
That mingled with their flow.

I turned to seek with lingering step,
And spirit bowed and sad,
For those who had blessed that lowly roof,
And made the hearthstone glad;
And I found them all, where the willow
Drooped

Its long green boughs around;
Some cherished form was resting there,
"Nath' each quiet grassy mound.

I am forth again in the wide, cold world,
But where'er my footsteps tread,
The dearest seat will be to me
The home of the loved and dead—
The sunshine steals through the hanging
boughs
With a softened, gleam light,
And silent stars shone pure there
In the hush of the summer night.

Miscellaneous Articles.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

Future punishment—the Bible.

Does the Bible teach the endless punishment of the wicked? The Universalists deny that it teaches any such doctrine. We affirm that it does. To the Bible, then, we will appeal. The endless punishment of the wicked is evidently taught in that class of passages which represent the punishment of the sinner as eternal: "Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." Matthew, 25 ch. 41 ver. "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." 2 Thess. 1 ch. 9 ver. "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Matthew, 25 ch. 46 ver. "It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire." Matthew, 18 ch. 8 ver. "And many of them which sleep in the dust shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." Dan. 12 ch. 2 ver. What do these passages prove, if they do not prove the endless punishment of the wicked? But the Universalists say that the words translated everlasting and eternal do not mean endless, and therefore these passages do not teach endless punishment. To this we would reply, that the objection would prove too much even for Universalists. 1. The same terms are used to express the self existence and eternity of God. When His unlimited existence is expressed by the inspired writers, He is called the everlasting God—the eternal God—the God from everlasting to everlasting.—One of two things, then, must be true: either these words do express endless duration, or the Bible does not teach the eternity of God.

2. The same words are applied to the duration of God's kingdom and government. "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever—the everlasting kingdom." Now is God's kingdom to be destroyed and His government come to an end? Shall the throne of the Eternal fall? The scepter drop from the hand of Omnipotence, and anarchy roll its flood of desolation over the universe of God, to please the Universalist?

3. The same words are used to express the endless duration of the happiness of the righteous. We ask, then, why should these words mean endless duration, when applied to God, the duration of His government, and the duration of the happiness of the righteous, and not mean endless duration when applied to the punishment of the wicked? It can not be from the force and meaning of the words themselves, for if they at any time mean duration without end—if they rightly and properly have that meaning in any case, they may have it in another, unless the nature of the noun to which they are applied positively forbids it. But no such necessity as that exists in connection with the punishment of the wicked, to limit the meaning of these words when thus used. The souls of the wicked will certainly exist forever, and may therefore be punished forever.

4. These words uniformly express the longest duration possible with the persons and things with which they stand connected. This all will admit. And if such be the case, is it not evi-

dent, that when applied to the punishment of the wicked they mean endless? For the sinner is capable of enduring endless punishment, and he is immortal.

5. But what do the Lexicographers say is the true meaning of these words? Hear the admission of a Universalist, Mr. Forbes, in his Universalist Assistant, on page 136, says modern lexicographers need not be appealed to, as they all agree in assigning endless or eternal as one of the meanings of these words. Rev. Mr. Burruss, in his letters to Dr. Pierce, admits that these words are given this meaning by the best Greek critics. Donnegan, in his Greek Lexicon, gives eternity as one of the meanings of the word. These various considerations do not fix the meaning of these words as endless, no amount of argument can do it.

J. W. TUCKER.
Newberne, April 16th, 1856.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

Pleasant Recollections of the Class-room.

MR. EDITOR: It is evident that those who attend properly-conducted class-meetings, with a desire to be benefited, as Christians, seldom ever fail to love them. Hence the fact that the opposition to the institution is generally among those who do not belong to our church, or those members of our church who have never attended them in the proper spirit. But why do those who properly attend them love them so well? This question is not so easily answered by one unacquainted with those spiritual exercises which constitute a well-conducted class meeting.—To such it may be a marvel indeed that any sensible person should love so well services which to them appear to be so dull and monotonous. But to one who has become acquainted with the institution and been partaker of the benefits so often derived from attending them, it is no wonder that they are loved. In fact the wonder with such an one is, that every body does not love them. In these meetings, I presume, it is not uncommon for young Christians to learn lessons from the plain experiences given by older Christians, which are never forgotten and are of use to them through all their lives.—The writer well remembers many things learned in the class-room, which have been of great profit to him in his way to heaven. He met with many trials in every day life, and was often in doubt whether truly converted persons had their trials; would pray, get happy and rejoice in hope of the glory of God, and would hope that he was entirely delivered from temptation; but soon discovered that he was mistaken, for he would soon be tempted again.—In the class-room, he learned from those in whom he had implicit confidence that all Christians were tempted, and that temptations, if not yielded to, were not sin. Also, that they were to be expected and resisted. And that the most successful manner to resist, was on the knees, in prayer to God. He heard the old Christians speak of their trials and of praying for grace, and of the deliverance sent of God, and of the joy which they felt on such occasions. This was learned at a good time, and was then, and is now, of the greatest spiritual profit. May it ever be. Many scenes in the class-meeting are of the most encouraging character. Perhaps a very plain, but earnest experience, accompanied with tears of joy or sorrow, will have the happiest effect on all present. I say the happiest effect, because it will fill all with joy. The Methodists used to believe in what they were pleased to call getting happy. And whenever we improve Methodism until Methodists do not get happy, we shall have a body without a soul, and as the body decays without a soul; so will Methodism.—Their simple statements of facts, such as some severe trial and great deliverance, or that they are in the enjoyment of the love of God, and they will praise the Lord. The following circumstances are remembered. On Sunday after preaching, brother R. met the class. His dear lady was present, far from her home and among strangers. He, after examining the males, requested me to close the meeting. There was no excitement. All who had spoken seemed rather cool. In compliance with his request, I began to ask the usual questions of the remaining members of the society. I came to sister R., the above named lady, and she raised her eyes and clasped her hands with tears flowing freely. "brother C. I am so happy!" That unaffected look and that earnest exclamation will never be forgotten. All present were filled with joy unspeakable, a general shout thanking God for the blessing of the class-room. Sister R. is still living, and I hope often enjoys the blessing of God, though several years have passed away since I have seen her.

Another circumstance is well remembered. I was class-leader, having charge of a few members. Bro. D., a man of deep piety, was one of the number. At one of our meetings, he related the following dream which he had during the preceding week. He dreamed that he was in a large company formed on the military plan, in platoons, under a leader whom he knew, all marching to some unknown place. It seemed that the way was somewhat difficult and light was indispensable.—At times the light was clear and bright and the company cheerful and full of hope, and then suddenly it would become so dark that they could scarcely make their way, when all would be sad. There changes were frequent, and at every change the darkness would be greater until it became awful. At last, in the midst of one of the darkest seasons, when every one was trembling with fear, suddenly the darkness being, he being among the latter. When light broke upon their vision they were in Heaven and saw the great white Throne and the holy angels and heard the most delightful music. "And," said brother D., "I realized that I was home and began to shout aloud, awake myself and wife, and kept on shouting for sometime, at the very hope of one day getting where I dreamed I was." There was not much importance attached to the dream itself, but the effect it produced when told in class will never be forgotten. Brother D. has since gone, and I hope is, to-day, enjoying the glory of which he dreamed when in the flesh. The memory of those scenes is pleasant, and I hope to witness more such in the class-room which I love.

Great Love.

Some years ago, a Russian nobleman was travelling on special business in the interior of Russia. It was the beginning of winter, but the frost had set in early. His carriage rolled up to an inn, and he demanded a relay of horses to carry him on to the next station where he intended to spend the night. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed; for he said there was danger in travelling so late; the wolves were out. But the nobleman thought the man merely wished to keep him as a guest; he said it was too early for wolves, and ordered the horses to be put to. He then drove off, with his wife and his only daughter inside the carriage with him.

On the box of the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, to whom he was much attached, and who loved his master as he loved his own life. They called over the hardened snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon shed her pale light, and brought out into burnished silver the road on which they were going. At length the little girl said to her father, "What was that strange howling sound that I just heard?" "Oh, nothing but the wind sighing through the forest trees," replied the father. The child shut her eyes, and was quiet. But soon she said again, "Listen, father; it is not like the wind, I think." The father listened; and far, far away, in the distance behind him, through the clear, cold frosty air, he heard a noise which he too well knew the meaning of. He then put down the window, and spoke to his servant: "The wolves, I fear, are after us; make haste. Tell the man to drive faster, and get your pistols ready." The position drove faster. But the same mournful sound which the child had heard approached nearer and nearer. It was quite clear that a pack of wolves had scented them out. The nobleman tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child.

At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard. So he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, you single out one, and fire; and I will single out another; and while the rest are devouring them, we shall get on." As soon as he put down the window he saw the pack in full cry behind, the large dog-wolf at their head. Two shots were fired, and two of the wolves fell. The others instantly set upon them, and devoured them; and meanwhile the carriage, which was now a mere mass of iron and wood, was thrown more furious, and they were soon up with the carriage again. Again two shots were fired; and two more fell, and were devoured. But the carriage was speedily overtaken, and the post-house was yet far distant.

The nobleman then ordered the position to lose one of his leaders, that they might gain a little time. This was done, and the poor horse plunged frantically into the forest, the wolves after him, and was soon torn to pieces. Then another horse was sent off, and shared the same fate. The carriage labored on as fast as it could with the two remaining horses; but the post-house was still distant.

At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you ever since I was a child; I love you as my own self. Nothing now can save you but one thing. Let me save you. I ask you only to look after my wife and my little ones." The nobleman remonstrated, but in vain. When the wolves next came up, the faithful servant threw himself among them. The three panting horses galloped on with the carriage, and the gates of the post-house just closed in upon it as the fearful pack were on the point of making the last and fatal attack. But the travellers were safe.

The next morning they went out, and saw the place where the faithful servant had been pulled down by the wolves. His bones only were there.—And that spot the nobleman erected a wooden pillar on which is written, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "But God commended his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

The Fatted Calf.

We clip the following from a communication to the Republican. It will do to read:

MR. EDITOR: I perceive, with much interest, that you have published an article, "And he played on the pride of ignorance," which is a fair and legitimate subject for burlesque. But does not the affection of learning, in another class of preachers, equally merit the lash of satire.

Let a young clergyman, instead of a sound education, bring from college only the merest smattering of Latin, Greek, and the sciences, he is sure never to neglect any opportunity of making a display of his learning.

About three years ago, a preacher of that class was settled at—no matter where. In nearly every sermon he treated his hearers to a criticism upon the English translation of his text, telling them how the Hebrew or Greek of the original should have been rendered. His pulpit performances were larded with physiology, geology, biology—in short, with every ology but theology. Of the latter they were remarkably destitute.

The ignorant listened with open-mouthed wonder, admiring his sermons all the more, the less they understood them. There was a member of his church, an acquaintance of mine, who was a scholar, and a ripe, exceeding one. He kindly, and in private, admonished the young Divine on the subject of the style and matter of his sermons. The preacher highly resented this act of true brotherly kindness, and termed it "impudent officiousness."

Seeing the young man was incorrigible by any ordinary means, and probably believing that

"Poison must, as Galen held,
By counter poison be expelled,"
he sent him the following outline, sermons, technically called a "skeleton," to show up his usual style of preaching:

SKELETON OF A SERMON:

For the Rev. _____

TEXT—And he killed the Fatted Calf.

INTRODUCTION.—Not necessary to say much about the Prodigal Son, for nearly every wealthy family has a specimen of its own, and needs no enlightenment on the subject. Divide the sermon into five heads:

1. Speak of the calf, and inform your readers how a calf should be fattened. Give him all the milk of two cows, except a tin-soup full, now and then, for the baby. Here you can make some learned remarks about the milky-way, the belt of Jupiter, and Lord Ross' telescope.

"He killed the fatted calf, but not only the Scriptures, but Josephus and the Fathers, are profusely silent on the question how he killed it. As this was more than a thousand years before the invention of gunpowder and firearms, the presumption is that the old man didn't shoot the critter, but introduced into him with a club-for clubs are a very ancient institution.

2. Explain why the old gentleman, instead of a calf, didn't kill a sheep, or a one-horse barbeque, and have a real time of it.

3. Inform your readers what the word *calf* means, when used in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Choctaw, and Lockjaw.

4. Dwell pathetically upon the melancholy fate of the runaway, now-a-days, instead of treating a runaway to a fat calf, are pretty apt to treat him to a "hasty plate of soup," made from the hide of the calf's maternal progenitor.

CONCLUSION.—Throw in a little geology; talk learnedly about "gray-wacke" and "transition conglomerate." Wind up the discourse with a most eloquent, affecting appeal to the consciences of your hearers on the subject of the Durham breed of cattle.

LUMINOUS DESCRIPTION.—A gentleman on board a steamboat with his family, was asked by his children what made the boat go, when he gave them a very minute description of its machinery and its principles in the following words: "You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole, and fastens on the—gamaree, and that connects with the—crucianerum, and then that man, he's the engineer you know, kind of stirs up the—what-do-you-call-it, with his long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

DEATH OF EX-SENATOR DAWSON.—The Hon. William C. Dawson, for many years a distinguished Senator of the United States from Georgia, is reported by telegraph to have died at Greensboro, in that State, on Tuesday, of pneumonia of the heart.

Dr Bond—A Remarkable Incident.

The last Christian Advocate and Journal contains an interesting sketch of the late Dr. Thomas E. Bond, from the pen of his son, the present editor of that paper. From it we extract the following remarkable incident:

"About this time occurred a very extraordinary incident in the life of Dr. Bond, which we narrate with great doubt as to the propriety of the publication. He very rarely mentioned it, and never ventured to designate or explain it. Its truth is, however, beyond question. The circumstances forbid the supposition of optical illusion or temporary hallucination. There are facts in it which are so striking, and the memorials of the transaction are so numerous, that we are confident it is not a mere fancy or a dream in the religious life."

Being on a visit to his father, he was deeply grieved to find the Church, which he had left in a state of prosperous activity, languishing, lukewarm, and weak. His thoughts were much occupied with the subject, and of course, it was the matter of earnest and frequent prayer. In this state of mind, one morning, he was walking over the fields to a neighbouring house, when suddenly he seemed to be in a room where a number of people were assembled, apparently for worship. The room he recognised as an apartment in the house of a neighbour, where a prayer-meeting was to be held on the evening of that day. Had he stood in the midst of it he could not have been more conscious of the scene. There was nothing of the dim, or shadowy, or dreamy about it. He recognised the people, noticed where they sat and stood, remarked his father near the table, at which a preacher was rising to give out a hymn, and near the middle of the congregation he saw a man named C., for whose salvation he felt particular anxiety, standing with his son beside him. While gazing with astonishment upon the scene, he heard the words, "Go and tell C. that he has an offer of salvation for the last time."

Naturally supposing that the too great concentration of mind upon one subject had induced some hallucination of the senses, Dr. Bond fell down on his knees and besought God to preserve his reason. The scene, however, continued; it would not disappear nor vanish, and he struggled to dispel it; the voice yet repeated with indistinct distinctness, "Go and tell C. that he has an offer of salvation for the last time." Yet how would he dare to deliver so awful a message! For a great length of time he struggled for deliverance from what he still considered an illusion. At length an expedient occurred to him which he adopted. He had never been in the room in which he was apparently present when it was used for a public religious meeting. He, of course, did not know how it was commonly prepared for such occasions.—He therefore noted with great care the particulars of the scene. He saw where the little table for the preacher, the benches and chairs for the people, were placed. He noticed his acquaintances, and where they sat and stood, and when he was satisfied that he had possessed himself perfectly of these details, he said, "I will go to this meeting, and if I find all things there to correspond with what I now see, it shall be a sign from the Lord, and I will deliver the message." Immediately the scene vanished, and he was alone in the green fields.

With a spirit indescribably agitated he returned home, where he found a long list of names for the meeting, and the hour fixed for the meeting. During the day he had freely indulged the hope that he had entered into the room in that on which he disappeared. He thought of the subject of an illusion, and he had an excited brain, and that a want of correspondence, immediately to be detected between the real scene and the one presented to his disordered fancy, would at once satisfy him as to the morbid character of the obligation, and release him from the obligation of delivering the terrible message with which he was conditionally charged. When he opened the door, however, he saw again, in all its minutest detail, the morning scene. In vain he searched the room for a variant particular. There sat his father in the designated place. The preacher at the table was rising to give out the hymn. In the midst of the room stood C., with his son beside him. Everything demanded that the message should be delivered.

After the preliminary exercises, he rose and stated the circumstances as we have related them, and then going to C., he laid his hand upon him, and repeated the words he had heard. The effect was indescribable. C. and his son fell down together and rested upon God. An awful solemnity called upon all present. Many cried for mercy, and from that time began a revival of religion which spread far and wide; the fruits of which are yet seen, after many days.

In the midst of this extraordinary scene, the father of Dr. Bond, who was too deaf to hear his words, sat so motionless, that he was mistaken for a statue. His Quaker education had not had its influence over his religious character and views. After the meeting he asked Thomas what he had said to produce such an effect. He frankly told him all. The old man uttered a while and said, "You did right."

About this incident there will be different opinions. We shall not express any. The principal actor preferred to express none. We only state the facts as related by himself, and confirmed, without inquiry, since his death, by one who was present at the extraordinary scene, and who has since been a member of the church. We think, however, with him, that the incident is not a mere fancy or a dream, but a real and extraordinary occurrence, which we believe to be a true and remarkable incident in the religious life. In an extraordinary case, the mind is sometimes so affected, that it is not possible to determine its nature, and the only way to determine it is by the evidence.

TOO YOUNG TO LOVE.
By the late Mrs. Osgood.
Turn to thy books, my gentle girl—
They will not dim thine eyes;
That hair will all as richly curl,
That blush as sweetly rise.

Turn to thy friends—a smile as fond,
On friendship's lip may be,
And breathing from a heart as warm
As love can offer thee.

Turn to thy home!—affection wreathes
Her dearest garland there;
And, more than all, a mother breathes
For thee, for thee, her prayer.

To roam!—oh! all too soon will come
In later years the spell,
Touching with changing hues thy path,
Where once but sunlight fell.

From the N. Y. Observer.
I must attend the Prayer-meeting.
1. Because the greatest and best of all my friends has appointed it as the place where I may have an interview with Him.

2. Because I cannot think of a better place—a place of greater honor, profit and safety for the time, than that prayer-meeting.

3. Because my attendance on that prayer-meeting was included in the vows I took upon me when I pledged myself to be a servant of God.

4. Because my absence will be noticed with sadness by the faithful saints, and may greatly dishearten them.

5. Because my unnecessary absence will comfort Satan in the prospect of success in his temptations.

6. Because impatient sinners and backsliders will comfort themselves over my neglect, and follow my bad example.

7. Because my faithful attendance is one of the links in that chain of influences which I need to bind me fast and firm to my divine Lord.

Therefore I must go to the prayer-meeting. I will go. I shall be happy in going. I cannot be denied. No matter who falls, it must not be me.

SOMETHING FOR WRITERS.—1. Be brief. This is the secret of Telegraphs and Steamships.
2. Be pointed. Don't write all round a subject without hitting it.
3. State facts, but don't dwell on proving the obvious business. Let the reader do his own reasoning.
4. Review pretense. Pounce at once on your subject, like a vulture on a sold man.
5. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly good, draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family.
6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quintessence.
7. When your article is complete, strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives. The English is a strong language, but it won't bear too much "reducing."
8. Avoid all high-flown language. The plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. "Fido" is better than "Fido" when you will do as well.

The Courtesies of Life.
Under this head the Philadelphia Inquirer has some judicious suggestions. If we look to men of success in any avocation of life, we find that, with few exceptions, they have been persons of courteous deportment and fine love, at times, a few passages generous impulses. We extract a few pages worthy of attention, especially by the young:

"A bland, polished gentleman—
Polite and kind to all."
We have more than once alluded to the beauty of courtesy in the ordinary transactions of life. The subject is an important one, although it may not seem so to the haughty and inconsiderate. Many a man has lost a fortune in consequence of the want of a little courtesy. A man of manner and propriety of language should be constantly cultivated. They possess a magic and charm force, and exercise influence. If these character and exercise influence. If these character and exercise influence. If these character and exercise influence.

"THE MINISTER SAYS."—It was the Lord's day and a little son of poor parents was anxious to go to church. But his shoes were worn out, and his mother would not let him go. He begged that he might. "You cannot, you have no shoes," she said. "Shoes, mother?" he cried eagerly, "shoes? the great God doesn't look at shoes; it is the heart, the minister says." He took his old shoes, and ran away to meeting. "Mother, O mother, I forgot to bring my shoes," he said. "What shall I do?" "Bring your shoes," she said. "What shall I do?" "Bring your shoes," she said. "What shall I do?" "Bring your shoes," she said. "What shall I do?" "Bring your shoes," she said.

UNPARALLELED DEVOTION.—It is very rarely we see such a striking illustration of woman's love, as is recorded in the following paragraph which we find in the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald:

A young man formerly of this city, who was arrested last Spring and condemned for bigamy, was released one day this week, having served out his time, and was met at the depot by his first wife, who had not seen him before for several years. The meeting was of a very affectionate character. The young wife forgave his desertion, and took him to a clothing store, where she purchased a nice suit of clothes for him which he donned, when she placed in his hands a purse of three hundred dollars that she had earned since he had left her bed and board. The next morning the reunited and happy couple took the cars for New Hampshire, where, among the pure air of the Granite Hills, we trust their cup of conjugal bliss may always remain full. For such an expression of affection as this, the words of the poet are altogether too tame.

WOMEN ARE SOME ON VITIPELATION.—In a street colloquy between Mrs. Smith and Miss Bender, the other day, the former lady told the latter that she was a skeleton man-trap—a remark which the part addressed resented by calling her antagonist a locomotive engine dressed in cotton batting. This was checked, and converted the verbal skirmish into a digital tussle, which resulted in the loss of eight artificial teeth and a nasal sign.

FOR THE CHILDREN.
EVENING HYMN.
When darkness shadows o'er the land,
And the stars in the sky are bright,
And the moon in the sky is shining,
For thy Creator is ever our King.

It is a scene to see upon my bed,
And think my Father and my Lord,
And His beloved child, who is my King,
Through the night of my life, my King.

Too old to say his prayers,
I think I hear some of my little
readers exclaim, "I thought you could
never be too old to pray." You are
right, dear children; but when you
will tell your mother about this hymn,
ask her to read it to you every night.

It was a long time since I saw
you, and you were so old and kind
mother; but she had died two years
before, when Willie was only three
years old; and now he had no mother.
One evening when his father was away
from home, I offered to put him to bed.
When he was undressed, and about to
get into bed, I said, "Willie, don't you
say your prayers?" "Not now," he re-
plied; "I used to say them every night
and morning when dear mamma was
alive, but father don't bear me say
them any more; I expect it is because
I am so old."

I hope none will ever think they are
too old to pray. Every night and
morning kneel down and thank God
for all he has done for you, and espe-
cially for giving his Son to die. Ask
him for Jesus' sake to give you a new
heart, and help you to love and serve
him, that you may be happy with him
for ever.

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