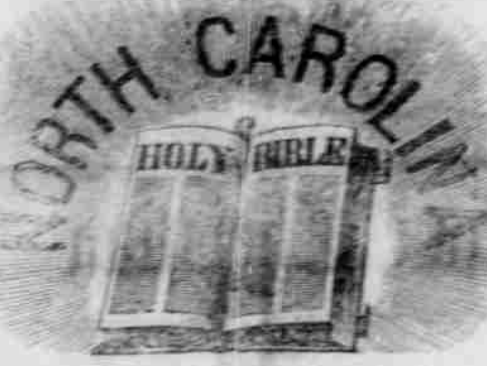


# CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



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## Poetry.

**Pilgrimage.**  
And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—Heb. xi. 13.

Cheerful, O Lord, at thy command  
I bind my sandals on;  
I take my pilgrim's staff in hand,  
And go to seek the better land,  
The way thy feet have gone.

I oft shall think, when on my way,  
Some bitter grief I meet;  
This path hath echoed with His moans,  
And every rude and flinty stone  
Hath bruised His blessed feet.

Fainting and sad along the road,  
Thou layest on my head,  
The hands that fastened to the tree,  
The hands that paid the price for me,  
The hands that break the bread.

Thou whisperest some pleasant word,  
I catch the much loved tone;  
I feel Thy power, my gracious Lord!  
I know thou keep'st watch and ward,  
And all my grief is gone.

From every mountain's rugged peak,  
The far off land I know;  
And from its fields of fadless bloom  
Come breezes laden with perfume,  
And fan my weary brow.

These peaceful hills and holy vales  
Sleep in eternal day;  
While rivers, deep and silent, glide  
Twixt meads and groves on either side,  
Through which the blessed stray.

There He abides who is of heaven  
The loveliest and the best;  
His face, when shall I gaze upon!  
Or share with the beloved John  
The pillow of His breast!

## Miscellaneous.

### "Uncle Moreau."

BY REV. M. B. GRIGG.

The town of Wilmington, though of much commercial importance to the great State of North Carolina, cannot boast of many notable personages, and is woefully destitute of "lions." Perhaps it may strike some strangers, and others ludicrously, that many persons inquire with most apparent interest or at least curiosity after the venerable colored man whose name stands at the head of this article. The reason of this we will attempt to disclose by a short sketch of his life.

Uncle Moreau is now well stricken in years, being according to his own account eighty-four years of age. He was born in Eastern Africa on the banks of the Senegal river. His name originally was Umerah. His family belonged to the tribe of Foulahs, whose chief city was Foutah.

The story that he was by birth a prince of his tribe is unfounded. His father seems to have been a man of considerable wealth, owning as many as seventy slaves, and living upon the proceeds of their labor. The tribes living in Eastern Africa are engaged almost incessantly in predatory warfare and in one of these wars the father of Moreau was killed. This occurred when he was about five years old, and the whole family were immediately taken by an uncle to the town of Foutah. This uncle appears to have been chief minister of the king or ruler of Foutah. Here Moreau was educated—that is he was taught to read the Koran—(his tribe being Mohammedans) to recite certain forms of prayer, and the knowledge of the simpler forms of arithmetic. So apt was he to learn that he was soon promoted to a mastership, and for ten years taught the youth of his tribe all that they were wont to be taught, which was for the most part lessons from the Koran. Those barbarians, did not think like the more enlightened states of excluding their sacred books from their schools.

After teaching for many years Moreau determined to abandon this pursuit and became a trader—the chief articles of trade being salt, cotton, clothes, &c. While engaged in trade some event occurred to which he is very reluctant to refer but which resulted in his being sold into slavery. He was brought down to the coast, shipped for America in company with only two who could speak the same language—and was landed at Charleston in 1807, just a year previous to the final abolition of the slave trade. He was soon sold to a citizen of Charleston who treated him with great kindness, but who, unfortunately for Moreau, died in a short time. He was then sold to one who proved to be a harsh, cruel master, exacting from him labor which he had not the strength to perform. From him Moreau found means to escape—and after wandering nearly over the State of South Carolina, was found near Fayetteville in this State. Here he was taken up as a runaway and placed in the jail. Knowing nothing of the language as yet, he could not tell who he was, or where he was from, but finding some coals in the ashes, he filled the walls of his room with piteous petitions to be released—all written in the Arabic language.—The strange characters so elegantly and correctly written by a runaway slave, soon attracted attention, and many of the citizens of the town visited the jail to see him.

Through the agency of Mr. Munford, then Sheriff of Cumberland co., the case of Moreau was brought to the notice of men. James Owen, of Bladen co., a

gentleman well known throughout this Commonwealth, for his public services—and always known as a man of generous and humane impulses. He took Moreau out of jail, becoming security for his forthcoming, and carried him to his plantation in Bladen co. For a long time his wishes were baffled by the meanness and the cupidity of him who had bought the runaway at a small price from his former master—until at least he was enabled to obtain legal possession of him—greatly to the joy of Moreau. Since then for more than forty years he has been a trusted and indulged servant.

At the time of his purchase by General Owen, Moreau was a staunch Mohammedan, and the first year at least, kept the fast of Khamadan with great strictness. Through the kindness of some friends an English translation of the Koran was procured for him and read to him, often with portions of the Bible. Gradually he seemed to lose his interest in the Koran, and to show more interest in the sacred scriptures until he finally gave up his faith in Mohammed and became a believer in Jesus Christ. He was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, of the Presbyterian Church in Fayetteville, and received into the Church. Since that time he has been transferred to the Presbyterian Church of Wilmington, of which he has long been a consistent and worthy member. There are few Sabbaths in the year in which he is absent from the house of God.

Uncle Moreau is an Arabic scholar—reading the language with great facility, and translating it with ease. His pronunciation of the Arabic is remarkably fine—an eminent Virginia scholar said not long since, that he read it more beautifully than any one he ever heard, save a distinguished servant of the University of Halle. His translations are somewhat imperfect, as he never mastered the English language—but they are often very striking. We remember once hearing him read and translate the 23d Psalm, and shall never forget the earnestness and fervor which shone in the old man's countenance as he read the going down into the dark valley, and using his own broken English, said: "Me no fear, master's with me there." There were signs in his countenance and in his voice, that he knew not only the words, but felt the blessed power of the truth they contained.

Moreau has never expressed any wish to return to Africa. Indeed he has always manifested a great aversion to it when proposed—changing the subject as soon as possible. He returned to this country from Greece, returned to this country from the East, he was introduced in Fayetteville to Moreau, Gen. Owen observed an evident reluctance on the part of the old man to converse with Dr. King. After some time he ascertained that the only reason of his reluctance was his fear that one who talked so well in Arabic might have been sent by his own countrymen, to reclaim him, and carry him again over the sea. After his fears were removed he conversed with Dr. King with great readiness and delight.

He now regards his expatriation as a great providential favor—His coming to this country as he remarked to the writer—"was all for good." Mohammedanism has been supplanted in his heart by the better faith in Christ Jesus—and in the midst of a Christian family, where he is kindly watched over—and in the midst of a church which honors him for his consistent piety he is gradually going down to that dark valley, in which, his own firm hope is, that he will be supported and led by the hand of the Great Master, and from which he will emerge into the brightness of the coming day.—*Central Presbyterianian*

### Things Every Minister Dislikes.

No minister likes to see a person in his congregation asleep. He cannot avoid the unpleasant reflection, that to such a one his sermon is lost. There may be many who are interested, but his thoughts involuntarily turn to the person who is asleep, and the impression made upon his feelings is anything but pleasant. But there is another thing which is even more unpleasant and more annoying than this; it is to see persons whispering while he is preaching. We candidly confess that we had rather see ten persons asleep than two whispering. There may be times when it is almost impossible for a person to keep awake, but for whispering there can be no excuse or apology. It not only shows a want of interest in the sermon, but a want of respect for the minister. It is exceedingly unbecoming and unpleasant to him, to say nothing of the influence it has upon other persons in the congregation.

**SLAPDASH PREACHING.**—Milner was greatly opposed to extemporaneous preaching, thinking it at war with the precise and orthodox mode. Attracted, however, by the great fame of Rowland Hill, he resolved for once to indulge his curiosity by going to hear him. He did so; and, after the sermon, the Dean was forcing his way in much haste to the vestry-room, when, seizing the hand of the preacher, in his enthusiasm he cried out, "Well, dear Brother Rowland, I perceive now that your slapdash preachers are, after all, the best preachers; it went to the heart, sir; it went to the heart sir."

### An Incident with a Moral.

"This night we pass in prayer and praise to God, to-morrow night in jollity and mirth." This singular compact was made under the following circumstances:—A young man of fortune, having graduated at one of our eastern temples of learning, determined to travel through the different States, and view the many wonders and beauties of his native land, previous to a tour in foreign countries. He left his home in the month of December, for the sunny South, and soon after his departure, he was converted, and became eminently pious; (of which more hereafter.) The following summer he returned again to his native town. Some of his former companions having resolved to rally him on his conversion, and to try and bring him back to reason and enjoyment, (as they deemed it,) appointed two of their number to wait on Leslie, as soon as he arrived, and invite him to their room to play cards, and partake of oysters and champagne. On his arrival the young friends met him at the cars, and made known their requests. Their invitation was cheerfully accepted, and the following evening appointed for the meeting. At the time appointed, Leslie was at the room, where he was most cordially received by some ten or twelve of his companions. After the congratulations of each one had been received, Leslie politely requested the favor to make a few remarks; he stated, that since their last meeting together he had experienced a great change in feelings, and had become a professor of the religion of Jesus Christ; and since his conversion, he had made it an invariable rule, to pass the evening of this day in each week in prayer and praise to God; and more especially did he desire now to do so, that he might give thanks to his Creator for having granted to him a safe return home; he would therefore propose that those present should join him to-night, in prayer and praise to God, and to-morrow night he would join them in jollity and mirth. The novelty of the proposition surprised them; but they all with one accord, agreed so to do. Leslie took a piece of paper, and wrote the compact—"This night we pass in prayer and praise to God, to-morrow night in jollity and mirth."

Having then signed it he passed it round and each one put his name there to. Leslie then put the paper in his pocket. The evening was passed as proposed, conducted by Leslie, and at an early hour each one retired to his room; the oysters and wine were reserved until the next day, and the compact of the evening were soon noised abroad the next day, and the compact for the coming night was freely discussed.—Leslie waited on the pastor of his church, explained matters to him, solicited his company that evening, which was cheerfully granted. They together called on, and secured one of the deacons's co-operation. At the time appointed, Leslie and his two friends were at the room. Jokes were passed, the cards table were arranged, at one of which Leslie seated the good old deacon; at another the pastor took his seat.—Leslie desired the punch to be made, and the wine got ready; and then when all were seated, he drew from his pocket the contract observing to the minister that on the evening previous, his friends had all cheerfully joined him in his devotions to God, and that with them he had signed a contract for the pleasures of this evening, in which he respectfully invited himself and the deacon to join. Handing the contract over to his pastor, he desired him to read it in a clear voice he read it out loud. "This night we pass in prayer and praise to God, to-morrow night in jollity and mirth." The party saw at once they were sold. A dead silence ensued. The good old deacon quietly observed, "he for one would cheerfully comply with the contract—cards for to-morrow, but prayers to-night." The pastor kindly and affectionately addressed them on the importance of preparing for eternity; assuring them that religion would not make them sad and gloomy, but would shed joy and peace on their various paths in life, it would comfort them in misfortunes, and sustain them in the hour of death. Prayers were offered up, hymns were sung, and God in his infinite mercy caused the exercise of that evening to awaken repentance in the hearts of some, and ere the year passed, every one of those who were present, became eminent members of Christ's church on earth.

### THE END OF A FUDDLING CLUB.—A celebrated drinking club, in a large town in the west of Scotland, which had formerly great influence at the local election is broken up. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum; one jumped from a window and killed himself; one walked or fell into the water at night and was drowned; one was found dead in a public house; one died of *deterian tremens*; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days. One who was a baillie when connected with the club, is at present keeping a low public house. Such are a few facts well known to those living in the locality.—*Liverpool Albion.*

### From the New York Observer. The Christian Merchant.

A young man who had been for some years engaged in preparing for mercantile life, was hopefully converted. The query then arose in his mind, shall I become a minister of the gospel? After much reflection and prayer, he decided that it was his duty to remain in the employment in which he was engaged. The result showed, so far as man can judge, that he decided wisely. He had the qualifications for a Christian merchant, and he illustrated in a good degree the usefulness which that character is fitted to achieve. He did not suppose that the only duty of the Christian merchant is to make money to give to the Lord. Some men persuade themselves that they desire to accumulate property for that purpose. It is seldom that their liberalities relieve them from the suspicion of self-deception. It is doubtless the duty of the Christian merchant to give of his substance as the Lord prospers him, but he enjoys no monopoly in respect to that method of doing good. He has other, and very important means of usefulness.

He may do much good by doing just right in all his business transactions. Fraud, and a disposition to take the advantage, are so common that perfect honesty is a high recommendation. "Mr. C." said a man who was always making the faults of Christians an excuse for neglecting religion, "Mr. C. is a perfectly honest man, and if all Christians were like him the case would be different." The reader can call to mind instances in which a reputation for perfect integrity has given a man great influence in the community. This means of influence every Christian should possess. The Christian merchant, as he has numerous dealings with a wide circle of customers, has thus a wide circle of influence.

He may do much good by manifesting the spirit of Christian kindness.—On his own premises, where he may be supposed to feel perfectly at home, he has access to numbers daily. True, his conversation must relate chiefly to business transactions; still, if the spirit of love is in his heart, he can often drop a word in season which may result in great good. I have known persons make an errand to the store of such a man in order to receive a kind word of Christian encouragement and affection. He can do much good by judiciously rebuking men. A merchant had among his customers men who were habitually guilty of profanity. In his gentle and affectionate way, he told them that such profanity was wrong, that it was a loss their custom to hearing it. It is not known that he ever lost a customer by that course. It is certain that he had no profanity on his premises.

He can do much good by giving counsel to those who have had less experience in financial matters, and especially by taking a deep interest in the finances of the church with which he is connected. Thus it appears that while all the ordinary avenues to usefulness are open to him, he has access to some peculiarly his own. The influence of merchants as a class has been greater than has commonly been supposed; how much greater and more blessed will that influence be, when it shall be wholly consecrated to God!

### How to Believe.

Over the ocean bounded a good, strong ship. "Homeward bound" was the thought that made the piping winds sound sweet to the sailor, who sat, in his midnight watch, listening to them as they whistled through the shrouds.

"Homeward bound," thought the rough seaman—"home to the low cottage near the wood, and to carry joy to my old mother's heart, I go. Thank God for a mother's prayers!"

The "look-out," as the man at the mast-head is always called, had been a desperate character, but his mother's prayers had followed him as he roved over sea and land; and when, in his turn, he had gone aloft to watch all alone, and to listen to the strange, wordless whispers of the ocean winds, he had more than once fancied he heard the tones like those of that mother's voice praying for him.

A faithful chaplain was on board; and his efforts for the good of the crew were blessed. Among others, "Look-out Jim," so named from his far-sightedness, and because so often sent aloft—became a convert. Whole-hearted in his piety, as before he had been in his wickedness, he strove with untiring zeal to impart to all his shipmates the knowledge of the Savior he had found.

He declared to them that he had enjoyed more peace and happiness in one week of Christian life than all the years which he had lived ever afforded him.

"But, Jim," questioned one, "how did you get this strange happiness? What did you do?"

"Do," said Jim. "Why, I believed." "Well, shipmate, that's what I want to understand about it. How did you believe?"

"How did you believe?" repeated Jim, slowly, and with a puzzled look. "Well, I don't know as I can explain it to you. I quit swearing; but it wasn't just that—I left off drinking grog and chewing 'baecis; but it wasn't that—I believed Jesus Christ would save sinners if they asked him to, sincerely, and the thought came into my head—'He'll save me, and I was saved; that's all I can tell you.'"

### From the Herald and Journal. The Aged Methodist Nurse and Dr. Tyng.

At a Methodist missionary meeting held in Exeter Hall, London, in the month of May 1842, the Rev. Dr. Tyng, minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, said: "I feel that Mr. Chairman, and my Christian friends, much more sensibly than any speaker who has preceded me, a very peculiar honor to have been invited to address this meeting, even at this late moment; for although the suggestion was made to me the other day, in the Secretary's room, I had hardly supposed I should be called up until the resolution which I now hold, was put into my hand. I come, sir, from a land, where we might as well forget the proud oaks that tower in our forests—the glorious Capitol that we have erected in the center of our hills, or the principles of truth and liberty, which we are endeavoring to disseminate throughout the world, as to forget the influence and power of Wesleyan Methodism, and the benefit we have received thereby. Such have been my associations from the very youth of my ministry, up to this day with my beloved brethren and friends in the Methodist Episcopal Church of that country, that I feel everywhere where I am connected with them by a spirit that seeks no apology for speaking. I recollect that it is written in the blessed book of inspiration that there was a curse on every man that removed his neighbor's land mark. I suppose that these fences would have been in Canaan, the sectarian divisions are in our Christian church, and when that church, under the outpouring of the Spirit of God, comes back to Canaan again, the landmarks will be enough to designate our territory, and the fear of God enough to prevent intrusion beyond our proper bounds.

You may ask, then, what I have particularly to do with Wesleyan Methodism? Perhaps little. I knew an individual (said the doctor) brought up in all the luxury which wealth and the circumstances of station in society could give, and who, when God was pleased to open his eyes to make him see the necessity of a Saviour, and to lead his heart in its darkness to look after Jesus; if haply he might find him, had not a single acquaintance among those with whom he stood united by the ties of nature, nor a friend among those to whom fashionable life had bound him, who understood for a moment the feelings of his heart. The answer they gave him was that he was a deacon in a divine. But, sir, there was an elderly Methodist woman, a superannuated maid-servant, in the family of a distant connection of that young man, for whom, as a reward for her services, her master had built an upper chamber over a back building in the yard, where she might dwell in quietness, supported by his benevolence, to the end of her life. When she heard that the young man had become 'degraded,' she sent for him to visit her, and she was the very first individual who understood his case; and as she led him to Jesus, and God in him, and the glory of the cross, she was made the minister of God for good to that young man's soul. That young man, sir, was called into the ministry, and the Providence of God has brought him here this day to tell the tale."

**All Depends on the Religion.**  
Some days since, a certain minister of a certain Episcopal church, in a certain village not far from Buffalo, started in his buggy to fulfill an appointment in a town some twenty miles, when he discovered his horse was quite lame, and as evening drew nigh, he deemed it best to stop for the night. In a short time he came to a farmhouse, in front of which a yeoman, considerably advanced in years, was standing, when the following conversation took place:—  
Minister—"Can you tell me, my friend, how far it is to a house of entertainment?"  
Yeoman—"Well, if you mean a tavern, Mister, about twenty miles; but if you mean a house of entertainment, we have one ourselves."  
Minister—"Ah, very good, my horse is quite lame, as you see, and I am somewhat fatigued myself. Can you accommodate us for the night, friend?"  
Yeoman—"Well, yes, we can accommodate you—but if you are a clergyman, I must tell you that the fare you get depends on your religion."  
Minister—"How so, good sir?"  
Yeoman—"Why, you see, if a minister is a good straight Presbyterian, we give him the best we have got; if he is a Baptist or a Methodist, he gets pretty good living; but if he is an Episcopalian he can't expect much. We don't think much of Episcopalianism out this way."  
Minister—"Smiling"—"Well, my friend, I am sorry to know that your prejudices are so deeply imbedded. I am an Episcopalian clergyman, and suppose I must content myself with a picked-up meal; but let me assure you of one thing—my horse is the best Presbyterian you ever saw!"  
The yeoman was not so obtuse that he did not discover and appreciate the minister's joke, which by the way, procured for both man and beast the best that the farmer's larder and barn afforded.

**The Third Head.**  
The Buffalo Advocate, always full of good things, contains the following editorial, which we call "excellent." We do not say the fault complained of is common, neither do we think it is. But caution and discretion is never amiss, especially when as well administered as in the following:  
A distinguished pious lawyer was once asked how he liked the sermon of a divine whom he had just heard. "I think, sir," said he, "that it comes under the third head." Being asked to explain, he replied: "A certain French preacher, after a long and pompous introduction, said, 'I shall now proceed, my hearers, to divide my subject into three parts: first, I shall tell you about that which I know and you do not; second, I shall tell you about that which you know, and I do not know; and third, and lastly, I shall tell you about that which neither you nor I know.' Now, too much preaching comes under 'the third head.' It is a mere speculation upon scriptural topics, instead of a faithful and earnest presentation of positive scripture truths. The hearers are invited into the region of imaginations, of possibilities, and gorgeous pictures are painted for the gratification and commendation. The 'secret things' which belong only to the infinite mind, are invaded, and the vain efforts made to explain them to the satisfaction of the curious and speculative. That such sermons should have their addresses among superficial minds and mere worldly thinkers, can hardly be a matter of surprise, when we consider the earnestness with which the evil heart studies any subject that does not expose its own iniquity and demand the breaking up and abandonment of habits which it loves and cherishes."

But to the honest inquirer after the revealed will of God, to him who seeks to understand the authoritative instructions of the sacred page, all such preaching is mere idle declamation and pompous show—it is worse than insipid—it is positively offensive. How absurd to hope that such sermons will be carried home to the heart and consciences of the people, by the help of the Holy Spirit! God is not in them. Their rhetoric may be perfect, and their oratory entrancing, but they are wanting in the authority of revealed truths, and hence, are powerless. By arousing the imagination, and engaging the sympathies of the thoughtless-minded, they may charm the congregation, they may

**A MESSAL PICTURE.**—It is estimated that there are 700,000 pianos in use in this country at the present time.

### Dancing and Scripture. The New York Churchman, in a recent issue said:

"Dancing in itself is an innocent recreation, and as healthful as it is graceful. God is not dishonored by it; on the contrary the Psalmist says: 'Let them praise His name in the dance.' And so they may—all the Puritanism in the world to the contrary, notwithstanding."

Whereupon the *Southern Churchman* thus rejoins:—"Our cotemporary quotes Scripture to sustain dancing. We do not know that this is altogether to be wondered at, when so very wicked a person as Satan was guilty of the same impropriety. Not of course, by any manner of means would he be so understood as classing our respected cotemporary with so evil an existence. We only allude to this that it may be seen how scripture may be abused. Here for instance are certain persons being taught a worldly amusement, not at all for recreation." Our cotemporary will bear with us when we tell him this is all evant. There are many kinds of cant. There is an Evangelical cant, a High-church cant, a Romish cant and a worldly cant. Dr. Johnson's advice, therefore, is to be addressed to the *Churchman*—My dear sir, free your mind of cant. It's all cant saying that children are taught to dance on account of the recreation. They are taught to dance at balls and parties, and when they go into company. And to advise people to learn to dance that they may mix with the most worldly people under circumstances when everything combines to chill all devotional feeling, where there is the world and nothing else; and then to apologize for all this, by saying the Psalmist says, 'Let them praise His name in the dance.' Old Mr. *Churchman* unaccountably thinks of Satan quoting Scripture to our blessed Lord, who justly praises His name in the dance. So say we. And therefore let them be no dancing whatever in which the name of God is not praised. With this rule there would be an entire abolition of dancing, except that kind practiced among our Shaker friends. Now can it be that we have misunderstood our cotemporary, and after all what he means is that we should turn Shakers, and so conduct our religious services as that we may be able to have little dances interspersed therein? Can it be that the *Churchman* means this?—Surely his well known orthodox forbids such, and back upon our original interpretation, and condemn our cotemporary with the 'adage' of Scripture for misplaying the inspired record!"

**Getting Rich by Trading.**  
A newly married couple in the old Bay State, before the Revolution, commenced the world with no other patrimony than a barrel of rum. On this they determined to commence business for a living. Accordingly, they opened what they called a shop or store, and advertised rum for sale at retail; but as every good customer who came, they solemnly resolved to forsake the credit system, and to sell not a dram but for ready money. A drum was soon sold, and James had a great fit. This was a good capital to begin upon. The next day James became thirsty, and arranged with his wife Betty to pay her the great, for which she had laid out a drum. But should not the trade be respected? Why should not Betty have rights as well as James? And so the next day she purchased a drum of her dear husband and paid him a great fit for the same. Thus a stream of mutual exchanges having been devised, the cash kept a constant circulation between James and Betty, all the barrels were emptied, and both commenced drinking. Marked the benefits of trade in this country were illustrated by the purchase of James and Betty. It has been a question of the great advantage of commerce to the commerce and exchange of the people, that neither will be so prosperous as a production of the spirit of the nation.

Saying, my dear Sir, "I have heard in the history of *Walden*, as you are interested in the character of that man, who converted converts to piety; 'He frequently was inquisitive and restless spirit, who refused from their own skepticism in the bosom of a Church which pretends to infallibility, and after questioning the existence of a Deity, being themselves to *worship a wolf.*'"

**The Dying Child.**  
I was greatly pleased, says Dr. Thompson, with a little incident a mother gave me the other day. A child was dying—Feeling unusual sensations, she said, "Mamma, what is the matter with me?"  
Mother—"My child you are dying."  
Child—"Well, mamma, what is dying?"  
Mother—"To you, dear child, it is going to heaven."  
Child—"Where is heaven?"  
Mother—"It is where God is, and Christ, and the Holy Ghost, and the angels, and the good men made perfect."  
Child—"But mamma, I am not acquainted with any of those, and I do not like to go alone; won't you go with me?"  
"O, Mary, I cannot. God has called you only, not me, now."  
Turning to the father she asked the same question. Then piously to each of her brothers and sisters, repeated the same interrogatory, and received the same response. She then fell into a gentle slumber, from which she awoke in a transport of joy saying, "You need not go with me, I can go alone. I have been there, and grandmamma is there, and grandpapa is there, and Aunt Martha."

"I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME, AND THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."  
Jesus loves you, little children,  
Loved you ever, loved you now,  
Loves to hear the prayers you offer,  
When before His throne you bow.

Little can you do to serve Him,  
But that little will He heed,  
Ever pouring out a blessing  
On each gentle, kindly deed.

So all are ever little traders,  
But large enough for His dear love,  
Large enough for Him to carry,  
Him to woo from heart to love.

Light are all our little pleasures,  
Yet Happiness to take a share,  
Dawns on smiles when you are happy,  
In each joy thank Him a share.

Thank for your thoughts turned  
To a Saviour's love,  
And joyous in His love,  
That you may love Him true.

Worship on the ground as truly  
Joyous and Almsgiving,  
That the angels as well as God,  
Might be glorified and glad.

Now He calls you to His Father,  
Loves a Man, and yet a King—  
Loves that He will let you know,  
Mighty to God the Father bring.

For he loves the tender blossom  
Equally as the tall birch tree,  
And he smiles when, pale and spiritless,  
Bright in heaven it fully bloom.

Ome then, children, to this Saviour,  
Let your little hearts to Him;  
You have a Lord who longs to please you  
From the gulf and power of sin.