

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.—RUFUS T. HEPLIN, Editor.

Vol. 1.—No. 51.

RALEIGH, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1856.

1 50 a Year, in Advance.

Poetry.

From the Home Journal.
Our Brother.

BY HENRY MARSH PARKER.

A ship went on the sea,
The lonely, lonely sea;
With a human hand to guide her right,
A human eye to watch at night;
The sky grew black, and the waves grew wild;
The man at the helm was weak as a child,
And she drifted out to the sea—
The lonely, lonely sea.

Wool wool for that ship went down
In the lonely, lonely sea;
Went down at night when the waves were high,
And the drowning saw not a star in the sky,
And the wail of their terror died on the air,
And the angels in waiting caught never a prayer,
As they hovered o'er the sea—
The lonely, lonely sea.

List now; that ship in a brother we love,
And he drifted out to sea;
We watched his sail in the gathering night,
And earnestly prayed to the giver of Light
To guide him over the sea;
But alas! alas! the breakers were wild!
There's grief for the mother that waits for
her child—
The child that knelt at the knee—
For prayer was dumb on his lips when he
sank
To the dead of the lonely sea—
The lonely, lonely sea.

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Observer.

Denied a Burial.

Maderia is an island of no little fame in the North Atlantic ocean, and off the Western coast of Africa. Its population is about 100,000. They are mainly of Portuguese descent, generally very poor, and terribly bigoted papists. Funchal is the capital of the island, and almost its only seaport. Not long since, the most atrocious laws were there enacted, expelling all foreigners from the island who in any way interfered with the religion of the people;—imprisoning those who taught anything contrary to the doctrines of the Romish Church and condemning every native Portuguese who renounced a papal religion to the confiscation of his political rights; thus subjecting every person renouncing allegiance to a debased and drunken priests, to a and ecclesiastical excommunication. And, of course, the beautiful and is reduced to semi-barbarism.

Within the past year this island was fitted by famine and pestilence, and soon as the sufferings of the people were known, Britain and America forgotful of their cruel laws, and of the cruel persecutions of Protestants there, most generously contributed to their relief. These generous contributions are acknowledged by a circular from the Governor of the island, Antonio Rogeiro Gronico Conceiro, dated November 1846, and from the Palace of Saint Lorenzo. This Governor, with a quartet of names, feeling depicts the awful sufferings of the people; and dwells with eulogy on "the generous gifts with which generous strangers, not only on the spot, but also those far away, bound to the people by no ties of duty, or nationality, but only by bonds of universal philanthropy," favored them. Here we have the gifts of Protestant Britain and America, generously given in the hour of need, thankfully acknowledged, by the Governor of the island, and the "Military Commander of Funchal."

Now look at the sequel. In the city of Funchal, before which the ships from Protestant Britain and America, laden with provisions for the famishing people, cast anchor, there lived a modest, industrious citizen. He was a Portuguese and a Protestant. Whilst he adhered to the faith of Christ, he was no missionary, no zealous propagandist. Although he abhorred the laws, he obeyed them, so far as his outward conduct was concerned. This man was taken sick, and died. And in a London paper of 15th of November, under the head of Deaths, we find the following paragraph:

"At the end of October, at Funchal Maderia, died Rita Gomez, a Portuguese Protestant. The Roman Catholic authorities having refused permission for interment, the body was thrown into the sea.

This notice is from the London Illustrated News of the date given above, where it is inserted without a note of interrogation; without a word of comment! And yet, were it done in Britain or America, or in any country of the globe where Protestant civilization has obtained a foothold, it would excite the indignation of the civilized world. Were it done even in Turkey, it would have been a matter for the consideration of the diplomatists who formed the treaty of Paris!

When, O when, will the eyes of men be fully open to the genius and tendencies of Romanism? Araid! he sends out his edict from Ancona, reviving the Inquisition in its worst forms. A Protestant is not permitted to worship, save in the case of the American Chapel, within the walls of Rome; nor to be buried;—and when buried outside of the walls, and by the tomb of Caius Cestius, it is forbidden to engrave on their tombstone a passage of Scripture,

or to write upon it a hope of their having gone to heaven! This is Rome! In Madrid, De Mora was first imprisoned, then banished the country simply because he is a Protestant. In Ireland the Bible is burned, colporteurs violently beaten, and even ministers of the Gospel treated as were the Apostles in Asia Minor; whilst the poor people are deluded by letters from the Virgin Mary. In Cuba, the queen of the Antilles, it is almost impossible for a Protestant to get burial in any way; and at Funchal whilst the bread, the generous gift of Protestants, was yet in the peoples' mouths, the Roman Catholic authorities refused burial to poor Rita Gomez, and his body was thrown into the sea! A few years since, England was moved to its depths by the refusal of a pinky priest of the Puseyite stamp to permit the burial of a dissenter in the parish graveyards; and christendom denounced the stupid act of bigoted intolerance; but what was the comparison with the refusal of the Roman Catholic authorities to give a spot for the burial of a poor Protestant in Madeira, and thus compelling the friends (it may be his wife and children) to cast the body of Rita Gomez into the sea! We doubt whether the records of modern fanaticism contain an act of more heartless cruelty than this! It would seem as if the priests of religion must have been turned into demons, or hyenas, before they could be guilty of an act which has not a solitary excuse to relieve its atrocity.

And yet the casting into the sea of the body of Rita Gomez at Funchal, is an index to the spirit which actuates the priests of Rome everywhere, in New York as in Madeira. Popery has many members, but it has only one heart.—That heart is at Rome, and by its pulsations all its members are moved.—Popery is not so much a religious as a political system, formed and jointed with great skill for the maintenance of priestly power, but little elevated above that of pagan Rome, when the Pontifex Maximus reigned supreme, in sacred things, upon the Tiber. The sooner it is regarded and treated as a huge system of fanaticism, compounded of Judaism, Paganism and Christianity, at war with all the higher interests of humanity, the better. It would seem to me as if the waves which form the winding sheet of Rita Gomez, as long as they dash against the rocky cliffs of Madeira, will be lifting their cries to heaven against popery, until the angel of the Apocalypse shall descend from heaven crying, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication."

KIRWAN.

Peter Cartwright takes down a College Bred Preacher.

There happened to be at our quarterly meeting a fresh, green live Yankee from down East. He had regularly graduated, had his diploma, and was regularly called by the Home Missionary Society, to visit the far-off West—a perfect moral waste, in his view of the subject; and having been taught to believe that we were almost cannibals, and that the Methodist preachers were nothing but a poor illiterate set of ignoramuses, he longed for an opportunity to display his superior tact and talent, and throw us upstarts of preachers in the West, especially Methodist preachers, into the shades of everlasting darkness. He, of course, was very forward and officious. He would, if I had permitted it, have taken the lead of our meeting. At length I thought I would give him a chance to ease himself of his mighty burden, so I put him one night to read his sermon. The frame building we were worshipping in was not plastered, and the wind blew hard; our candles flared and gave a bad light, and our ministerial hero made a very awkward out in reading his sermon. The congregation paid a heavy penance and became restive, he balked, and hemmed, and coughed at a disgusting rate. At the end of about thirty minutes the great blessing came; he closed, to the great satisfaction of all the congregation.

I rose and gave an exhortation, and had a bench prepared, to which I invited the mourners. They came in crowds; and there was a solemn power rested on the congregation. My little hot-house reader seemed to recover from his paroxysm of a total failure, as though he had done all right, and, uninvited, he turned in to talk to the mourners. He would ask them if they did not love Christ; then he would try to show them that Christ was lovely; then he would tell them it was a very easy thing to become a Christian; that they had only to resolve to be a Christian, and instantly he or she was a Christian. I listened a moment, and saw this heterodoxy would not do, that it produced jargon and confusion. I stepped up to him and said:

"Brother, you don't know how to talk to mourners. I want you to go out into the congregation, and exhort sinners."

"He did not appear to be the least disconnected, but at my bidding he left the altar, and out he went into the crowd, and turned into talking to sinners. There was a very large man, who stood a few steps from the mourn-

ers, who weighed about two hundred and thirty pounds; he had been a professor, but was backslidden. The power of God arrested him, and he cried out aloud for mercy, standing on his feet. My little preacher turned round, and pressed back through the crowd; and coming up to this large man, reached up and tapped him on the shoulder, saying:

"Be composed; be composed." Seeing, and indistinctly hearing this, I made my way to him, and cried out at the top of my voice,

"Pray on, brother; pray on, brother; there's no composure in hell or damnation."

"And just as I crowded my way to this convicted man, who was still crying aloud for mercy, the little preacher tapped him again on the shoulder, saying,

"Be composed, brother; be composed." I again responded:

"Pray on, brother; pray on, brother; there is no composure in hell."

I said to the throng that crowded the aisle that led to the altar,

"Do, friends, stand back, and get out of the mourner's bench."

Together they were so completely jammed that it seemed almost impossible for me to get through with my mourner. I let go his arm and stepped forward to open his way to the altar, and just as I had opened the aisle, and turned to go back, and lead him to the mourner's bench, the Lord spake peace to his soul, standing on his feet; and he cried, "Glory to God," and in the ecstasy of his joy, he reached forward to take me in his arms, but fortunately for me, two men were crowded into the aisle between him and myself, and he could not reach me. Missing his aim in catching me, he wheeled round and caught my little preacher in his arms, and lifted him from the floor; and being a large, strong man, having great physical power, he jumped from bench to bench, knocking the people against one another on the right and left, front and rear, holding up in his arms the little preacher. The little fellow stretched out both arms and both feet, expecting every moment to be his last, when he would have his neck broken. Oh how I desired to be near this preacher at that moment, and tap him on the shoulder, and say, "Be composed, brother; be composed!" But as solemn as the times were, I, with many others, could not command my risibilities, and for the moment, it like to have checked the rapid flow of good feeling with those that behold the scene; but you may depend on it, as soon as the little hot-bed person could make his escape, he was missing.

The Inquisitive Yankee.

"Improvements," of an old anecdote is exceedingly rich.

A gentleman riding in an Eastern Railroad car, which was rather scantily supplied with passengers, observed in a seat before him a lean slabsided Yankee; every feature of his face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a more inquiring mind. Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady dressed in deep black, and after shifting his position several times, and maneuvering to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye:

"In affliction?"
'Yes sir,' responded the lady.
'Parent?—father or mother?'
'No, sir.'

'Child perhaps?—boy or girl?'
'No, sir, not a child, I have no children.'

'Husband then, I expect?'
'Yes, was the curt answer.'

'Hum!—cholera?—a tradin' man may be?'

'My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera, he was drowned.'

'Oh, drowned, eh?' pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant.
'Save his chest?'

'Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects,' said the widow.

'Was they, asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up.
'Pious man?'

'He was a member of the Methodist Church.'

The next question was a little delayed, but it came.

'Don't you think you have great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and saved his chest?'

'I do,' said the widow, abruptly, and turned her head to look out of the window. The indefatigable 'pump' changed his position, held the widow by his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query, in a little lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward, over the back of the seat, 'Was you calculating to get married again?'

'Sir,' said the widow indignantly, 'you are impertinent!' And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car.

'Pears to be a little huffy!' said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator behind him; 'she needn't be mad; I don't want to hurt her feelings. What did you pay for that umbrella you've got in your hand? It's a real poopy one.'

The Devil in the Choir.

In a quiet village in one of the middle states, in a church has been greatly afflicted with repeated difficulties in the choir of singers. In one of these periodic storms, the pastor of the Church was interrogated: "What is the matter with your choir?" To this question, he very coolly replied: "Nothing unusual; an evil spirit from the Lord troubleth them." Ever since David played the evil spirit of Saul, the same spirit has been much interested in music, especially in connection with sacred worship. About once a year the devil seems to get in our choir, and goeth not out but by praying and fasting.—The praise of the sanctuary in not a few congregations seems to be doomed to a discord of voices, or to a worse discord of hearts. There is a radical defect somewhere, some important screw loose, or some present evil spirit which deranges so much, and so often, this part of sacred worship.

Singers are a very sensitive class, easily offended, and hard to be won back to. If another happens to sing in the gentlest terms, a mistake in time or harmony, dear me! what a fluttering! Dignity is offended, capacity is questioned, and their sense of propriety mortally wounded. Away goes Mr. B flat or Miss C sharp in dudgeon from the choir, and the echo's followed.

There may be two choristers about equally competent to lead the music.—Instead of dividing the time and burden between themselves, each is apt to crave all the time and the honor; and with this mutual purpose, the issue is joined for a trial of strength. Each secures a party from the members of the congregation. All united are no more than sufficient to form a well-balanced choir; but harmonious they will not be, because Satan has gained possession "to use his knowledge," that a divided kingdom cannot stand. The successful competitor and his party retain possession of the orchestra. The vanquished party withdraw, and throw every possible obstacle in the way of their rivals. In a large proportion of choirs the majority of members are young and inexperienced. Many of them are without hope, and without God in the world. They sing in the sanctuary not as a duty, but as a mere gratification. This is also true of many who profess better things. Too much of the singing in our Churches is destitute of heart felt, spiritual worship.—The aim is mechanical execution, artistic attainment merely. The most soulless truths are sung without soul, and heartless scientific display.

If the Holy Spirit is not awakened to the singers' heart, to awaken and utter spiritual truths, the choir is entering in to dwell there. The withdrawal from the choir of the older and more experienced singers, is a custom often fraught with evil consequences. Good and staple influences are thus withdrawn. The young members need the influences and restraints of the older.

The duty of praise must continue as long as the capacity to sing. If there is not room for all in the orchestra, there is room in other parts of the house. When the choir leads in the worship of God, the whole congregation should join heart and voice in that worship. The young should be trained to sing with the older, in the family, in the singing school, in the rehearsals of the choir, that all may join in the praises of God in the sanctuary. It is a serious fault that custom allows of the older singers to abandon the choir.

Those who do the singing must hire their own teachers, buy their own books of music, spend their own time and money for the special gratification of some, and the special grumbling of others. If the Church will not take the responsibility of the praises of the sanctuary, it is strange that the devil should take charge of the choir, and induce them to sing or quarrel, and best subserves his purpose? We have seen a whole Church engage in bitter strife because a bass-viol was used in the choir. In the opinion of the good deacon and his friends, it was bringing the devil into the house of God.

Let the Church labor for the salvation of the choir; then may each and all make melody in their hearts unto God. Thus may the evil spirit be exorcised from the songs of the sanctuary.—New York Evangelist.

Colleges in the United States.

There are in the United States one hundred twenty-two colleges, with more than a thousand professors, and having more than twelve thousand students. They have extensive laboratories and astronomical instruments, and libraries containing more than a million of volumes. There are about forty medical schools, and about two hundred and fifty professors, and five thousand students. There are forty-four theological schools, with one hundred and twenty-seven professors, and between thirteen and fourteen hundred students. There are sixteen law schools and about six hundred students.

Who can tell when to rejoice in this fluctuating world! Every wave of prosperity has its reacting surge, and we are often overwhelmed by the very billow on which we thought to be wafted into the haven of our hopes." (Washington Irving.)

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon.

The fame of this young Baptist minister, who is now attracting vast crowds in London, has reached this country; and he is represented as a second Whitfield. Counter reports, however, reach us occasionally. A correspondent of the New York Christian Advocate and Journal handles him pretty roughly. He says:

"I dislike coxcombs under any circumstances, but clerical coxcombs are the objects of my special and utter aversion; and therefore I have never once attended the ministry of a young Baptist preacher, who has made some noise here for the last two years, and of whom I know many of your readers have heard—the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The term 'coxcomb,' as applied to him, is a very mild and gentle one indeed, and a much stronger one would be amply justified by his demeanor; but the frightful tragedy which has just taken place in connection with his ministry, though it affects him only indirectly, nevertheless excites a feeling of commiseration;—doubting, amidst the storm of mind and manner for the future. It may be objected that I have no right to find fault with the manner of a preacher whom I have never heard. I reply, I form my judgment from the description of his friends and admirers, and my conclusions are confirmed by those of all really intelligent persons with whom I have conversed, who have heard him, and heard him, too, with minds previously impartial and unprejudiced. His admirers admit his rudeness, coarseness and vulgarity; the familiarity, even to levity, with which he deals with the names, the attributes, and the functions of the Persons of the Holy Trinity; and the jocosity and jocularities which are so frequently rewarded by the laughter of his congregation at his illustrations of the most awful themes. 'But these,' say they, 'are but the eccentricities of genius.' Why, so far as I can learn, Mr. Spurgeon's 'genius' consists exclusively of these! Take away these, and the truest ferocity of his Calvinism, and all that is left is most bare and meagre. But these 'eccentricities of genius' are really not 'eccentricities' at all; they are studied affectations, wilful and deliberate impertinences. Imagine a young man of twenty—he is now only twenty-two—telling the young ladies in a congregation of two thousand persons, that if they had come to hear him in hope of catching him for a husband, they might as well have staid at home, as he was already engaged, and was shortly to be married! Your readers will probably say, that this is much more like a piece of premeditated insolence, than a 'short eccentricity of genius.'"

A short eccentricity of genius." was preaching in Mr. Spurgeon near the Royal Surrey Gardens, when a false cry of fire was raised. The panic was so great that amidst the rush and confusion seven lives were lost, and some fifty or sixty persons severely injured.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

A Hero's Ball.

Yes, a hero's Ball, and when we inform our good readers that such a thing has taken place in Toronto; they will certainly be inclined to entertain the heretodox notion that there is something new under the sun after all; though the wise man long ago affirmed the opposite. All the world knows that heroes are accustomed to balls, but not human heels; and that the former move under the expansive power of a sudden evolution of gases, and not at the instance of musical sounds. But that our enigma may be understood, we may just inform our readers that a Ball was held on Tuesday evening the 25th ult., in the St. Lawrence Hall in honor of a returned Crimean hero. Now we say not a word to depreciate the merits of the individual, but we ask what kind of heroism was it that could be duly honored with the senseless and demoralizing ceremonies of a dance? And just in proportion as the exploits of the warrior entitle him to renown, is the absurdity of attempting to render him a due meed of praise by the tripping of the feet. But then, there were also toasts and speeches given under the inspiration of champagne; and we notice particularly the account of one of the toasts which it is said on the part of these hero worshippers, was,

"Drunk with enthusiasm."

This probably has a two-fold import, and in its full signification may be understood as representing both an act and a state.

Could not the originators and the actors in this scene have erected some more worthy and enduring monument in honor of deeds of high and noble daring in a righteous cause? There is however one redeeming feature in this affair, as we see the name of a D. D. in the committee of arrangement. Though this is not the first time that the performances and associations of the dance have been honored by the sanction of like dignitaries; yet we think that the divinity of any person is awfully sick and needs doctoring who can so far forget the proprieties of ministerial, or even christian character, as to have any participation in such scenes.—Christian Guardian.

For the N. C. Advocate.

Look to their Comfort.

The great political contest for 1856 is past; the result is known to the country and to the world. It is now to be hoped that the minds of our orderlies citizens will resume their wonted quiet, and society will turn its attention from the disquieting elements of political strife to the more sober pursuits of life. Among the last, not the least subject of consideration, is the pursuit of religion. Our Church, organized her ministers into all sections of the country that all may have the gospel preached to them. Our Conference recently convened in Greensboro, and after transacting the business peculiar to itself, its members dispersed to go to the various fields of labor assigned them for the present Conference year. The adjournment of an Annual Conference is one of the most sublime moral scenes ever beheld by man. There is manifested the strength, the ardor, the devotion of holy men of God to His cause.

There is seen the great sacrifice of ease and earthly comforts that men will make, that they may labor and be useful in the vineyard of the Lord. It is true, few are in danger in both feelings. It may cause the one to be vain, and the other to despair, yet each should trust in God for his own success during the year. When they receive their appointments some think of the privations and sufferings to which their wives will be exposed—that they must whirl from place to place, and yet during the year have no place they can call by the endearing name, HOME.

The wife of an itinerant minister, perhaps, makes more sacrifices than any other person. Home is the empire of woman, but the wife of an itinerant minister has no home. Now, since I am not writing for the ministers, but for the members of our Church, suffer me to make a few suggestions.

1. The Methodist Preacher's life is a life of sacrifices. He is a man of like passions with other men; if so he loves home and comforts as well as other men. But he feels that a dispensation of the gospel is committed to him; and "woe is me if I preach not the gospel," thrills his very heart. He gazes out upon the aspect of society, and there beholds the elements that oppose themselves to Christianity, and Jonah like, fears to go; but, encouraged by the presence of God, he commences his duties and his labors. Now, brethren, you who enjoy your comfortable homes, should you not strive to render that man of God as comfortable as your circumstances will allow?

2. If the life of a Methodist Preacher is one of sacrifices, that of his wife is more so. The itinerant life is mixed with thorns and roses, with clouds and sunshine, with comforts and sacrifices, with smiles and frowns, with glowing prospects and seasons of gloom, with warm greetings and cold receptions; and his wife shares largely in all the evils without a fair proportion of the comforts and joys. Do not add one pang to her bleeding heart. She has come to you, to your circuit or station, from fond feelings, to be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and the worth of immortal souls lies near it; and that her husband may offer salvation to fallen man, and point them to the "Lamb of God," she has cheerfully, though with much sorrow and many tears, bid adieu to the scenes of childhood sports, the hearthstone of her father, torn herself away from the fond embrace of her loved mother, to come and spend a year of toil and sacrifice in your midst. Do not turn a cold look upon that tender heart, could you see the feelings, the anguish that a cold chilly reception causes, you would be moved to pity. When you meet her let her feel that she has a friend; be kind, and the next mail will bear the glad intelligence away, that that stranger is happy, has a warm loving friend, and you are that friend.—Her distant friends will bless God for your kindness, and God will bless you.

3. Go to the Parsonage and see if that is comfortable. If it is not, have it made so. See if there is a sufficiency of furniture, if not place more there. Make your Preacher and his family comfortable, and then if he is right, he will labor for you with a will. Do not say the Parsonage is all well enough; the family is to stay but one year, and people ought to make out almost any way for that length of time. If your Preacher is uncomfortable it may do more harm to his health for the whole year, and your church suffer all the sad consequences of having but little preaching.

If you have no Parsonage procure a good boarding house for the family of your Preachers. There are good places; if your rich members will only agree to have a little trouble and give the wife of the Preacher one of their comfortable rooms all will be well.

Dear brethren; all: Remember that winter, chilly winter, is upon us, take care of the Preachers' families.

Rest, N. C. OSSISSO.

John Wesley's Testimony.

We may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that LIQUID FIRE commonly called DRAMS OF SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS. It is true, these may have a place in medicine, they may be of use in some bodily disorders, although there would be rarely any occasion for them, were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioner. Therefore, such as prepare and sell only for this use, may keep their consciences clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distilleries in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will pay, are poisoners general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, nei-

ther does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them!—The curse of God is in their garden, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! BLOOD, BLOOD! The foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, thou man of blood, though thou art clothed in scarlet and fine linen, andarest sumptuously every day, canst thou hope to deliver down 'thy fields of blood' to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven, therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, 'thy memory shall perish with thee.'

For the Children.

Any, or how to take medicine.

Little Amy was sick. She tried all day not to be sick, because she did not like to take medicine. But by four o'clock, she laid her head in her mother's lap, and said, "I sick, mother." Her mother bathed her head, warmed her feet, and put on her little new night gown. Then she placed her in Sarah's arms, while she went down stairs.

"Has she gone to get some medicine, do you think, Sarah?" asked Amy. "O yes," said Sarah, "nice good doctor's stuff, not bad at all to take, Amy." Amy laid her head on Sarah's shoulder, wishing what Sarah said was true. Presently her mother came back with a wineglass in her hand.

"Is it bitter, very?" asked the little girl. "No," cried Sarah; "it is sweet—it is good."

"Mother, is it bitter, and bad to take?" asked Amy.

"Yes, my child, it is bitter; but not bad to take if you make up your mind to take it, like a good child."

Amy had rather know the truth than be deceived. All children do. "Sarah, it is wicked to licker sweet," said she.

Her mother took her in her arms, and held the glass. She did not coax or threaten, or promise her pretty things; she wanted her little child to be willing to take it for the sake of getting well.

"Wait a minute," said Amy; and clasping her little hands together, she shut her eyes, and said, "O my Saviour, will you give me a good little child, Amen."

Amy opened her soft blue eyes, and stretching out her hand, took the glass and swallowed the medicine; Sarah gave her water to rinse her mouth, when she sweetly smiled, saying, "How much little girls can do if they try, and, mother, hasn't the Lord Jesus promised to help them?" The mother kissed her darling.

THE DEW.

"Mamma," said little Isabel.
'While I am fast asleep,
The pretty grass and lovely flowers
Do nothing else but weep.'

'For every morning, when I awake,
The glittering dew drops lie
Upon each tiny blade of grass,
And in each flower's eye.'

'I wonder why the grass and flowers
At night become so sad;
For early through their tears they smile,
And stem all day so glad.'

'Perhaps 'tis when the sun goes down
That the gathering shade,
And that is why they cry at night,
Because they are afraid.'

'Mamma, if I should go and tell
The pretty grass and flowers
About God's watchful love and care
Through the dark and midnight hours.'

'I think they would no longer fear,
But cease at night to weep;
And then perhaps, they'd bow their heads,
And gently go to sleep.'

'What sweetest tears to you, my child,
Is the refreshing dew
Our heavenly Father sendeth down,
Each morn and evening new.'

'The glittering drops of yearly dew
Are to the grass and flowers,
What shimmering through the silent night
Is to the life of ours.'

'Thus God remembers all the works
That he in love hath made;
O'er all his watchfulness and care,
Are night and day displayed.'

Good Advice.

The more quietly and peaceably we give on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if one cheat you, to quit dealing with him; if he be abusive to quit his company; if he slander you, so to live as that nobody will believe him; no matter who he is, or how ever he misuses you, the wisest way is, generally, just to let him alone. There is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet.