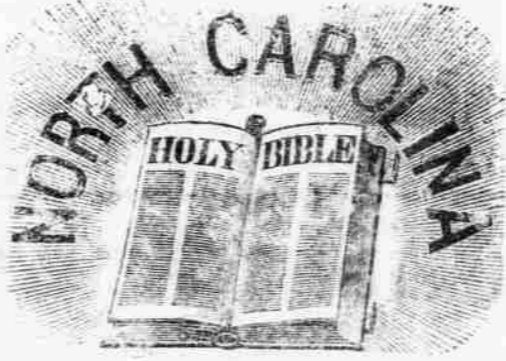


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FERENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.—RUFUS T. HEPLIN, EDITOR.

RALEIGH, THURSDAY APRIL 16, 1857.

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Poetry.

From the New York Observer.
The Happy Pilgrim.

A pilgrim with his hat content,
His chest his hat content,
On that the land that lies beyond,
With patient heart I go;
Now restless World I ask no more
The willing guest to be;
Mine is the rich and heavenly feast,
And Jesus sips with me.

II.
Now every where I take my way
And gazeers ever and anon,
Where to before hath been;
Oh, never has the path seem'd long,
The night proved dear as day;
So that I heard his loving voice,
Or rested in the field.

III.
You wonder at the songs I sing,
That thus my face should shine;
Remember, friends, that I am His,
And He forever mine;
So I, a pilgrim through the world,
His crimson portion share;
While He makes every burden light,
Or deth the burden bear.

IV.
Come join me in my pilgrimage,
And thus long gone before;
Though narrow is the way, and strait,
There's still room for more;
What if the road be rough to-day,
The night prove dear or cold,
It will not hush His loving voice,
Or shut us from the fold!

Sabbath Bells.

Hark! for the Sabbath bells
Sound the hour for prayer
Clear and sweet their echo swells
On the morning air.

"Come and praise! come and praise!"
This they seem to say;
Sings of love-felt worship raise
On this holy day!

"Come and hear! come and hear!"
From the court of Heaven;
Tidings glad! tidings dear!
Sin may be forgiven!

Life is offered to the dead,
Freedom to the enslaved,
Let this blessed Gospel spread
Till a world be saved!

Echo thus the Sabbath bells,
If you will have their strain;
Every soul the triumph tells—
Christ our King shall reign.

Original.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
The Church in Tarboro.

DEAR BRO. HEPLIN: In the Advocate of March 26th, I notice an appeal from Bro. Burkhead, in behalf of the Church in Tarborough. Being acquainted with the condition of the church in that place, and the peculiar circumstances by which it is surrounded, I feel called upon to second that appeal.

The church in Tarborough, as Bro. Burkhead states, is considerably in debt, and still unfinished. The Methodists of Tarborough have done all they can towards securing a house of worship. They have done nobly. They can do no more. The friends of Methodism have also contributed liberally to the cause. No more money can be raised in Tarborough. Now the question arises—What is to be done? Will the Methodists and friends of Methodism within the bounds of the N. C. Conference contribute the eighteen hundred dollars, necessary to remove the present debt and complete the church, or will they allow the church to be sold in order to liquidate its debts? This is a plain question, and I address it to every reader of this article.

I am aware, that when a cause of benevolence is presented to a man, it is both natural and proper, for him to ask: "Are the circumstances of the case such as to demand this contribution?" This question as applied to the case before us, I will endeavor to answer.

First, I believe that the interests, not only of Methodism as a denomination, but of religion, demand this contribution. Tarborough is a wealthy and intelligent place, and its religious condition is somewhat peculiar. Up to the present time it has been under the influence of the Primitive Baptists, and Antinomianism has held almost undisputed sway. But the views of the people have reached a changing point. Already some of the most intelligent and influential men of Edgecomb have embraced Universalism, while others have come out, and professed open infidelity. This is the natural tendency of the religious principles which have been instilled in them from infancy. How are the minds of these persons to be turned into the proper direction? Only through the influence of Methodism! There is no other denomination which can reach them. There is no other church whose doctrines and policy are adapted to their peculiar circumstances. What is to be done? Shall we give them up? Shall we leave them to embrace Universalism and open infidelity, as many of them have already done, or shall we make an effort to save them?

Secondly, I am informed that a gentleman in Tarborough who is not a member of the church, but who has given all the influence, labor, and means which he could, in order to secure its erection, is liable to be sued for a con-

siderable amount on account of the church. Now, shall we, as the Methodists in the N. C. Conference, permit this? This gentleman is a strong friend of Methodism, and has performed a noble part for the church in Tarborough; and now, brethren, shall we allow him to be sued on our account? I do not believe it. I have a higher opinion of the Justice as well as the benevolence of North Carolina Methodists, than to entertain the thought for a moment.

Reader, I am not appealing to you now for money to send the missionary to foreign lands—the missionary cause is a noble one—one upon which heaven looks and smiles—but I am appealing to you in behalf of our own beloved Methodism, in our own beloved State. Contribute as God has blessed you, to the placing of Methodism in such a position in Tarborough, as to enable it to nip infidelity in the bud, and crush out the destructive heresy of Universalism. Reader, I am done. My object has been to second Bro. Burkhead's appeal. I leave the matter with you and your God. Affectionately,

B. F. LONG.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

PLEASEN HOURS—No 13.

BY REV. JOHN BAYLEY.

A PEACEFUL CONSCIENCE.

"Though faithless fortune strip her vestry bare
Though malice haunt him, and though envy
Torment,
No time, no chance, nor want, can e'er destroy
This soul-felt comfort and this bosom joy."

The belief in the existence of a moral sense, or a conscience in man, is fundamental to religion; and therefore it has found a place in all religious systems, whether true or false. If man had no moral sense, there would be nothing in him to which the ambassador of the Most High could appeal.

In vain would it be urged that God is our Creator, and Preserver, and our Judge; in vain would the deeply affecting story of the cross; or that he has been said of the ancient heathen world, that with regard to their awful wickedness, they were "without excuse."

It is too manifest to be denied by any who will take time to reflect upon the subject, that God has not left himself without a witness in the human heart, or as Dr. Young calls it "God's umpire," or in the language of Upland, "God's vicegerent in the human heart," and happy is the man who constantly abides by its decisions, and avoids those sharp stings which are the portion of the disobedient!

Let any one, no matter how depraved he may be, call himself before the tribunal of his own heart, and pass in review his own thoughts, feelings, and actions; and though he may be a very partial judge in the case, he will find that he cannot escape the conviction that in some respects, at least, he has done wrong. And if he will allow himself to entertain the investigation, according to the light that God by his Holy Spirit will pour into his mind, his conscience will condemn him more and more until he feels a foretaste of the pain inflicted by him who that never dies. But when the conscientious man takes a review of his life, and finds that he has been enabled by grace to overcome the evils inherent in his nature, and the temptations to which he has been exposed, and to act according to the sublime law of rectitude, his bosom swells with a pure delight, and he enjoys a bliss to which the unrighteous man is a stranger.

The cruel tyrant may wade through seas of blood to the possession of an ill-gotten throne; the unprincipled aspirant to civil or ecclesiastical honors, may triumph for a season over the just and the good; the covetous may part after the dust of the earth and in their greediness for gain, transgress the laws of God and man; they may laugh at the scriptures of the good, and declare that a conscience is too expensive a luxury for them; but the good man knows that if he should lose the approbation of his own conscience he will have nothing left worth keeping; and therefore he watches over the good with the most jealous care. The true Christian prefers the smiles of an approving conscience to the riches, the honors, and the pleasures of the world. He would rather be with John the Baptist in a dungeon, than with Herod on a throne. He would rather be a righteous man, than a wealthy villain. He would rather be slandered by a slanderer. He would prefer to lose the money that others owe to him rather than to refuse to pay his just debts. In the presence of his neighbor, with conscientious integrity, he may ask in the language of the Hebrew prophet, "Whom have I despised? Whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe?" With Job the afflicted, he may cry, "My heart shall not reproach me as long as I live." Or with the Apostle Paul, "Herein do I exhort myself to have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man." Such a man may be neglected by his fellow-men; he may be afflicted with poverty and disease; but he has a treasure in his own heart; and all the wealth of the world would not buy, and it is his privilege in these seasons of retirement when the wicked are made miserable by the stings of conscience to enjoy many pleasant hours.

ACTS NOT WORDS.—A New England clergyman, enforcing on his congregation the necessity of practical godliness, and contrasting the early Christians with those of the present generation, very properly remarked:

"We have too many resolutions, and too little action. The Acts of the Apostles is the title of one of the books of the New Testament; their Resolutions have not reached us."

Selections.

From the N. W. C. Advocate.
A Short Chapter on Croaking.

Deaf sound—Pious A.—Days of yore—
"Young America" motto—Pruning the vine—
Old line Methodism—Benefits of croaking—
Development of powers and graces—Who does not enjoy the croaker?

The word croak, by common consent, has come to be used a little out of its strictly philological sense, and means to grumble, to find fault, &c. Now there are different kinds of croakers, domestic croakers, and religious croakers.

Religious croakers! Reader, don't be misled! Religious means pious, devout. Only think of it: a pious croaker!

Well, strange as it may seem, it is really true: there are religious croakers—pious croakers.

Who can deny the genuine piety of Bro. A.? Only keep on the right side of him, (which, forsooth may be a somewhat difficult task,) and he will pray as long, as loud, and as fervently as any one in the church. If everything moves just according to his notion of things, he will do all in his power to sustain the interests of the church, to hold up the hands of the minister, by his words, his influence, and his purse. But if things do not go to suit him, why, of course, he will not do much. And who can blame a man for wanting his own way? Is it not the case with every body?—True, every body don't croak about it, if they don't have their own way; but this is their own fault; they have a perfect right to it if they choose.

Who can say a man has no piety, because he don't like steeples, and galleries, and organs and fiddles, et cetera?

Who could think of delivering over to Satan that good brother, because he thinks Methodist ministers should wear, as in days of yore, low-crowned, broad-brims, shad-belled coats with stand-up collars, that they ought to ride on horseback with saddle-bags, and library, and travel large circuits, and get small salaries, [which latter they do, mostly,] because he thinks christian women should not wear fashionable dresses and bonnets, lace collars and veils, and borders on their eyes?

Suppose he does think the preacher preaches too smooth or too rough, too long or too short, too low or too high—that he is very injurious in his selection of subjects; that he preaches on doctrines that every body understands; that he ought to be more practical; that the preacher is a very poor hand to conduct prayer meetings, and so on to the end of the chapter. Has he not a right to croak?

Well, suppose, because the protracted meeting is not conducted just to suit him, though God blesses the efforts and saves souls, he stays at home, refuses to cooperate with the pastor and his brethren in the work of building up the church; we ask again, and would do it with emphasis, has he not a right to do so? Yes, reader, there are pious croakers.

As a matter of course, the pious croaker could not subscribe to the modern, young America notions, that in things "morally indifferent" we ought to be governed by the majority. This would be leaving clear beyond the bounds of his cherished creed. And who would expect one to do this? Do we not honor the man who is true to his principles? Is a man under any obligations to compromise his favorite notions?

Bro. A., the pious croaker, is very good done in the church, unless the preacher commences the third day after entering upon the duties of his charge, to "lop off dead branches," to "prune the vine," &c. It won't do to wait, and learn the real condition of the church; oh no, it must be done speedily, or the preacher can do no good. Nor must he wait till some brother prefers a charge: This would be entirely wrong. If there are evident signs of a revival, if sinners begin to cry for mercy, if there are genuine conversions, Bro. A. is no better satisfied; he is sure the young converts will all die for want of "nursing mothers." And so he croaks on. He seldom speaks in love-fests, class or prayer meetings, without deprecating in most solemn tones the sad and fatal departure from "old line Methodism."

Poor Bro. A., what a pity every body can't think just as he does! This would surely be a paradise!

Now we propose to show in conclusion, some of the benefits of croaking; for he assured the pious croaker has his sphere of usefulness, as well as other pious persons.

First, he operates as a kind of check-off, if you will allow the figure, a kind of wheel brake to the church. In this age of lightning and steam, the church is in great danger of catching the spirit of the times. Now, without something to hold it back, there would be great danger of running off the track. The pious croaker does this most effectually by keeping constantly before the mind, in almost every social meeting, the danger of departing from the old landmarks.

Secondly, the pious croaker has a tendency to develop the powers and graces of the church. This is done by agitation, friction. A quiet, inactive

state is always to be dreaded: "Opposition is the life of business"; when mind comes in contact with mind, like the flint and steel, the latent fire is brought out. Were it not for Bro. A., or some one like him, we possibly might lose our whereabouts, and find ourselves out upon a dead sea. True, the croaker may sometimes seem to be an annoyance; he may appear as a clog; but it is for the general good. We should never know we had the grace of patience, if we never came in contact with anything to try us. How admirably is patience "worked out by tribulation."

Thirdly, and finally, the pious croaker is a great blessing to himself. There is not only an unexpressed pleasure in one's having his own way, but in having something to croak about; like the scolding housewife, he will always find occasions plenty. Who does not envy the croaker, the real hearty croaker, the pious croaker, his happiness?

W.

From the New York Observer.

A Minister's Comfort.

In many respects a minister's comfort depends upon the same things which other persons' comfort depends upon. A good house contributes quite as much to his comfort as to the comfort of the lawyer or the mechanic. An income sufficient to deliver him from want and embarrassment is quite as comfortable as it would be if he were not a minister. Congregational society does quite as much for him as for any other man. Besides these he may have sources of comfort peculiar to his office. Paul speaks of some who were fellow-laborers in promoting the kingdom of God, and says they "had been a comfort" unto him. It is a great comfort to a minister when he has those in his church who are fellow-laborers with him in promoting the great ends of his ministry—the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom.

There are some in almost every church who are not a comfort to their minister. There are some who show no signs of spiritual life. They are members of the church and nothing can be said against them. They come to church regularly, and contribute to the support of the gospel. They make no disturbance in the church, or in the community; but they give no signs of spiritual life. The minister is constrained to feel that the only difference between them and some others who make no pretensions to religion is, that they are members of the church. He is constrained to feel that their prospects for salvation are not as good as they would be if they were not members of the church. They are no comfort to him: very far from it.

There are some members of the Church who have a peculiar capacity for finding fault. The minister's sermons are too long, or they are too short. He does not visit enough, or he does not spend time enough in his study.—He pays too much attention to the rich, or he is not sufficiently genteel. He takes too much upon himself, or he lacks moral courage. Their marvelous ingenuity in fault-finding never fails to find some materials in the character and conduct of the minister. Such members are not a comfort to him.

There are sometimes members of the church who think more highly of themselves than they ought to think. Owing to their wealth, family connection, or to some inexplicable reason, they think their influence ought to be superior.—They are offended if he does not consult them on all occasions, and still more offended if he does not follow their advice. They are not a comfort to him. Paul himself, with all his talent and piety, could not extract any comfort from such members.

There are some members of the church whose zeal is very inconstant, and whose consistency is not as great as is desirable. Now they are deeply interested in the work of the Lord, they are urgent that something should be done for the salvation of men, and they are willing to work diligently. But their zeal soon abates; their exertion soon ceases to an end. The minister whose efforts they just now so diligently seconded, is left to labor alone. Those who were so warm and zealous have become cold and negligent, and their inconsistency gives occasion for religion to be ill-spoken of. Such members are not a comfort to the minister for a time: then they are a cause of discouragement and sorrow.

It is a matter of great thankfulness that there are some in almost every church who are a great comfort to the minister. All those who walk humbly with God, who pray for him and sympathize with and aid him in his efforts to do good, are a comfort to him. The humblest member of the church may thus be a great comfort to his minister.

Re-ignation.

A certain old lady who has been famed for sour looks and not very sweet words touching the accidents of life, was observed to have become very amiable. "What happy change has come over you," said a neighbor. "Why," said the transformed, "to tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and have finally concluded to sit down contented without it."

Other Facts Relative to Baptism to be Remembered.

1. That similar stress to that which immersionists attach to the mode of Baptism, is not laid upon the form or manner of any other rite of Christianity: why such an importance here?

2. The advocates of immersion as the only mode cannot produce a single passage of Scripture where it is put beyond doubt that this is the signification of baptizo; whereas we can produce several where this cannot be the meaning of the term.

3. Mr. Carson, the great Baptist author admits that in claiming, as he does that dipping is the only signification of baptizo, he has all the lexicographers against him!

4. The oldest Syrian version of the New Testament, the Peshito, has not translated baptizo by any term which signifies to immerse, but by a term which signifies to 'stand up,' etc., thus harmonizing with the action ascribed to St. Paul, Acts ix. 18: 'And he arose—stood up—and was baptized.'

5. Mr. Wolf, the celebrated missionary to the East, reports that he found a sect of Christians who baptized with the water of Jordan, on its banks, and not by immersion. They were following John the Baptist.

6. We have no instance recorded in the New Testament where the administrator of the rite of baptism went to any place for the purpose of having water enough for immersion. They uniformly administered the ordinance where they and the candidates happened to be.

7. If pouring or sprinkling were the original mode, we can easily account for the introduction of dipping, by referring it to that well-known principle of human nature, that seeks the *improving and striking*, even in religion, and which is known to have added several appendages to the rite, as trine-immersion, white raiment, milk and honey, etc. But if immersion was the original mode, how can we account for the introduction of pouring or sprinkling?

8. The terms "much, or, more properly, 'many waters,'" which were said to be in Enoch, as the reason John baptized there, could not have meant streams or fountains, sufficient for the purpose of immersion, for in modern times travellers have repeatedly been over the ground; and Napoleon had a troop of horse stationed there for a season, and none of them have been able to find any water sufficient for dipping a multitude, or even one person.

9. Immersion is not necessary for any purpose or end connected with religion or morals. It is not necessary to piety, for its advocates admit that Pedobaptists are as pious as themselves. It is not necessary to religious peace and joy, as all the world knows. It is equally unnecessary for success in the ministry, as bigots know and feel to their chagrin, we are sorry to see.

Nor is it necessary in order to enter into the spirit and design of the Christian dispensation, as all history and experience abundantly prove. It cannot therefore, be necessary in order to obey God, for he certainly would not so abundantly bless with all good things those who openly live in violation of his command. Why then is it insisted upon? Why?—Nash. Chris. Advocate.

A Broken Command.

In the summer of 185—, a dinner was given at S—A. At the same time there was a bran-dance in the immediate vicinity. Tickets were sent far and near, inviting the young ladies to the dance, the Hon—, and his daughter, and a lovely young lady, repaired to S—A, to attend the occasion. After dinner some young ladies proposed going out to see the dance.—Miss—refused, stating as her reason for doing so, that her father had bidden her not to go there. They insisted that there was no harm in merely looking on the dance for awhile, and then returning to S—A. She yielded. After looking on for a time, a young man invited her to dance with him. She refused—another, she still refused. At length some ladies persuaded her that there could certainly be no harm in dancing, and her father would never know it. She walked into the ring, led by a fine-looking gentleman. See, her face turns alternately red and pale.—She has broken her father's command. In a few minutes she was in the dance. The weather was very warm, and she very delicate, and soon she became exhausted from over-heat and exertion and fainted. There was consternation amid the ranks of the dancers. They used restoratives, but to no effect. Her father was sent for. Judge of his surprise and grief, when he found his lovely daughter apparently lifeless.—Medical aid was called, which, after great effort, succeeded in restoring her to animation. She was carried home, where she lingered several days, and then sank into the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead. S. H. B. Dyer Co., Tenn. Feb. 3d. 1857.

Memphis Advocate.

A True and Touching Incident!

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend, some miles distant. "Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to day; you will promise me, won't you?" said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading glance.

"No, Millie, I will not; you may trust me." And he wrapped his infant boy in a soft blanket, and they proceeded.

The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

"Now, don't forget your promise," whispered the young wife, as she passed up the steps.

Poor thing! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when red. But his love for his wife and babe, when they lolled, kept him back, and it was not often that he joined in the bacchanalian revelries.

The party passed off pleasantly, the time for departing drew near, and the wife descended from the upper chamber, to join her husband. A pang shot through the trusting heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated—he had broken his promise.

Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man would break into stanzas of song, or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her face pressed closely on her grieved heart.

"Give me the babe, Millie, I can't trust you with him," said he, as they approached a dark and somewhat swollen stream which they had to ford.

After some hesitation, she resigned her first born, her darling babe, closely wrapped in the great blanket, to his arms. Over the dark waters the noble steels safely bore them and when they reached the bank the mother asked for the child.

With much tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms, but when she clasped it to her bosom no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not.

A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waves then sink forever.

What a spectacle! the idol of his heart gone—gone forever! and that, too, by his own intemperance. The anguish of the mother, and the remorse of the father, are better imagined than described.

This is no fiction, but the plain truth. The parties were known by the friends of the writer, and it should be a warning to those who indulge in intoxicating drinks, and resist the pleading of loving wives.—Christian Banner.

New Methodist Church.

We were present last Sabbath when Rev. Mr. Barrett made a pathetic appeal to his congregation in reference to erecting a new building for that rapidly augmenting society to worship in. It was a subject that had previously arrested our attention, that the edifice is entirely too small to accommodate the large number of people desirous of worshipping there, and we were pleased to learn that the subject had arrested the attention of the pastor and congregation. We are not singular in the opinion that handsome and spacious places for christian worship, should be constructed for the service of God, whenever they can be afforded; not that the prayers and homage of the pious would not be as acceptable to Him, offered up in the meanest hovel; not that he would not as promptly and freely pardon sin, when a petition is sent to the throne of Grace by a contrite heart from under the roof of the most humble cabin; not that He considers fine and costly buildings as more than dress; but because his Name is worthy of all the homage and adoration that men can bestow, with their means, souls and tongues.—We would fain hope that Mr. Barrett's congregation and our community will co-operate with him to build a Temple worthy of themselves, and the Being whom they profess to serve, in Salisbury.—Salisbury Herald.

Paraphrase.

The following paraphrase of the 16th and 17th verses of the first chapter of Ruth, I found in an old volume of the "American Farmer," and was written by the lovely and lamented Mrs. CHARLOTTE DEXTER. McC.

"Where'er thou goest, I will go: O'er Egypt's sands or Zombia's snow; Where'er thy weary eye-lids close, There will thy Charlotte too repose. Though on the naked earth we lie, While temptests rear above the sky, Still, still, undaunted will I be, And find the boldest calm with thee, Those people whom thou call'st thy own, Those only are to Charlotte known; And our great Father, God above, With equal warmth we both shall love. Where'er thy last expiring breath Is yielded up to riddles Death, On that same spot will Charlotte die, And in thy tomb will Charlotte lie. The Lord do this and more to me, If more than this part we from thee, As, living, but one heart we own, So, dying, we will still be one."

Washington.

Among the books in the Library of George Washington, at the time of his death, was the "Poetical Works of William Preston, Esq.," a work published in Dublin, in 1798. The book was a presentation copy, and was inscribed by the author, to Washington, in the following lines, which, for terse and comprehensive thought, cannot be excelled. We have copied the inscription in lines as it was written by the author:—

To His Excellency
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
The Deliverer of his Country;
Unshaken in Danger,
Unshaken in Adversity,
Uncorrupted in Prosperity,
in whom
Military Talents,
Communate Wisdom,
and
Unexampled Moderation,
Most happily unite
and render him
The Boast of Human Nature!
From the author.

What more truthful and comprehensive tribute to the memory of the immortal Washington has been rendered by any writer, than this inscription from the pen of an almost unknown author, and one who had no national affinities with him whom he thus eulogized?

For the Children.

Little Ella.

"Mamma, sing that pretty little hymn for Ella."

Little Ella was lying on her couch, very ill. She had been ill for some time, and was sinking very fast. Her mother had watched over her night after night, as only an anxious and loving mother could watch. She prayed and wept, believing that her little darling would be spared to her, but all in vain. The physician had just informed her that there was now no earthly hope, and that she must be resigned to the will of Him who "doeth all things well." And when little Ella opened her soft blue eyes, and asked her to sing, she felt as if her sorrowing heart would break. Controlling her feelings with an effort, she commenced singing that beautiful infant hymn:

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day."

And as she sang, Ella clasped her pale, thin hands together, and sweetly smiled. A sunbeam from heaven seemed to rest upon the lovely babe—her lips moved as if in prayer, and she joined in singing the hymn with her feeble voice. They continued to sing:

"Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye,
Kept by a father's hand,
Love cannot die."

The mother could sing no more, and sobbing aloud, she clasped the little sufferer close to her bosom, exclaiming wildly:

"My little darling, how can I give you up? O, God, spare—spare my child! Oh! let this bitter cup pass from me!"

"Don't cry, mamma," said little Ella, "that happy land love cannot die. Oh! it will be love—all love. And you'll come there, too, mamma, and we shall be so very happy. Dear papa will be there, and brother Charley, and we'll all live there forever. Kiss me, mamma. I am going to sleep. It is growing very dark. Good night, mamma."

Little Ella slept. It was a dreamless sleep. He who blessed little children, and said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," had taken her to himself.

Her mother sat beside the little couch, expecting her little darling to awake. Soon she noticed the pallor that overspread her lovely face, she sank upon her knees and pressed her lips to the white forehead, and the shivering of her frame told more plainly than words that her little Ella was dead. She kissed her clay-cold lips, but there was no returning pressure, she took her little hands in hers, but there was no responsive clasp. The stricken mother bowed her head, and prayed for fortitude to bear this, her heavy affliction. She arose exclaiming,

"Not my will, but thine, O God! be done."

Little Ella sleeps in the quiet graveyard, with the following inscription on her tomb-stone:

"Little Ella,
Love cannot die."

What Can I Do?

"I do not see what I can do,"
A little snowflake said,
"Upon this meadow, long and wide,
A covering to spread."

But quietly it kept its place,
Till, slowly falling round,
The other flakes came gently down,
And white was all the ground.

O freely give! though little sums
Are all you can bestow,
Remember, that of single flakes
Is formed the bed of snow.