

THE PARTY.

Victory Over Death.

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory."
At last—at last!
The gloomy shades of Death
Around me darkly lower,
Yet soars my spirit up
From pangs of death, to sing—
"Oh Grave where is thy victory—
Oh Death where is thy sting!"

Though through the vale I go,
Oppressed and terrified,
Alone—alone—alone—
With fear on every side,
Yet soars my spirit up
From pangs of death, to sing—
"Oh Grave where is thy victory—
Oh Death where is thy sting!"

For Oh! though all alone
With fear on every side,
I know in whom I trust—
I know the Crucified—
He lifts my spirit up
From pangs of death, to sing—
"Oh Grave where is thy victory—
Oh Death where is thy sting!"

See—see—the morning breaks,
The darkness flees away;
See—see—the dawning dawn
Of everlasting day!
Upward my spirit soars,
In better words to sing—
"Oh Grave where is thy victory—
Oh Death where is thy sting!"

I Shall Be Satisfied.

Not here, not here, where we are ever wandering,
Where our steps falter from the narrow road,
Where, as the twilight falls, we oft are stumbling,
With weary feet within some trackless wood.

Not here, not here, where sin does still enfold us,
Whit in the flesh the spirit does abide;
But in a fairer world, it has been told us,
We will awake and shall be satisfied.

No more all fading joys of earth deceive us,
Far out of sight and yet by faith discerned,
Lies the fair city that we shall be satisfied,
Where with our God we shall be satisfied.

No more shall darkness o'er our footsteps hover,
No more shall fears bedim our every way,
For that bright world knows neither sin nor sorrow—
No darkness there, but one eternal day.

When on the river's brink I trembling stand,
Saviour be there to take me by the hand;
Fearless I cross the swelling, surging tide,
Knowing thee near, my soul is satisfied.

The Evening.

We shall endeavour to make the Christian
Watchman a newspaper to be welcomed by the
young as well as by those of mature years. We
shall think of the whole family while preparing
for this section of the paper. A piece of genuine
poetry, a sketch of other lands, or a good story
will not be skipped by the old folks, nor rejected
by the young. It will not be necessary to fill
these columns with unmeaning narrations or
childish nonsense. Even children are not such
simpletons as we imagine, and reject with disdain
the little stories and poems which are made
for them, and supposed to be suited to their
capacity. We will be able, for some time to come,
to provide a narration which we are assured,
from the character of the author, will prove in-
teresting and instructive.

The Missionary's Son.

CHAPTER I.
It was the evening of a sultry day in Buzamah.
The sun was setting gloriously, throwing a golden
lustre over the rich orient landscape—
Groves of lily palms and fragrant sandal-wood,
thick clusters of bamboo, rust growths of matted
jungle darkened the surface of the country. The
wide plains seemed to glow with living verdure,
through its midst meandered a beautiful river,
its surface dotted with native boats, its banks
covered with native houses and villages.

Twilight was coming on and deepening into
night with that rapidity which is universal in tropic
lands. The wind blew softly and refreshingly
from the west, with coolness in its wings, dis-
sipating the burning heat and causing new life
into the parched earth. All the people were out
enjoying a respite from the oppressiveness of the
climate. Darkness came down swiftly upon them,
shutting out from view the surrounding scene
and covering the earth with intense darkness.

On the verandah of a humble cottage sat a
missionary and his wife gazing silently upon the
scene. For a long time they had been there
without uttering a word. But their thoughts
were not upon the sunset, however gorgeous, or
the society, however beautiful. Their silence
was caused by feelings far different from admira-
tion or pleasure. They were experiencing
sorrow which, of all that falls to the lot of the
missionary is the most bitter and the most un-
endurable.

"Let us go in," at length said the missionary
breaking the long silence—"there is a heavy dew
and you must not expose yourself too much."
His wife rose and silently followed him into
the house.

"I have again thought over the whole matter,"
said he as he sat himself in the room—"every
possible circumstance, and I can only come to the
conclusion that dear Willie must go to
America. It is hard—it is terrible—I never
thought that we would have to endure this—but
what can we do? Dear wife, do you not see
that it is for his good?"

"Why must he leave?" asked his wife and she
wept bitterly.

"You will survive it. Think it is a question
of our inclination and his salvation. For
if we keep him here he can only come to
our destruction."

"I dread the thought of parting with him, but
I dread far more the prospect of bringing him

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Nearly three years after this, when these boys
had almost been forgotten by Deacon C., he
three came together to his house, to inform him
that they had all given themselves to the Sabbath school,
and that they were desirous of professing his
name and entering the church. He had no
language can adequately describe the good man's
surprise and joy. He wept in the fullness of his
heart. "How did you find the Saviour?" he
asked. "We sought him by prayer." When we
did not know what to do, we went together and
asked him for light and he heard us. And now
we desire to unite with his followers in the
ordinances of his church."

The evidence of their conversion being satis-
fying, they were received to the church on profes-
sion, January 1, 1888. They came alone, no
father or mother came with them, but the three
together, brothers more than blood, stood
forth, and before angels and men avouched the
Lord Jehovah to be their God, and Jesus Christ
their only Saviour. It was a scene that will not
soon be forgotten.

A few weeks after this one of the boys said to
his father, "Dear father, we want to do something
for the Saviour, who has done so much for us,
and we have been thinking that we may establish
a Sabbath school in our neighborhood, are you
willing?" Their mother thinking them too
young, and their father, who was a man of
no ordinary talents, he assured his wife, "I
will pray for help to an Almighty friend,
and that they may do something. As no op-
portunity was made to their plans, other than a
promise to help them, they were not deterred,
and he held them, they set about considering
what could be done. They have an aunt near by,
who has a spacious room, but she is not a pious
woman, will she let them have that? They
besought themselves to help regarding the
complexity, prayer. Their requests are heard,
they venture to ask their aunt for her room, and
it is granted. Notice is given through the neigh-
borhood, and the next Sabbath morning, seven-
teen boys and girls are assembled there.
The eldest of the three brothers is Superintendent,
and the two others teachers. And so the
school was commenced, and continued success-
fully until, from its increase, it became necessary

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Sunday School Child's Prayer.

Jesus, I thank thee,
Once were blessed by thee;
Look down now from heaven,
When I kneel in prayer,
Some pity me—
Some pity me—

Humily I kneel,
Full of guilt and sin,
Nervous with fear,
When I kneel in prayer,
Some pity me—
Some pity me—

I am so ungrateful
For thy love to me,
Vile, and so unthankful,
O Lord, I thank thee,
Some pity me—
Some pity me—

Yet I love thee, O Lord,
For a sinners' sake,
Hoping, trusting, dying,
When I kneel in prayer,
Some pity me—
Some pity me—

And I know like even,
That with thee in heaven,
I shall dwell in glory,
When I pray to thee,
Some pity me—
Some pity me—

Jesus, my Saviour,
Serve thee as I should,
And may I endeavor
To be like thee,
Some pity me—
Some pity me—

Father, ever for me,
And when'er I die,
In thy arms take me,
To thy home on high,
Some pity me—
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