

Poetry.

JUDGMENT HYMN.

Hark! 'tis the trump of God,
Sounding through the realms abroad,
Time is no more.

Horrors invest the skies,
Graves burst, and myriads rise;
Nature in agonies
Yields up her store.

Quick feels the bursting earth,
Rock'd by a storm of wrath,
Hur'd from her sphere;
Heart-rending thunders roll,
Demons torment bowl;
Great God, support my soul,
Yielding to fear.

High on a flaming throne,
Rides the eternal Son,
Sovereign august;
Worlds from his presence flee,
Shrink from his majesty;
Stars dashed along the sky,
Awfully burst.

Thousands of thousands wait
Round the great judgment seat,
Glorified there;
Prostrate the elders fall,
Winged is my raptured soul,
Nigh to the Judge of all;
Lo! I draw near.

O my Redeemer, come,
And through this fearful gloom
Brighten my way,
Then shall my soul arise,
Soar through the flaming skies,
Join the solemnities
Of the Great Day.

Now my approving God
Quickly emits abroad
Glories benign.
Lo! lo! he comes, he's here,
Angels and saints appear;
Gone is my every fear,
Jesus is mine.

O my Redeemer, God,
Washed in thy precious blood,
Bold I advance;
Fearless I'll range along,
Join the triumphant throng,
Shout an ecstatic song
Through the expanse.

Ceaseless my soul shall cry
Through all eternity,
Praise ye the Lamb.
Thine by his sovereign grace
That we beheld his face;
All ye angels come,
Praise him. Amen.

Religious Miscellany.

MEMOIR OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

"Read, ye that run, the solemn truth
With which I charge my page;
A warn is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age." Cooper.

There is something peculiarly solemn and affecting, and yet withal consoling, in the thought of the pious young. Solemn and affecting, inasmuch as it teaches us that the period of youth, as well as any other time of life, and that the pious, as well as the profane, are not exempt from the stroke of death; and consoling, in that those thus removed are taken from "the evil to come" to a happier, a brighter, and an eternal world.

W—, the subject of the following brief memoir, was a pious young Sunday school teacher, who departed this life on the 8th of May, 1848, and now "sleeps in Jesus," beneath the sod in C— church-yard.

I became acquainted with him about two or three years before he died. We were both young, in our teens, when we became friends and companions. Our first meeting was at a Sunday school; there we first chatted, and there it was cemented a friendship, which death only parted. Happy are the friendships formed while prosecuting so delightful, so Christ-like a work! They are generally of a more durable character, and are frequently purer, and, like the work itself, more disinterested than those formed by a mere association while transacting the affairs of this life.

When W— was about the age of sixteen, he imbibed the false principles and fallacies of Chartism, and firmly believed them to be truths. His reading at the time consisted mainly of chartist books and publications; he was an enthusiastic admirer of the "six points;" believed every man was equal; "spoke evil of dignities;" and "despised dominion."

With these political views was associated an indifference to religion. Practical, if not professed infidelity, or scepticism, is the fountain from whence

the chartist stream flows. A neglect or rejection of the Scriptures usually precedes an opposition to constituted authorities; for how can one who takes the Bible for his rule and guide deduce therefrom so absurd a conclusion, as that every man is equal, or, in other words, that the governed are equal with the governor; or that it is consonant therewith to ridicule the rich as uniformly selfish; the noble as aristocrats; and the influential as tyrants? In these "latter days" such "speaking evil of dignities" is too common. No doubt that these principles are, in the abstract, very congenial to human nature; when placed in the prospect,

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Like the apples of Sodom, which looked so racy and inviting while hanging on the tree, yet crumbled to ashes in the hands of those who gathered them, so these principles, glossed over by deluding sophistries, are very palatable to erring ignorant men, and appear in theory as "desirable to make them wise;" but when carried into practice, they disappoint and disgust, nay worse, deal out woe, misery, and death. We need not ransack the pages of history for proofs of these assertions—every day's experience, in this age of revolutions, confirms the truth of them.

In the opinion of the subject of this memoir, Christianity and chartism were antagonists. Facts would substantiate his opinion.*

While he held these dogmas, he was ignorant of the truth, but when his light broke in upon his mind, the shades of error, of which chartism was one of the foremost, fled away like the clouds of darkness before the rising sun. When he took up the Bible he laid down the people's charter.† He not only threw his Chartist books aside, but, like the magicians of Ephesus, burnt them.

But this change in his principles was not instantaneous. He did not imbibe the principles of the Bible and burn his chartist books in one day. There was a struggle for the mastery between his evil nature and the Spirit of God; and while undergoing this mental conflict, he was often abstracted, and would sit at the breakfast or tea table with his head leaning on his hand, wrapt up in the intenseness of his own thoughts—thoughts on the most momentous topics on which men can dwell—on death, judgment, and eternity; on God and himself; on the Holy Creator and the sinful creature; the one Intercessor and Sanctifier.

He was led thus seriously to think of religion by the pious conversation of a young man who worked with him in the same shop. Religion was often the theme of their discourse; and the consistent conduct of this young man, and the manliness with which he bore the sneers and scoffs of his irreligious shopmates, induced him to listen to his converse. After W— professed the truths of religion he found that, although these men were afraid to address any personalities to him, because his friends were their employers, yet they showed their hatred of the truth by making invidious and detracting remarks, in his presence, respecting the professors of Christianity. So true is it that all who will live godly shall suffer persecution in some shape or other.

Having been influenced by the Holy Spirit to surrender himself to God, he desired to live to his glory, and to be of service to others. But there was a conflict in his mind between diffidence and duty. He felt it to be his duty to do something for God; but what?—It occurred to him to become a Sunday school teacher, but where?—He was not acquainted with any who were engaged in that work, for he had but few companions;—he "dwelt apart." It so happened, providentially it may be said, that he casually met a young Sunday school teacher, who invited him to attend—Sunday school. Seeing it to be a clear duty, he shook off his diffidencies and went.

His health however was exceedingly delicate, and during the winter months he suffered greatly from asthma, weakness, and loss of blood, and was frequently confined to his room; consequently his

* It is well known, that those localities have remained the quietest during the revolutionary excitement, where religion has most leavened the mass, where chartism has flourished, there religion has dropped.

† I am referring more especially to the spirit and tendency of Chartism and the charter, namely, that they lead those who adopt and advocate those notions to oppose constituted authorities. The political expediency of the doctrines of the charter, and their suitableness for the body of the people, are questions for the decision of the politician; but the moral spirit and conduct of the Chartist are decidedly opposed to Scripture, in his uniformly despising, speaking evil of, and opposing the powers that be.

attendance at the Sunday school was irregular. His friends urged him to give it up, but their persuasions were of no avail. He said his heart was in the work, and if he could get out of doors he would go to the Sunday school. He really loved it, and love makes any service a delight.

He showed for a long time evident signs of consumption, and although several fits of illness were succeeded by partial restoration to health, yet at the best of times he was weak and delicate.

In the autumn of 1846 he had a very severe fit of illness, but after a time he slowly recovered. I have a few memoranda of his conversation about this time. He was very resigned, and said he "felt little anxiety when ill as to whether he lived or died, for Christ was worth living or dying for." At another time he said, "I have learned, I think, one lesson during this illness—to be joyful in affliction."

At the close of 1847 he became again very ill, and gradually got worse, though experiencing as those do who suffer under this insidious and fluctuating disease, a partial recovery, and then a relapse; now seeming as though his wretched health would be restored, and then becoming worse than before. But amidst his greatest weakness and suffering he did not complain. He said at one time, "God tries me, but He does all things well," and He frequently referred to Mal. iii. 2, 3, and regarded his affliction as God's method of refining him from the dross of sin. He said, "I should not wish always to have such a body as I now possess—it is not free from sin—nor should I wish to live on earth for ever."

One Sunday evening, in March, 1848, after the sixty-third Psalm was read to him, he spoke of his feelings. One present remarked, that few could speak with such confidence and earnestness as David did, when in the eighth verse he said, "My soul followeth hard after Thee," which led to a conversation respecting the doubts of Christians. W— said, "No Christian ought to dare to disbelieve that God will forgive him his sins, and adopt him as his child, because he has promised to do so. I feel sure God will forgive my sins, for my Saviour's sake. I believe that Jesus is my Saviour. I am thankful that He allows me to enjoy such tranquility of mind as I now experience, and that Satan is not permitted to harass me with doubts. The only thing that makes me sorry is, that after He has assured me of forgiveness I should fall into sin." One present remarked, "That will happen as long as we are in the flesh. We shall be liable to sin, and even St. Paul was obliged to confess it." "Yes," he said, and then repeated the text, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But during his illness he did not forget the Sunday school. Every visit I paid, he enquired how it prospered, and took an interest in all its details. He said to the clergyman who visited him, "If one soul is so valuable as to be beyond all price, how wonderful it was that I should have the privilege of teaching eight or ten souls every week!" and added, "I am very much afraid that I may have taught them something wrong." This he said frequently. At another time he said, "I am afraid I have endeavored to lay by a store of knowledge to impart and apply solely to others, instead of using it also for the edification of my own soul." It is to be feared this is a common sin among Sunday school teachers; in thinking of others they forget themselves. As it has been said, "The Sunday school teacher may be reading his Bible for his class when he should be reading it for himself. He may be studying how best to speak to them, to question them, when he should be speaking to his own conscience, and should be catechising and examining it."

After this period he became so ill that few were allowed to see him and to have much conversation with him. He was so weak he could not bear any one to talk to him. Saturday evening, 29th April, 1848, was the last time I saw him; my interview was brief. I shall never forget the scene. He looked exceedingly ill, his face was very pale, but his eyes were bright, and oh, how thin and transparent were his hands, how clammy did they feel, and with what a chilling, deathlike sensation did they thrill me as he shook hands, as it proved to be, for the last time! His voice was weak and low, and he spoke but little, for breath came scantily. Yet even then, when "flesh almost failed," he was calm and cheerful. He still said he was permitted to have much peace of mind.