

Poetry

THE SEED AND THE PRAYER.

Mamma, I've often heard you say,
That God is listening when we pray;
And, if I do indeed believe,
That what I ask I shall receive.

Why will he not, then, take away
My naughty, sinful heart to-day?
And make me humble, meek and mild,
A quiet and obedient child?

I ask him every day and night,
For a new heart that's clean and white;
For now I have not got it yet—
He hears my prayer—can he forget?

No, darling, God does not forget,
Although he has not answered yet;
And if you'll listen, I will try
And give you now a reason why.

Once pulled up a garden weed,
And in its place I dropped a seed;
Because they told me God's great power
Could change that seed into a flower.

I was a little child you know,
And thought the seed would quickly grow;
But days and weeks went slowly round,
And still it lay deep in the ground.

At length there came some gentle rain,
And when the sun shone forth again,
I hastened to the spot alone,
Wherein my little seed was sown.

And there I saw the softened ground
Raised in a gently waving mound;
And in the middle there was seen
Two little leaves of brightest green.

And day by day, and hour by hour,
I watched until there came a flower;
And thought how good that God must be,
That gave such pretty flowers to me.

And now, my dear, your little prayer,
Is like the seed I dropped in there;
God gives it in your hand to sow,
And promises the seed shall grow.

And if you wait, and watch and pray,
The seed will spring up day by day,
And God will bless it like my flower,
Both with the sunshine and the shower.

Until at length one morning bright,
You'll find a heart both clean and white,
And evermore your song will be,
How very good God is to me.

A Mother's Lessons on the Lord's Prayer.

"They will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven."—When children are full of health and activity, they can not only persevere both their work and play with diligence and pleasure, but they generally take delight in helping their parents to the best of their power; and they look forward to the time when they will be able to maintain themselves and to perform the duties of men and women. Sometimes they repine that so many years pass before they cease to be children.

"Oh! I wish I were grown-up!" is a common saying of children. "When I am a man I shall be able to do as I like," cry some unruly little folks, forgetting that there is a law of obedience for people of mature years as well as for children. "I'm sure I mean to have my own way when I am grown-up," said a boy in my hearing one day, and I replied, "No! you will never have your own way." "What? for when I am as old as my father and mother?"

"No! for when you have no parents to obey, there will be man's laws, and God's laws, and both must be obeyed if you are to live an honest, useful life."

I then told this boy about two large villages I had seen, one in Kent and one in Staffordshire. The people in both places are paid high wages, and very well off, or might be so for working people. There are more freeholders, owning the houses they live in, and the ground the houses are built on, than in any place of similar extent in either Kent or Staffordshire. But these villages are very ugly-looking places, for every one that built a house determined to build it on his own plan, so some are high and some low, and some project into the main road, and some like a great way back, and down, and instead of a nice regular street, and neat, uniform houses, all looks disorderly and ugly. What was the reason of the village being thus spoilt? Why every one had his own way, and built his house as he liked, instead of being advised by the sound judgment of some one better informed, and adopting a general plan.

Have you never known a large party of young people made quite uncomfortable by some unruly member of the company, who would have his own way, and who soon convinced every person that nothing is so troublesome as a self-willed companion?

What is all education for, but to teach the young self-government—the control of the will? If perverseness tempts you to anger, you must strive against it. If quarrelsome words rise to your lips, you must check them. Your evil will must be brought under subjection, or you will be miserable in this life, and what is worse in the life to come also.

But I do not think any child can gain the power to correct and restrain angry and evil feelings and words without Divine help. Our Saviour, who framed the Lord's Prayer to meet the wants of all human beings, young and old says in the fourth petition, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven."

Thy will—that is God's will. How many children repeat that, and never for a moment think of God's will. My readers may say, "How are we to know God's will?" By reading His Word. God's Word contains God's will. The wisest and oldest man living is bound to study, and to obey God's will. So far from yielding to his own will, he must pray and strive that his will—his desires and purposes—may be in all things subject to God's will. Even our Lord, who was both the power of God, and the wisdom of God, prayed, "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

While children are too young to think rightly, God has put them under subjection. Their parents and governors are in the place of God to them, and they must obey—without delay, questioning, or murmuring. That is God's will. Here again the Lord Jesus gave an example for all children to follow. Though at twelve years old, he was so wise he could converse with the learned Jewish doctors in

the Temple; he listened to his mother's words—went down with her and with Joseph, his reputed father, "and was subject unto them"—that is obeyed, and honoured them.

"But how are we to do God's will on earth?"

"How is that?"

Angels that excel in swiftness, hearkening to the voice of His power, fly to do God's will. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who are the heirs of salvation? We must do God's will freely, cheerfully, lovingly.

"How can a little feeble child do God's will on earth as angels do in Heaven?"

They can try. No creature—not the bright seraphs before the Throne of God can do more than God, their Creator and ours, gives them power to do. They obey their Maker to the best of their ability, and we must, young and old, obey Him to the best of our power—that is our duty—to do our best. The angels in Heaven can do no more. A child on earth should do no less.

"But it is very hard!"—you say, I'll tell you what will make it much easier. Going to Jesus—telling Him how weak the good is in you, and how strong the evil, and He will give you His strength, and make the struggle end in victory.

In the cemetery at Kensal Green, a poor woman was walking with her little girl, they were both dressed in black, and looked as if they had recently lost some dear relation. They looked at many of the tombs, and the mother with a sigh said, "What a city of the dead, it is like a world of graves!" and I noticed that they were both sorrowful, doubtless thinking how hard it was to live a life of toil that ended but in death, and the grave. At last, the two reached the upper end of the main avenue, and stood before the marble tomb of the Princess Sophia—the aunt to our most gracious and beloved Queen—and after looking awhile at its form, I heard the little girl say, "Mother, have you read what is put in gold letters on the tomb?"

"No, child, I have forgot to bring my glasses, and the words rather dazzle my eyes."

The words are, replied the child, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Dear me! They are our Lord's own words," said the woman. "Why if you could afford to put up a stone at my grave, child, when I die, those very words would do for me—and I am a poor woman, and she was an illustrious Princess."

"Mother! she might be weary and heavy laden for all that, for I have heard your minister say, sorrow comes to all."

"Yes! my dear, and there's only one remedy for the peasant and the prince—Jesus Christ. The words in gold and marble are the same as in our dear old Bible at home. It is Christ's will that all should come unto Him, and however weary with toil or sorrow, or heavy laden with poverty, sickness, or grief, Christ gives rest: rest on earth in His Word; rest in Heaven in His presence."

The face of the poor mother flushed as she spoke, and the light of faith gleamed in her mild eyes, and was reflected from her little daughter's upward gaze. And as I witnessed this little scene at the royal tomb, emblazoned with the words of Christ, and the mother telling of rest in Jesus to her child—it seemed to me, in faith and tenderness, to exemplify the words, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven."

"Our Father."

Once knew a little girl, who lived in an old farm-house in the Isle of Wight, with her mother. The farm belonged to her uncle, and her mother kept his house. The child's name was Lydia, and a bright merry little creature she was; fond of play certainly, but fond of learning too. She read every book that came in her way, they were not very numerous to be sure, but they were good. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was Lydia's great favorite, she had read it over and over again, and as she had good talents, she committed scores of hymns and pieces of poetry, and chapters of the Bible to memory, and she was very much praised by her friends. But she has since told me, that she seldom thought about the meaning of all she learned. One thing that made my little friend Lydia wish to learn was her father, who had left England when she was a little child of three years old—too young to remember him—and after an absence of six years, he was coming home. He had gone to America to make a home for his wife and child; for some years he had not succeeded, and did not wish to come home to tell of loss and failure at length he prospered and in the autumn that Lydia completed her ninth year, he was to return, spend Christmas in England, and then in the spring his wife and child were to go with him to their new home in the Western world. Little Lydia was not a child who lived without thinking at all very few children do.

Some have their play to think about, and some poor little toiling creatures who work in mines, or factories, or fields, have their work to think about and some who have wicked parents that turn them out hungry into the streets, are thinking how to get food. Lydia's chief thought was about her absent father. She saw her mother's fair face pale and anxious; and when the time came for a letter, and Peggy the postwoman did not bring one, that dear face grew still paler; and when a letter really did at length come, it was so wept over in mingled joy and grief, that the child was deeply impressed about this long absent father, who one day was to come back and claim his wife and daughter.

It used then to take a sailing vessel, a month at least, and often six or eight weeks, to come from America to Portsmouth; and at length as time went on, and October passed away, and November set in with heavy fogs, a gloom fell on the mother, and even merry little Lydia knew not what to say; for if winds were good, fogs were dangerous. One misty afternoon, Lydia crept out of the house unobserved, and went through the orchard to climb to her favourite look-out, though she could scarcely see ten paces before her, when the mastiff dog in the farmyard began to bark loudly, and a strange voice at the gate seemed to be trying to still

him. In a moment the child ran to quiet the dog with her well known voice, and looking up at the gate saw a poor tattered sailor; she shrunk back afraid. "Don't fear little miss," said the man, "but tell me if one Mrs. Silburn lives here?"

"Yes, that's my mother;" and running to the wicket that opened to a path at the side of the farm yard, she told the man to come in, and led him up to the kitchen-door. "Who could he be? What could he want?" were doubtless thoughts in her mind, for the man must have seen their in her face, when he said, with something like a sob—"My little maid, I bring bad news—the worst of news." With a kind of awe, the child went in, leaving the man on the threshold, and in a few moments her uncle came, Lydia had wisely brought him out. She stopped a moment, and heard words that twenty years after, she told me, seemed still fresh in her mind.

The ship from America, had been wrecked off Needles, in a fog, and all but three sailors had perished!

For a moment, little Lydia heard the words as though she was in a dream, they sounded as if spoken at a distance, or her hearing was dull. But half stupified, she walked instantly into the parlour; her mother was quietly at work by the fire-side. At sight of that dear pale face, the little girl gave a wild cry, ran to her, laid her head in her lap and wept bitterly. The poor mother hardly needed to be told the dismal news, her heart felt the cause of her child's grief, almost before the words were spoken that told her she was a widow. Yes! that was indeed a night of woe in the old farm-house. Lydia as was her custom, knelt down at her weeping mother's knee, and between her sobs, repented the simple prayer she had said from her infancy. She came to the familiar words: "God bless my dear father," when her mother gasped out, "My child, not that, you have no father! My poor Lydia, you are fatherless, my darling!" The child paused, she was put out of her usual form, and knew not what to say; but as she always concluded with the Lord's Prayer, she left the other unfinished, and began with the tender holy words:—"Our Father which art in Heaven."

As she uttered the words, a light seemed to come into her mind; for the first time she felt their meaning. She paused, and said them over again, and again a third time, and looking up at the grieving widow's face, said:—"Oh, mother, I have a Father yet, you have a Father, Jesus Christ says so. He told us to pray to our Father." Again, with streaming tears, the little girl uttered the first sublime sentence of that prayer; her heart was too full to add any more, she and her mother wept in silence and were comforted. The thought that had flashed into the mind of the child, and made her speak, came like a voice from Heaven to the poor widow. "Neither, over forgot the sweet consolation of those simple, sacred words, "Our Father."

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The Religious Intelligencer

SAMUEL BROWN,
37, King Street.

HAS commenced this day to SELL OFF his large and varied Stock of
DRUGS, OILS, &c. as follows:—
FLANKS, Shaws, and FURS;
Silks, Plushes, and Velvets;
Ribbons, Flowers, and Laces;
Royal Kiosks with Crankers; Ope a Hoops;
Cloaks, Shawls, and FURS;
PRINTS, Colours, and Ornaments;
Cotton Wares, Gr. Cottons;
Men's L. Wool Vests & Drawers;
Gloves and Stockings;
Bonnets, Feathers, and Hats;
Satinets, Homespuns, and Moleskins;
Striped Shirts, White Cottons;
Cotton Batting, Comforters;
HABERDASHERY, &c., &c.,
P. S.—The whole of the Stock must be sold, as the Subscriber has to prepare for removing into his New Premises.
dec. 10. S. B.

FOR CHRISTMAS.
CHOICE GLASSW CONFECTIONARY.—The following are some of the varieties:
Royal Kisses with Crankers; St. John Rock Candy; Nonpareil Chocolate; Everton Toffy; Mint Shells, Almond 'ake, Flavored Rock Candy, Pink and White Can y, Mixed Almonds, Jelly Drops, Orange and Lemon Slices, Happy Family Lozenges, Conversation, Motto, Superfine, Mint, Old Felloes and Fruit Lozenges, Apple, Acid, Rose, Victoria and Apricot Drops; Fancy Packages, Cornucopias, Royal Jellies, Liqueurs, Drops, Gum Drops, Jubes, Transparent Drops, Horchond and Bonnet Candy, &c. For sale by
dec. 23 S. L. TILLEY,
37, King Street.

CLEARANCE SALE!
No. 24 King Street.
THE Subscriber would inform the public that in order to sell the entire Stock of HATS and CAPS now on hand a very great reduction in prices has been made.
This may be relied upon as being a bona fide reduction in the Stock must be disposed of before the first of May.
Great inducements offered to Wholesale buyers.
dec. 11. A. A. B. SMITH.

TOILET—The pleasantly scented HOUSE, No. 41, Elbow Lane, in front, and water led in, suitable for small family.
Possession given immediately, if required. Enquire on the premises, or at 1, LEBUR'S, feb. 3 Corner Market and Germain streets.