

Poetry.

'NOT LOST!'

'The loved and lost! why do we call them lost? Because we miss them from our onward road? God's unseen angel o'er our pathway cross'd, Looked on us all, and loving them the most, Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing— With angels bright, and loved ones gone before, In their Redeemer's presence evermore, And God himself their Lord and Judge and King:

And this we call a 'loss.' Oh selfish sorrow Of selfish hearts! Oh we of little faith! Let us look round, some argument to borrow That we in patience should await the morrow That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary desert path, The thorns and thistles whereso'er we turn; What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath, What struggles and what strife the journey hath.

They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn. Ask the poor sailor when the wreck is done, Who with his treasures strove the shores to reach:

While with the raging waves he battled on, Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone, To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand A little child, had halted by a well To wash from off her feet the clinging sand, And tell the tired boy that bright land Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord who many mansions had Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain, Then pitying sigh, "Give me the little lad: In strength renewed, and glorious white clad, I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong— "Nay, but the woes I feel, he too must share!" Oh rather, bursting into grateful song, She went her way rejoicing, and made ground To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise; death hath made no breach In love and sympathy, in hope and trust; No outward sign or sound our ears can reach, But there's an inward spiritual speech That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dumb.

It bids us do the work that they laid down— Take up the song, where they broke off the strain So journeying till we reach the heavenly town Where are laid up our treasures and our crown And our last love ones will be found again. Church of England Magazine.

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

Authority to govern the family is vested in the parent for religious ends. It is a distinct and peculiar power, differing entirely from mere instinct or natural affection, and the investiture is constantly guarded and solemnized by the most awful moral sanctions. The exercise of parental authority and government is often viewed as an optional prerogative, always lauded when judiciously put forth, but the want of it viewed rather as a weakness than a sin, rather as an excusable fault than a culpable offence. What we wish to urge here is, that parental authority, put forth with all the wisdom and discretion that the parent possesses, is just as much religious duty, just as much a matter of moral obligation, as feeding, clothing and protecting the child; just as much as praying, believing, and bearing the cross. God has not left the awful powers at the option of the parent to use or neglect. He has interposed express precept, added gracious covenant promise to their faithful exercise, and guarded against neglect by some of the most awful threatenings contained in his word. The soul of the child will largely be required at the hand of the parent, and the parent is then clear only when he has used faithfully for the salvation of the child, all the means the Creator has placed in his hands for this end.

We do not just now aim to speak of all the parent can and ought to do, but only of this one point, the right use of governmental authority. Turn to the word of God, and see the language and tone of divine precept.

Gen. 18:19. "For I know Abraham, and he shall command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord."

Deut. 32:46. "Set your hearts unto all the words which I testify unto you this day, which ye shall command your children to observe to do, all the words of this law."

Prov. 10:18. "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."

Prov. 13:24. "Who withhold correction from the child, for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul."

Prov. 19:17. "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul."

Prov. 22:15. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Verse 16, Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."

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that not only was the good Mr. Melville to preach but that the Lord Mayor was to attend the service, in company with all the judges, in their robes of office. This is an annual custom and was a grand sight to me. Imagine the Lord Mayor entering in his scarlet robe richly trimmed with fur, a heavy gold chain about his neck, the nicest of lace adorning his bosom and wrists, and a huge wig upon his head, preceded by a dignitary bearing the sword and mace of the city. After him follow the judges similarly arrayed, saving the gold chain, and some of them with black robes, each carrying over his shoulder a beautiful bouquet of flowers, tastefully arranged in lace papers. I could hardly believe my eyes, and had nearly forgotten I was in the sanctuary.

Soon, however all was still, and the beautiful service of the church of England commenced. It was not however, read as you have heard it, but nearly all sung by little boys in white surplices. This is called the choral service. I cannot say that I like it performed in this manner; there seems too little heart about it, though the rich tones of the organ, as they are heard pealing through these lofty arches, cannot fail to inspire one with devotional feelings. The venerable Mr. Melville did not fear to declare the whole council of God though in the presence of so much earthly dignity. It was refreshing to see his calm devout manner in the midst of such a pageant.

Strangers are not allowed to go about the building on the Sabbath—a most excellent arrangement—but the next morning we turned our steps there again to survey the pile more minutely. We were more than repaid for our trouble. One may enter the cathedral, and pass entirely around it, and by so doing gaze at the many noble monuments that have been there erected to the memory of England's best and bravest sons. After ascending many steps you may reach the whispering gallery which passes entirely round the dome. By putting your ear close to the wall you can hear the slightest whisper spoken on the other side, though the distance is great. The view from this is very fine, whether you look down or up to the top of the dome.

We then ascended to the golden gallery upon the outside of the building, for from London was for a time quite clear of fog. We had a splendid view of the whole city—the Thames, with its fair-famed bridges and boats; the lofty towers of Westminster Abbey and the Parliament buildings, with the beautiful suburbs, and the Crystal Palace in the distance. But the finest sight of all was to look down upon the crowds of carriages and people that thronged the narrow streets below. The distance was so great that the people and horses seemed a race of Tom Thumbs. Underneath the building is the crypt—that is, the place where those who are buried in the cathedral are placed. The body of Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect, who planned and superintended the building during the entire thirty-five years of its progress, has been buried here. A flat stone is placed over his remains, such as these are common to those days, so sunk to be even with the pavement. Directly under the centre of the dome is the tomb of Nelson, the great naval commander of England, and near that of Lord Collingwood, his particular friend. The remains of the late Duke of Wellington are also placed near these. Many other distinguished men lie in different parts of the crypt, such as Rev. Thomas Newton, and the great painters—Reynolds, West, Laurence, etc.

Though I have not said half that I might about this wonderful building, I must hasten on to tell you of other things.

ALWAYS REPROVE SIN. I was yesterday visiting an aged man, a member of this church, when he asked, "Should we always reprove sin?" I told him there was such a thing as casting pearls before swine. "But," said he, "did not our blessed Savior, when in this world, talk on religion in all companies and in all places, and did he not always reprove sin and rebuke the sinner?" I admitted that I did not recollect any instance to the contrary. "Well," said he, "I would like to relate a circumstance which occurred some years ago."

"Very well," said I. "I was traveling," said he, "in the state of New York, and night coming on, I put up at a rural tavern. Soon after dark several of the neighboring men called in, to tell stories and patois to the bar. They seemed given to profanity. But one of them excelled the others in profanity. Their oaths were so horrid that it almost made my blood run cold. It seemed like blasphemy. I groaned in spirit, and after one of these terrible oaths, I cried out, 'Oh dear!' The chief swearer immediately came to me, and acknowledged the wickedness of his words. 'Will you pardon me?' No, said I, 'I will not pardon you, but if you will swear no more I will overlook the past, and give you a fair promise. After this there was no more swearing for some time. Toward bedtime these villagers must have another drink. Then they commenced swearing again. I sighed 'Oh dear!' Again my pardon was asked. I told them it was *rum* that made them swear. They ceased never expecting to see or hear from each other again."

"After two and a half years I had occasion to pass that way again, and stopped to bait my horses at the same tavern. The landlord was not in, but his wife eyed me closely, and said, 'Did you not spend a night here two or three years ago?' Yes, 'Do you remember reproving a man for swearing?' Yes. 'Well, that man and all his companions were led, by that reproof, to give up swearing and drinking, and what a better still, they have all become Christians. So have I and my husband. And an interesting revival commenced immediately after you were here, and a good number have been converted. And we find now that we can keep tavern without selling rum."

"Now," said the old gentleman, "does this not look as though it was always right to reprove sin?" I acknowledged that, in my instance, at least, God caused it to result in good. This anecdote suggested the inquiry, whether a Christian has a right to go, or to be, where he may not manifest decided disapprobation at disrespect shown to God or his laws? Has he a right to keep silence when silence will seem to give countenance to wrong? How are we to understand Lev. xix. 17, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart: thou shalt in any wise reprove thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him?"

E. D. K.

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN. In nearly all the large towns and cities, young men form themselves into clubs, of various kinds, to enable them to pass away the hours of the long winter evenings socially and pleasantly. They are, many of them, among strangers, far away from the home circle, and the pleasant associations which gather around the hearth-stone of their childhood, and they find it difficult to get into society. Their time, after the business hours of the day, is passed, and they are ready to take up with almost anything that offers itself in the shape of amusement or recreation. A club of jolly good fellows has many attractions under these circumstances. Whilst we would not do anything to curtail the real enjoyments of the young, especially under such circumstances as we have detailed above, we would warn them against those which are injurious to their soul or body.

An old merchant related to our hearing, a few evenings since, his own experience and observation in regard to this matter. When he left home to go into business in the city, he felt lonely in the evening, and longed for companionship. He was diffident, and had no influential friends to take him by the hand and introduce him into society. An inviolable remedy was adopted to remove the diseases for which he designed.

WILYMOY (Oct 26) M. S. ALLEN

jest, eating and drinking and general jollity. He kept a list of all who belonged to the club during his connoisseurship, and has traced their histories since. Of forty-nine, but three now remain, enjoying a green old age. Most of the others went to early graves the victims of intemperance. Very few of them were ever successful in business, though some of them were young men of fine business capacity. Our venerable friend thinks the seed of their ruin were sown in the club room. He said, with great emphasis, had I an iron voice, which I could ring through our whole country, I would say to every young man, beware of early graves the victims of intemperance, a drinking club. Many young men in ruin there before he is aware of his danger.—Presbyterian Herald.

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER. I have more than once heard the following very remarkable story from a venerable friend who was, rather more than twenty years ago, one of the principal members of my congregation; and who had himself heard it from the gentleman to whom the incident happened, and who was his high respect and friend. Its substantial truth may therefore, be confidently relied on.

The late Mr. Simcox, of Harbourside, near Birmingham, a gentleman largely engaged in the nail trade, was in the habit of going several times a year to London on business, at a period when journeys to London were far less readily accomplished than they are at present. On one of these occasions he was overtaken, by a heavy shower of rain, from which he sought shelter under an arch-way, as he had no umbrella with him. The rain continued for a long time with unabated violence, and he was consequently obliged to remain in his place of shelter, though beginning to suffer from his prolonged exposure to the cold and damp atmosphere. Under these circumstances he was agreeably surprised when the door of a handsome house immediately opposite was opened, and a footman in livery with an umbrella approached, with his master's compliments, and that he had observed the gentleman standing so long under the archway that he feared he might take cold, and would therefore be glad if he would come and take shelter in his house—an invitation which Mr. Simcox gladly accepted. He was ushered into a handsomely furnished room, where the master of the house was sitting, and received him with a very friendly welcome.

Scarcely however had Mr. Simcox set eyes on his host than he was struck with a vague remembrance of having seen him before; but where or in what circumstances, he found himself altogether unable to call to mind. The gentleman soon engaged in interesting and animated conversation, which was carried on with increasing interest, and in the course of the evening, all the details of his life and his various occupations were related. Mr. Simcox, whose inquiries glanced at last, betrayed his host what was passing in his mind. "You seem, sir," said he, "to look at me as though you had seen me before."

Mr. Simcox acknowledged that his host was right in his conjectures, but confessed his entire inability to recall the occasion.

"You are right," replied the old gentleman; "and if you will pledge your word as a man of honor to keep my secret, and not to disclose to any one what I am now going to tell you until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have known me. In St. James' Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass every day an old man who sweeps a crossing near the fountain of the old gentleman; and if you will pledge your word as a man of honor to keep my secret, and not to disclose to any one what I am now going to tell you until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have known me. 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