

## Poetry.

### "PATIENCE."

A gentle angel wendeth  
Throughout this world of woe,  
Whom God in mercy sendeth  
To comfort us below.  
Her looks a peace abiding  
And holy love proclaiming;  
O follow then her guiding,  
Sweet Patience is her name!

She leads us through this fearful  
And sorrow-stricken land,  
And speaks, resigned and cheerful,  
Of better days ahead;  
And when thou art despairing,  
She bids thee clear thy brow,  
Herself thy burden sharing,  
More hopeful far than thou.

She sooths into sadness  
Thy grief's excessive smart,  
And steps in peace the madness  
And tumult of the heart.  
The darkest hour she maketh  
As bright as sun at noon,  
And heals each wound that acheseth,  
Full surely, if not soon.

Thy falling tears she chides not,  
But pours in healing balm;  
Thy longing she denies not,  
But makes it calm;  
And when in stormy seasons  
Thou akest, murmuring, Why?  
She giveth thee no reasons,  
But smiling, points on high.

To every doubt and question  
She cares not to reply;  
"Be patient," is her suggestion,  
"Thy resting-place is nigh."  
Thus by thy side she walketh,  
A true and constant friend;  
Not overmuch she talketh,  
But thinks, "O happy end!"

—Lynna Domestica.

## Miscellaneous

### Curiosity Punished, and Merit Rewarded.

About twenty years ago there lived a singular gentleman in Elm Tree Hall, the old hall among the Elm Trees. He was about three-score years of age, very rich, and somewhat odd in many of his habits, but for generosity and benevolence there were few to equal him.

His dress was as old-fashioned as his habits. He wore a cocked hat, richly embroidered, a waistcoat reaching nearly to his knees, and his shoes came up almost to his ankles. No poor cottager stood in need of comfort which he was not ready to supply, no sick man, woman or child languished for want of his assistance, and not even a wandering beggar, unless a known impostor, went empty-handed from the well-known Elm Tree Hall.

Now it happened that the old gentleman wanted a boy to wait upon him at table, and to attend to him in different ways, for he was very fond of young people. But much as he liked the society of the young, he had a great aversion to that curiosity in which many young people are apt to indulge. He used to say, "The boy who will peep into a drawer will be tempted to take something out of it, and he who would steal a penny in his youth will steal a pound in his manhood."

This disposition to repress evil, as well as to encourage good conduct, formed a part of his character, for though of a cheerful temper, and not given to severity, he never would pass over a fault till it was acknowledged and repented of.

No sooner was it known that the old gentleman was in want of a servant, than twenty applications were made for the situation; but had there been forty, no one would have been engaged until he had undergone a trial, for a boy with a curious, prying disposition the old gentleman would not engage. It was on a Monday morning that seven lads, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with faces as bright as cherry-cheeked apples, made their appearance at the Hall, each of them desirous to obtain the situation they applied for. Now the old gentleman, being of a singular disposition, had prepared a room in such a way that, if any of the young people who applied to be his servant were given to meddle unnecessarily with things around them, or to peep into cupboards and drawers, he might be aware of it, and he took care that the lads, who were then at Elm Tree Hall, should be shown into this room one after another.

And first Joe Turner was sent into the room, and told that he would have to wait a little; so Joe sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet, and looked about him, but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room that, at last, he got up to peep at them.

On the table was placed a dish-cover, and Joe wanted sadly to know what was under it, but he felt afraid of lifting it up. Bad habits are strong things, and as Joe was of a curious disposition he could not withstand the temptation of taking one peep; so he lifted up the cover.

This turned out to be a sad affair; for under the dish-cover was a heap of very light feathers; part of the feathers, drawn up by the current of air, flew about the room, and Joe, in his fright, putting down the cover hastily pulled the rest of them off the table.

What was to be done? Joe began to pick up the feathers, one by one; but the old gentleman, who was in an adjoining room, hearing a scuffle, and guessing the cause of it, entered the room to the confusion of Joe Turner, who was very soon dismissed as a lad not at all likely to suit the situation.

When the room was once more arranged, Tom Hawker was placed there until such time as he should be sent for; no sooner was he left to himself, than his attention was attracted by a plate of fine ripe cherries, and he thought that it would be impossible to miss one cherry among so many. He looked and longed, and longed and heaved a sigh, and just as he had got off his seat to take one, he heard, as he thought, a foot coming to the door; but no, it was a false alarm. Taking fresh courage, he went cautiously and took a very fine cherry, for he was determined to take but one, and put it in his

mouth. It was excellent, and then he persuaded himself that he ran no very great risk in taking another; this he did, and hastily popped it in his mouth.

Now the old gentleman had placed a few artificial cherries at the top of the others filled with cayenne pepper, one of these Tom had unfortunately taken, and no sooner did he put it in his mouth than he began to sputter in such an outrageous manner, that the old gentleman knew very well what was the matter. Tom Hawker was sent about his business without delay, with his mouth almost as hot as if he had put a burning coal in it.

Bill Parkes was next introduced into the room, and left to himself, but he had not been there two minutes, before he began to move from one place to another. He was of a bold, resolute temper, but not overburdened with principle, for if he could have opened every cupboard, closet, and drawer in the house, without being found out, he would have done it directly. Having looked round the room, he noticed a drawer to the table, and made up his mind to peep therein, but no sooner did he lay hold of the drawer knob than he set a large bell ringing which was coiled round the table. The old gentleman immediately answered the summons, and entered the room.

Bill Parkes was so startled by the sudden ringing of the bell, that all his impudence could not support him; he looked as though any one might knock him down with a feather. The old gentleman asked him if he had rung the bell because he wanted anything? Bill stammered and stammered, but all to no purpose, for he did not prevent his being ordered off the premises.

Sam Tonks was then shown into the room, by an old servant, and, being of a cautious disposition, touched nothing, but only looked at the things about him. At last he saw that a closet door was a little open, and thinking it would be impossible for any one to know that he had opened it a little more, he very cautiously opened it an inch further, looking down at the bottom of the door that it might not catch against anything and make a noise. Now had he looked at the top, instead of the bottom, it might have been better for him, for to the top of the door was fastened a plug which filled up the hole of a small barrel of shot. Sam ventured to open the door another inch, and then another, till the plug being pulled out of the barrel, the leaden shot began to pour out at a strange rate; at the bottom of the closet was placed a tin pan, and the shot falling upon this pan made such a clatter that Sam Tonks was half-frightened out of his senses.

The old gentleman soon came into the room to inquire what was the matter, and he found Sam Tonks nearly as pale as a sheet. Sam had opened one door, the old gentleman soon opened another, bidding him walk out of it, and never again to show his face at Elm Tree Hall.

It now came to the turn of Ned Roberts to be put into the room, and as it was in a distant part of the house, he knew nothing of what had happened to the other lads.

On the table stood a small round box with a screw-top to it, and Ned, thinking it contained something curious, could not be easy with it unscrewing the top, but no sooner did he do this, than out bounced an artificial snake, full a yard long, and fell upon his arm. Ned started back and uttered a scream, which brought the old gentleman to his elbow. There stood Ned with the bottom of the box in one hand, the top in the other, and the snake on the ground. "Come, come," said the old gentleman, holding him out of the room, "one snake is quite enough to have in the house at a time, therefore the sooner you are gone the better," with that he dismissed him without waiting a moment for his reply.

Harry Ball next entered the room, and, being left alone, soon began to amuse himself in looking at the curiosities around him. Ball was not only curious and prying, but downright dishonest and observing that the key was left in the drawer of a bookcase he stepped on tiptoe in that direction, but the moment he touched the key he felt flat on the floor. The key had a wire fastened to it which communicated with an electrifying machine, and Harry received such a shock as he was not likely to forget. No sooner did he sufficiently recover himself to walk, than he was told to walk off the premises, and leave other people to look and unlock their own drawers.

The last boy was John Grove, and though he was left in the room full twenty minutes he never during that time stirred from his chair. John had eyes in his head as well as the rest of them, but he had more integrity in his heart, neither the dish-cover, the cherries, the drawer knob, the closet door, the round box, nor the key, tempted him to rise from his seat, and the consequence was that, in half an hour after, he was engaged in the service of the old gentleman at Elm Tree Hall.

John Grove followed his good old master to his grave, and received a legacy of fifty pounds for his upright conduct in his service. Read this, ye busy, meddling, peeping, pilfering young people, and imitate the example of the trustworthy John Grove.

### LOST!—FOUND!

While awaiting the arrival of the train one rainy summer day, a gentleman came in hurriedly, and with great anxiety asked if I had seen a child about the station. A little girl, only two years old had wandered away, and had been gone from home several hours. Her little footprints had been traced along the road to the river, and then they were lost sight of. Beyond the river was the railroad, over which trains often passed, for the road was a great thoroughfare, and the poor mother was half-distracted with anxious fears and forebodings as to what might have befallen her.

Although a stranger in the place, my heart ached for those parents as I thought of a little face which would be sadly missed from my own fireside, and anxiously did I watch for the first tidings of the little wanderer. After a search of another half-hour, a joyous shout rang through the air, and straining my eyes, I saw in the distance a little white cape and bonnet. Then a strong man came out of the tangled thicket, and hurried up the railroad bank, and across the bridge, clasping the lost treasure in his arms. How I longed to go and rejoice with

## THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

those parents as they welcomed their little one home, dearer than ever now, perhaps, that she had once been lost!

Do you ever think when you shall want to see when you get to heaven? I suppose, first of all, we shall want to see the dear Saviour, who has prepared such a beautiful home for us; but we shall want to see our friends there, too; and we can imagine mothers and fathers there, looking to see if their own little lambs are all safe in the fold of the Good Shepherd; to see if Jamie, and Susie, and Kitty are all there. And oh! if we can imagine any sadness in heaven, how their hearts would aching should one be missing—one have strayed away and been lost!

My young reader, will you be there?

**HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.**  
In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your hands; and diligently too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." He who remains in the mill grinds; not he who goes and comes.

Attend to your business; never trust it to any one else. "A pot that belongs to too many, is ill stirred and worse boiled."

Rise early. "The sleepy fox catches no poultry." Plow deep, while the sluggard sleeps, and you will have corn to sell and to keep.

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained, and nothing lost, by courtesy." "Good manners insure success."

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor; especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go a long time barefooted." "He who runs after a shadow, hath a wearisome race."

Above all things, never despair. God is where he was. "He helps those who truly trust him."

"NOT SO BAD A BOOK AFTER ALL."—An agent of the American Bible Society in Ohio, in writing to the "Bible Society Record," gives the following anecdote:—

In one district where one of our distributors had endeavored to supply every Roman Catholic family, one household had been inadvertently passed by. The poor Catholic, learning what had been done among his neighbors, felt grieved that he should be thus slighted, and called upon his nearest neighbor and wanted to know why he had not been supplied. His friend told him it was probably through mistake, and proposed lending him the Bible the agent had given him. He received it thankfully, and then after a few moments' reflection remarked, "And now I don't know what I shall do with it after all, for Bridget will never let it go to the house." "Take it to the barn then, Patrick; you can read it there." Patrick took it to the barn, and his visits there being more frequent than usual awakened suspicion in the mind of his already distrustful wife, who at length secreted herself where she could make observations through the crevices of the barn; and, sure enough, there was Patrick reading his borrowed Bible. "Oh! Patrick," exclaimed his enraged wife, "I have caught you now; you have sinned, Patrick; you have sinned." "But come here, Bridget, and see for yourself," exclaimed Patrick; "it's not so bad a book after all." And so his wife seated herself by his side, and commenced reading with him. "And sure enough," she exclaimed herself, after reading a few passages, "it's not so bad a book after all. Let's take it to the house." That morning the Bible took up its abode in that household, and parents and children are now daily perusers of its heavenly pages.

**INDUSTRIOUSNESS OF EARLY INFUENCE.**  
A writer in the "Canada Christian Advocate," (organ of the Episcopal Methodist), gives the following as illustrating the power of early influence:—

A woman recently died in Madison, Wisconsin. She had been reared a Protestant, her family were all Protestants, and for seven years she was not known that she had been in a Catholic Church; and yet when she came to die, she sent one hundred miles for a priest, that she might die in the Catholic faith. The secret was that when a child she was placed for a short time in a Catholic school at Nazareth, in Kentucky, and the sequel told the influence which early influences exert upon her youthful mind. So true is it that early influence, and especially early maternal influence, is not the flimsy line of the spider, broken by every breeze, but binding links of steel, connecting the destinies of an immortal being with the joys of heaven or the torments of hell. I am led to give the greater prominence to this idea, because the true dignity of the mother is not always seen and acknowledged. She precepts the unwritten page of being, gives lessons before any other instructor and mingles with the cradle dream that which shall render in eternity. "If" in the language of a living writer, "the fires upon our altars shall ever go out, if ever another Jeremiah shall sing funeral notes over our nation's grave, it will be because the mothers of our land have forgotten their duty and power, and have ceased to baptize their offspring with prayer." And if ever the time comes in the history of our church, when the lambs of the flock shall be neglected and uncared for, not many years will elapse when some future historian, chronicling the voyage of life, shall be looking up in the distance the wreck of our once prosperous church, and write upon his log-book, "Seen to-day the wreck of some noble vessel, name and history unknown."

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