

## Poetry.

## THE PILGRIM SINGING FOR HOME.

BY REV. F. ROBINSON.

Far from the home I cherish,  
With pilgrim staff in hand,  
I leave the things that perish,  
And seek a better land;  
Here cares and toils incessant  
Await me at the best;  
There, will be ever present  
A long, sweet Sabbath rest.

The home whose glittering treasure  
Has cost a nation's woe,  
Is poorer, beyond measure,  
Than that to which I go;  
Where blossoms are decaying,  
Is seen the moistened eye;  
Where golden harps are playing,  
God has no tears to dry.  
O'ercome recollection  
Oft spreads before my sight,  
Long days of sad dejection,  
And many a gloomy night;  
No day of lingering sorrow,  
No night of heavy gloom;  
But one unclouded morrow,  
Meets me beyond the tomb.

Since earth has more to pain me,  
Than make me truly blest,  
Its charms shall not detain me  
From hastening to my rest;  
E'en should my feet be bleeding,  
And shatter my head,  
The pathway thither leading  
I'll not refuse to tread.

Thou who dost aid endeavor,  
And all events command,  
My Rock and Trust forever,  
Hold me by thy right hand!  
Then all that is distressing  
In trials yet to come,  
Converted to a blessing,  
Will but endear my home.

I sigh for that bright dwelling,  
That goal of my desires,  
Where melodies are swelling  
From ever-sounding lyres;  
Where with intense devotion,  
Beings that need no rest,  
All tongues, all chords in motion,  
Strive which shall praise Thee best.

There is to me allotted  
A part in all thy strains—  
But ah! my robe is spotted  
With many dismal stains!  
O for a robe whose whiteness  
Is stainless like thine own,  
To wear amid the brightness  
That compasses thy throne!

Clothe me in that pure raiment,  
Which I so greatly need;  
For which to furnish payment,  
Thy wounded heart did bleed!  
And since the blest adoration,  
All wearing crowns from Thee,  
That I may stand before Thee,  
Withhold not one from me!

When, crossing Death's cold river,  
I taste its bitter wave,  
Come quickly to deliver,  
Thou who art strong to save!  
Place me in safety yonder,  
Where smiles the welcome shore,  
There, filled with joy and wonder,  
To sigh for home no more!

## Miscellaneous.

## THE HARD WAY.

BY THE REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.

"The way of transgressors is hard."—Prov. xiii. 15.  
(Continued.)

But, in the second place, "The way of transgressors is hard," because of the recollections which those have of it who walk therein.

Some years ago there was a good minister in England, whose name was Dr. Doddridge. On one occasion he had a very singular dream. He thought in a dream, that he was taken sick and died. The spirit left the body and soared away toward heaven, under the guidance of an angel. After a long flight he arrived at the gate of the heavenly city. He entered. Then the angel introduced him into a very beautiful palace, where he was to remain. Here the angel led him, telling him he would find enough to interest him in those rooms till the Lord of the city came to him. Then he began to look round. The walls of the room were covered all over with paintings which seemed to be wrought curiously into the materials of which the walls were made. On examining them closely, he was greatly surprised to find that these paintings formed a long series of pictures representing the history of his own life on earth. All that he had done—all that he had said or thought or felt—was here pictured out on the walls of the palace in which he was to live for ever. His sins, which had been forgiven for Jesus' sake, were not introduced. But every deed of kindness or charity, all that he had done to show his love for Jesus, or his desire to please him, was pointed out there.

Now, suppose we knew that God was engaged in taking photograph pictures of all our thoughts and feelings, our words and actions, during our whole lives. And suppose we knew that these pictures were to be fastened to the walls of the house in which our souls are to live for ever, so that they should be always before us, and that everybody might see them; then how very careful we should be to try and always have right thoughts and feelings, and always to speak and act in such a way that we should not be ashamed to look ourselves, or to have any one else look at the pictures of what we have been doing, or saying, or thinking, or feeling. If we are trying to love and serve God, then all the pictures of our life, painted on the walls of our heavenly home, will be such as shall lead us to look upon this as one of the things which make wisdom a very pleasant way. All the recollections we shall have of it hereafter will be pleasant recollections.

But it is very different with the "way of the transgressor." All the recollections of those who walk in this way will be painful. This is one of the things that makes this way hard. I might tell you many stories to illustrate this part of our sermon, but I will only give you one. This, however, I hope you will never forget.

Henry Stanley was the son of pious parents. He was the oldest of a family of four boys, and was of a bold and daring disposition. One summer's morning, when he was twelve years old, his father came to him and said: "Henry, my boy, this is your birthday, and I am going to give you and your brothers a holiday this afternoon; you may go into the fields, and take one or two of your companions with you."

The afternoon came, bright and beautiful. Before starting, Mr. Stanley said: "Henry, you are older

than any of your brothers or friends; you must, therefore, set them a good example. Don't go through Farmer Clarke's field, for there is a dangerous bull there. Go round by the lane. Now, what I say." Mr. Stanley then told Henry to take great care of Frank, his youngest brother. Frank was a beautiful child, about six years of age, with bright dark eyes and rosy cheeks, the pride and pet of the family. At the close of the day the boys were to have tea with an old servant of their mother's, called Dame Burton, who lived in a neat, pretty cottage at the foot of the lane. They set off in high glee, taking with them their dog "Roughie." Frank was very fond of Roughie, who was his constant companion. On this occasion, Frank had tied a ribbon round his favorite's neck, so that they walked together the whole way. They expected to have a happy time, and so they would have had if Henry had only kept out of "the way of transgressors."

When they had gone some distance, they came to Farmer Clarke's field and the lane, which were close together. Here they stopped. "I wish we were close only go through the field," said Henry, in a fretful, grumbling tone, "it's so much nearer. I'm sure the bull wouldn't hurt us. I don't think father knew we had Roughie with us, or I'm sure he wouldn't have forbidden us to go."

"O, do come along the lane," said his brother Alfred, "it's not much farther; and if we go through the field we shall be disobeying father."

"Well," said Henry, "let me stop and look through the gate; I should like at least to see this bull."

Frank came to the gate with Roughie, and sat singing on the stile, tying flowers, which he had gathered by the way, on Roughie's neck. Presently he saw some bright ones growing on the bank, and knowing nothing about the bull, he slipped off the stile, ran into the field, and began to pick the flowers. Meanwhile, Henry looked through the gate, but saw nothing of the bull. "It isn't here," said he; but he had hardly spoken the words before he heard a low bellowing. Not in the least frightened, Henry climbed up the gate. At length he saw the bull approaching slowly, though he did not appear to see him. He then got down, not noticing Frank; he did not even look for him, as he thought he was with his brothers, who were walking up the lane. He next opened the gate, which was fastened very securely, saying, "Now, for some fun." Thoughtless, wicked boy! Thus he went into the "transgressors' way."

We shall see directly how hard he found it.

He picked up some stones, and entering the field, he began to throw them at the bull. Directly the bull began pawing the ground, and bellowing with rage. Now Henry was frightened, and ran out of the field, but forgetting to fasten the gate after him.

His brothers were gone some distance, and were seated on the bank at the road-side, waiting for him. Henry came up panting for breath, and cried: "You cowards! You were afraid of the bull! Why—"

Here Alfred interrupted him, saying in a quick, hurried tone, "Where's Frank? O! Henry, why didn't you bring him with you?" Henry stopped and turned pale. "He must have come—"

But he was interrupted again by seeing the bull coming up the lane at full speed towards them. Henry shrieked with terror, and tried to follow his brothers, who were running with all their might. But presently the bull overtook him, tossed him high up in the air, and left him lying helpless in the road. In this state he was picked up and carried home.

And now you are all wondering what has become of dear little Frank. You remember he had slipped into the field to gather flowers. Roughie followed him. Presently the dog began to bark loudly, and ran away from Frank. This made Frank turn round, when he saw the bull running up to him. The poor child screamed, and called for his mother; but she could neither hear nor help him. The bull came on, and running at Frank, tossed him over the hedge on to a hay-rick which was in the next field.

Afterwards, some men who were going by, saw Roughie, who had climbed up on to the hay-rick, where his little master lay bleeding, and was barking furiously. They lifted the dog boy down, and carried him to Dame Burton's cottage. They thought that he had only fainted, and tried everything to bring him to, but in vain. Then he was carried home and laid gently on the sofa. His poor mother—ah! think of her feelings—was leaning over his pale, sweet face, when suddenly, so suddenly that she started back, his large dark eyes opened, and his gentle voice said, "Dear, dear mother! kiss me, dear mother; and then before she could stoop down to kiss him, his eyes were closed, his lips were still, and a bright angel had received the spirit of dear little Frankie to carry it up to heaven.

It was a long time before Henry became conscious. When he first came to his senses, he found himself in a darkened room, with the curtains drawn closely round his bed. He raised himself on one side, and listened; he heard some one sighing deeply. "Mother!" he murmured softly. The curtains were opened. "Mother, where is Frankie?"—what has happened?"

"You have been ill, my child," said his mother, quietly; and smoothing his pillow, she laid his head down on it. Her face was calm and sorrowful, but there was no reproach in it. Henry seemed confused and bewildered. At length he said: "Mother, have I been dreaming? What a fright I had! How strange it seems! But mother, no! I've not been dreaming. I remember it all now. O! mother tell me—do tell me where Frankie is!"

"In heaven, my child; dear little Frankie is a beautiful angel now."

Alfred then told Henry what he had felt then! He looked like the very picture of heart-breaking sorrow. Seeing his great distress, his mother said:—"Frankie is happy now; we cannot wish him back again."

"O mother, I have killed him! Can you ever forgive me? I never can be happy any more. My brother! O, my brother!"

His mother let him cry in this way for a while, and then, pitying the poor fellow's great distress, she said, "Your father and I have forgiven you, my child, but now you must pray for the forgiveness of your heavenly Father."

"Mother, won't you pray for me?" asked Henry. His mother knelt down at his bedside, and earnestly prayed that God would forgive his great sin, and give him grace to keep out of the transgressors' ways for the future. This gave him a little relief; but, all his words can express the anguish of poor Henry's heart when he thought that his darling pet, his dear little Frankie, was in his tiny grave, brought there through his disobedience; and that he should never hear his merry laugh again when playing with old Roughie. Poor Henry! he had learned a bitter lesson indeed.

Slowly he recovered his health again, but he never forgot the scenes of that day. His whole life was embittered by the sad recollections of his twelfth birthday. And though he found peace at last through the blood of Jesus, and felt that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven his sin, yet the recollection of it hung over him like a gloomy shadow. And suppose that we could have been his mother, or even his father, after that melancholy event had taken place. He is going by Farmer Clarke's field. He stops at the gate. The whole scene comes fresh before him again. He bows down his head and weeps bitter tears. We go up to him and ask him to tell us what it is which makes "the way of the transgressor hard." He looks up, with his eyes full of tears, as he wrings his hands, and says, "O, the recollections!—the dreadful recollections!"

(To be Continued.)

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