



THE LAND OF BEULAH.

My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

O! come, angel band, come, and around me stand,
O! bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.

O! come, angel band, come, and around me stand,
O! bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.

I know I'm hearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dew on Jordan's bank,
The crossing must be near.

O! come, angel band, &c.

I've almost gained my heavenly home;
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behind them come,
I hear the noise of wings.

O! come, angel band, &c.

O! bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

O! come, angel band, &c.

Miscellaneous.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The following narrative from a gentleman in Boston, is true in every particular, and ought to leave an indelible impression upon the mind of every one who reads it, be they parents present or prospective.

A few weeks before he wrote, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which removed him hence, to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents.

A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from his birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was but a boy, and boys will be boys, and we ought more frequently to think that it is their nature to be.

One evening this unhappy father came home wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some disappointments, which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyances. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment and said:

"Henry, has just come in, and he is a perfect fright! He is covered from head to foot with duck mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat."

"Where is he?" asked the father sternly.

"He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come up here when the girl told him you had come."

"Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant," was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with affright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment that awaited him in the morning as the penalty of his offence, and in a harsh voice concluded with, "Now, sir, go to your bed."

"But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you—"

"Not a word, sir, go to your bed."

"I only wanted to say, father, that—"

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand toward the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father without other speech, again close the door against explanation and expostulation.

When the boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared and at the table sat but little. His wife saw the real cause of his emotion, and remarked—

"I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy after all, if he does sometimes do wrong. He is a kind-hearted affectionate boy. He always was."

And there the water stood in the eyes of that tender mother, even as it stood in the eyes of Mercy, in the house of the Interpreter, as recorded by Bunyan.

After the tea the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news for that father that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful reverie, and then arose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bed-room where his little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness, as he gazed upon his son; yet in the night, when talking over the matter with the lady's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morning for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of the offence.

But that morning never came to the poor child in health. He awoke next morning with a raging fever on his brain and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor mother when they were first called to his bedside, nor at any time afterwards. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony did that father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying son's eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given words to have whispered one kind word in his ear and been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterwards the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry hall.

"I was with Henry," said the lad, when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, Henry and Frank Munford and I, and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf, and Frank got out on it to get a fish line and hook that hung over where the water was deep, and the first thing we saw he had slipped off and was struggling in the water. Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and after a great deal of work got Frank out, and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was so wet and slippery, and I helped them climb up the side. Frank told Henry not to say anything about it, for if he did his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry, and all the way home kept saying, 'What

will father say when he sees me to night? I wish we had not gone to the wharf!'

"Dear, brave boy," exclaimed the bereaved father; "and this was the explanation which I so cruelly refused to hear!" and the hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Yes! that stern parent now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded its life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavored to graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close this story in the very words of that father, and let the lesson be engraven on the hearts of those who read this sketch.

"Everything I now see that belongs to him reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday I found some rude pencil sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To day in rummaging an old chest I came across his boots still covered with duck mud, as when he last wore them. (You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object, is now most precious to me.) And every morning and evening I pass the ground where my son's voice rang merriest among his playmates. All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot—though I have often tried—I cannot recall any other expression on that dear boy's face than that mute, mournful one which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh."

Oh, how careful should we all be in our daily conduct towards those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, that we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a bitter tear! How cautious that by neither inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feelings? And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest in a moment of excitement we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime.

Alas! perhaps but few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but of a loving, yet grieved and outraged nature. I will add no word to reflections so true—no corroborative incident to an experience so touching!—*E. A.*

MORAL COURAGE.

It requires nerve to face a cannon's mouth, or to resist a bayonet charge. If any one turns and runs in the hour of danger he is ridiculed by his companions, if not shot by his officers for desertion. This cowardice may be the result of physical organization without any moral culpability; and yet in emergencies where valor is demanded, the timid man is required to overcome his constitutional tendencies, or else be branded as a "coward," and meet the jeers and insults of his comrades.

Courage is demanded elsewhere, as well as in war. It is demanded to enlist in the army in the time of peace, especially when there is a prospect of immediately going to the front; and more is required to meet the enemy in battle array, and engage in the conflict, with shot and shell whizzing and shrieking all around; but more still is necessary to meet successfully the temptations of the camp and the views of private life. Many who were brave in battle have fallen in camp or in the quiet retreats of home. Intemperance, or some other vice, has overwhelmed them with disgrace, sorrow, and hopeless ruin. Their physical courage was sufficient for the emergency, but their moral courage proved inadequate. But few young men in camp are like the one who, kneeling every night by his place for sleep, and commended himself to God, and the sores and ridicule of his fellow soldiers, until they were conquered, acknowledged the greatness of his moral courage, and said, "That fellow is made of the right stuff, let him alone!"

Such examples of moral heroism are altogether too rare. Instead of this we find that many of our young men, and women also, are base cowards without backbone or principle. They readily yield to temptation; they cannot break opposition; they do not know how to say "No" in the hour of danger. Thus they show themselves wanting in true moral courage. Intemperance, profligacy, and vice in many of its attractive forms, assail them; and conscience utters her disclaimer in vain. The path of duty is made clear, but they have not the resolution to walk therein. They are easily led astray by vile, pernicious associates, and corrupt, fascinating amusements. Under these influences they have not the pluck to stand up and maintain their ground in accordance with their own convictions of right. Dishonesty and extravagance, instead of frankness, retrenchment, and reform, control them in their business and their pleasures, and prevent their enlisting in the service of Christ, and making an open profession of religion. If they do enlist they find that courage is still necessary to fight the "good fight of light" and win the victory over death and the grave.

We have seen an account of a boy who some thirty years since united with the church and partook of the Lord's Supper. The next day after, at school, his associates formed a ring around him and said, "Here is a Christian boy."

Instead of being provoked and retorting, he looked his persecutors in the face and said, "Yes, boys, I am trying to be a Christian. Isn't that right?"

They knew that it was right, felt ashamed of their conduct and let him alone. Thus moral bravery conquered as it usually does. There is many a man who could storm a fort or withstand a charge, who could not morally withstand the assaults of vice, companions, or a Christian, and maintain his profession.

Those who have not the most foolish of all cowards. They have not courage enough to be saved by the way of the cross. It costs too much; so they sit down, fold their arms, and forgo a kingdom and a crown. Above all things have moral courage to do the right. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion."

NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do!" In this world of ours,
Where weeds spring up with the fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day.

"Nothing to do!" Thou Christian soul!
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish state,
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incessant day;
There are foes to meet, within and without;
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach
The simplest form of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure, with living love,
From the grimest haunts of sin's deluge.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" There are heights to attain,
Where Christ is transfigured yet again;
Where earth will fade in the vision sweet,
And the soul press on with winged feet.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou me in the path I tread."
Lord! lend thy help the journey through,
Lead, faint, we cry, "Too much to do!"

S. CONDIT & CO.,
HAT MANUFACTURERS.

Wholesale and Retail, Boston,
270 A Street of Hats, Caps, Gloves and Umbrellas
always on hand.

S. Condit, [March 5-12] A. J. BARKER

1869. NEW STYLE HATS. Just opened, 1 case 12 doz. Straw Hats, newest styles, 10 White, 12 Colored—Ladies' and Children's sizes. For sale low at the

Imperial Buildings, 2 King Street, SIMON NEALIS.

NEW VELVETEENS.—Just opened, 1 case 12 doz. Velveteens, of superior quality. Will be sold at lowest possible prices, at the

Imperial Buildings, 2 King Street, SIMON NEALIS.

RANGES.—50 boxes, ex. str. America, will be sold very low from the wharf. G. BENT.

LADIES JACKETS.—Opened this day—one case Ladies' Jackets, latest London styles, in Black Silk, Velveteen and Cloth. Good and Cheap. Imperial Buildings, 2 King Street.

LADIES' Rubbers at 25 cents a pair. THE NEALIS are low A. LOTTIMER'S.

LADIES' Rubbers at 25 cents a pair. THE NEALIS are low A. LOTTIMER'S.

LADIES' Gossamer (thin) Rubbers at 25 cents a pair. THE NEALIS are low A. LOTTIMER'S.

GENTS' Rubbers at 25 cents a pair. THE NEALIS are low A. LOTTIMER'S.

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MISSES' Rubbers at 25 cents a pair. THE NEALIS are low A. LOTTIMER'S.

CHILDREN'S Rubbers at 25 cents a pair. THE NEALIS are low A. LOTTIMER'S.

Just received from Boston. Another lot of paper Window Blinds. Beautiful patterns. A. LOTTIMER.

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