

MY FATHER.

My father was a man of prayer. He had an altar in his house, upon which the incense never failed to be offered, morning and evening, so long as he was able to be the priest of his family. His voice was often heard in the meetings for social prayer. And he prayed in secret too. His closet was his barn; and often have I seen him kneeling there, when, as he supposed, none but the eye of Omniscience was upon him.

But evident and precious as was his piety in the day of prosperity, it was still more so in the day of adversity. Like Abraham, he was tried. And his faith, like of the father of the faithful, stood the test. Death came up into our windows, and the youngest of the group, a child of little more than a year, was taken. As the father stood gazing upon the cold form of his beloved one, he calmly repeated the words,

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms;
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms."

The next victim in the family was himself. Disease in a trying form came upon him. It was a species of cancer seated upon his neck. Death seemed to take him by the throat, saying, *thou shalt die*. A council of physicians decided that an operation could not be safely performed. The disease, before its nature was determined, had progressed too far. My father meekly bowed to the will of God. As for himself, he was prepared. But it was with an aching heart, such as a father only can know, that he thought of his family. Here was his companion, upon whose feeble frame consumption had already laid its hand. There were seven dependent children, the eldest not yet sixteen; and all of them without hope in Christ. But faith triumphed. Precious to my father were the promises of God's blessed word. He felt that he could rest upon them, and leave all with his covenant and ever-faithful God.

I well remember that last trying year of his life. Thoughtless as I then was, impressions were made upon my mind which I can never forget. During the most prosperous days of my father, I well knew that it was his highest desire with respect to his children, that they should be the followers of the Saviour. I now remember times when I greatly desired some favor, when I was almost tempted to promise that if he would but indulge me, I would become a Christian. I knew that nothing would rejoice him more. But when he felt that he must soon leave his children, then his anxieties with respect to their salvation were greater than ever. Never shall I forget the prayers which he then offered in our behalf. Often would he be so overcome by his emotions, that it was with great difficulty he could proceed. He continued to conduct our daily devotions until his wasting strength would allow him to do it no longer. Our kind and attentive pastor then supplied us with a volume of Jay's Family Prayers, from which my eldest sister read every morning, until our dear father was taken from us. I well remember that sad and trying day. I was summoned from school to witness the closing scene. The physician and numerous sympathizing friends had come in. Our beloved pastor was there. As the mother and the children, then little knowing what we were to lose, stood sobbing by the dying bed, "Weep not for me," came from the lips of our departing parent, and soon his happy spirit was in that blest world where they weep no more. It was in the month of May, that with sorrowing hearts we followed his remains to the grave. And in less than two short months, we laid our broken-hearted mother by his side. And there they sleep in that quiet resting-place, to me the loveliest spot on the banks of the noble Connecticut.

The anxiety of our father for the spiritual welfare of his children, led him to write for them a message a short time before his death, which he called his *dying advice*. By it, he being dead, yet speaketh. Few messages have ever spoken so impressively to my heart. It is as follows:—

"Put your trust and confidence in God, and you will be safe and happy. Be obedient to Him. Daily read a portion of His Word, and daily go to Him by prayer, and cast all your care upon Him, who careth for you. Be sensible of your failings, and try to live in peace. Love each other, and everybody. While you live in the world, live useful lives: and above all, for eternity. You all need a new heart. Give yourselves no peace until you have made

your peace with God. Let it be your aim to glorify Him. Seek not for the things of this world; but how to glorify God. Let your minds be fixed and staid on Him. Encourage all societies whose aim is to spread the knowledge of God through the world. This I regard the duty of all. I think I must say that it has been pleasant for me to give, and I feel as though the Lord had greatly blessed me for it; and I feel that he will greatly bless you, if you cheerfully give from a right heart. I would warn you to regard the Sabbath day. Endeavor to keep this day holy. Keep from playing and from worldly conversation. Love the house of God. Let this day find you there. Let no small excuse keep you away, but such as will answer at the bar of God. Go not there to see and to be seen, and to return home and talk about things of vain consequence, but to worship God. Feel that you are in His presence, and that his eye is directed on you. May you be found at the Bible class, and at the Sabbath school, so long as duty calls you there. May the conference room, and all religious meetings when duty calls you, not find your place empty.

Oh, that I could at last meet you all in heaven! Live for the other world. Make your peace with God. And may you be happy in time and in eternity! Remember that you were sent here to prepare for eternity."

The anxious desire expressed in those words—and I can never read them without weeping—"Oh, that I could at last meet you all in heaven!" has, I trust, in a measure been gratified already. Two of our orphan band have died, and, as we hope, have gone to meet their father in heaven; and three of those that remain are the professed followers of the Saviour.

Since the death of my father, I have been told that it was his desire, that one of his sons might be a preacher of the gospel. The unworthy writer of this notice is engaged in this noble work. Would to God that it was with more of the spirit of his sainted father. That he was blessed with the example, the instruction and the prayers of such a parent, he regards as one of the greatest blessings for which he has occasion to be grateful to God; and he can truly say, with the pious Cowper,

"My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies."
H. S.

THE GREAT DAY.

There have been many great days in the world's history, but there is a day coming which will be greater than them all, therefore called emphatically "THE GREAT DAY." The Lord Jesus will then appear in great pomp and glory. Great numbers will be collected together before his throne, even all that have ever lived in our world. The great distinction between the world and the church will then be made: and great results will follow the decisions of that day. The great white throne will be seen by all, the great Judge of the world will take his seat upon it, the great books will be opened, and the great multitude will be judged according to the things which are written in the books. Every motive, every thought, every word, and every action is recorded there; and every one will be judged according to his works.

Reader, you will be there. Not as a mere spectator, but as a party deeply interested in the proceedings of that day. You will then be judged, and be either welcomed to a kingdom prepared for the Lord's people, or be driven into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. Which will it be? Have you ever thought? Have you ever endeavoured to ascertain? You must appear. It will be impossible to avoid it. Ought you not, then, to think of it, and prepare for it? That great day ought to awaken great fears in every sinner's heart. It will be dreadful to meet the Judge's eye, to face the witnesses, to hear the sentence, to endure the punishment of sin. It ought to make us very careful. Careful to sue out our pardon. Careful to be found in Christ, without spot and blemish. Careful to be recognized and acknowledged as the sons of God, and the obedient disciples of the Lord of Glory. It ought to raise high expectations in the believer's soul. It will be a great day to him. He will receive great honour. He will be robed with great glory. He will enjoy great happiness. He will be crowned with great distinction. It will be a great day to every one of us, both saint and sinner. Let us, therefore, seriously think of it, diligently prepare for it, and

prayerfully anticipate it. Happy is the man who can look forward to it with confidence, and anticipate it with delight,—who is now justified by faith in Jesus,—who daily walks with God,—who grows in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour,—who can recognize in the Judge his friend, in the saints his brethren, and in the Most High God his father. To him "the great day" will be his best day; for after it there will be no more fears, no more pains, no more sorrows, no more sins. All will be peace, purity, power, and perfection.

Reader, just dwell for a few moments on these solemn words of the apostle:—"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ: that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." (2 Cor. v. 10, 11).

Cheltenham.

JAMES SMITH.

THE MIGHTY CURE-ALL.

Several gentlemen were talking one evening at the house of a friend, when one of them exclaimed, "Ah, depend upon it, a soft answer is a mighty cure-all." At this stage of the conversation, a boy, who sat behind, at a table, began to listen; and repeated, as he thought, quite to himself, "A soft answer is a mighty cure-all." "Yes, that's it," cried the gentleman, starting, and turning round; "yes, that's it; don't you think so, my lad?" The boy blushed a little at finding himself so unexpectedly addressed, but answered, "I don't know that I understand you, Sir."

"Well, I'll explain, then," said the gentleman, wheeling round in his chair; "for it is a principle you ought to understand and act upon; besides, it is the principle which is going to conquer the world."

The boy looked more puzzled than ever, and thought he should like to know something that was equal to Alexander himself.

"I might as well explain," said he, "by telling you about the first time it conquered me. My father was an officer, and his notion was to settle everything by fighting; if a boy ever gave me a saucy word, it was, 'Fight 'em, Charley, fight 'em!'"

"By and bye I was sent to the famous school, and it so happened that my seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a small house behind the academy, I began to strut a little, and talk about what my father was; but as he was a capital scholar, very much thought of by the boys, we were soon on pretty good terms; and so it went on for some time. After a while, some fellows of my stamp, and I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one of the ushers; and somehow or other, we got the notion that Tom Tucker was at the bottom of it.

"Tom Tucker! who is he?" I cried, angrily. "I'll let him know who I am; and I went in a passion to Tom, and thundered, 'I'll teach you to talk about me in this way; but he never winced, or seemed in the least frightened, but stood still, looking at me as mute as a lamb. 'Charles,' he said, 'you may strike me as much as you please—I tell you I shan't strike back again; fighting is a poor way to settle difficulties. I'm thinking, when you are Charles Everett, I'll talk with you.'

"Oh, what an answer was that! how it cowed me down! so firm and yet so mild. I felt there was no fun in having the fight all on one side. I was ashamed of myself, my temper, and everything about me. I longed to get out of his sight. I saw what a poor, foolish way my way of doing things was. I felt that Tom had completely got the better of me; that there was power in his principles superior to anything I had ever seen before, and from that hour Tom Tucker had an influence over me which nobody ever had before or since; it has been for good, too. That, you see, is the power, the mighty moral power of a soft answer.

"I have been about the world a great deal since then, and I believe," said the gentleman, "that nearly all, if not all, the quarrels which arise among men, women, or children, in families, neighbourhoods, or even nations, can be cured by the mighty moral power of a soft answer; for the Scriptures has it, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

THE JUDICIOUS WIFE.

I recollect a pretty incident which may not be uninteresting to the reader. A wild young fellow married a lovely girl, and having long

been addicted to habits of dissipation, even the sincere attachment which he entertained towards his wife could not entirely disentangle him from its snares. His occasional irregular hours would have given any but one of so pure and sweet a disposition, every reason to suspect that she did not hold that place in his affections which was her right; but this reflection scarcely ever intruded upon her spirits. The husband was far from being cruel, and really loved her, but his disposition was weak and his companions eloquent, and he seemed to grow worse rather than better in his habits.

It happened once that he was called out of town, and in his haste left behind him a letter, in which, to please an unprincipled friend, he had spoken of his wife in terms of carelessness if not in derision, and dilated freely upon his general course of life. Imagine the anxiety and suspense of the startled profligate, when he found himself borne by a rapid steamboat upon a journey which must of necessity be of several days duration, yet remembering distinctly that the fatal letter was exposed and unsealed upon his wife's table. He recollected, too, with a pang, that he had wantonly, in answer to her inquiries, boasted that it contained a profound secret, which he would not have revealed for the world. He paced the deck in agony of disappointment and shame. He pictured her opening the letter, turning pale with horror and indignation—perhaps fainting with anguish—alarming the servants—flying to her father and renouncing him forever.

As soon as possible he returned, but with a sinking heart he entered his dwelling, bracing himself up to meet the fury of an enraged and wretched woman. He opened the door softly. She was bending over the table busily writing. A placid smile sealed her mouth with perfect beauty, and spread over her glowing features the mild expression of peace and joy; and even as she wrote, the fragment of a sweet ballad fell from her lips, in low music that only flows from a heart entirely at rest. The husband stole noiselessly around and read as her pen traced her gentle thoughts.

"Your letter is lying by me. The very letter containing the 'profound secret.' Now I could punish you for your carelessness; but, my dearest Charles, how could I look you in the face on your return, after having basely violated your trust in my integrity, and meanly sought to gratify my silly curiosity at the expense of honesty, delicacy, and confidence. No. The letter is unopened, and lest you should feel uneasy, I enclose it to you, with the sincere love of your affectionate wife," &c.

"What an angel!" uttered the conscience-stricken husband.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

Two men were once engaged in a discussion on the divinity of Christ. One of them who argued against it said, "If it were true it certainly would have been expressed in more clear and unequivocal terms." "Well," said the other, "admitting that you believed it, were authorized to teach it, and allowed to use your own language, how would you express the doctrine, to make it satisfactory and indubitable?" "I would say," replied the first, "that Jesus Christ is the true God!" "You are happy," rejoined the other, "in the choice of your words, for you have hit upon the very words of inspiration." St. John, speaking of Christ, says, "This is the true God and eternal life!" I John, v. 20.

A man must die that would live; he must be empty that would be full; he must be lost that must be saved; he must have nothing that would have all things; he must be blind that would have illumination; he must be condemned that would have redemption; so he must be a fool that would be a Christian. "If any man among you seem to be wise, let him become a fool that he may be wise."

WORLDLING.—King Henry IV. asked a distinguished individual if he had observed the great eclipse of the sun which had happened lately? He replied, "I have so much to do on earth, that I have no time to look up to heaven."

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

In New England there are 1357 Orthodox Congregational churches. The sum total of members 163,518, of whom only 49,367 are males.