

## COMFORT FOR MOURNERS.

Child of sorrow, lorn, forsaken,  
Whom the world hath long oppressed,  
Though by misery's storm o'ertaken,  
Calm the tumult of thy breast.  
Why this anguish?  
Hither come, and sweetly rest!

Child of sorrow, hush thy wailing!  
One there is who knows thy grief,  
One whose mercy, never failing,  
Waits to give thy soul relief;  
He, thy Saviour,  
Faithful still,—of friends the chief!

Child of sorrow, do they leave thee,—  
Those on whom thy hopes have strayed?  
Jesus calls, and will receive thee,  
With a love can never fade:  
Hark, he bids thee  
Seek the homes for sinners made!

Child of sorrow, tempests lowering  
Hang around the clouds of care,  
But thy Father's smile, o'erpowering,  
Breaks the gloom, and gilds despair;  
See thy Father  
On the cloud his bow prepare;

Child of sorrow, why dejected?  
Own, approve my righteous will!  
I afflict,—'twas I protected;  
Chastened son, be still, be still!  
Grace and mercy  
Even thus my word fulfil!

[From the Primitive Church Magazine.]

## SO MANY CALLS.

It was a brisk, clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr. A— returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and warm arm-chair, in his parlour at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then, lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow: what could be the matter with Mr. A—? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon, in his counting-room, received the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription; and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. "People think," soliloquised he to himself, "that I am made of money, I believe. This is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription; and this year has been one of heavy family expenses, building and fitting up this house, carpets, curtains—no end to the new things to be bought. I do not see, really, how I am to give a penny more in charity. Then, there are the bills for the boys and girls: they all say they must have twice as much now as before we came to this house: wonder if I did right in building it?" And Mr. A— glanced unceasingly up and down the ceiling, and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed, and sleepy; his head began to swim, and his eyes closed. He was asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; and there stood a plain, poor-looking man, who, in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moment's conversation with him. Mr. A— asked him into the parlour, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then turning to Mr. A—, presented him with a paper. "It is your last year's subscription to missions," said he, "you know all the wants of that cause which can be told you; I came to see if you had any thing more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but for some reason, unaccountable to himself, Mr. A— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embarrassed manner he began the same excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment, with its many elegancies and luxuries, and without any comment, took from the merchant the paper he had given him, and immediately presented him with another.

"This is your subscription to the Tract Society: have you anything to add to it? You know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means. Do you not feel called upon to add something to it?"

Mr. A— was very uneasy under this appeal; but there was something in the still, mild manner of the stranger that restrained him; but he answered, that though he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year conveniently add to any of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society; and in a few clear and forcible words reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donation.

Mr. A— became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do nothing more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required moderate; now the objects increase every day, and call upon us for money; and all, after we have given once, want us to double, and treble, and quadruple our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing. We may as well stop in one place as another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and fixing his eye on his companion, said, in a voice that thrilled to his soul,—

"One year ago, to-night, you thought that your daughter was dying; you could not rest for agony; upon whom did you call that night?"

The merchant started, and looked up: there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression that subdued him; he drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you would leave a family unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward, as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said in a still lower and more impressive tone, "Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless; when you spent day and night in prayer; when you thought you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour," said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feelings,— "Oh, yes, it was He!"

"And has He ever complained of being called on too often?" inquired the stranger, in a voice of reproachful sweetness. "Say," added he, "are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of Him, if He from this night will ask no more from you?"

"O never, never, never!" said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet; but, as he spoke these words, the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within.

"O God and Saviour! what have I been doing?" he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything! What is all that I have, to what thou hast done for me?"

## The Bishop of Sydney.

In noticing the reception given to the Bishop of Sydney by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, we adverted to the fact that the Sees of Melbourne and Newcastle, "by the voluntary surrender of a fourth part of his own episcopal income." Though this statement is literally true, it falls considerably short of the whole truth. The bishop really offered, for this purpose, one half (under certain conditions) of his whole episcopal income, and his contribution was ultimately fixed by the authorities in this country at an amount much less than by his letter written from the antipodes, he had nobly placed at their disposal.

Hopes and cares, anxieties and fears, divide our life. Would you be free from these anxieties, think every day will be your last, and the succeeding hours will be the more welcome, because unexpected.

Ingratitude is unpardonable, and dries up the fountain of all goodness.

## The Excellent Woman.

"What are you reading with so much interest?" asked Marion Stowe, of her cousin Helen.

"A New Year's present from my husband," answered Mrs. Adams. "George took up the *Watchman and Reflector* when he came home last evening, to see what books were advertised, and noticed that this one was mentioned as an appropriate gift from husband to wife. This morning, therefore, he purchased it, and I assure you, I shall peruse it with an earnest desire to become myself the Excellent Woman of whom it treats. As our sex is elevated, the world is proportionally advanced, and we, ourselves must labor, if we would mount the proud heights, not of Parnassus, but of moral excellence. The woman who performs faithfully her part in so noble an enterprise, cannot fail of obtaining an abundant and blessed reward."

"Read me a paragraph," languidly requested Marion.

Helen complied, and read as follows:

"Let her remember, then, if she settles down into a state of indolent inaction, because either an opulent condition in life or the false maxims of the age permit it, that she offends as well against the claims of Heaven as against the dignity of her own nature."

"Now, Marion, let me kindly ask you to remember this. You are a professor of religion, and I believe you really mean to do right, but do you not sometimes spend your hours in 'indolent inaction?' I know that I am verily guilty myself, and I intend to reform. By the grace of God assisting me, I intend to obey the very spirit and letter of the Apostolic injunction, 'Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' Will you not make a similar resolution, and then let us aid each other in its fulfilment?"

"But, Helen, we need not, either of us, 'work for a living,' for my father and your husband have wealth enough, and to spare. If we attend to our own domestic affairs, our visitors will laugh at us."

"Precisely the reasons which are given here for 'indolent inaction,' Marion," interrupted Mrs. Adams.

"Well," resumed Marion, rather pettishly, "our servants need their wages, and we should not take the work out of their hands or pay them for doing nothing."

"Dear cousin," said Helen, "I should be one of the last to deprive any one of their means of support, but our health and happiness require, I think, that we should make ourselves useful in the world, in some way, and spend a few idle moments as possible, notwithstanding what our fashionable friends may say or do, to the contrary."

"You are right," said Marion, after a pause of reflection, "but what employment shall I have?"

"Let us both resume our studies during those hours when we shall be least liable to interruption. My husband will be glad to have me do so, for he often says women are very silly to close their school books the moment they leave school, and keep them closed through life. He will aid me, I know."

"Away went Marion and Helen for the requisite books, and when half an hour after the door bell rang, and a servant announced a caller, the cousins were seated on the floor of the library, busily engaged in testing each other's memory of long past lessons."

"It is so pleasant, and we may have many callers," said Marion, "how shall we save the time which we seem obliged to spend in what is too frequently mere gossip?"

"Let us knit," replied Helen, "you know our good old grandmother in the country once taught us. We can give away the things we knit, and they will make very acceptable presents."

So to a closet they went, and obtained yarn and needles, before they sought their visitor in the parlor, who proved to be an intimate young friend, and to her they imparted their new plans and purposes. Each of the cousins soon "cast on" the stitches for a small mitten, and soon their rapid fingers in knitting, rivalled their tongues in talk.

Their visitor was not one, however, who could appreciate their new purposes. She had never been taught in the school of Christ, and there seemed to her no propriety in being employed if one could afford to be fashionably idle. The great moral truth that our time is not our own, to be squandered, but usefully improved, was little understood by her, and she deemed the new resolution of

the cousins disagreeable, because it seemed to reflect upon her own idleness, and to her companions she afterwards stigmatized the worthy young cousins as "methodistic and precise."

The cousins "pursued the even tenor of their way," and the resolution to be always, if possible, usefully employed, was not one of those made but to be broken. The sensible, Christian husband of Mrs. Adams, rejoiced over his young wife's conversion to the views which he had always entertained, and the bond of union between them became more strongly cemented.

There was another who rejoiced in the noble course of these ladies, who had long desired a true woman, and not a fashionable puppet for a wife, and he found a congenial companion in Marion. Both Helen and Marion found in after life, abundant sphere for their labors, and were happy in being of that number of excellent women, concerning one of whom the wise man said, "her children rise up, and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Sister reader, shall we not "go and do likewise," that we may reap a similar reward?

P. A. H.

## The Difference.

How much depends upon the state of the heart and the disposition, in estimating our ability to do or to give for the promotion of the Redeemer's cause. Not long since, we heard a person excusing himself for giving only a mere pittance to the cause of missions, "because," said he, "my taxes are so heavy, —that is all I can afford." We felt inclined to suggest to him the expediency of giving about half his property to the Lord, as the best method of lessening his taxes, so that by another year he might afford to double his subscription! What a wonderful influence the heart has upon man's logic, and arithmetic.

As an instance to set over against the above, look at the following, as related in the London Missionary Register, published a few years since. A blind girl brought to her minister thirty shillings for the missionary society. The clergyman, surprised, said to her, "You are a poor blind girl—you cannot afford to give this sum!" "I am indeed, sir," said she, "a blind girl, but not so poor as you suppose; and I am sure I can better afford to give these thirty shillings than those girls can who have eyes." "Well," replied the clergyman, "I should be glad to know how you make that out." "Sir," she answered, "I am a basket-maker, and being blind, I can make baskets in the dark as well as in the light. Now I am sure, in the last dark winter it must have cost those girls that have eyes more than thirty shillings to buy candles to see to make baskets; so I think I have proved that I can afford this money, and now I hope you will take it all for the missionaries."—*Christian Secretary*.

## The Three Friends.

A man had three friends. Two of them he loved exceedingly; to the third he was indifferent, though he was the most sincere. One day he was summoned before the justice for a matter of which he was innocent. "Who among you," said he, "will go with me and witness for me?" The first of his friends excused himself immediately, on pretence of other business. The second accompanied him to the door of the tribunal, but there he turned and went back for fear of the judge. The third, upon whom he had least depended, went in, spoke for him, and witnessed his innocence so cheerfully, that the judge released him, and made him a present besides. Man has three friends in this world. How do they behave in the hour of death, when God summons him before the judgment seat? Gold, his best friend, leaves him first. His relatives and friends accompany him to the brink of the grave, and return again to their houses. His good deeds alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge; they go before, speak for him, and find mercy and favor.

TRIALS.—Our greatest trials often arise from our dearest comforts—and the rose that we press to our bosom is encircled with sharp and prickling thorns.

Concession is no humiliation, nor admission of error any disgrace.