She Family Circle. NOCTURN.

noise obeyed.

naturally to the sterner doctrines of re-

tunes that had lingered in the nursery

them on Marston Moor. All down the

aisles of time came, tramping to the

music, mailed men, bearing on their

shields the two words, Liberty and

Equality. They trembled on Mr.

Owen's lips with his parting blessing

to his boy. Would he remember them

and would they comfort and give him

Where there is affliction in a house,

the minister is at home. Mr. Allan

entered without knocking, and made

his way to the large, old-fashioned

kitchen, in which he was sure of find-

There, by a table, with his arms fold-

ed and laid heavily upon it, sat Mr.

Owen. His wife was in a small rock-

ing-chair by the fire, and Blossom a

Mr. Owen rose to welcome him; so

did Blossom; but the wife did not no-

tice him,-she sat still, rocking herself

to and fro, looking at the blazing

Mr. Allan put a hand in the brawny

laid the other on Mr. Owen's heaving

"Just and true are all thy ways,"

one that was held out toward him, and ness of a child.

breast. "My friend," he said, "how is ent to a motion from the father, read

as follows:

young girl, sat between them.

it with the decrees of God?"

strength now?

ing the family.

wood.

Exter into thy cluset, and shut thy door .- MATT. vi. 6. I sit in my silent chamber, And my silent chamber, And my spirit mounts in thought; Dear hour of Divine communion, That oft a deep joy hath wrought! And lol as in holy vision, The heavens unfold above, And there fall bright beams of glory, There is breathed the breath of love

I see, through the amber portal, The angels of God descend; "God's Host"—they are swift of pinion, And ever his saints attend; I hear the celestial chorus, Harps touched with divinest skill, Tones sweeter than breathing zephyrs, That on my hushed soul distil.

The praise of the Holiest hymning, The skies with the song resound; The stars seem to join their voices, As they float in the dark profound; And the lawing Father of paints And the loving Father of spirits, Though ruling all worlds the while, To the "Sons of God" doth hearken, And sheddeth on them his smile!

Ay, Lord, thou bendest yet lower : The voices of earth dost hear; Dost catch each sigh of contrition, Dost note each glistening tear; My praise is to thee as incense, For prayer thou returnest grace; Not now may these eyes behold thee. But I feel thy blest embrace.

Why-why should I envy scraphs, That they stand so near the throne, If here thou dost deign to meet me. If here dost thyself make known? If now in these evening shadows, This stillness of dying day, My soul may drink of thy fullness Till won from her griefs away?

My God, thy secret is with me, cret I ne'er can tell; 'Tis life, 'tis peace, 'tis rapture, When with me thou com'st to dwell; While the twilight shades grow deeper, As spreadeth her wings the night, On me there falleth Thy splendor, And all is serenely bright.

My finite and feeble spirit With thine the Infinite blends, Till with heaven's own bliss o'erflowing, Her weary, vain quest she ends; As if on thy bosom lying, She findeth her wished for rest, By Eternal Arms enfolded : Have ye more than this, ye blest?

Ah, yes, ye spirits immortal, Ye are not to sense confined; No law in your faultless being, When ye long to soar, doth bind; And I too, at length ascending, From sense forever set free, Shall God-ward cleave the bright azure, As glad and as pure as ye!

M feet shall tread the fair city Adorned as a beautiful bride; Shall come to the living fountains, And walk by the crystal tide; To the loved again united, Once lost amidst tears and pain, I shall know the full affection For which I have yearned in vain.

I shall then, with undimmed vision, See what had been hid before ; From wonder onward to wonder, Forever mount up and adore; If on earth thy works have charmed me, What raptures shall fill me there, When I gaze on spotless beauty, Than all I had dreamed more fair!

Oh, then on the throne whose brightness Outshineth you blazing sun, The Head of the whole creation I shall see the Crucified One : Where night spreads no more her shadow l, amidst the ineffable glow, Shall live on his smile forever.

And ALL THAT HE IS SHALL KNOW !

a great sorrow, and without the least himself sharply; there is none holyno, not one,-but Jesus died for sin-

Mr. Allan walked on slowly toward ners. Mr. Allan, tell me that. O, Benthe house. He had known Mr. Owen nie, Bennie!" for many years, and he knew him well. The mother raised herself, as she

come. God bless you all! Forgive for my glory; I have formed him, Indeed, there was a peculiar bond of heard his name called, and, turning your poor Bennie." symvathy between the two men. In said, with a smile; "Don't call so loud all his large parish there was not one father. Bennie is not far off; he will npon whom the minister relied as he come soon."

did upon this strong and sturdy farmer. "God laid his hand on them both, you see," said Mr. Owen, pointing to Many and many an hour he had walked by his side when he was upturning her, without making any direct reply. the brown earth, and had discoursed She has not been justly herself since. with him on topics which would have It is a mercitul thing she is sort of sounded harsh and repulsive to comstunned, it seems to me; she makes no mon ears, but which were fraught wail. Poor mother! if my heart was then to heaven, and folding her hands not broken it would almost kill me to as if in prayer. with deep and vital interest to them. Mr. Owen was a direct descendant of

see her so. Bennie was her idol. I told the Puritans, and every drop of blood her often, God had said, 'Thou shalt in his veins was tinged with as strong have no gods before me.'" and true a "blue," as if he himself had

the coming of the night train; and the Mr. Allan looked in astonishment at | conductor, as he reached down to lift landed in the "Mayflower." He took the bowed man as he came now and her in, wondered at the sweet, tearstood before him. These few hours stained face that was upturned toward ligion, while Mr. Allan, versed in all had done the work of years. The the dim lantern that he held in his the modern lore, questioned and doubt- sinewy frame was tottering, the eyes hand. The keystone of Mr. Owen's were dimmed, and the sudden sorrow A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child

do right?" This was the man upon nized the power of the great, kind whom God had now laid his hand so heart, simple and almost childlike in heavily; and Mr. Allan felt that if the its innocent, clinging affection; how trial brought no murmur, no rebellion | could this be reconciled with the stern, | against that mighty Sovereign, the stern | strong head-the head that to common | ing only a note to tell her father old faith were indeed a rich one in observers outlined the character of the where and why she had gone. She which to live, and die. He knew that man? "God have mercy on you; He had brought Bennie's letter with her one element in this war was Puritan. is trying you in the furnace seven no good, kind heart like the Presi Sons of the Roundheads filled up the times heated," he exclaimed, almost dent's, could refuse to be melted by it ranks of the Northern army. They involuntarily. marched to battle to strains of the old

Owen, doubt it not!"

him," was all she said.

The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor found "'I should be ashamed, father!' he said, 'when I am a man, to think I suitable company for Blossom, and and the sanctuary from the day that hurried her on to Washington. Every never used this great right arm'-and he Cromwell and his soldiers chanted held it out so proudly before me-'for minute now might be a year in her my country, when it needed it. Palsy | brother's life.

And so, in an incredibly short time, it, rather than keep it at the plough.' Blossom reached the Capital, and was "'Go, Bennie, then; go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you.' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!" and hurried at once to the White House. the farmer repeated these last words himself to his morning task, of overslowly, as if, in spite of his head, his looking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announce heart doubted them. "Like the apple of his eye, Mr.

Blossom, with eyes downcast and fold-Blossom had sat near them, listened hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his poor woman, you seem very ill; I am afraid you will never recover. Can I pleasant, cheery tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the mordo anything for you?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered woman; "there is a New Testament behind my pillow, and I should be much obliged to you if you would

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post." "O, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special

> gence." "So my father said," said Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so

did the work of two, sir, and it was "Dear Father:-When this reaches thou King of saints," faltered out the you I shall be in eternity. At first, it Jemmy's night, not his, but Jemmy man. seemed awful to me; but I have was too tired, and Bennie never

with an awed look upon his face, as if | merciful, and Bennie was so good-1 | shall see the cows all coming home | thee from the West; I will say to the | containing the first chapter of the first even there he stood in the presence of do not mean holy," he said, correcting from pasture-Daisy and Brindle, and North, give up, and to the South, epistle of John, in which these words Bet; old Billy, too, will neigh from keep not back; bring my sons from occur? On that page the man had his stall, and precious little Blossom | far, and my daughters from the ends | found the Gospel. stand on the back stoop, waiting for | of the earth, every one that is called me; but I shall never come-never by my name, for I have created him THE DIVINE BOOK.

yea, I have made him."-Mrs. R. D.

A SONG OF HOME.

O city, golden-bright!

Transparent as the day ! How softly shines thy distant light, For pilgrims far away !

Thy joy, serene and pure, E'en now pervades my breast; On God's foundations built secure,

There dwell the ransomed host.

Lead home the chosen bride.

Thy jasper bulwarks rest.

So safe, so satisfied ! And thither shall the Holy Ghost

No more a care or fear!

No more earth's wailing cry! For God shall wipe each bitter tear, And hush each heaving sigh.

Sweet home of peace and love! By faith thy light I see, Diffusing from the realms above Celestial radiancy.

O sun, that rules the day,

Stand still, and hear the tale ! To add one single glory ray Thy brightest beams would fail !

Fair moon,—dispelling night, The city needs not thee; God and the Lamb shall there the light, The light and temple be.

The blood-bought sons of God Shall walk those streets of gold,

I too, when toil is o'er, Those blissful courts shall gain,

-British Herald.

Where praise resoundeth evermore, And love supreme shall reign.

THE JEWISH SUBGEON.

"Thank you, sir," said the poor

The young man seemed surprised,

but he took the Testament and did as

He continued to come and read to

her for several days, and was greatly

With almost her dying breath the

He took the book home with him,

read a chapter to me."

he was desired.

O city, golden-bright!

Rejoicing ever with their Lord,

In ecstacies untold

C. Robbins.

BY A YOUNG WORKING MAN.

Volume of Truth ! thy sacred page Alike instructs the child and sage; A map to erring mortals given, To guide them to the joys of heaven

Bright Torch of Time ! thy hallowed light Illumes affliction's wintry night ; Thy gentle spirit cheering blaze Shines through this life's perplexing mase.

Clear Star of Hope ! thy beacon ray Doth guide the pilgrim on his way; His distant home he there can see, And hopes one day he there shall be.

Sweet Mercy's Voice! in mildest tone Calling on man his God to own. Proclaims rich grace and boundless love, Sent down from glorious realms above.

FIRST LOVE.

"Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.

Christian, while Jesus may find some things in you to commend, may He not, and justly, too, have somewhat against you, because you have left your "first love?" Let us inquire a little and ascertain, if possible, whether you have or have not "left your first love." How delightful it was, once, when your hour of prayer came, to enter your closet, and hold sweet converse with the "Lover of your soul." Never-tobe-forgotten seasons, when you did not get tired of praying. You would ra-ther lose a visit from your dearest earthly friend, than fail to meet Jesus at the accustomed time and kneelingplace.

What precious seasons in the family, too, when all gathered around the family Bible. Your prayers convinced all that you were speaking really to God, and that God was in that place. · But, dear brother, is it so now? Or does your heart shrink back from closet visits? Are your visits short, less frequent, formal and lifeless?

Does family worship drag? Has the Bible lost its power to interest? Then the sad tale is told. You have 'left your first love." Jesus has sométhing against you. He cannot smile on you until you return, and repent, and do your first works, and you cannot do anything for Him while you remain in this state. You can't pray for or talk with sinners. You are in the way of their salvation. Dear-brother, will you not get out of the way? Will you not return to your "first love?" Jesus is ready to receive you. Hear him call you: Behold, I stand at the door and knock; If any man will hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.

A LESSON FOR FAST YOUNG MEN.

A few weeks ago a man named Dr. John W. Hughes was hanged at Cleveland, Ohio, whose fate teaches a He read it diligently, and soon found salutary lesson. He was a man of Him of whom Moses and the prophets good family, well educated, had an

ing with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear to-day, and the terror in her face had been so very still, no one had noticed it. She had occupied | ning ?" herself mechanically in the household cares, which her mother's condition out Blossom. devolved entirely upon her. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchendoor, opening it to receive from a

neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from 'Twas a message from the dead. Mr. Owen could not break the seal for his trembling fingers, and held it danger. Thousands of lives might struck by the comfort and peace which toward Mr. Allan, with the helpless- have been lost for his culpable negli- the Word of life seemed to give to the

the Word of life seemed to give to the poor invalid. poor woman gave the Testament to the tired, sir, and Jemmy so weak. He Jewish surgeon, and urged him to read

and determined to keep his promise. There was something strange in his thought about it so much now that it thought about himself, that he was voice.--a thin, womanly sound, so un- has no terror. They say they will too tired."

Transparent as the day! How softly shines thy distant light, For pilgrims far away! The President had but just seated POWER OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. In one of the large London hospiment, the door softly opened, and tals a poor woman was dying. One of the young surgeons, who was a Jew, went up to her bed and said, "My

Late that night the door of the

back stoop" opened, and a little

igure glided out, down the footpath

that led to the road by the mill. She

seemed rather flying than walking,

turning her head neither to the right

nor the left, starting not, as the full

moon stretched queer, fantastic shapes

all around her, looking only now and

Two hours later, the same young

girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching

than he for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington,

to ask President Lincoln for her bro-

ther's life. She had stolen away, leav-

Dr. Palmer, in Hours at Home.

THE PURITAN OF 1863.

was in the early part of October, -, that the Rev. Mr. Allan started of the Green Mountains. As he climbed Maker of all doeth well." to the top of the second, the rich valley of the Otter Creek lay spread out be- glimmered from his dull eye a spark fore him. At any other time he would of the old controversial fire-"you have stopped to admire its gentle undon't suppose I have held on to that dulations; its great flower garden of anchor when the skies were cloudless forest trees, rich in every color and and the little wave just rocked my hue; its silver threads winding their bark, to let alone of it now-now, way to the waters of the Ghamplain, when the great waves and billows are and the glorious autumn light which going over me, do you? I've planted ed by the beauty which surrounded send it may carry me into port; O, him. He looked upon it with eyes Mr. Allan, say it will. It has seemed misty from tears. There was a dull, to me to-day so dark, so wonderful, so which even the long, fervent prayers Allan, there is a good wise purpose that he had uttered so unceasingly behind it all. Can you see it?" since noon had failed to move. Between him and that landscape, we dom," said the minister. might almost say between him and the mercy-seat, there moved a slight, tall it. God is too wise; He knows a boy, with a laughing blue eye, cluster- hundred such souls as mine are not bare, brawny arms of the butternut nie! I have sat here all day, since the

the gay leaves. over us all."

forget.

who was passing, and asked him to ly. take care of them. The man came, "Yes, yes, let us hope; God is very

he had always spoken before. Mr. may meet my death like a man. I if it had dealt him a blow.

to walk to Farmer Owen's over the forsaken you, and from the depths of gloriously; but to be shot down like hills. He had to cross two low spurs this deep trouble you can still say, The

"Yes, yes,"—and for an instant there lay like a golden mantle over them all. it firm, and it don't yield; no, it don't when he was ordered back into the his pen wrote a few hasty lines, and But this afternoon he seemed oppress | yield, but the strain is terrible. God | ranks, and the day before that night I |

heavy weight upon his heart-a weight inscrutable, that he-my Bennie! Mr. the luggage began to feel very heavy, "To bring you nearer the king-

"O, don't tell me that; I can't bear with a merry, pleasant word. To day, suffer if I am too great a sinner for awake, if I had a gun at my head; but you." there was Benny, nutting under the God's, grace to save, but Bennie! Ben- I did not know it until—well, until it "God bless you, sir," said Blossom; was too late."

tree; throwing his line into the little news came, wondering, wondering ! he Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie brooks, that came babbling down from | was so good a son,"-and Mr. Owen's was not the boy to sleep carelessly at the steep mountain side; driving his voice grew almost inarticulate in its cows down the narrow foot-path; stand-ing with Blossom under the bright ble boy! I thought, when I gave him his post." short reprieve, given to me by circummaple, and shouting with pride and to his country, that not a father in all joy as she wreathed her pretty face in this broad land made so precious a

"O, Bennie! Bennie!" Mr. Allan my griel is a sill. mr. Allan, the dear their, he only does not don't ingly." Then Bennie and Blossom the road. The missionary saw him, know how to do it herself," said Henry, hardily knew he was calling the name boy only slept a minute, just one little gladly save me, if he could—and don't ingly." Then Bennie and Blossom the road. The missionary saw him, know how to do it herself," said Henry, narchly knew ne was caring one hand, buy only slope a minute, just one hone grandy save mon, a ne could une of the minute, at his post. I know that was lay my death up against Jemmy. The took their way to their Green Moun- and kneeling down at his side, when an empty, mocking sound, from the all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. heartless echo; "almost"-Mr. Allan How prompt and reliable he was!" and thought, startling himself by the seem- Mr. Owen's eye wandered out over the let him die in my stead. ing impiety of the words-" almost as brown fields, with such a perplexed, if there were no great, kind Father wondering look. "I know he only fell off one little second; he was so

As he came near Farmer Owen's young, and not strong, that boy of and that when the war is over, they house he saw his oxen yoked to the mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and will not be ashamed of me, as they plough. He knew they had been there only eighteen 1 and now they shoot him since the telegram came. Mr. Owen because he was found asleep when dohad read it in the field, gone to the ing sentinel duty." Mr. Owen re- seems near and dear to me, not at all house and forgotten them, and no one peated these words very slowly, as if as if He wishes me to perish forever, house and forgotten them, and no one peated these words very slowly, as if as if He wishes me to perisn torever, a well-known voice canned used in Unrist. How or where, he that perhaps he de had dared to put them up He was a endeavoring to find out their true but as if He felt sorry for His poor, the gate; and Bennie, as he pats his thought, could this man, seemingly a as much as Mary.

"We will hope, with his Heavenly Mr Allan beckoned to an Irishman Father;" said his Mr. Allan, soothing.

like the deep, stentorian tones in which not bind me, nor blind me, but that I Allan, when he heard it, almost felt as thought, father, it might have been on kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at of God, which taketh away the sins of to have ruined himself by liquor and the battle-field, for my country, and "Thank God! He has not, then, that, when I fell, it would be fighting offence.

Blossom went to him; he put his a dog for nearly betraying it, to die hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face towards his. How tall he seemed, and for neglect of duty !---O, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me. But I shall not disgrace you. I am he was President of the United States, going to write you all about it, and, too! A dim thought of this kind when I am gone, you may tell my passed for a moment through Bloscomrades. · 1 can't now.

The minister opened it, and, obedi-

som's mind, but she told her story "You know, I promised Jemmy now simply and straightforward, and Carr's mother I would look after her handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to boy, and when he fell sick I did all I read. He read it carefully, then taking up could for him. He was not strong

rang his bell. carried all his luggage, beside my own, on our march. Toward night we Blossom heard this order given 'Send this despatch at once." went in on double quick, and though The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child,

and tell that father of yours, who everybody else was tired too; and for could approve his country's sentence, Jemmy, if I had not lent him an arm, now and then, he would have dropped even when it took the life of a child by the way. I was all tired out when | like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks we came into camp, and then it was the life far too precious to be lost. Go Jemmy's turn to be sentry, and I back, or-wait until to morrow; Benthe life far too precious to be lost. Go would take his place, but I was too nie will need change atter he has so

and who shall doubt that God heard

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. and registered the request?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was I think, the north of India, and num-"They tell me to day that I have a called into the President's private bering in its company a godly and her." room, and a strap fastened "upon the devout missionary. As it passed along, stances—'time to write to you,' our shoulder," Mr. Lincoln said, "that a poor old man was overcome by the good Colonel says. Forgive him, fa- could carry a sick comrade's baggage heat and labors of the journey, and y as allo wicashica her prove her the prove her the set on the set on the prove her the set on the prove her the set on the prove her the set on the set o

> poor boy is broken-hearted, and does tain home, and a crowd gathered at the rest had passed along, whispered nothing but beg and entreat them to the Mill Depot to welcome them back, into his ears "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himand Farmer Owen's tall head towered "I can't bear to think of mother above them: all, and as his hand graspself a little to reply, and with great and Blossom. Comfort them, father! ed that of his boy, Mr. Allan heard Tell them I die as a brave boy should, hit say fervently, as the holiest bless-blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from when you have learned this, the other ing he could pronounce upon his all sin;" and immediately expired child: "Just and true are all thy with the effort. The missionary we

a well-known voice calling them at died in Christ. How or where, he that perhaps he deserved to be blamed

man fully capable of taking care of his own affairs under any circumstances, never having been known before to Where is Bennie now?" old pets and looks is they be the her thought of it, he observed a piece playmates, or brothers and sisters, great brown eyes, catches through the he thought of it, he observed a piece playmates, or brothers and sisters, stil evening air his Puritan father's of paper grasped tightly in the hand when they are very much in fault themviour, in a better—better life." A great sob burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen!" he said solemnly. "Amen!" he said solemnly. Still evening air his ruthan hands of paper grasped tightly in the hand when they are very much in fault them-of the corpse, which he succeeded in selves. A fretful, impatient child getting out. What do you suppose makes himself and all about him very was his surprise and delight when he unhappy. Will you all try to learn a "Amen!". Will you all try to learn "To-night in the early twilight I seed from the East, and gather found it was a single leaf of the Bible, lesson of patience?—Young Reaper,

"What is this you say, child? Come wrote-Jesus, the Messiah, and was en honorable profession, and, at one time, here, I don't understand," and the abled to believe in him as the "Lamb a good social position. But he seems what seemed to be a justification of an the world."

AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.

The Rev. Adolphe Monod gives the following illustration of the benefits arising from the reading of the Bible: "The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children; vet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I one day asked her how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer : 'Because to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit any fault, did they perform any good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you."

VALUE OF ONE LEAF.

There was once a caravan crossing,

bad company. Under these influences, he became thoroughly demoralized, and scoffed at morals and religion. He was held by no conscience whatever. Having a good young wife and a child, he married another woman almost in the presence of his family, she, however, being ignorant of his first marriage. For this crime he was tried, convicted, and sent to our Westtern Penitentiary, at Pittsburgh. His injured wife procured a pardon for this; but instead of being grateful to her, he abused her in the most false and heartless manner, and went off to seek the woman he had injured. Having found her, he deliberately shot her shrough the heart because she refused to live with him. For this he was tried and hung. On the scaffold he alluded to his advantages in life, his education, the wealth and position of his family; but all these, he said, he had allowed to be overcome by indulgence in drink and bad company. It was not he that did the crime, so he said, but the man who had been turned into a devil by intoxication. What a lesson !- Public Ledger.

IF ONE LESSON WON'T DO, ANOTHER WILL.

"Mother," said Henry, "I can't make Mary put her figures as I tell

"You must be patient, my dear child."

very pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Mary won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try to teach yourself one in patience. This is harder to teach and harder to learn effort succeeded in answering, "The than a lesson in figures; and, perhaps will be easier to both of you."

Henry hung his head, for he felt it will not be ashamed of me, as they child: Just and that is very mays, thou King of Saints." must be now. God help me, it is very ways, thou King of Saints." must be now. God-bye, father; God hard to bear. Good-bye, father; God seems near and dear to me, not at all Bet came lowing home for they heard seems near and dear to me, not at all Bet came lowing home for they heard died in Christ. How or where the had by anything; and he began to think

Children very often complain of their