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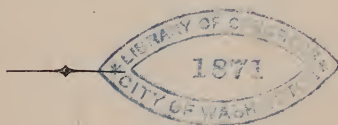
ALLEGORIES

AND

CHRISTIAN LESSONS:

FOR CHILDREN.

By T. B. FOX.



BOSTON:

WM. CROSBY & H. P. NICHOLS.

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TO

The Teachers and Children

Of the SUNDAY-SCHOOL of the First Religious Society,
Newburyport, Mass. :

With whom he spent so many pleasant
and profitable hours, — and from whom he has received
so many expressions of regard,

T H I S L I T T L E V O L U M E

is affectionately dedicated by their late

P A S T O R .

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages are, with a few exceptions, a collection of tracts, which the author has from time to time given to the children belonging to the society of which he was formerly the Pastor. They are republished in this form, with the hope that they may be of service in the Christian education of the young.

BOSTON, MAY, 1845.

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CHRISTIAN LESSONS.



THE FOUNTAIN.



“Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst.”

THERE is a far distant land in the east, which, thousands of years ago, was a dry and thirsty land. There were few rivers to make glad its green fields, and few streams to leap in silver foam down the sides of its mountains. The people suffered much for want of pure water. Their rulers took but little care of them, and gave them to drink of muddy and unwholesome wells. They would have been in despair, but for one hope which remained to cheer them. In old times, venerable men had risen up among their fathers, foretelling, that, by and by, a great and good person would ap-

pear, to help the fainting inhabitants. The day for the coming of this long expected one was drawing nigh, and the country was full of listening ears, searching eyes, and anxious hearts. At last the rumor went abroad that the DELIVERER had appeared. Multitudes gathered about the man, who was pointed out as the friend they had been so long and so anxiously waiting for. They were disappointed when they saw him. They had fondly and erroneously thought he would come laden with wealth, surrounded by many servants, and with hosts of soldiers at his command, ready to set up his throne, and be a king. But it was not so. He was alone. His dress was plain and simple. His countenance was not that of a fierce warrior, or proud monarch, but rather that of a meek and humble man. Still there was in his look and manner something very attractive. His face beamed with love and compassion; and the moment he was seen, everybody felt he was no common man. At first the multitude were disposed to turn away, thinking they had been mistaken. But, presently, the stranger opened a fountain—the water gushed out bright and clear, and

radiant with beautiful colors, as it flowed in the light of the unclouded sun. All were invited in kind, and gentle, and persuasive tones, to come and drink freely. Only a few ventured to approach and taste; but they were so delighted with their draughts, that soon great crowds pressed around the fountain. The lame drank, and leapt like the deer. The dumb drank, and spoke out their thoughts and affections in articulate words. The deaf drank, and heard the voices of their friends coming to their ears like sweet music. The blind drank, and saw the beautiful heavens and the beautiful earth. Nor was this all. The water gave comfort to the afflicted, peace to the troubled, and took away the fear of death. It cured the anxieties of the mind, and the diseases of the heart. This it did for those who drank freely, believing that the water was pure and good. But, compared with all the people in the land, these were few in number; and mostly to be found among the poor and suffering.

The fame of this wonderful fountain, was, after a while, known throughout the country. The inhabitants were everywhere talking about it, and by degrees began to forsake, for its

sake, all other streams. At last the rulers heard of it, and found out how the people were deserting the wells out of which alone they had commanded them to drink; and were very much alarmed. They feared lest they should lose their wealth and power, if the multitude discovered that their thirst could be quenched at this fountain better than at those they had provided. To prevent the stranger from stealing away the hearts of the people, they determined to kill him and destroy his fountain. After a time they succeeded, as they thought, in their bad purpose. They seized the kind friend of the ignorant, poor, and distressed multitude. They dragged him before the Governor. They accused him of distributing poison, and doing a great deal of mischief. At last they persuaded the Governor, who was a cold hearted, careless man, and a foreigner, who cared little about the good of the nation, to put the stranger to death. He was put to death. All his followers were struck with fear and despair, and fled. The fountain almost entirely disappeared; and it seemed as if the land was again to be left dry and thirsty, and the people compelled to drink

only of such muddy streams as the rulers chose to provide. It was a dark and dreadful hour for that land. Hope went out, and despair settled down upon it like a great cloud. It was as if the sun had been quenched, and a gloomy and starless night spread over the earth.

But a new and blessed morning began to dawn. The stranger came up from the grave. He appeared to some who had been his followers, and said to them, "I shall soon depart, never more to be seen in this land. You must re-open the fountain, and carry its waters into every country. For a long time you will be opposed and persecuted, and perhaps some of you will be put to death. But persevere, and if you are faithful, you will have great joy for your reward. Wherever the water is carried new fountains will spring up. The more people drink of them, the more abundant will they be; until at last they will become a stream to quench the thirst of the whole world." Having said this, the stranger went away, and was seen no more.

The followers of the stranger did as he commanded them. They re-opened the fountain, and carried the water all over the land. Many

came and drank. The wicked rulers tried to prevent this by all sorts of punishments. But the more the people drank of the new fountain the better they loved it, and deserted for it all other streams. By and by, those who had the care of the fountain travelled into other lands. Wherever they went they found persons ready to drink, and left in many places fountains pouring out continually the blessed water. Crowds forsook their old wells. They were forbidden to do so. They were thrown into prison, and many were killed. But others took their places, and it was impossible to prevent the people from seeking that water which they found to be so good, and so much better than any they had ever before tasted. After several hundred years, the great king who ruled over all the countries — where the new fountains were flowing — was persuaded to try them. He did so; and such was their wonderful effect that he commanded all his subjects to use them, and appointed a great many persons to take care of them. The fountains now increased so much that they formed a broad stream, which kept flowing from east to west, through the whole empire. The people were

greatly blessed by this stream. They ceased to be so often sick and so very wicked; and there was everywhere a great deal of joy and comfort and peace.

But after a time many of those who ruled over the stream, and were paid great sums for taking charge of it, grew very proud and wicked. They did not like to have the people drink for themselves, just when and just as much as they chose. They built high fences and shut up the stream, and made everybody drink out of the cups they gave them, and pay a great deal of money for the privilege. Besides this, they mixed hurtful things with the water, and injured its purity. The water, however, was so excellent, that for all the pains taken to spoil it, it still did some good. But, as those who had the keeping of it grew worse and worse, and kept putting into the cups they gave the people more and more of poison, some noble-minded men rose up and determined that the multitude should not be so abused and ill-treated; but that the stream should, as in former times, be open to all. These noble-minded men had a great deal to contend with and suffer. Some of them were

put in prison, and some were put to death. But great numbers of the people were on their side, and at last they succeeded in breaking down a great many of the fences; and thus the stream was once more open to almost everybody. Strange quarrels, however, broke out among those who drank of the stream. All said it was the best of water—that it would make every one better and happier who used it. But there were fierce disputes about the *way* in which the stream did good. Some contended it was in one way, and some in another. The king of one of the lands through which the stream ran, was very tyrannical, and he ordered all his subjects to believe that the waters were what he called them, and did good only in the *way* he said. Some of his people could not believe this, and they left their native country and went to another land. But they did not find there such a home as they wanted, and so they determined to go where they could think for themselves, without fear of being punished. They put their wives and little ones on board a ship; they took with them the water of the pure stream, and sailed over the ocean in the cold winter, until they

came to a vast country, inhabited only by wild beasts and savages. The water they brought became a great river in the new land; and there it has flowed, and keeps flowing now. All who please may drink of it, and talk about it; and all who drink of it, as they ought, are made better and happier; for it is the living water, and whosoever drinks of it need never thirst again.

You know, children, I suppose, what is meant by this little allegory. You know the fountain is the religion of Jesus Christ, as it fell from his lips, was shown forth in his life, and is now contained in the New Testament. You know how the Saviour came to bless the people, and to teach them the truth which God had sent. You know how he was put to death, and how he rose from the grave and ascended to heaven. You know how the apostles and their followers went about preaching the Gospel, and how the story of Jesus was written and spread abroad. You have heard how the early Christians were persecuted and suffered martyrdom, until at last their religion took the place of all false religions and became the religion of the whole Roman Empire. You have been told, perhaps, how

the Roman Catholic church was for many centuries the only church; how our religion was corrupted and the people were not allowed to have the Bible and read it themselves. You have read about the Reformers, who insisted that the people should have the right to read and think for themselves, and who translated the Bible, and circulated it far and wide. You remember that our Forefathers, who landed at Plymouth more than two hundred years ago, were descended from some of those reformers. They left their pleasant homes and came to this new land, which was then a wilderness, that they might read the scriptures for themselves, and have freedom to worship God as their consciences taught them. From these good men we have received the religion of Jesus. We owe it to their courage, fortitude, wisdom and piety, that we have a free and happy land to live in, where we may read of the Saviour and worship our Father in heaven, when and how we please. What a great blessing is this!

A week ago many Christians celebrated the birth of Jesus, when "the Song of the Angels" proclaimed "Glory to God in the highest,

peace on earth, and good will to men." Is not this, then, the time to think of our Father's love in sending us the Saviour to be our teacher and guide to heaven?

The 22d of last month was the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims — from whom we are descended, and by whose sufferings we have been richly blessed. Is not this, then, the time to think of the faith that sustained them in all their trials, and gave them wisdom to prepare this goodly land for their children?

We are just beginning a new year, and we have just been wishing our friends a happy new year. Is not this, then, the time to think how we may make all our years good years? Yes, this is the time — to remember Jesus — to dwell upon the memory of our forefathers — and to consider what is our privilege and duty. To help you to do this, I have told you the story of "The Fountain." And now, children, will you not endeavor always to drink of "the living water?" You can get it "without money and without price." Will you not strive to sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of him? If you will do this, whether you die be-

fore another year shall come, or whether you live long upon earth, God will smile upon you, and you will suffer no real evil. And remember, children, you may go away from earth at any moment. Of those who were with you twelve months ago, some are now numbered with the dead. The sunshine and the dews of summer have fallen on their buried bodies; their spirits, which can never die, are, we trust, in heaven. You must follow them into the unseen world. Will you not begin to prepare for the life that is to come, by beginning now, to be good and holy. Will you not, in one word, listen to the Blessed One, when he says, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die;" and "whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, for it shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life!"

JAN. 1839.

THE TRUE WAY.

A BAND of boys and girls stood round a Teacher, at the beginning of a certain road; which he thus described to them. He said, it was very straight, but not very wide; that it was built up higher than the rest of the country, and that its banks were steep. He told them it was not all smooth, nor all level, nor all bright with sunshine; but sometimes it ran along stony places, up steep hills, through dark hollows, and places filled with thorns. Yet, on the whole, it was very pleasant and beautiful, and led through fair lands, and all travellers would find on it enough to satisfy their wants. At the end of this road, continued the Teacher, there is a large and beautiful palace, surrounded by green fields and large gardens full of laughing rivulets, prattling fountains, lovely flowers, shady walks, and rich ripe fruit. In the palace are many rooms, some larger than others, but all convenient and pleasant. The inhabitants of the palace are all very happy.

They have no reason to weep, and they are disturbed by no storms, for the sky above them is always serene. The Teacher farther assured the children, — and at this their eyes sparkled, and they listened almost without breathing, — that the owner of the fine palace would be glad to see them all, and let them live with him forever, if they would mind his words ; therefore, he invited them all to set out at once on the road, and walk on as fast as they could. Before they started, however, the Teacher was too honest not to tell them one thing more, — and that was, that they would often be tempted to leave the road ; that in some of the dark places, unless they were very careful, they would miss it ; that sometimes they would be tired and wish to stop, or turn back ; that many who had set out had returned or fallen down the sides of the road : but they could avoid all these dangers and evils if they would only persevere and keep straight forward, and, what was very curious, the farther they went, the easier it would be to go on ; so that instead of finding themselves growing weary, they would find themselves growing stronger and stronger, — especially if they

listened to another Teacher who would meet them on the road, and be ready to help them out of difficulties, give them good advice, and tell them always just how to act.

Whilst the Teacher was saying these things, some of the children listened very attentively; but others — I am sorry to say — behaved, as scholars in Sunday schools sometimes do, and were most of the time very impatient, laughing and talking among themselves, looking round first at one thing and then at another, and thinking all the while that they did not want any advice, but could get along on this road, or any road, by themselves, and without anybody's help.

The Teacher finished. The children started. But they had gone only a few steps, when they began to separate — and alas! before long, some left the road. A little girl happened to catch a glimpse of herself in a small lake, by the side of the road, and was so pleased that she crept down the bank to see more. There she stood, forgetting all about the fine palace, and wholly taken up with admiring her pretty face, her flowing curls, and bright ribbons. In the midst of her joy she began to sing, and

was wonderfully delighted with her own voice, — although the song of the birds was much sweeter. So she staid listening to her own music, and gazing at herself in the water-mirror. One of the boys saw, at a little distance, a cluster of trees laden with fruit, and, although some of his companions told him there would be food enough on the road, he was afraid he should not get as much as he wanted, or thought he could not wait; so he jumped down the bank and ran to the trees, and shook down the pears, and apples, and peaches, and plums, and began to eat, and remained there eating; not because he was hungry, but because the fruit tasted good. Another child felt a little tired, although he had walked very slow, and seeing a green hillock covered with trees that made a pleasant shade, he thought it would do no harm to go and rest there a while; thinking he could soon catch up with the company. But when he had laid there a few moments, he began to imagine it was quite as pleasant a place as the fine palace could be, and so he fell sound asleep. Still another of the party was afraid his companions would ask him to help them,

or beg a portion of his good things, and seeing a little dark path, that seemed to run along the same way as the great road, he slipped down into it, — not doubting he should thus get to the end of the journey sooner than the rest. There was also a boy who told very large stories, and kept deceiving his fellow travellers, till they would neither have anything to say to him, nor trust him, — and so he was left behind and very soon lost his way. Some of the young pilgrims, too, began early to dispute about one thing and another, and commenced calling hard names, and pushing and striking, till they knocked each other down the banks, and lay grovelling in the mud and dirt. Several more, of whom I have not time to speak, from one cause and another quitted the straight road, and either turned back or wandered away in a wrong direction. Almost every one of those who thus gave up, did not listen, in the beginning, to the Teacher.

But of those who did listen to the Teacher, almost every one kept straight and steadily on, and soon met the second teacher, a beautiful lady, with a face full of love, clothed in a pure white robe, and carrying in her hand a cross,

with a wreath of olive leaves around it. With her assistance they moved on quite fast; but not without some difficulties. They saw and plucked many flowers, which, as the teacher told them, the owner of the beautiful palace placed along the road as love-tokens and signs of what they would enjoy, all the time, when they reached their journey's-end. Sometimes these children, who kept on the road, were tempted to leave it, as the others had done before. They too saw the little lake, the fruit trees, the green hill; they sometimes *thought* they could do better alone; they sometimes *began* to say strange things, or to dispute a little; but whenever anything of this sort happened, the teacher looked sad, and that checked them; they dropped a tear and pressed onward. There were two very curious facts which these children found out. The first was, as the first teacher told them, the farther they went the stronger they felt; the second was, that to help each other did not delay them at all; they could go a great deal faster when they walked *hand in hand*.

So they went on, until all at once there was a *pause*. The travellers stood still. The

beautiful teacher took from her bosom a small, but very bright mirror, which she held up to the children, who had kept on the road, and told them to look into it. They did so. Then she asked if they were contented and wished to keep on, or turn back. They smiled, and with one voice declared they would not go back on any account. At this the teacher seemed much pleased; her face beamed with affection, and she waved her cross and bade them press on, and not be weary or faint-hearted.

Next, the teacher went back and called the children who had left the straight road. The little girl ceased her singing and came away from the lake. The boy under the tree forgot his fruit. The child who walked in the dark lonely by-path made a little hole in the bushes, so that he might see and yet not be seen. All the rest of the wanderers came as near the beautiful female with the cross as the banks of the road would permit. She bent over and held the mirror towards the children. Some looked into it for several moments, and seemed thoughtful and sad. Others gave a glance, and turned quickly away, as if they had seen something very ugly. The teacher then asked

them if they were contented, or if they should like to get back into the straight road. At this some hung down their heads and blushed, and the tears came into their eyes; whilst others laughed and tried to be very bold, as if they did not care for anything and were determined to insist upon it that they were as well off as they could be or wished to be. The teacher, however, knew better. She saw that they were not happy, that their hearts beat quick, and their limbs trembled whenever she held up the mirror. She pitied them very much, and told them they would have no true peace whilst they kept off the straight road. "Perhaps," she said, "if you will try *now* very hard, and walk very fast, you may get on the road again, and finally arrive at the beautiful palace." And most earnestly did she hold out her cross, and beg them to take hold of it, and come up and follow her. Some obeyed her voice and climbed up the banks. Others said they would think about it, and perhaps by and by they would do as she wished. The rest turned away, scowling and looking very obstinate. The pause now ended and the travellers went on again.

This, children, is my parable. Shall I explain it? The road is the *Way of True Life*. The beautiful palace is *Heaven*. The first teacher is *Truth*. The second teacher is *Religion*. Her little mirror is the mirror of *Self-Examination*. The little girl at the lake was led astray by *Vanity*; the boy eating fruit by *Appetite*; the child asleep by *Indolence*; the child in the dark lonely path by *Selfishness*; the teller of large stories by *Falsehood*; those that disputed by *Anger*, and *Envy*, and *Jealousy*, and other *Bad Passions*. All who left the road were *Slaves of Sin*; but those who kept on the road were the *Lovers of Goodness*. The *pause* is the *Close of a Year*.

In my parable, you may find, perhaps, pictures of yourselves. You have been brought to the close of another year; and where, on self-examination, do you find yourselves? Suppose a book had been kept for each one of you, in which, on white leaves, with bright letters, had been written all your good thoughts, feelings, words, and actions; and on dark leaves, with black letters, all your bad thoughts, feelings, words, and actions; would there be in the book more dark than light, or more light than

dark pages? Are you on, or off the straight road? Does any little girl's conscience tell her she is vain, and thinks more of herself than of anybody or anything besides? Do any see themselves lying idle on the hillock, or in the lonely and dark by-path, or under the trees, thinking only of their appetites, or led away by falsehood, or among any of the slaves of sin. If any of you do, oh! then you are off the road, and unless you arouse yourselves, and watch and pray, and listen to the teachers, you will never get on it again, so as to arrive at last at Heaven. Do any of you think you have been walking or trying very hard to walk in the way of true life? Then be of good cheer—and strive with new courage. As you go on, peace will, like a summer's morn, rise in your bosoms; and at last the gates of the beautiful palace will open to receive you, and the *Owner*, your *Heavenly Father*, and all its inhabitants, will greet you with open arms, and smiles of joy.

DEC. 1837.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

MOST of you, children, know, I suppose, what a *census* is. Once in every ten years, in this country, persons are sent round to all the houses to count the people, and to see how many there are in each town and state: and this is called “*taking a census*.”

Almost two thousand years ago, Cæsar Augustus Octavianus reigned over the Roman Empire, of which, at that time, Palestine, or the Holy Land, the country inhabited by the Jews, was a part. This Cæsar Augustus sent out a decree, or an order, “that all the world should be taxed” — or that a census should be taken of the people; and all the people went to have their names taken down, — “every one to his own city;” that is, to the city where he or his ancestors were born. Joseph was one of the descendants of David; and, therefore, he went from Nazareth, in Galilee, where

he lived, to the city of Bethlehem, in Judea, the native place of David, to be taxed. Mary, his espoused wife, went with him. While they were there, God gave Mary a son. The inn was so crowded that she was obliged to lay the child in a manger — or rather in another room, — the stable where the camels and the horses were kept.

It was a beautiful night out upon the hills and fields around Bethlehem. Not a sound was to be heard. The stars shone in their still brightness. All was calm and peaceful. The shepherds reclined on the green grass, “keeping watch over their flocks,” and thinking, perhaps, of that Saviour and Prince, for whose coming all the Jews were looking. And lo! an angel, or messenger of the Lord, came upon them; and the glory of the Lord, — a brilliant light, — shone round about them. At this the shepherds were greatly afraid. But the angel said to them, “Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling

clothes, lying in a manger." As soon as the angel had said this, "there was with him a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'" After the angels had finished their song and disappeared, the shepherds went to Bethlehem, and found Mary and Joseph and the babe: and returned praising God for all the things which they had heard and seen: rejoicing that the Saviour and Teacher, whom they had been so long and so anxiously expecting, was at last come.

Thus, according to the New Testament, was Jesus Christ born. He was laid in an humble manger: but the hour of his birth was celebrated by the shining forth of a glorious light from heaven, and the sweet music of angels.

It has been the custom of almost all Christians, to keep the birth day of Jesus, and to set apart the twenty-fifth day of December for this purpose. It is not certain that the Saviour was born on that day. Indeed we do not know exactly on what day he was born. And it is not of much matter; for we ought always to be willing to remember and rejoice over this bless-

ed event. The best way to do this is to think of the virtues of Jesus and the blessings he came to bring, and the good he came to do, that thus we may learn how to be his followers.

Now the words of the text — the beautiful song of the angels — tell us this. They tell us for what Jesus Christ was sent into the world. It was

I. To give glory to God.

II. To bring peace on earth.

III. To increase good will toward men.

It is about each of these I wish to speak now.

I. How does Jesus, in his religion, give *glory to God*?

Suppose you wished to make people honor and love any great and good man. Would you not tell them about his virtues, his noble actions, his holy life? And when they heard this, when they knew him as a person of great wisdom and excellent character, would they not admire and respect him, and thus give him honor? It was somewhat in this way that Jesus came to give glory to God. He came to teach men about God; to tell them what sort of a being God is, and what sort of

things it is his delight to do. Before the time of Christ, all the nations, except the Jews, knew very little concerning the true God. They worshipped idols and bowed down before statues of wood and marble, and silver and gold. At Athens, one of the largest and most beautiful cities in Greece, where the people were very intelligent, magnificent temples were built, and altars raised, to false deities. You remember we are told in the Acts, that St. Paul went to Athens, and found the city wholly given up to idolatry, and an altar having written on it, "To the unknown God;" and he went to Mars Hill and preached to the people, and told them not to think that God was like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device; but to believe in and adore the one living and true God, who made the world, and all things therein. And the Jews themselves, although they knew more about God than the heathen, did not know so much as we do. They feared him as a great king; they trembled before him as a being of great power. They did not look to him as to a parent and a being full of love. Now Jesus came to give glory to God by teaching his true

character, by making him known as our Father who is in heaven. Suppose you had been born, thousands of years ago, in some heathen land; suppose you had not been taught anything about the true God, but had been taught to worship statues of stone, as they did in Greece and Rome; or the beasts and reptiles, as they did in Egypt; or the sun, as they did in Persia; or the rivers, as they do in some places in the East, at this day. And suppose farther, one had come to teach you that God was a great and good Spirit, — your Father and your Friend, — that he was always with you, always ready to take care of you, always willing to listen to your prayers, — that he watched even the fall of the sparrow, and gave beauty to the lilies of the fields, and numbered the very hairs of your heads; in a word, that he was just such a kind and merciful Being as He is represented in the New Testament; — should you not have rejoiced to learn all this? would it not have made you happy and led you to adore and glorify God? Now this is what Jesus, in his religion, has been, and is doing, in the world. He is revealing to men their Father, and persuading them to worship

him in spirit and in truth. Well, then, might the angels proclaim the Saviour's birth by singing, "Glory to God in the highest;" and well may we, when we think of Jesus coming to bless mankind, by telling them that the Almighty is their tender Parent, repeat the song, "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST."

II. Jesus came to bring *peace on earth*. How did he do this? He came to bring two kinds of peace; first, peace of mind, — inward peace, — and second, peace among the nations.

1. What, children, makes people miserable? Is it not their sins, their fears, and their sorrows? Do you suppose that if you were perfectly good, were not afraid of death, and could see that all your disappointments and losses were intended to make you better, you would ever be very much troubled or very unhappy? Well, did not Jesus come to bestow peace, by teaching people to be holy, — not to indulge bad passions, not to steal, not to lie, not to do anything wrong? Did he not come to bestow peace, by teaching that there is a brighter world beyond the tomb — a life that shall never end? Did he not come to bestow peace, by teaching that there is a Father in heaven

always looking upon us with love, and who, when he afflicts and tries us, does it for our good? Yes, children, in this way Jesus came to bestow peace. And many have received within their bosoms more or less of this peace, which this world can neither give or take away. Many have felt in their hearts the sweet joy of goodness. Many have calmly and cheerfully laid down to die; many have borne pain and sorrow with patience and without a murmur, because they have learned the lessons the Saviour taught, and believed all his rich and beautiful promises. Let me tell you of one who had this inward peace.

Many years ago, a boy — Edward VI. — was king of England. He was a gentle and humble child. He had a beautiful cousin, a girl, a little older than himself, the Lady Jane Grey. For a girl, she knew a great deal — could read Greek and several other languages; but she was not made vain by her beauty or her talents. She was good and religious. Jane's father was a very ambitious and bad man; and when he found young Edward could not live long, he persuaded him to make a will and leave his kingdom — not to his sister Mary, who had a right

to it, — but to his cousin Jane, who had no such right, but whom he loved very much, because they had been playmates and schoolmates. After the king's death, the father of Jane told her she must be Queen of England. She was so much afflicted by this news, that she fainted away; and was very unwilling to ascend the throne. At last as her father urged her so strongly, she consented. But the people disliked Jane's father, and they knew that Mary ought to be queen. Jane reigned only a few days before Mary's friends conquered; and the poor girl was taken and cast into prison, and condemned to death. And how do you think she met her sad lot? She was very young — not more than seventeen. Life had for her many bright things. To be thus suddenly cut off, in the fresh morning of her days, was hard indeed. But, children, Jesus had given her peace. She willingly gave up the crown she had put on with so much reluctance, and calmly awaited the hour of death. She told her father she rejoiced at her approaching end. She gave her Greek Testament to her sister, and told her how much comfort she had found in it, and urged her to read and study it. When

her last day came, she was brought out to die. She knelt down on the scaffold, and repeated that beautiful Psalm, beginning with "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, according to thy loving kindness" — then laid her head upon the block — the axe fell, and she was no more. Thus diēd the Lady Jane Grey, full of that peace Jesus gives to his sincere and true followers.

When we think, then, of the birth of Jesus, can we help joining the heavenly host, and singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth *peace*?"

2. But, as I said, there is another kind of peace besides peace of mind, which Jesus came to bring, and that is peace among nations. He came to put an end to wars and fightings. He came to teach men to forgive one another, as they wished to be forgiven by God. He came to teach men to love their neighbors as themselves. He came to teach men that they are immortal spirits, and ought to pity, rather than to quarrel with, those who injure themselves more than they do others, when they commit sin and are unjust. And if all would learn what the Saviour has taught, would not the

world be full of peace? Some have learned it; more and more are learning it every day. The number of war-makers is, I hope, growing smaller, and the number of peace-makers growing larger. How beautiful the world would be, were all battles and bloodshed done away! There have been a few cases in which men have obeyed the instructions of Jesus. William Penn, the Quaker, after whom the State of Pennsylvania was named, because he was the first to bring people to live there, was a peace-man. Instead of fighting with the red men, he treated them as friends, bought their land, and paid them for it fairly and honestly. He and his companions had no soldiers, and no forts. They did not carry about with them guns and swords, and they took care not to injure the Indians. The Indians soon learned that William Penn was a good man, and that the Quakers were peaceable and just, and therefore they did not attack them and murder them. For seventy years the colony of William Penn prospered; and during that time had no quarrels with the natives. Only three persons out of many hundreds were killed during all this time. Two of these

were men who forgot to be peace-men, and went out into the fields armed. The other was a woman, who was frightened and fled to a fort. The Indians thought that these three persons were their enemies, and slew them. But all the rest, who never appeared inclined to disturb or to injure any one, the Indians never harmed. It was not so with the other colonies. Our fathers, here in New England, were at war almost constantly with the Indians, and after the fighting began they had to keep on fighting till they had driven the Indians away. Was not William Penn's plan the best? And would it not be well, if all nations followed his example — if all men would be true disciples of the Prince of Peace — and so put an end to wars? Jesus came to bid us lay aside all enmities, and rule our bad passions, and govern our tempers, and live in friendship and love. Well, therefore, might the angels proclaim his birth, and sing "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE!"

III. Jesus came to bring good will toward men. And how did he do this? You remember the parable of the Good Samaritan, and know what it means. You know that the Sa-

viour taught us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, visit the sick and those in prison. You know that he taught that all are God's children, and all ought to treat each other as brethren. You know too what a perfect example he set, and how he went about doing good. He was always ready to heal the lame, give sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, and instruction to the ignorant. He ate and drank with publicans and sinners. He blessed those who mourned. His whole life was full of kindness and benevolence. Many have listened to his words and imitated his example. And although there is a great deal of misery and sin and suffering in the world now, men have been more merciful and charitable towards their fellow men, than they were before the Saviour appeared on earth. Let me tell you of one who was moved by good will toward the wretched and wicked.

In England there was a prison called Newgate, in which were confined some of the most wicked criminals. Several years ago a Quaker lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, had compassion on these criminals, and became very anxious to do something to make them better. At length

she obtained permission of those who had charge of the prison to visit them. The prison then contained one hundred and sixty females. One day the Quaker lady, in her plain drab colored dress, with a white handkerchief folded over her bosom, a simple muslin cap fitted close to her head, and a Bible in her hand, entered the room where these women were kept. They were noisy and vulgar; screaming, and cursing, and swearing, and seeming more like wild beasts than like human beings. But when they saw their visitor looking so calm, peaceful, and kind, they were all still. She walked among them, spoke to them in tones of pity and affection, such as they had seldom heard. She held out to them the Bible, and said, "I do not come without authority. This book has led me unto you. I will do all I can; but you must help me." In this way she gained their confidence. Then she took other ladies with her and taught the prisoners and their children, and read to them about Jesus their Saviour, and tried in various ways to make them better, until, in a few years, this gloomy prison was changed into an "asylum of repentance, and school of industry." I might tell you of many

others who have tried to obey Jesus, and show good will toward their fellow creatures. I might tell you of many others who have visited prisons and dungeons. I might tell you of the Sisters of Charity, a society of women in Paris, who give up everything else and devote themselves entirely to taking care of the sick. I might tell you of missionaries who have gone far away to heathen lands to preach the Gospel. But this I need not do. In every kindness neighbor does to neighbor, in the hospitals for the sick, the asylums for the deaf and dumb, for the blind, for orphans, in our Sunday-schools, in all that good people are doing to make mankind holier and happier, you can see that love which Jesus came to spread abroad. And when you see all this you will know why the angel told the shepherds the birth of the babe, in the manger at Bethlehem, would be glad tidings of great joy, and why the heavenly host sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Thus I have told you, children, how the Saviour came to bring glory to God — peace, and good will toward men. But the Gospel has not yet done its whole work. There are many,

very many, who do not know God ; and there is much, alas, how much ! of fighting, selfishness, and cruelty in the world ! Our holy religion will in time do this wickedness away, if men will but listen to its commands. It cannot, however, make us good, whether we will be good or not. It comes to us, as Elizabeth Fry went to the prisoners, and says to us, " I will do all I can — but you must help me."

It comes to *you*, children, and calls upon *you* to try to make men better. You may all be missionaries and ministers. To be a missionary, it is not necessary to go to foreign lands. To be a minister, it is not necessary to stand in the pulpit. You can be preachers of the Gospel, whenever you try to make yourselves, or your companions and fellow men, Christians. Learn, then, of Jesus, to love and obey God as your heavenly Father. Learn of him to be at peace in your own bosoms, to rule and keep down your angry passions, to avoid and prevent all the quarrels you can. Learn of him to be kind and generous, and ready to do all the good you can for your friends and for the whole world. Learn this of the Saviour, and then *you* will be his disciples, his missionaries,

his ministers; then *you* will be doing something to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth. Remember, you cannot live here always. And when your last hour comes, if you have done all the good you could, how pleasant it will be to look back on well-spent lives, — how pleasant to look forward to that better world where all is purity and happiness, and where you may join the heavenly host in their glorious song, “GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN !”

JAN. 1838.

THE LAW OF CHRIST.

“Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.”

CHILDREN:— Why were we not all made giants? Why were we not sent into the world large enough and strong enough to do everything for ourselves? Why can we not with our own hands break down the stoutest trees just as we break off the smallest twigs, or lift the large rock as easily as we lift the smallest pebble? Why can we not, whenever we wish, wade across the ocean, step to the top of the highest mountain, and walk without fatigue, and quicker than the bird can fly, round the whole earth? Why cannot every one do for himself everything that can be done in this world? Sometimes men are selfish, and seem to think they have only to take care of their own comfort, and so live very well without other people. But is it so? Suppose an infant was placed alone, on some uninhabited island; what would become of him? would he live

and grow up to be a man — build houses and ships — plough the fields and cut down the forests? I think I see you laugh at my question; and well you may: for you know how helpless the baby is, and how carefully his mother must tend him for many long months. You know too how many years it is before he is able to get his own living. You know more than this. You know that without the help of others he would *never* live well and comfortably; for we are all fastened together and must have each other's assistance. Just think for a moment. Could one man make a house, could any of us do more than just keep ourselves alive, if we had *everything* to do for ourselves? How happens it that you can go to school, and study? Is it not because there is one person to make your shoes, another to make your clothes, another to cook your food, and so on? And is it not the same with everybody else? One man cannot do everything: and there are towns and cities, and enough to eat and drink, and much to enjoy, because all work together and each does his part. So you see how much each depends upon all, and all upon each.

Children, why can all *love*, and why must we all have somebody and something to *love*? It is so. You are able to love your parents, brothers, sisters, friends. You all love some persons, some favorite animals or playthings, and you would not be happy if you did not. What is it that makes your mothers take so much care of you? What is it that so ties you to your playmate or school-fellow? What causes us to feel pity when we see others in pain? What awakens in us desire to help people when they are in distress? Did you ever know any men or women who were pleasant and contented, without letting anybody, or anything have a place in their hearts? How fond people are even of their cats and dogs and rabbits, the houses they live in, the very tools they work with. How often we see friends walking arm in arm, and always trying to keep together. What sweet smiles of affection, and warm caresses, good parents give their children. We were made, then, to *love*; were we not?

Here, then, children, are two facts I wish you to think about. The first fact is, *we cannot live alone*; cannot do everything for our-

selves. The second fact is, *we must love somebody and something*. Now what *duty* do these facts teach? Do they not say just as the Apostle Paul says, we ought to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ? Do they not say each should be ready to help all, and all be ready to help each? Do they not say that our Heavenly Father meant that all his children should live together, like a great and affectionate family, in which every member should do all he can to assist every other member? Did you ever think what makes the beautiful painting? There are various colors in it, some bright and some dark; there are lights and shadows, but together they bring out the fine picture. And why? Is it not because they are put on the canvas so as to agree together and help each other? You may carelessly throw ever so many colors together, and they will not make a portrait or a landscape. The colors must be put in the right place and be made to blend and harmonize, and then we have something worth looking at. Just so is it with men. If they are only huddled together in a crowd, if everybody thinks only of himself, then there is no peace

or order; all is confusion. But when people love their neighbors, and every one remembers he has somebody to live for besides himself, then families and schools and towns are good and happy. If God had meant that we should be selfish and take care of ourselves alone, He would have made us able to do so, and would *not* have made us able to love. So you see, children, the true way to live is to be ready to bear each other's burdens. And it is about this I wish to say a few words. I wish to tell you how you can obey the law of Christ, and help your fellow creatures. Perhaps you think boys and girls can do but very little. You may say, How can I, small as I am, do any great good? The most I could do would be but a trifle. When you say this, you are mistaken. You can do a good deal.

I. In the first place you can do much by taking care not to be troublesome; not to tease and interrupt other people, when they are busy; not to make a noise when they wish to be still. Go into that house. There is a large family of children, they are rude, boisterous, and selfish. They are quarrelling and thinking only of themselves. They crowd and push to get the

warmest place by the fire, the best place at the window or the table. They talk all together, and very loud. They leave the doors open, or slam them with all their might. If anybody is sick, they care little about it, and do not try to be quiet. Do you not think *such* children do much to increase the burdens of their parents and friends? But now go into this house, where there is another lot of boys and girls. They are kind and polite and gentle to each other. They think as much of their brothers and sisters as of themselves. They try all they can to be peaceful and affectionate. If mother has a headache, or father is unwell, they move about carefully. They never leave the doors open, and always close them as softly as they can. They play quietly when in the house, and strive to do their share to make a happy family. Do you not think *such* children help bear the burdens of their friends? Well, you can be like them. At home, in the day-school and Sunday-school, everywhere, if you are careful not to disturb and make others unhappy, you relieve them of their *troubles*, and make their lives flow on brighter and pleasanter. And in this way how much

the smallest child can do. When you have tried one day or one week to see how little trouble you could give, how much you could abstain from that which is unpleasant to others, you will find you can help them a great deal. Oberlin, the good Pastor, of whom I hope you have read, removed from the road every stone that he thought might make any wagon jolt or any horse stumble. You ought to do the same. Remember then, that everything you can take away from the path of your friends, that might disturb them, is always something done to give ease and comfort to their journey through life. They can carry their loads more easily, the smoother the way is on which they travel.

II. But not alone by taking care not to be troublesome, can you assist others; you can also directly do much for them. You can take a part of their burden on your shoulders and carry it. There is, if we will only look for it, almost always some little or great kindness we can do for our neighbors. A child can get a pail of water, or an armful of wood, for a poor woman. A boy will often meet in the street another boy or girl carrying home a heavy load, and then he can give a helping

hand. Let me tell you two pleasant stories, to show you how good neighbors and kind Christians should act. I know a farmer, who once had his wife and two or three children all sick together. To take care of them he was obliged to neglect his farm. All his children died, but one, and the farmer had no heart or time to work. But his corn needed hoeing very much. One of his neighbors saw this, and being a kind, generous man, he went to some of his friends, and proposed to them, after their own work was done, to go, and by the bright moonlight, hoe the corn of their afflicted neighbor. They agreed to do so: and they went and took care of the corn-field, and thus perhaps saved the grain from being ruined. How sweetly they must have slept, after doing a good work like that. How pleasant must have been the thought, that they had relieved a brother in his trouble.

The other story is longer. I shall tell it to you because it shows how great good may grow out of a little good. A gentleman, one cold winter's day, walking the street of a city, saw a little girl carrying a bowl of soup. The bowl was heavy for a child, and she was almost

crying. "My little girl," said he, "you have a great load; let me help you along with it." She gave him the bowl, with a faint smile, saying, "It was indeed right heavy and right hot too, but if she could get it home before it got cold, it would be nice for mother." "And is your mother sick?" said the gentleman. "Not sick," she replied, "but weak and feeble, for want of good food, the Doctor says, and so a good lady gives me that big bowl of soup every day." Thus the gentleman went with the little girl, and chatted with her until they came near the house. She took the bowl; and the gentleman opened the door to her father's shop, let her in, and followed her. It was a small, close, hot room. There was a man in it, about thirty years old, at work upon something which he hid as soon as he saw the stranger. The gentleman took off his hat, and said, "I met your little girl in the street, and was so much pleased with her appearance as to take the liberty of coming home with her." "What for?" asked the man coldly. "To see if I could do anything for you, my friend," replied the gentleman; "as from what she said I suppose you are poor." "I do not want your help," answer-

ed the man roughly ; “ Who are you that come here without being invited.” The kind gentleman was not driven away by this treatment. He saw the man was unhappy, and so he said to him, kindly, “ I am one who wishes to do you and all men good.” The man seemed much moved. After some more conversation, in which the man told his visitor that he was an engraver, and the gentleman had won his confidence by friendly words, the man opened a door into a back room, where, sitting in a chair, with a little girl and boy at her feet, was a pale sickly woman, trying to work. It was the engraver’s wife. “ Ellen,” said he, “ here is a man who says he will try to help us. Shall I tell him all ?” The poor woman burst into tears ; but recovering herself, sent the children away and begged her husband to tell the whole ; and then the man told his sad story. “ Two years ago,” said he, “ I was laying by something every week, and no man worked more honestly and cheerfully than I. But I took all my earnings to a friend of mine, who failed, and whose debts I had agreed to pay. I got out of spirits, and out of sorts, and, fall before last, was taken sick. I had nothing. Ellen was

too weak to sit up, and starvation came close to us. At last a charitable man heard of us, and helped us awhile. Then I got a little wood from the town. The baker, grocer and doctor had to trust us. So we survived through a miserable winter. When spring came I was able to work some. But I was troubled with debts, and could not get relieved at all; and last winter I was sick again, and I thought we should all perish. One day a man came into the shop, after I had got better, but was weak from hunger. "You're poor, a'nt you?" said he. I told him we were. Then he bade me go with him. He took me to a strange place, where I met some of his companions. They proposed to me to engrave a copperplate for making counterfeit money. They offered to pay me well for it. In an evil hour, with poverty staring me in the face, I took the two hundred dollars they offered me in advance, and consented to do what they wanted. I was at work at the plate when you came in." The poor man stopped. The gentleman took him by the hand and spoke kindly to him. "My friend," said he, "you must give up this job, and get an honest livelihood. I will help you.

You must destroy that plate at once. I will see that you have the money to pay back what those bad men lent you." The gentleman was as good as his word. He procured employment for the engraver, and had the happiness of saving him from crime, and seeing him an industrious man, and his family well provided for.

You see, children, in this story, how much good may come from a little act of kindness: you see how readiness to assist even a little girl opened the way to save a fellow creature from the prison and a life of crime. Perhaps you may never be able to do so much, or the same sort of thing. But you can do something. You will find opportunities enough to help your fellow-creatures, if you look out for them. And what can be more delightful than to remember, as you grow older and older, that you have relieved the heavy burdened of some of their cares and sorrows. Every good deed of this kind you may do, will be a bright and green spot in your memory of the past. Try to have as many of them, then, as you can.

III. Once more. You can help bear one

another's burdens by bearing patiently each other's infirmities. I will explain to you what I mean by this. Some of your companions, perhaps, are fretful and passionate. They get angry quick, and are not always as good-natured as they might be. How should you treat them? When they are cross, is it best for you to get cross too? What use would there be in that? Did you ever know a quarrel to do any good? I suspect you never did. For the sake of peace, then, you ought when others are angry to be quiet and pleasant, and instead of quarreling with or teasing them, try to soothe them, and show how foolish and wicked they are for not governing their tempers better. One evening, just after sundown, I was passing through a street, where there was a lot of boys, playing. Just as I came near them, a larger boy had accidentally hurt one of the smaller boys. He did not mean to injure him, but the sport was rather rough, and I suppose he struck or threw him down harder than he intended. The boy that was hurt flew instantly into a rage, used very bad language, and called the other boy all sorts of names. Now, thought I, we shall have a fight. That

great boy, I am afraid, will not bear to be so abused by that little fellow's tongue. So I walked slowly to see the end of it, and was very glad to find myself mistaken. The larger boy seemed to understand the angry boy's infirmity, and to remember what a quick temper he had. He seemed to think, too, that because his companion chose to be passionate, and uncomfortable, and rage like a mad dog, that was no reason why he should vex himself. So he laughed pleasantly at the ill-tempered boy; and told him he did not mean to hurt him — that it was very foolish for him to take offence at such a little matter, and that it was not worth his while to use bad language and call bad names, for he should not mind him. After hearing this, I walked on, for I knew there would be no fight. I knew the good-natured lad, who could have given his abusive playfellow a sound whipping, had learned, at least in this one instance, to bear another's burden, to pity another's folly, and not to get angry because a poor boy, that would not rule his temper, had got into an unreasonable passion about nothing. And in this way we should all try to act. It would save a great

many disputes, and make us live together much more peaceably if we would remember always that a soft answer turneth away wrath. But, perhaps you will say, it is hard to do this; it is *so* easy to get provoked; it is *so* difficult to bear insults; and when we are unwilling to quarrel, there are always some to laugh at us and call us cowards;—what shall we do? I answer, you must think of Jesus—think how much he endured for your sake, and for the sake of all men. When you think of him even *praying* for his enemies, cannot you bear with the infirmities of your companions? Let me relate to you a beautiful parable, which, if you will remember it, may help you to avoid angry feelings and words.

“A valiant knight, named Hildebrand, was grievously insulted by another knight, whose name was Bruno. Then was his heart inflamed with rage, and he could not wait till morning to take a bloody revenge upon his foe. He passed the night, therefore, in sleepless impatience, and at the dawn of morning, he girt his sword by his side, and set out for the residence of his adversary.

“But as it was still very early, he stepped

into a chapel by the roadside, and contemplated the pictures which hung upon the wall, illumined by the radiance of the dawn. They were three in number. The first represented the Saviour, arrayed in the gorgeous robe of mockery, before Pilate and Herod, and underneath was written: *When he was reviled, he reviled not again.* The second portrayed the scourging of Christ, with this inscription: *When he suffered, he threatened not.* And the third picture was the Crucifixion, with these words: *Father, forgive them!*

“When the knight had seen these pictures, he fell upon his knees and prayed. And as he was leaving the chapel, he was met by the servants of Bruno, who said to him, ‘We were going to your castle. Our master desires to see you, for he is very ill.’ Accordingly he went with them.

“As Hildebrand entered the apartment where the knight lay, Bruno said to him, ‘Ah! forgive my misconduct? I have grossly insulted thee.’

“Then answered Hildebrand in a friendly tone, ‘My brother, I have nothing to forgive thee in my heart.’ And they shook hands and

comforted each other, and parted in sincere friendship.”

IV. There is one more way, which I will mention, of bearing one another's burdens. What is the greatest burden of all—the heaviest and most painful? Is it not sin? How many are weighed down by their vices—how many suffer from their crimes—how much of the sadness of the world comes from wrong doing. Were it not for sin, earth would be almost heaven. You may, then, lighten the load that oppresses your fellow-creatures, by being good, and helping them to be good. And you need not wait till you grow up, to do this. For who, in a few years, are to be the men and women in the world? Are they not you, who now are boys and girls? Well, then, if you *begin* right, and persuade others to begin right, by and by there will be more virtue on earth, and therefore more peace. You can *now* set a good example. You can be careful, and try always to feel right, and act right. You can stay in the Sunday-school until old enough to be teachers, and induce others to stay. You can warn your companions, when they are disposed to be

wicked. Thus can you prepare yourselves to be a blessing while you live. And how pleasant it is to grow up, one of God's messengers, to make people better and happier? How much more to be desired is this than riches or power or pleasure? You have read about St. Paul, who uttered the words "bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." You know he was once a rich young man, and persecuted the disciples of Jesus. Afterwards he became himself a Christian;—and then he gave up all his earthly wealth, learned in whatsoever state he was therewith to be content, endured shame and suffering and went from land to land preaching the Gospel, and persuading men to be good and love one another. Should you not like to imitate him, rather than imitate the selfish and cruel, those who think only of themselves, who help nobody and whom nobody loves? When you are on your death-beds, which will be the most pleasant, to look back and see that you have lived only for yourselves, and done nothing for your fellow men, or to look back and remember, that as you were able, so you always endeavored to be kind and generous,

and to help all around you? I know you will say it would be most pleasant to think you had, while in the world, been doing good. Well, then, try constantly to obey the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens;" try constantly to "fulfil the law of Christ;" try constantly to love your fellow-men; to be virtuous yourselves, and to help others to be virtuous too; try constantly to give as little trouble to your friends, as you can; to endure patiently the infirmities of your companions; to let slip unimproved no opportunity to perform a kind act; try to do this, and to be like Jesus, and you will make life bright with the sunshine that shall arise in your own hearts. Remember that we were made to live together and love each other, to be brothers and sisters: and that the best way to travel through the world—the easiest way—is to go hand in hand, and heart in heart.

JAN. 1841.

LITTLE THINGS — GREAT THINGS.

“ If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? ”

IF you will look in the Bible, at the fifth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, you will find there the story of Naaman. You will read that he was the captain of the host of the King of Syria, and a great man with his master, because he had been the conqueror of the enemies of his country, and a mighty man in valor. He had, probably, a splendid palace to live in, beautiful gardens to walk in, gold and silver, rich jewels and garments, chariots and horses, long trains of servants, the confidence of the king, in short, all the good things of earth his heart could desire; but — Naaman was a *leper*! Do you know what that means? It means that he was afflicted with a terrible disease, that appears on the skin, and loosens the joints, and affects the whole body, called the leprosy. This is a disease to which people in the hot countries of the East are exposed.

You will find it often mentioned in the Bible ; and you recollect, perhaps, the beautiful account in the New Testament, of the man who was afflicted with it, and whom Jesus so kindly touched and cured. The leprosy was a painful and loathsome disease. Yet Naaman, the great hero, the man of power and wealth, and of much reputation, was a *leper* ! He was a man, and he could not escape the common lot of man. Sickness, and sorrow, and death, come to all ; to the rich as well as to the poor ; to the honorable as well as to the neglected. No money can buy freedom from these ; no guards can keep them off ; no walls can be built so thick that they cannot enter. All — all are exposed to sufferings of body and sufferings of mind ; all — all must die. The thought of this should check feelings of vanity and pride ; make us feel that we are brethren, and teach us to love and treat each other as brethren.

As I said, notwithstanding his greatness and wealth, Naaman was a poor, miserable leper ; and probably would have been very willing to give up all his greatness and wealth, to be relieved of his pains ; to be cured of his

dreadful malady. But there was no physician in Syria who could help him. It happened, however, that there was a little Jewish girl, a captive, who waited on Naaman's wife, who remembered that there was in her own land of Israel, a prophet, a holy man, who could do wonderful things. So this little girl said, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy." When the king heard of this, he determined that his great and favorite captain should go to the country of the prophet and be healed. Naaman went on his journey, carrying gold, and silver, and beautiful garments, as presents, — and also a letter from the King of Syria to the King of Israel. When he came to the land of Israel, he delivered the letter. The King was greatly alarmed. He knew *he* could not cure the leprosy; and therefore he was afraid the King of Syria only sought for a pretence to quarrel with him. But when Elisha heard of the matter, and the distress of the King, he asked to have Naaman sent to him, saying, "Let him now come unto me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

"So Naaman came with his horses and his

chariot, and stood at the door of Elisha." And Elisha sent to him, and told him to go and wash in the river Jordan seven times, and he should be clean of his leprosy. At this message the great captain was very angry. He thought it was an insult, now that he had come so far, to bid him do so simple a thing as bathe in the river Jordan. He supposed that Elisha would come out to him; treat him with great respect; call on the name of the Lord his God; put his hand over the place that was diseased, and so cure him. He said the rivers of Damascus, in Syria, were better than all the waters of Israel: and he could wash in them. "So he turned and went away in a rage."

But his servants were wiser than their proud and haughty master. They saw he was acting very foolishly, not to try at least so simple a remedy; and they came near and said: "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith to thee, 'wash, and be clean?'" Then he was persuaded, and went and dipped himself seven times in Jordan: and his flesh

came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

I have told you this story of Naaman, children, because all of us are so apt to be like him. Many, whilst they are ready to do great works — works that make a noise, attract the notice of people, and gain their applause, are unwilling to do little things; small acts of kindness, every-day duties. It is so with grown up persons; it is so too with young persons. If all the boys, who read this, were collected together in one place, and I should propose to them to get up a grand fishing party — to go out on the water some fine day, in a fine large boat, and catch a fine lot of fish, and bring them home, and give a good dinner to all the poor people they know — do you not think every one would be ready to take part in such a famous scheme? And do you not think that some boys might possibly be found among the foremost and the most earnest, all alive to carry out the charming plan, who would be unwilling, quietly and alone to get a pail of water for some poor neighbor, or to leave their play to go on some errand, or to stay at home and amuse their smaller brothers, so as to help

their mothers, and let them rest; or perform, with a ready step and cheerful smile, some other *little thing*.

Or take another case. Suppose some kind-hearted farmer should say to a school of boys, that they might, on a fine day, in winter, go into his forest, and cut as much wood as they could in one day, and give it to the destitute. And suppose their master should advise them to accept the offer; borrow three or four sleds and three or four yoke of oxen, and take their axes, and go and have a fine time of it. Would not all the boys jump to execute such a plan? Would they not think it "capital?" And might there not be some of those most ready to engage in such a grand expedition, who would be very unwilling to lay aside their story-books, or quit their sports, or leave their warm seat by the fire-side, to go and get *one armful* of wood? Do you not think there would be some all alive for the *great* thing, who would not be so very kind and accommodating in *little* things?

Once more. Not long since, two or three little girls suggested to their playmates the idea of having a Fair, to get some money for a

poor sick young man, who has been confined to his bed for ten years with the rheumatism ; and about whose patience and fortitude, at some other time, I should be glad to tell you. They all thought it would be a grand thing, and they set about it in good earnest ; and they were very successful. They got for the sufferer, I believe, more than fifty dollars. Now I shall not say one word against this Fair. I think the little girls who first thought of it, and their companions who helped them carry their thought into practice, deserve praise for their good feelings, their diligence, and perseverance ; it was, for them, a great thing. But do you not think there may possibly have been some little girls, willing — very willing, to do their share in this great thing, who are not quite so ready to do little things ? Might there not have been some among them who worked hard for the Fair, who do not love to work hard for their mother, or to lead a little brother to school, or make a bag for his books, instead of going to play ; who do not bear disappointments patiently, or try to avoid being fretful and troublesome ; who, in a word, do not try to be good and benevolent in small matters, that do not

make quite so much noise, and are not quite so interesting as a grand Fair? I am afraid some such little girl might be found, because I know how it is both with children and grown up people; they are often more ready to do great things, than they are to do little things. I suppose if it were possible to get to heaven, to be good, and religious, by doing some *one great and glorious deed*, almost everybody would be ready to try.

But, children, this is not possible. Goodness consists in doing many little good things, rather than in doing a few great good things. I wish to fix this in your mind. I wish to teach you, if I can, the importance of *little things*—to show you that they are, in truth, *great things*.

I. If you will observe and think, you will find many, perhaps I might safely say most of the best and noblest structures and creations, are produced gradually, by slow and steady growth, little by little. Look at that famous old oak. What a stout and strong trunk it has; almost as firm as an iron column. See its large and knotted branches. Remember how in summer it is crowded, every twig of it, with green leaves; and what a broad and re-

freshing shadow it casts around. Is it not noble — so strong and lusty? Well, that oak did not leap out of the ground at once and full-grown, did it? It was once a little acorn, which put out its roots to drink in every drop of water, and which received gladly every warm ray of the sun. It has been growing very diligently every season, gaining somewhat in size and height every day for a hundred years, perhaps. Just so must it be with you, if you would be wise and good. You cannot be so in a moment, by one effort; you cannot jump up to the stature of virtuous men and women, by a single leap. You must *grow*, and grow, by careful attention to little things.

Again. Let us imagine ourselves in some magnificent temple, with its great arched dome, its gigantic pillars, its marble floor, and its rich carvings. It was not built in a day, was it? It was not made, by one exertion, the mighty edifice you now see it? No. The man who planned it, marked out in his own mind first, and then, perhaps, on paper, every part of it. The men who built it, took care to place every stone, even the smallest — more, every trowel full of mortar, in the right place; and so it

rose up, slowly, until it became at last a wonderful edifice. Just so you must build yourselves up, by daily labor; and not by great deeds alone, but also by little deeds. Great deeds can be performed only once in a while; little deeds can be performed at all times and at every moment. I might point you to other examples of what I mean. The beautiful statue — the statue of Washington, for instance, placed in the Capitol, — of which you may have heard, was not hewn out of the rough block of stone by a few heavy blows; but it was made life-like, as it is, by millions upon millions of delicate strokes with the chisel — by the careful and patient finishing of each part, however humble. Perhaps to make the finger nail was a day's work; and an eye may have taken a whole week. So, too, with the paintings at which the world wonders. The artist did not dash them off with a few flourishes of his brush, or by putting on a few large masses of color; but he produced his almost perfect work by long and toilsome practice — by close attention even to the smallest things. Thus it is, children, the noblest fabrics are created gradually, and by the finishing of every

minute part. The same is true with character. If you desire to have strong minds and good hearts, you must get them — not by doing great things alone, but by doing many little things, and doing *them well*.

II. As much virtue may be shown in little things, as great things. It is not, you know, the outward act, but the inward motive, the purpose, the feeling, the intention of the heart, that makes us good; and that motive, purpose, feeling, intention, may be as true and right when it prompts us to do small deeds of love, as when it prompts us to do great and splendid works. Nay, more: — I think we can be more sure that we are good, when doing little things in secret, as it were, than when doing greater things, where the world sees us: for it may be vanity, desire of praise, and not real benevolence that induces us to perform the latter, while the former are most likely to proceed from real kindness of heart. At any rate — we can be as good *inside*, when practising everyday virtues, as when we go abroad to take part in some famous exploit. Jesus teaches us this. He teaches us that virtue is in the *motive* and not in the *act* — in what the *heart* feels, not in

what the hand does. All the Jews, when they went up to Jerusalem, put money into the treasury, to support the worship of the temple. One day, you remember, Jesus stood in that part of the temple where the treasury was. He saw many go up and drop in their contributions. The lordly pharisees, with their flowing garments — the rich and proud, with their splendid dresses — came and cast in silver and gold. But Jesus said nothing. At length a poor widow tottered up, and dropped in *two mites*. Then the Saviour turned to his disciples, and said, “Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all. For all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.” The widow’s gift was very small — only *two mites*: but then it came from a sincere heart — from a bosom rich in goodness — and so it was the largest gift of all. I read a story not long since which teaches the same truth that Jesus taught when he commended the widow. Somebody sent a poor old blind soldier one of the Bibles printed for the blind. The letters in these Bibles, you know, are raised, and the blind read by

feeling out their shape. This old soldier's fingers were stiff, the skin on the ends of them was hard, and he could not feel very quick or easily: and what do you think he did to remedy the difficulty? *He put blisters on the ends of his fingers to make them more tender.* That was a little thing to do — and it seems to you, perhaps, very funny, and you laugh at it. But think how much it says. Think how much it tells us of the blind old soldier's *heart*. Think how it shows us what a strong and good desire he had to read about our Father in Heaven, and Jesus Christ. Think of this, and the old soldier, blistering his fingers, becomes — does he not? a great man. God, the Bible tells us, looks upon the heart. It is not *what* we do, so much as *how* we do it, and *why* we do it, that *HE* notices. We may serve God, therefore, and be good in little things as well as in great things: nay, we may serve God better; because, as I said, just now, we can do great things only occasionally, but little things we can do all the time.

III. Little things do as much towards making people happy as great things, — perhaps I might truly say they do more. If you should

go into a cotton factory, you would be very much mistaken if you thought the great wheels alone were necessary to make the fine goods. The smallest wheels, even some parts of the machinery you might hardly notice at all, have a large share in the spinning of the threads and in the weaving of the cloth. Just so it is in life. Think what makes the comfort of a family. Is it a splendid act done once in a month or a year? Is it not rather humble acts of kindness and love done every hour and every moment. Constant cheerfulness, a readiness always to save others trouble, a disposition to accommodate, a quiet manner, a willingness to give up your own wishes, when by so doing you can help your friends, — these are what some would call little things, but how much they add to the brightness of the fire-side, how much they do to make home the loveliest spot on earth. Look into a school. Is it now and then a noble deed; a single perfect recitation; is it obedience only in great matters, which makes it a peaceful school? No, you will say. It is carefulness to do right, and be obedient in many small affairs. A clock does not keep the best time *when once in*

a while the weights give a hard pull, the pendulum jumps from one side to the other with a jerk, the bell strikes fast and loud. It keeps the best time when every part of it works carefully, and steadily, and constantly; when each wheel and tooth and spring is industrious and ever ready to perform its duty, whether seen by everybody, like the hands on the dial, or heard by everybody, like the hammer on the bell,—or whether concealed in the case, and only known as invisible contributors to the correct behavior of the whole clock. It is the same among men and women and children. Somebody says “trifles make the sum of human things;” so they do: and to have human things true and beautiful and harmonious we must be very careful about trifles. How much pain one unkind word may cause. How much trouble a single unpleasant habit may give. How much unhappiness negligence about small matters may produce. On the other hand, consider how, as the diligent ants by carrying one grain at a time can build what to them is a mountain, so you, by filling every minute with goodness, by giving to every little act the brightness of love and truth, may in

the course of time add more than tongue can tell to the pleasure and peace of all around you. "Some munificent princes, whenever they appear amongst their people, cause small coins to be scattered far and wide to excite the grateful feelings of the multitude and make the royal presence welcome. Every man with a benevolent heart and courteous manners, every man that takes pains to be good and just and kind, even in the commonest and smallest affairs of life, elevates himself into more than a prince: he scatters pleasure by his looks, his voice and his deeds, wherever he goes; and *his* treasure is *inexhaustible*."

IV. Jesus taught the value of little things. I have told you already what he said about the widow's mites. In his whole life, too, you can see how much regard he had for the humble, the poor and those whom the proud and rich were apt to despise. You remember, perhaps, what he said about idle words, and the gathering up of the fragments, that nothing be lost. Indeed the Saviour everywhere teaches us that true greatness does not consist in splendid deeds, which make the world stare and wonder, but that the humblest are some-

times the greatest. A large world is not necessary for us in order that we may be Christians. The little world of home, the little world of childhood, is big enough, if rightly used. Think if you can remember any precept of Jesus that may not be obeyed every day, and in what are called trifling matters. Cannot boys and girls be kind and forgiving, gentle and affectionate, on the play-ground? Can they not practise self-denial, and self-control, every time they come to the breakfast, dinner or supper table? You will not grow good very fast if you wait for great occasions to perform famous deeds. The true way is to listen to the instructions of the Saviour, which you may apply to the duties, no matter how humble, of each passing moment, and to copy the Saviour's example, who *always* "went about doing good." There are thousands of people in the world, not known beyond their neighborhood, who toil on year after year in obscurity, and never have the opportunity or the means to perform works that excite the admiration of the multitude. But the poorest and humblest, amongst these thousands, who is faithful in little things, from a right motive and a sense

of duty, is a true disciple of Christ, for he says, "that whosoever gives a cup of cold water only, in his name, shall not lose his reward; and that whosoever does an act of kindness to the least among his brethren, does it unto him."

V. Finally, children, let me say it with reverence, but still say it, because it is true, God attends to what seem to us little things, as carefully, and with as much love, as he attends to what seem to us great things. HE listens to the praises of angels; but HE also hears the sigh and the prayer of the humblest of men. HE guides the stars in their courses; but HE also shapes the dew-drops. HE rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm; but HE also watches the fall of the sparrow. HE fills the sun with light; but HE also unfolds the lowly violet. Every leaf is made as perfectly as every world. The insect is fed as regularly as the greatest and best of men. Each blade of grass is visited with rain and warmth as surely as each noble elm. Our Father's ever-present love overlooks no thing and no creature HE has made. HE does not forget the flower any more than HE forgets

the seraph. Is not this a beautiful truth? Does it not teach *you* a beautiful lesson? If God, who is Almighty and from everlasting to everlasting the same Infinite Being, — if HE visits with his benevolence, feeds out of his bounty, surrounds with his protection, all parts and all beings in His creation, is it right for you to despise or neglect little things?

I think, children, I have shown you that little things are great things, and as deserving of attention as great things. Let me here add, that as Naaman, by what seemed to him a small act, cured himself of a terrible disease, so you by small acts may get rid of a leprosy, that, unless you are careful, will trouble you and make you unhappy, — I mean the leprosy of sin. Vices are to be escaped by filling the soul with virtues. Bad habits are to be avoided by forming good habits; and good habits are formed not all at once, but by degrees, by being careful about trifles, by trying to do everything in the right way and from right motives. Heaven is to be reached by steady progress in goodness, not by one endeavor or a few great endeavors. Christian character, that character which Jesus tells us will alone

obtain peace and the favor of God, is to be acquired, by most people, by the performance of humble duties, and in private life; because only a few can be very great among men, and attract the gaze of the world. With you, children, especially is it true, that you are to be like the Saviour, by obeying his precepts in little things; for, whilst you are young, famous exploits are not in your power. But a child may be as much of a Christian, *for a child*, as a man can be for a man. Sometimes we meet with those in the morning of life who are very lovely, and sometimes with those who go early to the grave, beautiful in their virtue. A few days since, I stood by the bedside of one whose body has since been given to the dust, and whose spirit has since returned to God; one whom some of you, who will read this, knew and loved. She was sick for months. She knew, many weeks before she breathed her last, that she was to die. She had a mother, a little brother, sisters, and a large circle of friends, who were very dear to her. Earth was pleasant and bright to her, and she enjoyed life as much as any of you enjoy it. But she was a good girl, a humble, childlike Christian,

and when she felt it was her Father's will that she should go hence, she did not murmur or complain. She was patient and peaceful to the last. She had never done, never had the opportunity of doing, great things; but, I believe, she always tried to be faithful in little things; and she was faithful to the last,—resigned, affectionate, and disinterested. She was very fond of the Sunday-school. When asked, by a friend, if she had any message to send the scholars, she said, "Yes. Give them my love, and tell them to seek the Saviour before it is too late." How can I better close this lesson than by asking all children who read it to hear and obey this message of the dying girl; by advising them, as she did, to seek the Saviour; to seek him by loving truth and goodness, by striving to imitate his example, by endeavoring to acquire his spirit of love and kindness, by being thoughtful and watchful, so as to keep his precepts in little things; that thus he may hereafter say to each one of you, as the man in the parable said to the servant who had made a right use of the talents entrusted to his keeping; "Well done, good and faithful

servant; thou hast been faithful over a *few* things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

JAN. 1842.

THE TRUE SPIRIT.

“And he turned and rebuked them, and said: ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.”

Look, children, upon a map of Palestine, as it was when Jesus was on earth, and you will see that it contained three divisions, or provinces, namely: Gallilee on the North — Samaria in the middle — and Judea at the South. Between the inhabitants of Samaria and Judea there had existed, for centuries, such hatred that they had no dealings together, and they always treated each other with enmity and contempt. It would take more room than I have to spare, to tell you all the causes of their quarrel, and to point out to you all the places in the Bible where it is mentioned. It is enough for you to understand that no friendly feelings were to be found in the bosoms of the Jews towards the Samaritans, and that the Samaritans, on their side, had no affection for the Jews. If you will remember this sad fact, you will be able to understand the incident in the

life of Jesus to which I wish to refer. Jesus had been teaching in Gallilee. The time drew nigh when he was to be seized and put to death, and he set out with his disciples to go to Jerusalem. The shortest way was through Samaria. As they came near to a certain village, the inhabitants would not receive them, "because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem." James and John, who were not yet free from Jewish prejudices, were indignant at the neglect their master received. They remembered how Elijah, a great prophet, once punished the Samaritans,* — and thinking his example would be an excuse for them, they said; "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?" But Jesus saw into their hearts — understood their real motives: and "he turned and rebuked them, and said; "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." ' You think you wish to punish these people for their treatment of me. You are mistaken. It is rather a desire to gratify your revenge, that excites you. If you knew me — if you had true sympathy with me, your feelings would

* See 2 Kings, i. 5—13.

be very different. You would be mild and patient and forgiving; for "the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." It is not my errand to encourage anger, even towards the wicked: but to be gentle, and try to win men to goodness by words and deeds of love. My spirit — that spirit you should strive to cherish — is a spirit of kindness — a spirit of benevolence — a spirit of forbearance — a spirit that is not easily provoked.' This was the lesson Jesus taught his disciples — this is the lesson Jesus wishes to teach you.

Children, and grown up people too — sometimes think and act quite differently from Jesus. Ask them who is the man of the most spirit, of the best spirit, and many of them will not say he who governs his temper well, he who is *slow* to wrath, he who is ready to forgive insults. No, they will most likely say he who is quick to resent injuries, he who is willing to fight rather than yield anything to his enemy, he who gives blow for blow, and hard words for hard words. Such a man, in their opinion, is the greatest and bravest man; the man of courage and of a fine spirit. But, if we have such notions, we are in an error:

we know not what manner of spirit is right, what manner of spirit we ought to indulge. It may be hard — it *is* hard to imitate Jesus in this matter; but that boy or that girl, that man or that woman, is the noblest and greatest who tries to imitate him — who tries to manifest a temper such as he manifested. And I will tell you why.

I. In most cases, you know, it is easier to indulge anger than to restrain it. Now I suppose you will agree, that he who accomplishes the most difficult work shows the most power and strength, that he who performs the most difficult duty is the most virtuous. The driver who “holds in,” and guides and stops the horse that wishes to run away with him, is a better and stronger driver, is he not? — than the driver who lets him go just where he pleases, and just as fast as he pleases. It would be a laborious undertaking to dam up the cataract that is furiously rushing down the mountain side, but it requires no force to allow it to pursue its swift and foaming course. Just so is it with passion. If you are injured, you are not obliged, in most cases, to *try* to be indignant — to *try* to feel

resentment. You are on fire instantly. Before you have time to think about it, angry emotions burn in your bosom. The moment we receive an injury or an insult, how quickly we are offended. Instantly the eye flashes, the cheek is flushed, the hand clenches itself. Instantly a desire for retaliation and revenge rages within us; and it is not, at the moment, hard to gratify that desire. But it is hard — sometimes very hard indeed, to check that desire, to give a soft answer, and to offer the open hand, when the bitter word is springing to the lips, and the arm is flying up to deal a blow. Thus you know, if you have ever been angry, how easy it is to express vindictive feelings, and how much self-control it requires to prevent them from bursting out. Now who shows the true spirit — he who takes the course that is easiest, or he who takes the course that is hardest? That is the question. Think, before you answer it. Who is the best man, he that puts no restraint upon his temper, or he that governs his temper; he that acts in a way that demands no exertion, or he that acts in a way that demands a great deal of exertion?

Washington, although he obtained almost perfect self-command, was naturally very passionate. When a young man, only twenty-two years old, he was major in a Virginia regiment, then stationed at Alexandria. One day he had a dispute with a gentleman by the name of Payne. The dispute grew very warm, till at length Washington said something very offensive. Mr. Payne gave him a blow which knocked him down, and for a time stunned him. The report of the quarrel soon reached the ears of the soldiers, who, supposing their beloved officer had been murdered, seized their arms, and were going to avenge his death at once, when Washington, having recovered, met them, thanked them for their attachment to him, but persuaded them to return peaceably to their barracks. As it was the custom then — and I am sorry to say, as it still is the custom in some places — for gentlemen, as they call themselves, (though they are certainly not *gentle* men,) to settle their disputes by fighting a duel, Mr. Payne expected, as a matter of course, to receive a challenge from Washington. He was not surprised, therefore, when, on the next morning a note was delivered to him

from Major Washington, asking for a meeting at the tavern. He went as requested. But what was his surprise when he entered the room, to see Washington advance towards him, not with a pair of pistols, but with an open hand and a pleasant smile, and to hear him say:—“Mr. Payne, I believe I was wrong yesterday: you have already had some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand: let us be friends.” Was it easy, think you, for a man of strong passions to act thus, to confess his mistake and make an apology for it? Was not Washington a greater man, for this self-control he exerted, than he would have been if he had returned the blow by fighting a duel, and perhaps adding to his fault, of speaking hasty words, the crime of murder?

But this is a story of a great man who enjoyed many advantages to make him wise and good. I will tell you another of a poor negro slave. When quite young he was stolen from Africa, and brought to one of the West-India Islands, and there sold. He fell into the hands of a kind master. He was taught to read. He learned of the missionary about Jesus: and he

tried to be a Christian; and he was, indeed, as you will soon see, a much better Christian than thousands who would, perhaps, have looked upon him with contempt, and smiled at the idea of his being a *great* man. But in the sight of God he was a greater man than many of those who are called great. His master wanted some more slaves, and he took this trustworthy negro with him to the market-place, where they were sold, to pick them out, telling him to select those who were young and healthful and strong. Jim — for so we will call him — did as he was told. He picked out several, just such men as were needed. But presently he saw a miserable, infirm and weak old negro. He seized his arm and begged his master to buy him; saying, “I will take care of him.” The master was astonished. “Why, Jim, what do you want that old fellow for? Is he any relation or friend of yours?” “No, master,” replied Jim. “Well, then, why are you anxious to have me take him? who is he?” “He is my *enemy*, master. He stole me from my home in Africa, and sold me to the white man. Jesus Christ commands me to ‘love my enemies,’ and to do good to them who have injured me,

and that is the reason why I ask you to buy this old man, and let me keep him in my hut and take care of him." The master complied with Jim's wishes: and Jim took his old enemy — the man who had deprived him of his liberty — done him the greatest harm one man can do another — home to his own hut, and nursed him and provided for him, as if he had been his father, until he died.

Now if there is more merit in doing that which is hard, than there is in doing that which is easy, was not this slave a hero? Is it not better to imitate him, than to imitate those who are quick to gratify revenge? Is it not better to pity and pardon those who offend you, than to call down fire from heaven upon them, or treat them as foes?

II. Another reason why you should try to cherish the spirit of kindness and love, is, that the opposite spirit — the spirit of revenge and anger, always does harm. The indulgence of a bad temper destroys a great deal that is beautiful and good, and causes much unhappiness, and its effects on the very appearance of the person who is guilty of it, show how very wrong is his conduct. The face of an angry

man tells you, plainer than words could tell you, how much misery there is in his bosom, — what a storm is sweeping over his soul. You see that pleasant looking boy on the play ground. You observe the light of joy in his eye, the bright smile around his mouth; you hear the ring of his merry laugh. He is worth looking at — is he not? so free is he from trouble, so gladsome and so full of life. But what a change! Can it be the same lad? A companion has injured or insulted or struck him; and now gaze upon him, if you can gaze upon such a madman. See what rage has done. How pale, or perhaps, how burning red he is: how his eyes flash: how his teeth are set: how his fists are clenched: how bitter and indignant are his words: how he seems like a crazy person, who has lost all control over himself, who knows not and cares not what he does, if he can only have his revenge, only hurt the lad who has hurt him. Judging from his appearance should you think he was in a state to be envied? Should you pick him out as a specimen of a happy child? Again, look at that little girl who is offended, because she is not permitted to do something she wish-

es to do, or because one of her playmates has said or done something unkind. She is cross and sulky. She pouts, and will not speak to any one. She is obstinate and unwilling to be accommodating. She sits in the corner very much "out of sorts." Do you like *her* looks? Does she seem to you contented and comfortable? Would you be willing to feel always just as she feels now? Oh no. There is no pleasure or peace when the *wrong spirit* has possession of the heart. You never saw any one who was happy whilst in a passion.

Neither does any one who is in a passion make others happy. Wherever anger comes, it is a disturber: it makes the loveliest places ugly. Follow its path and you will find that what I say is true. Wherever you meet it, you will meet it as an evil and bitter spirit, doing harm to all it can reach. The fire burns briskly on the clean hearth, and casts its light on a circle of cheerful faces. All are gentle and kind in that snug parlor — words are affectionate, and looks are affectionate, and quiet joy, as it were, runs with the blood through the veins of all. It is a happy scene. But ah! now the room appears to grow cold — the

fire appears suddenly to become dull. Gloom and sadness fall on each countenance. Harsh sounds are heard. Dark looks are given and returned. What has produced this change? The bad spirit of indignation and hate has come a most unwelcome visiter: and where that spirit is, I repeat, nothing bright and blissful will stay.

A sweet little village is that — as we see it from this mountain top — lying in the smiling valley. How like a silver thread, in cloth of velvet, the river runs through the meadows. How very white, in the sunshine, are the neat houses and the church, surrounded with trees, lifting its spire towards heaven. How quietly the sheep graze in the green pastures, and the cattle feed on the hills. How contented are the laborers at work in the rich fields. How full of innocent frolic are those children rushing out of school: we can almost hear their shouts of laughter. Is it not a beautiful picture? Does it not seem to be the very home of peace, and all baptized in the light of God's love? But, ah! what does that mean? At each end of the valley a great cloud of dust arises. Hark? Do you not hear the sound of the

loud trumpet, and the roll of the drum, and the notes of the shrill fife? Two hostile armies are coming from opposite directions, and they meet in the village. The battle begins. The cannons roar — the swords clash — the wounded shriek for agony — the houses are on fire — the fields are trampled down by the soldiers on foot and on horseback, and the whole valley is covered with smoke. One of the armies has defeated the other, and is pursuing it as it retreats. Both are gone. The smoke has rolled away. Where is that lovely village? where those green fields? where those happy people? Burning ruins, the dead and the dying, the houseless, are there. The crops are destroyed, the grain is crushed into the mud, the cattle are driven away; women and children have lost their homes; even the church is only a heap of blackened timbers! The valley is a valley of desolation and death. What has made it so? The anger, the revenge of men, the destroying spirit of war. So is it always, children. Wrath, the desire for vengeance, that spirit which Jesus rebuked in James and John, makes individuals unhappy, destroys the peace of families, spills the blood of nations,

and does no good. Ought you then to allow the least particle of such a spirit to dwell in your bosoms?

III. But kindness, patience, and readiness to forgive — the spirit which Jesus taught — this is always an angel of mercy, this always produces blessed effects. There is nothing so strong, nothing, that in the end, can do so much good in the world, as love. As the gentle showers and soft breezes of spring open the hard earth which the cold storms of winter have frozen up, and cover it with verdure and flowers, so affection makes the roughest places in life cheerful and beautiful. As the rigid ice melts under the influence of the warm sunshine, so stern and obstinate natures yield to the soothing tone of persuasive words of kindness. Many who resolve to bear, and who do bear, without flinching, severity and punishment, who are only made more stubborn by harsh treatment, become docile as little children when approached by sincere compassion, and a tender desire to do them good. I might say many things to prove this remark to be true; but, as I suppose you love to read

stories, I will give you two or three examples of the power of the "*true spirit.*"

I have already told you in this book—in the lesson on the "Song of the Angels"—about Elizabeth Fry, the benevolent Quaker lady, who has done so much for the wretched women in the Newgate prison. Now, so great has been the success of Mrs. Fry, and so extensive the fame of her good work, that even a crowned monarch has been ready to acknowledge her merit and show an interest in her Christian enterprise. About two years ago the king of Prussia visited England, to attend the baptism of the baby Prince of Wales. He inquired, as among the first persons he wished to see, for Elizabeth Fry. He made an arrangement to visit Newgate with her: and one morning the king and the Quaker lady went in the same carriage to the prison, and entered it arm in arm, together. Mrs. Fry called the prisoners around her—read a passage from the Bible, and then they all knelt in prayer: the king and his attendants, as well as all the rest. Must it not have been a beautiful scene; a beautiful triumph of Christian love. The plainly dressed and kind-

hearted Quakeress, the royal ruler of a great nation, a hundred or more poor criminals whom many would think it impossible to make better, all within the gloomy walls of Newgate, bowing before and acknowledging their dependence on the mercy and goodness of their Father in Heaven! Do you not think the angels would love to look upon that scene with far more delight than they would have looked upon the King of Prussia, at home, seated on his splendid throne, wearing his jewelled crown and his rich robes, and surrounded by all the nobles and officers of his court, in their most gorgeous dresses, and sparkling with their golden ornaments and costly diamonds?

I have described to you the desolation and misery war produces. Let me now show you how a nation may be conquered, not by the sword, but by truth and love. When the Spaniards gained possession of the southern portions of this continent, they did it by great armies, and by forcing the inhabitants to receive their religion. To this, the usual practice, there was, as we are told in Stevens's Travels in Central America, at least one exception.

There was a tract of country which the Spaniards tried three times to conquer; but they tried in vain, the inhabitants were so warlike. Las Casas, who was a superior in a convent in Gautimala, mourning over the bloodshed caused by the attempts to subdue and convert the Indians, wrote, and declared from the pulpit, that the preaching of the Gospel was the only means God had ordained for making the heathen Christians. He was laughed at and sneeringly advised to put his doctrine into practice. Undisturbed by the ridicule and mockery with which he was treated, he accepted the proposal made to him. He took, for the place of his experiment, the tract of country I mentioned above, called Tierra de Guerra, or the land of war: and it was agreed that no Spaniard should reside in that country for five years. This settled, the monks composed some hymns in the Quicle language — the language spoken by the people whom it was intended to convert without the use of the sword. These hymns contained the history of the life and teachings and death and resurrection of Jesus; and were taught to some Indians who traded with the Quicles. One of the prin-

cipal chiefs having heard them repeated by these Indians, was interested, and asked to have the story they related explained. The Indians replied this could only be done by those from whom they received them. The chief, therefore, sent one of his brothers with rich presents, to entreat the monks that they would come and be his teachers. A single friar went first; and the chief having been made to understand the Gospel, burned his idols, and preached Christianity to his own subjects. Las Casas and another friend followed, and, like the Apostles of old, without scrip or staff, did what Spanish arms could not do, brought a portion of the land of war to the Christian faith.

Sometimes the gentle spirit of a Christian woman has done more good than the bravest soldier could ever accomplish. I met, not long since, with a touching story to prove this. About the year 970, Micklaus, a warlike and tyrannical king of Poland, sought in marriage a young princess, the daughter of the neighboring Duke of Bohemia. The noble lady refused to listen to his suit, unless he would be baptized and become a Christian. To gain her for a

wife, the haughty monarch consented to this condition, and they were married. But of course he was at first only a Christian in name, not in his heart. Yet day by day the unwearied goodness and kindness of his queen obtained more and more power over him, and by degrees softened his rude nature. She was patient and long-suffering, and at last had her reward. The king, on one of his marauding expeditions, ravaged the lands of an unoffending tribe of herdsmen, destroyed their huts, drove off their cattle and scattered their defenceless families. On his return home, when no one else would have dared to utter a word of censure against this wicked deed, his wife met him with kind, yet plain reproaches and entreaties, and so, in part, reached his conscience. He was ashamed of his cruel exploit, of his gross injustice. The flocks were restored or paid for, the ruined cottages were rebuilt, and the scattered people were permitted to return to their old homes. Having done all this, the proud spoiler was satisfied, and said, boastingly, to his queen, "Cease now your accusations. I have made good everything to the poor wretches I have wronged; and I trust

you will now be content." So the proud man spake. But the *Christian* woman knew better than this -- knew that her husband as yet but very imperfectly understood the disposition Jesus required of him, and that he was far from being a true penitent. "Ah!" she replied, "think you so? *But who will repay them for the tears they have shed?*" These simple words of truth went to the heart of the monarch -- taught him how mistaken was his opinion of his own virtue, humbled him, and made him indeed sorry for his wickedness. From that moment, it is said, he was a changed man; and made it his ambition not to conquer with the sword, but to build churches and establish schools, and bestow on all his people the blessings of knowledge and religion. The words which the true spirit prompted a feeble woman to speak, gave to Poland the divine light of the Gospel.

There are more stories I might tell, to point out other ways in which love works good to men, and to show how courage and bravery may be exhibited in noble deeds of mercy and kindness. But I must omit them, or this lesson will be too long.

I have tried, children, to explain why you should try to cherish a kind and forgiving temper, and I have done this for two reasons. In the first place, there is nothing more wanted in the world than such a temper. It is needed more than riches or knowledge. There are many and sad evils on earth, which nothing but the greater prevalence of the spirit of Jesus can remove; that true and heavenly spirit, which prompted him to go about "doing good;" to seek and save the lost; to toil, and suffer, and die, that man might be redeemed from sin and misery; which taught him, when he was reviled not to revile again; which caused him, even on the cross, to offer that touching prayer for his enemies, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Yes, this spirit — how much is it wanted; and how, wherever it came, it would change the face of things. It would turn the prison into a house of reformation; it would put an end to all quarrels and fightings between individuals and nations; it would deliver the slave from bondage, and spread peace and contentment and beauty all around. Christian love — that love which suffereth long and is kind; which

is not easily provoked; which causes joy to spring up and gladness to appear all along its pathway,—this love born in every heart and shining out in every life—this love, making man's treatment of man the kindness of a brother towards a brother,—this love, with its gentle and unseen influence, yet most mighty and blessed in its action—is the only power which can make earth a paradise, and every desert place to blossom as the rose. More of this love—this true Christian spirit, is wanted. There never can be too much—never enough of it. *You* can add something to it; and therefore I have tried to show you its worth and to persuade you to seek it. I have done this for another reason. I have remembered

'T is easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes.

I know, after we grow up and our habits are fixed, and our tempers have got their prevailing character, how very hard it is to change. I know that the dispositions we indulge in early days, almost always to some extent remain our dispositions through life. Even when we may sincerely wish and sincerely try to be uniform-

ly kind, strong passions will sometimes get the mastery again. I know this; and so I would induce you, children, to begin now, whilst it is easy, and determine to have the same manner of spirit in you that was in Jesus Christ—a gentle, forgiving, loving spirit—a spirit without selfishness, anger, or revenge—a brave spirit to do good—a resolute spirit to be good—a disinterested spirit to seek and save that which is lost. If you can acquire such a spirit, it will be worth more to you than all the wealth of earth; for it will fill your own bosom with peace, and make you angels of peace to your fellow-men.

JAN. 1843.

VOICES IN THE TEMPLE.

You have often, I hope, read the account of Samuel, (in the first Book of Samuel, chap. iii.) and you have often sung, perhaps, the beautiful hymn, beginning,

In Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

You may remember, too, how Hannah, Samuel's mother, gave him, when a little boy, to assist Eli, the priest; and how she "made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

On a certain night, Samuel was asleep in the temple. This temple was not the great temple of Solomon, nor the temple in Jerusalem, which Jesus visited. It was a tabernacle—a sort of tent. The sides were made of beautiful curtains, hanging from silver rods,

which reached from pillars that stood on pedestals of brass. Within this tent were separate rooms, containing the altar, the ark, and the golden candlestick in which lamps were kept burning.

While Samuel lay down to sleep, a voice called. He thought it was Eli speaking to him, and he ran to Eli. But Eli said, "I called not; lie down again." And the voice called yet again, Samuel: and Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou didst call me." And he answered, "I called not, my son; lie down again." This same thing happened a third time. "And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. — Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, go, lie down, and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Thus Samuel hearkened unto the voice of the Lord. He began by being a good child; and he grew up to be a good man, and a ruler over the people.

Children, do you know, that, in some things, you are like Samuel? You are young, like Samuel. You are in a temple, like Samuel. There are voices in that temple calling to you, as the voice in the tabernacle called to Samuel.

You are in a temple larger than the tabernacle, the temple at Jerusalem, or the largest church in the world. The walls seem a great arch or dome extending as far as the eye can see. Sometimes this arch is of a clear blue color; sometimes a dark curtain is drawn over it; sometimes the curtain is folded up at one side, and is white, or golden, or purple, or all these colors mingled together. The walls are frequently almost covered with grand and beautiful pictures, and sometimes a bow of various tints stretches from side to side. This temple has a floor of green, sprinkled with bright gems and flowers, and has silver streams running through it. There are many pillars also; some with broad bases and tops that appear to touch the roof, others with branches clothed with "living green."

There are lamps in this temple. One, larger than the rest, to shine by day; another, not

quite so large, shines, with milder beams, at night; and thousands and millions that shine, and smile, and look down upon you almost every evening. And then the music in this temple. How shall I describe that? Now it comes like the deep and loud tones of an hundred organs; now it is soft and sweet as the whisper of love. At one time you can hear it, cheerful, like the voice of gladness; at another time it is gentle and soothing, like a mother's song to her sleeping infant. This moment one note rises above all the rest. The next moment, perhaps, there is a grand concert of many sounds, floating, without one harsh tone, through the air together. Constantly, too, is incense going up to heaven, from many altars, filling the whole place with its perfumes.

Full of wonder — full of beauty is this temple. It is all around you now. We are in it now. You know what I mean. Yes! creation is the true temple.

“The wondrous world which he Himself created,
Is the fit temple of Creation's Lord;
There may his worship best be celebrated,
And praises poured.

Its altar, earth ; its roof, the sky untainted ;

Sun, moon, and stars, the lamps that give it light ;
And clouds, by the celestial artist painted,

Its pictures bright.

Its choir, all vocal things, whose glad devotion

In one united hymn is heavenward sped.

The thunder-peal, the winds, the deep-mouthed ocean,

Its organ dread.

Was I not right when I said you are living,
like Samuel, in a temple ? In this temple is
there not a voice, — does not God speak to
you ? Perhaps you cannot hear him with your
ears : but can you not hear him with your
minds and *hearts* ? Can you not hear a friend
speak when he writes you a letter ? Can you
not hear your mother speak when she looks
upon you with a smile ? Is there not a voice
in the gift of one who loves you ? So likewise
has this temple a voice, a message, a call,
which your *spirits* can hear. Go out now.
Climb the highest hill-top. Behold the extent
of the temple. Can you even *see* the end of it
or the top of it ? Can you even count its
mountain-columns, — its forests, with shady
aisles, — its rivers, — its armies of stars, — its

multitude of living things? As you look on all the wonders above and around you, does not something say to your *souls* — “*How great is God!*”

Go out again. Consider how silently and orderly the stars move: how the waves of the sea are governed — how perfectly the beasts, and birds, and fishes are made. Study each leaf and flower. Are they not beautifully woven and beautifully painted? Take a single blade of grass and examine it carefully — and as you do so, or as you gaze at once on all the skill and power of which earth is full, does not something say to your *souls* — “*How wise is God!*”

Go out once more. What lovely forms there are to please the eye! What delightful music to please the ear! What sweet odors on almost every breeze! How the sun shines, to make the plants grow and to give light to man! How the showers fall, to refresh the earth! How is day a time for work! How is darkness drawn softly around us like a curtain at night! How full of promise is seed-time! How full of riches is harvest-time! How every living thing, even the smallest insect, is

fed and cared for! As you think of this does not something say to your *souls*, "*How good is God!*"

There is, then, in this temple, as I said, a voice calling to you? It says God is the *greatest* and the *wisest* of beings. Ought you not then to worship and reverence God. It says God is the *best* of beings. Ought you not then to obey and love God.

2. But, children, this is not all. There are many other voices in this temple. Indeed everything that tells you a truth; everything that tells you how to be good; everything that awakens a pure feeling, a holy thought, a right resolution, is the voice of God.

Conscience, that is the voice of God within you. And does it not often speak? Cannot the boy, who steals, or tells a falsehood, or does any wrong thing, if he will, hear it? Cannot the girl who is unkind, or disobedient, or in any way wicked, if she will, hear it? Does it not make you unhappy and blame you when you have been sinful? Does it not make you glad and speak kindly when you do right?

Distress and trouble is a voice in the temple.

When you see a poor, ignorant sick man, woman, or child; when you see the house of poverty, its broken windows, its cold, damp floors, its single brand on the fire, its few broken chairs and table, and all its marks of sadness, and want, and suffering, do they not speak? Do they not call upon you to be kind, and generous, and willing to help the unfortunate, — to go about as Jesus went about, doing good?

Death is a voice. Every little grave you see in the burial-ground, every funeral that passes you in the street, the going away of every companion who leaves you, speaks. It tells you that you are not always to live here, that this earth is not your home, that the spirit will not forever stay in the body. It bids you be good, and live so that you need not fear to die, so that you may be happy hereafter.

The Bible, and the kind and true words of your teachers, is a voice. They are sent by God to teach you what sort of creatures you are, — how you ought to think, and feel, and act, and try every day to be better and better, and to grow up more and more like Jesus. They are sent by God to speak to you of your

duty and of heaven,—to point out the true way, and lead you in the pleasant and peaceful paths of wisdom and goodness.

In short, children, everything is a voice—everything calls. God never leaves you. He is always in His temple, always calling to His children, always asking them to love Him and keep His commandments, to come to Him as their Father and to trust in His mercy and affection.

Now, children, will you, like Samuel, hear the voice in the temple? Will each one of you try to rise up and say; “Speak: for thy servant heareth?” You may or may not do this. God will not force you to hear His voice. You may be deaf, or you may open your ears, and your minds, and your hearts, and catch every whisper of truth and love that is uttered in the temple. Will you not then try to hear and learn? If you will, then by and by you shall go to another temple, one far more beautiful and glorious than the temple you now live in; and where all shall be love, and joy, and peace, and bliss. Let all of you then make these lines of the hymn, your daily prayer,

Speak, Lord! and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear;
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

“EVERY Christmas, since Charles was two years old, his father had dressed a Christmas-tree for him, after the fashion of his own country. This was always the happiest day in the year to him. He spared no pains, no time, in adorning the tree, and making it as beautiful as possible. This year he went himself into the woods with Charles and his pupils and selected a fine spruce tree, and spent many hours in preparing it, and cutting ornaments for it of different colored paper, etc. . . . Then he placed wax tapers on every branch, carefully, so as to light the tree perfectly, but not to set fire to anything. . . . After tea, at the ringing of a bell, the door of the room where the tree was placed was opened, and the children entered. Dr. Follen always placed himself where he could see the children's faces as they entered. ‘It was in their eyes,’ he used to say, ‘that he loved to see the Christmas-tree.’ After the lights were burned

out, and the baskets of sugar-plums that hung on the tree were distributed, the children danced or played at games."

Life of Dr. Follen.—p. 386.

Just before a certain Christmas and a certain New-Year's day, a boy's head was full, — as boys heads are apt to be at that season, — of all sorts of conjectures and fancies, in regard to the presents he meant to make and the presents he hoped to receive. Almost every hour he was wondering what father would give him, what mother would give him, what his elder brothers and sisters, his uncles, aunts, and cousins, and all his friends, would give him. One evening he talked and guessed and wished and thought aloud with his little sister, about the expected gifts, till bed-time. He was not quite willing when the clock struck '*his hour*,' to march up stairs: still, as he never sat up later, unless on some very remarkable occasion, like a birth-night or a Thanksgiving-night, he *did* march; and was soon snug between the sheets and tucked up warmly. For a few moments he sung and chattered away to himself; but an afternoon of sliding

and skating had made him rather tired, and it was not long before his eyes closed and his *body* went to sleep. But his spirit would not go to sleep too, — at least not soundly. It kept thinking, in a queer way, about many queer things. At last it had, — or, as the spirit is the REAL boy, I will say he had quite a long and continued DREAM; a part of which I will try to tell you.

The boy dreamed that it was Christmas-Eve, — that a little bell rung, — and that he, holding his sister by the hand, entered, with all the family, a large and beautiful room, which was as light as noonday. In the centre of the room stood quite a tall tree; and by the side of the tree stood a lady, clad in a shining flowing robe of white, — with a wreath of orange blossoms around her head, fastened in front by a diamond star; and from underneath the wreath long curls of golden hair flowed down over her shoulders. Her countenance was very lovely; it seemed to the boy as if her smile was even sweeter, purer and more full of affection than the smile of his mother; it went right to his heart, and won his confidence in an instant. As soon as she caught his steady and trustful

look, she pointed to the tree with one hand and beckoned him with the other to come towards it. He went towards it, leading his sister. The tree resembled and yet was unlike every Christmas-tree he had ever seen before; the branches appeared more graceful, — the leaves of a deeper 'living green,' — the tapers gave a softer and yet more brilliant light. Instead of toys, and baskets of sugar-plums and papers of candy, suspended from the twigs, there were a number of small festoons, which looked as if made of the softest and most delicate satin, of various colors — though not a single color was gaudy or glaring — and interspersed among the tapers and festoons were several kinds of modest flowers, snow-drops, rose-buds, lilies of the valley, and the like, all as fresh as if just gathered with the dew of the summer's morning upon them, and shedding through the room a delightful odor. Presently the lady slightly touched, one after another, the festoons, and they all unrolled and hung down, as it were, so many silken banners. At the top of each was a picture; below the picture, in golden letters, a sentence by itself, and underneath that, perfectly distinct lines of reading. When all

the festoons were unfolded and had arranged themselves gracefully, so as to be bathed in the clearest light, the lady made a sign to the boy and his sister to look and read, as much as they wished. The children were glad enough to do so, and they looked and read with eager eyes and delighted hearts, 'till they had gone over every silken page, and some of them more than once.

I have neither time nor room, now, to tell you what the boy dreamed was on all these 'banners;' but I will describe two or three as specimens of the rest, so that you can imagine what kind of gifts loaded the tree.

On one, for example, was a representation of a kind and benevolent Quaker, surrounded by a group of Indians, who gazed upon him with respect and affection. Then came the motto:

' BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS.'

Then this true story:—

"In 1698 there were, in what is now the State of Pennsylvania, some fertile lands, which WILLIAM PENN ascertained were not included in his first purchase. As he was very desirous to obtain these lands, he offered to

buy them of the Indians. They said they had no wish to part with the spot where their fathers were buried: but to please him, they would sell a portion of the territory. The bargain was, that Penn should have as many acres as a young man could travel round in one day. This proposal came from the Indians: yet when it had been tried they were greatly dissatisfied: for the young Englishman walked much faster and farther than they anticipated. Penn observed their discontent and asked the cause. 'The walker cheated us,' said the Indians. 'Ah, how can that be,' said Penn: 'did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured thus?' 'True,' replied the Indians, 'but white brother make a big walk!' Some of Penn's company said the bargain was a fair one, and the Indians ought to be *compelled* to abide by it. 'Compelled!' exclaimed Penn: 'how *can* you *compel* them without bloodshed, — without murder?' Then turning, with a smile, to the Indians, he said, 'Well brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?' They liked this treatment; and named the quantity of cloth, fish-hooks,

etc., with which they would be content. This was given at once, and the Indians went away with bright faces. Penn, after they were gone, turned to his friends and said, ‘O, how sweet and cheap a thing is charity. How wrong it would have been to fight and kill those poor natives for a *little piece of land!*’ — The untamed savages became warm friends of the good Quaker: and when his colony suffered for the want of food, they cheerfully came forward and assisted the white men with the fruits of their labor in hunting.”

On the next of the unrolled pieces of satin, was the picture of a counting-room, in which a man, with tears of gratitude rolling down his cheeks, was grasping the hand of a generous-hearted merchant: then followed these words:

‘OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.’

And next, another true narrative: —

“In a city in England lived two brothers, who were merchants, and well known for their benevolence. A young man was wicked enough to write a pamphlet ridiculing these good men. When the elder brother was told of the book, he only said, the author would live to be sorry for its publication. On hearing

this speech the author observed, proudly, he should take care never to be in *their* debt. But a business man does not always know who may be his creditor. The writer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held in their hands a note of his, which had come to them in the way of trade, and the endorser of which was also a bankrupt. By the laws of the land he could not be relieved from his trouble and enter into business again, unless he could get these gentlemen, whom he had so wantonly abused, to sign a certificate, releasing him from his obligation to pay his debts. It seemed almost folly to hope they would do this for one who had treated them as he had done. Why should they, whom he had without good reason tried to make ridiculous, forget the wrong and favor the wrong-doer? He was almost in despair: but then he had a family to support, and therefore forced himself to make the application. He went to the counting-room of the brothers, and found there the eldest of the two. The first words, sternly uttered, were, 'Shut the door, sir!' With a trembling voice he told his story, and made his request. 'You wrote a pamphlet against us once!' said

the merchant, taking the certificate. The poor debtor gave up all hope, fully expecting to see the paper go into the fire. But the merchant immediately signed his name: he did *more*, he asked the man about his family, and gave him a ten pound note. The tears of gratitude filled the eyes of the debtor. 'Ah!' said his benefactor, 'my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I meant no threat: I only meant that some day you would know us better and regret having tried to injure us. I see you regret it now.'"

A third festoon, as it dropped down, disclosed a drawing of two Arabs: the one seated under a palm tree, and the other, with downcast eyes, leading towards him a beautiful horse. Below were these words:

'RESIST NOT EVIL.'

This anecdote was added:—

"Among the Arabs, Nabee possessed a very swift horse, which Daher, who belonged to another tribe, greatly desired to obtain. Having failed to buy the noble animal, he resolved upon a trick to get him. Disguised as a lame beggar he waited by the side of the road,

where he knew Nabee would soon pass. When Nabee came, Daher cried out piteously for help. Nabee, at once, dismounted and brought his horse near and helped the poor cripple, as he thought him, into the saddle. The moment the pretended beggar was on the back of the animal, he touched him with his heel and started, saying, 'It is I, Daher, who have got him now.' Nabee called upon him to stop: which Daher did. Nabee then said: 'Thou hast got my horse: but I pray you tell no one how thou hast obtained him.' 'Why not?' said Daher. 'Because,' replied Nabee, 'the really sick may remain without aid: you would be the cause why some one who heard this story would refuse to perform an act of charity, from the fear of being cheated as I have been.' These words touched the heart and conscience of the thief, and he immediately brought back the horse; and the two Arabs parted good friends."

But I must not tell all about the pictures and sentences and stories the boy dreamed he saw and read. There were a great many of them, — very beautiful and very true. He saw Mungo Park, just as he was about to lie down

and die of thirst, in the desert, filled with new hope, as he saw a little tuft of grass, and thought that God, who took care of the flowers in lonely places, would also take care of him: he saw little Nell, leading her old grandfather, like a loving and patient child: he saw Grace Darling, a brave young girl, going in a boat, upon the stormy sea, when strong men were afraid, to save people from the wreck of a steam-ship: he saw Howard, in hospitals and jails, taking care of poor creatures sick with the plague and other terrible diseases: he saw honest John Pounds, in his cobbler's shop, with his cats and birds, teaching poor children: he saw these (whose good deeds your parents and teachers will relate,) and many more besides, which I cannot even name here. But the last festoon that was unrolled deserves a particular description.

The picture represented a company of angels, bearing in their arms a child towards the bright skies, which seemed to open a way to heaven. The motto was:

'SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.'

And then followed, —

The Forlorn Child's Christmas-Eve.

How bird-like, o'er the flakes of snow,
Its fairy footsteps flew ;
And on its soft and childish brow
How delicate the hue !

And expectation wings its feet,
And stirs its infant smile ;
The merry bells their chime repeat :
The child stands still the while, —

Then clasps, in joy, its little hands,
And marks the Christian dome, —
The stranger-child, in stranger-lands,
Feels now as if at home.

It runs along the sparkling ground :
Its face with gladness beams :
It frolics in the blaze around, —
Which from each window gleams.

The shadows glance upon the wall,
Reflected from the trees, —
And from the branches, green and tall,
The glittering gift it sees.

It views, within the lighted hall,
The charm of social love ;
Oh ! what a joyous festival, —
'T is sanctioned from above.

But now the childish heart 's unstrung, —
 ' Where is *my* taper's light?
 And why no evergreen been hung
 With toys for *me* to-night?

In my sweet home there was a band
 Of holy love for *me*;
 A mother's kind and tender hand
 Once decked *my* Christmas-tree.

Oh! some one take me 'neath the blaze
 Of these light tapers, — *do*;
 And, children, I can feel the plays, —
 Oh! *let* me play with you.

I care not for the *prettiest* toy:
 I want the love of *home*:
 Oh! let me, in your playful joy,
 Forget I have to roam.'

The little fragile hand is raised,
 It strikes at every gate;
 In every window earnest gazed,
 Then 'mid the snow it sate.

Christinkle!* Thou, the children's friend,
 I've none to love me now;
 Hast thou forgot *my* tree to send,
 With lights on every bough?'

* *Christinkle*, — a word used in New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, means 'the child Christ.' The ballad is a translation from the German.

The baby's hands are numbed with frost,
Yet press the little cloak :
Then on its breast, in meekness crossed ; —
A sigh the silence broke.

And closer still the cloak it drew
Around its silken hair ;
Its pretty eyes, so clear and blue,
Alone defied the air.

Then came another pilgrim-child,
A shining light *he* held :
The accents fell so sweet and mild, —
All music they excelled.

'I am thy Christmas friend indeed, —
And once a child like thee :
When all forget, thou need'st not plead, —
I will adorn thy tree.

My joys are felt in street or bower,
My aid is everywhere !
Thy Christmas-tree, my precious flower,
Here in the open air, —

Shall far outshine those other trees
Which caught thy infant eye.'
The stranger-child looks up, and sees,
Far in the deep blue sky, —

A glorious tree, and stars among
The branches hang their light :

The child, with soul all music, sung
‘ My tree indeed is bright.’

As ’neath the power of a dream
The infant closed its eyes ;
And troops of radiant angels seem
Descending from the skies.

The baby to its Christ they bear :
With Jesus it shall live ;
It finds a home and treasure there
Sweeter than earth can give.

After the boy had read this poetry, the angel-like lady pointed to the top of the tree: and there he saw a golden cross, with a small, beautifully bound book leaning against it, fastened by a wreath of young olive leaves, and it was lettered in gold — ‘ WORDS OF JESUS AND GOOD MEN TO CHILDREN.’ The lady loosened the wreath, and opened the volume, and held it towards the boy. On the two pages he could see, he found these precepts and promises: —

‘ Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.’ ‘ When ye pray, say, Our Father who art in heaven.’ ‘ Blessed are the pure in

heart: for they shall see God.' 'Swear not at all.' 'He that will see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips from speaking guile.' 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.' 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' 'An idle soul shall suffer hunger.' 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' 'Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous.' 'My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.' 'Jesus said: learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart. I am the way, and the truth and the life. I am the good shepherd. Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

Presently the lady closed the book and gave it to the boy, and taking him by the hand, walked round the tree, and pointed to each of the silken banners. Then looking upon him with a sweet smile, she said, in a clear, gentle voice, — '*Go, and do thou likewise: and thy whole life shall be a Christmas-tree, making thyself and many others happy.'* The boy awoke: and the bright sun of a winter's morning was

pouring its beams into his chamber. But he never forgot this dream. The Christmas-tree was ever living and green in his memory: and often, till he was an old man, and on his death-bed even, did he remember and find wisdom and comfort and hope in the lessons of truth it had taught him.

DEC. 1845.

A DREAM OF PEACE.

“Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

IF I should say that the Printers of this book sent me word that they had not enough copy, or manuscript, to make up the last *form* — and that unless I furnished them with more copy they should be obliged to leave six blank pages at the end of the volume — if I should give this as the reason for adding here another short lesson, some of my younger readers, perhaps, would not understand me. Let me tell them, then, that books are printed — so many pages at a time — on one sheet: sometimes four pages — sometimes eight — sometimes twelve — and sometimes sixteen — according to the size of the book. The types, after being set up, letter by letter, so as to make words and sentences, in lines, are divided into pages, and arranged, regularly, in what Printers call the *form*; and it is always best to

have an even number of pages. Well—the Printers of this little volume, as I have said, had not quite copy enough to make out the last form; and they thought it would be better for me to write a few lines more, than to leave six blank pages.— So I will just tell you a short but curious, and, as I think, beautiful dream a friend of mine had. But first I must tell you what probably suggested his dream.

You have heard, I hope,— for it is a truly Christian institution,— of the “ministry at large,” in Boston. It was established, I believe, about fifteen years ago. Dr. Tuckerman was the first minister; and was employed in visiting and preaching to the poor, who did not belong to any of the churches, and attended seldom, if at all, upon public worship on Sunday. The good work prospered in this good man’s hands: and the ministry has been so enlarged in its operations, that now there are several ministers, who, like Dr. Tuckerman, go from house to house among the poor and preach on Sunday in their chapels. The example of those citizens of Boston who maintain this ministry has been followed in four or five cities in this country and also in England.

Some two or three years since, the children connected with the Sunday-school of one of the chapels in Boston, wrote letters, and sent as presents, bundles of little tracts to the children connected with the Sunday-schools under the care of the ministers at large in Liverpool and Manchester. These English boys and girls, especially those in the latter city, which is a great manufacturing place, with a large population, thousands upon thousands of whom are wretchedly poor, do not enjoy such advantages for getting knowledge as you enjoy — as the most destitute children enjoy everywhere in New England. They are compelled to work long dreary hours, by day and by night, in the factories, with or without their parents, to earn a miserable livelihood; just enough, sometimes, to keep them from starvation. They do not go to school, they are often sick and deformed, and grow up surrounded by almost everything to make them unhappy and wicked. When the ministers, who are trying to do some good to the poor and neglected and ill-treated boys and girls in the two cities I have named, received the letters from the boys and girls in Boston, they were surprised to

find how well they were written; and they published some of the letters, with remarks of their own, in a periodical, to show how much more care is taken here of the education of the children of the poor, than in England. They sent this periodical, and also such answers to the Boston letters as their less-favored scholars could write, to my friend, who is one of the ministers at large, in Boston. The evening of the day on which he received these letters from poor children, thousands of miles off, he was engaged in reading them, until he went to bed. He fell asleep; and, as it often happens, what he had been thinking about when awake, shaped the fanciful wanderings of his mind, whilst his body rested in slumber.

He thought that he was on board a great ship — a man-of-war; and that he was, in some sort, the captain. A strange change, however, had happened to the vessel. He was walking up and down between decks. But he wore no uniform and no sword. He saw no guns and no marines with muskets, or armed sailors. There were no hatchets, cutlasses, or spears, or pistols, hanging up round the masts; no heaps of balls piled together like pyramids,

no chests standing about filled with deadly weapons. The scene was entirely different. The whole appearance of the ship was altered. At each porthole, where the great cannons are usually run out in an engagement, there was a class of boys and a teacher; and, what was quite striking, one half of the scholars and teachers were English and the other half Americans. It was, in fact, a *Sunday-school*, floating on the ocean — and my friend was the Superintendent, watching over the children of both countries, as they had met together — not to fight, but to learn how to be Christians, — brothers and sisters!

This was the short and simple dream; but you can perceive that short and simple as it is it has a beautiful meaning, full of hope and promise. Does it not look far down into the future, and see what may by and by be — not a dream — but a fact and reality? If the children of two great nations, under the instructions of good men, learn to cultivate Christian friendships — by exchanging letters and gifts — and praying for blessings upon each other, will they, when they grow up, be very ready to rush into bloody battles, and to contend

as enemies? Do you think if a Manchester boy and a Boston boy who corresponded as Christian brothers, when young, should meet when they became men, they would be quick to quarrel, or as soldiers or sailors be very anxious to fight? — No. Then this dream points out the way in which peace is to come on earth and good will be spread among men. To a very great extent, children are the hope of the world. They are the missionaries who may be trained, and who may train themselves to be better teachers of the Gospel, and better disciples of Jesus Christ, than have yet been known on earth. If, whilst young, they learn to love one another, to give and receive true thoughts, kind feelings, and good deeds — even across the wide ocean — then they will do much to hasten that day when “men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more.”



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