

**BARRETT
PHILIP**

THE DEAF
SHOEMAKER

Philip Barrett
The Deaf Shoemaker

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The Deaf Shoemaker / To Which Are Added Other Stories for the Young:

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PREFACE

My Dear Young Friends:

Encouraged by your kind reception of my former little volume, I have gathered together my scattered sketches with the earnest wish and heart-felt prayer that they may be instrumental in leading you to childhood's best and truest friend – the blessed Saviour.

Your attached Friend,

PHILIP BARRETT,

Rural Retirement, Va.

JOHN McDONOUGH

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.

“Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.”

“John McDonough! who is *he?*” my young reader will doubtless exclaim.

It is true, his name is not written in golden letters on the pages of History, – no Senate chamber has resounded with his eloquence, – the conqueror’s wreath has never encircled his brow; but John McDonough has performed a deed which posterity, to the remotest generation, can never forget.

But a few weeks since, the steamer Northern Indiana was burned on one of the Northern lakes, and then and there it was, that this noble and gallant deed was performed.

You who have never seen a ship on fire can form no idea of the awful horror of such a scene. All was wild excitement and mad confusion. The flames spread like a whirlwind over

the noble ship, and soon wrapt it in their withering embrace. Every heart was lifted to God in prayer; every voice was joined in supplication; mothers were clasping their infants to their bosoms; husbands endeavoring to save their wives; fathers encircling their sons in their strong and unfailing arms; the waters were a mass of living, immortal beings, struggling for life.

Amid the hissing of the flames, the pale glare of the atmosphere, and the wild shrieks of hopeless agony that arose from the sinking passengers, John McDonough might have been seen, calm and composed, struggling nobly with the swelling waves, and bearing in one hand *life-preservers* to the perishing souls scattered over the surface of the lake, which, to many, was destined soon to be the winding-sheet of Death.

How noble the action! How my heart swells within me when I think of the gallant and fearless conduct of such a man!

When despair clothed every brow, fear paled every cheek, and the wild cry – “Save, Lord, or I perish” – echoed in the ears of the drowning, his lofty brow showed no signs of fear, his eye beamed with hope. He still struggled on, and on, till many and many a soul was rescued from a watery grave.

I had rather be the brave, the dauntless, the self-sacrificing John McDonough – the humble laborer on the ill-fated Northern Indiana – than Alexander the Great weeping because there were no other worlds for him to conquer.

God bless thee, noble John McDonough!

Though no eulogy be pronounced at thy death, no booming

cannon thunder over thy grave, no proud monument mark thy resting-place, yet there will be erected in the hearts of thy countrymen a monument more lasting than marble, more enduring than brass. May thy name live forever!

My young friends, do you not also see, concealed as it were by the terrible grandeur and painful horror of the scene, a beautiful and important truth displayed in the conduct of this noble-hearted man?

We are all embarked in a ship. The destination of that ship is *Eternity*. The voyage is tempestuous, and when we least expect it, the fires of hell may take hold upon us. But, thanks be to God, there is a Great Life-preserver always at hand. That Life-preserver I now extend to you: reject it if you dare; destruction is the consequence. Accept it; and you will soon be landed on the blissful shores of Heaven. That Life-preserver is

CHRIST

CHRIST THE ROCK OF AGES

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,

Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

“Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil the law’s demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

“Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

“While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne, —
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

MARY AND HER DRAWER; OR, NOTHING MADE BY GETTING ANGRY.

I cannot curb my temper,
I might as well have tried
To stop, with little pebbles,
A river's rapid tide.
My good resolves I hardly form,
When trifles raise an angry storm.

Child's Christian Year.

The church bells were sending forth their merry chimes, and hundreds of children were wending their way to the Sabbath-school. Mary was late that morning, and ran very quickly to her drawer, in which were kept her gloves, hymn-book, catechism, &c., and endeavored to jerk it open at once; but in so doing she got it crooked, and it would move neither way.

Being in a great hurry, she began at once to fret and blame the drawer for not coming out. She soon became quite angry; her check flushed, her eyes sparkled, and with a violent effort she pulled the drawer out, emptied its contents on the floor, tore her dress, disfigured her hymn-book, and almost ruined the drawer itself.

Her father was patiently waiting in the hall for his little daughter, when the accident occurred, and asked her what was the matter. Her instant reply was, "Nothing, Father; you go on — I will overtake you presently."

Little Mary did not overtake her father, and he looked in vain for her at the Sabbath-school.

Her dress was so badly torn that she could not go to Sabbath-school, and with tears flowing down her cheeks, she sat down and thought soberly over her conduct.

She doubtless felt very sorry for her anger, and the unnecessary damage she had done.

No one, when the family returned from church, said a word to her, but left her to her own reflections. When her father had taken off his hat and seated himself, she modestly approached him, threw her arms around his neck, and said, —

"Father, do you know why your little Mary was absent from Sabbath-school this morning?"

"No, my child," he replied.

"I was in a very great hurry, and attempted to pull my drawer out very quickly, and got it fastened so tightly that it would move neither one way nor the other. I tried and tried, but it would not move. I then got angry with the drawer, pulled it very hard, and not only scattered its contents over the floor, but hung the knob in my dress and tore it so badly that I could not come to the Sabbath-school."

Her father told her he willingly forgave her, and that she must

also ask God's forgiveness, for she had committed a sin in giving way to her anger. He also told her to remember that nothing was ever made by getting angry. If she ever tried to do anything, and could not do it at once, she must not get angry, but be patient and calm.

I hope this little thing taught Mary an important lesson – and may it teach you the same, dear little reader. *Nothing was ever made by getting angry, but something always lost.*

AGAINST YIELDING TO TEMPTATION

My love, you have met with a trial to-day
Which I hoped to have seen you oppose;
But alas, in a moment your temper gave way,
And the pride of your bosom arose.

I saw the temptation, and trembled for fear
Your good resolutions should fall;
And soon, by your eye and your color, my dear,
I found you had broken them all.

Oh, why did you suffer this troublesome sin
To rise in your bosom again?
And when you perceived it already within,
Oh, why did you let it remain?

As soon as temptation is put in your way,
And passion is ready to start,
'Tis then you must try to subdue it, and pray
For courage to bid it depart.

But now you can only with sorrow implore
That Jesus would pardon your sin,
Would help you to watch for your enemy more,
And put a new temper within.

Jane Taylor.

“IT IS I!”

“Claim me, Shepherd, as Thine own,
Oh, protect me, Thou alone!
Let me hear Thy gracious voice,
Make my fainting heart rejoice.”

There was once a great storm on the Sea of Galilee.

The wild winds howled, and the furious waves rose almost mountain high.

There was a small vessel in the midst of this storm, and in this vessel were some of Christ’s disciples.

When the storm had reached its utmost fury, and certain destruction seemed to await those who were in it, a man was seen walking on the water towards the vessel.

The disciples were at once struck with wonder and amazement. They were doubtless somewhat superstitious, and supposed it to be a spirit; for they were well aware that nothing having flesh and blood like themselves could walk on the surface of the water without sinking.

But whose familiar voice is that, heard even above the roar of the sea, and the noise of the winds? Who is He that dares approach their vessel on such a night?

The voice is the voice of their Saviour; and He who dreads

not the rage of the billows, is He whom “the winds and the sea obey.” What are His words? They are few and well chosen – such as were best suited to the occasion: “It is I; be not afraid!” Oh, how welcome the visitor! How delightful that familiar voice! How the downcast hearts of the disciples throb with joy when they welcome their Saviour to their bosoms! How their hearts gush forth in thanks when they see the raging billows become, at His command, as gentle as a lamb, and the furious winds as innocent as a little child.

Children, do not we gather some important truths from this Scripture narrative? In the storms of adversity and sadness, affliction and bereavement, ought we not hear Christ saying to us, “It is I; be not afraid?”

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST

The beating rain in torrents fell,
The thunder muttered loud,
And fearful men with deep grief dwell
Before their Saviour bowed.
The billows lashed the rock-bound shore,
The howling winds roared by,
While feeble cries rose on the gale,
“Christ, save us, or we die.”

Upon a bed of sweet repose

Our blessed Saviour lay,
While round Him played the lightning's flash
From out a frowning sky.
And feeble cries of grief and woe
Were heard around His bed, —
“Oh! Jesus, wake – we perish now,
Our courage all has fled.”

The lightnings flashed, the thunder roared,
The foaming waves rolled by,
And Jesus calmly rose and said,
“Fear ye not; it is I.”
Loud roared the winds in wailing notes,
The night was cold and chill,
And to the raging storm He said,
“Hush, ye winds; peace, be still.”

The winds were stilled, the sea was calm,
The clouds soon passed away,
And sunny skies, with golden gleams,
Beamed on the face of day.
“What man is this,” the seamen cry,
“That e'en the sea 'll obey?
He only whispered, ‘Peace, be still,’
And darkness passed away.”

Western Recorder.

THE ORPHAN

“An orphan in the cold wide world,
Dear Lord, I come to Thee:
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
My Friend and Father be!”

“Cold is the world without a father’s arm to shield, and a mother’s heart to love. The sun shines but dimly on the head of the orphan, for sorrow claims such as its own, and no earthly power can release from its embrace. When a father dies, and she who ‘loves with a deep, strong, fervent love,’ is laid in the grave, then is the brightness of earthly existence extinguished.”

Children, how accurately do the above lines describe the lonely and forsaken condition of the orphan!

Have you never felt your little hearts throb with sorrow when you saw the children of the Orphan Asylum walk quietly down the aisle of the church and seat themselves in regular order in the front pews? Did not their plain dress speak to you in language which you were obliged to hear? Did not the prayer arise from your breasts, that God would be a Father to the fatherless, that He would watch over, guide and protect, throughout the journey of life, that helpless little band of fatherless and motherless children?

How lonely must their condition be. No father to counsel, no mother to love, no home beneath whose shelter they may rest, but dependent upon the cold charities of a colder world. He who would treat unkindly, or wound the feelings of *an orphan*, is worse than the brute of the field. My young orphan friends, there is but one source to which I can direct you; there is but one friend who will never desert you; there is but one house whose door will never be closed against you. That source is God; that friend is Christ; that house is one not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. God will counsel you; upon the bosom of Christ you may “lean for repose;” and the angels of heaven will ever welcome you to their blest abode. The kind father and the loving mother, from whom you have been separated by death, you shall meet again, if you are Christians. And to you, dear little readers, who know not the length and breadth and depth of a Saviour’s love, let me say one word: There is no orphanage like that of the soul which leans not upon Christ as its Saviour and Redeemer.

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LAMENT OF AN ORPHAN

“Homeless, friendless, for many years
I've wandered far and wide,
With none to wipe away my tears,
And none to be my guide.

“No gentle word to soothe my grief,
Words so harshly spoken;
No tender hand to give relief,
And now my heart is broken.

“I sigh to think in former days,
When by my mother's side
I watched the sun's last golden rays
As they sank at eventide.

“Oft I’ve played beside the brook,
My brother’s hand in hand,
As each did seek his favor’d nook,
Then we’re a merry band.

“I have no friends – my mother’s gone,
She is far, far away;
I sit beside her lowly stone,
And sing my plaintive lay.

“I pray that God will take me home
To that bright world above;
There we shall meet to part no more,
In that heaven of love.

“Death has marked me for its own,
And I no more shall rove;
God has called the orphan child
To praise with Him above.

“Can you hear my prayer, Mother,
In yonder region bright?
I’m coming to you now, Mother,
Earth’s but a dismal night.”

THE RECORDING ANGEL

“Among the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is as a shining light
That turns the darkness into day.”

We are told, that during the trial of Bishop Cranmer, in England, he heard, as he was making his defence before the judges, the scratching of a pen behind a screen. The thought at once arose in his mind that they were taking down every word he uttered. “I should be very careful,” thought he to himself, “what I say; for the whole of this will be handed down to posterity, and exert an untold influence for good or for evil.”

Do you know, my young friends, that there is a Recording Angel in heaven that takes down not only every wicked word you utter, but the very thoughts of your minds and desires of your hearts?

Remember, that though your actions are not all seen by men, nor your thoughts known to your companions, yet every action, thought and word is carefully recorded in the Book of God’s Remembrance.

How chaste, then, should be your conversation, how guarded your conduct, how pure your every wish!

At the day of judgment, how full will the pages of that book be of your unkind treatment of some poor, forsaken little wanderer; of your revengeful feelings towards your schoolmate for his little acts of childish thoughtlessness!

But is there not some way to blot out these dark sins from the Book of God's Remembrance? Yes, there is. Christ has *died*, that you might *live*. He assures you that though your sins are "as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

THE EVER-PRESENT GOD

"In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

"Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

"My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean."

THOMAS WARD; OR, THE BOY WHO WAS ASHAMED TO PRAY

“Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.”

Early one morning, in the month of September, 184—, Mr. Ward’s family were assembled around the family altar for prayer, to implore the blessing and protection of our Heavenly Father in behalf of their only boy, who was about leaving his home for a distant school.

Thomas, a boy of about twelve summers, was deeply affected by the solemn services, and as he arose from his knees his eyes were filled with tears, thinking, perhaps, that he might never be permitted to enjoy that delightful privilege again. His father prayed particularly that God would take care of his boy during his absence from his parents; that He would preserve him from all dangers; that He would be near him in all his temptations; and, if they should not meet again on earth, that they might all – father, mother and son – meet where the “wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” He endeavored to impress upon his mind the necessity of prayer, and that he should never

neglect it, under any circumstances. *Don't be ashamed to pray, my son*, said his father.

The ringing of the car-bell announced that in a short time he must be off. The most trying point had now come, – he must bid his parents farewell. Claspings his arms around his mother's neck, he said: "Oh, my Mother, my Mother, shall I ever see you again?" and with a kiss to each, bade his affectionate parents adieu, and, valise in hand, walked hastily to the dépôt.

Having procured his ticket, he seated himself in the cars, and in a few moments left the home of his childhood for the P – H – school, at B – . His heart was sad, as he thought of the many happy hours he had spent "at home" with his kind parents, and a tear stole silently down his cheek. These sad and melancholy thoughts, however, were soon banished from his mind by the magnificent scenery of the country through which he was passing. He thought "the country," as it was called in town, was the loveliest place he had ever seen. Thomas' mind became so much engaged with the picturesque scenery – mountains, lakes and valleys – that he reached his place of destination ere he supposed he had travelled half-way.

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He met the principal at the dépôt, awaiting his arrival, and in

a few moments they were on their way to the school. Nothing of interest occurred during the remainder of the day, with the exception of the boys' laughing at Thomas, calling him "town boy," etc.; "initiating" him, as they termed it. When the time for retiring to rest drew near, and one after another of the boys fell asleep, Thomas was surprised that not one of them offered a petition to God, asking Him to take care of them during the silent watches of the night. He knelt beside his bed, and attempted to offer a short prayer; but his companions were laughing and singing, and he arose from his knees, wishing that he was at home, where he could, in his quiet little chamber, offer up his evening devotions. Some of the boys were actually so rude as to call him "Parson Ward," and ask him if he intended holding forth next Sabbath?

The next night Thomas felt so *ashamed*, that he determined *not to pray*, and laid his head on a prayerless pillow, – a thing he had not done since he was able to say, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild." The last words of his father, "*Don't be ashamed to pray*" came to his mind; but thinking about them as little as possible, he soon fell asleep.

In a short time Thomas became the ringleader of the gang in all that was bad, and soon learned to curse and swear worse than any of his companions.

On a beautiful Sabbath morning, instead of going to church, he wandered off, and finding nothing to engage his thoughts, determined to take a bath. He had scarcely been in the water five

minutes, when he was seized with cramp, and sunk to rise no more. The last words that lingered on the lips of the drowning boy were, "Oh, my mother!"

The awful death of Thomas speaks for itself. May it serve as a warning to those who violate God's holy commandment, and are *ashamed to pray*. May it also teach us how quickly one sin leads to another. His *first* sin was neglecting to pray; his *second*, profanity; his *third*, Sabbath-breaking, which terminated in his death.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

"*Ashamed of Jesus!*— Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

"*Ashamed of Jesus!*— Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

“Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend!
No, when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

“Ashamed of Jesus!— Yes, I may,
When I’ve no sins to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

“Till then – nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.”

THE ROSE

“There is no rose without a thorn.”

There are few lovelier things than the rose to be met with along the pathway of life.

There is something about it so meek and modest, that I love to look at it; and what is sweeter than the mellow fragrance of a beautiful rose? It always reminds me of that beautiful country where, we are told, never-fading flowers continue to bloom forever.

The Church of Christ is compared, in the Bible, to the Rose of Sharon; and it seems to me that the inspired penman could not have found, throughout the length and breadth of the world, anything better suited to convey the idea of gentle lowliness and meek humility, than the rose.

Its fragrance can be enjoyed by all. It is not sweeter to the king than to the peasant. So with religion. It is a fountain from which all can drink.

There is another thing about the rose which should teach us a lesson. As there is no rose without a thorn, so there is no enjoyment without some pain connected with it. There are many children who are always discontented; they are never

pleased with any thing, but are always looking out for what is disagreeable, and not for what is pleasant. What is this, but forgetting the delightful fragrance of the rose, and piercing our fingers with the few thorns which are about it. Our blessings are much more numerous than our cares and troubles. Why not, then, clip off the thorns, and keep merely the fully opened rose?

As the leaves of the rose wither and die, so must we.

Let us always remember this, and also live in such a way, by shedding a sweet fragrance about our pathway, that all who know us will love us, and forget the few thorns of evil which may be found in our characters.

“How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May;
And the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

“Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead and fine colors lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

“So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,
Though they bloom and look gay like a rose:
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain, —
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

“Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,

Since both of them wither and fade,
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead."

CHILDREN AND THE FLOWERS

"Flowers, sweet and lowly flowers,
Gems of earth so bright and gay,
Is there nothing you can teach us,
Nothing you to us can say?

"List, and ye shall hear our voices
Speaking to you from the sod;
List, for we would lead you gently
Upwards from the earth to God.

"Children, as ye gaze upon us,
Think of Him who, when below,
Told you well to mark the flowers,
How without a care they grow.

"Children, know that like the flowers
You must quickly fade away:
Life is short; improve the hours —
You may only have to-day.

“We were once but seeds, dear children —
We were placed in earth, and died;
You must die; but trust in Jesus —
Fear not, but in *Him* abide.

“We proclaim the resurrection,
How the dead in Christ shall rise;
Incorruptible, immortal,
They shall reign above the skies.

“Farewell, children, and remember,
When our forms shall meet your view,
That the Lord, who clothes each flower,
Will much more provide for you.”

THE LANTERN

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears —
Through the changes here decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us —
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

Sp. Songs.

The sun had disappeared behind the western hills, and darkness was fast covering the face of nature, when a little girl, who had been to a distant city, commenced retracing her steps homeward. A kind friend handed her a lantern, and told her if she followed the road on which the lantern shone, it would certainly direct her home. She started with a light heart and joyous spirits, much delighted with her journey beside the still waters, and through the green pastures.

By and by she came to a certain place where two roads branched off. She did not know which one to take; but soon found that her lantern shone very plainly on the one beset with thorns and briars. She concluded to disregard the advice of her friend, and took the opposite road, as it seemed so much more

pleasant than the one on which her lantern shone. At first her pathway was bordered with roses of the sweetest fragrance, and with everything calculated to make a young person happy. Finally she reached a point in her journey where she knew not what to do. She had no lamp to direct her; no kind friend to whom she might look for directions; all around her was dark and dismal. Wherever she trod, her steps seemed beset with troubles of every kind. At last a friendly voice whispered in her ear, and said: "Stop, my dear child – stop and think. You know not whither you are going. You are in the road to death. Stop, before you further go." She determined to turn her course, and retraced her steps with a heavy heart, determined thereafter always to follow the road on which her lantern shone. She soon reached the place where she had left her lantern, and found its rays still brightly shining on the same road. She continued her journey onward, and found, though it was rough at first, the farther she proceeded, the better was she pleased. When she reached her home, she found her friends anxiously awaiting her arrival. They all greeted her with a kiss, and welcomed her back again.

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Children, the little girl about whom I have been telling you is the young Christian, commencing her journey from the city of Destruction to the New Jerusalem. The journey is her Christian life; the two roads are the long and narrow road to Heaven, and the broad road to Hell; the kind friend is some fellow Christian, and the lantern is God's Holy Word. The thorns in the one road are the trials of a Christian; while the roses in the other are the allurements placed there by the Wicked One, to ensnare the careless and inconsiderate. Her *home* is *Heaven*.

Young Christian, learn a lesson from the conduct of this little girl: Never pursue the course which seems most pleasant, but the one laid down in the Bible.

“Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.”

“Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger
Wand'ring through this lonely vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?”

“Pilgrim thou hast justly call'd me,
Passing through a waste so wide;

But no harm will e'er befall me
While I'm blessed with such a guide.'

“Such a guide! – no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise:
If some guardian power befriends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.’

“Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
I have near me such a friend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.”

HEAVEN IS MY HOME

“I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

“What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my home:

Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last.
Heaven is my home.

“Therefore I murmur not;
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.”

THE DECISIVE MOMENT

“There is a time, we know not when, —
A point, we know not where, —
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.”

Not many years ago, when the H – river was very much swollen by the spring rains, and the water had nearly reached its highest point, a lumberman was seen in the midst of the stream, attempting to secure a lot of timber which had broken loose from its fastening.

In his deep interest to secure the timber, he went too far out into the current. His little bark was caught by the rapid tide, and borne along with almost lightning rapidity.

There he sat, motionless as a pillar, not knowing at what moment he should be swallowed up by the roaring and foaming stream. A friend on shore sees his critical situation, mounts his horse, and rides, courier-like, to a neighboring bridge which spans the river. On and on he speeds; now the rider and the boat are side by side; anon the boat passes him, but he spurs his noble animal onward, reaches the bridge in time, seizes a rope and throws it over the arch, awaiting with breathless suspense the approach of the pale and fear-stricken lumberman.

The boat passes immediately under the arch, the boatman grasps the rope with death-like earnestness, and is *saved*.

One moment's delay of the rider, or his failure to grasp the rope, would have sealed his doom forever, and the noble H – been his grave.

My dear young friends, how often do we see persons, in their mad attempts to procure the filthy lucre of this world, go too far into the current of Sin, and are swept wildly over the cataract of Destruction, not knowing, or not desiring to see, that the rope of Salvation is within their grasp! Children, Christ bids you come, *now*. If you delay another moment, your destiny for despair may be sealed.

How bitter will the thought be, when you come to die, – “I might have been saved, but I neglected the golden offering of mercy, and therefore must be consigned to a never-ending eternity of misery and suffering!”

THE VALUE OF TIME

If idly spent, no art or care
Time's blessing can restore;
And God requires a strict account
For every misspent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon the prospect ends;

Yet on that day's uncertain date
Eternity depends.

Poems for the Young.

THE ALARM WATCH

But if we should disregard
While this friendly voice doth call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard,
That it will not speak at all.

Jane Taylor.

A young lady, who was very much given to the habit of sleeping late in the morning, purchased a small alarm watch, hoping that it would be the means of breaking her of a practice not only troublesome to those around her, but really a sinful waste of time. At night, on retiring to rest, she so adjusted the watch that it would awaken her at five o'clock the next morning. The watch, with a punctuality worthy to be imitated by all of us, not only at the appointed hour, but at the *very minute itself*, commenced such a whirring noise, that the sleeper was immediately awakened, arose at once, and prepared herself for the duties of the day.

The day passed away very pleasantly. She was at prayers and breakfast at the appointed hour, and everything moved quietly and pleasantly on throughout the entire day; and when the shadows of evening darkened the face of nature, she felt that it was the most pleasant day she had ever spent.

She retired to rest, the next night, with the same resolutions;

but when the morning came and her watch commenced its rattling noise, she thought it was not worth while to get up then, but would lie in bed only fifteen minutes longer. The expiration of the fifteen minutes found her sleeping soundly, and she did not awake till the sun had risen far above the tree-tops, and the laborers were busy at their work.

The next morning she heard her watch at its accustomed noise, but came to the conclusion that getting up ahead of the sun was all a humbug.

The next morning she slept so soundly that she scarcely heard the watch at all; and that night concluded not to wind it up, as she had no idea of having her morning's nap disturbed by such a disagreeable noise as that. Thus did she return to her former bad habit, and "her last state was worse than the first."

Each of you, my dear young friends, has an alarm watch in your breast. The moment you disobey your parents, utter an untruth, use a profane expression, or break God's Holy Day, you hear the busy fluttering of that watch whispering in your ear, "*you have done wrong*, **YOU HAVE DONE WRONG.**" The first time you did wrong how loudly did that little watch whirl and buzz! You turned pale, and your heart throbbed so violently that you could almost hear it.

The next time its noise was fainter and fainter; and at last it grew so feeble that you could not hear it all.

Then it was that you could swear so boldly, utter an untruth without your cheek coloring, and break the Sabbath without one

painful thought.

My young reader, you know too well what that alarm watch is, whose ticking you so frequently hear in your breast. It is your Conscience. And oh, how I tremble when I think of what an awful thing it is to endeavor to drown the voice of that conscience!

Day after day, since your early infancy, your conscience has been begging, entreating you to come to Christ and be saved. Its voice has been unheeded. Beware, O young man or young woman, how you trifle with your conscience! Its voice, once stifled, will be hushed forever.

Like the young lady about whom I have been telling you, if you do not obey its summons at once, but keep on putting it off and off, it will leave you in the awful embrace of that sleep “which knows no waking” in this world, and you will only be aroused by the piercing notes of the Archangel’s trump, – “Come to judgment.”

Conscience, my young friends, is “the fire that is not quenched,” and “the worm that dieth not,” which shall continue to burn, yet not consume, to gnaw and not diminish your immortal soul, if you do not obey its whisperings by coming to your Saviour, now, in the morning of life.

How awful! oh, how awful will it be, to hear the voice of your disregarded conscience ringing throughout the dark, deep caverns of hell: —

“Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded: I also will laugh at your calamity;

I will mock when your fear cometh; when *your fear cometh as a desolation*, and your *destruction cometh as a whirlwind*; when distress and anguish cometh upon you.”

CONSCIENCE

When a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us “It is sin,”
And entreats us to beware.

If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says, “Your faults confess;
Do not dare to tell a lie.”

In the morning, when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
“Child, consider,” Conscience cries;
“Should not God be sought to-day?”

When within His holy walls,
Far abroad our thoughts we send,
Conscience often loudly calls,
And entreats us to attend.

When our angry passions rise,

Tempting to revenge an ill,
“Now subdue it,” Conscience cries;
“Do command your temper still.”

Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret, gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

But if we should disregard
While this friendly voice doth call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard
That it will not speak at all.

Jane Taylor.

“CONDEMNED.”

“Now, despisers, look and wonder;
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound – ‘Depart!’
Lost forever!
Hear the dreadful sound – ‘Depart!’”

I saw, not long since, a man busily engaged in branding, with a red-hot iron, the word

“CONDEMNED,”

on a large number of barrels of flour.

On asking him what it meant, he informed me that the flour was not sound, and he was instructed to brand all such “*Condemned.*”

How forcibly, my dear young friends, did it remind me of the situation of sinful persons – those who have no part nor lot in Christ’s kingdom! What a melancholy spectacle would your Sabbath-school present, if your Superintendent were instructed by a Divine command to brand all the bad boys, and girls too – for we often find little girls as bad as boys – “*Condemned!*”

What would be their feelings while undergoing such a painful and disgraceful operation? Yet God says those who believe not on Christ are condemned already, and you know “His Word is truth.” There is one, and only one, way by which this word can be effaced from your guilty and sin-defiled hearts; and that is by the purifying and sin-cleansing blood of Christ.

Then pray that He will “Create in you clean hearts, and renew right spirits within you;” so that you may love Him better and serve Him more faithfully in the future than you have done in the past.

THE SPIRIT QUENCHED

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God’s patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,

And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below
May bloom, as Eden bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

O where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed?
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost!

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,

While it is called TO-DAY, repent,
And harden not your heart.”

DR. J. ADDISON ALEXANDER.

“I WANT TO BE A MINISTER.”

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.

Longfellow.

More than a century ago there lived in England an orphan boy of no ordinary promise. From his early childhood, “I want to be a minister,” was his chief desire. Being deprived not only of the counsel of a father and the affection of a mother, but also of the necessary amount of money to carry out his cherished desire, his youthful spirit was bowed to the earth, and his noble heart throbbed only with feelings of bitter disappointment and despair.

But a brighter day dawns. There is a prospect for his ardent desire to be gratified. A wealthy lady kindly volunteers to pay all of his expenses at the University of Oxford, if he will become a minister of the Church of England.

But he is a Dissenter, and his noble spirit refuses to sell the religion of his father and mother for the perishable riches of this world, and he most respectfully declines the proffered kindness. God bless thee, noble youth! Wait patiently – don’t despair —*never give up*. “Where there’s a will, there’s a way.”

The path of Duty is always the path of Right.

Not long after this occurrence, a poor boy, dressed in the garb of poverty, presented himself at the door of a celebrated minister, and asked to have a private interview with him relative to studying for the ministry. The minister listened patiently to the recital of his many difficulties and numerous trials, but told him that he thought it entirely unheard of, for a youth like himself to think about entering upon so high and responsible a calling. He advised him to think no more of preaching, but to choose some other calling.

Disheartened at himself, discouraged by his friends, poor, penniless and forsaken, he knew not whither to go. No smile of encouragement met his eye; no voice of approval sanctioned his noble endeavor. There was one Friend, however, who had never forsaken him; who had never turned a deaf ear even to his smallest desire; who had ever loved him with fatherly affection and motherly tenderness. To that friend he then betook himself, and when engaged in fervent prayer, a postman knocked at the door, and handed him a letter from an old friend of his father, informing him of his willingness to take him under his care and assist him in his studies, if he was still intent upon studying for the ministry. "This," he exclaimed, "I look upon almost as an answer from Heaven, and while I live I shall always adore so seasonable an opening of divine Providence."

The wishes of the poor orphan boy were thus gratified; and before many years had passed away, under the guidance and

instruction of his friend, he became a bright and shining light on the walls of Zion.

Youthful reader, this orphan boy was Philip Doddridge – the pious and devoted minister of Christ, the beautiful writer, the faithful pastor, the brilliant Christian.

If there be any one into whose hands this little article may fall, who, like Doddridge, “wants to be a minister,” and is prevented from accomplishing his desire on account of want of means, let me say one word —*never despair!* If God wants you to be a minister, He will provide the means. Wait patiently, and pray earnestly.

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.”

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE

“On a bridge I was standing one morning,
And watching the current roll by,
When suddenly into the water
There fell an unfortunate fly.

“The fishes that swam to the surface

Were looking for something to eat,
And I thought that the hapless young insect
Would surely afford them a treat.

“‘Poor thing!’ I exclaimed with compassion,
‘Thy trials and dangers abound,
For if thou escap’st being eaten,
Thou canst not escape being drowned.

“No sooner the sentence was spoken,
Than lo! like an angel of love,
I saw to the waters beneath me
A leaflet descend from above.

“It glided serene on the streamlet,
’Twas an ark to the poor little fly;
Which soon, to the land reascending,
Spread its wings in the breezes to dry.

“Oh, sweet was the truth that was whispered,
That mortals should *never* despair;
For He who takes care of an insect,
Much more for His *children* will care.

“And though to our short-sighted vision
No way of escape may appear,
Let us *trust*, for when least we expect it,
The help of ‘*our Father*’ is near.”

RUFUS TAYLOR

Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord. – Bible.

On an evening in July, 18–, as several youths, from twelve to eighteen years of age, were standing at the corner of a street in the little village of B – , Rufus Taylor, one of their companions, came up to them and said, “Come, boys, let’s go and take a cool bath – ’tis terribly warm.”

Rufus had been positively forbidden by his parents to go bathing without their consent; but, thinking they would never know anything about it, he came up to the group of boys and made the preceding proposition.

They all, with one consent, agreed to it, and soon were on their way to the bay.

Arriving at their famous bathing spot, and undressing in a few moments, they soon plunged into the cooling water, and swam to an island, a few hundred yards distant.

Rufus alone remained on the shore.

He was afraid to attempt swimming such a long distance, as he had but recently learned to swim. But, collecting all his courage, he followed his comrades, and cried out that he would overtake them or be *darned!* What an awful word to proceed from the lips of a boy twelve years old! He had not swum more than fifty yards, when his strength failed, and he sank beneath the blue

waves of the roaring ocean. Every effort was made by his friends to save him, but they were all in vain.

Let his untimely end be a solemn warning to boys who are in the habit of disobeying their parents.

May it teach a lesson, also, to those who indulge in the use of profane language. Rufus did not think that his *damnation* was so near at hand, when he uttered that awful curse.

He was hurried into the presence of his Maker without one moment's warning, and with the profane expression still lingering on his lips.

Who can tell the unutterable anguish of his parents when the intelligence of the death of their only son – their disobedient boy – reached their ears? His father, on being told that his son was drowned, exclaimed, "*Oh, my disobedient son! I told him not to go bathing without my consent. Would to God I had died for him!*"

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS

“Let children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With reverence mark their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

“Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord
To him that breaks his father's laws,

Or mocks his mother's word?

“What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

“But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.”

JAMES JONES; OR, THE LITTLE GAMBLER

“Make us unguarded youth
The objects of Thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.”

“What can be meant by ‘the little gambler?’ I never heard of a boy’s gambling in my life!” my little reader will, no doubt, exclaim. Though it may seem very strange, yet such things often occur. I will relate to you an incident that occurred in my school-boy days, which, perhaps, may bring to your recollection the fact that you have indulged in it yourself. Boys as well as men are frequently found to be gamblers, though, of course, on a much smaller scale.

At the corner of a street in the city of – was a gaming house, kept by a boy not more than twelve years old. It was one of the most beautiful and pleasant places I ever saw, well calculated to entice within its polluted walls the heedless and inconsiderate youth. Here, after school hours, quite a number of boys were accustomed to assemble and spend their evenings.

Passing near the above place one pleasant evening in May, I saw a youth, whom I shall call James Jones, who seemed to be

intently engaged in the issue of a game. He was successful; and when he gathered up the “stakes,” a smile of exulting joy passed over his face. I saw nothing more of James till some eight years after the above occurrence. I was standing in the court-room one morning, when I heard the clerk read out a charge against James Jones for forcibly breaking into the trunk of a certain gentleman, and stealing therefrom the sum of \$500.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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