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See page 20.

WILLY GRAHAM;

OR,

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY

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WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND  
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# WILLY GRAHAM;

OR,

## THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

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MR. and MRS. GRAHAM lived in a beautiful village, on the bank of the very prettiest lake I ever saw. The water of this lake was as clear as crystal, and so deep that it was a very rare thing for it to freeze over; but as the winter of which I am going to tell you was unusually cold, there was more ice on the lake than had been seen

there for many years. There were a great many young men and boys in this village, as there was a college there and several schools. Willy Graham was the only child left to his parents out of a family of five, and of course they cherished him with peculiar care, and his mother was always anxious and uneasy if he was long out of her sight.

One morning Willy came running in to his mother, wrapped up in his coat and tippet and mittens, and his warm fur cap on his head, his handsome face all in a glow; and almost breathless with running, he cried out, "Oh, mother, will you not let me go down on the ice this morning? The lake is covered with

thick ice, for half a mile out, and the students and all the boys in the village are down there skating and sliding."

"No, my son," said his mother, "I cannot let you go. I do not know whether the ice is safe or not, and your father charged me, before he left home, not to allow you to go on the lake at all. Wait till he comes home, and he will go with you and show you where there is ice that is safe. There are plenty of ponds where you can enjoy yourself quite as much as on the lake; besides, Willy, you know you have no skates yet."

"Oh! but mother, I can take my sled down, and the big boys often

take hold of the little boys' sleds and skate with them, and they go like lightning. Come, mother, do let me go."

"No, my son," I know your father would not consent to it; so say no more about it. Once for all, I say you cannot go on the ice, but take your sled and amuse yourself near home."

I am sorry to say that Willy went away looking very cross and muttering to himself; but as his mother had never known him to disobey her, she sat at her sewing perfectly easy about him.

And Willy had no intention of disobeying his mother when he left the house; but he had some

WILLY GRAHAM.

very wicked, sinful thoughts in his heart; and he was angry at his mother, and felt as if she was not so indulgent to him as the parents of the other boys were to their sons. He did not know, and he would then have been shocked to hear, that some little boys were down on the ice without the knowledge, and against the express commands of their parents.

He took his sled and began to ride down a little hill by the side of his father's house, but he soon grew tired of sliding there alone, and he wandered outside the gate, and up the street on the bank of the lake, which was high above the water, dragging his sled after him.



And here he stood and watched the boys who were skating and sliding, and as he heard their merry shouts he wished himself among them, and again he thought it was very hard that he was not allowed to go.

Soon he came to an easy path leading down to the shore of the lake, and he thought he would just go down and take a nearer view of their sports. When he got down there, he stood on the shore so near the ice that he could touch it with his foot, and he thought to himself, "it looks just as firm as the ground I stand on, and why might I not as well be there enjoying myself as standing here alone and looking on."

Just then a group of boys came along very near the shore, some on skates and some on sleds, which the larger boys were drawing after them, and as they came near where Willy was standing, they called out,

“Come, Willy Graham! why do you not come on the ice? Oh, it does go so fine.”

“Oh, I do not know,” answered Willy, with an air of indifference.

“He is afraid,” said one boy.

“No, I am not afraid,” answered Willy.

“Why do you not come then?” said a large, good-natured boy. “Here, give me hold of your rope, Willy, and we will be over there at the store-house in no time.”

“No,” said Willy, putting his hands in his pockets, “I guess I will not go on the ice this morning.” Still afraid of disobeying his mother, and yet disobeying her in his heart all the time, for he was wishing very much to go.

“I know, now,” said an ugly-looking boy, “what is the matter with him; he is afraid of his mother. Before I would be afraid of what a woman says!—What do women know about ice? Is it not just as safe here as where you are? But go home, baby, do; and tie yourself to mother’s apron-strings. Had not some one better carry you, for you might fall down, and then mother would cry!”

The boys all set up a shout of laughter at this foolish attempt at wit, and Willy's feeble resolution gave way before the voice of ridicule. He reddened up, and stepped boldly on to the ice. And here, in the excitement of the scene, he soon forgot how very wickedly he was acting; or if for a moment the thought of his mother crossed his mind, he would drive it away by saying to himself, "Well, if mother was only here, she would see how perfectly safe it is."

And here we will leave Willy on the ice, while we stop for a few minutes and reflect on his conduct, and follow him in his course of disobedience.

Willy was blessed with kind, good parents, who were always willing to indulge him in any innocent gratification. Indeed, so fond were they of this—their only and darling boy—that they would deny themselves any pleasure for the sake of his happiness, and were always laying plans for his amusement. He had been well instructed in his duty, and had been taught many lessons on the sin of disobedience. Besides, he knew very well that his parents never refused him any thing without having just and wise reasons for doing so, and that they always had his good in view, in every thing they did in regard to him.

You see Willy's first step in disobedience was taken when he rebelled in his heart against his mother's commands, and, instead of trying to see how reasonable they were, he made himself believe they were unjust, and that his mother was very unkind to him. Then when he walked along the bank of the lake, he might have known, if he had stopped to reflect, that if he went down to the shore, the temptation to go on the ice would be stronger, and harder to resist, than if he remained high on the bank where the other boys would not perceive him, or if they did, they could not speak to him.

But he took his second step in

disobedience when he descended the hill ; and this only prepared the way for the third, for his resolution was so weakened by yielding so far as it had done, that he could not resist the laughter of a few wicked boys.

And here I would say to children, never be afraid to stand up for the right. It is a noble sight to see a child or a man speak out boldly for the side of truth, in the presence of those who are trying to cast contempt upon it. You will be respected and loved the more for it among the good. Yes, and you will be honoured the more even among the wicked, though they may laugh at you, and try, by ridicule, to draw

you from the path of duty. Yet those very persons will take your word and your advice, if you always take your stand on the side of truth and right, while they will shun the counsel of those who have gone hand and hand with them, in sin.

Mrs. Graham sat at her sewing for an hour or two, never dreaming of her little boy's disobedience, but ever mindful of his happiness; she was wondering what his father would bring him on his return home.

At length she began to think it was time for Willy to come in, and as one half hour after another went by and he did not come, she soon began to feel uneasy, for it was very



unusual for him to stay away from home so long at a time.

Presently the door opened, and in ran Willy as pale as death, and threw himself on his knees before his mother. "Oh, mother, dear mother," said he, "I have disobeyed you, I have been on the ice;" and as he saw the amazed and grieved expression of his mother's face, and that she was about to speak, he cried, "Do not speak to me, mother, do not say one word, please, till I tell you all, and then you may punish me just as severely as you like."

Willy then told in a hasty manner, and without attempting to conceal or excuse any part of his fault, the whole story of his disobedience.

“But, oh, dear mother,” said he, “you were right about the ice, as you always are about every thing; and I have seen the most dreadful sight! Oh, I shall never, never forget it. As we were all sliding about, I noticed that two of the students went far out beyond the rest, and so far, that it seemed as if they were skating on the smooth water, the ice was so perfectly clear; one of them was a kind, pleasant-looking young gentleman, who had been drawing my sled for me part of the time.

“Well, after a while they started to come in, and I did not notice them any more till I heard—oh, such dreadful screams! and looking

at the place where they had been, one of the young men had disappeared, while the other was shouting and waving his cap, and the boys in all directions were hurrying to the spot. The boy who was drawing my sled started and ran there too, dragging me after him; and when we got near the place, we saw the same young man, who I told you had been drawing me, struggling in the water and trying to climb up on the ice. Oh, mother, what a sight it was! The ice about him was very thin, and as he pressed his hands upon the edge it crumbled away, and none of the young men could get near enough to take hold of him, for the

ice was cracking under their feet. Some of them lay down and threw him one end of their handkerchiefs, and at last he managed to stand up on the ice; then the boys all gave a great shout, for they thought he was safe, but he broke through again in a minute, and, mother, I shall never forget the look of his face as he went down that last time. I suppose he was so cold and stiff that he could not do much to save himself that time, for he soon sunk back and went down slowly in the cold water.

“Some of the young men ran to the shore for assistance, and all the time they were gone we could see him through the clear ice and

water, lying there stiff and cold. One of his friends tried to dive under the ice for him, but the water was so cold he could not stay in it, and his clothes were frozen stiff on him as soon as he came out. Some people came out from the shore with a boat and some grappling-hooks, and they pushed the boat into the water, and soon brought up the poor young man's body. They took off their over-coats and wrapped him up in them, and brought him in, and took him into Mr. White's, and the doctors are there now trying to bring him to life; but he was stone, stone dead, long ago." And Willy laid his head in his mother's

lap, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

His mother laid her hand on his head, but she did not speak, for her own heart was full, and she thought she would leave Willy to his own reflections for a while.

At last he raised his head, and said, "Mother, I think I should have told you how wicked I had been in disobeying you, even if this had not happened, for I should never have felt easy till you knew all and had forgiven me."

His mother stooped down and kissed his forehead, and said, "I do forgive you, my son, because I believe you are sincerely sorry for your fault. But there is another

against whom you have sinned, and who has spared your life in the midst of danger, and while you were breaking one of his commandments, which tells you to honour and obey your parents. Let us kneel, my son, and pray to God to forgive you, too." And while they prayed, Willy made the resolution that, with God's help, he would never behave so wickedly again.

"And now, mother," said he, "please promise me one thing; do not tell father about this, when he comes home. Pray, say you will not."

"I am very sorry, Willy," his mother began, "that you wish to conceal this from your father."

“Oh, mother,” interrupted Willy. “I did not mean that. I do not wish to conceal it from father; but I want to tell him all about it myself; for it almost breaks my heart to have you forgive me so kindly, when I have been such a very wicked boy.”

“I forgive you, my son, because I thought you were heartily sorry for your sin, and because I thought the circumstances of it were so impressed upon your mind by the solemn and awful scene you have witnessed to-day, that you would never forget it.”

The parents of the unfortunate young man who was drowned lived in a town about twenty miles from



the place where the accident happened, and the next morning, at ten o'clock, the college-bell tolled, and the procession started which was to convey his remains to his distressed family. The students followed, walking two and two with crape on their arms, all looking sad and serious; and in this manner, they accompanied the body of their deceased friend some distance from the village.

Willy stood at the window, by his mother, and watched the mournful procession as it slowly passed, and, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, he said, "I can scarcely believe, mother, that I saw the young man so full of life and health

on the ice yesterday morning, at this time."

"And," said his mother, "it is probable that he no more supposed then that in an hour's time his soul would be in eternity, than you now anticipate the same sudden end for yourself. Truly, 'in the midst of life we are in death,' and how foolish are those who put off the day of repentance to a more 'convenient season;' when they 'know not what a day, or an hour may bring forth,' for the thread of life is so brittle that it may be snapped asunder at any moment."

That evening Willy's father came home; and as his trunks were brought into the house, he said to

the man who brought them, "Take care of that box! There are some things in it that I have brought with great care, and if they should be broken my little Willy here would feel very badly. But what is the matter, my boy? Are you not well, or not glad to see me, or what is it troubles my son?"

"Oh, father," said Willy, "I have got something to tell you that will make you feel very sad. I do not deserve any presents. I deserve only punishment, for I have been a wicked, disobedient boy."

"This is sad news, my son, but come to me and let me hear all about it."

Mrs. Graham left the room, and

Willy told his father the whole story, just as he had told it to his mother. When he got through, his father said, "I cannot say, my dear boy, that I am not deeply grieved to hear of your misconduct. And oh! I shudder to think in what danger my darling boy has been. Think, my son, what if that young man had gone down to his watery grave while holding the rope of your sled, and had drawn you with him! What tidings for your poor father to hear, on his return home, that his little boy had died such a dreadful death; and how much more severe the trial would have been, if he had been told that it was while that son was engaged in

an act of direct disobedience to the commands of his mother. But I will punish you no more, my boy; for I think you have suffered enough, but hoping that this will be the very last act of disobedience of your life, I will forgive it."

"Oh! but I can never forget these two days, dear father, as long as I live," sobbed Willy. "It seems as if I should always see before me the face of that poor young man, and hear those dreadful screams. And whenever I think of them, I remember how it was that I happened to be there, and I know that if ever, in the course of my life, I am tempted to disobey you or mother again, I shall think of that

dreadful scene. And I shall feel as if your commands were right and just, even though I may not understand your reasons."

"You remind me, Willy," said his father, "of an ungrateful man I once knew. Listen while I tell you his story. He ought to have been a happy and a grateful man, for he was surrounded with comforts; prospered in all his worldly undertakings; had an affectionate wife and lovely children, and was one whom his neighbours envied as having all that heart could wish. But he gave not God the glory, nor looked to him as the author of his mercies; but day and night he was busy making plans for acquiring

more wealth, and he lay down and rose up without one word of prayer or thanksgiving to his Maker.

“At last death entered his family, and his lovely little ones were taken from him one by one, until he had followed four of them to the grave. But his heart rebelled, and was filled with wicked and ungrateful thoughts, and he said within himself that God was unjust to him, and had no right to take his children from him.

“Then the Lord laid his hand upon his wealth, and it seemed to ‘take to itself wings and fly away,’ and the man murmured still more, and felt as if he were most cruelly and unjustly treated. At last God

saw fit to prostrate him with distressing sickness, and day and night, for weeks and weeks, he suffered agonizing pain.

“At length one day, as he was recovering but was still weak and petulant, he began to remember what he had heard about the story of Job, and to think that his afflictions were equal to those of that sorely tried man. And he called for a Bible, and finding the book of Job, he read of his many and grievous afflictions, and he could not but admit that his own were light in comparison. And reading on, he was amazed at the man’s patience and submission, when he saw that in the midst of his deepest



trials he exclaimed, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him.' He was led at last to humble himself in the dust, and to feel that God gave his blessings, and that he had a perfect right to take them away, at any time, and in any manner he saw fit. He mourned over his ingratitude and rebellion, and felt that he had not suffered half he deserved; and that if all his other earthly comforts were to be taken from him at a stroke, it would become him to bow submissively to the hand that smote him.

"It pleased the Lord to restore him to health, and again to prosper him in his worldly business, and his wife and one darling son are

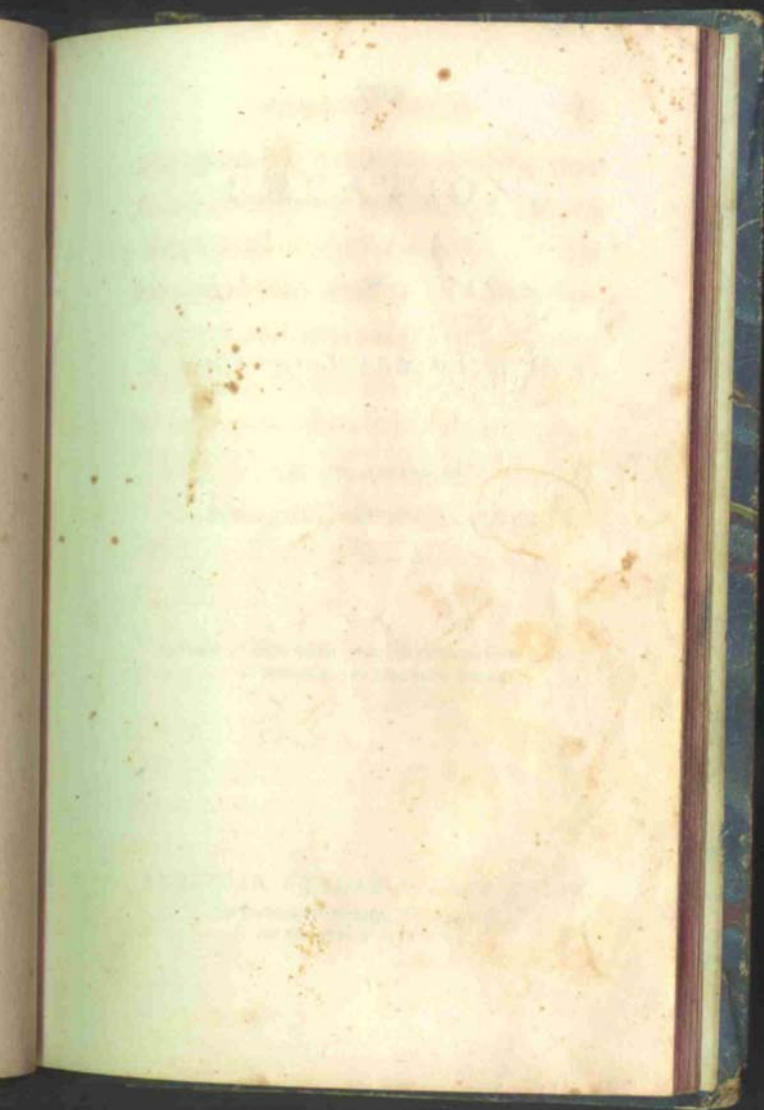
left him ; and oh," said Mr. Graham, throwing his arms around Willy, "his dearest hope is that that son may become a good and useful man ; and he would esteem it the hardest of all his trials, if he should grow up to be wicked and disobedient."

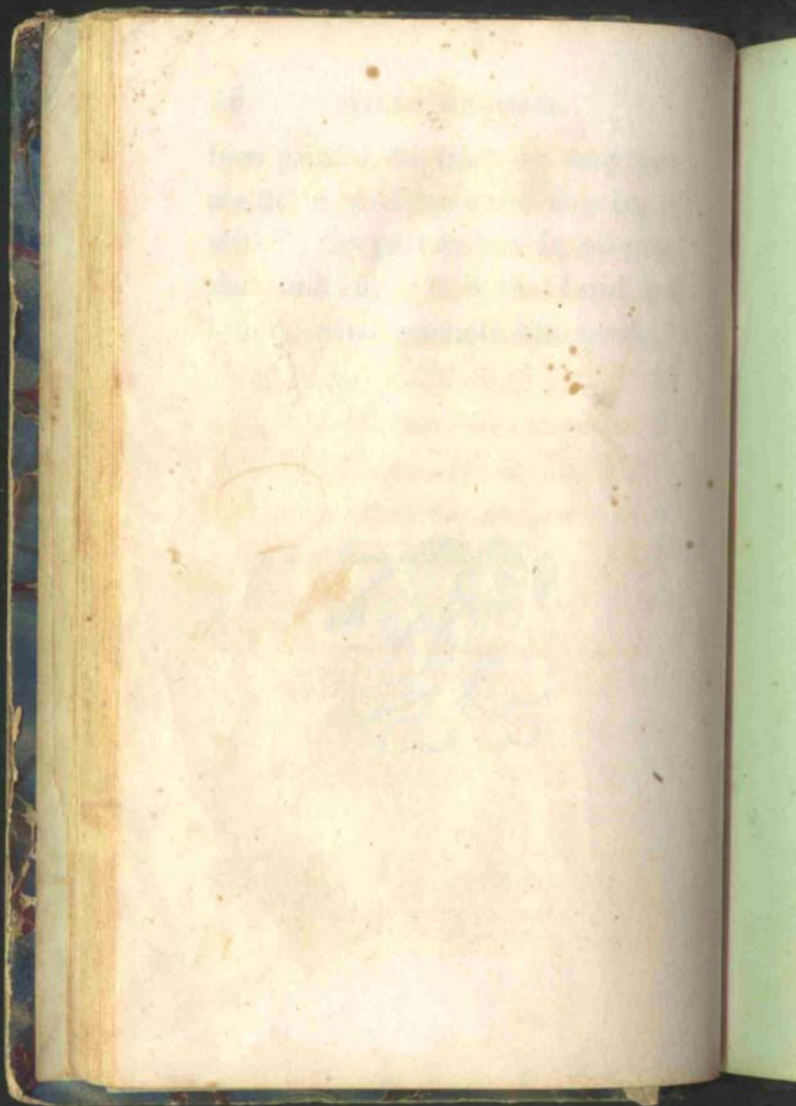
"Father," said Willy, looking up in his face, "you have been telling me about yourself!"

"Yes, my son, I have, and I feel towards my heavenly Father as you said a little while since you felt towards your earthly parents. I know that whatever he orders for me is just and right, whether he condescends to show me the reasons for it or not ; and that no matter

how painful the trials he may yet see fit to send upon me may be, it will be my part to bow in submission, and say, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.'"







THE  
CREATION,

OR,

A MORNING WALK WITH ANNA

BY THE AUTHOR OF

JESUS, THE CHILD'S EXAMPLE.

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REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION OF THE  
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ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by  
HERMAN COPE, Treasurer, in trust for the American Sunday-  
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STEREOTYPED BY  
L. JOHNSON, PHILADELPHIA.

# CREATION,

OR,

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### PART THE FIRST.

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#### LESSONS FROM NATURE.

ANNA! awake, the morning-star  
Has faded in the East afar :  
It came to usher in the day,  
And now it melts in light away.  
A few short hours have passed us by  
Since stars bespangled all the sky ;  
Then rose the moon, like some fair queen,  
Shedding new beauty o'er the scene :  
In brightness, as she moved along,  
Her lustre dimmed the twinkling throng ;



And, now, *she* veils her silver face,  
And to the sun resigns her place.

How sweet, my Anna, is the light!  
The sun, how pleasant to the sight!  
But sweeter—fairer—brighter far,  
JESUS, the glorious Morning-Star,  
The Sun of Righteousness, who brings  
Light, life, and healing on his wings.  
Gladly our opening eyes survey  
The beauties of returning day;  
Oh! let not then our hearts forget  
That Sun which rose no more to set.  
Once to our guilty world He came  
To bear our sorrow, sin, and shame;  
Left his eternal glorious throne,  
That rebels, by themselves undone,  
Might have their many sins forgiven,  
And learn the way to peace and heaven.

Then did the clouds of anguish roll,  
Like shades of evening, round his soul,  
Till death came on, like starless night,  
And for a season quenched his light.  
But, see! He rises from the tomb,  
As breaks the morn on nature's gloom,  
And sends his glorious truth abroad,  
To lead our wandering souls to God.

Anna! God did not make the day  
That we might waste its hours away  
In needless slumbering on our bed,  
Till morning's precious hours are fled.  
See how the dreamy sluggard lies  
Upon his couch, and hates to rise;  
He folds his hands upon his breast,  
And begs a little longer rest:  
The sunbeams meet his eyes in vain,  
He turns away, and sleeps again.

I passed beside a field, and found  
Its fence was broken to the ground :  
With weeds and thorns 'twas overgrown ;  
The sluggard called that field his own.

But never let the sluggard's shame  
Be joined, dear Anna, with your name.  
Arise ! Arise ! and come away ;  
Enjoy the lovely light of day :  
Come, for this mild, refreshing hour  
Invites us forth. The opening flower  
Looks fairest in its morning dress ;  
And all the scene is loveliness.  
The winter of the year has past,  
No longer howls the stormy blast :  
The clouds their snowy showers restrain,  
The trees put forth their leaves again.  
Hark ! 'tis the ringdove's plaintive sound  
The birds are singing gayly round :

The distant cuckoo's note I hear  
The thrush and redbreast wa ble near :  
All seem with general voice to say,  
"Arise! Arise! and come away."

Upon the distant mountain's head  
The morning mist is thinly spread  
Soon the ascending sun shall chase  
That lingering mist from nature's face.  
But see! just where the hill and sky  
Appear to meet, you may descry  
A brilliant belt—red, yellow, blue,  
With every other blended hue :  
It is the rainbow—peaceful sign,  
Seal of a covenant divine.

When once God's righteous anger hurled  
Destruction on a guilty world,  
And bade a flood of waters roll  
O'er the wide earth, from pole to pole ;

Noah alone, of all his race,  
In the Creator's eyes found grace.  
While millions perished in their sin,  
He and his family, within  
The sacred ark, by God enclosed,  
Beneath his tender care reposed,  
And floated safely on the tide  
That came with death to all beside.  
Then, when again the ground was dry,  
And bloomed beneath a sunny sky,  
Noah, at God's command, went forth,  
Lord of the solitary earth:  
And while he bade to heaven arise  
The flame of grateful sacrifice,  
God bent a condescending ear,  
His servant's prayer and praise to hear  
He set that graceful arch we see  
Within the teeming cloud, to be

From him a sure and lasting token  
Of promise never to be broken :  
That He would not command again  
A flood to punish guilty men :  
That, while the earth should still abide,  
Its seed-time, and its harvest-tide,  
And summer, with its golden glow,  
And winter, with its fields of snow,  
And day, when man to labour hies,  
And night, when slumber seals his eyes,  
In ceaseless courses should appear,  
To mark and bless the circling year.  
O! let us praise our God above ;  
His name is Truth, as well as Love ;  
One single word has never failed  
Of all that early promise sealed.  
Still does the rainbow's radiant form  
Shine bright upon the passing storm ;

Still do the seasons roll away,  
And still the night gives place to day ;  
Our bread from him is still secure,  
And water, from his hand, is sure ;  
Yea and amen, in Christ the Lord,  
Is every promise of His word ;  
Not those alone to Noah given,  
But, better far, laid up in heaven.  
The rainbow, round about the throne  
Of God, the Great Eternal One,  
Shows forth the covenant of grace,  
Which Jesus sealed for Adam's race :  
There justice, mercy, truth unite  
Like variegated rays of light :  
A sign that shall forever last,  
That God's avenging wrath is past  
From all who humbly trust His word,  
And seek Him through their dying Lord

Christ did that fearful flood control,  
That else had swept the sinner's soul  
To realms of never-ending pain,  
Where mercy ne'er shall speak again.  
His blessed gospel now supplies  
The ark in which our safety lies ;  
His everlasting love and care  
Will a new heaven and earth prepare,  
Where full, unceasing joy shall bless  
The chosen heirs of righteousness.

Now, forth we speed through pathways  
wild,  
O'er rocks in rude disorder piled,  
By sheep-walks, where the yellow  
thorn  
Gives out its perfume to the morn.  
See! how the spider here has plied  
His busy task on every side,



Until the gossamer is spread  
Across the very path we tread ;  
What skill and industry combine  
These slender threads to inter-twine !  
Perhaps even here the youthful mind  
Instruction for itself may find ;  
Learn to redeem the passing time,  
And feel that idleness is crime.

Before the dawn the insect spreads  
On every bush his shining threads,  
Unwearied, hour by hour, toils on,  
Nor ceases till his task is done.  
But, ah ! how often do we find  
The work that God to man assigned  
Forgotten by the young and gay,  
Till life's fair morn has passed away.  
He promises eternal peace  
To those who early seek his face :

But they, unheeding, seek their joys  
In pleasures vain as childhood's toys,  
And will not leave the path of sin,  
Eternal blessedness to win.

O, let your heart, submissive, learn,  
Nor even an insect's teaching spurn;

He whispers wisdom in your ear:

Hear, Anna! You have ears to hear.

Remember your Creator now,

While youth is smiling on your brow,

To Jesus, your Redeemer, bring

Your heart, an early offering:

He gives you all that you enjoy;

For him your time, your thoughts employ,

His love your future way shall guide,

And every blessing shall provide.

Come, now! another path we'll take,

And wander through this hawthorn brake

Where dew-drops on each spray appear,  
Like scattered diamonds, bright and clear  
What beauties does the morn display,  
What health the early breeze convey ;  
How fresh the country air, how sweet  
Primrose and cowslip at our feet ;  
How clear the skylark's swelling song,  
That greets us as we roam along !  
On gladsome wing he seems to rise  
With earth's thank-offering to the skies  
And shall not we, dear Anna, raise  
Our voices too, in songs of praise ?  
We laid us down and slept—we rose ;  
The Lord has watched our calm repose ,  
His eye, that slumbered not, nor slept,  
Our helpless hours in safety kept,  
His hand sustained our feeble frame ;  
Let thankful praise address his name.

O! 'tis a good and pleasant thing  
With grateful hearts his praise to sing  
At morn, his kindness to declare;  
By night, to rest beneath his care:  
Yet man from his rebellious heart  
Desires his Maker to depart;  
Enjoys the bounty he bestows,  
Forgets the hand from which it flows;  
And lives and dies a stranger still  
To God, and his most holy will.  
And, could regret or pain be known  
To saints, before the Saviour's throne,  
Even they would find sad thoughts arise,  
Till tears of grief would fill their eyes,  
To think that while he spared them here  
They knew so little of his fear;  
So little loved to speak his praise,  
So quick to wander from his ways;

So oft with thankless hearts were found,  
While showers of blessings fell around.

O'er ours, as o'er a favoured land,  
The Lord has stretched his bounteous hand,  
And scattered mercies far and wide,  
With every moment multiplied.

No beasts of prey are prowling here ;  
No earthquake shakes our hearts with fea ;  
No Siroc's pestilential breath  
Sends o'er our fields the cry of death ;  
No wild volcano, flaming high,  
Glares red upon the midnight sky.

Ours is a healthful clime—a soil  
That well repays our care and toil :  
True, there are regions far away,  
Where summer makes a longer stay ;  
And clearer suns are shining there ;  
And softer floats the balmy air ,

And fruits more rich and flowers more  
bright

In varied ways the sense delight.

Well, let them keep their skies of blue ;

They have their wants and trials too ;

Their fruits, their flowers we covet not,

But bless the land that fixed our  
lot.

Contentment, Anna, is a feast

The poorest in the land may taste :

And well may they, to whom the Lord

Has given the blessing of his word ;

Who in its sacred pages read,

God will supply their utmost need,

That He his best Beloved gave

Their souls from misery to save :

And sends his Spirit to the heart,

A holy nature to impart :

O! well may they contented rest  
On such a tender Father's breast,  
Assured that He will freely grant  
All other blessings that they want.  
They ask not to be richly fed,  
But thank him for their daily bread ;  
And sweet a meal of herbs will prove,  
When Christ unites their hearts in love  
But, ah! what vile returns we give  
To him in whom we move and live!  
When to the land's remotest bound  
Shall songs of holy mirth resound?  
When shall our mountain-glens rejoice  
To hear the Saviour's gracious voice:  
And when our vales, with verdure clad,  
List to the gospel and be glad?  
That time shall come—nor distant far,  
Perhaps, those days of blessing are,—

When superstition's sable night  
Shall yield to truth's convincing light:  
The blind no longer lead the blind,  
Till both one dreadful ruin find:  
The Bible, freely spread abroad,  
Shall tell the wondrous love of God:  
Praise and salvation, hand in hand,  
Shall walk the borders of our land.

We'll mount this rugged pathway now,  
To yonder cliff, with beetling brow;  
And, from the objects we discern,  
Perhaps some lessons we may learn.  
Tis toilsome work to climb a hill;  
Yet it is pleasant toiling still,—  
Seeing at every step we tread  
The prospect wide and wider spread.  
How easy downward now to go,  
And reach the level plain below;



But swamps and pits beneath us lie,  
And heedless if we rush, we die.  
So, Anna, shrinks the awakened mind,  
When bent a heavenly home to find.  
By nature all are gone astray,  
They choose and love the downward way  
Until the Holy Spirit's power  
Arrests their steps in danger's hour,  
And bids them turn, and fly the path  
That ends in everlasting wrath.  
Then, when the Lord has led their feet  
To wisdom's ways, the toil is sweet.  
Sometimes, perhaps, they strive with pain  
The longed-for resting-place to gain ;  
But, in themselves, though weak and blind  
Hope, strength, and light in Christ they find  
At every rising step they see  
More plain a blessed eternity.

Shuddering they turn, and mark beneath  
The pit of misery and death,  
Near which their heedless steps had trod,  
Till mercy brought them back to God.  
Then, upward as they lift their eyes,  
They see their mansion in the skies,  
And press the more, with eager feet,  
The Saviour's coming day to meet,  
When sin its tyranny shall cease,  
And all be purity and peace.

Now, from the summit, see how wide  
The view extends on every side;  
Beneath us lies a sunny vale,  
Protected from the winter's gale  
By lofty hills, encircling round  
That little spot of quiet ground.  
So does the Lord surrounding stand,  
To guard his people with his hand;

Under his shadow safe they rest,  
No storms their happy souls molest.

Far off the river winds its way,  
And dances in the light of day,  
While on its banks the trees are seen,  
Clad in a dress of cheerful green.

So the bright streams of grace and love  
Flow from the throne of God above,  
To cheer his children as they go  
Along their pilgrimage below ;  
Till, all their cares and trials past,  
They reach their Father's house at last

Thus, Anna, every thing we see  
A lesson reads to you and me :  
So David, Judah's pious king,  
Jehovah's praises learned to sing ;  
And when, in youth, he kept his flock  
A noon beneath the sheltering rock ;

Or led them forth to tender grass,  
Where quiet streams of water pass;  
Or sought them when they went astray,  
Or chased the threatening beast of prey:  
He thought of that redeeming God  
Who led him with his staff and rod;  
And learned to trust the love and power  
That kept him every passing hour.  
Thus may we learn to fix our trust  
On him who made us of the dust,  
Who never will his promise break,  
Nor his own purchased flock forsake.  
O! why should earthly cares distress  
Those whom the Lord has deigned to bless?  
Behold the birds that mount in air,  
No winter store-house they prepare;  
But God himself stoops down to give  
The needful food by which they live.

Behold the lilies of the field :  
Mark well the lesson which they yield :  
They spin not, neither toil with pain  
A splendid garment to obtain ;  
Yet, with the glorious robes they wear  
E'en Solomon's could not compare.  
If God bestows such bright array  
On flowers that wither in a day ;  
If, from his dwelling-place on high,  
He feeds the ravens when they cry,  
Can He look down on us, and yet  
Our food and raiment quite forget ?

Our Father knows what things we need,  
Ere from our lips our prayers proceed .  
More than an earthly father's heart  
Delights a blessing to impart  
To the dear children of his care,  
Does God regard his people's prayer,

If first his Spirit's power they seek,  
To make them loving, pure and meek.  
Ask Him his kingdom to extend  
Far as the earth's remotest end;  
He will fulfil our heart's desire,  
And add all else our wants require.  
O! who is like the God of grace,  
Filling the high and holy place,  
Yet looking from his throne of bliss  
Upon a world so low as this?  
The hand that spread the starry sky  
Preserves the sparrows as they fly:  
And He, who spans the earth we tread,  
Counts every hair that clothes the head.

## CREATION.

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### PART THE SECOND.

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#### THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE.

BEFORE this world in air was hung,  
Or morning stars its birth-day sung,  
Or angels' tongues were formed to raise  
The everlasting song of praise ;  
The God whose wondrous works we see  
Filled his own vast immensity.  
He needed none to make him blest,  
Who all things, in himself, possessed :  
Infinite power, and wisdom too ;  
And goodness, which no limit knew ;

And knowledge, boundless as the space  
That forms his lasting dwelling-place.  
Such was our God, ere time began ;  
Such when He first created man ;  
And, thanks to his most holy name,  
Our God forever is the same.  
By passing seasons unconfined,  
All time is present to his mind :  
A thousand years before his sight  
Are as a day in speedy flight :  
A single day to him appears  
As vast as does a thousand years.  
Far plainer than the human eye  
This vast creation can descry,  
Does He behold the thoughts that rest  
Within the silence of the breast.  
In vain we seek from him to hide ;  
He walks our every path beside :



Our rising up, our lying down,  
Our secret ways to him are known:  
We cannot find that lonely spot,  
In heaven or earth, where he is not.  
But what created tongue can tell  
The glories that around him dwell?  
Who, asking, needing help from none,  
Speaks but the word—and it is done:  
Commands a universe to be,  
And worlds arise at his decree.  
The angels that surround his throne  
While his creating hand they own,  
While his good pleasure they obey,  
And love his wonders to survey,—  
See but a portion of his ways,  
And veil their faces while they praise.  
How then should man, a worm of earth,  
Frail as an insect from his birth,

Pretend with sinful lips to show  
What angel-minds but darkly know?

Yet in his handywork we trace,  
Faintly, our Maker's power and grace.  
This spacious world he called from nought,  
And into form and beauty wrought,  
When first, by light and life uncheered,  
A shapeless mass the earth appeared:  
Then, moving o'er the waters' face,  
God's Spirit bade confusion cease:  
He spake the mighty word, and said,  
"Let there be light,"—and darkness fled:  
And evening, with its softened ray,  
And brighter morning, marked the day.  
He spread the firmament on high,  
And tinged with blue the circling sky  
He bade the wide-spread waters flow  
In ocean's bed—"and it was so;"

While from the deep, at his command,  
Arose the dry and fruitful land.

Then o'er the new-born earth was seen  
A robe of bright, refreshing green ;  
And herbs and flowers adorned the ground,  
And blushing fruits were ripening round,  
Each bearing deep within its breast  
A seed distinct from all the rest,  
Which future seasons might behold  
In many a waving tree unfold.

Then God lit up the azure sky,  
And set those glorious orbs on high :  
The sun he bade to rule the day ;  
The moon by night to point the way ;  
And bright, unnumbered stars to glow  
O'er the wide heaven—"and it was so."  
For signs, for seasons, days and years,  
Each in the firmament appears ;

To rule the day, or rule the night,  
And darkness to divide from light.

Now through the deep and crystal tide  
He bade the finny tribes to glide :  
Great whales upon that day He made,  
And lesser creatures round them played :  
And feathered fowls of every kind  
Spread forth their pinions on the wind.

Five times the gentle evening ray,  
And morning dawn, had marked the day,  
And we may think how angel eyes  
Looked from their glory in the skies,  
While they admired the power and skill  
That wrought the great Creator's will ;  
And waited till the Hand Divine  
Had finished all his vast design.  
But, see ! another morning spread  
Like gold upon the mountain's head ;

The birds, uprising on the wing,  
Seemed the Creator's praise to sing,  
The first of earthly things that found  
A voice, to tell his goodness round.

Now, God commanded, and the earth  
Gave other living creatures birth:  
Cattle, and beast, and creeping things;  
And insects with their painted wings;  
The lion gently shook his mane;  
The tiger peaceful walked the plain;  
The horse, with arched and glossy neck  
That felt not yet the rider's check,  
Beside them pranced, devoid of fear;  
And kid and lambkin gambolled near:  
The cow and bear, in peace agreed,  
Lay down to rest, or rose to feed;  
While, near them, in the shady brake,  
Uncoiled his length the harmless snake;

The hum of bees was on the air ;  
The butterfly was sporting there :  
And all, with one united voice,  
Seemed in existence to rejoice.  
And yet, one voice was wanting still,  
The song of general joy to fill.  
'Tis true, the very earth we tread,  
The shining heavens above our head,  
The clouds, the sea, the hills, the air,  
All, all their Maker's name declare ;  
But lifeless things can never know  
The wondrous wisdom which they show ;  
And birds and beasts, though on his power  
They hang for life from hour to hour,  
Possess not minds to think or feel,  
Nor speech, their feelings to reveal.  
They know they live, their life enjoy ;  
The powers God gave them they employ ;

Their Maker's pleasure they fulfil,  
Unconscious of his love and skill:  
Then, without hope or fear, they die,  
And in the dust forgotten lie.

But now his noblest work began:  
Jehovah said, "Let us make man:"  
And God created man to be  
An image of the Deity;  
In body upright, and in mind  
To no one evil thing inclined.  
He planted reason in his breast;  
With holiness his soul impressed;  
Gave him a heart his God to love.  
A will to seek the things above;  
Poured on his path the richest grace,  
The shinings of his Maker's face;  
And bade his noblest powers unite  
To praise the Lord of life and light.

Thus, perfect from the forming hand,  
God bade him have supreme command  
O'er all the tribes of fish that glide  
Within their home of waters wide :  
O'er every fowl of every wing ;  
O'er cattle, and o'er creeping thing :  
O'er the whole earth, with one accord,  
He bade all creatures own him lord.

As yet, no cloud upon the plain  
Had poured its soft, refreshing rain ;  
But from the earth a silent dew  
Arose, and watered all that grew ;  
No hand of man had yet been found  
To dress the plants, or till the ground,  
God asked no creature's power to aid,  
When He this world of beauty made ;  
When boundless skill and love combined  
To make a dwelling for mankind.



Eastward in Eden's pleasant land  
A garden sprung beneath his hand :  
All things that to the sight are fair,  
Or good for food, God planted there :  
There rose the tree of life to view ;  
And there the tree of knowledge grew  
The weeds, which now our grounds deface,  
In Eden's garden had no place ,  
No thistle reared its purple head,  
Usurper o'er the lilies' bed ;  
Nor tangling thorn might interpose  
To hide the bright and blushing rose ;  
No blighting wind poured forth its breath,  
And chilled the early buds to death :  
Nor scorching sun, in noon-tide power,  
Killed with its beams the opening flower.  
A broad, majestic river wound  
Its way through Eden's fertile ground ;

From thence it parted, and became  
Four streams, distinct in course and name.  
Directed by their Maker's hand,  
They watered many a fruitful land.  
And one its mighty current rolled  
O'er hidden heaps of yellow gold,  
By men in after years dug forth  
From the deep bowels of the earth,—  
Bringing that shining dust to view  
Which thousands with such haste pursue:  
They will not pause to count the cost,  
Till their immortal souls are lost.

But Eden's blessedness and peace  
No golden treasures could increase;  
The smile of Heaven was on the spot;  
What misers love it needed not.

O! would our senseless hearts but know  
The joy God's presence can bestow,—

The pleasures that are kept in store,  
At his right hand for evermore,  
For those who walk before him here  
In faith, and love, and holy fear;  
Who, by his power and grace renewed,  
Have had their stubborn hearts subdued  
Washed in the blood that frees from sin  
And Christ's pure image stamped within,  
Who, glorying in the Saviour's cross,  
Count all beside but worthless dross;  
With strong, unshaken faith rely  
On him to save and justify;  
Trust in his righteousness alone,  
And plead it at the Father's throne.  
Would we but know the peace and rest  
With which the child of God is blest,  
Not gold, nor all the splendid things  
That glitter in the courts of kings,

Could win our longing souls to stay  
Without his love a single day.

'Twas in this garden of delight,  
Where all was blooming, all was bright,  
By His own hand so richly graced,  
His noblest work Jehovah placed ;  
To dress it, and to keep the soil,  
For sweet employment, not for toil.  
The day in which his life began,  
God called him "Adam," or, "the Man."  
The earth, with all that it contained,  
Was his, entire and unrestrained ;  
All that his wants could e'er require,  
All that his heart could e'er desire,  
God gave him with a liberal hand,  
And only added one command :—  
Through all the garden he was free  
To eat the fruit of every tree :

That tree within the midst alone,  
By which were good and evil known,—  
Untasted he must pass it by ;  
For, if he ate it, he should die.

Behold! the first of human race,  
Rich in his Maker's love and grace,  
Created lord of all he saw,  
And all things subject to his law :  
The beasts, the birds, their master knew,  
And fearless to his presence drew ;  
Led by the hand of God, they came,  
And Adam called them each by name.  
But, in the various tribes around,  
For him was no companion found ;  
One that might aid his voice to bless  
The Author of his happiness :  
And ev'n the father of mankind  
Might feel some loneliness of mind,

As round the earth he gazed, and there  
Saw none who could his feelings share  
The faithful dog, that runs to meet  
His master's steps, and licks his feet,  
May love him with a love as true  
As earthly creature ever knew ;  
But cannot help his soul to rise  
And hold communion with the skies,  
Or join the strain his lips would sing  
Of praise to heaven's Eternal King.

I need not to my Anna tell,—  
Because I'm sure she knows it well,  
How all our pleasures sweeter prove  
When they are shared with those we love ;  
When some dear friend is by our side,  
To whom we may our thoughts confide  
And to whose listening ear reveal  
The gladness that our spirits feel.

How often, on some lovely day,  
Your heart has seemed to spring away,  
As if 'twould borrow wings to fly,  
Mount with the birds that warbled nigh,  
And sing with them your pleasant song,  
While floating on the air along.

The sky has never seemed to you  
To wear so pure, so soft a blue ;  
So bright the sun has never been ;  
The fields were never half so green ;  
All nature seemed in beauty clad,  
As if attired to make you glad :  
Yet, 'twas not sky, nor sun, nor flower,  
That made so bright the passing hour ;  
'Twas some kind voice, or smile as kind,  
That poured such gladness o'er your mind,  
And bade your lively feelings draw  
Delight from every thing you saw

But, if no loved Mamma were near,  
The story of your joy to hear ;  
No dear Papa beside you walked,  
And listened while his Anna talked ;  
No young companion with you played,  
Or through the groves and meadows strayed ;  
No friend beheld your harmless glee  
With sweet affection's sympathy ;  
As fair might be the summer day,  
And nature dressed in hues as gay,  
Yet, with a sigh, your lips would own  
'Twas very sad to be alone.

Our God is love ; our God is wise ;  
Our wants lie open to his eyes ;  
More than our feeble tongues express  
He knows, and kindly waits to bless.  
No weariness had Adam known,  
When first in sleep he laid him down



But God had caused his eyes to close  
In quiet and in deep repose,  
And, while in peaceful rest he lay,  
Unfelt, he took from him away  
A rib—and of the rib he wrought  
A woman, and to Adam brought.  
Adam beheld, with glad surprise,  
This precious gift before his eyes;  
Woman shall be her name, he said,  
Because from man she has been made;  
Father and mother man shall leave  
For her, and to his wife shall cleave;  
They, two, shall still be one in heart,  
And never from each other part.

Then God looked from his heavenly seat  
And saw his beauteous work complete,  
Declared it good before his sight  
Who always speaks and judges right.

And evening's mild and softened ray  
Closed in the sixth creating day.

Another morning rose to bless  
The earth in perfect loveliness ;  
Beheld the new-created pair  
The bounties of a Father share,  
Yet in his love rejoicing more  
Than in the world's abundant store.  
The seventh day God named and blessed,  
To be a day of sacred rest ;  
That, as he ceased his work to do,  
So man might rest from labour too,  
And, laying earthly things aside,  
With him might spend the Sabbath-tide.  
Age after age has passed since first  
That hallowed morn on Eden burst,  
And still we hail one day in seven,  
Season of rest, in mercy given ;

Sign of our Maker's early love,  
And foretaste of a rest above.

And pleasant is the hope of rest  
To weary souls, by sin oppressed ;  
And freely is it given to all  
Who Jesus their Redeemer call.  
When on the Lord's returning day  
To Zion's courts they bend their way  
With his assembled saints to meet,  
And join in worship at his feet,—  
Then faith looks back to Joseph's cave,  
To see the Saviour burst the grave ;  
An earnest that they too shall rise,  
And meet him glorious in the skies :  
This blessed hope sustains their souls,  
When wave on wave of trouble rolls ;  
And keeps their minds in patience here,  
Till their Beloved shall appear.

But where is Eden now? and where  
The heavenly peace that rested there?  
Her fruits, indeed, and flowers remain,  
But raised with weariness and pain;  
While thorns and thistles fill the soil,  
And seem to mock the labourer's toil,  
Man eats his daily bread with tears,  
And wastes his life with cares and fears,  
O'er countless ills his spirit mourns,  
Until his dust to dust returns.  
No longer now with joy we see  
All creatures live in harmony;  
Even man lifts up the hand to slay,  
And takes his brother's life away.  
In earthly things he seeks delight,  
Shuts the Creator from his sight,  
And bows the head and bends the knee  
To carved stone or stock of tree.

Yes, Anna, yes; the curse of sin  
To God's fair world has entered in;  
An enemy has sown the seeds  
From whence have sprung those deadly  
weeds:  
That holy image now is gone,  
In which our father Adam shone,  
Before the subtle tempter's art  
From God had turned away his  
heart.

Now from the cradle to the grave  
Man yields himself as Satan's slave.  
And toiling, earns, with every breath,  
Sin's bitter fruit, eternal death.

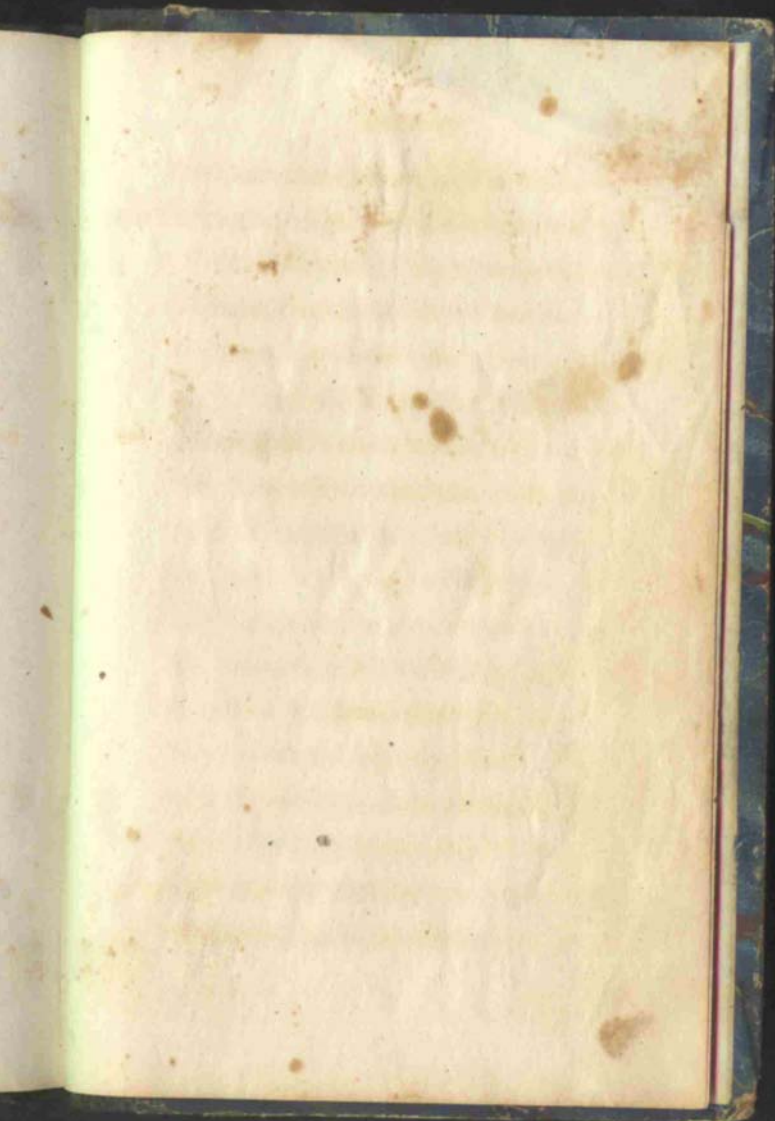
But, see, the hours are hastening by;  
The sun is mounting up the sky,—  
Like a strong man he runs his race,  
And none can stay his onward pace;

From east to west he takes his way,  
While all things feel his warming ray —  
So shall the name of Christ be spread  
Where'er the light of day is shed.  
He conquered in his dying hour,  
And triumphed over Satan's power;  
And now he lives to conquer still  
The sinner's proud, rebellious will.  
He shall the tempter's works destroy,  
Bring back a more than Eden's joy,  
God's image to our race restore,  
And bid them turn from him no more.  
His word shall make the simple wise;  
Open the blinded sinner's eyes;  
Convert his soul from folly's ways,  
And fill his heart with joyful praise.

Then men in love and peace shall meet,  
Swords into ploughshares they shall beat,

Spears into pruning-hooks shall turn,  
And arts of war shall cease to learn.  
Their vows no longer shall be paid  
To idols which their hands have made  
Man o'er the world shall look abroad,  
Behold the handywork of God,  
And give no more to senseless things  
The glory of the KING OF KINGS.

**THE END.**





...the first of the month...  
...the second of the month...  
...the third of the month...  
...the fourth of the month...  
...the fifth of the month...  
...the sixth of the month...  
...the seventh of the month...  
...the eighth of the month...  
...the ninth of the month...  
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...the twenty-sixth of the month...  
...the twenty-seventh of the month...  
...the twenty-eighth of the month...  
...the twenty-ninth of the month...  
...the thirtieth of the month...  
...the first of the next month...



