

The Library
of the
University of North Carolina



This book was presented
by
The Patterson Family

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL



00022094485



THE
CHILDREN

OF


THE BIBLE:

AS EXAMPLES, AND AS WARNINGS.

By FRANCES M. CAULKINS.

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

CONTENTS.

	Page.
1. <i>Ishmael</i> ,	5
2. <i>Moses</i> ,	8
3. <i>Samuel</i> ,	12
4. <i>Obadiah</i> ,	14
5. <i>The Forty-two Wicked Children of Bethel</i> ,	17
6. <i>Naaman's Little Maid</i> ,	21
7. <i>Joash</i> ,	24
8. <i>Josiah</i> ,	28
9. <i>Jeremiah</i> ,	31
10. <i>Daniel and his Three Companions</i> ,	35
11. <i>Jesus Christ</i> ,	38
12. <i>The Daughter of Jairus</i> ,	42
13. <i>Little Children brought to Christ</i> ,	44
14. <i>Children of the Temple</i> ,	46
15. <i>John the Baptist</i> ,	49
16. <i>Timothy</i> ,	51

2565



HAGAR AND ISHMAEL

THE
CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

I.

~~~~~  
**ISHMAEL**  
~~~~~

INFLUENCE OF PRAYER.

“ God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is.”—*Gen. 21 : 17.*

Behold, on Paran's desert plain
A mother and her child,
From morn till night, in toil and pain,
Are wandering o'er the wild.

With weary footsteps, to and fro
They seek some green retreat ;
Some healing dew, or fountain's flow,
To cool their burning feet.

But through those wastes no rivers run,
No rains refresh the land,
No groves relieve the fiery sun,
No herb the dazzling sand.

“ Oh, mother ! lay me down to rest
“ Beneath these bushes low,
“ I faint with heat, I die with thirst,
“ No farther can I go.”

Thus spake the boy—beneath the shade
She plac'd him with a sigh,
Then beat her throbbing breast and said,
“ *I cannot see him die !*”

A bow-shot's distance, where his moans
Reach'd not her shrinking ear,
She sat, and mingled tears with groans,
And call'd on Heaven to hear.

Alone the son of Abraham lay—
Not so—for God was there :
He mov'd the dying child to pray,
And heard his feeble prayer.

Young Ishmael cried, and God, from heaven,
Look'd down upon his grief ;
Cool waters to the sands were given—
He drank and found relief.

Oh, come! and from this story learn
God hears when children pray ;
He stoops from heaven with kind concern
To know what they would say.

Come, then, before your Savior King
Spread all your joys and woes ;
To him your humble offerings bring,
And on his love repose.

Like Ishmael, pray ; but, child, beware!
And ever strive to be,
As years increase, in faith and prayer,
A better man than he.

Like Ishmael, pray ; but from the truth
Oh not, like him, depart !
Give to the Lord that bless'd your youth
Through all your life, your heart.

II.

~~~~~  
**M O S E S.**  
 ~~~~~

RESISTING TEMPTATION.

“ And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river ; and her maidens walked along by the river’s side ; and when she saw the ark among the flags she sent the maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it she saw the child : and behold the babe wept.”—*Exodus*, 2 : 5, 6.

“ By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh’s daughter ; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.”—*Hebrews*, 11 : 24, 25.

A princess and her maidens gay
 Were bathing in the Nile one day :
 Just where the tall flags meet the tide,
 A willowy basket they descried.

That little ark a mother’s love
 Of twisted osiers neatly wove ;
 And many a prayer and pious thought*
 She breath’d, while at her task she wrought

“ * And with a prayer did every osier weave.”—*H. More*.



THE FINDING OF MOSES.



Without, within, 'twas lin'd and seal'd,
That mother's priceless gem to shield
From sun, and wind, and rushing wave,
And Nile's voracious god* to save.

The princess from the river drew
The ark—aside the covering threw:
Behold! a Hebrew babe appears,
A living babe, bedew'd with tears.

Compassion touch'd the lady's breast;
She hush'd his infant fears to rest,
Call'd him her son, gave him a name,
And Egypt's heir the boy became.

Son of a princess!—on the child
A court, with all its splendor, smil'd—
A court corrupt—a king and throne
Sustain'd by gods of wood and stone.

From Israel's faith, to Egypt's sin,
These idols sure the child will win!
Example will his youth betray,
To walk in pleasure's dangerous way!

* The ancient Egyptians worshipped the crocodile as a river-god.

Mark with what ease, what skill divine,
High Heaven works out its fix'd design :
A faithful nurse the princess sought—
Quick was *the child's own mother* brought.

From her he learn'd, in youth's first spring,
The wonders wrought by Israel's King ;
Learn'd to deplore his brethren's woes,
And scorn the honors of their foes.

With purpose firm, in manhood's prime
He left the gilded halls of crime ;
Power, wealth and honors all laid down,
Nor stopp'd to catch the falling crown.

On Horeb's mount, in Jethro's tent,
Long years of peaceful toil he spent,
Hallowing the throng of daily cares
With holy thoughts and heavenly prayers.

A shepherd's staff and seat of stone
Outweigh'd the sceptre and the throne.
With conscience pure, and soul serene,
No roof is low, no station mean.

Behold a pattern, bright and high,
To fire the youthful christian's eye!
Go, mark it well! then ask within,
"Have I this holy dread of sin?"

"No golden bribes, no courtly pride
"Could lure this heavenly youth aside;
"From scenes of guilty pomp he fled,
"In peace the lonely hills to tread.

"How in his place should I have done?
"As Pharaoh's, or as Jethro's son?
"Embrac'd temptation's gilded bait,
"Or shar'd the exile's bitter fate?"

"E'en now I hear the still small voice
"That whispers, Make the Lord your choice!
"E'en now the God that Moses saw,
"Strives from the world my heart to draw.

"Oh Thou, whose grace when asked is given
"To lift the soul from earth to heaven,
"Lead me where living waters flow
"And let me with thy lilies grow!"

III.


S.A.MUEL.


EARLY PIETY.

‘And the child Samuel grew, and was in favor with the Lord and also with men.’—1 *Samuel*, 2 : 26.

“Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod.”—*Verse* 18.

On shady hills the violet’s flower
Gives out a sweet perfume ;
And roses in a lady’s bower
Are lovely in their bloom.

The lily on the water lies,
The sunflower decks the land ;
These all look upward to the skies,
And own their Maker’s hand.

But, oh ! what bud, what blossom fair,
With childhood’s charms can vie,
When in the gentle voice of prayer
It lifts its heart on high ?



SAMUEL PRESENTED TO ELI.

In Shiloh once a harmless child
In priestly garments stood,
And serv'd, with spirit undefil'd,
The altar of his God.

It was a pleasant sight, to view
How earnestly he sought,
With all his heart and soul, to do
What reverend Eli taught.

At early dawn, when birds rejoice,
Like them, he hail'd the sky ;
At night, when birds are hush'd, his voice
Breath'd softer praise on high.

God bless'd him, and he daily grew
More holy, yet more mild ;
A faithful priest, a prophet true,
While yet in years a child.

Beside the ark he flourish'd fair,
Like a green olive-tree.
Oh, who young Samuel's name can hear,
Nor wish like him to be !

Then early make the Lord your choice,
And in his work delight ;
The children that obey his voice
Are jewels in his sight.

IV.

OBADIAH.

EARLY PIETY THE BEST PREPARATION FOR
USEFULNESS.

“I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth.”—1 *Kings*, 18: 12.

The fear of God, my child,
Is but another name
For love, for worship undefil'd,
For pure religion's flame.

This holy, loving fear,
Young Obadiah knew;
God's awful voice he bow'd to hear,
And paid obedience due.

He serv'd an impious king,
And liv'd with men of blood:
God's word was a forbidden thing—
'Twas dangerous to be good.

Yet still this pious youth
Pursued the heavenly way,
And clung the closer to the truth
When others went astray.

What penman can record
Than this, a higher praise—
“*For, I, thy servant, fear the Lord,*
“*E'en from my earliest days.*”

See how this morning dew
Enrich'd and bless'd his heart,
With courage firm and purpose true
To act a champion's part!

When Ahab's impious queen*
Gave out her dire command,
And slaughter's ruthless sword was seen
To glitter o'er the land;

Then forth he stepp'd to save,
And stood the poor man's friend;
Nor fear'd his sovereign's wrath to brave,
God's worship to defend.

* 1 Kings, 18 : 4.

Quick was his heart to feel,
As swift his hands to aid;
A hundred saints his timely zeal
To sheltering groves convey'd.

No fear his spirit awed
In that disastrous hour;
He hid them till the raging sword
Had lost its deadly power.

There in the clefts of rock,
In caverns wild and dread,
His lib'ral hand the exil'd flock
With daily bounty fed.

Thus was this Hebrew lord
A shield in days of strife,
By early faith and love, prepar'd
To lead a useful life.

Fear God—*fear God in youth,*
Then from your guarded heart
The buckler of eternal truth
Shall turn temptation's dart.





THE FORTY-TWO WICKED CHILDREN.

V.

~~~~~  
**THE 42 WICKED CHILDREN**  
**OF BETHEL.**  
 ~~~~~

SINFUL LANGUAGE DISPLEASING TO GOD.

“And he went up from thence unto Bethel ; and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald head ! Go up, thou bald head ! And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them.”—2 *Kings*, 2 : 23, 24.

Who would not sleep on Jacob's stone,
 Might Jacob's dream to him be given ?*
 The Lord stood on his burning throne,
 And angels throng'd the way to heaven.

With trembling awe he rose and stood,
 An altar rais'd, and worshipp'd there :
 And call'd it *Bethel*—House of God,
 The gate of heaven—the house of prayer.

In later times, a city spread
 Its shade around that hallow'd stone ;
 But there no heavenly vision led
 The spirit upward to the throne.

* Genesis, 28 : 10-20.

An idol god—old Egypt's sin—
 Usurps the altar, claims the vow ;
 Insulting scoffers raise their din,
 And *Bethel** is *Beth-Aven*† now.

See, on his lonely way afar,
 ELISHA comes, belov'd of God !
 His thoughts are with the fiery car,
 Where his translated master rode.

Canst thou not see him as he went
 Heaven-mov'd—his reverend head laid bare ?
 Now upward turned, with look intent,
 Now downward, as if bow'd in prayer ?

Where is the city's sacred band,
 That should this heavenly veteran greet ?
 The guardians of a grateful land,
 Why come they not his steps to meet ?

Do they not know his mission seal'd
 By gifts and powers deriv'd from God ?
 That he the unwholesome waters heal'd, †
 And dry through Jordan's channel trod ?

Alas! his just reproof they dread,
 And fain would bar him from their gate,
 The children of the place are bred
 The prophet and his God to hate.

* Bethel, House of God. † Beth-Aven, House of Vanity.

‡ 2 Kings, chap. 2.

And see, a rude and boisterous throng,
The offspring of a godless race,
Pour forth with insults loud and long,
And mock the good man to his face.

Fiercely they come, and loud they cry ;
With shouts and taunts around him crowd :
" Up! up! (they say) ascend on high!
" Come, bald head! mount the fiery cloud!"

So boldly did this impious crew
Jehovah's honor'd priest assail :
" Elijah gone! (they cry) Go too!
" And we will then believe the tale."

Awhile the patient prophet heard
Their mockeries, and despis'd the shame :
But quick the fire within him stirr'd,
When scorn was heap'd on God's great name.

He turn'd, he look'd, by heaven inspir'd,
Fierce judgments on their heads denounc'd ;
And with prophetic knowledge fir'd,
Sternly th' approaching wo announc'd.

Onward he goes ;—the judgment comes!
E'en while he spake, a mighty roar
Breathes outward from the forest glooms—
Near, nearer—louder than before.

And mid the throng, with mighty force,
Two savage beasts leap forth to war;
Blood, rage and havoc mark their course,
They bruise, rend, wound and scatter far.

Oh then, what terrible alarm!
What pain those bleeding bosoms fill!
The God they mock'd but lifts his arm,
And savage beasts perform his will.

Thus was this impious throng chastis'd;
Through them their guilty parents warn'd:
God will not have his word despis'd,
His prophets or his wonders scorn'd!

Tremble, ye children, when ye read
How God o'erthrew these scoffers bold;
Be pure in word, be kind in deed,
Revere the good, respect the old.

For know, that, e'en in childhood, sin
Meets with an awful frown from heaven.
Strive, children! strive, the race to win;
Repent, believe, and be forgiven.

VI.

NAAMAN'S LITTLE MAID.

CHILDREN MAY BECOME EMINENTLY USEFUL

“The Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy.”—2 *Kings*, 5 : 23.

Come round me, my children, and list while I tell
What in Syria once a great captain befel.
He was valiant, but sav'd by a tender child's aid,
A man of great might, by a weak, captive maid.

The man was Naaman, a chief in command,
The sword of the king and the shield of the land.
His country so oft he had freed from the foe,
He was honor'd and lov'd by the high and the low.

The maid was a child, from her dear native land
Carried far, far away, by a Syrian band;
To the wife of the captain, so gallant and brave,
The little maid now is a captive and slave.

Yet the child still remember'd the God of her youth;
She talk'd of his glory, his love and his truth:
She told what the priests of Jehovah had taught,
The power of true faith, and the wonders it wrought.

The chief so renown'd for his conquests abroad,
At home found his life but a wearisome load;
A leper! a leper!—that one heavy blow
All wealth, and distinction, and glory laid low!

Then the young maid of Israel came forward, and said
"I know of a man who my master could aid;
"Would God that my lord would but go to the same!
"He lives in Samaria—Elisha his name.

"Faith, holiness, prayer, are the good man's sole arts;
"Yet he cures the diseas'd, and he sees into hearts.*
"'Tis Jehovah's great prophet—would God that my lord
"Would but go to his door, and be heal'd by a word!"

* 2 Kings, 5 : 26 ; 6 : 12 ; 8 : 11, 12.

Thus did the young maid in her exile proclaim
Elisha's high honor, Jehovah's great name.
Though so young, and a servant, she sought to do good :
She was true to her master and true to her God.

Nor did the great chieftain despise her request,
In his chariot he hastes to the country so blest ;
At the prophet's high word in the Jordan he laves,
And fresh as a child he came forth from the waves.

Nor only the flesh did that washing redeem,
He left his idolatry too in the stream :
He return'd to the prophet with praise on his tongue,
And God—*the true God, Israel's God*, was his song.

Such good was accomplished by one little maid ;
Such honor the Lord on a young captive laid !
Come, rouse thee, my child ! Is there nothing that you
For our God or the welfare of others can do ?

VII.

~~~~~  
**J O A S H.**  
 ~~~~~

“LET HIM THAT THINKETH HE STANDETH, TAKE
 HEED LEST HE FALL.”

2 Kings, chap. 12.—2 Chron. chapp. 22, 23, 24.

A spotted robe and bloody crown
 Fierce Athaliah wore ;
 For she her kindred had cut down,
 And bath'd her hands in gore.

First Arab hordes,* then Jehu's blade
 Great David's house o'erthrew :
 This cruel queen, with treason's aid,
 The feeble remnant slew.

One scion of the royal oak
 Alone escap'd the foe ;
 The sole survivor of the stroke
 That laid his kindred low.

* Chron. 22 : 1, 8.

In love's fond arms the boy was sav'd
Amid the tumult wild ;
His pious aunt the danger brav'd,
And hid the helpless child.

Safe from the vengeance of the queen,
Concealed by heavenly aid,
Six years the nurse and child, unseen,
Dwelt in the temple's shade.

There liv'd within those chambers fair
A priest of high renown,
Who rear'd this child with jealous care,
And train'd him for the crown.

Thus hid in faith, thus watch'd by love,
Thus fed on heavenly dew,
Sweet mercy's child, the temple's dove,
The youthful JOASH grew.

The faithful aunt and priest fulfill'd
Their duty to the youth ;
Like honey, from their lips distill'd
The words of grace and truth.

And when this proud, revengeful queen
And Baal's priests were slain,
They plac'd him on his father's throne
And taught him how to reign.

While liv'd the priest, his guiding hand
The young man led aright ;
He worshipp'd God, and rul'd the land
With wisdom, grace and might.

But when some six-score years had roll'd*
Above his guardian's head,
And with the kings and chiefs of old
The reverend priest was laid,

Young princes round their sovereign's feet
Ensnaring pleasures spread,
He listen'd to their flatteries sweet,
And follow'd where they led.

They led him into courses vain,
To scorn the wise and good—
Despise the law of God, and stain
His courts with righteous blood.†

Apostate then the king became,
He left his earlier love,
And rear'd on hills his sin and shame,
The idol and the grove.

* " Jehoiada was born in the reign of Solomon, and had lived through six successive reigns, besides Athaliah's usurpation "

† 2 Chronicles, 24 : 20.

Nor was this foul revolt unseen,
Unnoticed in the sky ;
No veil a single act can screen
From God's all-seeing eye.

Domestic treason, war's loud blast,
Their terrors round him spread ;
Disease came next—the sword at last
Despatch'd him in his bed.

His bones rest in no honor'd tomb ;
His fame no mourners sing ;
So heavy was the righteous doom
That crush'd this faithless king !

Go, read his story, and beware
Of error's dangerous way :
Is good seed sown ?—take watchful care
Lest it be snatch'd away.

Turn thou from every glittering gem,
And look to heaven for light ;
For soon will youth's fine gold grow dim,
If not by faith kept bright.

VIII.

JOSIAH.

ZEAL IN THE SERVICE OF GOD—REVERENCE FOR
THE SCRIPTURES.

2 Chronicles, chapp. 34, 35.

King Joash in his life displays
A bold backslider's wreck ;
Such beacon-lights the Scriptures raise
The wanderer's course to check

Not for such end JOSIAH's name
Lives in the heavenly scroll ;
His light is an enlivening flame
That heals and guides the soul.

Son of an impious king, and cast
On dangerous times and dark—
An orphan on life's stormy blast,
How 'scap'd his little bark ?

A sovereign too !—his childish brow
Displays a glittering crown ;
Before him cringing courtiers bow,
And armies fear his frown !

Say ! is there hope of him ? How free,
How rich is grace divine !
This seed springs up a glorious tree,
To shade Judea's vine.

While yet a child, his earnest mind
For David's God inquir'd ;
He sought, nor was he slow to find
The Friend his heart desir'd.

The groves that monarchs, vain and wild,
Had rear'd on Judah's heights ;
Hills, vales, by idol gods defil'd,
He cleans'd with hallow'd rites.

Down Baal fell, with all his train :
The carv'd and molten ore
In fragments strew'd the graves of men
Who worshipp'd it before.

Rais'd from decay, the temple fair
Sheds light and truth around ;
Shine all her gates, and praise and prayer
Through all her courts resound.

Oh happy king ! his worth, his praise
Thus doth high heaven record :
" With all his heart, through all his days
" He follow'd God, the Lord !"

When to his house the parchment scroll
Of prophecy was brought,
How earnest was his heavenly soul
To learn what God had taught
As Shaphan read, with holy awe
The youthful monarch heard—
Mourn'd o'er the violated law,
And trembled at the word.

Lowly he bow'd, and humbly pray'd;
God from his throne replied,
And from a heart so tender bade
His judgments turn aside.

With anxious haste the king's command
Bade every trumpet sound,
To spread before the assembled land
The Book that had been found.

'Tis ever thus:—the warmth and light
Men feel, they love to spread;
When hearts with heavenly hopes are bright,
The rays around they shed.

Then if you feel the Scripture's worth,
Go, aid its high design;
Speed, speed the Bible round the earth,
Spread wide the Book divine.





JEREMIAH IN THE STOCKS.

I X.

~~~~~  
**JEREMIAH.**  
 ~~~~~

PIETY PERSECUTED IN THIS LIFE—THE REWARD
 HEREAFTER.

“ Then said I, Ah Lord God! I cannot speak, for I am a child! But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak.”—*Jeremiah*, 1 : 6, 7.

Great good Josiah wrought—his hand
 A righteous sceptre sway'd ;
 Yet not alone he toil'd or plann'd ;
 See by his side a *prophet* stand,
 To give him heavenly aid.

The breath of God had early stirr'd
 A boy of priestly race ;
 And now came down the Almighty word,
 To hail him prophet of the Lord,
 And bid him take his place.

Sad was the youthful priest's reply,
For he was full of fears :

" Ah Lord ! I cannot strive nor cry—

" Ah Lord ! I cannot speak, for I

" Am in my childish years !"

" Let not thy childhood cause thy fear,"

The Eternal Voice replied ;

" For thou shalt speak, and men shall hear :

" To all the nations far and near,

" Go spread my message wide."

Then touch'd his lips the heavenly flame

And gave him powers sublime ;

Dreams, visions, judgments to proclaim,

And strains of never-dying fame,

To breathe through every clime.

Young king, and younger priest—a sight

For angels to admire ;

With equal zeal for truth and right,

One wields the sword of justice bright,

And one the sounding lyre.

Mature they grew, and struggled long

Against the rushing tide ;

But crime was like a giant strong,

And Egypt with her warlike throng

Spread havoc far and wide.

Josiah fell ; tears gush'd like rain
O'er his untimely end ;
Deep was the tender prophet's pain,
And sadly sweet the plaintive strain
That mourn'd his slaughter'd friend.*

Not always in this vale of tears
Hath virtue its reward ;
The prophet liv'd a life of fears,
In grief he number'd all his years,
His heart was sorrow's chord.

But still in dungeons dark and deep
God kept him from despair ;
Though anguish was too keen to weep,
Though cold and hunger banish'd sleep,
He still found strength in prayer.

When in the dust great David's throne
A lonely ruin lay ;
When Salem, all with weeds o'ergrown,
Mourn'd o'er her sons, to climes unknown
Borne by their foes away—

* 2 Chronicles, 35 : 24, 25.

Oh then how plaintive were his tones'
How deep the prophet's wo!
O'er Zion's consecrated stones
Sighs, tears burst forth—reproaches, groans,
And lamentations low.

Yet from those cherish'd ruins torn,
An exile forth he goes;
To Egypt's coast unwilling borne,
His country's wreck afar to mourn
With ever-flowing woes.

But in his heavenly office still
He spends his daily breath;
Reproves, exhorts with fervent zeal,
Till stamp'd with heaven's approving seal,
A martyr's bloody death.*

Thus Jeremiah wept and bled,
As through this world he pass'd—
Thus are the saints through trials led,
With foes they meet, on thorns they tread,
But win a crown at last.

* Jeremiah died in Egypt, whither he was carried against his wishes by a body of his countrymen who migrated to that kingdom. Ancient writers inform us that he was stoned to death by the Jews, while uttering prophetic denunciations against their sins.

X.

~~~~~  
**DANIEL AND HIS THREE  
COMPANIONS.**  
~~~~~

ADVANTAGES OF EARLY DILIGENCE, TEMPERANCE
AND SELF-DENIAL.

* Daniel, Chapp. 1 and 3.

Four youths liv'd in the Assyrian court,
Not in Assyria born—
A captive band, by conquerors brought
From ZION'S wastes forlorn.
Three were of Judah's royal race,
And all endow'd with heavenly grace.

They serv'd their conqueror, but his power
Was kindly o'er them spread,
Three years within the royal bower
A gentle life they led ;
Train'd up in learning's honor'd ways,
In studious peace they pass'd their days.

By Daniel's wise example led,
And cheer'd by grace divine,
They ate no idol's meat or bread,
Drank no inflaming wine.
The fruits which nature scatters wide,
And crystal streams their wants supplied.

A youth to careful study given,
To temperance and prayer,
Leads like a ladder up to heaven,
And fits the soul to bear
Faith's trials, persecution's blow,
And the whole load of mortal wo.

In later times the monarch made
An image proud and vain ;
A hundred feet its lofty head
Soar'd up o'er Dura's plain.
The glittering gold shone far and wide,
A mighty monument of pride.

The rulers, judges of the realm,
Captains of all its hordes,
Warriors with dinted shield and helm,
And gay pacific lords,
All gather, shouting as they run,
" *Great Bel ! the god of Babylon !*"

Music, of every curious frame,
Breath'd forth its dulcet sound
In honor of the god's great name,
And heralds shouted round—
" Bow down ! bow down to mighty Bel,
" Or in the fiery furnace dwell !"

Amid that furious pagan throng
Came not those princes three ;
Those youths of Zion rais'd no song,
They bent no suppliant knee :
Their hearts were nerv'd by faith and prayer,
The raging of the flames to dare

Nor did their God his friends forsake,
His form was in the fire,
The fury of its breath to slake,
And shield them from its ire.
Joyful the burning floor they trod,
For with them walk'd the Son of God.

A wond'rous constancy they show'd,
A high heroic power ;
As wond'rous was the aid bestow'd
In peril's awful hour :
Forth from the seven times heated flame
Triumphant and unharm'd they came.

He, who the fiery furnace cool'd,
Can every ill destroy ;
Danger and death, by him o'er-rul'd,
Are chang'd to life and joy.
Enough :—at duty's post to stand,
And lean on his supporting hand !

XI.

~~~~~  
**JESUS CHRIST.**  
 ~~~~~

“And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: and Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.”—*Luke*, 2: 51, 52.

Here let us pause:—a brighter day,
 A nobler prospect to survey!
 The scenery of those ancient years
 Rolls by, with all its kings and seers.
 The wings of time have swept the world—
 State after state to ruin hurl'd—
 And we on fair Judea gaze,
 In Cæsar's time, and Herod's days.

The raptur'd mind takes loftier wing,
 A holier strain with awe to sing.
 Old things have vanish'd from the sight;
 Behold an era, new and bright!
 The sceptre falls from Judah's hands,
 The roll of prophecy expands;
 The darkness breaks, and Bethlehem's star
 Shines on the nations from afar.

Hail, Light of Israel! Light from heaven!
 A wond'rous child to earth is given!





No more on mortal man we gaze,
To mark his deeds with blame or praise.
Strike all your strings, ye harps of earth!
Proclaim the heavenly stranger's birth.
No offspring this of mortal line,
These lineaments are all divine.

Too oft our daring fancy tries
To be *beyond the record* wise ;
Careless on holy ground to tread,
And rend the veil which heaven hath spread.
Rash hand, forbear! With awe we trace
This pattern of celestial grace.
Oh, may the Eternal Father deign
To guide the thought and bless the strain!

Far in the north, where Galilee
Looks o'er her beauteous inland sea,
A small mean city, built of stone,
Sits lonely, on a mountain throne.
Low are its roofs, its portals mean,
With narrow winding streets between ;
And toilsome is the access there,
To man or mule, by road or stair.

Yet lovely are the plains around,
For olives, vines and figs renown'd ;
And Tabor's, and Gilboa's height
Rise o'er the landscape, cloth'd in light.

Those plains oft rang with battle's clang—
There Barak fought and Deborah sang ;
Josiah there, in contest vain,
Was by Egyptian archers slain.

That city mean, now holds a gem
Worth more than Cæsar's diadem.
'Tis Naz'reth! that secluded place,
Where Jesus dwells in youthful grace,
By Mary's side, in Joseph's shade,
Content to learn a humble trade ;
Yet, with a mien divinely bold,
Sin he rebukes, in young or old.

In duty's path, from day to day,
The holy child pursues his way ;
And many a heart to wisdom leads,
By winning words and gentle deeds.
Son of the Highest! yet he deigns
To share these mortal griefs and pains ;
Intent his mission to fulfil,
But subject to his parents' will.

Hast thou thy sorrows? so had he ;
Thy trials? He was never free.
Art poor, or sick, or houseless? know,
Like thine was once the Savior's wo.
Contempt, wrongs, insults dost thou meet ?
With such his life was all replete ;

And yet his spirit, pure and mild,
No passion fir'd, no sin beguil'd.

Art thou a student? Learn of Him
With diligence thy lamp to trim.
Art call'd to labor? Cheerful go;
Thy Master trod that path below.
Thou canst with no temptation meet,
But hath been spread around his feet.
Once having been a child, he knows
And pities childhood's cares and woes.

By pleasures lur'd, or trials vex'd;
When conscience is with doubt perplex'
Which path to choose, or which to shun,
Think what the Savior would have done!
Oft ask your heart—is this the way
That Jesus liv'd from day to day?
Make his example, pure and bright,
A lamp to guide your steps aright

But oh, forget not while you scan
His life, that he was more than man.
Salvation's King! his birth unfurl'd
Hope's banner o'er a ruin'd world
A spotless priest, a pattern fair,
A sacrifice, our sins to bear.
In acts of love he spent his days—
A deeper love HIS DEATH displays.

XII.

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

GRATITUDE TO THE SAVIOR.

Luke, 8: 49-56.

“Rise, maiden! rise!” Thus Jesus spake.
A kindling blush begins to break
Upon the damsel’s cheek;
Her eyes their living lustre take,
Her lips prepare to speak.

Death that had newly clasp’d his chain,
Amaz’d, beholds it snapt in twain;
His victim rent away;
A mightier King disputes his reign,
And robs him of his prey.

The child rose up at Christ’s command,
And wondering, saw those features bland,
Those high immortal charms:
What heavenly voice, what powerful hand,
Her mortal foe disarms!

The pulse of life resumes its play,
Her limbs once more the will obey—

The parents clasp their child.
Fond on her mother's breast she lay,
And cheerful spoke, and smil'd.

Yet soon she turns her eyes, to meet
That form, with Godlike grace replete,
Where power and goodness shine ;
She worships lowly at his feet,
And owns his skill divine.

Would not that maid ungrateful prove,
If e'er her bosom ceas'd to love
That kind and heavenly Friend ?
How fearful, should her spirit rove,
And perish at the end !

Yet did this little maiden find
A Savior more divinely kind
Than smiles on *us* from heaven ?
What have we—life, or sense, or mind—
Not by his bounty given ?

If she her grateful heart should give
To Him whose mercy bade her live,
Hath he no claim on you,
Who from his daily grace receive
A life each morning new ?

XIII.

~~~~~  
**LITTLE CHILDREN BROUGHT  
TO CHRIST.**  
~~~~~

“ And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them : and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them.”—*Mark*, 10 : 13, 14, 16.

To the arms of the merciful Savior
Young children were brought to be blest :
He look'd on the parent with favor,
And press'd the young child to his breast.
How happy was each tender blossom
The Savior's rich blessing to share !
How pleasant to see on his bosom
The infant so dove-like and fair !



CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.



" Oh! suffer the young to come hither,

" Their Savior and friend to behold!

" Oh bring me the bud, e'er it wither—

" The heart, ere 'tis blighted and cold!"

These words, with their promise so precious,

Still sound like a harmony sweet;

Allur'd by a message so gracious,

Dear Savior, we come to thy feet.

Receive thou our spirits while tender,

And teach every thought to submit;

To thee a *whole life* may we render,

And lay a *young heart* at thy feet.

We have sinn'd, but thy grace can make holy;

Are weak, but thy power is divine—

Oh save us from vice and from folly,

And make us eternally thine!

XIV.

CHILDREN OF THE TEMPLE.

MORE CONVERSIONS TO BE EXPECTED AMONG THE
YOUNG THAN THE OLD.

“ And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David ; they were sore displeased, and said unto him, Hearst thou what these say ? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea : have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise ? ” —
Matthew, 21 : 15, 16.

Through Salem, as the Savior pass'd,
Their robes the crowd before him cast,
And wav'd their palms on high ;
Young children, too, with loud acclaim,
Around the Friend of children came,
And join'd the exulting cry.

While priests and rulers heard with scorn,
His praise, on these weak voices borne,
Fill'd all the temple's space ;
Thus shall it be from age to age,
The *young* shall all their powers engage
To spread his wond'rous grace.



CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

Though men of learning and renown
Refuse to own the kingly crown
That girds his radiant brows ;
Their murmurs shall be scatter'd wide,
Or lost beneath the rushing tide
Of youthful songs and vows.

“ Come, let us all with joy repair
“ To God’s own house of praise and prayer,”
They cry with one accord :
How loudly sweet the songs they frame !
“ Hosanna to our Savior’s name,
“ The anointed King and Lord !”

May all our children, Lord ! be thine,
The earliest dew, the tenderest vine,
Their incense waft above.
Bring in a harvest of the young,
To fill thy realms, and swell the song
Of free, redeeming love.

PART SECOND.—[Missionary.]

Once on thy hills, O Palestine !
Hosannas to the King Divine
A band of children sung :
“ He comes !” their infant voices cry,
“ Hosanna to our God on high !”
Through all the temple rung.

But now no Savior guides that band ;
The children of the Holy Land
 No gentle Shepherd know ;
'Taught from their infancy to raise
The voice to false Mohammed's praise,
 Vain worship they bestow.

More favor'd on this happy shore,
Here let the lively anthem soar
 From every youthful tongue :
Praise to the God who reigns above
Be all our theme ; and praise and love
 The burden of our song.

Yet mindful of those children still,
We turn our eyes to Zion's hill,
 And breathe a mournful strain ;
Oh, God of promise ! speak once more,
And span that long-forsaken shore
 With mercy's bow again—

Break from above, thou golden flame !
And eastward, whence at first ye came,
 Return, ye lights of heaven !
The guiding Star leads o'er the sea,
And soon the Book of Life shall be
 Back to the Giver given.

XV.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

SOLITARY MEDITATION FAVORABLE TO PIETY.

“And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel.”—*Luke*, 1: 80.

A holy child e'en from his birth,
Was Zachariah's son ;
Remote from youthful sports and mirth
His early race was run.

In lonely haunts he liv'd—and there
He walk'd and talk'd with God :
In silent thought, or vocal prayer,
The wilderness he trod.

The bird that sings, the stream that flows,
Led his young mind above ;
No verdant tree, nor opening rose,
But spoke of heavenly love.

The beasts that wild through deserts roam,
Supplied his garments rude ;
The locust and the flowing comb
Were all his choice of food.

He studied much, he pray'd for might,
He sought God's will to know ;
And waited but for heavenly light
A martyr's zeal to show.

Thus gathering strength from day to day,
And waxing warm in heart,
Unknown he liv'd, till call'd away
To act a higher part.

Then as a preacher stern and bold,
He burst on Israel's sight ;
The Day-spring he, whose dawn foretold
The Sun's up-rising light.

This blest example, round our feet
Spreads wide its golden rays,
And clothes in accents low and sweet,
The lesson it conveys.

In forests wild, or deserts lone,
Oh, fix your thoughts above !
God oft in solitude makes known
The secret of his love.

A life retir'd, a serious mind
To meditation given,
Prepares the soul to bless mankind,
Or soar to God in heaven.

XVI.

~~~~~  
**TIMOTHY.**  
~~~~~

EARLY ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE SCRIPTURES.

“When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice ; and I am persuaded in thee also.”—2 *Tim.* 1 : 5.

“And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures.”—3 : 15.

Happy the child whose opening mind
To wisdom's charge is given ;
Whose earliest thoughts by teachings kind,
Are gently led to heaven !
How rich the blessing that descends
From faithful parents, pious friends !

The faith that aged Lois knew,
That heavenly Eunice felt,
On their young son its lustre threw,
And in his bosom dwelt.
To him an early shield was given,
Won by parental prayer from heaven.

The penman on his sacred page
Portrays a picture rare ;
A student of a tender age
With grave and serious air.

The holy parchment in his hand,
He reads, and seeks to understand.

'Twas by the Scriptures' heavenly aid
So early he was seal'd ;
In faith's whole armor well-array'd,
And furnish'd for the field.
A messenger of God's great name,
The faithful student soon became.

The holy Paul receiv'd the youth,
And lov'd him as a friend ;
He travell'd much, proclaim'd the truth,
Unwearied to the end ;
And many a glorious harvest gain'd
Of souls from sin and death unchain'd.

What made young Timothy so wise ?
Know ye the precious root
That spread its branches to the skies,
And bore such golden fruit ?
It was the page of heavenly truth
He lov'd to read so well in youth.

Through mighty faith this heavenly scroll
Unseals the sinner's eyes ;
Unfolding glories round him roll,
Immortal prospects rise ;
Time fades away, the earth retires,
'To heaven his ardent soul aspires.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation. A new translation, revised by the author, in four volumes 12mo, with portraits. Price \$1 75, extra cloth.</p> <p>Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest, 12mo, in large type; also 18mo.</p> <p>Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 12mo, in large type, and 18mo. Both editions neatly illustrated.</p> <p>Memoir of Jas. Milnor, D. D.</p> <p>Mason's Spiritual Treasury, for every day in the year. Terse, pithy, and evangelical.</p> <p>Flavel's Fountain of Life, or Redemption provided.</p> <p>Flavel's Method of Grace, or Redemption applied to the Souls of Men.</p> <p>Flavel's Knocking at the Door; a tender, practical appeal.</p> <p>Bishop Hall's Scripture History, or Contemplations on the Historical Passages of the Old and New Testaments.</p> <p>Bishop Hopkins on the Ten Commandments. Two standard works of the times of Baxter.</p> <p>President Edwards' Thoughts on Revivals.</p> <p>Venn's Complete Duty of Man.</p> <p>Owen on Forgiveness, or Psalm 130.</p> <p>Gregory's (Olinthus, LL.D.) Evidences of Christianity.</p> <p>Paley's Natural Theology.</p> | <p>Dr. Spring's Bible not of Man, or the Argument for the Divine Origin of the Scriptures drawn from the Scriptures themselves.</p> <p>Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity.</p> <p>Memoir of Mrs. Isabella Graham. A new and standard edition.</p> <p>Memoir of Mrs. Sarah L. Huntington Smith.</p> <p>Sacred Songs for Family and Social Worship. Hymns and Tunes—with a separate edition in patent notes. Also, the Hymns separately.</p> <p>Elegant Narratives, Select Tracts, illustrated.</p> <p>Willison's Afflicted Man's Companion.</p> <p>Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.</p> <p>Edwards' History of Redemption.</p> <p>Volume on Infidelity, comprising five standard treatises: Soame Jenyns on the Internal Evidence; Leslie's Method with Deists; Littleton's Conversion of Paul; Watson's Reply to Gibbon and Paine.</p> <p>Pike's Persuasives to Early Piety.</p> <p>Pike's Guide to Young Disciples.</p> <p>Anecdotes for the Family and the Social Circle.</p> <p>Universalism not of God.</p> <p>Dibble's Thoughts on Missions.</p> <p>The Bible True.</p> |
|--|---|

ELEGANT PRACTICAL WORKS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>Wilberforce's Practical View.</p> <p>Hannah More's Practical Piety.</p> <p>James' Anxious Inquirer.</p> <p>Elijah the Tishbite.</p> <p>Nevins' Practical Thoughts.</p> <p>Melvill's Bible Thoughts, selected by the late Rev. Dr. Milnor.</p> | <p>Harris' Mammon.</p> <p>Gurney's Love to God.</p> <p>Foster's Appeal to the Young.</p> <p>Abbott's Young Christian.</p> <p>Abbott's Mother at Home.</p> <p>Abbott's Child at Home.</p> <p>James' Young Man from Home.</p> |
|--|---|

CHRISTIAN MEMOIRS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Rev. C. Buchanan, LL.D., including his Christian Researches in Asia.</p> <p>Rev. John Newton.</p> <p>Rev. Henry Martyn.</p> <p>Rev. David Brainerd.</p> <p>Rev. Edward Payson, D. D.</p> <p>Harriet L. Winslow, Missionary in India.</p> <p>James Brainerd Taylor.</p> | <p>Harlan Page.</p> <p>Normand Smith.</p> <p>Richard Baxter.</p> <p>Archbishop Leighton</p> <p>Matthew Henry.</p> <p>Rev. Samuel Pearce.</p> <p>Rev. Samuel Kilpin.</p> <p>Madam Rumpff and Duchess de Broglie.</p> |
|---|---|

OTHER SPIRITUAL WORKS.

Edwards on the Affections.	Guide to Acquaintance with God.
Baxter's Call to the Unconverted.	Pike's Religion and Eternal Life.
Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted.	Baxter's Dying Thoughts.
Flavel's Touchstone.	Andrew Fuller's Backslider.
Flavel on Keeping the Heart.	Redeemer's Last Command.
Helffenstein's Self-Deception.	Burder's Sermons to the Aged.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Bogue's Evidences of Christianity.	Mason on Self-Knowledge.
Keith's Evidence of Prophecy.	Divine Law of Beneficence.
Morison's Counsels to Young Men.	Zaccheus, or Scriptural Plan of Be-
Spirit of Popery, [12 engravings.]	nevolence.
The Colporteur and Roman Catholic.	Hymns for Social Worship.

POCKET MANUALS.

Clarke's Scripture Promises.	Daily Food for Christians.
The Book of Psalms.	Chaplet of Flowers.
The Book of Proverbs.	Heavenly Manna.
Daily Scripture Expositor.	Cecil and Flavel's Gift for Mourners.
Ten Commandments Explained.	Crumbs from the Master's Table.
Advice to a Married Couple.	Milk for Babes.
Hymns for Infant Minds.	Dew-Drops.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

MANY OF THEM BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS

Gallaudet's Scripture Biography.	Narratives of Pious Children.
Youth's Book of Natural Theology.	The Dairyman's Daughter, etc.
Peep of Day.	Charles L. Winslow.
Line upon Line.	Withered Branch Revived.
Precept upon Precept.	Peet's Scripture Lessons.
Anzonetta R. Peters.	Child's Book of Bible Stories.
The Night of Toil.	Children of the Bible.
Richmond's Letters and Counsels.	Amos Armfield.
Advice to a Young Christian.	The Child's Hymn-Book.
Charles H. Porter.	Scripture Animals, [16 cuts.]
Missionary's Daughter.	Letters to Little Children, [13 cuts.]
Scudder's Tales about the Heathen.	Great Truths in Simple Words.
Trees, Fruits, and Flowers of the	Clementine Cuvier.
Bible, [9 cuts.]	Rolls Plumbe.
Elizabeth Bales. By J. A. James.	Pictorial Tract Primer.
Nathan W. Dickerman.	Watts' Divine and Moral Songs.
Grace Harriet.	With numerous similar works.
Children Invited to Christ.	

ALSO, Dr. Edwards' Sabbath Manual and Temperance Manual, and more than 60 vols. in German, French, Spanish, Welsh, and Danish.

ALSO, upwards of 1,000 Tracts and Children's Tracts, separate, bound, or *in packets*, adapted for convenient sale by merchants and traders, many of them with beautiful engravings—in English, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and Welsh.

☞ It is the design of the Society to issue all its publications in good type, for the poor as well as the rich; and to sell them, as nearly as may be, at cost, that the Society may neither sustain loss nor make a profit by all its sales.

