

Their haughty invaders are vanquished and slain,
 The pride of King Jabin lies stretched on the plain,
 And never, on mountain, in valley, or glen,
 Shall their hosts spread destruction and carnage again.

And thou, gentle woman, so meek in thy might,
 God-fearing and loving, thou aidest the fight,
 And thy song, as we trace it, recalls thee as when
 Thy presence gave hope to the fortunes of men.

“Up, Barak! awaken!” our watchword shall prove,
 When the world, oh! our Father, would weaken our love;
 A firm faith in thy word shall be stronghold and tower
 To guard against foes in temptation’s dark hour.

We will think of the manifold deeds Thou hast done,
 Of the miracles wrought unto sire and son;
 But none, oh! just mother of Israel, shall be
 More dear to our hearts than this record of thee.

ELIJAH.

“But he (Elijah) himself went a day’s journey in the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree; and he requested for himself that he might die, and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers.” “And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise, and eat.” “And he looked, and behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head, and he did eat and drink, and laid him down again.” “And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise, and eat, because the journey is too great for thee.” (1 Kings xix. 4-7, and 2 Kings ii. 11.)

Thou child of God! oh, be it thine to know—
 Though sad thy lot, though deep soe’er thy wo,
 Though desolate thy path, though weak and lone—
 Thy God regards thee, for thou art his own.
 Angels are round thee when thou art most drear;
 Thy tears they see, thy faintest sighs they hear;
 They leave their heavenly Paradise above,
 To aid thee with their presence and their love.

There is no spot so sacred, none so blest,
As that whereon the holy people rest.
In grief Elijah laid his weary head
Beneath a tree ; when near his lonely bed
A beauteous presence stands, whose radiant form,
Like a bright rainbow after heavy storm,
Betokens peace ; so, most serenely bright,
His soul is touched with pure, benignant light.
The lovely form ! the mild, majestic mien !
In which a tender sympathy is seen.
“ Arise, and eat ; the journey is too great,
Thy patience fails thee, trust in God and wait ! ”
Thus felt, thus looked the messenger divine,
While soft compassion in his face did shine.
Beloved of God ! thou dost not comprehend
Thy sacred mission and thy glorious end.
Oh, Israel ! seek to know, and thou wilt find
Thy God in every breeze, in every wind.
Like thee, Elijah, was sent forth to prove
“ The Lord is God,” and none but *He* above ;
Like thee, Elijah was oppressed by foes,
With none but God to cling to in his woes ;
Like thee, he was discouraged and distressed,
But with *His* faith, like him thou wouldst be blest.
Oh, wondrous faith ! when earth and heaven are thine,
When barren rocks and caves with beauty shine !
Elijah rose ; again erect he stands,
And eats the food prepared by angels’ hands ;
With heavenly might imbued, he walks along,
And sighs are changed to most melodious song.
How wonderful God’s dealings with his own !
That “ still, small voice,” that most angelic tone,
Seemed to Elijah too divinely sweet
To sound on earth, for mortal ear to meet.
He hides his face ; but ah ! not yet is come
That glorious transit to the prophet’s home.
O child of God ! afflicted, think of this,
A day awaits thee, ’tis a day of bliss,
When God decides if earth or heaven shall be
The fittest place of happiness for thee.

A thousand chariots at his bidding rise
 To bear thee up in triumph to the skies ;
 A thousand " ministers of flaming fire,"*
 Who wing their way through heaven at his desire.
 See, where it comes, the fiery coursers fly,
 The gorgeous car is riding through the sky ;
 His angels, breathless, stand and take their post,
 To greet Elijah 'mongst the heavenly host.
 Hark ! 'tis a shout of triumph ! glory shone
 A momentary blaze, and he is gone ! R. E. S.

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Readings for the Young.

BY S. S.

No. V.

THE BASIS OF CHRISTIANITY NOT FOUNDED ON REASON.

WERE no efforts made for our conversion, or no attacks made upon that faith which we deem more sacred than life, we should neither have cause nor inclination to examine the creeds of others. But as the party attacked, it is both our duty and right to point out the weakness of our adversaries, and the strength and holiness of the cause we defend.

In every written constitution some mode is prescribed by which it may be altered or amended, and should any attempts be made to make these alterations in other modes than the prescribed rules, the alteration thus made would be invalid and without binding force.

Thus, in these States, the people being the body in which the political authority dwells, delegate certain specific powers to their representatives, who, if overleaping the barriers thus constituted, have their acts overruled by the judgment of a tribunal created

* Psalm iv. 4.