

THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD:

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION,

FOR ALL DENOMINATIONS OF CHRISTIANS.

T. H. STOCKTON—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

~~~~~  
VOLUME III.  
~~~~~

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY BARRETT AND JONES,
No. 33 Carter's Alley.
1843.

A tender father strives,
 By honest toil, to find
 A competence for those whose lives
 Are with his being twined :
 His children's need will surely save—
 The turf is on his new-made grave.

A young wife bends in prayer
 Beside her husband's bed ;
 Wild agony her features wear,
 And even hope seems fled :—
 Give him to God, afflicted one,
 The sands of life are almost run.

A Christian Pastor stands
 Before a listening crowd,
 Whose eloquence each heart commands,
 Till all to truth have bow'd :—
 His course is bright. Earth, guard him well—
 Death smiles—and sorrow tolls his knell !

Genius, nor love, nor wealth,
 Nor pressing want, hath power
 To win again departed health,
 Or cheat the death-fraught hour :
 But all who tread earth's tainted soil,
 The " King of Terrors " makes his spoil.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

BY REV. T. B. BALCH.

TEACH us, O Lord, thy truth to learn,
 And o'er its leaves with rev'rence turn :
 Aid us thy word to understand—
 Each promise, threat'ning or command.

As we are met on Zion's hill,
 From homes that wood and valley fill ;
 Give us a willing, ready mind,
 Instruction rich and sweet to find.

Patient may we our stay prolong,
 'Mid holy prayer and sacred song ;
 Rejoiced to spend swift Sabbath hours,
 Where Zion spreads both fruits and flowers.

And when our shepherds, Lord, appear,
 To lead the flock to fountains clear,
 And pastures fresh ; oh, may they guide
 Us, too, where'er thy sheep abide.

Teach us to think of children young,
 Who Zion's hymns have never sung;
 And roam afar from this green hill,
 Where truth and grace the dew distil.

Lead us, with hearts sincere, to pray,
 That they may come on this thy day,
 To learn thy will and read thy word,
 Where wisdom's voice alone is heard.

THE MARTYR OF ST. HIPPOLYTE.

"SCHUCH, the Pastor of St. Hippolyte, a town at the foot of the Vosges, was apprehended, in 1524, for teaching the new doctrines. At his trial, he manifested the utmost tranquility and composure; holding in his hand a little Bible, all covered with notes which he had written in it, he meekly and earnestly confessed Jesus Christ and him crucified. He was condemned to be burnt alive. When the sentence was communicated to him, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and mildly made answer, 'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord!'"—D'AUBIGNE'S HIST. OF THE REFORMATION, vol. iii. p. 479, 480.

THEY'VE brought him to the judgment-seat,
 The meek and humble man of prayer,
 And men of proud and haughty mien
 Have gathered round their victim there.
 They cannot brook that he should claim
 Freedom to preach in Jesus' name.

Unmoved he stands before them all,
 With thoughtful brow and serious air;
 And while their dark designs they plot,
 To heaven ascends his silent prayer;
 For grace he prays, from Him who died—
 Grace, to confess the Crucified.

That Prayer is heard—behold him now
 Inspired by wisdom from above,
 Give utterance to the words of truth,
 Strong in the power of faith and love.
Faith points him to the realms on high—
Love cheers his heart, and lights his eye.

The Word of Life his glorious theme,
 Its precious truths his lips unfold;
 Dearer, far dearer now to him,
 Than costly gems, or mines of gold:
 Joyful, he owns his Saviour's claim,
 And bears glad witness to his name.

But lo! the sentence has gone forth,
 That dooms him to the fiery death;
 Sublimed hopes his soul inspire—
 High heaven above, and earth beneath—
 Immortal glories now he seeks,
 And thus in glowing accents speaks: