Daily Appeal.

TO MISS M. C. A.,
OF MORGANSVILLE.

[For the Memphis Appeal.]

No year is all sunshine; the clouds and the storm
Alternate with calms; and the icy cold breath
Of winter must wither the sweet summer flowers.

Its life is all smiles.
The parent must weep; and it sought, says
But with a grief on earth—there, the bud,
I cannot, then, but then, as the many trinkets fo,
Be happy, and feel not through all life one pang.

She that hath a soul,
In this fallen world, and dares to desire
A life worth transplantation, when she is gone,
Must feel, and must weep, and must work, and must pray.
No lives whose great record is of the good in the heart,
Were by tears unembittered, by pain improved.

Souls swelling with love,
And noble intentions, which high creators,
Are too full of the fiery zeal for good,
Are too deeply entered for life's dear friends,
To suffer shed a tear, to no or feel a pain.
Have you seen the round dew-drop, at early morn,
Bear in its pure beam the picture of sun?
So, little, trembling on a sister's cheek,
Or, sparkling with a pious daughter's prayer,
The tear-drop of love emblems, in its beam,
Like some radiant photograph, there set,
In pearl, the pictured fun of Righteousness.
The pure diamond, in some dark cavern wrought,
By stranger children, some was hard
In mission, by frigid water drops,
Which, a monument of its own purity,
Heaven had its solid diamond forever.
So shall not some, who shall be called a saint,
And set it to bless in thy convent, bright
With heavenly glory.

And there are in life,
Grieve, not for our dear ones, but deep in the soul
Our own hidden sorrows, which we also weep
The parent who lives, till wonderful here,
Must know their dread power.

Be blest;
Be happy, thrice happy, and yet grudge not,
The tear-drop, at times, for the friends or myself.
Write little, I wean, in that calm cold heart,
Which no power hath ever melted in grief
When gladness strikes the vernal day,
Enjoy the blessing, for weep it flies.

But ah!
When the destiny of woe rings through the home,
When death hath despoiled all thy youth's gay hopes,
When silver and tresses were which are now gone,
Have stamped the life-blood in all the veins,
Well turned into mummy thy musical breath,
Oh, then if a friend may dispel one cloud,
From thy calmly's gloom, let that joy be mine

ALGERNON.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Those of my friends who have read the numbers of the *Penny Post* as they appeared during the last year, were no doubt struck with an incode in which mention is made of the commencement of the war. I refer to the death of the young soldier, Marcus Hill Cheek. He had escaped, as you may remember, from the mutineers, but after some days spent in great anxiety, hardship, and thirst, he was found in his hiding place by the brutal Sepoys, and dragged away, to suffer, as they intended, a dreadful death. They took him to a place where some other Sepoys, by torture, were trying to induce a native Christian, who had been discovered by our missionaries, to renounce his faith in Christ, and to return to the idolatrous errors he had so happily forsaken. God gave the young soldier strength of voice and strength of purpose to say to the native Christian, "My friend, whatever you do, do not deny the Lord Jesus." At that moment our troops were heard approaching, and the rebels fled. The native Christian's faith was saved from falling, and he turned to bless the soldier-boy, whose words had been so precious to him; but—not by the hands of the Christ Sepoys, but by loving call of God—the body of the young soldier lay a lifeless corpse! So passed those moments on earth; and trust, without presumption, we may look for that glorious exchange to one all bright and holy. At that happy moment, when this young Christian soldier confessed so nobly, in the face of such death, torture, under other banner he had enlisted when in holy Baptism, the Cross, in pearly drops, was marked upon his infant brow; yes, at that moment, we believe, the Lord, when his spirit was about to purchase your salvation! Yes, yours, be you high or low, rich or poor. At that heavenly banquet we confess that Christ has died to save us; we confess through Christ alone we look for salvation; we confess our belief in His belief, that "His Flesh is meat indeed, and His Blood is drink indeed;" we confess that we believe His words, "Whosoever eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day."

If, then, you go not to this Holy Communion, what do you but deny all this? Awful thought! Can you, dare you, reject and scorn the Sacrifice Sepoy stands to terrify you? Your torture is, in this instance, but the pastry fear of being called "over-pious," or "sanctified?" What! were you not sanctified when you were made "children of God and heirs of heaven," when you were made "children of God and heirs of heaven," when you were made "children of God and heirs of heaven,"