

# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

AUGUST, 1845.

### ST. PETER IN PRISON.

(See Plate.)



THE ministry of angels is taught us throughout the Bible. They visited Abraham's family and partook of his hospitality. They were the messengers of heaven to warn or instruct the prophets and poets of the old Testament; and the first announcement of the new dispensation of Love and Truth was by the ministry of the angelic host.

That these holy ministering spirits were always about the path of the Saviour would be expected, but, perhaps, his humble followers had hardly dared to believe they also would be watched over, protected and succoured by such heavenly assistants. The first exhibition of this angel ministry made to the followers of Jesus, after they commenced their labours, was in

opening the prison-doors and freeing St. Peter and the other apostles.

What joy must have filled the hearts of those faithful men when they saw the angel appear, and knew that their Lord had not forgotten them? Could they ever afterwards, while doing His will, doubt of His assistance?—or fear, while knowing that angels were near, what men could do?

If we only had faith, like those good men, and would devote ourselves to good works like them, might we not also feel sure that the angels were watching to aid us in trials and sorrows, and bless our path when it led through the pleasant places of life?

"Alas! we think not that we daily see,  
About our hearths, angels that *are* to be;  
Or may be, if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."

### ERROR.—A SONNET.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD."

A CHILD of thine, a wildered boy, once lived  
In cottage rude, beside the restless sea;  
A neck of land, where scarcely even thrived  
The wildest plants, somphine and rosemary;  
Little was there to tempt the steps aside,  
There the hoarse breaker and the heaving sand;  
And yet I marked, when inward swept the tide,  
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And the loud tempest surged upon the strand,  
Urging the shelterless to shelter nigh,  
The sea-bird beat his wing upon the cot,  
And sank exhausted—for the storm was high—  
Allured by that strange sight, he sought the spot,  
With drenched wing, and found it but to die,  
And wildly through the night arose his lonely cry.

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