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## POETRY.

### Hymn of the Church-yard.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Alas! this is a sad and a lone city;  
Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey  
The grassy streets with melancholy pity!  
Where are its children? where their gleesome  
play?  
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep,  
Their playthings are thrown by, and they sleep.

This is pale beauty's haunt; but where the beautiful,  
Whom I have seen come forth at evening's hours,  
Leading their aged friends, with feelings full,  
And the wreaths of spring, to gather flowers?  
Alas! no flowers are here but flowers of death,  
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.

This is a populous place; but where the bustling,  
The crowded buyers of the noisy mart—  
The lookers on—the snowy garments rustling—  
The money-changers—and the men of art?  
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,  
And none are anxious to resume it here.

This is the house of grandeur; where are they,  
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?  
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay—  
The gaudy guise of humankind's pride?  
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,  
And the green sod dizens their beauteous now.

This is the place of refuge and repose;  
Where are the poor, the old, the weary wight,  
The scorned, the humbled, and the men of woes,  
Who wept for mercy, and besought for grace?  
Their sighs at last have ceased, and hence they sleep  
Beside their sorrowers, and I forget to weep.

This is a place of gloom; where are the gloomy?  
The gloomy are not citizens of death;  
Apparitions and phantoms the long grass is pluming;  
See them above! they are not bound to earth!  
For these low dwellers, with awful woe,  
Nature, to dwellers, contrives her magic show.

This is a place of ours; it is not theirs;  
And might they tread o'er us, who saw red not,  
And would we were they whose feet should tread on us,  
Alas! their graves, their tears, their agonies,  
They, too, are laid in this solitary,  
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.

This is a place of fear, no time to grieve,  
A warning to be heedful, a warning to be true;  
But Christian hope, and love, and grace, and truth,  
And truly honest, and truly good,  
Have made me trust that I am not alone,  
And long to meet my brethren in the dawn.

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...d for the Proprietors  
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reflected upon the place of his demise, and the whole scene of this event is impressed upon the hearer, and enshrined in the recollections of his friends and admirers. In this way, miserable garrets and damp cellars—apartments splendidly furnished—deep and gloomy dungeons—battle fields—and places of public execution, such as TOWER HILL, SMITHFIELD, the GRASS MARKET, &c., all these acquire distinction, a *genius loci* invests each remembered spot with mystery and renown, and relics of them are preserved with the utmost care, and each succeeding age honours them with undiminished veneration.

The room in which a child of God expires is an object of deep and solemn interest to Heaven, to Earth, and to Hell. No matter where it is situated, or how it is circumstanced, it is still one of the courts of Zion—one of the numerous suburbs of Heaven—angels are there as ministering spirits—Jesus is there able to save to the uttermost—the Holy Spirit is there comforting and sanctifying—the Everlasting Father is there, and to his suffering child he says—"Thou art now passing through the valley of the shadow of death; but fear not, I am with thee—the pain of life will soon be over; thy sorrows and troubles will soon be ended—I'll guide thee through the valley—I'll lead thee across the Jordan—and I'll bring thee into Heaven, and there you will have an inheritance among them that are sanctified."

The death of the renowned Marquis whose name is prefixed to this sketch is very suggestive, and fittingly fraught with matter for devout reflection. His life was marked by many and painful vicissitudes, but a naturally vigorous and untiring, strengthened by repeated assurances of divine protection, enabled him to overcome them all, and through grace, to exhibit at the last, a most felicitous consummation. Witness his com- position—his peace—his soul is stayed upon God; the love of God is shed abroad in his heart—the opening Heavens are shining upon him with beams of splendour—the time he has which had subsisted for 60 years, falls away, and the redeemed soul, full of glory, stands before the throne of the Most High. The *Journal* records to have, and takes its place among the *spirits of just men made perfect*.

The *Journal* also contains a full and interesting account of the death of the late Marquis. It is a most interesting and instructive narrative, and is well worth perusal. It is a most interesting and instructive narrative, and is well worth perusal. It is a most interesting and instructive narrative, and is well worth perusal.

**CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.**

We need a better preparation for the service of God, and a more diligent study of the Scriptures, and a more diligent study of the Scriptures, and a more diligent study of the Scriptures.

For the Westons.  
Jared Hyatt.

BY THE REV. R. C. SMITH, M.A.

The deathbed of a sinner is the scene of a transition, and it is a scene which is never to be forgotten. It is a scene which is never to be forgotten. It is a scene which is never to be forgotten.

**The Bible a Dangerous Book.**

The Bible is a dangerous book, and it is dangerous for the world, which is perishing; dangerous for Satan, whom it denounces; dangerous to false religions, which it condemns; dangerous, ay, highly dangerous to every church that dares withhold it from the people; and whose original intention is to bring light to the world.

The following amusing anecdote, given a few years ago by the *Rev. Dr. Evanson*, in an address given at the Sabbath School Union held in London, may be cited in illustration of this quotation from the celebrated *Monist*—

"A Roman Catholic priest in England, deeply sympathizing with the moral condition of his parish, contrived what could be done

consistent with his own religious creed, to overtake the population with some remedial measures; and it struck him it would be well to print and circulate the Epistles of St. Peter by themselves, in a separate tract. He did so; but somehow or other they did not sell. He then thought he had better add to the title, 'The Epistles of St. Peter, Head of the Church.' Still, however, nobody bought them. At last it suggested itself to his mind that if he placed between the title page and the Epistles themselves the representation of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, they would sell. He did so; and now the whole edition was soon bought up. One of the copies fell into the hands of a man, who having read it, went to the priest, and having ascertained that he had put them in circulation, said—

"I have not got all. Are there not the Epistles of some other fellows?"

"What makes you think so?" said the priest.

"Because," replied the man, "I find it is written, as our beloved brother Paul hath said, 'Now where are the Epistles of Saint Paul?'"

"It is even so," said the priest.

"The man never rested until he had procured a copy of the New Testament. Having read this he came again to the priest—

"Ah! I have not got it all yet," said he.

"Why not?" said the priest.

"Because I read, as it is written in the book of Isaiah: 'As it is written in the book of Hosea: As saith the Prophet Jeremy: As saith the Prophet Isaiah.' And then with all the characteristic ardour of an Irishman, he pointed out to the priest the numerous *apocryphal* fingerprints and landmarks in the New Testament, pointing to the existence of the Old.

"Well," said the priest, "you are right now also; there is another book, much larger than that which you have."

"O let me have it," said the man; and he never rested till he was possessed of a perfect copy of the Scriptures. Having then perused it as it were both strata, both hemispheres, and absorbed the light of both, the man went to his own priest, and applied for absolution, which was refused him, among other reasons, because he was a Bible-reader, and that, therefore, there was no absolution for him. However, he urged his suit with that irresistible Irish force, which there was no parallel in the universe; that the priest agreed to let him have absolution upon payment of a certain sum of money. The man then pulled out from under his coat the Bible, and said to the priest, "I will give you a copy of the Bible, if you will give me absolution. I will give you a copy of the Bible, if you will give me absolution. I will give you a copy of the Bible, if you will give me absolution."

**Holy Meditation.**

Prayer is the heart's ascent to God, to holy meditation; when the mind, unencumbered of earthly cares, is left free to follow the movement of the heart; when, by close contemplation, spiritual truth beams out, and we with power upon the mind and heart, gaze into the deep fountains of a life-giving and life-giving fountain of God, and then we are made to see the strength and power of God, and we are made to see the strength and power of God, and we are made to see the strength and power of God.

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holy tears are shed, soft tears of penitence; tears that sparkle as rain-drops in the sun; Jesus' love is shining on them. Here is heard that voice of the sacred Word, which says, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are all forgiven thee!" O the untold bliss of that heart which receives forgiveness! Here the joyful consecration is made of soul and body unto the Lord, and here is heard that voice of the sacred Word, which says, "I will receive you; I will be a Father unto you."—*A Father unto you, Abba—Father!* Who can paint the feelings, and give the full expression of the heart, receiving forgiveness, holiness, and heaven? Who can draw the imagery of love? Its hues are all of heaven. We must go up, and take the likeness there. We will call it praise and adoration; it is like to angel-worship. How the cloud of incense rises up from earth, mingled with their united breath of praise, which fills the air of heaven. Precious in the eye of the Lord are the jewels of the Saviour's crown. Though far off, they sparkle, beaming with his radiance. The Saviour knows and loves his own; the purchase of his blood.—We may come, then, to the secret place, and greet his smiles with holy delight. What hour to be compared with that which brings us to the banqueting-chamber, where we may feast on the love of Jesus! *The hour of twilight!* What a gathering is there to the secret place, each to his own loved spot! There is a mingling of the shades of light and darkness; fit emblem of the soul, midway between earth and heaven. As truly as the light and darkness are commingling, so are the aspirations of these holy souls, uniting us to God. We will greet, then, the hour of prayer with something of these feelings with which we expect to enter heaven. It is next to enter Heaven to be along with God; or rather, where God is, there is heaven.

"The presence makes my paradise,  
And where thou art is heaven."

### The Value of a Resolve.

A revival in McKean co., Pennsylvania, was in progress. Mrs. S., a pious and intelligent lady, enjoyed much of the spirit of the Saviour. Her own heart was happy in the Lord, but her husband was not a Christian; he was a magistrate, an intelligent, influential, and moral gentleman. Her eyes were delighted with what she saw of the manifestations of divine power, but her heart lingered around her husband, and longed to see him a trophy of grace. One afternoon she returned from divine service with the fixed determination to carry his case to God in special prayer, and to do what he could to persuade him to attend upon the means of grace.

The evening was spent in prayer, and every day with her husband she did the same, and had pressed the necessity of his seeking the salvation of his soul, and obtaining the answer, "I will." That was a memorable night. The wife on the one hand encouraged her prayer, and more than ever inquired about the husband; on the other, deeply and solemnly cogitating the nature of the resolve he had taken.—That was a night of prayer.

The morning sun rose brightly, but Mr. S. was bowed down under a sense of guilt. He had started for the house of God, some four miles distant. But as he passed through his village, he thought of several gentlemen, his intimate associates, who were engaged. On then he called, described his feelings and troubles, and invited them to accompany him. Two lawyers, one a magistrate, and a school-teacher, were persuaded, and set off with him for the place of worship. On their way, they passed the residence of one of the Judges of the county. Him Mr. S. addressed, saying, "Judge, you are determined to accompany me, and I have persuaded many of my neighbours, to go with me. Come, lay aside your plough and go along." Such a message and exhortation, from such a source, was unexpected.

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