

POETRY.

From the Churchman.

THE RESTORED DAUGHTER.

She ceased to breathe, and o'er her brow
The clouded dews of death were spread;
And her sweet voice, so bland and low,
Murmur'd its last; and prayers were said,
And holy vesper hymns were sung,
And wailing through the wide halls rung
And mourners to the death-room thronged—
For she, who lay so cold and still,
Within the snow-white linen there,
Had been the light of vale and hill—
The star of all Judea's fair.

No newly-gather'd spring flowers threw
Their rich and balmy freshness round;
No funeral wreath of heavenly hue
That pale young sleeper's temples bound!
For Autumn's leprosy had been,
With with'ring breath, through Heshbon's groves,
And lone Elealeh's bowers were seen,
Relinquishing their summer loves;
And the small fingering vines, which creep
Along Egeda's terraced walls,
Droop'd wearily, and cold dews slept
Mid leaves, like glittering coronals.

Oh, 'tis a sadd'ning thing to stand
Beside the beautiful—the dead—
And mark the still, small lifeless hand,
Out o'er the heavenless bosom spread,—
To gaze upon the half-closed eye,
The lips compress'd, the close-bound hair,—
Where dwell the spark of mystery,
Which flies at death through upper air;
'Tis a subduing thing. We turn,
With our dissolving hearts, and treasure,
Low in the depths of mem'ry's urn,
Our sorrows in their utmost measure.

But soft! a stranger's feet bath cross'd
The threshold of yon darken'd room,
A stranger bends above that lost,
Frail blossom of untimely doom;
What doth he there? The wailings cease—
The broken-hearted parents rise,
What are his words? They breathe of peace,
Thinks he that death will yield his prize?
'She is not dead, she only sleeps.'
They answer'd him with bitter scorn;
Again despairing Jairas weeps,
All comfortless his only born.

He heads them not. The stranger guest
His mild blue eye turns mournfully
From their blasphemous taunts, to rest
Upon the unconscious form of clay.
And oh! can aught of earth portray
The holy heaven of that dear glance?
Silent the scoffers turned away
Their hearts grow still, as in a trance;
Their hands wax'd nerveless, for they knew,
By that one look, their eyes had seen
The far-famed dread of priestly Jew—
The persecuted Nazarine.

He took the maiden's hand, and said,
'Talitha cum,' and into and light
Gleam'd instant forth, the mourn'd, the dead,
Rose from her icy thrall of night.
Glowing with vernal health she stood
Enveloped still in winding sheet;
And the astonish'd multitude
Fell prostrate at the Saviour's feet.

Be industrious, time and skill are your capital.

Be saving, whatever it be, live within your income.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Fourteen years since, in an obscure neighbouring village, their might be seen a lad of ordinary look and of an indifferent marked character. He was of poor parentage and humble birth, and had no claims upon temporal wealth or greatness. His time was occupied, as the time of the boys in the country usually is, working alternately upon the farm in summer, and attending the village school during the winter months. But there was existing in the bosom of this unpretending boy a latent genius, which the monotony of country life could not quench, and an energy of character which needed only the force of circumstances to draw it out. He was yet young, but the restlessness of a vigorous mind, still immature, could not be subdued. It wanted more scope and expansion, and it longed, with a consuming desire, for enlarged duties, and more energetic life. Pennyless and but poorly educated, this boy determined to leave his humble home, resolving at the same time, never to revisit it until he could do it with honor and in possession of a competency. Many years have elapsed and a year or two since again he returns to his early home. He is unknown to all, and is recognised by nobody. He is a stranger at his own father's fireside. Even the mother has forgotten her own son! That interview was painful in the extreme, but the disclosure of his name, which followed, was touchingly tender and affecting. It was one of those scenes in life when life becomes liquid, and pours out like water.—After leaving New England he went to the south, turned his hand with Yankee adroitness to various pursuits, 'traded a little,' kept school, 'studied law,' and finally becoming successful and eminent in his profession, was elevated to the dignity of a Judge. At the early age of thirty-two, we find this poor pennyless New England boy enjoying an eminent rank of talents, in possession of wealth, and he is now seated on the bench of the Supreme Court of Georgia! —[Northampton Courier.]

[What can be more stimulating to young lads than the above detail of facts. No one know his own worth till some circumstance occurs "to draw him out." Many minds of rare and rich qualities remain dormant, from the fact that wealth surrounds the possessor and indolence follows as a matter of course. How striking the contrast!—a poor country boy, after the lapse of a few years, by his own industry, makes himself a prominent literary and professional character, while, too often, the man of high and wealthy birth, is, in after life, not an ornament but a degradation to society.]

LOSS OF FRIENDS.

Our very hearts die within us when sickness and death assail our beloved friends. When the heart on which our image was engraven, and which beat with generous affection for us, is insensible and cold—when, in

that dark and narrow bed, from which they cannot rise, sleeps a father, a wife, a child, a friend, we feel a sorrow which refuses to be comforted. We dwell upon their excellencies with a mournful pleasure. We think of the happy hours we have spent in their society—hours never to return—with a feeling which nearly approaches to despair. *That they are no more*—that they have ceased to think, to feel, to act, at least for us—that the eye which used to gladden at our approach is dark, and can no more beam upon us with the counsels of wisdom, or soothe our souls with the accents of hallowed and virtuous affection, are silent forever—no more to solace us in sorrow, no more to exalt or heighten our pleasure—while these thoughts press upon the mind, (and on the loss of our dear and virtuous friends they do incessantly press upon it, sinking into the dust) the universe is a blank to us. No longer do we discover any traces of that supreme and unchanging goodness which we had been accustomed to contemplate with delight. But even in these moments of sadness, we must be unjust to ourselves, and to the Author of our mercies, if we are not soon revived by the consciousness of benevolence, to which the serenity of anguish may for a while, leave us insensible. The privation of our friends, afflictive as it is, is never without benefit to us. It is then that we feel that we are born for immortality; that the world is not our home; that we are travelling to a fairer clime. It is then that we enter into Religion, and feel its genuine spirit. The same happy effects are often produced by sickness; and to natural and moral disorders which prevail, we owe the production and growth of the highest excellencies of nature. In a word, an attentive consideration of what are termed the evils of life, enables us to discover so much of the truest benevolence in many of them, as may well induce us to bear with resignation; those whose design we cannot so fully comprehend, until it shall please our Heavenly Father to give us clearer light and stronger vision.—Smith on Divine Goodness.

Anecdote of Hoeing.—In a certain village lived a very honest farmer, who having a number of men hoeing in the field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting upon a stone, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered 'I thank for the spirit!' 'You are very apt at quoting scripture, said the farmer 'and I wish you were as ready to obey its injunctions—recollect the text, *Hoc*, every one that thirsteth! It is needless to add that the man immediately resumed his labor.

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