

Poetry.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Remember the poor!
It fearfully snoweth,
And bitterly bloweth;
Thou couldst not endure
The tempest's wild power,
Through night's dreary hour,
They pity the poor!

Remember the poor!
Their father is lying
In that hovel dying
With sickness of heart;
No voice cheers his dwelling,
Of Jesus' love telling
Ere life shall depart.

Remember the poor!
The widow is sighing,
The orphans are crying,
Half starving for bread!
With eagerness speed ye
To succor the needy,
Their helper is dead.

Remember the poor!
The baby is sleeping,
Its cheeks wet with weeping,
On its mother's breast;
Whose cough, deep and hollow,
Foretells she'll soon follow
Her husband to rest!

Remember the poor!
To him who aid lendeth,
Whatever he spendeth,
The Lord will repay;

And sweet thoughts shall cheer him,

And God's love be near him,

In his dying day!

THE CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.
(From "Records of a Good Man's Life," by the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, M.A.)

We were married. My dear relations the Lovels, came to the wedding, and Mr. Lovel performed the ceremony. My brother Charles and Lisa and her husband, and the Wentworths were present also.—Mr. Wentworth gave away the bride, and his daughters were the bride-maids.

I soon found that I had indeed a treasure in my lovely wife. She won the love and admiration of all wherever she appeared.

"Well, sir!" said my servant Martin to me, "we begin to get more reconciled to parting with Miss Lisa; since you have brought our new mistress home. We servants love her as if we had known her for years; and the poor people in the village say that they never saw any one to compare with her but Miss Lisa."

She has such a kind humble way of speaking, that many say they would rather have her find fault with them, than be praised by others." I soon met with an instance in which the happy effect of her visits among my poor parishioners was very apparent.—One evening, when I had been called to visit a dying person at the extremity of my parish, a poor half-naked woman opened the little garden gate, and came up to the window where my wife was sitting at work; she said nothing, but fixed her large sunken eyes on a great loaf of bread which had been placed with the tea-things on the table beside which Una was sitting, the poor creature was half-starved. Her brutal husband had gone away and left her with two little sickly children. Una put into her hand the very loaf which she had eyed so greedily; and not long after her departure, she followed the woman to her wretched lodging, to judge for herself as to the extent of her distress, and, if necessary, to relieve it. She found the mother and her children in the most deplorable state, and on her return home she took care to send them the relief they were in need of. But on her next visit, and after some inquiries which she made, Una discovered that it was not merely bodily succour that we were called upon to supply. The wretched creature had been brought to such extreme distress by a life of abandoned profligacy, and was in a fearful state of ignorance and sin. My kind-hearted wife, on hearing this, felt only more deeply interested in the situation of the wretched woman. With my hearty concurrence, she placed the two sickly children under the care of a respectable widow woman, for their mother was now confined to her bed, and quite unable to attend to them. She hired a nurse to wait upon her, and not a day passed in which she did not herself administer to the wants of the dying woman. I say "dying," for our medical attendant had given no hopes of her recovery. It was by the bedside of this lost and wretched female, that I first saw the real superiority of my wife's character. I had been occupied during the chief part of the morning in visiting among the cottages at the upper end of the village, and in my way home I determined to call on the dying woman of whom I have been speaking. The room in which she lodged was one among many in a large building, (perhaps some hundred years ago the manor of a person of some importance in our village,) but they were now let out in separate tenements to the poor. As I walked slowly down the long passage leading to the room I was about to enter, I was surprised to perceive a young woman standing not far from the door, apparently listening to what passed within. She was leaning her head against the wall. As I drew nearer, I heard the deep hollow cough of the sick woman, but the young female in the passage stirred not. Either the cough was louder than the sound of my footsteps, or, (which I believe was the fact) she was too deeply absorbed by her own thoughts to notice my approach. I also paused, and as the coughing ceased, I also stood still to listen, for I recognised the sweet tones of my wife's voice. I was astonished at the clear and simple wisdom with which she spoke. I had often listened with delight to the winning sweetness in which she spoke to the poor and the sick of their bodily ailments in my presence; but she was now discoursing of the message of the Redeemer to the lost and hopeless sinner, and surely, faithfulness and truth were scarcely ever tempered with so much of the tenderness of love. The girl who stood before me seemed to listen with serious and profound attention to every word, till at last she covered her eyes with her hand, and her whole frame shook with a sudden burst of grief, and the endeavours we made to restrain it. I thought it best to offer no interruption to what was passing, and withdrew very silently, that the poor girl might not know herself observed. About a fortnight after, Una was a little later than usual in her return home to dinner; she had been sent for in haste to the dying woman.—When she entered the room she looked very pale and grave, and I could see that she had been weeping.—"It is all over," she replied to the inquiry which I made; "the poor creature is at last gone."

"The judgments of God are unsearchable and His ways past finding out, and it is not for me to declare that her death was without hope; but, oh! there was a deadness, a want of anxiety as to all but her bodily comforts about this wretched woman that has deeply shocked me. From the time that we first visited her to the moment of her departure, she has seemed utterly careless and unconcerned about her eternal interests. Yet all is—must be right;" she added very meekly, after a short pause, in which she seemed to be deep in thought. "God is always wisest and kindest. Perhaps, I was too confident that success must attend my daily pleadings with the poor woman, and that I should see the fruits of my prayers. May it not be so? dear Ernest," she said, gently clasping my hand and bending down her face, over which the tears had begun again to flow. "The ways of our God are indeed above our ways," I replied, "and perhaps you little think, my humble, pious love, how much encouragement accompanies the humbling lesson of which you speak; for you know not that while your exertions were unheeded by her for whom you designed them, every little word fell with the dew of God's blessing into the heart of one who stood as it were by the way-side, unnoticed and unknown by you."

A young woman of abandoned character, also a lodger in the house where your poor charge has just expired, was drawn first of all by impudent curiosity to steal to the door of the chamber which you visited, that she might amuse herself by listening to what passed within. She heard you speak of sins which she had committed; of a Saviour whom she had rejected; of that change of heart of which she felt her need.—Every thing that you said touched her to the quick, and whenever you entered the chamber of that dying woman, she softly took her place by the door, with the faith and repentance of the Magdalene of old, to listen for her Saviour's words. One day I found her weeping, as she listened before that door; and this morning she has sought me out, half broken-hearted, to ask for our advice and assistance; to intreat that we will befriend her, and if possible, find some way of enabling her to remove from this neighbourhood, where she has little hope of standing firm and faithful among her vile associates. Many of them begin already to jeer at her new habits, and she wisely dreads lest their taunts or their flattery should join with her own weak heart, to drive her back to the ways of sin and misery."

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE REV. BENJ. D. WINSLOW.

(From a Note to his Funeral Sermon, by Bishop Doane.)

His father writes, "The early infancy of Benjamin was remarkable for great originality, bright ideas, and remarks beyond his age." And, what is better still than this, his "docility of disposition was such that little or no complaint was ever made by any person having the care of him; and I never knew a child so easily controlled." The following dialogue is remembered as taking place between him and a younger sister, after their mother's death, when he was a little more than six years old.

Benjamin.—Lucretia, see that beautiful star.

To him who aid lendeth,

Whatever he spendeth,

The Lord will repay;

And sweet thoughts shall cheer him,

And God's love be near him,

In his dying day!

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B.—Mother said, God is a spirit, and could see everything, and know every thing; and that those who love Him, would see as far as He can.

L.—Can mother see us now?

B.—Mother's spirit can.

L.—Why cannot mother see us?

B.—She will, when we are dead, and go to her.

Those who knew him well, his poetical fancy, and his loving nature, "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought," will feel how true it is, "the boy is father to the man."

The playful humour—as bright, and as beautiful, and as harmless, as the heat-lightning of our summer skies—in which he excelled all men I ever knew, was also developed very early; as when he said, at four years old, to a venerable relative, who was very much bent with years, "Aunt Sally, why don't you stoop backwards?"

The following is the earliest poetical composition of his that I have seen. It was written at ten years of age. It certainly has character.

I.
Death has set his seal
On all that earth has given;
But then for some 'tis well,
For death's the road to heaven.

II.
The warrior on the field doth fall,
The statesman on his bed,
And priest and prince and peasant all
Are numbered with the dead.

III.
I looked towards the sky,
And it was wrapt in flame,
And forth, I knew not why,
The King of Terrors came.

IV.
He then took forth a seal;
An end to life was given;
The end for some was well,
For 'twas the road to heaven.

THE RHINE.
(From Alison's History of Europe.)

The Germans have long connected heart-stirring associations with the sight, and even the name of the Rhine. The vast amphitheatre of the central Alps, from the snows of which that noble stream takes its rise; the sublime cataract by which it descends into the plains of Germany; the ancient and peopled cities which lie along its banks; the romantic regions through whose precipices it flows; the feudal remains by which their summits are crowned; the interesting legends of the olden time with which they are connected; the vineyards which nestle in their sunny rocks; the topaz blaze of the cliffs on which the mouldering ruins are placed—have long sunk into the heart of this imaginative people, and united to the thrilling music of Hayden have touched the inmost chords of the German soul:

"The Rhine! the Rhine!
Blessings on the Rhine!

St. Rochus bless the land of love and wine!
The groves and high hung meads, whose glories shine,
In painted meadows low;

Its rocks, whose topaz beam betrays the vine,
Our river ruby glow.

The Rhine! the Rhine, the blessings on the Rhine!

Beats there a sad heart here? pour forth the wine!

They connected it, in an especial manner with the idea of Germany as a whole; it was their great frontier stream; it recalled the days of their emperors and independence; it had become as it were, the emblem of the fatherland. It may easily be conceived what effect upon the armies of a people thus excited—whose hearts had thrilled to the songs of Körner, whose swords had drunk of the blood of Leipzig—the sight of the Rhine, when it first burst upon their united and conquering arms, produced. Involuntarily the columns halted when they reached the heights beyond Hochheim, where its windings spread out as on a map beneath their feet; the rear ranks hurried to the front; the troops uncovered as they beheld the stream of their fathers; tears trickled down many cheeks, joy, too big for utterance swelled every heart; and the enthusiasm passing from rank to rank, soon a hundred thousand voices joined in the cheers, which told the world that the war of independence was ended, and Germany delivered.

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.
(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

The Queen dispenses of five hundred thousand francs a-year for all her personal expenses; and certainly she gives more than four hundred thousand in charity of all kinds. "M. Appert," she would sometimes say to me, "give those five hundred francs we spoke of, but put them down upon next month's list, for the *watiers are low, my purse is empty.*" Imposture, ingratitude, even the insolent form of the pretensions addressed to her, fail to discourage her in her benevolent mission. "Madam," an old Bonapartist lady one day wrote to her, "if the Bourbons had not returned to France—for the misfortune of the nation—my beloved mistress and protectress, the Empress Maria Louis, would still be upon the throne, and I should not be under the humiliating necessity of telling you that I am without bread, and that the wretched matress upon which I sleep is about to be thrown out of her home." I dare not ask you for assistance, for my heart is with my real sovereign, and I cannot promise you my gratitude. If, however, you think proper to preserve a life which, the misfortunes of my country, has been so full of bitterness, I will accept a loan; I should blush to

receive a gift. I am, madam, your servant, Ch.—"Here was a pretty letter to set before a Queen; a mode of imploring alms that might well have disgusted the most charitable. But what was Maria Amélie's reply to the precious epistle? She was accustomed to open all the petitions addressed to her—and numerous indeed they were—with her own hand, and to write upon many of them instructions for M. Appert. When the impudent missive of the Bonapartist reached that gentleman, the following lines had been added to it:—"She must be very unhappy for she is very unjust. A hundred francs to be sent to her immediately; and I beg M. Appert to make inquiries concerning this lady's circumstances." M. Appert, indignant at the tone of the letter, ventured to remonstrate; but the Queen insisted, and even tripled her intended donation, in case it should be required by her singular petitioner, whom her almoner accordingly proceeded to visit. "I knocked at a worn-eaten door, on the fifth floor of a house in the Rue St. André des Arts, and a lady dressed in black (it was her only gown) opened it. 'Sir,' said she, much agitated, 'are you the commissary of police come to arrest me for my shameful letter to the Queen? You must forgive me: I am so unhappy that at times I become deranged. I am sorry to have written as I did to a Princess whom all the poor call good and charitable.' 'Be not alarmed, madam,' I replied, taking her petition from my pocket. 'Read her majesty's orders; they will enable you to judge of her better than anything I could tell you.' Madame C. read the affecting words added by the Queen; then, bursting into tears, she pressed the paper to her lips. 'Sir,' she exclaimed, 'give me nothing, but leave me this holy relic, I will die of hunger with it upon my heart.' Madame C. proving in all respects worthy of the Queen's generosity, I left her the three hundred francs, but had much difficulty in prevailing on her to give up the petition, which I still preserve with respect and veneration. This trait of the Queen of the French is only one of ten thousand."

THE BLIND GIRL OF MANZANARES.
(From Madrid Letters.)

THE ALABASTER BOX OF PRECIOUS OINTMENT.

The moment the Andalusian diligence stops to change horses at Manzanares, a small town about eighty miles from Madrid, a young woman, twenty-two years of age, blind, though not from her birth, of a vulgar countenance, and meanly clad, addresses herself to the passengers, and seeks to excite their charity by means of a volley of extemporary verses. She usually asks the travellers for a rhyme, and they try to select the most difficult metres, and most absurd verses. She gets out of the dilemma as well as she can, sometimes with forced constructions and nonsensical stanzas, which such difficulties necessitate, but she never stops short nor hesitates; scarcely has the line issued from the lips of the voyager, than the corresponding rhyme is supplied by the mouth of the poor poetess. This facility of extemporaneous composition is certainly no proof of a great extent of intelligence, nor do the verses of the blind girl merit the name of poetry, yet some of them are not wanting in grace and simplicity. But this humble *improvisatrice* possesses another accomplishment, far superior to that of verse-making, in her perfect knowledge of Latin, its rules, its delicacies, its difficulties, and its principal authors. When a child, she sat at the door of the Latin class of the town, then presided over by a domine of that race now almost extinct, composed of men whom unremitting study and great exertion in teaching had rendered familiar with the whole range of the literature of the Latin language. The blind girl listened attentively to the lessons, and engraven them on her stupendous memory. The Latin tongue became the sole object of her thoughts, and the one great object of her life. Her favourite amusement was to turn into Latin whatever she thought and heard. The boys of the class, at her request, looked out the words she wanted in the dictionary, and the school-master was ever ready to explain and elucidate such difficulties as occurred to her; and thus, by a repetition of those exercises, and the concentration of vigorous intellectual powers, not disturbed in their labour by the sense and most easily attracted by external impressions, the Latin language ended by becoming the habitual medium of the blind girl's reasoning—the easiest vehicle for the expression of her thoughts. Thus, as she herself says, she thinks in Latin, "et quod tenet diuinum est (to adopt her own expression) est eternum." On two occasions the writer has been witness to the comforts of a good conscience, is the more soliloquies ought we to be, that we proceed upon sure grounds in the judgment which we make of our own selves; and that we mistake not presumption or self-admiration for true peace of mind. Many marks might be mentioned, whereby to distinguish one from the other; but it may suffice to point out one which is the surest of any; namely, growth in goodness, growth in grace. The progress of the Christian life is gradual; and our highest attainments here are still growing perfection. Examine your title to the comforts of a good conscience by this rule; and you will not think that your heart's fullest and deepest affections were wasted upon Jesus, when for eternity he overflows those hearts with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and when from the throne of everlasting judgment you hear a sentence yet more transporting than was the voice of pardon to Mary's ravished ears—Come ye blessed children of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.—Rev. Thomas Woodward.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

The greater the comfort of a good conscience is, the more soliloquies ought we to be, that we proceed upon sure grounds in the judgment which we make of our own selves; and that we mistake not presumption or