

Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

THE RESURRECTION.*

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Morning of the Sabbath-day !
O thou sweetest hour of prime !
Dart a retrospective ray
O'er the eastern hills of time ;
Daybreak let my spirit see
At the foot of Calvary.

Joseph's sepulchre is nigh ;
Here the seal upon the stone,
There the sentinel with eye,
Star-like, fixed on that alone ;
All around is calm and clear,
Life and death keep Sabbath here.

Bright and brighter, beam on beam,
Now like new-created light,
From the rock-cleft, gleam by gleam,
Shoots athwart the warring night ;
Till the splendour grows intense,
Overpowering mortal sense.

Glory turns with me to gloom ;
Sight, pulsation, thought, depart,
And the stone rent from the tomb
Seems to fall upon my heart :
With that shock the vision flies,
Christ is risen—and I may rise—

Rise like Him, as from this trance,
When the trumpet calls the just
To the saint's inheritance,
From their dwellings in the dust.
By thy resurrection's power,
Jesus, save me in that hour !

Sabbath morning ! hail to thee ;
O thou sweetest hour of prime !
From the foot of Calvary,
Now to Zion's top I climb ;
There my risen Lord to meet,
In his temple, at his feet.

* Not found in the Author's collected works, but in a periodical called the "Forget-Me-Not," to which we contributed it, in 1837.

THE RELIGION-WE WANT.

We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing. A religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stall, pebbles from the cotton-bags, clay from the paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, alum from bread, and water from the milk-kaus. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all little ones at the bottom. It will not make one-half pair of shoes of good leather, and the other half of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkin's kid gloves ; nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop ; nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing-silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half ; nor all wool delaines and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton ; nor coats made of old rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys ; it contracts to build of seven dollar material ; nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine ; nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join ; nor daub the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered ; nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is going to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to the Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief.—*The (Boston) Christian.*