

## POETRY.

(FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.)

SIR,—By giving the following lines a place  
in your interesting little work, you will much  
oblige  
Your obedient servant,

J. A\*\*\*\*.

## THE CHRISTIAN SKELETON'S SPEECH.

Start not, friend, at this form of mine,  
"The ruins of a work divine."  
This ghostly skull was once the spot  
That gave birth to mysterious thought,  
That rang'd, with freedom all its own,  
Through earth, air, seas, and worlds un-  
known—

But now the fount of life is gone,  
The thoughts are with the spirit flown ;  
Yet, they shall animate this skull again,  
And soar triumphant o'er past scenes of pain.

In those two sockets, once did shine,  
The sparkling eye as bright as thine,  
Which through a sun-lit sky could rove  
Or silent speak the tale of love,  
Or shed the tear of sympathy,  
As thine, perhaps, does now o'er me.  
But Ah, nor Love nor Pity's tear  
Hath left the least resemblance here—  
Yet the lost eyes shall to their cells return,  
And with immortal life shall sweetly burn.

Within this cavern once was hung  
A pearl of price—a Christian's tongue,  
A tongue that spoke its maker—God,  
And spread His bount'ous love abroad ;  
A tongue not fam'd for low dispute,  
But where it could not praise was mute—  
A tongue that spoke its distin'd end,  
And pray'd for foe as well as friend,  
Though now amongst the silent dead it lies,  
Shall rise, and sing, above the starry skies.

These arms, these hands, tho' useless grown  
Were us'd in days of yore, by one,  
(As by the will of Heav'n design'd,)  
To benefit the human kind ;  
Extended to embrace, unfold,  
As brothers, all th' Christian world ;

Were us'd to feed the humble poor,  
Or turn the leaves of knowledge o'er,  
Though now they are unseemly to your view,  
They shall outvie the ones possess'd by you.

These feet were wont to tread the road  
That leads to happiness, and God—  
Were wont to bear me to the place  
Where Jesus shows a smiling face—  
To bear me to the sick man's bed,  
With stores to raise his drooping head ;  
But now they rest within this case,  
And thine must find a resting place ;  
Yet they shall soon with life immortal tread,  
When the last trump awakes the sleeping dead.

Now pray, my friend, let me advise,  
To raise thy thoughts, and lift thine eyes,  
Above yon blue and sun-lit sky,  
From earth and earthly vanity :  
Employ thy tongue in pray'r, praise, love,  
To Him who reigns in heaven above :  
Thy hands to handle, feet to trace,  
The paths of wisdom, and of peace,  
Then shalt thou walk the golden streets on high  
When death is swallow'd up in victory.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

## THE INVITATION

Come, guilty sinner, come and prove  
The sweetness of a Saviour's love ;  
He will thy every sin forgive,  
Only by faith in him believe.

Although your crimes are crimson red  
Dismiss your fears, be not afraid—  
He ready is, he will forgive,  
Only by simple faith believe.

Haste, then, ah why do you delay ?  
The dear Redeemer cries to-day ;  
"If you will hear my voice I'll give  
Salvation free that you may live."

Cast all thy care upon the Lord,  
He cares for thee, he'll help afford ;  
O, then accept the gift divine,  
And Heaven Eternal shall be thine.

Sept. 7.

F. T.