

POETRY.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY H. C. BROOKS, A. M.

The morning sun,
In splendor bright,
Gilt Salem's towers
With living light,
And strook'd the fair ethereal blue
With tints of gold and purple hue;
Earth bloom'd in loveliness and grace,
And rob'd in smiles was nature's face;
But soon the fading sun grows pale,
Quench'd are his beams o'er tower & vale.
The quaking earth
In sunder raut—
The rocky hills,
The battlement—
The bursting tombs
Disclose their dead:
The saints forsake
Their earthly bed;
And midnight gloom
Veils earth and skies,
For, "Lo! the God
Of nature dies."

RESURRECTION.

He is not here; but is risen. LUKE XXIV. 6.

THE Lord, who late was dead,
Now lives; then haste away,
And through the world the tidings spread,
THE LORD IS RISE'N TO-DAY.

His triumph is complete,
Let all his people say;
And let ten thousand tongues repeat,
THE LORD IS RISE'N TO-DAY.

Let all his people sing,
For well his people may:
The theme is sweet, of hope the spring,
THE LORD IS RISE'N TO-DAY.

On him our souls rely,
Desponding thoughts away;
We know 'tis true, and sing with joy,
THE LORD IS RISE'N TO-DAY.

VARIETIES.

TRANQUILITY.—Tranquility is the wish of all: the good, while pursuing the track of virtue; the great, while following the star of glory; and the little, while creeping in the styes of dissipation, sigh for tranquility, and make it the great object which they ultimately hope to attain. How anxiously does the sailor, on the high and giddy mast, when rolling through tempestuous seas, cast his eyes over the foaming billows, and anticipate the calm security he hopes to enjoy when he reaches the wished for shore! Even kings grow weary of their splendid slavery, and nobles sicken under increasing dignities. All, in short feel less delight in the actual enjoyment of worldly pursuits, however great and honorable they may be, than in the idea of their being able to relinquish them and retire to

some calm sequester'd spot;
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

THE TEAR.—A Tear is what? 'Tis the overflowing of the cup of sensibility—the index to a soul fraught with feeling—the ailment of a heart drooping in solitude—with the base, 'tis the arms of warfare against the innocence of loveliness, simplicity and beauty; with women, 'tis the shield of defence to arrest the wily and insidious—her weapon of offence to the cold, the obdurate, the unfeeling, with the parent 'tis the blessing of age on the offspring of youthful vigor and affection; with the child, 'tis the supporting staff of filial piety; with friends, 'tis the token of the communion of souls; to the afflicted, 'tis the ministering angel of consolation—the balm of Gilead to the wounded spirit—the dew of sympathy of the withering flowers of sorrow.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.—The visible works of God speak to us with a commanding eloquence. The sun, that fountain of life and heart of the world, that bright leader of the armies of heaven, enthroned in glorious majesty; the moon shining with a lustre borrowed from his beams; the stars glittering by night in the clear firmament; the air giving breath to all things that live and move, the interchanges of light and darkness; the course of the year, and the sweet visisitude of seasons; the rain and the dew descending from above, and the fruitfulness of the earth caused by them; the bow bent—by the hands of the Most High—which compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle; the awful voice of thunder, and the piercing power of lightning; the instincts of animals, and the qualities of vegetables and minerals; the great and wide sea, with its innumerable inhabitants;—all these instruct us in the mysteries of faith and the duties of morality.

A DEVOUT SPIRIT.—Without this your imagination may be charmed, your sensibility excited, and your mind enriched; but your heart will continue at "enmity with God," and your life uninfluenced by his precepts. The waters of the sanctuary may flow over your soul, yet fail to fertilize and refresh; the manna which should serve for food, will give no nourishment; your spiritual knowledge, like the carved cherubim and palm-trees of the temple, will breathe no life and yield no fruit.

SNUFF TAKING.—Every professed inveterate snuff taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes one minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, amounts to one day out of ten, and this amounts to thirty six days and a half, in the year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff taker's life, will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it.

LOOK IN THE BIBLE.—Some gentlemen of a bible association lately calling upon an old woman in New Orleans, to see if she had a bible, were severely reproved with the reply, "Do you think gentlemen that I am a heathen, to ask me such a question? Then addressing a little girl, she said, "Run and fetch the bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble, but she insisted on giving them ocular demonstration that she was no heathen. Accordingly the bible was brought, nicely covered, and on opening it, the old woman exclaimed, "Well how glad am I that you have come; here are my spectacles, that I have been looking for these three years, and did'nt know where to find them."

WIT.—At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions of Alexander and his officers, the enigma given was, "What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year." A distressed officer started up and said, "It certainly must be our arrears of pay." The king was so diverted by this witty reply, that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his salary.

ELOQUENCE.—The great secret of eloquence is to be in earnest; the secret of Rienzi's eloquence was in the mightiness of his enthusiasm. He never spoke as one who doubted of success. Perhaps, like most men who undertake high and great actions, he himself was never thoroughly aware of the obstacles in his way. He saw the end, bright and clear, and overleaped, in the vision of his soul, the crosses and the length of the path; thus the deep convictions of his own mind stamped themselves irresistibly upon others. He seemed less to promise than to prophecy.

Return Good for Evil.—This commandment seems more calculated to individual consolation than for the purpose of exciting others to do good: for it will generally be found that those whose hearts are prone to evil, are incapable of appreciating the motives which actuate others "to forget and forgive," and that it makes no further impression than suspicion and surprise. The heart of a really bad man is never susceptible of good feeling, but is steeled against kindness by the suspicion of its disguising an evil purpose.

Liquid Tobacco.—On Wooburn-green, at a beer shop, may be seen the following announcement:—"Licensed to sell beer by retail. And tobacco to be drunk on the premises."

Bills of Lading, Seamen's Articles, &c. for sale at this office.