

THE ACCEPTED SACRIFICE.

"Give me thy Heart."

What shall we offer thee, thou God of love!
Thou who didst build the heavens and mould the earth;
Thou, who didst hang the sparkling stars above,
And call'dst from darkness light and beauty forth!
From all the treasures of the earth and sea?
What shall we offer thee?

Shall we present thee gold and glittering gems,
Such as might wreath the brows of royalty;
Shall we pluck roses from their slender stems,
Such as in summer's graceful bowers may be;
And shall we lay them at thy holy feet,
An offering fair and meet?

Or shall we deck thy temple with the spoil
Of mighty cities and rich palaces;
Strew flowers—fing on the altar wine and oil,
And pour around thee mingling melodies
Of lutes and voices in soft harmony,
Breathing up praise to thee?

Or shall we bring the treasures of the field,
When the rich autumn fills her flowing horn;
The russet fruits the loaded branches yield—
The clustering grapes, the golden waving corn—
The flowers of summer—the sweet buds of spring—
Oh! which, which shall we bring?

There is a voice which saith: "Oh, dearer far
Than all the earthly treasures ye can give,
The pure aspirings of the spirit are,
When in the light of truth it loves to live:"
Such be our offering at thy holy shrine—
Our hearts, our hearts be thine!

Liverpool, England. Mary Anne Browne.

From the Knickerbocker

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

Poetry can adapt herself to all ages. She can weave a simple ballad for childhood, or a fervent song for the youth ripening into manhood: she has her pictures of fire-side happiness, and domestic comfort, for the parent, and her voice has a tone for the ear of the aged. She can adapt herself to all conditions; she has her simple and affecting narratives, for the poor and the humble; she has a trumpet-voice for the soldier, and the statesman, and a most refined speech for the scholar. She will be our companion at all times, and in all seasons; she will give an additional zest to prosperity; and when the season of adversity shall arrive, she will comfort the wounded spirit, and bind up the broken heart.

Miriam and Moses, the first authors, were poets: and their song of thanksgiving, on passing the Red Sea, has been styled 'at once the most ancient monument, and a master-piece of poetic composition;' and before the invention of letters, the religion, the laws, and the history of the different nations were handed down to posterity through the medium of poetry. Sculpture and painting are the fruits of long experience and unwearied care; and they have been gradually improved from the rudest imitations of nature to their present state; but poetry dates her mortal existence with the birth of mankind; and although the poet may employ his gift for unworthy purposes, it is still an emanation from the Deity:

'As sunshine broken by the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.'

And the most groundless and anomalous objections urged against poetry, are those which proceed from religious men. One great objection, on the part of such men, is the perversion of poetry to improper uses; as well might they tell the patriot not to draw the sword in behalf of his country, because it is the weapon of the oppressor; as well might they cast away the Book of Life, because its meaning is distorted by fools and fanatics. Poetry is most grand, when connected with religious subjects: and in

her purest and most sublime personification, she does not, like Ajax, defy the lightning and the God who made it, but like the ethereal beings around the throne of heaven, she veils her burning eyes with her resplendent wings, when in the solemn presence of the Almighty. He who has no love for poetry, may lay to heart the precepts of the Bible; but there is a light upon the pages of that book which he sees not; there is a harmony in its language which he hears not; for there is a vein of poetry, pure, simple, and sublime, running through the whole sacred volume.

No christian will pretend to doubt, that the language of the Bible is the very language best calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended; neither will any christian deny, that it is intended for the perusal of man, in all ages, countries, and conditions; and if the language of this book is poetry, it naturally follows that the most useful instructions and sublime truths should really exert the greatest influence on mankind, when communicated to the world through this fascinating medium. We meet with poetry on the very threshold of the Bible. 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light, and there was light.' How simple and how significant!—how appropriate, yet how poetical! How well is the language adapted to describe the operations of a supreme being! No perplexing reflections, no obstacles: 'He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.' He said, 'Let there be light, and there was light!'

Are tenderness, or sublimity, or simplicity of expression, elements of poetry? They are all in the Bible. Does poetry imply the invention of fictions? Look at the parables. Must it embrace comparisons and figures? Behold them in the Book of books. Take any of its attempted definitions, and they will all correspond with portions of the sacred volume.

In the New-Testament, we not only find poetry in its instructions, its descriptions, its parables, and its prophecies, but there is a majesty, a beauty, and an intellectuality in the action, embodying some of the finest elements of poetry. In the old dispensation, we read more of the frailties and the vices of men, but in the gospel we become acquainted with the perfect character and sublime conduct of Christ. A mediator is sent to reform, to save, the world. Had he appeared in all the paraphernalia of earthly pomp and regal splendor—had he descended as a conqueror, with his marshalled host, and glittering array—the passing vanities of earth might have seemed invested with a more sacred character.

But he came not thus. He was born in a manger, and died on the cross. He took advantage of no elevated situation in life; but poor, persecuted, and oppressed, he exhibited in stronger relief the grandeur of the soul, and the uses of adversity. Apart even from his divine character, the history of his life makes a deep impression upon the poetic mind; an impression so deep, that it wrung from the infidel Rousseau, the celebrated expression, when, alluding to the moral sublimity attending the last hours of Christ, he exclaims: 'SOCRATES died like a philosopher, but JESUS CHRIST like a God!' Take from us the belief in a future existence, and Poetry is shorn of her beams; but let her discuss those subjects connected with our immortal destiny, and she assumes an appearance of inexpressible glory; she strips us for a time of our earthly garments, that we may follow her to the pure river of life, and like the repentant tear which the Peri conveyed to the angel, removes the crystal bar which binds the gates of paradise.

Poetry is the appropriate handmaid of Religion; and says Wolfe: 'The homage of Voltaire to the muse's piety remains a bright memorial of her allegiance to Christianity.'

When the powers of hell seemed for a time to prevail, and his principles had given a shock to the faith of Europe, the daring blasphemer ventured to approach the dramatic muse; but no inspiration would she vouchsafe to dignify the sentiments of impiety and atheism. He found that no im-

sioned emotion could be roused—no tragic interest excited—no generous and lofty feeling called into action where those dark and chilling feelings pervade. He complied with the only terms upon which the muse would impart her favors; and the tragedies of Voltaire displayed the loveliness of Christianity, below indeed what a Christian would feel, but almost beyond what unbelieving Genius could conceive. Such was the victory of Poetry, when she arrested the Apostate, while marching onward to the desolation of mankind; when the champion of modern philosophy fell down before the altar she had raised, and breathed forth the incense of an infidel's adoration! When he came, like the disobedient prophet, that he might curse the people of God, and behold, he blessed them altogether.'

We are well assured that poetry, although sometimes seen in connection with error, even as the sons of God held companionship with the daughters of men, is one of the choicest blessings bequeathed to this imperfect world. She is not the offspring of human invention; for unlike those arts and sciences which were given to man in an elementary state, she sprang, Minerva-like, into existence, perfect in her proportions, mature in her strength, and gorgeous in her panoply. The Christian can trace her divine origin with the utmost certainty, and behold with an unclouded vision, that she is born of God, and baptized with inspiration. She invests all things with an extrinsic glory; she diffuses a new light upon the face of nature; she weans us from the rule of our passions, and the dominion of our lusts, and reveals the golden ladder that leads from earth to heaven.

A CELESTIAL TETE-A-TETE.

As I was walking alone one beautiful starlight night, to gaze as I am in the habit of doing, upon the glories of the firmament, and to drink in the 'music of the spheres,' I thought there seemed to be more melody than usual among the celestial orbs, and on listening closely I overheard the following conversation, some part of which was distant enough, and some part, I confess, I had to interpret from the intelligent sparkles of the stars—a language which more nearly resembles that of the eyes than any other that I know of.

'Good evening,' said the bright-eyed Mars to his next door neighbor, the Earth, that floated only about fifty millions of miles off, which is but a short distance for planets that think nothing of travelling a thousand miles a minute. 'Good evening, madam. We have long been rolling in the same neighborhood without getting acquainted with each other. For my part, I am tired of solitude, and of this chilling distance which separates us. I have long thought that the orbs in our system were very unsocial and selfish, and ought to be better acquainted.'—'I think so too,' replied the Earth, in a hoarse manner. 'We have scarcely said a word to each other for these six thousand years. I have been thinking for a thousand years or so of trying to break the ice, and forming a more intimate acquaintance; and right glad I am that you have led the way.'

'Jupiter,' returned Mars, 'floats a great way off, and then he is so majestic and lofty that I scarcely dare speak to him. As for those pretty little creatures, the asteroids, they are so insignificant that I never cared much about their acquaintance—though I suppose they are well enough in their way. But you and I are very nearly equal; and, being next neighbors, we certainly ought to be friends.'

'Good!' said the Earth, who to the eye of Mars was only a star in the brow of the firmament, as Mars was to her. 'I am agreed. And now I will tell you the thing that has troubled me much. We profess to obey the same laws of gravitation, and to be moving in kindred circles about the same great central luminary that diffuses light and influence over the whole solar system; and yet here we are, rolled up into little distinct separate orbs, that move each in his own circle, millions and millions of miles from each other—some of us entirely out of sight of the rest, and seldom coming near enough even to wink at one another. How much better would it be, Mars, if we could only come together and move on in one united and magnificent orb, of the same rate, and the same distance from the