

fice of a broken and contrite spirit." The voice of praise and thanksgiving is heard in their habitation; they live in peace, and the God of peace dwells among them.

Christian reader, will you not pray for the conversion of sinners, and especially for the conversion of families?—*Christian Messenger.*

G.

## Poetry.

### THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

'Tis still thine hour, O death!  
Thine, Lord of Hades, is the kingdom still;  
Yet twice thy sword unstained hath sought its sheath,  
Though twice upraised to kill;  
And once again the tomb  
Shall yield its captured prey;  
A mightier Arm shall pierce the pathless gloom,  
And rend the prize away:  
Nor comes thy Conqueror armed with spear and sword;  
He hath no arms but prayer—no weapon but his word.

'Tis now the fourth sad morn  
Since Lazarus, the pious and the just,  
To his last home by sorrowing kinsmen borne  
Hath parted, dust to dust.  
The grave-worm revels now  
Upon his mouldering clay—  
And He, before whose car the mountains bow—  
In conscious awe—He only can revive  
Corruption's withering prey, and call the dead to live!

Yet still the sisters keep  
Their sad and silent vigil at the grave,  
Watching for Jesus—'Comes he not to weep?  
He did not come to save!'—  
But now one straining eye  
Th' advancing Form hath traced;  
And soon in wild resistless agony  
'Gave Martha's arms embraced  
The Saviour's feet—'O Lord! hadst thou been nigh—  
But speak the word e'en now—it shall be heard on high.'

They led him to the cave—  
The rocky bed where now in darkness slept  
Their brother, and his friend—then at the grave  
They paused—for 'Jesus wept.'  
O love sublime and deep!  
O Hand and Heart divine!  
He comes to rescue, though he deigns to weep—  
The captive is not thine,

O death! thy bands are burst asunder now:  
There stands beside the grave a Mightier far than thou!

'Come forth,' He cries, 'thou dead!'  
O God! what means that strange and sudden sound,  
That murmurs from the tomb—that ghastly head  
With funeral fillets bound?  
It is a Living Form;  
The loved, the lost, the won,  
Won from the grave, corruption, and the worm;  
'And is not this the Son  
Of God?' they whispered; while the sisters poured  
Their gratitude in tears; for they had known the Lord.

Yet now the Son of God—  
For such he was in truth—approached the hour  
For which alone the path of thorns he trod;  
In which to thee the power,  
O death! should be restored;  
And yet restored in vain,—  
For though the blood of ransom must be poured,  
The spotless victim slain;  
He shall but yield to conquer, fall to rise,  
And make the cold, dark grave a portal to the skies!

### HAPPINESS IN GOD ALONE.

Happiness, thou lovely name,  
Where's thy seat, O tell me where?  
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
All cry out,—'It is not here!'  
Not the wisdom of the wise  
Can inform me where it lies;  
Not the grandeur of the great  
Can the bliss I seek create.

Object of my first desire,  
Jesus, crucified for me!  
All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in thee:  
Thee to praise, and thee to know,  
Constitute our bliss below;  
Thee to see, and thee to love,  
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,  
If thy presence thou deny;  
Lord, if thou thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die;  
Source and Giver of repose,  
Singly from thy smile it flows,  
Peace and happiness are thine,  
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

TOPLADY.

—Baptist Register.

LOWLINESS OF MIND is not a flower that grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God in a renewed heart, and learned of the lowly Jesus. Matt. xi. 29.—*Boston.*