

Sabbath Meditations.

Under this head we shall furnish our Christian Readers with occasional papers of a religious character, free from sectarian bias and adapted to promote godly edification. What follows is a specimen of the series.

"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Gen. ii. 1-3.—
 "This account bears on its face such evidence of being a real, an original, and a consecutive history of what then took place, that not one of a thousand common-sense readers would ever dream of its being an anticipatory parenthesis, as Dr. Paley has insinuated. Not only is it manifestly a part of the history of creation, but it bears the same affinity to that history which the capital does to a column, which the chief cornerstone does to a temple; for it gives majesty and beauty to the whole; and in its polished lines we trace the holiness, the sovereignty, and the goodness of God; the moral obligation of man, the origin of ordinances, and the type of eternal rest. The creation of the world, under any circumstances, must have been contemplated as a gigantic manifestation of power and a consummate device of wisdom; but had it not been sanctified by the keeping of a Sabbath, it would have wanted a character of holiness; and, wanting this it would have been unworthy of God.—The reasons assigned to our first parents for the sanctification of the Sabbath were, the commemoration of the creation; the example of God; His solemn appointment; and the dependent circumstances of man. The first three are clearly expressed in the text, and the latter is plainly implied. 'God rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made;' that is, He suspended the operations of His creating energy; not because He was weary, nor because He could not have created other works and other beings, possessing properties and powers different from those to which He had already given existence; but because He would set man an example of working six days, and of resting on the seventh. 'God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it;' He set it apart from common, for sacred uses; He said in effect, 'It is mine, and I award a special blessing to those who shall, on it, imitate my example, revere my ordination, and adore Me as their Creator and sovereign Benefactor. Such were the designs and such was the will of God respecting the sanctification of the Sabbath. Now we argue, that if our first parents, in their original state, were bound to copy the example, to reverence the appointments, and to use the means of grace which their sovereign Creator instituted, for the confirmation of their happiness, and for the increase of their knowledge; then we also are bound to do the same, seeing we are not only His workmanship, and the objects of His providential care, but also the purchase of the blood of His only begotten Son, and the objects of His long-suffering goodness. And if they, living in the paradise of an unfallen world and possessing intuitive knowledge, needed a seventh day for worship and for rest, how much more do we, who live in a world blighted by the curse, who have to eat our bread by the sweat of our brow, who know not how to order our speech, by reason of the darkness that is in us, and who, to other branches of duty, have to add confession of sin, deprecation of merited wrath, resistance to the flesh, and a laborious search after truth!'"

—The Society for the Suppression of Drunkenness in Edinburgh have lately opened some commodious refreshment rooms for working people on the north side of High-street, immediately above John Knox's House. The coffee-room is supplied with all the Edinburg newspapers, and with several religious and useful periodicals. A large cup of ex-

cellent hot coffee may be had for a penny. A bowl of broth or pea soup may also be had for a penny. A plate of warm boiled beef, or of cold salt beef costs two pence, while the charges for tea, bread, butter, sandwiches, &c., correspond. The working classes are largely availing themselves of the boon thus offered.

Poetry.

THE LIQUOR DEALER'S DREAM.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

See the grim death's head slowly rise,
 Up from the door behind thy bar!
 Gone from the sockets are the eyes,
 That shone bright as the morning star.
 Between his rattling ribs behold
 A heap of dust that was a heart—
 And if it were but dust of gold
 Ye'd mine his clattering bones apart.

See how he shakes his chattering jaw
 And points his bony fingers out!
 Just read to it the license law,
 And stop its hurling worms about,—
 Blood oozes from the ceiling there,—
 Tears trickle from the plaster here,—
 See skinny hands wrung in despair,—
 And faces wet and pale with fear.

Snakes crawl from bottles on the shelf;
 With flattened crest and forked tongue,—
 They hiss hot curses on thyself,—
 Ye know the right, but do the wrong!
 There palid ghosts are gliding past
 The windows where the curtains flare,—
 Sad voices wail upon the blast,
 And eyes of dead men at thee stare.

Lock up that gate-way to the grave,
 And wash the blood-stains from thy halls,
 Thy brow bleeds with the brand of *slave*,
 And *Tekal* burns upon thy walls.
 Thou hast been weighed, and wanting found,
 And wilt thou mock thy Maker still?
 Hark, hear ye not the thunder sound?
 'Tis God who says, "Thou shalt not kill!"

—*Mass. Life Boat.*

ON WHISKEY.

Of all the plagues that scourge mankind,
 There's none that so impairs the mind,
 And renders wit to virtue blind,

As whiskey.

What is the cause of every ill?
 What does with pains the body fill?
 It is the oft repeated gill

Of whiskey.

What is it some do love so well,
 For which their bodies they would sell,
 And send their very souls to hell?

'Tis whiskey.

What is it poisons all their lives,
 And makes men curse and beat their wives,
 And thousands to destruction drives?

'Tis whiskey.

What makes chill penury prevail,
 Makes widows mourn and orphans wail,
 And fills the poorhouse and the jail?

'Tis whiskey.

Oh whiskey! Thou art the greatest curse
 To soul, to body, and to purse,
 Pandora's box held nothing worse
 Than whiskey.