

Poetry.

THE MARTYR'S TEMPTATION.

Cease, Tempter, cease! I would not live
The scorn of earth, the loathed of Heaven,

Yet to mine eye, 'mid darkness dim,
How welcome were the light of heaven;

How sweet to feel the chains were riven,
That bind each aching limb!

How sweet, unshackled all and free,
To feel once more the light breeze blow;

On earth, and sky, and sea!—
O pomp and pride are naught to me,

But my soul yearns for liberty.
And with thee give the summer gale

A moment though my cell to play?
And wilt thou give the summer ray,

That glids my native vale,
To glad me with its genial beam—

And dost thou thus in mercy?—No!—
I see the gall that links below;

And vainly dost thou dream
That I would quit my hopes on high,

And barter heaven for liberty.
Cease, then! My heart is changeless still—

Though chains while my limbs control,
Mine is the freedom of the soul,

And mine 'th' unconquer'd will;
Yes—thou art more a slave than I;

I can but bear a deeper yoke,
Till death shall rend with welcome shock

The spirit's earthly tie.
But, false one! then, when I am free,

Begin this endless slavery.
REV. THOMAS DALE.

THE SACRAMENTAL FEAST.

(From "Profession and Practice," by the Reverend Hugh White, A. M.)

As bread and wine cannot strengthen or refresh
a corpse, so neither can the outward participation of
the sacrament impart spiritual strength or refreshment
to a soul spiritually dead—

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SCHOOL-BOYS AND THE POOR.

(From "Goldfrey Davenport," by the Rev. W. B. Flower, B. A.)

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Kind wishes and good actions, and pure thoughts,

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AN ENEMY.

(From "Thoughts for the thoughtful," by Old Humphrey.)

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getting your bread by the sweat of your brow, or aged

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THE SOCIETY OF HEAVEN.

(By the Rev. T. Kenyon, M. A.)

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the city of the living God; the heavenly Jerusalem;

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THE VALLEY OF DECISION.

(From "Short Meditations for Every Day in the Year," by the Rev. W. F. Hook, D. D.)

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with the countless multitudes of those who ever have

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