

POETRY.

THE MORNING STAR.

Star of the morn, whose placid ray
 Beam'd mildly o'er yon sacred hill,
 While whispering zephyrs seem'd to say,
 As silence slept and earth was still,
 Hail, harbinger of gospel light !
 Dispel the shades of nature's night !

I saw thee rise on Salem's towers,
 I saw thee shine on gospel lands,
 And Gabriel summoned all his pow'rs,
 And waked to ecstasy his bands ;
 Sweet cherubs hail'd thy rising ray,
 And sang the dawn of gospel day !

Shine, lovely star ! on every clime,
 For bright thy peerless beauties be ;
 Gild with thy beam the wing of time,
 And shed thy rays from sea to sea ;
 Then shall the world from darkness rise,
 Millennial glories cheer our eyes ! — ANON.

" NO INFLUENCE."

What if the little rain should say,
 " So small a drop as I
 Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields,
 I'll tarry in the sky !"

What if a shining beam at noon,
 Should in its fountain stay,
 Because its feeble light alone
 Cannot create a day !

Does not *each* rain-drop help to form
 The cold refreshing shower ;
 And every ray of light to warm
 And beautify the flowers.