Poetry.

SLEEP.

Psalm cxxvii, 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth his beloved, sleep?"

What would we give to our belov'd
The hero's heart to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—
The senate's shout for patriot vows—
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth his belov'd, sleep."

What do we give to our belov'd?
A little faith, not all unprov'd—
A little dust, to overweep—
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake?
"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

Sleep soft, beloved! we sometimes say,
But have no power to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

O earth so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth his beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

Yea! men may wonder, while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Sufficient such a rest to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
The motion of their smile is heard—
"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
Seeing through tears the juggler leap—
Would fain its weary vision close,
And childlike on his love repose,
Who "giveth his beloved, sleep."

And friends!—dear friends,—when shall it be,
That this low breath has gone from me,—
When round my bier ye come to weep;
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He "giveth his beloved, sleep."

The Sabbath-School Teacher's Dream.

"And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren."—Gen. xxxvii. 5.

I never shall forget the night, last August was a year. I went to the Sabbath-school as usual in the morning, but the heat was oppressive; there was not a breath of air stirring. My class seemed unusually restless and inattentive, and I myself felt an inexpressible languor, which I am sure they could not help observing. Once or twice I forgot the questions I had asked; and several times I had to require a repetition of the answers, which I might have heard at first if I had not been unaccountably stupid. In the afternoon I was half inclined to stay at home, but my conscience loudly remonstrated, and I went to school as usual. I found only three of my class present, and I was glad when the hour arrived to relieve me from my post.

In the evening I retired to my room at the accustomed hour, and entered upon my private exercises of devotion. I was sensible that the day had been a very long and tedious one. I felt that I had not only failed to make any progress myself in the divine life, but that I had been unusually negligent in my duty towards my class.

I tried to satisfy myself that my spirit was willing, but conscience told me that, through all the six preceding days, and every one of them had been excessively warm, I had applied myself to business without this sense of weariness; and I knew, if I should live, that I should probably return to my worldly pursuits the next day with the same spirit and activity. Why this languor, then, in the service of God and in the affairs of the soul, and not elsewhere? When I attempted to pray for God's gracious acceptance of my labours, I felt condemned and ashamed; and, after commending myself, in a very hurried and formal manner, to the divine forgiveness and protection, I went to bed.

But sleep was far from me. The uneasiness of my conscience, and the thought that I might possibly never see my class again, greatly troubled me. At last, however, exhausted with the extreme heat, and a sort of nervous irritability, which, to be understood, must be felt, I insensibly sunk to sleep.

A confused train of strange images passed before my mind; and without any idea of previous sickness and death, I dreamed that I was borne upward to the blessed abode of the righteous; and a blessed abode, indeed, it seemed to me. The beautiful city of eternal life appeared covered with a soft and resplendent light, so bright and dazzling, that the gates and towers upon the walls were but indistinctly seen. As I approached, I saw the foundation and the outline of the city, very much as they are described in the Revelation of John the Divine. It was indeed a glorious sight; and my soul was filled with rapture at the thought of dwelling with saints and angels in an abode so pure, and bright and happy.

I went up to the nearest gate, which stood wide open, and saw for a moment the streets of the city. They looked as if they were overlaid with one seamless covering of pure gold, as it were transparent glass. The people were passing up and down, and were all clothed in raiment of spotless white. The light was different from anything I had ever seen. There was something in it indescribably pure and soft, and yet something so searching, that it seemed as if it must reveal the most secret recesses of the place. The very thought of exposing myself to its penetrating power made me shrink back; and, just at that moment, some one, who seemed to have charge of the entrance, asked me if I wished to come in. I replied that I was afraid I was unfit for a place so pure and happy. He inquired in the most gentle manner, if I had been washed in the blood of the Lamb, or prepared with the robes of His righteousness. I told him I had been long a professed follower of His, and hoped I had an interest in His merits. It seemed to me I would have given ten thousand worlds if, at that instant, I could have felt that I had known nothing on earth but Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and had spent my time and strength only in making known the riches of His grace to a sinful, dying world.

After a moment's pause, I was directed to step into an a partment, which I saw at a short distance on the right side of me, and was told to wait there until I was invited to come in, through the gate, into the heavenly city. I hastened to obey his direction, but not without the most painful doubts and conjectures as to the end.

I found two or three other persons in the place; and, as soon as I was seated, and the tumult of my thoughts would permit, I cast my eyes around the room until they fixed upon a young man of about my own age, whose face seemed very familiar to me. He was at the extreme end of the apartment, and it seemed as if the same strange, unearthly light, which filled the holy city, extended to the room we were in. When I approached my supposed acquaintance, I saw a deadly paleness upon his countenance; and before him, at a little distance, were two or three lads, one of whom was addressing him in a most impassioned manner, with peculiar earnestness of countenance, and violent gestures. My friend did not notice me at all, though I went very near to him, and seated myself where he must have observed me, if his eyes had not been riveted to the objects before him.

As soon as I went near enough to have a full view of his face, I immediately recognized an old associate in the Sabbath-school at ———, where we had been fellow-teachers for some time, ten or twelve years before. His class was then immediately behind mine, and part of our way to the school-room was the same, so that we often came and went together. Though I had not seen or heard from him since we separated in 1824, I soon had a perfect recollection of his countenance and voice.

I was now near enough to see and hear distinctly what was passing. The first complete sentence that fell upon my ear was—"*And you did not; no, you did not.*" While I was wondering in myself what could this mean, a person passed near me who seemed to be familiar with the place and scenes, and I asked him, in a whisper, what was the meaning of it all.

He told me that the man I saw, and whom the lad was addressing, had come that morning to the gate of the city, and asked admission. Like all other applicants, he had been sent into that place to see if any one had aught to say why he should not be received. "It seems that this person was once a Sabbath-school teacher on the earth, and the lad was a member of his class; and," said my informant, "I should think, from his manner and tone that he had some very grave charges against his teacher." Again I listened, eager to catch every word that fell from his lips.

"And another thing I can say, and it ought to lie heavy on your soul," said the youth. "It was on hat rainy Sabbath when one of the boys, who had once belonged to our school, was buried. I had been to see his lifeless body. I was filled with fears of death and judgment. I knew that the boy was called away in his sins, and that he was unprepared for eternity. Something whispered to me, 'Be ye also ready.'

"I went to school with a sick and heavy heart. I longed to have you ask me what ailed me; and I was determined to tell you, if you did, that I was afraid to die, and that I wished to be a better boy. But you gave me no chance. After telling us about our next lesson, and reading to us a story about some old martyr, you leaned back in your seat and read a library book. My soul was so troubled that I could not sit still; and I tried to attract your notice, but it was in vain. THE HOUR WAS GONE! I was thinking all the afternoon of what I would have given if you had just opened the way for me to tell you what I felt; but before the next Sabbath, all my desire to open my heart to you, or to any one else, had left me.

"Two or three years rolled away, in which I scarcely had a thought of my soul's affairs. O what I could have done in those three years if I had been a child of God, instead of being a child of the devil! What an influence I could have exerted over the minds of my thoughtless associates! They were years of health and activity; and in a thousand ways I could have employed myself in the service of my rightful Lord and Master; but they were all wasted, and worse than wasted. And yet, if, in that favoured moment, you had felt interest enough in me to mark the expression of my countenance, and to inquire what influence the alarming providence of God had exerted upon my mind and heart, I could have told you *then* what I never could have told you afterwards; and the disclosure of my feelings would, as we now see, have resulted in my conversion to God at that time.

"Nor is this all. There must be set to your account the loss of all which I could, and should have been instrumental in doing for the glory of God, and the happiness of my fellow-men, if you had been watchful and faithful. The time that I wasted in folly and wickedness, I might have employed in preparing myself to become a translator of the Bible, or a publisher of the glad tidings of salvation to far distant nations of idolaters. Thousands and thousands might have received their first knowledge of a crucified Saviour from my lips, who will now go down to the grave without ever hearing the joyful sound.

"It was in the vain and deadly pursuit of pleasure, during that interval, that I laid the foundation of premature disease, and shortened at once the period of my life, and the opportunity to redeem the time I had lost. *All this was because that precious seed-time of a single hour was lost;* and it was lost through your inattention and unfaithfulness! Thanks be to God that, in His infinite grace and mercy, he sent another and a wiser teacher to take your place; and, through his instrumentality, I was plucked as a brand from the burning, and am now a child of God and an heir of glory!"

Scarcely had these words left his lips, when one of the youths behind him pressed forward, as if impatient to be heard. As soon as he came near, the countenance of my old associate fell; his knees smote together, and it seemed as if he could scarcely retain his seat. The features of the youth, too, betrayed the most agonizing emotions.

"Ah" cried he, "I do not wonder that fearlessness seizes your spirit, and that conscience is harrowed up within you, when you see me come up hither as your accuser. You know what I can say of your omissions and negligences, for they have cost me what worlds upon worlds can never compensate.

"I was long a member of your Sabbath-school class, and when you first received me, though a guilty and depraved creature, I was patient and tractable. My dear mother was happy when she committed me to the care of one whom she supposed was competent to instruct me in wisdom's ways, and who would be deeply concerned for my spiritual and eternal wellbeing.

"For months and months you heard us repeat questions, to which we attached little meaning, and no importance. You read, or told us a story once in a while, and sometimes explained to us the meaning of words, and the reason why we should do this thing, and avoid that; but it was a dull and heartless round of preaching; and soon your *long exhortations* served only to alienate my mind from all serious subjects, and effectually to close the door against the truth.

"I now see, and so do you, that had you sought earnestly and dilligently for Divine wisdom to enable you to discharge the solemn and momentous trust you had assumed; had you applied yourself closely and patiently to the duties of your office; had you availed yourself faithfully to all the helps which were within your reach, you might have taken me in the early period of my connection with you, and led me to the source of all knowledge and grace; and you might have so rightly and skilfully divided the word of truth as to have suited the wants and capacities of the immortal beings under your care.

"But all this you neglected to do. You examined the lesson, perhaps, for a few moments, and, it may be, uttered a formal prayer for the Divine blessing; but no one, who saw you at your post, would have suspected, from anything in your language or manner, that you were any more concerned in, or responsible for, the salvation of your class, than if they had no souls. You never shed a tear of pity over what you called our lost and ruined state. You never uttered an expression of affectionate and anxious interest in our salvation. You never told us, in a direct, simple and feeling manner, of our danger and refuge. You had a round of phrases about life and death, heaven and hell, time and eternity; but they were heard, as they were said, without any emotion, until they became too trite and senseless to excite anything but disgust. Many a time was my heart tender, after hearing the prayers and counsels of my mother; but when I came to school, and saw how indifferent you were to my salvation—when I found you were willing to part with me, Sabbath after Sabbath, without the least anxiety, not knowing that you should ever see me again, and yet knowing that, if I should be called into eternity, my soul would be endlessly miserable; when I saw all this, how could I be otherwise than careless and secure in my sins?

"You know when I left you and the school. No entreaties of my mother could induce me to return; and you never came to inquire why I was absent. You passed our door often, and in my sight, but never even asked after me. When my Sabbath became tiresome, I sought for companions and pleasures. I soon learned to disregard holy time—to sport with sacred names and things—to make light of parental restraint, and to drown reflection and remorse in the intoxicating cup.

"It was not long before I became a monster of ingratitude, and brought the grey hairs of my kind mother to the grave. As my guilt increased, I became more and more desperate. I threw off all fear of God and man, and plunged into the vortex of sin and folly. Then disease came upon me like an armed man. My enfeebled body soon sunk under its power, and I was summoned to the house appointed for all living. O! the agony I felt at the hour of my dissolution. My mind wandered back to the blessed privileges of my early life. I seemed to revisit the place I had occupied in school, and to see your face and hear your voice; and then the solemn words HEAVEN, HELL, JUDGMENT, ETERNITY, would steal over my memory, in the same tones in which you uttered them so many hundred times; and although now there was a horrible apprehension of their meaning, my heart seemed steeled to every good impression. It was in my very soul to curse you, for letting such precious seasons for my instruction in truth and holiness pass away so unprofitably; and I wished the day could be blotted out in which I first set my foot within the school.

"But the die is cast; my destiny is fixed, unchangeably fixed, eternally fixed. I sink under the dreadful wrath of an offended God, and a rejected Saviour?

"I know not where your abode is to be; but if I could dwell with you, I would never cease to cry out against you—'O teacher! O teacher! how could you see me destroying my soul, and trifling with the brief and precious season of grace, and yet never once lay hold of me, and say, CHILD OF THE DUST, ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE!—How could you see me making haste to death, and not, even once, warn me, intelligibly and earnestly of my danger! Not, even once, seek me in my wanderings, and, with all your strength, try to bring me back to the ways of safety!

"But I am beckoned away to the dark prison of despair. I go down, under a mountain of guilt, into the realms of endless and exquisite woe; where is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. Shall not my blood be required at your hands?'"

Never, never did I behold or imagine such a mingled expression of horror and despair, as settled upon the countenance of that young man as he withdrew from the room; and such a look of reproach and upbraiding as he fixed upon his teacher! It seemed enough to wither the stoutest courage. O that the thousands of Sabbath-school teachers could but have been spectators of what I then saw—could but have been participators in what I then felt. To every thoughtless teacher, and I fear there are such persons to be found within our ranks, how dreadful is the rebuke, how appalling the reflection. A lost soul, which might have been saved had the teacher been zealous and faithful to his charge!

So intensely were my feelings excited by the whole of this fearful scene, that I had risen from my seat, and while advancing unconsciously towards the parties. I saw In a distance a care-worn figure, almost bowed down to the ground, in the place which the young man had just left. It was his mother!

Not a word was spoken on either side. She stood like a statute, with her eye fixed on the former teacher of her beloved boy. He waved his hand to her to leave him; but there she stood, in silence, until the self-condemned and miserable man covered his face with his hands, and I thought he would sink into utter despair.

Around and behind her was a large company of young men and women, the associates of her son, who had been misguided and ruined by his influence. They were all prepared to charge the ruin of their souls, directly or indirectly, to the negligence of unfaithfulness of that same Sabbath-school teacher; and to imprecate the curse of heaven upon his head. Their countenances were expressive of the utmost malignity and desperation. And, to my utter concern and horror, I saw among them one of my own class, who strayed from my care, and fallen into the company of the ungodly!

A deadly chill insensibly crept over me. I trembled from head to foot. The door seemed to be open near me: I sprang towards it with all the energy that my sinking frame possessed. The effort awakened me. 'Twas but a dream! The first soft rays of light were beaming upon the horizon; the birds were abroad on the wing, filling the air with their sweetest music; and the grateful breath of morning soon invigorated my exhausted frame.

I went to the duties of life, though with a heavy heart. I prepared myself, as I never did before, for the duties of the succeeding Sabbath; and I have never met my class, since that memorable night, without a vivid recollection of every circumstance of my dream, with its solemn and impressive warning.

MIXED MARRIAGES IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The Rev. Thomas Tysan, a Roman Catholic priest of Sedgeley, after mass, addressed his congregation on mixed marriages as follows: "I have just received a letter from the Bishop, forbidding mixed marriage, that is, Catholics with non-Catholics. I know that when young people wish to settle in England, where there are so many Protestants, it is very awkward to get Catholic young men. I tell you this, that young people wishing to settle may be on the look-out and take your time; don't be in too great a hurry; but when they begin they will dash at it. I have given you notice in time; if you wish to begin you will know what to do. It is a delicate matter to interfere in; when once they have taken it into their heads, it is as difficult to try to stop them as to stop the cataracts of America. How dreadful it is for those who troth their faith to each other, when they leave their door, one going one way, the other the other way, thinking the one is going to the devil, and the other thinking that the other is going to the devil, and so they live on. All Protestants think of is their own gratifications, pleasures, and selfishness, and all that is bad.—*Birmingham Jour.*

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Dr. C. M. Jackson.—Dear Sir,—"A gentleman by the name of Larkin, living in this place, who has been under the doctor's charge, and confined to the house for two years past with Liver Complaint, which last Fall turned into Dropsy, and was pronounced beyond cure by the principal physicians of the place, and his friends expected him to die daily, is now, after taking five bottles of the German Bitters, out doing errands and attending to his daily business. The Bitters are, consequently, in great demand."

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