

How deep the depravity of the makers and venders of soul poison ! Their aim is to inflame the imagination, and corrupt the minds of the unsuspecting and ignorant, and thus incite them to acts which are sure to end in their debase-

ment and ruin." A fearful award awaits the man in this world and the next, who can thus recklessly scatter firebrands, arrows, and death.

American Messenger.

SELECTED POETRY.

WHAT IS TIME ?

I asked an aged man, a man of years,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs ;
" Time is the warp of life," he said ; " Oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well !"

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled :
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
" Time sowed the seed, we reap in this abode !"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins : " Time !" he replied,
" I've lost it ! Oh, the treasure !"—and he died !

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres—
Those bright chronometers of days and years ;
They answered, " Time is but a meteor glare,"
And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground ;
And they replied—no oracle more wise—
" 'Tis Folly's blank or Wisdom's highest prize !"

I asked a spirit lost,—but, oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak !
It cried, " A particle ! a speck ! a mite
Of endless years ! duration infinite !"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply,—
" Time is the season fair of living well—
The path of glory or the path of hell !"

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
" Time is the present hour, the past is fled,
Live ! live to-day ! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set !"

I asked old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which leave no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea and one solid land ;
" Mortal," he cried, " the mystery now is o'er :
Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more !"

MANSDEN.