

POETRY.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

By W. B. Tappan.

I stood beside the dying bed,
His clammy hand was clasped in mine,
"And if there's hope, look up," I said:
He dropt a tear, but made no sign.

I asked him of his mispent years,
He had but reached to manhood's prime,
And oh, what griefs, and guilt, and fears
Dropped, where he stood on shores of time

For he to drink had yielded up
His intellect and noble strength;
And now the demon of the cup,
Exulting, claimed his prey at length.

I spoke then of the broken law,
Of ONE who had the forfeit paid;
And that his faith might strongly draw
On Him, the merciful, for aid.

Renounce thy sins, and loathe thy life,
So wearily to folly given:
And He will calm thy bosom's strife,
And He will lift thy soul to heaven.

He cried, "what shall a sinner do?"
He greatly wept—"what doom is mine?"
His face was changed; despair I knew,
Prevailed, and still he made no sign.

MISCELLANEOUS

RULES FOR DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

By the Rev. Basil Wood, M. A.

1. Every day let your eye be fixed on God through the Lord Jesus Christ, that by the influence of his Holy Spirit you may receive your mercies as coming from him, and that you may use them to his glory.
2. Always remember, if you are happy in each other, it is the favour and blessing of God that makes you so: if you are tried and disappointed, God does thereby invite you to seek your happiness more in him.
3. In every duty act from a regard to God, because it is his will and your duty. "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," and look to him to bless you and your partner, and that you may abide in his love.
4. Never suffer your regard for each other's society to rob God of your heart, or of the time which you owe to God and your own soul.
5. Recollect often, that the state of marriage was designed to be an emblem of the love of Christ and his church, a state of mutual guardianship for God, and a nursery for the Church and skies.
6. Remember that your solemn covenant with each other was made in the temple of the Lord, in the presence of his Church, and that the most high God was called upon as a witness.
7. Be careful that custom and habit do not lessen your attentions to each other, or the pleasing satisfaction with which they were once both shewn and received.
8. Whenever you perceive a languor in your affections, always make it a rule to suspect yourself. The object which once inspired regard, may, perhaps, be still the same, and the blame only attaches to you.
9. Be sure to avoid unkind and irritating language. Always conciliate. It is your interest and your duty. Recollect this very day what God has borne with in you.
10. Study your partner's character and disposition. Many little nice adjustments are requisite for happiness. You must both accomodate, or you will both be unhappy.
11. Do not expect too much. You are not always the same, no more is your partner. Sensibili-

ty must be watched over, or it will soon become its own tormentor.

12. When you discover failings which you did not suspect, and this you may be assured will be the case think on the opposite excellence, and make it your prayer that your regard may not be diminished. If you are heirs of the grace of life, your failings will shortly be over: you will hereafter both be perfect in the Divine image. Esteem and love each other now, as you certainly will then. Forbearance is the trial and grace of his life only.

13. Time is short, the way of life is too short to fall out in, and the comfort of life too uncertain to be ensnared by. Pray for the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove.

14. Forget not that one of you must die first—one of you must feel the pang and the chasm of separation. A thousand little errors may then wound the survivor's heart. It is policy to anticipate it. O that when you meet again, the deceased may say, in heaven, "I am, under God, indebted to you that I am here."

15. Pray constantly. You need much prayer.—Prayer will engage God on your behalf. His blessing only can make you happy in the midst of your mercies. His blessing can make even the bitterness of life wonderfully sweet. He can suspend all our joys.—Blessed be his holy name! he can, and often does, suspend all our sorrows. Never pass a day without praising him for all that is past; glorify him for your mercies, and trust him for all that is to come.—*Ulster Missionary.*

THE HARSH JUDGMENT.

The Christian pastor was stretched upon his bed, as his neighbor entered the room. He was tossing to and fro in an agony of pain—sighing and groaning at intervals, with almost heart-rending vehemence, at times lifting his eyes to heaven with a glare as if he would make them penetrate to the very throne of God, and bring down some relief to his bodily anguish.

Advancing to his bed side, and imagining he saw in all this the distressing evidence of an impatient spirit, the hasty judge, exclaims in a tone of harshness—"Very sorry, very sorry am I, Mr. P. to see a Christian, thus giving vent to impatience in the hour of trial—you should remember Job—"

The sick man started upright in his bed, and intercepted the conclusion of the sentence with a suddenness that made the rebuker start back from the couch—

"And have you, has any one, heard me utter one breath of murmuring against the gracious Saviour who puts me to this trial? Have these lips been stained with a word of ungrateful rebellion? Have I ventured to take the Almighty to task for his dispensations to this poor worm? Has this mouth uttered a single charge against God? Have I said that this affliction, if meant for trial, is too severe— if meant for punishment is unjust?" "Blessed Saviour," clasping his hands he exclaimed—"Thou knowest no such thoughts are in my heart, whatever lying words Satan has made this feeble tongue to utter." "I have sighed indeed—the penitent sigh over the deep and aggravated sins they have committed—are their sighs any proof of murmuring? Lord, make me such a murmurer."

"I have groaned—the righteous groan over the power of indwelling sin, and in vehement solicitude for their release from its defiling, nauseous influence. Are their groans any evidence of rebellion against the will of heaven—Lord make me always while in the flesh such a groaner as this—"

"No sir—you wholly misjudge me"—"Blessed Saviour, support me under the hasty judgments of sinful men like myself, a little longer and then—he ceased, and sank down upon his pillow—exhausted—dead."—*Banner of the Cross.*

OUR FOREFATHERS.

Happy and innocent were our forefathers, who ate herbs and parched corn, and drank the pure stream, and broke their fast with nuts and roots; and when they were permitted flesh, ate it only dressed with vinegar and fire; and the first sauce they had was butter herbs, and sometimes bread dipped in vinegar.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Dr. Southwell observes, men are atheistical because they are first vicious, and question the truth of Christianity because they hate the practice. A revolting example of this, as well as of the reward which infidelity holds out to its followers, recently occurred in New York. An old man, eighty-three years of age, was found begging, in the streets in a state of utter destitution, and sent to the Alms-House. It was William Carver, the bosom friend of Paine, and whose house the great infidel breathed his last. A leader under the banner of Fanny Wright, he was a firm believer in the Agrarian doctrine of the division of property, and yet his associates had well nigh suffered him to perish like a dog in the streets. When about to be carried to the Alms-House, he begged hard to be permitted to remain at liberty, for a few days only, that he might celebrate the birthday of his friend Paine, but being refused, he attempted to kill the person who had him in charge, and also endeavoured to cut his own throat. Fortunately he was secured, and is now where his bodily wants will be well provided for. Such is the near closing scene in the life of one of the greatest infidels of the age. It is fortunate for such wretches that the religion which they abjure, has covered the land with charitable institutions, where they may find an asylum when age, disease, and poverty overtake them.

Unsanctified Affliction.—Upon many men trouble after trouble is poured forth, and yet they are like the stones of the street. These are trodden under foot—the showers fall—the sun comes out again—and they ever continue as they were—stones.—*The Luck.*

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