

## Poetry.

## THE FOUR CALLS.

The Spirit came in childhood,  
And pleaded, "Let Me in;"  
But ah, the door was bolted  
And barred by childish sin.  
The child said, "I'm too little;  
There's time enough to-day;  
I cannot open;" sadly  
The Spirit went His way.

Again He came and pleaded  
In youth's bright, happy hour.  
He called, but heard no answer;  
For, fettered in sin's power,  
The youth lay dreaming idly,  
And crying: "Not to-day;  
For I must have some pleasure."  
Again He turned away.

Again He came in mercy,  
In manhood's vig'rous prime;  
But still could find no welcome—  
The merchant had "no time"  
To spare for true repentance,  
No time to praise and pray;  
And thus, repulsed and saddened,  
The Spirit turned away.

Once more he called, and waited.  
The man was old and sad;  
He scarcely heard the whisper,  
His heart was scared and bad.  
"Go, leave me. When I need Thee  
I'll call for Thee," he cried;  
Then, sinking on his pillow,  
Without a GOD he died!

Strange, that the sweet angelic strain,  
Once heard by night on Bethle'm's plain,  
Telling a Saviour born,  
Which thus proclaim'd the wond'rous birth,  
"Glory to God, and peace on earth,"  
Should be repell'd with scorn.

How sadly true th' emphatic word  
Of him who said, I send a sword  
Through the unhappy world!  
Full well he read man's heart aright,  
Who saw, for Peace's banner white,  
A blood-red flag unfurl'd.

Such the ill fate of human kind—  
They sorrows still from blessings find,  
And sweets to acids turn;  
A poison gather from the balm,  
Intended every pain to calm  
That in the heart may burn.

The wound that most religion rends  
Comes not from foes, but from her friends,  
Enflamed with hostile pride;  
And, like the Eagle, she may mourn,  
The arrow that her breast has torn,  
Was feather'd from her side.

What spirit lately cried with glee,  
"How I rejoice the day to see,

When 'the first stab is given;'  
That, follow'd up with vengeful force,  
Will lay the church a lifeless corpse,  
With ghastly horrors riven.

How like this cry to that of those,  
Whose shout crewhile 'mid Salem rose,  
"Away with him! away!"  
That first from priestly lips it came,  
The late adoring crowd 't inflame,  
Proclaims foul envy's sway.

Mark Salem's fate—to ruins turn'd,  
Her people slain, her temple burned,  
Fired by a soldier's brand!  
Let Britain fear to meet such doom,  
Her glory buried in the tomb—  
A God-forsaken Land.

—From "The Church of Scotland Magazine,"  
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## THE THREE SIEVES.

"Oh mamma," cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could have been so naughty. One day—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs Philpott 'before you continue we will see if your 'story' will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean mamma" asked Blanche.

"I will explain, dear. In the first place, is it true;"

"I suppose so, mamma. I heard it from Miss Perry, who said a friend of Miss White's told her the story, and Miss White is a great friend of Edith's." "And does she show her friend-ship by telling tales on her. In the next place though you can not prove that it is true is it kind."

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma, but I am afraid I was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course not, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then dear Blanche, pray that your tongue may be governed, and that you may not indulge in evil speaking."

B. H. R.