

POETRY.

From the Presbyterian.

THE FATHER'S WELCOME TO HIS WIDOWED DAUGHTER.

Come to thy Home, thy childhood's home,
My Pilgrim lone and broken hearted!
Here let thy footsteps cease to roam,
Grief hath been on thee since we parted.

Bring in, bring in, thy light haired boys,
Bring in thy youngest blue eyed blossom;
Hark! 'tis thy mother's gentle voice
Calling the tremblers to her bosom.

Now rest thee love, check now the tears
Down thy pale cheek each other chasing;
For well I know that brighter days
Thy busy thoughts are fast retracing.

Gems sparkled once on thy fair brow,
Thy sunny locks with care were braided,
Thou wert a happy bride, but now!
Thy matron brow is thinly shaded.

Thou thinkest on that manly form
That stood that morn in love beside thee,
The voice that vowed thro' every storm
Of future life, to shield and guide thee.

That voice is hushed, that form is cold,
'Tis this prolongs that bitter weeping,
To think that one of beauteous mould,
In the dark grave is silent sleeping.

Yet cheer thee love, look on thy boys,
Blight not their bloom with early sorrow,
Oh let them hear their mother's voice
Greet them with words of hope to-morrow!

Tell them that he who kindly hears
The ravens from their rocky dwelling,
Will guide and guard their orphan years,
And soothe thy heart with anguish swelling.

Then cheer thee in, thy childhood's home,
My pilgrim lone and broken hearted!
Here let thy footsteps cease to roam,
Grief hath been on thee since we parted.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

THE DISOBEDIENT SON.

"Two young men, the children of pious and wealthy parents, felt themselves exceedingly displeased, at being constantly refused the family carriage on the Lord's day. It was in vain they urged their confinement during the week, as a sufficient reason why they should be thus indulged on the Sunday. It was the father's settled rule, that the authority which commanded him to rest, included also his servants and cattle; he therefore turned a deaf ear to their entreaties and remonstrances. In their madness or in their folly, they determined to resent his refusal, by leaving their situations and going to sea. Intelligence of this step was transmitted to the Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea, and he was requested to make diligent inquiry, and on finding them, to use every means to induce them to return home. After some search he found them in a rendezvous house, and introducing himself, he stated his business, and urged their return. He, however, urged in vain; for bent upon the fulfillment of their design, they thanked him for his advice, but determined to reject it. Among other reasons for their return, he urged the feelings of their parents, and especially those of their mother. "Think, said the good man, "What must your mother's situation be, after years of anxious watching and fervent prayer; after looking forward to this time, when in your society and in your welfare, she hoped to meet a rich reward for all that she had suffered on your account; yet in one moment, and by one imprudent step, she finds you plunged into misery, the depths of which you cannot conceive of, and herself the subject of a wretchedness she has never deserved at your hands. In the heart of the youngest, there was a sense of gratitude, which answered to this appeal; and, bursting into tears, he expressed his sorrow for his conduct, and his willingness to return. Still the eldest remained obdurate. Neither arguments persuaded him, nor warnings alarmed him. The carriage had been repeatedly refused; he had made up his mind to go to sea, and to sea he would go. "Then" said Mr. Griffin, "come with me to my house; I will get you a ship, and you shall go out as a man and a gentleman." This he declined, assigning as a reason, that it would make his parents feel, to have it said that their son was going as a common sailor, therefore he would go. "Is that your disposition?" was the reply. "Then, young man, go," said Mr. Griffin, "and while I say, God go with you, be sure

your sin will find you out, and for it God will bring you into judgment." With reluctance, they left him; the younger son was restored to his parents, while all traces of the elder one were lost, and he was mourned for, as one dead.

After the lapse of a considerable time, a loud knocking was heard at Mr. Griffin's door. This was early in the morning. On the servant's going down to open the door, she found a waterman, who wished immediately to see her master. Mr. Griffin soon appeared, and was informed that a young man under sentence of death, and about to be executed on board of one of the ships in the harbour, had expressed an earnest desire to see him, urging, among other reasons, he could not die happy unless he did. A short time found the minister of religion on board the ship, when the prisoner, manacled and guarded, was introduced to him, to whom he said, "My poor friend I feel for your condition, but as I am a stranger to you, may I ask why you have sent for me? it may be that you have heard me preach at Portsea?"—"Never, sir. Do you not know me?" "I do not." "Do you not remember the two young men whom you, some years since, urged to return to their parents, and to their duty?" "I do! I do remember it; and remember that you were one of them." "I have sent, then, for you, to take my last farewell of you in this world, and to bless you for your efforts to restore me to a sense of my duty. Would God that I had taken your advice; but it is now too late. My sin has found me out, and for it God has brought me into judgment. One, and but one consolation remains. I refused the offer of going to your house until I could be provided for, assigning as a reason, that it would make my parents feel to have it said their son was a common sailor. A little reflection showed me the cruelty of this determination; I assumed another name, under which I entered myself; and my chief consolation is, that I shall die unpitied and unknown."

What the feelings of Mr. Griffin were at this sad discovery, may be more easily conceived than described. He spent some time with him in prayer and offered him that advice, which was best suited to his unhappy case. The prisoner was again placed in confinement, and Mr. Griffin remained with the officer who was then on duty. "Can nothing be done for this poor young man?" was one of the first inquiries made after the prisoner was withdrawn. "I fear not," replied the officer; "the lords of the admiralty have determined to make an example of the first offender in this particular crime. He unfortunately is that offender; and we hourly expect the warrant for his execution." Mr. Griffin determined to go immediately to London, and in humble dependence upon the Lord, to make every effort to save the criminal's life, or to obtain a commutation of the sentence. It was his lot, on the day of his arrival in the metropolis, to obtain an interview with one of the lords of the admiralty, to whom he stated the respectability of the young man's connexions, his bitter and unfeigned regret, for the crime which had forfeited his life; and, with that earnestness which the value of life is calculated to excite, ventured to ask if it was impossible to spare him. To his regret, he was informed that the warrant for his execution, had been that morning signed, and was on its way to the officer, whose melancholy duty it was to see it executed. With compassion the nobleman said, "Go back, sir, and prepare him for the worst. I cannot tell what is to be done; but we are shortly to meet His Majesty in council, and all that you have urged shall be then stated; may it prove successful." Mr. Griffin returned, but discovered that the morning of his reaching home was the time appointed for the young man's execution. Joy, and fear, and anxiety by turns, possessed his mind, as within a few minutes after his arrival, came a pardon, accompanied with the most earnest request, to go immediately on board, lest the sentence of the law should be executed before he could reach the ship.

Upon the issues of a moment now rested the life of a fellow-creature, and perhaps the salvation of an immortal soul. The minister reached the harbour, and saw the yellow flag, the signal of death, flying, the rigging manned, and, for aught he knew to the contrary, the object of his solicitude at the last moment of his mortal existence. He reached the ship's side, and saw an aged man leaving, whose sighs, and groans, and tears, proclaimed a heart bursting with grief, and a soul deeper in misery than the depth of the waters he was upon. *It was the prisoner's father!* Under the assumed name, he had discovered his wretched son, and had been to take his last farewell of him. Yes, it was the father who had brought him up in the fear of the Lord; who in his earliest days had led him to the house of God; and who, when lost, had often inquired in prayer, "Lord, where is my child?" Fearfully was he answered; he had found him, but it was to part, never in this world to meet again. Such, at least, must have been his conclusions in that moment, when, having torn himself from the embrace of his son, he was in the act of leav-

ing the ship. The rest is told in a few words; with Mr. Griffin he re-entered the vessel at the moment when the prisoner, pinioned for execution, was advancing towards the fatal spot, when he was summoned into the presence of God. A moment found him in the embrace, not of death, but of his father; his immediate liberation followed the knowledge of his pardon; and a few days restored the wanderer to the bosom of his family."

THE DRUNKARD A SINNER ALMOST BEYOND HOPE.

The Apostle says, 1st Tim. v. 24, "Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment." This is most awfully the case with the drunkard.—His sin is open—it is daring—it is blinding to the soul. Surely there can be little hope of the man whose every deed, and thought, and word, leads to shun the view of God's perfections, to shun consideration of his own character, and whose practices lead to profanity, and lewdness and every evil work, and also either to turn his back on God's ordinances, or to profane them in the most daring manner. However lightly many among us think of this odious vice, yet so it is that no advice of man can change such a man, and very seldom it is that the grace of God comes down on a soul, so far gone in rebellion and in contempt of all the means of grace. Thus we see every day that every consideration is powerless to stop him in his mad career. Tell him of the woes in this life that he will bring on himself, and on his family and kindred—tell him even of the degradation and the ruin of character he will bring on his own children; still he rushes on in his mad way, and his thirst for strong drink will overpower every other emotion. Tell him then of the woes of disobedience in the world to come, of the loss of the soul, that there is a judgment day, at which the drunkard and the profane—at which the bad husband and the bad wife the bad son and the bad daughter, must stand—and after that day that there will be a hell, in which drunkards must perish forever—still he heeds not; but to gratify his thirst for an hour, he will lose his soul for eternity. On the other hand, tell him of all the wonders of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God—and, O how many wonders are there in that wondrous plan!—tell him that God gave his Son to die for sinners—tell him of the agonies and the woes of the Son of God for sin—tell him of his bloody sweat, of his prayers, of his tears, of the derision of his enemies—tell him of the nails in his hands and in his feet, and of the darkness of his soul—tell him all this was for sin—for the sin of the rebellious. Surely such wonders should melt the hardened soul to love God, whose love to poor sinners passeth knowledge. But the Drunkard will not melt—he will not feel—he will not believe; but tramples under foot the blood of the Son of God, that he may worship his own belly as his god, and join with the wicked of the earth in every thing that is base and horrid. Tell him again of the invitations of the Gospel, how urgent, how free—tell him that God, even God against whom he has sinned, cries, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?"—tell him that the Gospel is to be preached to every creature, even to the drunkard—the bad man who has defied God, and who has been cruel, and heartless, and selfish, towards his own flesh and blood; but still he hears not. Tell him of the Spirit of God who will come into the soul if we ask, and will take away our corruption, and soften our hard hearts. The drunkard may bend the knee—may sit as God's people sit, and partake of His ordinances; but it is to profane them, for he will not bend the soul but does despite to the Spirit of grace, that he may gratify his base desires, and ruin both soul and body forever.

"But this is not all. Even the providential dealings of the God of mercy will not move him. It is awfully true of the drunkard what Solomon says, Prov. xxii. 22—"Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." Even when God sends on him sore sickness and pain, and brings him to the gates of death, yet no sooner does he recover strength than he flies to his curse again. Even when the evils of his condition, brought on by himself, stare him in the face, still the slave of strong drink must run on in the way of ruin. Poverty and rags will not stop him—weeping wife and weeping children will not stop him—nay, even bereavement and death of kindred will not stop him. The miserable man is to be seen at times staggering in his sin, even when a wife, or a brother, or a child, are lying lifeless in his own dwelling. Nay, the most solemn scenes which men can witness will not stop him. See him after he has committed dust to dust, and ashes to ashes—after he has looked into the tomb, the place where the worm feeds on our mortal flesh, and after he has heard the rumble of the clay, and the filling up the pit, which hides all that is dear to man on earth for ever from our sight, and still on that very day he