

## POETRY.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU, ALL YE THAT PASS BY? BEHOLD,  
AND SEE IF THERE BE ANY SORROW LIKE UNTO MY SOR-  
ROW, WHICH IS DONE UNTO ME, WHEREWITH THE LORD  
HATH AFFLICTED ME IN THE DAY OF HIS FIERCE ANGER.  
—LAMENTATIONS, i 12.

Is it nothing to you that a message of glory  
Was brought unto man by the Holy and True?  
And O! if the Stranger's mysterious story  
Be written in blood—is it nothing to you?

Is it nothing to you that the valley of tears—  
Of the shadow of death, must be trodden by One  
To whom the far sweep of eternity's years,  
Is as brief and as bright as a gleam of the sun?

Is it nothing to you, that when vengeance was nigh,  
The Meek and the Lowly was mighty to save—  
That a sceptre of light, and a kingdom on high,  
Were exchanged for the cradle, the cross and the grave?

Lo! bearing his cross, the lone Sufferer appears,  
Slowly, wearily struggling up Calvary's steep;  
The pang of that hour is unsolaced by tears,  
And the curse of the scoffer is bitter and deep.

He is nailed to that cross; but for you is the prayer  
That the hour of fierce agony wrings from his heart;  
Ah! think ye no bitterer anguish was there,  
Than the rack to that quivering frame can impart?

Ye know not the terrible mystery that crushed  
The life of his soul when the Father withdrew,  
And the voice of his ministering angel was hushed—  
"It is finished"—O! say, is it nothing to you?  
*Niagara.* GEORGE MENZIES.

## THE SABBATH MORN.

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

Dear is the hallowed morn to me,  
When village bells awake the day,  
And by their sacred minstrelsy  
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,  
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord!  
'Tis feel devotion's soothing power,  
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud "Amen,"  
Which echoes through the blest abode,  
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,  
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the simple melody,  
Sung with the pomp of rustic art—  
That holy, heavenly harmony,  
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often prayed,  
And still the anxious tear would fall;  
But on thy sacred altar laid,  
The fire descends and dries them all.

Oft when the world with iron hands,  
Has bound me in its six days' chain  
Thou bursts them like a strong man's bands,  
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then, dear to me the Sabbath morn,  
The village bells, the shepherd's voice—  
These oft have found my heart forlorn,  
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,  
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms—  
Ours are the prophet's ear of fire,  
Which bears us to our Father's arms.

## TO A SPRIGHTLY LITTLE GIRL,

*Who having heard that the Author was a Poet, re-  
quested some verses from him.*

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Margaret, we never met before,  
And, Margaret, we may meet no more,  
What shall I say at parting?  
Scarce half a moon has run her race  
Around this gay and giddy place,  
Sweet smiles and blushes darting;  
Yet from my soul I frankly tell,  
I cannot choose but love thee well.

I dare not wish thee store of wealth,  
A troop of friends, unfailing health,  
And freedom from affliction;  
I dare not wish thee beauty's prize,  
Caration lips, and bright blue eyes—  
They look through tears, they breathe in sighs;  
Then hear my benediction—  
Of these good gifts be thou possessed,  
Just in the measure God sees best.

But, little Margaret, may you be  
All that his eye delights to see—  
All that he loves and blesses—  
The Lord in darkness be your light,  
Your help in need, your shield in fight,  
Your health, your treasure, and your might,  
Your comfort in distresses,  
Your hope through every future breath,  
And your eternal joy in death!

ERRATUM.—In page 114, line 11, for "2,000," read  
"3,000," and for "there is only one in ten," read  
"there is only one in eleven."