

Poetry.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY, in illustration of Mal. iii. 3.

[The beautiful illustration of this passage, inserted on pages 166-7, takes another form of beauty in the following exquisite lines from the pen of our estimable friend, JAMES MONTGOMERY, a name eminently dear to genius and devotion. ED. B. M.]

He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
When in the molten silver's virgin mass
He meets his pictured face, as in a glass.
Thus in God's furnace are his people tried;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure:
But who the fiery trial may abide?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see his image perfect in the soul?
Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face;
But stamp'd with heaven's broad signet, there be shewn
Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace.
And round that seal of love this motto be,
"Not for a moment, but—eternity!"
—The Church.

DESTRUCTION OF IDOLATRY.

THE IDOLS HE SHALL UTTERLY ABOLISH.
ISAIAH ii. 18.

LINES, by WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, on receiving from Dr. Judson, Missionary in Burmah, a BOONDI, which was taken by him from a deserted temple on the banks of the SALWIN.

The idols of the orient bow,
Abashed, to a superior Power;
And weeds offend the pilgrim now,
Where flaunted priest, and glittered tower.
They come! they come! from silent shrines
Of Gunga, and the blue Salwin;
Though dumb—to us convincing signs
Of rising Truth and falling Sin.
They come! those conquered gods! to stir
Our lagging faith, and show that He
Whose is the Church, will give to her
The world beyond the Indian sea.
And BOONDI! that from the sculptor's hand,
Dropt, fresh in marble, years ago,
Sent me by one of that true band,
Whose future crowns are star'd below—
Though thy recumbent chiselled limbs
Are spotted now, methinks, with blood,
Poured ages since, 'mid hellish hymns
Of praise to Guilt's incarnate god;

Yet hail I here thy presence! not
Exultingly, o'er senseless stone;
Or haughtily, because my lot
Is cast where better things are known;

But gladly—for thou tellest me
The fiend of darkness plumes his wings;
And earth, enlightened, hastes to be
Subjected to the King of kings.
—Boston Recorder.

THE SABBATH-DAY.

Thy morn, sweet Sabbath-day!
I love thy early, quiet, balmy morn,
For thee, fresh hopes and heavenly thoughts are born;
And many a ray
Of love divine, pours in upon the soul
Which turns to God scorning the world's control.

Thy noon, sweet Sabbath day!
Oh! how I love thy high and solemn noon,
From thee, my God! and from this blessed boon
No thoughts shall stray,
But adoration deep, and fervent praise
From the soul's inmost depths my lips shall raise.

Thy eve, sweet Sabbath-day!
Far more I love thy still calm, dewy eve.
At that blest hour my soul this state would leave,
And soar away
On angel's wings, beyond the stars to rise,
And spend an endless Sabbath in the skies.
—"United States Gazette."

THY WILL BE DONE.

My God, though every earthly hope
Be ruined, lost—each nerve unstrung!
And every coming year, but ope,
On buried joys to which I've clung:
Though all, for which I've fondly prayed,
Be still withheld; each glorious sun,
But view some cherish'd comfort fade;—
Yet, Father, let thy will be done.

Though friends, who oft this heart estranged
From thy pure worship, O my God,
Should fickle prove; grow cold and changed;
Still let me kiss the chast'ning rod;
And make me learn, that when the soul
Her heavenward race has once begun;
No idol should her flight controul;
Thus, Father, let thy will be done.

In pain and anguish, let thine arm
Support me, Lord, in hours of ill.
Do thou the venom'd shaft disarm;
And heal my wounded spirit still:
And, when the last dread hour is nigh,
When here my weary race is run;
In Jesus trusting then, may I,
Departing, say—Thy will be done. C. G.