

except by pity; so, when the Spirit is touched by the word of Divine truth, and

"Treads the aerial high ness of the crystal climes,"

we must look down calmly upon the uproar and confusion of the intellectual world, and, "rejoicing evermore;" "praying without ceasing" endeavor to preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

(For the Tribune.)

SABBATH DESECRATION BY MINISTERS.

In hope that some one competent to the task, and alive to the importance of the subject, will, at an early date, furnish through the *Tribune* an essay adapted to awaken the minds of brethren, who, through mistaken views, are deemed culpable in the matter, the writer begs to state, that he has often been grieved to hear it mentioned as a flagrant inconsistency on the part of many preachers of the Gospel, that they frequently ratify the marriage contract on the Lord's day, a practice which complainant could not justify or defend, simply because he believes it to be a desecration of that hallowed day; exposing religion to the scorn and reproach of the world.

22, PICKERING.

NORTH EASTHOPE, MARCH 5TH, 1855.

MR. DICK.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps the accompanying piece of poetry might be acceptable for the *Tribune*. The author is unknown to me:—

LINES WRITTEN BY A MOTHER, ON VIEWING THE BODY OF HER DEAD INFANT.

Anticipated, beauteous flower,
And must thou wither in an hour,
Seized on by Death's resistless power;
My lovely Babe.

Must Thou so soon be torn away,
Could no kind hand prolong thy stay,
Must worms on thy sweet features prey,
My lovely Babe.

Fondly I gaze upon thy face,
But ah, thou heeded not my embrace,
Yet in my heart thou shalt have place,
My lovely Babe.

Thine eyes shall nee'r behold the day,
Those tender limbs shall never play,
Thy silent tongue shall never say,
My Mother.

Kind tears; ye bring a sweet relief,
To assuage the anguish of my grief,
Some gentle voice soft whispers peace,
'Tis Jesus.

While weeping o'er thy beauteous clay,
Methinks I hear the Saviour say,
You shall behold some other day,
Your lovely Babe.

Yes; dearest Lord; I can believe,
The soul reviving truth receive,
That Jesus died—He died to save,
My lovely Babe.

Sweet thought, how soon the conflicts o'er,
Soon reach'd that happy, blissful shore,
Where sin, and death, are known no more,
My lovely Babe.

Kind Angels smiling bade thee come,
The heavenly mansions made The room,
And Jesus sets thee near his throne,
In realms of bliss.

Shall I indulge in mournful strains,
While on those peaceful happy plains,
Of heavenly bliss, where Jesus reigns,
There lives my Babe.

Oh gracious God, my grief forgive,
Bless, bless the tender plants that live,
Thy grace to them, thy glory give,
Oh God of Love.

Wash'd in the precious crimson tide,
May they with all the glorified,
Sing, sweetly sing, that Jesus died,
In realms of bliss.

There is so much piety and pathos in the above, and it has proved, and may prove, so melting and consoling to pious parents, when placed in the circumstances which first called it forth, that its circulation is desirable.

I am Dear Sir,

Yours, in Christian affection,

WALTER MILNE.

BUNYAN.

The creative genius of the persecuted Puritan has given to Bedford and its environs high historic fame. Bunyan, in his early days, was the merriest lad in Elstow. His fiery fancy, and burning wit, and ardent spirits, ruled the circle of boyhood. John led the game. The green and the belfry were the dominions he claimed. His domineering profanity was felt and feared. So Bunyan rose to manhood. He married early. The young wife was the very companion the youthful blusterer required; she had sufficient charms to keep John at home. They read together. The tinker's impiety was checked.—He now rarely joined in the village sports. His imperious soul was sad. John said little, but thought much. Mighty and mysterious musings filled his spirit. At "Elstow Church" Bunyan and his wife were constant attendants. Clear light dawned on the half superstitious worshipper. He was introduced to Mr. Gifford, the first pastor of the Baptist church at Bedford. Gifford has been considered as the "Evangelist" of "Pilgrim." By this holy man was the young disciple "taught the way of God more perfectly." At the age of twenty-six, Bunyan was united to the church under Gifford's care. Mr. Gifford died. He, then preaching-deacon, was unanimously requested by the brethren of the church to be their pastor. With much diffidence, and no little reluctance, the humble man acceded. The fame of the preacher spread.—Crowds listen. His addresses are full of vivid appeals. His opening ministry arouses many a slumbering conscience by the loud thunder of its alarms. The sermons of the Sabbath are clothed in all the royal drapery of his princely imagination. Bunyan itinerates. When the provincial Puritan appears in London, the illustrious Dr. Owen listens, and freely says that he would readily relinquish all his learning, if he could but preach like the Bedford tinker.

GODS MADE TO ORDER.—A queer expression, but it only describes a line of business carried on extensively in heathen lands. Here is the translation of a Chinese advertisement:—"I will execute to order idols from two feet high to the size of a marmoset monkey, or the biggest and most hideous monster that can inspire the human mind with awe and reverence for religion. If the idol is the size of an ourang outang the price will be \$700; one of sphinx size will be turned out for \$400; one the size of a bull dog with horns and hump \$650; a buffalo size \$800; a dog size \$200, and the size of an ass in the attitude of braying \$1000."