RECREATIONS

OF A CLERGYMAN,

LAID ASIDE

BY SPEAKER'S SORE-THROAT.

RECREATIONS OF A CLERGYMAN
LAID ASIDE WITH SPEAKER'S SORE-THROAT.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The general public will be disposed to disparage the rather bad printing and exceedingly plain, unattractive aspect of this volume; but our real friends will value it all the more— or at least, none the less— for this, when they know in what manner, and under what circumstances it was published.

Just as we were laid aside from pastoral duty by speaker's sore-throat, and prohibited from much speaking, either in public or private, we received the present of an old hand printing-press from an esteemed friend, Jas. Scott Esq. of Mount Forest; so with the expenditure of fifteen dollars on type, (most of which was second-hand) and the addition of composing sticks, inking rollers, &c., supplied by our own ingenuity,— we found ourself able to print,—realizing fortunately in the whole thing, a quiet and suitable recreation for our occasional spare hours.

Briefly then, our friends will rejoice to know, that not only are we the author of every piece in the volume, but also, in the above circumstances, its sole printer and publisher. We were not always able from our very scarcity of certain kinds of type to get every thing in good form; but as money, with a clergyman at the head of a large family, is generally scarce, we were bound to make the best of our resources.

The sermon, which is the one we composed and read to the Presbytery at our ordination, bothered us most, as our supply of type would suffice for only one page at a time. To this sermon, however, we kept on adding piece after piece, till the volume attained its present size—having little dreamed, at the commencement, that we should find the compositor's art so enticing; and really, we are not sure that we shall not yet make the old press do duty in printing works of a larger kind, that now lie in manuscript on our hands. Our little experience has suggested this much however, that a little knowledge of printing would be a useful thing in the training of every minister.

As to the pieces which fill the book—they are just fragments of every kind, which composed at different times, were lying around, and which we thought might be pleasant and profitable to our friends. Some of them have been published before, and some have not. Our musical confriers will find many of them as suitable for singing as for recitation. We can imagine ourself being asked, 'Why did you not publish some funnier pieces in your book?' Well, long ago, we did write funnier pieces—but on looking at them at a later period, they seemed to be too funny and too foolish, to be either for the good of the public or the glory of God. So we burned them. Life suffers not so much from a scarcity of fun, as from a want of grave and sober thought; and this has been a ruling motive with us in most that we have ever published.

'But what about your throat' say our friends. Well, our throat and mouth (for both were equally affected) are now getting greatly better; and we have already occupied the pulpit of some of our friends, sensible of no after evil effects. As very possibly some of our old acquaintances may wish to know something more of this insidious disease, and how we got it; we would say briefly, that we believe it was caused by too much public speaking, and especially by crowding three services on the Sabbath into too close proximity. This, with a good deal of speaking through the week, we think, brought it on. If we should suspect any other cause, as remotely affecting it, we should say, that possibly it may have been influenced by over severe elocutionary discipline (though in conformity with physiological rules) at an earlier period of our life.

We mention this, because some persons are very strongly disposed to consider elocutionary training, when on what is acknowledged to be sound physiological principles, as the best means of reducing the prevalence of this disease. About thirty years ago we first began to address public audiences; and just a little earlier we learned

Curwin's Tonic Sol-Fa system of music. Having naturally a good voice, but becoming early conscious of much defect in the management of it, we possessed ourself of several first-class works on elocution, and proceeded most thoroughly to study and practice its principles, finding our knowledge of music a most useful auxiliary in many departments of the study. From these works we obtained a knowledge of the best physiological conditions of speech, as well as of the best physiological means of developing and managing tonic and articulative power—whether by the chest, throat, or mouth—from the low, aspirated, deeply pectoral notes of remorse to the slow, soft, high-pitched semitones of tender pity. As we never liked a monotonous style, we always made a point of making our style harmonize with the varying spirit of our theme.

In connection with this study, for many years, (somewhat to the wonderment of our near neighbours) we kept up the practice of reading aloud—with due regard to the rules we had studied—selections from the best speakers and writers, sermons, orations, poems,—in short anything grave, gay, or humorous, that came to hand, aiming to give every sentence of the varying passages its appropriate utterance and delivery.

This practice added greatly to our power of expressing ideas, gave us a command of good English, and made the elocutionary utterance of any passage so much a habit, that in public speaking, our mind was not on this account diverted from our theme.

All this we did to increase our efficiency in speaking or preaching, for we never were in the habit of reading our discourses. Then, we may also here remark, that in addition to all this training which was by a long way our best, we had also that of Prof. Taverner at Knox College, which, though very simple, was good.

From our own experience then, we should conclude, that the drill or discipline of the voice according to acknowledged rules, promises little in reference to the avoidance or abatement of this throat affection among ministers. Nay, we suspect, that it is among well trained speakers, and especially among clearly distinct articulators, that the disease will be found most to abound. The chest and the larynx do indeed give the vowel sounds; but it is after all the upper throat and mouth that shape and articulate the words. The man of little fire or fervour who drawls or drones out his sentences with an irksome but easy monotony, is the one, we should judge least likely of all to be affected by this disease.

With regard to the cure—it is rest. Our throat and mouth have been the subject of many applications, but their chief cure has been rest.

Lastly, with reference to the help and the unbounded kindness, which we have experienced at the hands of the genial members of the medical profession—both here and in Britain—we hereby conclude by expressing to these gentlemen our warmest sentiments of gratitude.

Alex. Nicol

Owen Sound, August 18th, 1886.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

ORDINATION SERMON.

TEXT—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John III: 16.

There are two mountains, past which all heavenly pilgrims travel in their way to the celestial Zion These two mountains are Sinai and Calvary. At Sinai, they hear the thunderings of the law and the sound of the trumpet exceeding loud—there, with quaking knees, they learn the majesty of Divine Justice. At Calvary, they behold the Victim smitten and bleeding under Sinai's curse;—there, with melting hearts, they hear the story of Divine Love. Love and Justice are two distinct attributes of the eternal God; and both are necessary to the perfection of the Divine character. Justice is not a mere phase of Divine love, as some would make it to be; nor is it a principle that is necessary merely to point out the pathway in which love shall walk; for, in the first case, love would invariably bestow its gifts irrespectively of all merit or demerit; in the latter case, it would invariably have never a favour to give to the sinful and illdeserving. No! Love and justice are independent principles, neither one subordinate to the other, both acting together in perfect harmony; and both alike necessary to the character of a perfect Being. So when love would bestow its favours according to merit, justice having no claims, quietly acquiesces; but when love would bestow its gifts upon the head of ill desert, across the lines of justice, justice exacts its ransom; and that ransom paid, love and justice, having each its own, embrace each other over the head of the sinner whom they have conspired to redeem.

To-day, we have much to hear about the wonders of that love with which our text overflows; and, we trust, we shall behold the love-lighted slopes of Calvary all the more impressively from having taken this backward glance at the law-thundering peak in the wilderness of Sinai.

We would remark, at this place, that our text presents the love of God in that form alone, in which the human mind is capable of forming anything like a proper conception of it "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." For though we may very properly be told, that the love of God is infinite—how little can the human mind deal with the infinite? we can neither define the limits of infinite love, nor spread the imagination over it. In attempting to do so, we feel as the eagle striving to touch the opposite walls of the universe with the tips of his outstretched wings, or to gather all the light of the sun into his own eyes. We are as a man, seeking to pour the lightnings into a wine-cup, or to draw all the waters of the deep into his mouth, or to touch simultaneously the first and last milestones of eternity with his extended arms God's love is vastness, greatness, mystery, everywhere; and the human mind, in the effort to compass it, shrinks back exhausted as a grasshopper with the weight of a world. One fathom line alone can sound the depths of Divine love; and that line must be long enough to stretch from the loftiest pinnacle of celestial glory to the darkest, deepest shades of Calvary. But who can tell how long that line must be? We cannot—angels cannot.

Borne forward on the billows of eternity, the echoes of a voice reach us, "Lo I come to do thy will, O Lord." The Lead pierces space, as that shout is uttered. We hear again the cry, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!" as that Lead reaches its greatest depth on Calvary— and the profound which it has pierced in the interval, can be adequately measured only by the sounding line of my text, God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Our Subject then to-day is,—GOD'S LOVE TO SINNERS. And with a special view to bringing out the matter and the spirit of our text, we shall treat it under the following heads:—I. The love of God, as manifested in the gift of the person and ministry of Christ. II. The love of God, as manifested in the object for which the gift was bestowed, namely, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, &c.

Returning then to the first head:—mark the love of God as manifested in the gift of his only begotten Son, the exalted person of Christ—not now to speak of his ministry.

Man has sinned, man must suffer. God's law has been broken, it must be fulfilled.

Divine justice must be satisfied; it demands its every jot and tittle. A stain rests on the shield of Divine heraldry, and the blood of bulls and of goats will not erase it.

Their blood may typify cleansing, but it fails to cleanse. The hand of justice has

laid hold on the transgressor, and the sentence of death is about to be carried into effect. The voice of God rolls forth in heaven, 'Who will deliver from going down into the pit.' Does it meet no response? Is there no eye to pity—no hand to help? The septre of righteousness is extended and the sword of justice is drawn: but neither angel nor archangel interposes for man. Ah! many a pure heart throbs beneath garments of light in that fair throng, but never a heart pure enough, brave enough, powerful enough to receive that sword-thrust into itself, on man's behalf, and survive. Never angels called before to such a work as this. They may keep the way of the tree of life, drive the recreant race from the bowers of Eden, and even minister, in many ways, to the wants of man in deeds of pity; but this is a work above and beyond angelic might. Yet the Lord hath found a Ransom. Not in the herds and flocks pastured on many hills—is that ransom—nor in the gold of Opher; not in the diamonds and sapphires of many mines, nor in the pearls of the richest seas; not in the stars from angelic breasts, nor in gems from archangel's crown; No! nor in the finest jewels—nor in their richest setting—that garnish the throne of the Eternal; but in the Son of God from the bosom of the Father. Behold the sinner's willing Ransom! He is the Rose of Sharon and the Pearl above all price, the One that is the Fellow of the Father, heaven's greatest and best Gift, the Lamb of God's providing, the Increate, the Most High. He hath laid bare His bosom, and in it shall the sword of justice be sheathed; for "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Again, mark the greatness of God's love as seen in the surrender of his Son for so unworthy and ungrateful a people—those he came to bless. Is he sent to a people, that hail his advent with delight, and regard the occasion of his birth as a gala day? no, but to a race that despise and reject him; to a people that enlarge and adorn the palaces of David for the reception of his greater Son? no, but to a nation, that finds not room for him, even in the stranger's inn, and more than begrudges his infant form the scant and rough accommodation of a manger in the stable for its cradle, amid the bleating of sheep and the snorting of camels; nay—worse still—to a nation, that under the hand of Herod, would blot out of existence the only one pure life that ever visited it, and seek the infant's death in the slaughter of the innocents, when "Rachel weeps for her children." As life advances, do the people, whom he came to bless, treat him with more respect? Do they supply his table with the flesh of the stalled ox, or serve him daily with the delicacies of the season? No! he earns his bread with the sweat of his brow; his back aches daily with the strain of toil, and his hand blisters with the friction of the axe, the saw, and the chisel, in ministering house-accommodation to the opulent Nazarenes. No home of his own opens its doors to receive him. Few comforts, fewer luxuries, and still fewer honours come to him, even among a people themselves little respected; for what good thing can come out of Nazareth.

Thirty years roll past, and he is little heard of—and less cared for—except by such as need his help in his humble trade, and by a few companions within his own small circle.

Then again, let us mark the love of God, as seen in all that Christ did and submitted to, in his public ministry. We state the work of Christ, in the abstract, when we say, Christ came into the world and by his active and passive obedience, wrought out our salvation; or again, that as the second Adam, taking the place of the first under the Covenant of Works, he fully met all the requirements of that covenant, that now, as our second representative Head, he may offer us salvation by faith alone, under the Covenant of Grace. But Ah! the ministry of Christ, meaning much to us indeed, when stated in the abstract, has a more vivid expression still, when looked at in the concrete. Our text favours the concrete method of surveying the ministry of Christ, and we shall try to keep in harmony with it, striving to measure as well as we can, the magnitude of that love by the greatness of the service and the suffering, to which it volunteered on our behalf. Of the unseen and more mysterious service and suffering, we can comprehend almost nothing; of the more outward and less mysterious, that has more in common with our experience, we can comprehend a little. To the latter aspect of the Saviour's ministry, therefore, we shall mainly confine ourselves.

Mark the Saviour emerge from obscurity into public life. The service, that had been begun in obscurity, must necessarily pass into the light of perfect day; and the work must be pushed on to completion amidst the greatest opposition and scorn.

He goes forth to preach the gospel of peace and good-will to the thousands that flock to see him; and, for one that retires with the expression, 'never prophet spake as this man, surely this is the Son of God,' ten go away mocking, and call him a deceiver. He comes to them restoring their sick to health and their dead to life; how few return to give glory to God? The deaf and dumb spirits are obedient to his behest; and the unthinking multitudes say, "He hath a devil, and casteth out devils through the Prince of devils." He rides into Jerusalem, as its King and Lord; and only the despised 'rabble' and the little children hail his entrance. He weeps over the guilty city that should have hailed him as its King, and cries, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings," and this people shortly after, in return, call out, "Crucify him, crucify him, away with this fellow from the earth; it is not fit that he should live." Ah! the bitterest ingredient of all trials, is too often the ingratitude and contempt of those, for whom a good service is rendered. In this respect, his cup was bitter indeed. But the climax of suffering on the Redeemer's part, is his last agony, when heaven, earth, and hell, pour their bitterest things into it. Ah! this is indeed the very gall of the cup.

The convict, sentenced to death for the crime of murder, even meets with some commiseration in his death. The Prince of life, that came only to bless,—to instruct, to heal, to restore to life, receives no commiseration,— only mockery and scorn. No compassionate word or kindly act soothes his woe. He is made the butt of their ribald jests and taunts; he is spit upon, crowned with thorns, and regarded as the laughing stock of the low and vile. Oh! awful unparalleled hour, wherein all the concentrated venom of our race and the long pent up malignance of demons, hot and boiling from the fires of hell, pour forth together all their scalding, seething force on the Person of Christ; and earth and hell in affectionate brotherhood revel in crushing out the only one pure life that ever visited the world. O Earth! Earth! many peoples have enriched thy parched places with their blood; and the blood of many sacrifices hast thou drunk on, but thou hast never been baptized with the blood of a victim like this,—never blood pure, cleansing, and life-giving, as this. Well may the Sun hide his face from so terrible a scene. Well may the Earth put on robes of mourning, and seek the gloom of darkness at mid-day, to hide her shame. Well may her big heart throb with earth-quakes, and the skies weep over her; for hers is a sorrow greater than that of Rachel, when she wept for her children, and would not be comforted.

Oh! what depth of love is this; love, that can furnish such a ransom, and for so unworthy a people.

We have looked at the more outward and less mysterious part of Christ's ministry, its cheerful obedience, the bold opposition, and the bitter irony and scorn, with which it was treated; but the greatness of the sacrifice rendered by this love, becomes more profound, as we look with dazed eyes into the more mysterious and less visible part of his work on our behalf. The cup prepared for him, he drank to the very dregs.

Oh that cup! who shall analyze its contents? There are the sting and the bitterness of death in it; there are the vengeance and the agony of hell in it, without one sweetening ingredient. It fumes with the torment of damnation, and scalds the lips with the heat of fires unquenchable. The tears, the groans, and the anguish of an eternity of woe are in it; and yet, though the Son of man shrinks from the foaming cup, he drinks it to the very dregs. A man may behold such suffering but he cannot comprehend it. This woe has a depth beyond the soundings of the most powerful imagination; and we must be content to look at it as we see it on the surface. The human mind is impotent here; and rejoicing in the comfort of a mystery which it cannot fathom, it can only say, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

We come now to the Second part of our discourse, namely, The love of God as manifested in the object, for which the gift of his Son was bestowed, viz., that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Mark that this salvation is not for a select few of a high moral status, but for whosoever believeth. Ah! we should expect, that even the great love of God would discriminate here; and that the profanely vicious, and at least the cruel persecutors of the Lord would be excluded from this salvation. But no! Whosoever believeth shall be saved.

That whosoever is a wide, wide word. There is room in it for the persecuting

Saul; room in it for the self-confident, but lying Peter; yea, room in it, it may be, for even Judas; bnt remorse killed him and he went to his own place.

O ye poor Outcasts, ye prodigals that waste your substance in riotous living, giving your lips to the wine-cup and your strength to the harlot, revelling in the mire as filthy as the swine you now feed, and whose husks you now covet—there is room in God's love, and there is an offer of mercy even for you. God gave his only begotten Son, that these shackles might be struck from your hands, and you be made free, holy, and happy men, even for ever and for evermore. Whosoever believeth shall not perish.

O ye Self-righteous Ones, proudly pharisaical, little avail these vain traditions, these gay phylacteries. Away with the ghastly morality of whited sepulchres and dead men's bones—that pays its tithes of anise and cummin, and loves long prayers and the chief rooms at feasts—cast aside your hypocrisy, and in the love of God there is a place of mercy also for you.

And thou too, proud Greek, vain of thy lore and self-sufficient in thy wisdom,—there is a treasure in this love more precious than that of Crœsus and more potent than Solon's iron—a wisdom more profound than thy Plato's, a song more charming than Homer's, and an eloquence more persuasive, than that of Demosthenes, for hearts that are not too proud to learn. Thou too, mayst come and believe.

Whosoever believeth! yes, whosoever believeth, whether polished Greek or savage barbarian, prince swaying a sceptre or beggar carrying his wallet,—all are welcomed to partake of the blessings purchased by this love. The granary of heaven will be supplied from all soils and all climates. The King in his beauty is as pleased with a broken stalk of wheat from a pauper's yard as with a stately stem from a palace garden. Whosoever believeth will be accepted; and whosoever is every body and any body, high or low, rich or poor, good or bad, that truly comes to Christ. Faith is just that talismanic principle, that transforms that WHOSOEVER into a loving and renewed child of God and an heir of glory.

Then this love of God has decreed, that the believer shall not perish. Oh! it were a great thing, if a sinner has been found in arms against his Lord, to withhold the sword of justice from the heart that planned the revolt and dared to carry it into execution—to withhold the halter from the neck that disdained to own its master's yoke.

Though the sinner might thus indeed bear the mark of Judas and traitor, he would at least be released from the grasp of justice and turned free upon the streets.

Ah! bare life alone, is still a precious gift, though it might be but the life of a vagabond whom the hand of justice has spared. Starvation and death might await the recreant in the future—with few friends and few favours to brighten the remaining span of his existence—yet he would, at least, have the privilege of choosing his own death-lair, and of using some soporifics, which—if they could not remove the sting of death—might make it easy. But Oh! the love of God has no such narrow bounds.

It does not fell the prisoner to the ground, and having bathed itself in traitor-blood, leave the carcass to feed the raven and the vulture. It parleys and pleads with the sinner— till the weapons of rebellion fall from his hands— binds up his wounds and clothes his nakedness with raiment, appeases his hunger with food, and warms him with the heat of its own bosom. He shall not perish.

Now observe, Lastly, that the Love of God is not content with the bestowal of merely negative mercies—God gave his only begotten Son, that not only should men not perish, but that they should have everlasting life.

God gives the sinner no mere respite of a few months, wherein he may set his house in order, and prepare his soul for its exit from this stage of existence— nor even Hezekiah's supplemental fifteen years—but life for ever and ever— life vast, fathomless, shoreless, as the love of God which provided it.

"To take a note of time is wise in man." Here, the pendulum swings off swiftly the moments of man's earthly existence, and we pass away; but what dial-plate shall shall fitly record the roll of duration, when time shall be no more? Who shall tell the seasons and enumerate the epochs of eternity? The ball kicked to and fro, in the conflict of the athletes, may reach its goal sometime. The weary bird that skims the surface of the ocean waves, may fold its wings and perch its feet on the remote shores some day; but onward and onward, like the lightning's flash or the darting sun-beam,

flies the goal of eternity, fast and far, beyond the chase of the fleetest imagination.

But apart from this very eternity of life, to which the love of God leads us, think of all the blessedness which this life implies. It implies deliverance from the lash of punishment, which our sins have merited; but it also implies deliverance from sin itself—from the misery and wreck, in which our whole moral and spiritual nature is involved by the Fall in Eden. It may imply a higher degree of blessedness, than that even, which might have come to the race, had it never fallen. While the race still wallows in impurity, with the fountain of thought and feeling still defiled, life in all its channels, must of necessity be still polluted. But the Love of God in Christ has made ample provision, that, in the life to which it leads, all such sources of pollution shall be dried up; and the Waters of Life, with which the glorified shall quench their thirst, shall trickle and meander over every valley and hill-side of future human experience. That future experience will be one of unutterable delight, glory inconceivable, life unending; for eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glory and the blessedness, which God hath prepared for those that love him.

The fairest flowers in our earthly Edens, alas, too often pierce with a secret thorn, the venturous hand that plucks them. The same air that comes to our nostrils, delicious with fragrance, too often bears malaria in its breath, and the seeds of death to those whom it delights. Our sweetest terrestrial music is never unmarred with the wail of grief and the discords of sin. Our fairest morning skies, promising whole days of sunshine, are too often ere the noon, wrapped in clouds, black with tempest, and ringing with the destructive flight of the thunder-bolt. Such is our earth physically, morally—glorious in many of its aspects, but bearing everywhere both above and beneath the surface of things, doleful traces of the havoc which sin has made.

But the eternal life to which we aspire, and which is freely given to us in Christ, has no such dark shadows in it, moral or physical. In it, the conscience calm with the peace of Divine pardon, the heart warm with the glow of unquenchable love, the soul bounding with the pulses of an undying life, will pour into the cup of human experience a draught, which in life-giving felicity, will slake the thirstiest soul.

Oh! the height and the depth of that love, that spared not the only Begotten, that it might confer on us such a life.

Heaven's happy home with its many mansions is ours; its unending blessedness is ours, its glory-lighted skies are ours; its redeemed saints, its angelic hosts are ours, its flowing river of life, its golden city, its bejeweled throne,— yea, even its Lord of glory,—all are ours, and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

And they are ours for ever and ever —immutably and eternally ours;—not as our fair nosegays that wither in our hands while we inhale their fragrance, not as our fine treasures that rot in our keeping, or our stately palaces that crumble, or our proud monuments of power or skill that perish. Ah No! All these things shall pass away into the wastes of oblivion, "like the airy fabric of a vision, leaving not a wreck behind."

But this Life purchased for us in Christ, will be to us a "thing of beauty and of joy for ever."

O Believer! rejoice and leap for joy; give praise unto the Lord your God; for unto you shall be this eternal weight of glory. But let the unbelieving and disobedient pause and tremble, and reject no more; for thus saith the Lord, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

A look at *Self*, me overpowers—
So vile my life has been;
A look at Christ, my hope restores,
And makes my soul serene.
Oh! can it be, that precious Lamb,
Which on the Cross I see,
In agony so meek and calm,
Did really die for me?

O dripping Sacrifice, remain
Fore'er before mine eyes;
Baptize me in thy scarlet rain:
Its cleansing will suffice.
What care I that thou wert despised
By priest or Pharisee?
Thou art my Ransom and my prized—
Oh! everything to me.

O dear, dead Heart, so true to me,
I ne'er shall comprehend
The wondrous love that ruptured thee,—
No, not when time shall end.
That pallid face, now calm in death,
I ne'er can tire to see,
Or those dear lips whose latest breath
Was spent in prayer for me.

O eyes, so sweet in death's repose,
I mark yet wet beneath
Tears shed in pity for the foes
That clamoured for his death.
Oh! let me kiss these hands and feet:
Their wounds have made me free.
O Lamb adorable and sweet!
Thou art God's Gift to me.

THE SAFETY OF A WAKEFUL FAITH.

So long as a man travels to Paradise by the highway of Faith, he is in no danger of losing either his assurance or his track. But when the devil, driving the steeds of Jehu, overtakes him, and seduces him to ride in the chariot of Good Works, the poor traveller soon finds himself robbed of his assurance and pitched off crippled into the dirt; whence he may seek a new assurance and find his way back to the place from whence he went astray,—ever a sadder, but not always a wiser man. It is better to tread humbly a hard road with a wakeful faith, than to ride in a fine coach with a sleeping presumption. The former keeps you humble, that it may cheer and bless you; the latter flatters your pride, that it may deceive and damn you.

THE TWO TREES.

God planted a tree in Eden and called it Adam. It was a good tree and bare fruit plenteously. There was no lack or scarcity while it flourished; and if the tree had met with no injury, the sons of men might have continued to eat of its fruit and have lived forever. But Beelzebub a great serpent, and determined enemy of our race,

damaged the roots of that tree, and so poisoned its fruit, that the Great Husbandman might well have cut it down and cast the whole tree out of the garden, but he did not.

He planted another tree on Mount Calvary, which he called the second Adam. It was without spot or blemish, and it brought forth every kind of good fruit to perfection.

So in order to save part of the first tree, he cut off its branches, and by the aid of the wax of faith, grafted them on to the second tree; in virtue of which union, the branches once more became healthy and bore fruit. The tree planted in Eden was Adam our first parent; the tree planted on Calvary was Christ. So it was not because God found the branches of the first tree bearing good fruit, that he grafted them on to the second, but because they bore none at all; and they bear good fruit now, on the second tree, simply because they are grafted on to it. The sap of the first tree, is the human in the human; the sap of the second is the Divine in the human. The fruit of the first tree is food only fit for devils; the fruit of the second is pleasing to God. The raw poisoned berries of the first tree are still to be found among the rocks of Sinai. The luscious life-giving fruit of the second abounds on the slopes of Calvary.

THE TRUE ROCK OF REFUGE.

We little know how frail we are.
How weak our strength till storm assails,
And once our ship rides in the war
Of battling waves and angry gales;
And in the vortex of distress—
Of shrieking wind and seething wave—
There flash forked-lightnings in our face,
And yawn mad waters for our grave.

Then is the hour to try the strong,
To test the fortresses of faith,
Correct our estimates when wrong
And purge delusions in a breath.
The frailest fortress stands secure
Till angry foemen scale its walls:
The feeblest shelter will endure
Till comes the tempest that appals.

Thus, with those bootless grounds of trust,
With which poor sinners lull their fears—
All, all, will crumble into dust,
When God's great sifting-day appears.
And he alone will stand secure,
That trusts in Christ—and Christ alone.
That Rock of Ages will endure
When all false refuges are gone.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Faith, Hope, and Charity, are three beautiful sisters, sought after by many suitors. *Charity* is the most beautiful of the three, and *Hope* is the most cheerful—but neither of them will be wooed singly. Yet he that will marry the plainer sister *Faith*, will have the other two sisters to reside with him all his life; and happy is the home that has such a trio within it. Young man, now is your chance.

GOOD WORKS.

Good Works are just *Faith, Hope*, and *Charity*, taking exercise.

A HYMN OF TRUST.

Alas ! how swiftly pass the years:
  Ah me ! how quickly moments fly:
And Time, with all its hopes and fears,
Is but a moment when it nears,
  And but a dream when it is bye.

When I survey the chequered way,
  By which my Father led me here—
What cause for gratitude to-day,
What cause to trust, to love, and pray,
  I learn from all my past career.

When clouds swept o'er me, dark as night,
  And death's pale spectre crossed my door,
And Earth seemed withered with a blight,
How soon, through parting clouds, the light
  Made life all brighten as before.

Nor less God's goodness—when my way
  Led under prosp'rous, clearer skies;
That grace which keeps my heart to-day,
Then kept my feet—so prone to stray—
  And made me humble, watchful, wise.

Sure', with the past before my eyes,
  What in the future need I fear ?
That grace he gives in rich supplies,
And guiding care, may well suffice
  To keep me through my whole career.

Then let me praise His Holy Name,
  His love, his majesty adore:
His grace and goodness, e'er the same,
Are mine to worship and to claim,
  Through Christ my Lord for evermore.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

God weaves the Web of His Providence on a Wonderful Loom. It is as wide as immensity, as high as infinity, and as long as eternity. It has wheels on wheels, wheels above wheels, and wheels within wheels—and an infinity of agencies, material and spiritual, rational and irrational— all moving, whirling, and evolving, from the raw material of the incomprehensible and unknown, the great and finished fabric of Divine design; whereon human experience, as the fly, seeks the sunlight and leaves the print of its tiny footsteps. Surely, a wonderful loom it must be, wherein the tiny insect and the archangel are alike factors—the livid lightning with its dark swathing, the silent sun-beam, the sprouting vegetable, and the foaming breakers, third-rate potencies — the tangled lines of human thought, the resolve of the rational, as well as of the irrational creature, subsidiary or co-ordinate forces— not to speak of the bolts and the bars, the wheels, racks, levers, and cams—made up of ten thousand agencies of earth and air—that all clank, roll, or swing sedately, at the flight of that shuttle and the swoop of that beam that knocks the warp and the woof of terrestrial life together.

The Web itself is of Wonderful Texture. We can conceive of nothing in the universe, more mysterious and grand, than the structure of this extraordinary fabric. For, as the shuttle of revolving years flies fast, and the feet of the Eternal move the treadle, the golden threads of Divine design roll forth in folds from eternity, just becoming distinctly clear as they come together and constitute that web, wherein the spiritual and the invisible are the warp, and the material and the visible constitute the woof—a web wonderfully compounded, indeed, of matter and spirit, and developing on its surface marvellously multiform and ever-varying phases of beauty, wisdom, and goodness. It is a fabric ever finishing, and yet not finished—wherein the material woof of humanity drops off into dust, leaving what is spiritual therein, to drift off in loose threads into the mysterious and unseen, and yet leaving no hole, no flaw, and no marred pattern, on the face of a structure which will be the marvel of men and angels throughout eternity. I wonder not that the wisest of the world's philosophers have been perplexed and dazed in the contemplation of its mysteries; and some few have been found wise enough to be able to read the Maker's name on its corners, and to read and believe his own account of it, as given in the advertizing sheets which he has scattered for the help of the ignorant.

Why the Maker should choose to weave so together matter and spirit, I might be able to conjecture some reasons, but I am not anxious to do so. I rejoice that I am incapable of inadequately comprehending either the web or the design on its surface; for if I were so, I should have the mortification of finding myself compelled to believe, that this beautiful web which I daily admire, was not made by God, but by a creature like myself. Never am I so happy, as when understanding this thing least, I can trust in its Maker most; for, 'shall not all things work together for good to those that love him?'

WHO IS THE BEST PAY-MASTER?

He that serves the devil, will get exactly his wages;
He that serves the world, will get less than his wages;
He that serves himself, will never get any wages;
But he that serves God, will get better than his wages.

A FOREST TEMPLE

Leave me with Nature and the woods,
To watch, in all their changing moods;
Where God's own hand his temple piles
With pillared and umbrageous aisles;
Where gleam blue vistas of the sky
Through leafy windows far on high;
And golden waves of sunlight-sheen
Throb through soft draperies of green;
And summer zephyrs passing by,
Just kiss the tree tops with a sigh;
Where nature's children, sleek and coy,
Around her altars dance with joy
And in their freedom and their play,
Are fed and cared for, day by day.
How strange! how grand—the handicraft
By which God builds each stately shaft—
The tools by which his skill achieves
Their crowning cornices of leaves.
The trailing vine's soft tracery too—
How weaves he it of air and dew?
Or moulds and paints those gorgeous flowers
Whose fair mosaic paves his bowers,
And gives to each a glory bright
With brush dipped in the rosy light—
They still retaining, warm and rich,
The fragrance from his fingers' touch—
Bearing a glory and a grace,
All art admires, but fails to trace.
Within this temple all are pure,
And all are loyal, all secure;
The altar and the worshipper,
Alike God's work, alike his care.
The floor, the arches, and the wall,
Have life in each, and God in all.
All speak of God, his work, his ways:
All palpitate with life and praise.

I'd rather in this leafy temple,
At one of these umbrageous altars,
Present my worship to Jehovah,
With all these worshippers around me—
Than in many a costly temple
Where Art expends her wit and millions
In soul-persuasive soft surroundings,
To give to empty souls devotion,
And fan by sensuistic breezes
Unwilling incense from its censers,
With air made rapturous with music.

HEAVEN HERE.

The saint does not always need to wait, till his feet touch the shores of the celestial paradise, to taste some of the experiences of heaven. The golden sunshine, the spicy breezes, and the honey-winged music of this Araby the blessed, often gladden the heart of the voyager ere he reaches the desired port, and the anchor falls. Ask that dying saint, whose bark is now breasting its last billow at the mouth of the haven—is there a heaven? A Heaven! Yes, there is a heaven — and heaven has begun in my soul!

Heaven is here: my eyes dance with its glory, my heart palpitates with its love, my soul thrills with its music, my cup overflows with its joy. Tell me 'There is no God'—I lie in his bosom, and I hear his voice. Tell me 'There is no Christ'—I sit under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit is sweet to my taste, "stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love."

So the clouds draw their curtains of emerald and gold over the fading orb, and the dying man's sun, which seems to go down here, only ascends on the other side. And the mists rise up from the valley of the shadow of death, and we see no more of the glory, but the sunlight of heaven shines on, and grows, and brightens, on the other side; and behold, to that pilgrim, there was no darkness, and no river to cross. He is in heaven.

WILD OATS. God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Some claim liberty for every sinner to sow a little wild-oats in his youth. Ah! every liberty of this sort is harnessed to a necessity,—and the necessity is, that a man must reap whatsoever he soweth. The liberty, that would sow wild-oats, and harrow them into the bones and marrow of young life, is the same horse that must drag the sickle and the waggon of necessity, which reap and garner in harvest, what has been sown in Spring. And Oh! the harness of that horse is wonderfully strong. The horse may indeed be of high mettle, and may kick and spurt enough in the harness —but the man has never been born yet, that can separate that steed from his following. Many an attempt has been made to break the tackle between them: the traces, the whipple-tree, and the king-bolt, have all been tried. But there is no burnt iron and no unwaxed thread used in the shop, in which was made that harness. So the tackle is all as strong as Divine decree can make it; and the necessity must follow the liberty. Even so, God is not mocked,—whatsoever a man soweth, that must he also reap.

EFFECTIVE ARROWS.

I shot off an arrow up high in the air:
It pierced through the clouds, and it sped past the sun.
'Twas only a wish from the bow-string of prayer,
But barbed with the faith, by which blessings are won.
No more to this world full of sorrow and strife,
E'er came back this arrow I ventured to shoot;
But Ah! it had struck in the Great Tree of Life,
I knew, by the rich after-fall of its fruit.
E'en thus—every prayer that is breathed unto God,
May seem, to the faithless, words lost in the air.
Not so—the best gifts that are ever bestowed,
Come down through these silent, swift arrows of prayer.

WOODLAND MUSIC.

Here sing a thousand choristers
From galleries of leaves;
Each in the web of melody,
Its thread of music weaves.
And all the listening arches,
Rejoicing in the strain,
Lilt back, in answering echoes,
A softened, sweet refrain.

Here none perform for lucre,
Or steal from flimsy art:
Each soul sings out its gladness—
They all sing from the heart.
Here rings a spontaneity
Our churches seek in vain—
A one-ness and variety,
In one harmonious strain.

THE THORN IN THE FLESH.

At every door there is a pool:
The palace and the cot
Have it alike, o'erflowing full—
A vile polluting spot.

It soils the feet on entering in,
And taints surrounding air—
An eye-sore e'er, without, within,
That nothing will repair.

It will not dredge, it will not drain,
Or beautify, or fill:
A thousand arts have tried in vain—
That spot remaineth still.

In every garden blooms a flower,
All fairer than the rest,
Its fresh aroma, every hour,
The sweetest and the best.

Yet in this object of desire,
A prickly barb is borne:
Who pulls this rose we much admire,
Must also take the thorn.

Thus is it with each earthly joy—
To man it is not given,
To taste of bliss without alloy,
Before he enters heaven.

VOTARIES OF FASHION.

We don't pretend to be a person of exquisite taste or of much polish; and our peculiarities in some things may be attributable to a defective æsthetic education. But really, we know of few things in this world, so insipid and distasteful to our heart, as this simpering devotion to 'use and wont'—be it according to common sense or the contrary—that prevails everywhere among the votaries of fashion in this widely variegated world around us. Fashion, King Fashion, is dominant everywhere.

A leader of public opinion has got a crooked neck, or a famous bell-wether of fashion has lept over a certain bar in the fence — so the whole procession of fools, without one spark of self-assertion or of individuality, must ape wry-necks also, or jump through the self-same notch in that fence. They must dress as their leader dresses, think as he thinks, and follow where he leads, though it be but to a fool's death.

Nine-tenths of this crowd, if they ever had any genuine originality, have it all shaken out of them by a head-and-neck race at the chariot wheels of King Fashion; and they dare not utter a word, or put on a rag, till they have consulted the roll of precedent, and the oracle of their demi-god. Soul-less sticks all of them! They are about as capable of loving a friend earnestly, or of doing anything great or good, as the walking-sticks which they carry in the most approved method. For our own part, let us have a good fat piece of human nature, not over depraved, and having a sprinkling of divine grace, and we will take it to our heart and kiss it on both cheeks; for it is of the stuff that ever was any thing, or ever did any thing, good, and of which the champions of civil and religious liberty are made. It has a will and an individuality of its own, and grace and common sense to do nothing wrong or unreasonable. We can love it for its own merits; and if it loves us, it will not fear to say so, though all the dogs of "use and wont" should bark at its heels, and King Fashion threaten it with his broom-stick.

It is not afraid to glorify God by letting its own individual form and colour be seen in the sun-light—or to confess that God's own work in itself, is far better than a man-made imitation of some other person. It borrows neither the rags of the beggar nor the jewels of the prince. The rose is beautiful, and so is the lily: but a rose forsaking its own character and aping the hues of the lily, is mean and despicable.

TWO GOOD THINGS.

There are two things in the world, for which I am grateful to God, every time that I see them—the tear of joy or the tear of grief on a sinner's eye-lids. They tell me that this sinner has still a heart —for tears are not begotten of stones.

TWO BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

The two most beautiful things, that I have ever seen on a maidenly face, are a tear-drop in the eye and a blush upon the cheek. The rose-bud of modesty is never found blooming thus beside the sparkling dew-drop of the heart, except on the stem of virtue; and she that has received this adornment from her Creator, needs none of the trinkets of the jeweller to make her lovely. She will win hearts: and all of her suitors may know her dowry without asking her uncles or cousins. He that wins her, will sleep in the bosom of love, on a bed of peace, in a chamber fragrant with heaven's blessings.

A SOUL-LESS MAN AND A GOD OF CHANCE.

Begone O Unbeliever ! Tell us not that we have no souls, and that there is no God. You would blot the sun out of our skies; you would freeze our souls with the bands of an Arctic frost; you would congeal within us every fountain of warm and ennobling sentiment, every pulse of faith, hope, and charity, and turn our hearts into lumps of ice. You would blast with eternal mildew every spring-bud of joy and happiness that blossoms in our breasts, and turn life in this world into an endless winter of despair. You would bind every human thought and emotion with a chain of molecular law, and turn the soul itself into an unthinking and irresponsible clod. You would manacle every heaven-ward aspiration within us with chains of horror, and give all that our souls hope or care for, to the winds of annihilation and the jaws of an endless grave.

You would rob us of the souls of our dead, and give us for our comfortors, only worms made fat on the beauty of the lips that we loved to kiss. You would quench forever the light of the sun, the moon, and the stars, clothe the earth in the sable garments of eternal widow-hood, and bury man in the wreck and ruin of a God-less chaos.

The song of hope would forever cease, the hand of trust forever wither, the shout of happiness forever be dumb, the eye of reason forever blind, and the hand of unselfish and loving beneficence forever paralyzed.

And what would you offer us in place of our God ? An Idol of Chance. Chance, Chance would be the world's God, molecular-law would be his sceptre, confusion his prime-minister, and you, the mole-blind apostles of materialism, his public servants.

He should rule over a nation of soul-less clods. An assembly of clods would form his parliament, a clod occupy the 'speaker's chair', and clods be his privy counsellors.

Soul-less clods would thus enact and execute the laws of his kingdom. They would be elected by the law of chemical affinities, convened by the law of gravitation, and parliament be prorogued by the law of electric repulsion. The clash of collision would be their speech—the roar of the cataract and the deafening crash of the thunder-peal, their highest ideal, in their flights of forensic eloquence. When their monarch mounted his throne, a thousand soul-less clods would bow before him and cry, "O King Chance, live forever—God save King Chance". The tenth day of the week would be their Sabbath. Thereon would they assemble, and a clod preach to a congregation of clods. They would pray to their god Chance, and praise him; and the holy and inspired book of Chance would be opened, and a text chosen therein from the gospel according to St. Huxley, Tyndal, or Bain, or from the inspired epistles of Spencer or Mill. And the orthodox doctrines of chemical affinities, correlation of forces, &c., would be fully explained and enforced, and all clods, not obedient thereto, be threatened with purgatorial fires, whereby they should be turned into gas or minerals, and be shut up in bottles to give relief to the bowels of clods tormented with gripes. The thunders would lead their praise, and the clods would rattle their sides with gladness, and clod Ingersol or Bradlaugh would pronounce the benediction.

WHO BIDS BEST ?

Come with me, saith the learned, I will make you a scholar;
Come with me, saith the farmer, I 'll pay you a dollar;
Come with me, saith the merchant, I'll give to you treasure;
Come with me, saith the lordling, I 'll give to you pleasure;
Come with me, saith the soldier, I 'll give you renown;
Come with me, saith the Christian, I'll give you a crown,
And a Kingdom forever and ever your own.

MY OLD MILL HOME,

AS SEEN IN A PHOTOGRAPH.

Dear Old Mill Home of early days,
What memories waken at thy name;
And now, that I upon thee gaze,
I marvel thou'rt so much the same.
Long thirty years have lapsed from time
Since last I saw thy lovely scene;
And now I'm old beyond my prime,
And wide, wide oceans intervene.

Dear Old Mill Home—before my sight
Thy photographic landscape lies;
And Oh! it yields me rare delight,
And long lost, mastering memories rise.
The dear old mill—its water wheel
At gable end, alert to go,
Is all like yore, and grinds the meal
As it did thirty years ago.

The stately over-arching tree,
The 'tail race' winding to the 'burn',
The 'beltin', 'haugh', and all I see,
Seem all familiar every turn.
And there the broom-thatched house I view,
Its door, its windows 'but and ben',
The barn and 'byre' so well I knew,
Beneath the lofty ash and plane.

All, all, are as I saw them last;
And I am much more changed than they;
And all the inmates of the past
Are dead, or scattered—old and grey.
I see one window drawn for air,
As used to be long, long, ago;
But ne'er a face looks to me there,
And ne'er a person round I know.

I see the ditch where was the well
I cisterned with apprentice-hands;
I wonder if its waters fail,
I wonder if my cistern stands.
Now other lips must quaff its spring,
And other hands that box renew,
And other feet its waters bring,
Than those I loved, or those I knew

The level 'haughs' stretch up the vale,
Still bordered by their 'whins' and broom,
Up to the Ponds we loved so well,
Where thick plantations cast their gloom.
The trees still grow beside the 'lade',
The big trees in the 'park' behind,
And yon dark spot of tree and shade
Marks Blackford homestead to my mind.

Sweet landscape! Oh! I gaze, and gaze
Upon thee with untiring eyes;
And back come all my early days,
And back the early friends I prize;
And it seems all but yesterday
We danced around thee romping boys,
Though forty years have passed away
With all their sorrows and their joys.

And 'neath yon roof no more shall meet,
The inmates of those vanished hours;
And other forms and other feet
Must share the home that once was ours.
Unchanged art thou; how changed are we,
That called thee home in early days!
And grey grow those that played like me
Around thy 'gowany banks and braes'.

Some moulder near thee in the dust,
The rest far spread in distant lands;
Yet all will meet again, I trust,
In that fair Home not made with hands.
Blessed be the Lord for such a home
Oh! may we for that home prepare;
There death and change shall never come,
And we shall ne'er be parted there.

A MARVEL—A HOARY HEAD NOT AN HONOUR IN THE PULPIT.

One of the wonders of this age is, that while men of age and experience are most sought after in all other professions, our pastoral charges should be so willing to accord to young ministers a monopoly of the care and direction of their spiritual interests—the most important of life; that the simple quality of go-a-head-ism, which young men are supposed especially to possess, should be thought to more than make up for the lack of that wisdom which comes with years; that zeal should be supposed to wane with the fires of youth; that the life, that has gravitated nearest Christ and basked longest in the light of his countenance, should be supposed to have lost power either to guide or admonish; and that hoar-hairs should be reckoned a crown of glory everywhere else than in the pulpit. These are things, for which, on grounds of wisdom, nothing in our philosophy, nothing in Plato's, and, we fear, nothing in the Divine, will account.

When we can see that it is fitting and proper, that the stately cedar shall sit at the foot of the tender sapling and learn how to grow, and the sun learn of the stars how to shine—then we may be able to reconcile this phenomenon with the counsels of wisdom and prudence. But we do not see that yet. And we have a foolish prejudice that the word 'elder,' applied to pastors in the New Testament, derived not a little of its significance from the fact, that they were very often men of age and experience to whom it was there applied.

The hoary head is a pearl, which the wearer would do well not to cast before swine. When the head of a pastor acquires this adornment, his people not liking to be diverted from the gospel, by too much effulgence of this kind in the pulpit, soon find a more fitting place for the happy wearer in the lists of superamuated and retired ease, when in cosy slippers he may walk with it around the manse-policies, and at easy leisure contemplate its beauties. The matured wisdom, that is supposed to dwell with such a crown, is reckoned to be most beautiful in secret, where it may 'blush unseen.' In the pulpit, it would 'waste its fragrance in the desert air.' If a pastor so adorned is in search of a new pulpit, we advise him, for the sake of modesty, to wear a wig.

ELDER QUIRK.

Alackaday! for Elder Quirk—
  And Woe 's me for the minister,
That has him ruling in his 'Kirk':
  He 's dour, and sour, and sinister.
He 'll keep them all alert and trim,
  The Management and Session.
They 'll ne'er want trouble, who have him
  Within their congregation.

He 'll show the pastor is a fool,
  And tear his creed to tatters;
And teach them all a better rule
  In managing their matters.
And when he takes a 'horn' too much,
  And draws outside attention—
Woe to the man that hints at such,
  Though with the best intention:

Down, down, to 'Bunkim' with a jerk,
  He 'll go with fast momentum,
And ne'er a man in all the 'Kirk,'
  Be able to prevent him.
Now Pastors wise, take my advice—
  This elder Quirk, avoid him:
His price immense and great pretence
  Will make you sweat to guide him.

THE FADED ROSE-BUD.

When the winter storms prevailing,
Tossed their snow-drifts to and fro,
And around our cosy dwelling,
All the earth was deep in snow;
Then our fragile, fairy blossom
Budded on the parent stem.
How we hugged it to our bosom;
How we kissed it when it came.

Never flower in April early,
Half so charming, half so fair;
Never God's gift prized so dearly
By a grateful, happy pair.
And our bosoms danced with pleasure,
And we fondled it and sung:
And we thanked God for the treasure
With a grateful heart and tongue,

But alas! our early blossom
Wilted on an April night;
All the love within our bosom
Could not save it from the blight.
Vain our watching night and morrow
To preserve its fading charms;
And amid our tears and sorrow,
Died our rose-bud in our arms.

And our flower, with bosoms aching,
Deep we buried by the lane.
In eternity, awaking,
It shall bud and bloom again.
'Tis the dust that now is sleeping,
For the soul has gone to rest.
Safe it is in Jesus' keeping,
Happy near his loving breast.

THE SHIELD OF FAITH.

"Bear thou thy shield, or let thy shield bear thee," says the ancient mother to her soldier boy, as he leaves his home, for the first time, to fight the enemies of his country.

Aye, grand old Spartan Mother, that was wise advice. Living or dying, thy boy was not to part from his shield: to do so would be disgrace, or even death. Many a sage-headed Christian might learn wisdom from thy old Spartan lips, in clinging thus tenaciously to the shield of faith. The shield of faith is a sure protection in the day of battle, when the arrows fall thick, and the spears of foemen seek the heart's blood, and the arm grows weary with slaughter. But not less is it needed, when the blood spurts from the arteries, and the senses reel, and the warrior falls; and happy is he that hath the shield of faith to fall on. In the rage of conflict he bore his shield, now, on the bed of death, it beareth him. "Ah!" saith this dying soldier of the cross, "in the day of life and health I have lived, thought, felt, and served God, in the use of this shield, and now when I can serve no longer, my thoughts refuse to be marshalled, and my senses reel, I can lie down on my shield and—incapable of anything else—die trusting in him".

Happy man! he hath borne his shield; now his shield beareth him. Where now is the foeman that can wound or desecrate the body of the fallen? For that shield is God's mercy seat, and the soul consecrated by its touch, is within the Holy of Holies.

ETERNITY.

How vast is Eternity! The clock has a long pendulum, that marks off the seconds of infinite duration, and its minute hand has a large dial-plate to travel over; and that clock tolls forth its hours slowly. The ear that hears the first clank of its bell-hammer, crumbles into dust while its echoes linger—and never hears a second. Suns start into being, and with their attendant orbs, dance their little day around the cornices of God's temple—as the play of insects in a glint of summer sunshine between showers,—and pass away, as the story of a midnight dream: and still the ages of eternity roll on undiminished.

And thus, as each wave of the Atlantic surges shore-ward with its teeming myriads of aquatic lives, and leaves their perished remains in piles on the beetling shores—to be followed by an endless succession of others; so do the ages of time roll in, bearing the myriads of rational and responsible beings that sport their little day thereon, and pile on the strand the ruined temples of their disembodied spirits, till every pebble thereon is the headstone of a grave, and the whole earth has become a city of the dead.

And what is time, but a billow of eternity,—whereon we sweep to irrevocable destiny, heaven-ward or hell-ward, to eternal happiness or eternal woe. And death is the bar at the mouth of the river, over which each soul must pass on its eternal voyage.

Thence shall unpardoned sinners steer, without the grace of God to fill the sail or the compass or chart of life to guide the helm—onward, onward, whithersoever the gales of ungovernable passion or depraved desire shall hasten them, till the keel strike the seas that boil and the shores that glow with unquenchable fire, and the melting rocks on that lurid coast line shall ring and reel with the despairing shrieks of souls that are shipwrecked and lost forever.

Even so—sinner, be wise in time. Now is the accepted hour, now is the day of salvation. No patching of torn sails, no mending of broken hulls, no adjusting of misleading compasses, beyond that bar. As the prow of the vessel heads when it plunges into the waves, so will it steer in its chart-less, compass-less voyage on that drear, dead sea; and none return from that voyage to tell us what shores they visit, what climes they see, or how either captain or crew behave in the last great storm, when the ship strikes on the rocks of perdition, and with all on board goes down in the Maelstrom of eternal Retribution.

NOAH'S DOVE.

See yon poor, anxious, wearied dove
  Fluttering o'er the seething waves—
No bank below, no branch above,
  To yield the perching place she craves.
Worn with the labour of her flight,
  Fain would she fold her wings to rest;
But where! Oh where! can she alight
  In such a boundless watery waste?

Back to the ark from which she came,
  Once more she turns her anxious eyes;
Then straight as arrow for the same,
  With her fast waning strength she flies.
There still awaits the open port,
  From which at early dawn she flew,
There, still are safety and support,
  Can she but reach it, well she knew.

And onward, onward, in her flight
  She strains her wearied, trembling wings,
Ere sunset and the coming night,
  Wrap all in darkness earthly things.
Oh wearied wanderer! will she fail?
  Will her remaining strength suffice
To vanquish distance and the gale,
  That beats so fiercely in her eyes?

Oh how she strains! how well she knows
  But that one refuge will avail,
To give her shelter and repose—
  And death awaits her, if she fail.
Yes, nearer, nearer, to her goal,
  But Oh! her strength is failing fast—
And now her wings refuse control—
  Down, down, she goes, o'ercome at last.

Her strength is gone! all hope is vain!
  No, once more see her wings expand,
Her life's last effort to attain
  The ark of safety close at hand.
And she has reached it, see yon arm
  Extend now and receive her in;
There fed and sheltered, safe from harm,
  She finds the goal she strove to win.

So is it with the anxious soul
  That seeks an earthly rest and peace,
Around life's troubled waters roll,
  No rock, no refuge, or release.
Till wearied with the bootless search,
  It sees far o'er the seething waste
The Ark of Christ securely march,
  And flies for shelter to His Breast.

THE GROWTH OF FAITH.

A cone falls from the boughs of an old cedar of Ledanon. Says the cone to the old tree, "Oh! how I wish to grow up and be a stately tree like you, but how shall I do it? I am trying to grow, and build up a stem, and fling out branches like you, but I cannot. I am sorely tossed and afflicted, but I can do nothing. Oh, I fear I shall never grow up at all!" "Ah!", says the old tree, "you are trying too much, you will never grow up at all till you grow down; just lie still and let your roots go down into the soil beneath you. There, my child, while you seem to rot, you will get strength to grow up and be a stately cedar like me." Ah Fellow Christians! learn a lesson from the cedar and its cone. We can never grow up to a comfortable assurance and good works, till we grow down by faith deeply into the bosom of Christ. It is just while we seem to lie there, and rot, and do nothing, that we get the strength to grow upwards.

The more we grow down into Christ, the more shall we grow up unto fruitfulness and glory. Without Christ we can do nothing.

BURNS.

O Burns! O Burns! what magic art
Hast thou to touch the human heart,
Of every race of every part—
Of high and low.
Thy wit and humour, like a dart,
Ne'er blunt or slow.

Alike alert to jog or canter,
In theme sedate, or fun and banter,
The rushing Muse of "Rob the Ranter"
Sweeps past pell-mell,
Till all entranced, like, "Tam o' Shanter",
We feel her spell.

Daft as her antics—even dafter—
We greet her freaks with shouts of laughter,
Or bow in tears a moment after,
With accents hollow—
Where'er her fitful fancies waft her,
Constrained to follow.

Of all the Muses, none we know
Can set our feelings so aglow—
Our hearts to dance, our tears to flow,
Like "Robbie Burns":
The heart's whole keyboard, high and low,
He sweeps by turns.

O Burns! though frail as all thy race,
Thy matchless power and native grace
Still crave thy Genius highest place—
Bard of the heart—
E'en in her homely Doric dress,
Unrained by art.

But, O sweet Bard, that fame inurns,
Why is it that the reader mourns,
Or stops to praise or blame, in turns,
The pages seen?
Why is the Muse of Robert Burns
So oft' unclean?

It is not we would say, 'twas folly
To choose thy themes among the lowly;
The sober toilers and the jolly,
Their shades and lights,
Are worthy of thy Genius wholly—
Her highest flights.

But Oh! the page defiled by lust,
And broad profanity—we must,
Though charmed by genius, still be just—
It is thy shame.
Thy muse, unfaithful to her trust,
Is here to blame.

And in a day of purer light,
Some pages, all with genius bright,
Will sink out of the reader's sight,
As all too vile:
Where gold and so much dirt unite,
Few 'll search the pile.

THE VALUE OF FAITH.

An ounce of Faith, sprinkled on the soul, will do more to preserve it from the fires of hell, than the baptism of a whole ocean of good works and penances. The good works of the best of us will burn; and the soul, by clinging to them, is all the more certain to be consumed. And yet true faith can never be known unless by its good works—just as a Prince can be distinguished only by the jewels on his breast and his rich garments. Good works are, therefore, just the attire which is worn by faith; and they can no more put on faith than a coat can put on its wearer. So faith wears good works; and the most beggarly faith, if it is genuine, will escape the flames of hell, even though many of its garments may be burnt up.

A COMPARISON.

'A politician, a poet, and a minister of the gospel, travelling together one day, disputed as to what were the most beautiful and interesting things that they beheld on their journey. Says the politician," Behold these well cultivated farms, these neat, shining, and comfortable homesteads, those tall chimneys smoking with the fires of manufacturing industry, those thriving cities teeming with busy life, those seas and bays crowded with ships, bearing to and fro the products of the earth and of manufacturing enterprise—what has the earth to compare with them in beauty or interest?"

"Ah!",says the poet, "these are the works of man: to me they smell of coal, and oil, and human sweat. I hear in these the clank of wheels and pinions, the buss of escaping steam, the roll of carriages, and the jabber of merchantmen selling their goods—restore me the green fields, the flowery dales, the majestic groves, and the mountain peaks capped with snow,—scenes of beauty or grandeur:—

Where Nature smiles within the vale
Or frowns upon the mountain,
Plays with the blossoms of the dale
Or flashes in the fountain.

These, these, are to me infinitely more beautiful and interesting than anything our friend the politician has thought fit to mention." Says the minister, "I agree with very much of what the politician has said about the beauty and interest associated with all kinds of industrial enterprise; and I am by no means insensible to the grandeur of the scenes, described by our brother the poet. But when I look at the majestic forest and the towering mountain, I say, here is nature with her face unwashed and her hair uncombed; when I look at the cottage and its well-cultivated garden, I say, here is nature with both her face washed and her hair curled; but when I look at the father digging, and the mother spinning, and the children playing beside that cottage door, I say, behold, here is the image of God himself. The most beautiful and the most interesting thing in this world is man."

SAUGEEN RIVER.

Thou grave Saugeen, whose surging floods
Ride grandly down the winding glen;
Now swollen and in thy haughty moods,
Thou sweep'st on throu"the trackless woods
And past the fertile fields of men.

What car'st thou for men's arts to train
Thy restless tide to turn their mills;
Thou leap'st their barriers in disdain,
And rid'st on grandly to the main
Of Huron by the distant hills.

And yet I love thee, wild Saugeen,
Child of the forest,—wandering far,
From dismal swamp and dark ravine,
From settlers' haunts and woodlands green,
Wide-gathered—here thy waters are.

I see before me, rushing by,
The waters from a thousand springs,—
The draughts the settlers' wells supply,
The tear-drops of their grief and joy,
The dew-drops from ten thousand things.

The rain distilled in misty showers,
The down-falls of the thunder storm,
The gifts, a generous Father pours
To thirsty trees and wilting flowers,
To beast, and bird, and crawling worm.

Thy music and thy march, Saugeen,
To me are sweetness and delight:
Thy softer aspects when serene,
Thy grandeur when thy waves careen
O'er bank and breastwork in their might.

Roll on! Roll on! thou grave Saugeen,
God's blessing to a thousand homes.
May I, vain idler on this scene,
Be more like thee than I have been,
My course a blessing where it comes.

THE WEDDING GARMENT OF THE SAINTS.

Mark well, O ye saints, the glories of the robe wherewith Christ attires his guests at the Marriage Supper. It is fringed with promise and refulgent with love. Solomon in all his glory had no robe that could equal this one in texture—no, nor have the lilies of the field. It is fragrant with myrrh and cassia, and redolent of the Rose of Sharon. Its warp are the golden lines of Christ's divinity; its woof, the frailer threads of his humanity; but the weaving of the two together has made the latter immortal.

It is of the pattern shown Moses on the Mount of God. The fires of Sinai have no power to scorch it; and he that weareth it shall live forever. God spake of this robe, angels sang of it, the patriarchs thought of it, but no man could manufacture it, till, in the fulness of time, Jesus the Son of Mary, with the shuttle of a holy life and the treadle of an agonizing death, evolved it from his loom; and it received its last finishing touch, when, with his expiring cry, it rolled from the cross to the foot of Calvary, dyed with his own sacrificial blood. O sinner, hast thou on this wedding garment?

AMOS WENGER'S GRAVE.

Here a husband, son, and brother,
Slumbers in his lowly bed.
Stranger, if thou art a mother,
Wife, or friend, or any other,
Shed a tear-drop o'er the dead.

Here the morn with dewy finger
Decks the flowers upon his breast;
And the twilight loves to linger
Round the grave of Amos Wenger
After sunset in the west.

Here where arching branches quiver,
Song birds greet the morning light;
And the dirge notes of the river
Wand'ring down the valley ever,
Rise up mournfully at night.

Here, O stranger, pause and ponder
On the pregnant ends of life;
In the bustling village yonder,
Solemn thoughts are hustled under—
Here is calmness from its strife.

Seat thee near these mouldering ashes,
Dream thy past life o'er again;
And as memory wakes in flashes,
And its record past thee dashes,
Let it teach thee not in vain.

Whither, stranger, art thou going?
Ponder as thou mak'st reply.
In the years of God's bestowing
What hast thou been busy sowing?
Thou shalt reap it bye and bye.

Hast thou stored on high thy treasure?
Has thy life been good and brave,
Or but a reckless race for pleasure,
And the wealth that has its measure
And its ending in the grave?

O sweet spot for meditation!
Here, Lord, teach us to be wise;
Make us share in thy Salvation,
And our lives a preparation
For that home beyond the skies.

Peace to thy ashes, gentle brother!
Safe they in God's keeping stored.
When have ceased life's toil and bother
We shall meet with one another
And be ever with the Lord.

Our witnesses at the judgment seat of christ.

Oh! what a gathering of witnesses will be around the judgment seat of our Lord. Fathers and mothers will be there; sons and daughters will be there; kinsmen, friends, and enemies, will be there. Some we shall be glad to see, many would rather not see,—and why? because they have seen too much of us, and are to bear witness against us. There will be no need to administer an oath at that bar: every witness will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,—no prevarication, bribery, or corrupt practices, at that court. Every lip will be honest for once; and every heart will stand revealed, stripped of all cloak or covering, before God and an assembled universe. What an Assize! Then the questioning and the cross-questioning—it will sift every man's soul to the foundations of his being. Where did the counsels learn their art? Aye, where did they learn it? It will concern you and me more, however, to know how we shall stand and come through its ordeal. And the proof—how will it come? From the testimony of thy conscience, and of my conscience, and from the lips of all these witnesses, bit by bit,—like the pieces of the broken Moabite Stone—till the whole story is there. And you will read it, and I will read it, and the world will read it, and the Lord thy Judge will read it; and that record of guilt and condemnation, will be graven with Jehovah's pen on the tablets of the human conscience, to endure forever and ever; and every man will be constrained to say, 'it is true. Amen.'

Alas for thee! O sinner, if thou hast no pleader, no prevailing Advocate there. Woe be to thee, when the Judge putteth on his black cap to pronounce thy doom: when he taketh for his head attire the clouds of Sinai, and uttereth thy sentence in its thunders, and maketh its lightnings his ministers of vengeance. These clouds, rising no bigger than a man's hand, will grow and grow, and folding around thee, bear thee to thy eternal dwelling place of blackness and darkness, of weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Lines suggested by the dying words of the late Sylvester Colwell.

Oh! do not weep for me, mother,
  Oh! never heave a sigh,—
You would not, could you see, mother,
  My happiness on high.
I never feel a pain, mother,
  Or sigh, or shed a tear:
I'll never die again, mother,
  Or meet a sorrow here.

I walk the golden streets, mother,
  And breathe the scented air.
I drink the limpid sweets, mother,
  From fountains pure and fair.
I eat the honied fruit, mother,
  From fadeless leafy sprays,
And tune my harp and lute, mother,
  To sing my Saviour's praise.

I see my Saviour's face, mother,
  And bow before his throne:
Such glory and such grace, mother,
  The earth hath never known
A crown of life is mine, mother,
  A robe of dazzling white:
Like any star I shine, mother—
  As gloriously bright.

Oh! eye hath never seen, mother,
  And ear hath never heard,—
The heart hath never been, mother,
  That dreams of what 's prepared.
All know each other here, mother,
  Your husband and your son
Were ne'er on earth so near, mother,
  Their heart and home are one.

We sometimes think of you, mother,
  As weeping at our grave—
You would not if you knew, mother,
  What happiness we have.
We know how all you do, mother,
  Your guardian angels tell.
Oh! keep this place in view, mother,
  And serve the Master well.

And tell my brothers dear, mother,
  My loving sisters too—
We hope to meet them here, mother,
  Before or after you.
And Oh! won't it be sweet, mother,
  To meet upon this shore?
We know that when we meet, mother,
  'T will be to part no more.

THE WORLD AND A SECULARIZING CHURCH.

'Come in, come in,' saith the Church, 'this edifice is built for your comfort, and the gospel is for the whole world.' 'Popularize your services,' saith the Flesh. 'We have now a five-hundred-dollar organ,' saith the Church, 'and a fine ritual.' 'Popularize your doctrines,' saith the World. 'Our minister preaches neither human depravity, election, nor a new life,' replieth the Church. 'Popularize your living,' saith the Devil. 'We have elected a wine-bibber for an elder,' respondeth the Church. 'I will go in if you will go,' saith the Flesh to the World. 'I will go in if you both will go,' saith the Devil.

'We will all go in together,' saith the World, 'and have a dance; the saints will hold the light to us and cover our deeds with the cloak of charity'. Alas! this is what will come of a secularizing church. When the church temporizes thus with the world, the flesh, and the devil, the latter are sure to have the best of the bargain. O Church, be faithful to Christ,—seek not to popularize your services, but Christianize them. Trust more in God, and less in these flimsy conceits, for success in your work.

A MARTIAL SONG.

Courage! ye soldiers of the cross;
  Let the broad banner be unfurled,
That flaunts confusion to your foes,
  And bears salvation to a world.
Courage, ye timid-hearted throng,
  Jehovah's buckler is your mail;
Those that oppose you may be strong,
  But he that 's for you shall prevail.

Then forward in Jehovah's name,
  God's Word your weapon for the fray,
'T will wound your proudest foes with shame,
  And pierce their bravest with dismay.
See Satan's serried lines of sin,
  Yon fortress with its buttressed walls—
This with Jehovah's legions win,
  And plant his banners where it falls.

Disperse these armies from the field
  And storm their strongest citadel;
With Christ your Captain and your shield,
  How is it possible to fail?
If 'tis God's glory that ye seek,
  You need not fear the fiercest foe;
For God is strong if you are weak,
  And foes shall fall in every blow.

Down with oppression, vice, and sin,
  Down, down, with ignorance and lies;
Let the light of the gospel in
  And bid the fettered millions rise.
With all the world thus won for God,
  Shall the millennial glory dawn,
And Earth become the blest abode
  Of happy and regenerate man.

AGONIZE TO ENTER THE STRAIT GATE.

There are critical periods of every man's life; moments so fraught with danger, that the soul may say of itself, verily there is but a step between me and death; moments in which our eternal destiny swings in the balance—eternal happiness on one end of the beam, everlasting woe on the other; moments in which the small dust of the balance is of importance, and may decide the fate of a soul; moments in which the bird of victory hovers uncertain whether to light on our banner or on that of the foe,—but on which, depends on him who is able to bring but a little reserve force into the field.

There are in every battle critical minutes, when the last man is in the field, when the last regiment is in the charge, when the last bayonet and sabre are in the fray, when the last military expedient is in exercise; and still the tide of victory wavers, and the balance-beam of events trembles all uncertain under the thundering onset of contending nations. Oh! for one fresh battalion. Oh! for one more military expedient,—man hath done his best. Oh! for one smile from the God of armies, and one touch of his fingers to the scales of destiny, and all is ours. But still the scales turn not,—the forces are equal. Now it is endurance,—bottom, bottom,—each man on his last shift, each man a forlorn hope, each man flinging his life's last energy into the scales, each man's heart going up in its last prayer to God. And now the beam moves, slowly, Oh! how slowly first, rapidly next, precipitately now: Victory, victory! Glory to God, the battle is won.

Oh poor sinner! there is a lesson for thee in all this,—earnestness, agonizing earnestness and effort in the hour of opportunity and peril. If men will thus strive for no higher object than to set their heel on the neck of a fallen foe or to bring empty glory to their national arms, how much more mayst thou agonize to enter the strait gate and gain that bloodless victory, which bringeth life everlasting to thyself and sorrow to none, glory to God in the highest and good-will to men.

PIOUS RESOLUTIONS.

I will no more a wanderer be,
With heart estranged and far from thee,
Nor serve the world, when I am free
From its dread chains and drudgery.

Henceforth, will I thy glory seek.
Henceforth will I thy praises speak,
Henceforth will I though I am weak,
Thee strive to serve and glorify.

Henceforth at life's pure cleansing stream,
My soul shall wash—its strength redeem;
And thy white robe, void spot or seam,
My soul shall clothe and beautify.

Henceforth to Thee for daily bread,
My soul shall look and ever be fed:
Henceforth thy love shall be my bed;
O that will be true luxury!

No more the world's alluring joys,
Shall snare my heart and feast my eyes,
But henceforth Christ shall be the prize,
For which my soul strives vigorously.

No more a slave as I was once,
My steps through grace shall still advance,
Till waking from life's fleeting trance,
I bathe in endless ecstasy.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O Thou Almighty Spirit! who shall unfold the mysteries of thy handicraft? Who shall ape accomplishment in the use of thy tools? Thou inhabitest eternity; thou fillest both the heavens and the earth. One with the Father and the Son, thou createdst all things. Thou didst teach the Pleiades to dance; and by thee, in ethereal fields; was Arcturus taught to hunt his prey. Thou didst sharpen the sword of Orion, and with star-light thou didst burnish and bejewel his shield. By thee was the highway of Galactos built on pillars of ether, and its border sown with star-blossoms in the spring-time of eternity. By thee were the sons of the morning taught to train thereon their fiery coursers, and to rein them in, or lash their sides, with thongs of the plaited light of ten thousand new-born suns. By thee was the world evolved from chaos and darkness, the everlasting hills were reared up, and the lands and the seas given their domain. Thou didst speak life into being,—and the earth, fair as a bride, robed herself with verdure and fertility, and every manner of living creature arose from her dust, and gambolled or fed on her fruitfulness, or rested and worshipped God among her bowers.

Thou calledst to the dust and breathedst into the clay,—and behold living man awoke in the divine image, a jewel of heaven in a clay setting, the breath of his Maker in an earthen vessel, the glory of God and the vicegerent of heaven.

And as in man's Creation, so also workest thou in his Redemption. Thou breathest upon the soul that is dead in trespasses and sin, and lo! there is the resurrection of a new life, and once more man ariseth in the image of his Maker. The heart that has been hard as the nether millstone, and has been the lair or roosting-place of every unclean and abominable desire, receiveth from thy hand the baptism of Calvary's blood—and lo! thenceforth, as an altar of God, it smoketh daily with the sacrifices of joy, love, and grateful praise. Thou breathest on the conscience that is seared in sin and insensible to duty as a berg of polar ice,—and it becometh tender as the leaf of a lily in the June breeze. Thou touchest the eyes that are blind,—and the scales fall off, and these eyes behold the justice and yet the mercy of God; and the tears of him that wept—because there was no man to pity—crystallize on his cheeks, as jewels that shall shine hereafter forever on the bosom of redeeming love. Thou speakest to the lips that are foul with blasphemy,—and purged as with fire, these lips become melodious with words of peace to men and songs of glory to God. Thou touchest the hands that have become red with blood and hard with the hoarding of ill gotten gain,—and now soft as milk and white as snow, they are kissed by the lips of thousands that were ready to perish, and blessed as the mercy-bringing palms of angels from heaven.

Thine, O Holy One, is the work of leading the sinner past the fires of Sinai, and of guiding him to the sacrifice consumed by these fires on the top of Calvary. At the first scene, he knoweth only terror and despair; at the second, he findeth hope and peace.

At the first, he groaneth with agony; at the second, he singeth with joy. It is thou that whisperest into his heart the password of peace in justification, that revealest to him the love-privileges of adoption, and appliest to his soul the cleansing waters of sanctification. Even so, O Blessed One, the whole offering of Christ to our souls is thine, thine in justification, adoption, and sanctification,—God blessed forever. Amen.

GOD'S UNIVERSE.

Oh! the Universe of God,—its extent, its height, and its depth,—I cannot comprehend it. I am as a mite struggling with the weight of a mountain. The thought crushes me.

I gaze on the universe of stars from my door, and see but the circling sparks that are struck from Jehovah's chariot wheels, as they rush over highways of fathomless space. I climb to the crest of the pole-star—these orbs around me are but the remoter suburban lights of God's Capital. I mount a steed of light and lash its smoking flanks with the lightnings, but the slowest of these celestial racers weary and outrun me. I course around Galactos, and while worlds grow hoary with the weight of ages ere I make the circuit, I find I have seen but one of the circlets of jewels that adorn the nearest of heaven's gates. I

THE KNOWLEDGE THAT ENNOBLES MAN.

E'en could I stride from Earth to Mars
And quench the sunlight with my hand,
And grasp great handfuls of the stars
As one might gather grains of sand;
This were no grand work of the soul
No high criteria of mind;
With giant stature, man—an owl,
Might wield such power and still be blind.

The grand distinctive of the mind,
Is power to comprehend and feel
God's work, himself,—the whole designed
To give it highest scope and weal.
Where else can creature spirit find
Theme so expansive in its sway,
To give full scope to soaring mind,
And the emotions perfect play?

Nor are the mysteries this displays,
Alike God's precious boon to all;
Some search to understand and praise,
Some search to stumble and to fall.
E'en could my daring mind aspire
To climb yon dome where Luna sets,
Where heaven's suburban lamps of fire
Light wearied pilgrims to her gates.

And with their mysteries fully known,
I rake the star-dust with my hands,
And gage the buttresses whereon
The great arch of Galactos stands,
Or span the sword Orion wields
And on the scales his buckler weigh,
Or tell the area of the fields
Wherein Arcturus hunts his prey;

I might do all these things and fail,
God's presence in his works to learn;
Not that he doth not in them dwell,
But through my blindness to discern.
Who seek for God to love and pray,
Shall find his presence everywhere;
Who seek for God to disobey,
Shall search in darkness and despair.

Though God's great works himself declare—
Creation, Providence, and Grace;
'Tis only faith that sees him there,
And catches glimpses of his face.
Ne'er from such eyes the Father hides
The impress of creative hands
In earth and sky, or in the tides
That peal his anthem on the sands.

His foot-prints in December snows,
His smile upon the fields in June,
His breath borne from the fragrant rose,
His accents in the song bird's tune;
In all these phases God reveals
His greatness to the humble mind;
The more it knows, the more it feels
Itself ennobled and refined.

And art and science ply their skill,—
Unwittingly, though oft they do,—
To make his wisdom and his will
More manifest to human view;
And both can teach us much, I ween,
Of the grand foot-stool of his feet,—
But nought of that ark where is seen
Shekinah on his mercy seat.

Much cause for wonderment is in
The great stones of the temple wall,
But he that serves the Lord within
Knows more to wonder at than all.
'Tis there he learns, how e'en a soul
May know God's building and admire,
Yet of the Builder of the whole,
May know but little, less desire.

O my Great Father! let me be
A humble learner at thy feet;
And while, in all, I worship thee,
Teach me the knowledge that is meet.

DOTH GOD ANSWER PRAYER ?

God doth indeed reign in awful state. The universe is his kingdom, the heavens are his throne, and the earth is his footstool. He ruleth the armies of heaven and also the inhabitants of the earth. But who is this that would persuade me, that he ruleth with a heart of stone and with a sceptre of iron—and that it is vain to pray? Hath God thus a heart of stone—why then did he give me this heart of flesh, that will lean, and cannot help leaning on him, trusting in him, and seeking his aid, in the day of distress? If he hath no ears to hear me, why did he give me these lips to cry to him?

If he hath no heart to help me—why did he give me this sense of dependence, this hope, and this instinct to cling to him? If he hath spanned the void between himself and my soul with bolts and bars of inflexible law and impassible fate, why did he endow me with this persistent proneness, this besetting weakness of continually bruising my soul against these steel barriers, and of vainly fumbling in prayer for a key with which to unlock them? If I am the prisoner of iron law and inexorable fate, why did he not give me a nature that would be content with its chains? If he is to hide himself in eternal seclusion, and walk forever in the thick darkness, and with an iron wall shut out my prayers—why, O why, did he create me with this tantalizing desire to find him? Begone far from me! ye mockers of prayer and apostles of iron necessity—I know that God heareth me when I call on him. He is around me everywhere, and he maketh my soul his temple. The earth is covered with his footprints, and I see the impress of his fingers on all things. Who is he that shall persuade me, that in vain—sinner though I am—do I cry to him, and call him my Father? By what link or chain of molecular law is he bound not to hear and answer his child? Are his eyes and ears sealed, and are his hands tied by the tiny strings that bind together the atoms of terrestrial dust, and which the babes of our earthly laboratories, failing to loose, declare to be inexorable? Away, away, ye sons of sophism! God tied together the atoms of physical matter by these strings that you cannot unravel, but he did not bind with them his own hands, nor yet the free spirits of men. He that tieth thus may loose when he pleaseth. Away, away, with your rubble work of sophistry: it shall never be around my soul a prison-house of despair. He that painted the lilies of the field, doth not cease now, to care for them, and take pleasure in their beauty. He that created the sparrows doth not cease now to have pleasure in their song, or to open his hand and feed them. He that created man in his own image, and gave him powers to love and enjoy the Creator, still looks at, and cares for that image, and still leaves every avenue of intercourse open, by which the human soul may have full scope for all its sinless instincts and desires, and enjoy full communion with its Maker.

Even so, my soul, trust thou in God. Call upon him in the day of trouble, and he will hear thee. 'Delight thyself in God and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.'

An echo of the above.

Let fools and infidels pretend,
My Maker will not be my friend,
Or help me to attain an end—
Bless God! it's not the verity.

God is around me everywhere—
A friend in every toil and care,
To whom I can approach in prayer
And meet with no asperity.

Between my heart and God above,
No law can bind but that of love:
In all my instincts, thus I move
With freedom and dexterity.

His helping hand is ever nigh
To crown the labours I apply,
And guide and shield me till I die—
In sickness or prosperity.

And when on earth my race is run,
My task complete, my victory won,
I'll see my Maker as the Sun
In radiant grace and charity.

A THEOLOGICAL PARABLE.

A certain king had a vineyard, and desiring to have it well cared for, he let it out to vinedressers who promised with all due care to keep it clean and productive. After a while, in the vine season, he went to see his vineyard, but found the whole place such a mass of brambles and thistles, that he instantly called his vinedressers to account and dismissed them. Exceedingly grieved to find his vineyard in such a state, and looking round him for some vinedresser of skill and faithfulness to clean his vineyard and make it once more productive, he sent for an old man named Palagius, who had some notoriety in those parts for cleaning vineyards in a cheap and expeditious manner. Palagius undertook to clean it for a groat. So the next morning on entering his vineyard the king found Palagius had been there with an old scythe, and had cropped off all the heads or seeding parts of the thistles and brambles, leaving the branches and stalks untouched. Vexed at the slovenly work of the old man, the king at once called him to his presence and ordered him to do his work more thoroughly.

The old man stoutly affirmed that it was against his principles to touch any other part of the plants than just the head or seed, that all sin consisted in merely acts or their consequences, and that in his opinion the vineyard was now quite clean. 'However', he said, 'he had a grandson Arminius—born of a daughter of his own and a Dutchman—whose ideas of weeds and of sin were different from his own, and whose practice, he thought, would probably suit the king better.' So the old man, having gone, sent his grandson, who with a hoe dug or scratched out every part of the weeds, root, stem, and branch, except such of the finer or deeper roots, difficult to reach, which he called infirmities of the flesh, natural temperament, or weakness, and which, he said, were not really of the nature of sin or uncleanness. Having then gathered all the rubbish together in a pile and burned it, he was paid and departed. He had not gone however many days, till it was found that all these finer and deeper roots of infirmity contained vitally all the pernicious properties of their respective weeds, and that the whole ground was being rapidly overgrown with as great a mass of thistles and brambles as was in it before, and that all the vines were dying from lack of room and nourishment. Disgusted with this superficial mode of doing things, the king resolved to send for a vinedresser of some note at a distance, the practice of whom—though not very popular in those parts—he had reason to believe was much more effective. Accordingly he despatched a servant with instructions to bring Augustine of Tagaste in Africa, or failing to get him, to fetch some other that had served an apprenticeship under the apostles, and that had a thorough knowledge of the profession. Augustine could not come himself, but told the servant to get Calvin of Geneva, who had learned his art from the apostles, in the same way as himself, and who was very effective and reliable in all his work. Calvin at once consented to come, and brought with him a very long gospel spade and a very fine sieve or purifier which, he said, had been handed down from the apostles themselves. Having told the king on his arrival that though the work of cleaning was a thing of time, he would nevertheless show him the way of having it thoroughly or effectively done, and that all other methods of cleaning were superficial and ineffective, as they still left some remains of the weeds in the soil. He at once turned over every part of the soil down to the rock, with his long spade; and having carefully sifted or purified it, and provided sufficient room and nourishment for the vines, he told the king that this treatment was to be continued from year to year till all the weeds were purged out, and that in accordance with the diligence used in this treatment, his vines would continue to improve and flourish. The result of all this was an astonishing improvement in the vineyard, and the delighted king has ever since profitted by Calvin's instructions,—his vines becoming from year to year more productive.

Explain this theological parable.

A GOOD AND A BAD CONSCIENCE.

A good man's conscience is a singer of peace; and its song is just the return echoes from a soul that has been harmonized into peace with God and man. Every human conscience is somewhat out of tune; but to the good man in union with Christ—for every note that is silent or in discord—there cometh an echo from Gethsemane or Calvary, that filleth into the tune; and Oh! the song is sweet. I can conceive of no higher blessedness than that of a truly good man, cradled on the bosom of Christ, and sung to repose by the return echoes of Calvary, and the soft jinglings of a conscience that has been cleansed and tuned by the fingers of redeeming love. Even the thunders of Sinai chime into that sweet strain, as a melodious bass; and the soul fears neither the lightnings nor the curses.

But O the conscience unpurged by the blood of Christ, can sting like a scorpion and burn like hell-fire. Men harden it, sear it, fasten on it the leaden chains of lust, and think they have put out the eyes of the giant and shorn it of its strength. Then they say to their souls, eat, drink, and be merry, our enemy will make sport to us—when lo! this Samson, bowing himself with all his might, hurleth down on their heads the pillars, the galleries, and the covering, of their evil deeds with such fury, that death is chosen rather than life, and a hell in eternity rather than one in time.

Mark that murderer, as with caution he approaches his victim. 'Strike not,' saith God, 'for whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' 'Strike not,' saith man, 'for I will punish thee with the gibbet.' 'I neither fear God nor regard man,' replieth the murderer, 'these threats shall not save him.' 'Strike not,' saith conscience, 'I will make the blood of this man cry to heaven against thee, and I will make thee a terror and a punishment to thyself.' 'Hold thy peace,' respondeth the murderer, 'thou terror of children and bugbear of fools—wilt thou tell on me?' 'Nay,' saith conscience, 'but thou shalt tell on thyself.' 'Ha! ha!' replieth the murderer, and he goeth his way.——— The deed is done. Hark, hear him mutter, as he turneth away, 'I tremble; why this fluster, this strange terror, this weakness; it will subside soon.'

But it doth not subside. It is the oppressive hush before the storm, the rising of the cloud no bigger than a man's hand that gathereth blackness and fury, and is freighted with the murderer's doom. He seeketh secrecy, but the rocks and the trees cannot hide him,—a place of safety, but he findeth no city of refuge, for the foot of the avenger is after him. 'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? O conscience! thou fillest me with agony and makest me a terror to myself. I cannot rest. The blood of my brother crieth from the ground wherein I buried his dead body. Yes, I buried it lest other eyes should see it, but I cannot bury it from my own. I was afraid lest his death-cries should wake the echoes of the hills and woods, but they aroused echoes in my heart that cease not night or day. I was afraid that others would see his dying face; but I saw it myself, and it haunteth me everywhere. It reproacheth me from the ground when I walk by the way; it looketh over my shoulder while I eat, and supplicateth me again for pity when I close my eyes to sleep. O why did I slay him! and now that he is dead, why will he not rest in his grave? Blood, blood, is everywhere! I smell it in my food, I taste it in my drink; my appetite forsaketh me; I live upon blood. O my secret! what will I do with it? it burneth my soul; it swelleth within me till I cannot contain it. I dare not tell it to my father or mother—no, nor to the wife of my bosom; she would spurn me from her breast. It is ever in my thoughts and ever at the root of my tongue. I have to guard my lips with iron chains lest they speak it. It will kill me. I grow leaner and weaker from day to day. It pursueth me by day like a beast of prey, and filleth my midnight dreams with horror.

The spirit of the dead will not rest; it haunteth me daily and calleth for my blood.

Hell gathers nightly her legions around my pillow; they dance around my bed to the music of the dying man's groans, and drink bumpers to my health in the blood that spurts from his arteries. I mutter and talk of the dead in my sleep, and scare my wife and children with my nightmares and talks of blood. O Conscience, Conscsence! wilt thou have no pity? Wilt thou make my own legs drag me to the judgment seat, and my own lips bear testimony to my guilt? O Conscience, mine

accuser! thou knowest no pity. I had no pity on the dead—need I wonder that thou hast none on me. Pity is not thine office. Thy work in the human breast is to warn and punish, not to condone the evil deeds of men. What right have I to look for pity from any one, I can have none upon myself. I am Cain, and the Lord hath set his mark upon me. There can be no rest to my feet and peace to my soul, till I confess my crime and let the sword of justice be driven into my breast. Then shall the avenger cease to pursue me, and my soul shall find rest from the grave. Let me go now and confess my crime.'

THE SINNER IN TEMPTATION.

How mad is the folly,
How great is the sin
Absorbing me wholly,
Without and within.
My heart is corrupted
And deeply depraved,
My way interrupted,
My spirit enslaved.

And good resolutions
I frequently make,
Which in-bred pollutions
Soon lead me to break.
I mourn, and with sadness
Seek pardon and peace;
I think of my madness
And wish it would cease.

Alas! unavailing,
These efforts of will;
Corruptions in-dwelling
O'er master me still.
O Lord, may these lessons
Me deeply impress;
And give thou the presence
And power of grace.

Through Christ in compassion
Me succour and save;
Me purify, fashion,
Such as thou wouldst have.
Through Life's troubled fever
Let guidance be given,
Then take me forever
To praise thee in heaven.

THE FRIENDS OF LONG AGO.

O precious friends of former days,
Though many a mile apart,
The roll of time will ne'er erase
Your memories from my heart:
Our severed pathway when it ends
Will join again, I know;
My faithful much beloved friends
Of the long, long ago.

The life of all these faded years,
I never can forget;
Oft in my dreams it all appears,
Distinct and glowing yet.
Attended with your love and care,
I shared your weal or woe.
A happy brotherhood we were
In the long, long ago.

Together to the school or Fair
With lightsome hearts we went;
Together at the house of prayer,
Before the Lord we bent.
I shared your every hope and fear,
And loved you all, I know;
And e'er will do so, brethren dear,
Of the long, long ago.

Around the fire on winter nights
How fast the moments flew;
When Summer came with her delights
How sweet the joys we knew.
It seems all like to yesterday—
So clear so bright the glow,
Though forty years have passed away
Since the long, long ago.

Among the sharers of our joys
And helpers in our play,
How many that we knew as boys,
Now moulder in the clay.
Peace to their ashes! let a tear
Of sweet remembrance flow;
Alive, they in our dreams appear,
And in the long ago.

You most be growing old I know,
Your locks are mixed with gray;
Your steps are not so lithesome now
As they were once aday;
But your hearts are as warm and true
For more Christ-like you grow,
As in the days, so well we knew,
Of the long, long ago.

How quickly speed the years away,
Time too is marking me;
I am not quite so strong to-day
As once I used to be.
But my heart has a youth as gay—
Its love as warm a glow,
For the dear friends now far away,
As in the long ago.

'Mid all the pressure of my cares,
And all the things I see,
I still think of you in my prayers:
I 'm sure you think of me.
And when our life's probation ends,
Our work on earth below,
No more to part, will meet the friends
Of the long, long ago.

'Tis true our means may not afford
Us many meetings here;
The paths assigned us by the Lord
Are distant in their sphere.
But in that higher holy place,
No more we'll part, I know,
And find e'en far more happiness
Than in the long ago.

There shall we see our glorious Lord
And praise his holy name;
We serve him here with one accord,
In heaven we'll do the same.
There, one by one, around his feet,
His gathering children flow,
To form one household all complete
From the long, long ago.

No sin or sickness will be there,
No weakness, woe, or pain,
And praise will take the place of prayer,
And happiness, of pain.
In that land, free from all distress
Of heat, or frost, or snow,
With hearts brim-ful of happiness,
We 'll think of long ago.

TO A BUNCH OF HEATHER.

'Bonnie' bunch of blooming heather,
Nurtured on my native hills,
Have we exiles come together?
How my heart with welcome thrills!
Well I know where thou wert nourished—
Sunny bank of 'bonnie' view—
Near thee broom and 'knoupirts' flourished,
And the rich 'blaeberries' grew

Near thee, on the 'braes' together
Grew the groves of larch and pine;
Tell me bunch of 'bonnie' heather,
Are they as they were 'langsyne'?
Fragrant heathbells, I have wondered,
Would I know your scent again;
Thirty years have we been sundered;
It is long, and long since then.

Foolish notion! well I knew it:
Was I likely to forget,
When in youth I gambolled through it,
In you rambled ear' and late?
'Bonnie' bloom, in summer haunted
By the bees that came to taste;
O'er thee high the 'laverock' chanted,
Near thee built her grassy nest.

Thou hast nodded with her pressure,
When she dropped to sip the dew;
Been rewarded with the measure
Which she sang before she flew.
Thou hast heard the 'mavis' chanting,
Down at sunset in the dale,
Heard the 'cushat' in the 'planting'
Cooing to her mate her tale.

Heard at nightfall in the foreland,
Corncraiks trumpet 'mid the grain,
'Peeswees', in the distant moorland,
Warn off foes from their domain;
Heard the cuckoo's early greeting
Wake the echoes of the glades,
And the partridge drumming, beating,
Near thee in the leafy shades;

Seen the hares and rabbits saunter
Forth at night to nip the grain,
Watched them frolic, jump, and canter,
Round thee in their own domain.
On my native Blackford valley,
Thou hast looked down all thy days,
Where so many beauties rally
Round the winding 'burn' and 'braes'

Blackford mansion shining grandly,
Shaven lawns and shady bowers;
Cosy homesteads smiling blandly
In their nests of trees and flowers.
Watch upon their inmates keeping,
Thou hast marked their life below,
Seen them sowing, seen them reaping,
Seen their seasons come and go;

Seen their life on all occasions,
Marked their gladness and their woe,
Bridal troops and sad processions
To the graveyard trailing slow.
Time makes havoc, time estranges—
'Bonnie' heathbells, tell me true,
Are there, are there many changes?
Live there many that I knew?

Is there any that has pandered
To bad habits, vice, and crime?
Are there many that have wandered
Like myself, to foreign clime?
'Mong the playmates of my childhood,
Heard you any speak of me?
And of rambles in the wildwood,
In the days that used to be?

'Bonnie, bonnie' bunch of heather,
These are friends I 'll ne'er forget,
Though far travelled, hither, thither,
My old heart clings to them yet.
There are ties so strong, romantic,
That long distance more endears,
And the storms of the Atlantic
Will not snap in thirty years.

'Bonnie' heath-bells, yet unfold me
One more secret you can show;
More than aught else you have told me,
It would please my heart to know.
Do my playmates love the Saviour
With obedient hearts and true,
In their speech and their behaviour,
Bearing witness that they do?

Do they? then we 'll meet in glory,
Should we ne'er meet here again.
Won't it be a pleasant story
We shall tell each other then?
'Bonnie' heath-bells, now I 'll leave you
And come back when I have time.
Stay with me and 'dinna' grieve you.
Bloom, as in our native clime.

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

ITS POWER IN SUBDUING BESETTING SIN:—

A farmer notices the thistles on his neighbour's estate rapidly withering and dying, leaving a purified soil, while on his own land they continue to grow and flourish with unabated strength. He asks his neighbour, 'Why is it that your farm has become so clean while mine continues to be as much a hotbed of weeds as ever?' 'Ah!', replies his friend, 'mine is a very simple secret. All wherein my plan differs from yours, is just, that while I mow off the heads of my weeds as you do, I take good care to give all the stumps a good sprinkling with the salt of faith. That kills them. The more I look to God and trust in his power to kill them, the faster they die. You trust too much in the human means, I trust most in God's supernatural power. There is the difference. Be sure to salt your stumps with faith.'

When Peter was released from prison by the angel, it was only when he got up and departed from the prison, that he really left his chains behind him. So it is only when the Christian flees from the prison-house of unbelief, that he really leaves the fetters of his conquering sins behind him. It is verily the same angel-touch of faith which releases the sinner from the punishment of the law, that delivers him from the fetters of his sins.

OUR FAITH IS GIVEN TO SUPPORT US, NOT TO BURDEN US.—A man struggling in the water is rapidly drowning; so a bystander on the shore flings him a life buoy.

The drowning person snatches the life buoy eagerly, but holding it up out of the water, it does him no good. 'Alas, alas!' he cries, 'I am drowning, this life buoy does not save me.' 'You fool,' cries the bystander, 'why don't you use your life buoy?' 'Ah! I do use it', says he, 'see I hold it in my hand, but it does not help me. Ah! I am drowning, drowning!' 'Why man', says his friend, 'you do not use it at all as it should be used; put it under your arms and you will find that it will support you.' So he follows his benefactor's advice, reaches the shore, and is saved. To depend on our grasp of Christ, is exhausting: to depend on his hold of us, is relieving. Faith is given not to burden, but to support—not to exhaust, but to strengthen.

SO WITH FAITH'S PROMISES. A promise is armour,—put it on, and you are safe; or a life boat,—jump into it, and you will float. You do not protect the armour—it protects you; nor float the boat—it floats you.

AGAIN, FAITH'S PROMISES ARE STRENGTHENING FOOD, INTENDED TO BE EATEN AND INCORPORATED INTO THE BODY—BUT SOME PERSONS USE THEM SIMPLY AS A TALISMANIC CHARM.

A physician observing one of his neighbours in a very debilitated state of health, remarks one day on meeting him, 'Friend you don't look well.' He replies, 'Indeed I do not feel well, and I am growing weaker every day.' 'Ah yes, I know,' says the doctor, 'and you will never get stronger till you get some tonics. See here are mixtures, which you are to use according to written directions. They will thoroughly renovate your system and drive off the bile which is clogging it.' So the two separate. After a few days the doctor again meets and hails his patient, 'How to-day?' 'No better, doctor, no better'. 'Why that is strange! Do you use my mixtures?' 'I do use them, doctor, I smell them and rub them on to my liver every day'. 'But do you swallow them?' 'O dear no! Sir, that would be presumption'. 'Why, you silly jackdaw, you neglect the very use for which they were given you—they are to be swallowed to give tone and strength to your system'. In this way, many weak believers handle the promises. They admire them with the mind, but do not appropriate them with the heart.

FAITH A BETTER DELIVERER FROM DESPAIR THAN GOOD WORKS. Had the famous boy of Haarlem in Holland been like many, whom we might expect to be wiser,—instead of clapping his hand on that hole in the sluice through which the water trickled, he would have run home to his father and his neighbours, and told them to build more windmills as fast as they could to pump the water with, or the country would be flooded. But no, that boy did a wiser thing: he put his hand on the hole and stopped the flood. Many sinners build the windmill of good works and vainly strive in their own strength, to drain their hearts of the despair which is flooding them. Better at once to clap the hand of faith on the hole of guilt. This is quenching the fires of Sinai with the blood of Calvary.

EXHORTATION.

O dear me! how quickly
Time passes away,
How sadly and thickly,
Men die every day.
A few times of meeting,
Of loving and hating,
A few years of scraping
More dust in our keeping,
And then the earth gaping,
Embosoms its prey.

O sinners, what folly,
Then does it appear,
To set the heart wholly
On anything here.
This toiling and striving,
This running and driving,
This love of possessing
A mere earthly blessing,
Death all the while chasing,
You know not how near.

How often lamenting
O'er moments misspent,
How often repenting,
You never repent.
And always admitting,
The moments are flitting,
But never improving
Them better, while moving,
You, still folly loving,
To ruin are bent.

How awful to trifle
God's moments in sin,
How awful to stifle
God's Spirit within.
No more this persisting,
No more this resisting,
The time is proceeding,
God's Spirit is pleading,
And the Church is bidding
You turn and come in.

Death's arrows are flying
And falling around,
Your neighbours are dying,
And laid in the ground.
No more vain resolving,
Your ruin involving;
But now, now, or never,
O seek for the favour,
Of God through the Saviour,
While it may be found.

COME.

Jesus is willing now,
Jesus is waiting nigh,
Life he would fain bestow,
Why, foolish sinner, die!
Moments are flying past,
Chances are losing fast,
This one may be your last,
Fly to the Saviour, fly!

Seek ye the Father's face,
Seek ye the Saviour's love,
Seek ye the Spirit's grace,
Seek ye the Life above.
Nothing you need to bring,
Christ is a Mighty King,
Giving you every thing,
Come and his goodness prove.

Come with a sinner's shame,
Come with a sinner's prayer,
Come with a sinner's claim,
Look to the cross and dare.
Come with your head in dust,
Come with a child-like trust,
Faithful is God and just,
He will forgive and spare.

Now is the moment, now,
Why should you longer roam,
Why are your steps so slow,
Come, wretched sinner, come.
Up where the angels dwell,
Loud let the gladness swell,
One more escaped from hell,
One more prodigal home.

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

UNBELIEF HINDERS GROWTH IN GRACE. A farmer is sorely distressed with the prevalence of ague and sickness in his household. He first procures a large stock of medicines, but his family realize little benefit from all the medicine they can take. He then sets about draining all the stagnant and malarial pools of unbelief in and around the cellar of his house. Then comes a cure. Believer, try draining.

FAITH'S STUMBLING BLOCKS. 'What can I do for Diogenes?' says Alexander the Great, as he stood one day in the door of the former, interrupting the sunlight. 'You can get out of my sunshine,' says the philosopher. Sometimes peace will not shine into the sinner's heart, because some fancied goodness or excellence in himself stands between him and Christ, and will not allow the sunshine of redeeming love and pardon to pour straight into the soul.

Says Naaman to his officer, 'I do not see what good washing with the waters of this Jordan can do to my horrible leprosy—are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, far better than the waters of this insignificant stream? I cannot see any propriety or fitness in the philosophy of such a cure'. The prudent officer at his elbow turned away his attention from all philosophy, and advised him to give the thing a practical test. So Naaman was cured. The function of faith is not to philosophize, but to prove by actual trial.

FAITH HAS SMALL BEGINNINGS. Some people expect it to spring up in their hearts as a mushroom, rather than as a grain of mustard seed. The seed may be in the soil and they do not see it; it may even be in the blade and they do not perceive it, because of the abundant weeds and thorns which pervade their hearts. But by and by it will make itself distinctly manifest over the head of everything else, and kill the weeds, and bear the fruits of grace and peace luxuriantly, so that hope and joy, as birds, may lodge comfortably on its branches.

FAITH IS SOMETIMES AMISSING. We have all seen our grandmother, in some absent minded moment, hunting for her spectacles, while at the same time they were on her nose. Believers are not seldom just like her. You meet them hunting for their faith, while at the same time, they are looking through the glasses of faith at Christ and him crucified. Their senses have become so inured to the use and wont of faith, that they have ceased to be able, at stupid moments, to distinguish the difference between the presence of faith and its absence.

NOT BY FEELING BUT BY FAITH ARE YE SAVED. The Philippian jailer was saved; and in his case, there were so many things that he felt, and so many things that he believed. In the first place, he felt very much frightened; in the second place, he felt in a very wretched condition. He felt he was a very great sinner, and that he was in great danger of being lost. He had plenty of feeling—it was killing him. It was only when, at Paul's command, he began to believe, that he really found life and peace.

It was his belief, not his feeling, that saved him. If a sinner feels, it is time to give up feeling and try what believing will do for him.

IT IS FAITH THAT OPENS THE DOOR TO TRUE CHRISTIAN FEELING. A sinner never feels his sins till he believes the Divine testimony that condemns him. A sinner never feels the joys of peace and pardon, till he believes in Christ as the Redeemer that justifies him. Care not for feeling, only believe and trust; feeling will take care of itself. If you would have your heart get warm, go where the sacrifice burns on the altar. You will never feel well till you believe well

LINES ON THE CLOSING OF 1883.

Hear the last sigh of December
  By the grave of Eighty Three.
Pause, O brother, and remember
  One more year is gone from thee.

Yes, one moment, pause and wonder!
  At God's mercy to thy soul;
And the question ask and ponder,
  Art thou nearer heav'n thy goal.

At his cradle smiles and greeting,
  We exchanged twelve months ago;
Now, while his last pulse is beating,
  Drop one tear before he go.

Child of eternity! how kindly
  Brought he mercies to our door,
Mercies, we receiving blindly,
  Were too seldom grateful for.

Now he goes, and goes forever
  With his laughter and his tears,
But his fadeless RECORD—never,
  Till God's sifting day appears.

Ah that Record! deathless wholly,
  Page torn from the book of time,
Will it tell of human folly
  Or of lives we made sublime?

Eighty Four is now before us,
  On its threshold let us raise
One united, grateful chorus,
  To the Mighty Donor's praise.

Hush unseemly shouts of laughter,
  Lift its latch with words of prayer;
They will clothe our souls hereafter
  With new strength for work and care.

O Eighty Four! what wilt thou bear us?
  Failure, triumph, smiles, or tears?
God knows all,—he will prepare us
  For whate'er in thee appears.

Oh! what wreckage wilt thou scatter,
  Billow from eternal seas!
Buoyant hopes and prospects shatter,
  On earth's shore-line with thy breeze.

But our hearts shrink not before thee,
  Let thy tempests rage or cease;
Christ our ship shall bear us o'er thee,
  We shall reach our port in peace.

ANOTHER OVER THE DARK RIVER.

Through Death's waters fervid and frothing,
  And climbing the mountains sublime,
Just leaving his castaway clothing
  To rot on the hillocks of time,
Alas ! Stephen Hogarth we'll never,
Meet more on this side of the river;
For now he has gone to be ever
  A dweller in happier clime.

He too, though he saw life diminish,
  Had hands full of labour and schemes,
Which fainly he hoped he could finish,
  But death put an end to his dreams.
E'en thus, life is ever a hurry,
Men toil to the end in a flurry,
Till death puts an end to the worry
  Of life and its fevered extremes.

Yes, this thing, and that, and the other,
  All press for attention and care,
Till men e'en forget in the bother,
  That pilgrims should watch unto prayer;
When Lo ! in the midst of these matters,
They hear the near gush of the waters,
And now all the phantasy scatters—
  They start on the brink to prepare.

But yet, Stephen Hogarth, though busy,
  Had never forgotten his end;
Or felt that his soul could be easy,
  Or safe, without Christ as his friend.
And so, although never assuming
His day was so near to its 'gloaming',
The cry, that the Bridegroom was coming,
  Showed some preparation attained.

Ah love ! how it clung to him blindly;
  Could it but have lengthened his years,
Its care, persevering and kindly,
  Would now have averted our tears.
But no ! though man ever proposes,
To lengthen the span ere it closes,
The Lord ever wisely disposes
  The finale of all our careers.

Now rest, Stephen Hogarth ! thy labours
  And journey have come to their end;
Much missed wilt thou be by thy neighbours
  Much missed as a husband and friend.
No more with life's sore undertaking,
Thy back will be burdened and aching;
Sleep on till thy final awaking;
  Thy dust shall arise at the end.

The plough, and the reaper, and harrow,
  Now others must follow for thee;
And gather the sheaves from the furrow
  And mow the green hay on the lea.
Life's work will go on unremitting,
Whilst thou, of its progress unwitting,
Wilt dwell in those Mansions befitting
  Life's rest of the higher degree.

A PRAYER—WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF A VERY TRYING DISPENSATION.

In our trouble, Lord, be near us,
We go mournful all the day;
Oh! let not thy judgments fear us,
Shield us, Lord, we humbly pray.
Bless to us this dispensation,
Let thy blows no more descend,
Grant us grace and consolation,
Keep us faithful to the end.

We are sorrow-worn and fainting,
Satan, sin, and fears, prevail;
Let thy tender heart, relenting,
Yield us succour, lest we fail.
We are feeble, poor, and dying,
We have nothing sure but Thee,
While our woes are multiplying,
Near us, O our Father, be.

And while storms and darkness gather,
Lightnings flame and clouds amass,
In thy bosom, Heavenly Father,
Let us nestle till they pass.
And in every dispensation,
With which thou art pleased to try,
Give us grateful resignation,
And more meetness for the sky.

And when done with time forever,
Earth and all terrestrial things,
Take us home, no more to sever,
To be with thee, priests and kings.

CHEER UP, BROTHER!

Cheer up! Cheer up! Christian brother,
Let not sinful fears prevail;
Thou hast one Friend, if no other,
That will never, never, fail.
Cheer up, brother! cease thy weeping,
Though the billows rage and howl,
In thy barque their Lord is sleeping,
They shall never touch thy soul.

Cheer up, brother! Christ is near thee;
Trust, go forward, fear no ill.
Satan stirs up storms to fear thee,
Jesus loves and guards thee still.
Cheer up, brother! storms surround thee,
But thou metst with storms before,
Safe, they left thee, as they found thee,
Safe, and nearer Canaan's shore.

Cheer up, brother! supplication
Many hearts have made for thee;
God will grant them consolation
Comfort, bless, and set thee free.

MEMORIES.

THE PROSE POEM OF A SORROWING HUSBAND AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Though later love our wounds have healed,
We would not have their scars concealed.

"Manet in alta mente repostum."

O dear sweet Home on the Nawash! how do my thoughts wander towards thee. Dear to me are thy well known banks and 'braes', where the Pottowatamie opens her bosom to the sun in the flowery glades or steals down softly through the wooded glen to the Nawash, and the rocky peaks stretch their necks to catch on their brows the first glow of the rising sun or reflect the last radiance of his golden glory as he draws the curtains of night over the wooded wilds of the west. Ah dear spot,—need it be wondered at, that I love thee. On thy sunny banks and leafy 'braes', a twin spirit wove her web of life with mine; and we sung life's melody together, she the treble and I the bass, and O it was a sweet, sweet strain eleven long years. Yes, a marvellously sweet song; not far off was it heard; few but ourselves heard the strain, but it made some hearts dance,—my dove's, and mine, and the tender fledglings' of the nest

Ah! let me dream life's dream again; I still see these scenes; I still hear the echoes of that precious song rolling softly around the 'braes'. Yes soft and low but wonderfully sweet, I hear it all again, from the dawn of our nuptial morn till the sun of her young life sets and the shadows of death's night fall over her grave.

O dearly loved home! 'twas on thy gentle slopes and smiling vales that I wooed and won my dove and spent eleven happy years of nuptial life. Ah! in wooing days, well I remember, I sung of my 'lily of the vale'. I wore that lily proudly near my heart, but it withered,—nay, not withered—it bloomed fairer than ever, and was transplanted from my rough keeping to sheltered skies and the Saviour's breast. And now all that was mortal of my darling, sleeps in yon marbled and pillared city on the tree-girt hill overlooking the town. Sleep on, sleep on, my Dove! No more the scream of the steamer in the bay, or the loud throb of the departing train will disturb the music of thy dreams,—mar the melody of that holier and more rapturous song within the veil, where thou standest, and with deft fingers evokest responsive strains from thy harp.

No more the gush of the passing river or the whirr of the busy mill will greet thy ears. Spring will again deck our sylvan home, sow the sides of our wonted pathways with flowers, and scent the bosky bowers with their fragrance, but thou wilt not be there to greet them or to inhale their odours. The birds will again build their nests under our eaves, and the squirrels play amid the apple blossoms, and the humming bird and the bee drone and revel over the opening flowers, but thou wilt not be there to watch their gambols or to admire their song. The warm airs of Spring, fragrant with the breath of budding trees and opening blossoms, will again sigh through the tree-tops or play with the tendrils of our vines, but no more will they brighten the bloom on thy cheeks, or dally with the ringlets of auburn that encompassed thy brow.

But why should I continue my sad song. I am not called on to mourn, but to rejoice. My Dove dwells in brighter skies, and is happy with the Lord whom she served so well on earth. To me God gave the companionship of her brief beautiful life, to me the testimony of her happy Christian death: and now, both my wife and child worship him in the Holy of holies, and behold his glory. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

I give her up in trust and love
To him that gave himself for me;
Her loss to me is gain above,
And what's above my gain will be.

GOOD OLD MR. DONALD.

Good old Mr. Donald—Few few, in the place
That greet not with pleasure his good honest face;
Full nine years is he over threescore and ten,
And yet, at his age, he's a king among men.
His eye is not dim, and no art needeth he
To help him to hear or to aid him to see;—
Of him in a sense, it may truly be stated,
"His eye is not dim nor his forces abated."

Good old Mr. Donald— the child in the street,
Crows loud when it sees him and runs to his feet,
Nor flees from a kiss from his shaggy old beard;
It knows he's a friend, and it needs not be scared.
If neighbors are sick, he's the first one to call;
Or households in want— ever faithful through all—
Good old Mr. Donald is soon at the door,
E'er ready to help from his own little store.

Good old Mr. Donald— when first he came here,
Few matched him in strength as a brave pioneer,
His courage oft' tested, in times that were trying,
In good for the living as well as the dying.
And now like the pine-tree that stands all alone
Unscathed by the fires, its companions gone,
He lives as the last of a gone generation,
Well worthy indeed of our high veneration.

Good old Mr. Donald, has stories to tell
Romantic and strange, of the place where we dwell,
When scoured wolves and bears through the forest at night,
And women and children drew home in affright;
And settlers strove hard from the ground to procure
A living but scanty and often unsure—
For church, mill, or market, encount'ring a toil,
Of which we know nothing, the trouble and trial.

Good old Mr. Donald now long has rejoiced
In work for the Church, he so earnestly prized.
Her senior elder now long he has been,
And well is he worthy that honour, I ween;
E'en few such there are, notwithstanding his years,
More diligent still in the office he bears.
Long, long, may the Master continue to spare him,
God's gift to the Church and to all that are near him.

Good old Mr. Donald, like God's everywhere,
Has got his own cross with its sorrows to bear—
A cross truly heavy for such an old man—
Oh! should not we lighten it all that we can?
We pity no man, that from motives of pride,
Will still bear his cross— let him lay it aside;
But Oh! what true child of the Fathr above,
Would not help the man that must bear it from love.

Good old Mr. Donald, when dead and away,
Will much more be prized than he is here to-day;
And many a one in the church and the place,
Will miss his kind words and his good honest face,
And many an eye will be wet with a tear,
That day when the old man is laid on his bier:
Then let us be kind to the cheery old man,
And comfort and keep him as long as we can.

THE NEW BIBLE— BY HUXLEY, BEECHER, AND CO.— JUST READY FOR THE PUBLIC.

Friends, buy the Bible now revised;
It costs but twenty dollars.
Where'er 'tis seen, 'tis highly prized
And much admired by scholars.
With nothing now to shock the mind,
Repulsive or invidious,
Its language polished and refined,
Will please the most fastidious.

The Work we offer, was compiled
By Royal permission,
By scientists and scholars, styled
"The Great Inspired Commission".
Here Huxley, Beecher, Darwin, Baur,
Besides a hundred others
Profound in every branch of lore,
Have done their work like brothers.

This Bible, well adapted then
To learner or to teacher,
Is all done by inspired men,
From Moses down to Beecher.
From Calvinistic jargon clear,
From grim predestination,
It does not scare men into fear,
But win them to salvation.

It now is perfect, you'll perceive,
With miracles ejected,
And no hard dogmas to believe,
And common sense respected.
Geologists and Moses tell
The story of Creation;
And Moses' Genesis reads well
With Darwin's emendation.

Here Plato's Proverbs, and with these,
Some chapters of mythology,
Some sermons from Demosthenes,
From Homer a doxology;
The Exodus, now sure to draw,
Is done by Wilkie Collins;
While Carlyle undertakes the Law
And gives us one of Solon's.

The Prophets' writings are reduced
To beauty most effective;
And lines from Shakespeare introduced
In parts that are defective.
The Psalms have been revised throughout,
And every pains exerted;
Some faulty ones have been left out,
And Sankey Psalms inserted.

The Gospels now ignore all creeds
That hang by expiation;—
Just do your best—God neither needs
Nor cares for reparation.
This Bible has no endless hell,
No torment of perdition—
Dean Farrar proved that doctrine well
To be but superstition.

In short, this Bible, grand and new,
Revised by modern scholars,
Is just the very thing for you,
And costs but twenty dollars.

PERSEVERANCE—A TEA-MEETING ADDRESS IN VERSE.

Ladies and gentlemen,—to you
Some brief apology is due;
And yet I scarce know what to say—
So do excuse me now, I pray,
If such apology be short—
For compliments are not my forte.
This mixed address, this strange endeavour,
Is not got up for mere palaver—
I thought a change to rhyming measure
Might give you benefit and pleasure—
So, in this style, I now address you.
May peace and patience then possess you,
And all your friends around caress you,
And nothing that I say distress you.
I'll promise that I wont abuse you;
And if there 's not much to amuse you,
Or aught to interest and please you—
Just fidget on your seats to ease you,
And slyly slip out from your pocket
That cake you 'hooked', to eat or look at,
And I shall never say you took it:—
So now, my friends, esteemed and dear ones,
I'll name my subject—*Perseverance.*

O brave Perseverance! could fools only know
How grand thy achievements by land and by sea,
What prizes and honours thou hast to bestow
On all that persistently wait upon thee;

I'm sure there are many that brood in despair,
Or mope all the day on despondency's seat,
Would fling all their fears and their woes in the air,
And, rising like giants, ne'er own to defeat.

The farmer that struggles to wring from the soil
Subsistence for all he holds dear in this life,
The lover that pines for his fair lady's smile,
The statesman in peace, and the soldier in strife.

O Courage my brother! Yet one effort more:
Success to the man that will still persevere:
Persistence may conquer, e'en now as of yore,
If cause may be good and the conscience be clear.

Yes, one effort more! and one more if it needs—
Another one still, if the other ones fail.
The last effort, brother, it is, that succeeds,
The first ones but teach us the way to prevail.

You've heard of Bruce the Scottish chief,
That wanted to be King;
Nine times he tried, and came to grief,
He could not reach the thing.

One day, at fortune's lowest ebb,
He saw and watched a spider
Attempting to fix up her web,
But still the thing defied her.

Nine times the spider vainly tried,
The tenth time she succeeded;
Ah! this is just, the chieftain cried,
The lesson I have needed.

An effort I will make again,
And fortune may return;
That effort was not made in vain,
But crowned at Bannockburn.——

Yes, perseverance well directed,
Means husbanded and none neglected,
With plans well pondered and connected,
And patience for the time expected,
Have some ~~some~~ great things at times effected.
The smallest husbandings of power—
As the small raindrops of a shower—
May prove to you a priceless dower,
In some short, sharp, decisive hour.——

'Twas acting wisely on this view,
That Wellington at Waterloo,
Made regiments of unwilling men
Lie flat and listless on the plain
Safe from the showers of leaden rain,
Reserving energy and strength,
For that sore hour, which came at length—
The crisis in the battle's tide,
When victory swung to neither side—
Then flung their forces fresh and hale
Into the doubtful, wavering scale—
Down, down, it went, and victory crowned,
Once more those arms so long renowned.
So too, went down Napoleon's sun,
That night, when Waterloo was won.——

Again, the persevering need,
In view, some worthy end;
They're happy trying to succeed,
And happy when it's gained.
Thus every man an object has,
E'en whether rich or poor:
It may be riches to amass,
Or honour to secure,
It may be but to win a lass,
Or make a farm his own:
Who has no object is an ass,
And doeth good to none.
Then if the object in our eye
Be laudable or good,
'Tis fitting that the means we try
Be zealously pursued.
Were e'en the efforts we apply
To never reach their end,

The discipline we get thereby
Is always something gained.
The child of opulence may please
To deem all toil beneath him,
And grasp what luxuries and ease
His father's stores bequeath him;
In witless folly, ne'er he sees
The law all toil attending,—
His Sire was happier earning these,
Than he is now in spending.——

Ah! a work well pursued is for every one's good,
And the idler is only a fool,
And will be but a slave, all the way to his grave,
While the diligent worker will rule.
Yet the man of no pluck e'er ascribes to ill-luck,
All his hardships of hunger and need;
While the truth is that both are the fruit of his sloth,
For he never did aught to succeed.——

Sir Issac Newton, great and good,
Was asked by some one, if he could
Know any difference in his mind,
From that of others of mankind.
I know of none, the sage replied,
Unless it be, that when I tried
To solve some mystery in my way,
I kept on at it, night and day,
Until I found the mystery sought—
The price of persevering thought.
Now, friends, remember, if you 're wise,
The Sage's practice and advice.——

Thus may you see, wherever life
Has progress and coherence,
Nought is more helpful in the strife,
Than dogged perseverance.
The yeoman following his plough,
O'er lands of late a clearance,
Though hard up once, is well off now,
And all through perseverance.

The wealthy merchant in his store,
With all its grand appearance,
Is rich—though poor enough of yore—
Through pluck and perseverance.
So too, the pulpit and the bar,
Require this staunch adherance,—
The best in science, art, or war,
Are best through perseverance.

So also in the sphere of faith—
Its many tests, severe ones—
He that is faithful unto death,
Has greatest perseverance.
Before thee, duty plainly see,
And brook no interference,—
The crown of life at last will be,
The Crown of Perseverance.——

Though obstacles may bar the path.
The man of courage will pursue.
Who useth all the means he hath,
Needs seldom help from me or you.
Then forward, forward, in the race;
See duty's path before thee clear;
And he is victor in the chase,
Whom God gives heart to persevere.

God's Word the Light to show the way,
And prayer the staff to make thee strong,
Bring all thine energies in play,
And forward, forward, press along.
Though indolence may call for sleep,
And carnal lusts invite thee near,
Each man must sow as he would reap,—
Remember this,—and persevere.

Rome was not built up in a day,
Nor the World's wonders of the past;
The constant rain-drop wears its way,
Into the hardest stone at last.
To get their cosy homes secured,
Your fathers laboured many a year;
By you, like homes may be procured,
If you will only persevere.

'Tis well, with diligence and skill,
To build up homes, and sow and reap;
But there 's a treasure higher still,
'Tis well to care for and to keep.
'Tis treasure that will e'er endure,
To nourish, strengthen, and to cheer,
In Christ, this riches is secure;
Then seek it now, and persevere.

Now, I close my brief oration,
With a word of explanation,
To a class within the nation—
Whom we find in every station—
And who need the exhortation.—

To you, young man, deep, deep, in love—
Your face your pain expresses—
Still perseverance may remove—
The cause of your distresses.
I see you growing thin and pale,—
It is no wonder either;
Your many sighs would make a gale,
If they blew all together.

Faint heart, fair lady never won—
Let not your hopes forsake you;
Besiege her hardened heart of stone,
Until she says she'll take you.
Write to her sonnets every week,
Say she 's an angel-beauty,
Her lips make music when they speak,
Her eyes as arrows shoot you.

Then ogle at her in the church,
And sigh as if expiring;
Be ready always in the porch,
To see her in retiring.
E'er watch her, when she comes in sight,
And 'dog' her round on Sundays:
Be sure, keep howling all the night,
Her father's dogs on Mondays.

Tell her, you'll run away and sail
To some far land or city,
Or jump into her father's well,
If she will not have pity.
Yes! some young lovers do succeed,
In winning thus, their dear ones,
With not their wit-less brains indeed,
But just their Perseverance.

ANOTHER TEA-MEETING ADDRESS.

WHAT SHALL THE SUBJECT BE—
GHOSTS OR DRUNKENNESS?

Mr. Chairman, and ladies, and gentlemen all—
  You asked me to give you a speech—
And now, that I rise to respond to your call,
  And am not to lecture or preach—
What theme shall I choose, and O what shall I say,
  That e'er is a speaker's concern.
Some want something grave, and some want something gay,
  And all look for something to learn

Shall it be a tale of the blue ocean flood,
  Of shipwreck, starvation, and death?
Or flesh-creeping story of murder and blood,
  To make your breasts falter for breath?
Or tale of the woes of a young loving pair
  That love not too-wisely, but well,
How crossed by the parents, they urged to despair,
  Elope in the end and prevail?

Or of grim ghosts from graveyards stealing,
To travellers late themselves revealing,
Great gusts of sulphurous breath diffusing,
With eyes in stony sockets musing,
Jaws that would speak, but only chatter,
Legs with no flesh, that jerk and clatter,
And ribs wherein the worms are crawling—
No wonder 'tis a sight appalling,
When such, in bed-rooms dark appearing,
The sleeper sees the phantom nearing
In horrid closeness to his pillow,
And feels each hair rise like a willow,
And sees all life's past sin and error
Rise in a glance, and groans in terror,
Then hugs his blankets closely o'er him
And bounds out on the floor before him,
And yells in horror and affright,
For help, for mercy, and for light.
While all around him dreaming, snoring—
Waked by his thumping and his roaring—
Thinking of burglary and murder,
Jump from their beds in wild disorder,

And grasp the thief with noise uproarious,
And yell and fight, with none victorious,
Till some good chance or light has shown them
The trick the ghost has played upon them—
So finding all their fight in vain,
They go to bed, and snore again.————

No,—my young friends, on such stories,
I won't linger at this time,
But on drunkenness—its glories,
With its madness and its crime.
See that cottage by the road-side,
Sitting in potatoe patch—
Dirty gable, dirty broad-side,
Dirty all around to match.

Shingles torn off from the rigging,
Clap-boards dangling from the walls,
Panes stuffed with a stocking-legging,
And a ruin that appals;
Door that opens with a rattle,
Graced with neither lock nor latch,
Yard without a fence, and cattle
Strolling all around the patch.

See these children—ragged, naked,
Squatting near the dirty door,
Eating crusts but newly baked,
Eating, and demanding more,—
These are crusts yon patient mother
Has with painful toil obtained
At a neighbour's—for no other
Has she now to call her friend.

See her thin and toil-worn fingers,
And her face so full of care;
Still a comeliness that lingers,
Tells us that she once was fair.
Oh! these wrinkles and these furrows
Round the forehead and the cheeks,
Tell of hidden loads and sorrows
Which her mouth not often speaks.

Ask me not who is this woman
Worn with want, and toil, and strife?
Ah! her lot is one too common—
She's a drunkard's wretched wife.
O poor rose-bud, crushed and broken
By a drunkard's foul despite,
Has your lot no cheering token,
Have your skies no sweeter light?

Backward still your memory flashes—
Oh! how sweet the vision seems—
To the castle now in ashes,
That you built in girlish dreams.
Who had prospects brighter, fairer,
Than were yours, when young and gay?
Who endowed with beauty rarer,
Than you twain on wedding day?

And your future seemed a glitter
Of long happiness and light—
Ghastly mirage! Oh! the bitter
Fading of it from your sight.
For too soon, within your Eden,
Trailed the serpent through its bowers.
Now, your tree of life forbidden,
Life drags on its weary hours.

O poor Lily! crushed, yet clinging,
To these tender opening buds,
Such a bouquet might be bringing
Joy e'en to a drunkard's moods.
But a husband, grown a drunkard,
Cares no more for flowers like thee—
Dazed and driv'ling o'er his tankard,
Worse than any brute grows he.——

But away, away, from this vision of sadness,
Now fast let us hasten that more we may learn—
For drink and its doings, its crime and its madness,
Can elsewhere arouse even deeper concern.——

We next reach a strong place,
With walls like a fort;
A large and a long place,
With men in the court—
Dear me! see their faces—
How odd their grimaces—
All dancing and singing,
All jumping and flinging—
Oh! can they be glad folks?
'Ah no, Sir, they're mad folks—
Replied the gate-keeper—
'Just out at their sport.'

Oh! who is that young man,
So sad and so drear,
A hale and a strong man,
Yet crazy, I fear?
Oh! has he been jilted,
Or was his heart wilted
By bad speculation
Or friend's peculaton—
Old man, tell me whether, Sir?
He answered, 'Twas neither, Sir,
He made himself crazy,
Through whiskey and beer.

Oh! who is that lady then,
So young and so fair,
So wise-like and steady then—
Oh! how came she there?
I don't want to shock you, Sir,
Nor do I to mock you, Sir,
But that girl you look at,
Loved whiskey and took it,

Her little child murdered,
Then got all disordered
And ran through the woods, Sir,
As mad as a hare.

Dear me! you'd persuade us—
My old friend—to think,
Each one in your mad-house
Came hither through drink.
Said he, you're a youth, Sir,
And should know the truth, Sir—
Perhaps you won't love it,
But still I can prove it—
E'en large as this place is,
One half of our cases,
By whiskey were made thus
To madness to sink.——

Appalled by what the old man said,
And all the misery there displayed,
We travelled on some miles ahead—
Till seeing soldiers,
With guns all forward level laid
Straight from their shoulders—

We looked and saw a chained core—
I'm sure not less than several score—
Ahead some sixty yards or more,
All under guard.
Each man seemed surly as a boar,
But working hard.

Ah! this, thought we, can be no less
Than Penitentiary—dismal place—
Where all the villains of our race
Condemned for crime—
To whom the law gives little grace—
Must serve their time.

Just then, there passed us by the warden,
Said I, Good Sir, I beg your pardon—
But surely these men's lot 's a hard one—
Should one run off—
Said he, six bullets can retard one,
But one 's enough.——

Then adds he, in a lower tone,
They all are bad, Sir, every one;
Bad in their natures, bad in habits;
I'd shoot them down, Sir, dead like rabbits.
There 's not a scoundrel of the lot, Sir,
Would hesitate to cut my throat, Sir,
If he might thus escape his pinions
And clear to Uncle Sam's dominions.——

Dear me! said I, and gasped for breath,
If that's so, then beware of scath,

These rogues some day will be your death,
As sure 's a gun, Sir,
In such a lot I've little faith—
They'd think it fun, Sir.——

Alas! said he, you would not think
Four-fifths of these came here through drink.
We know the history of each
From facts one dares not well impeach—
Although alas! for human nature,
I fear, the case will ne'er be better.
Crime e'er will germinate and scatter,
While men drink rum and beer like water.
Crime will continue and be punished
Until cursed 'liquor' has been banished.
There are no kinds of crimes and rogueries,
That are not hatched around these grogeries.
Foul murder, burglary, and robbery,
Embezzlement, seduction, jobbery,—
All these are planned and stimulated
By reckless fools with brains inflated:
And no damned deed, however risky,
Some fool won't dare when fired with whiskey.
This truth, you see, is now admitted
By Judges candid and clear-witted,—
E'en Judges too, that love their beer, Sir,
Admit the thing is very clear, Sir.
Then all those haunts of destitution,
And holes and dens of prostitution,
With hospitals for lying in, Sir,
And homes to shield the wrecks of sin, Sir,
Would fully more than half be dried
Were Prohibition fairly tried.——
Then mark, says he, these wrecks of 'liquor'—
Their life 's a misery and a bicker—
Just worthless, blear-eyed, filthy wretches,
Sleeping in hog-pens, lanes, or ditches,
So lost to sense and all sobriety,
They're only pests to all society,
E'en to themselves and every other,
A blotch, a burden, and a bother,
Starving their children and their wives, Sir,
And in a ditch, ending their lives, Sir.
In this land, 'tis established clearly,
Ten thousand wretches die thus yearly,
Leaving the nation thus to mind
Their wives and children left behind:—
You stare at this—but 'tis a fact, Sir,
Go home and vote for the Scott Act, Sir.

BARRY'S SPREE.

Good Mrs. Barry, for a month,
Well fed her geese and turkeys,
To get a fat well-feathered batch
In prime condition to despatch
At Barry's famous shooting match,
Held for the sporting 'birkies.'

And Mr. Barry, short of cash,
And also short of custom,
Apprized his friends, the sporting lot,
That such a day, at such a spot,
The best man, at ten cents a shot,
Should take them home and roast them.

So long ere noon on Christmas day,
Come strings of sleighs and cutters,
Till every room the crowd invades,
And every corner of his sheds,
Is filled with rigs of sporting 'blades'
And all the banks and gutters.

And such a steam of beef and pork,
That day was round his borders,
Such flights of 'cocktails' o'er the bar,
Such calls for liquor, near and far,
Such slang, such oaths, such wordy war,
To get and give their orders.

Then when well primed, the fun began—
The sport they had prepared for;
To Barry's mill it all was grist—
Whoever hit, whoever missed—
The dimes dropped into Barry's fist,
And that was all he cared for.

And thirsty disappointed shots,
As night drew near, grew thirstier;
They travelled out, they travelled in,
They called for grub, they called for gin,
And e'er the clamour and the din
Grew louder and grew lustier.

And then when shades of night came down,—
What drinking and what shouting!
With dancing, swearing, and grimace,
'Twas like no sober Christian place,
Or haunt of civilized race,
But Bedlam gone an outing.

ADVICE TO A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE.

God grant you happiness and health,
As he has given you youth and beauty.
To join you twain in wedded wealth,
Has been, to me, a pleasant duty.
If e'er your hearts should know a want,
Or e'er your eyes a tear of sorrow,
Remember these may wet a plant,
Will bear you fruits of bliss to-morrow.
For Faith and Love—two blossoms fair—
Let room at your fireside be given;
These bound up with the thread of prayer,
Will make a bouquet fit for heaven.
If you'd have Happiness your guest,
O cushion every chair with virtue,
Then will she sit and sing her best,
And she will never more desert you.
If you would have your household bright,
And joyful, prosperous, and strong,
Fling in each corner Bible light,
Fling in each discord Bible song.
Who take the Bible for their guide,
Who seek the Saviour for their friend,
Will e'er find comfort by their side,
And live a life that knows no end.

SONG—THE TROUBLES OF THE MINISTER.

Some folk have boldness and conceit,
With little education;
Some few have lore and also heat,
That do not have discretion;
Some, too, are very hard to please,
And some are sour and sinister;
And very oft, through some of these,
There's trouble with the minister.

A few read trashy novels cheap,
And there drink their theology;
While others dive in science deep,
Astronomy, geology,
Till thoroughly abreast the age,
They set the churches in a stir,
And war against their doctrines wage,
And war against the minister.

Some dose their 'noddles' crazed with drink,
And call it moderation,
And mean the pastor just to wink
And give no botheration;
But let him give their sins a clink
With gospel 'grape' or 'canister'—
Down to the pit, they vow to sink
The poor but faithful minister.

Chorus.—The minister, the minister,
The poor but faithful minister—
Let us alone, and we shall you—
If you would not get in a stir—
Thus we advise you, minister.

MY OLD MILL HOME.

Once more I gaze from 'Kinny's' Hill,
On fair loved scenes of long ago;
My heart warms at the vision still
That, bright in memory, spreads below.
Adown Culsalmond's rugged side,
The summer evening sun declines;
His parting radiance, far and wide,
As gold o'er all the valley shines.

The Blackford Mansion, grandly set
'Mid fragrant bowers and stately trees,
Looks proudly o'er all near estate,
The home of ample wealth and ease.
The dewy lawn, still cropped by sheep;
The winding walks, the shady groves,
Where 'mavis' sings the day to sleep,
And freely hare or rabbit roves.

The shrubs, the bowers of living green,
The radiant, full-blown, fragrant flowers,
Where seats of rustic, in the screen,
Invite to spend the twilight hours,
And nearer still, like burnished gold,
Begirt with trees and flowery 'braes'
Lie the three ponds well known of old—
A dear sweet haunt of early days.

The swans still floating on their breast,
The boat still chained to alder tree,
The isle whereon was built the nest
We oft admired and sailed to see;
And, winding nearward many a mile,
The 'Blackburn' still pursues its way,
Now hid by grove or steep defile,
Now bright with sunset's golden ray.

One branch gone down by 'beltin's' side,
With banks in shade behind the hill;
One branch wound northward spreading wide,
And gathering strength to turn the mill.
Now from the miller's sluice set free,
Increased in volume, force, and all,
It leaps the 'waste-gate' mad with glee,
And roars a mimic waterfall.

Or, taxed to turn the old mill wheel,
You see the arms turn swiftly round,
And hear the clapper's clinking steel,
As some near farmer's grist is ground.
These 'gowany' banks, I know them well;
These clambering clumps of 'whins' and broom
That line the 'dykes' along the vale,
Or gird the 'beltins' with their bloom.

The line of row'n trees by the road,
The big trees westward by the pond,
The heathery hills and braes of wood,
That sheltered childhood round and round,

Dear Old Mill Home! few things could thrill
My heart more than a sight of thee—
Thy broom-thatched homestead and thy mill,
Thy trees ancestral, grand to see.

Behind the 'byre,' the towering forms
Of ash and planes still pierce the sky,
Through which cold winter howls his storms,
And summer's softer breezes sigh.
The great ash, with its arms spread o'er
The slated and three-storied mill
With barn and saw-mill, as of yore,
All near, and in its shelter still.

But Ah! I see the house once more
Wherein life's early days were spent;
The shining windows and the door
Through which so oft we came and went;
The garden, snugly hid behind,
Well hedged with hawthorn, filled with flowers
And berry-bush of every kind—
Sweet haunt of summer evening hours.

The honeysuckle climbing fond,
The cosy moss-house in the rear,
The bent ash standing by the pond,
The swish of passing waters near.
I hear the mavis' evening song
Ring from the 'beltin' by the burn,
The cuckoo's call-note, near and strong,
The corncraik's, in the field of corn.

I hear sweet voices speak around,
The rush of young feet down the lane,
Here peals of laughter, there the sound
Of some sweet long-forgotten strain.
Sweet faces smile in at the gate,
And forms familiar pass me by,
Oh! can they all be living yet?
Is this a dream? or where am I?

O dear companions of this scene!
Then strong in youth or manhood's pride,
Can forty years, that intervene,
Have thinned so many from my side?
I see my grandsire's tottering gait;
I mark old granny's frosted hair;
Kind looks and smiles we ever met,
When romping past the worthy pair.

Old Tom rides past on 'Dolly's' back,
And Will narrates his story through,
While eager listeners hear him talk—
Yet all are gone but just a few!
But other phantoms near me pass,
All yet distinct to memory's view;
We called one Father, and he was,
Such as few fathers, good and true.

His early teaching and his prayers,
I feel them in my bosom still;
He sowed in faith, if not in tears;
Now reaps; he did his Father's Will.
'Tis in these memories, O ye dead!
I hear a long-dead brother speak,
Or feel a father pat my head,
Or sister kiss me on the cheek.

Now long with Christ, supremely blest,
You know no no sorrow, feel no pain;
God's own have entered into rest,
And they that love shall meet again.

LINES WRITTEN IN SYMPATHY WITH MR. & MRS. P. STOREY ON THE DEATH OF THEIR CHILD.

O dear little Willie, our own chubby darling—
As fair as the plum-blossom now on the tree—
Cold, cold, were the nests of the robin and starling,
That night when you came to your Mammy and me.
And loud howled the winter winds round in their madness,
And deep were the snow-drifts that lay at the door;
But little recked we in our love and our gladness,
As God gave us thee 'pet'—one little pledge more.

And Oh! how we fondled our newly found treasure—
Our little ones stole round to 'keek' and to smile.
Nor cared we a whit, in the midst of our pleasure,
Thy little mouth more, brought a little more toil.
Though born to no title, our eyes thought thee pretty
Thou heiredst, on our part, no dishonour or shame.
God gave, and we knew, would provide for our 'pettie',
Then what did we care for their treasure or fame.

But Ah! when the snow-drifts had gone from us nearly,
All early in April a cruel frost came;
And Oh! the sweet flower, that we cherished so dearly,
Fast faded, and wilted, and died on its stem.
Not faded—Oh no! from our sight thou wast taken,
Yes, taken to Jesus to wear on his breast;
And there shalt thou blossom, till we too awaken
In that land of holiness, glory, and rest.

And thy cherished body, with hearts sorely aching,
We laid in its grave at the end of the lane.
We know, that the morn of eternity breaking,
Will bring back its ashes to beauty again.

REFLECTIONS ON A NEW-YEAR'S STORM.

Hear the wild winds howl and battle
  Round the chimneys, through the trees;
Doorways tremble, windows rattle,
  Snow-drifts block the door and freeze.

Past the windows, helter skelter,
  Blinding snow-gusts pant and hiss.
Woe to him that 's far from shelter,
  Out in such a storm as this.

In the vortex of its fury,
  Here we sheltered seem to hear
Demons shriek, and dance, and flurry,
  Round us in their mad career.

In the centre of their madness,
  Hemmed around by cosy walls,
Here is comfort, warmth, and gladness,
  And no fear our heart appals.

Cosy refuge! Emblem surely
  Of our Lord, the saint's repose;
From which ark they look securely
  Out on every storm that blows.

Storms of conflict, want, temptation,
  On them all they look serene;
Christ their fortress and possession,
  Is their strength in every scene.

But to those the daring hardened,
  Who ne'er sought this ark of faith,
Souls unsheltered and unpardoned,
  Surely these storms will be death.

A HYMN OF TRUST.

Although my future may not glow
  With prospects wholly to my taste,
I've surely learned enough to know
  My God rules all things for the best.
Why should I wish even now to see
  My future in God's grand design?
E'en what I fear may never be,
  And what I hope may ne'er be mine.

Sure' past experience of his care,
  May teach me, if I'll teach at all,
That to God's chosen anywhere,
  No hurt, no evil can befall.
Nor would I cast a yearning thought,
  Back to the scenes of vanished years;
Though sweet the mercies which they brought,
  They, too, had trials, cares, and fears.

In my Lord's hands I wish to be
A child in trust, in love, and care;
What pleases him may well please me;
Oh! light the cross faith gives to bear.
The noblest aim of Christian zeal,
The highest wish we can fulfill,
The surest path to human weal,
Is just to seek our Father's will.

FAITH'S RELEASE.

When thy poor soul, oppressed with care,
Bows with the load,
Where shalt thou bring the burden? Where,
But unto God?
When thy poor heart is choked with grief,
And tears do flow—
Thy Father's help can give relief—
Unto him go.

When thy poor mind is sore perplexed,
Thy pathway dark,
Faith will lead blindly e'en the vexed
Towards the mark.
Should thy poor faith be even blind,
It may be strong,
And in calm confidence resigned,
Walk safe along.

When thy poor soul sees all things clear,
It walks by sense;
It is not faith that leads it here,
But faith's pretence.
That faith is perfect which when tried,
Is always peace:
A soul to God so closely tied,
Craves no release.

TRUE GLORY.

The heart of the soldier exults with the glory
That haughtily flaunts with the banners of war,
And welcomes his death with the bleeding and gory,
That victory may blazon his name with a star;
On the pathway of blood, triumphantly riding,
His heart is inspired with the valorous aim,
That Mars, on the crest of the war-cloud presiding,
May pluck him a plume from the pinions of fame.

But Ah! as the war-cloud has drifted asunder,
And sunlight from heaven shines pleasantly through,
A dire vision opens, of horror and wonder,
For mortals to ponder and angels to view.
O fair field of nature! how sternly and vastly,
Has raged here the death-tempest, leaving behind
These wrecks of humanity gaping and ghastly,
The tribute ambition demands of our kind.

Oh, forms of the brave! in this harvest of slaughter,
Though mangled and bleeding, you're dear to the heart,
Of many a widow, and mother, and daughter,
Now left to long mourning, forlorn and apart.
Were all that bewail you, ye dead and ye dying,
To stoop by your couches blood-sputtered and gory,
Two nations in anguish were sobbing and sighing—
And this is what mortals denominate glory.

Begone from my bosom, the cruel ambition,
That leads to its goal through such pathways of woe.
Lord, grant me content with my humble condition,
A heart to love Thee and Thy creatures below.
The fair flag of Jesus! Oh! boldly surround it,
Ye lovers of goodness, ye lovers of men;
The blood of its foes never curdled around it,
It comes with no terrors, no sorrow, no chain.

The hearts of the wretched rise free and undaunted,
As boldly that banner flaunts forth on the wind,
Inscribed with the motto, which angels have chanted,
"E'en peace to the earth and goodwill to mankind."
It comes with the death-blow of fiendish oppression,
Restoring the vicious to virtue and love;
And sparing the soul from the doom of transgression,
It cleanses and fits it for heaven above.

Oh, soldier of Jesus! march faithfully, boldly,
Before thee true honour, before thee the prize;
Ne'er answer the trumpet-call slowly or coldly,
Win souls for thy Captain and thou shalt be wise.
Oh! wield thou with courage the sword of the Spirit,
For keenly it cuts— and while cutting, it heals;
The Cross be thy watchword, the foeman shall hear it,
Opposed to thy armour, he staggers and reels.

In deeds of compassion and goodness abounding,
The steps of thy Captain with vigour pursue;
Ne'er yield to the foe or temptations surrounding,
The prize is for all that are faithful and true.
The tears wiped away by thy hand in compassion,
Transmuted by love, shall be gems in thy crown;
The triumphs of grace over turbulent passion,
Shall bring every soldier to endless renown.

Let love to thy Master impel thee to action,
And one with thy Master and one with His cause,
Ne'er yield thou thy soul to the baneful detraction,
That springs from a fondness for human applause.
Resembling thy Master in love to thy brothers,
Be friend to the friendless, and guide to the blind;
The good that thou dost, reproducing in others,
Shall ne'er cease to work for the good of mankind.

ADDRESS TO CHILDREN.

Now your cheeks are young and blooming,
  Light your footsteps, light your hearts;
Buoyant hope of goodness coming,
  Cheering thoughts to you imparts;
But, in life's spring-time, remember
  All will not true joy afford,
And, while yet your hearts are tender,
  Seek, my dear ones, seek the Lord.

Life is not devoid of pleasure—
  We have felt it, so have all;
Dealt out with impartial measure,
  It is shared by great and small.
But amid its sweetest blossoms,
  Oh! how many thorns are stored,
That give trouble to our bosoms;
  Seek then, dear ones, seek the Lord.

Now your bright eyes beam with gladness,
  Few your cares, and few your fears,
Yet shall many days of sadness
  Meet you in this vale of tears.
Trials will come and sickness ail you,
  From which friends no help afford;
But one Friend will never fail you:
  Seek, my dear ones, seek the Lord.

Love not earth's uncertain riches,
  Oft they vex us when they're gained,
Nor the folly that bewitches,
  But brings ruin in the end.
Seek for treasures more enduring—
  Treasures in God's Holy Word—
Which Christ died for, in securing;
  Seek, my dear ones, seek the Lord.

He will grant you His salvation
  He will make your joys abound,
Keep you here from sore temptation,
  Lead your souls to heaven beyond.
More than parents, sisters, brothers,
  Let this Friend be loved, adored;
He's the Friend above all others,
  Seek then, dear ones, seek the Lord.

OUR LITTLE WORDS.

Alas! 'tis hard for us to tell
  What little words may do;
Our little words, I fear we fail,
  To pay attention to;
What power they have to cure, to kill,
To stir up strife or make it still,
What power they have for good or ill,
  We'd wonder if we knew.

Our weighty words we nicely weigh—
  Again, again, review,
Lest they mean more than we would say,
  And so mischief ensue;
But little words receive no care,
We talk them off, and never spare,
At home, abroad, or anywhere,
  Ne'er thinking what they do.

And yet our words, the great and small,
  If summed—'twould make us stare,
To find how large a part of all,
  The latter truly were;
And were all their results reviewed,
The harm they've done as well as good,
We'd scarce' believe they really could
  Have done so large a share.

Ah yes! these little words of ours
  A wond'rous magic have,
To sweeten life in trying hours
  And make the timid brave,
To cheer a heart and dry a tear,
Inspire a hope and calm a fear,
To strew with blossoms, all the year,
  Our pathways to the grave.

The flower that shrinks with cowering head,
  From tempests drenching through,
Yet springs with ardent blushing blade,
  To catch its drops of dew;
Thus many a heart in life's domain,
Imbibes more vigour for the strain
From drops of comfort, than the rain
  That wit and learning brew.

So little words, e'en lightly said,
  Are not without effect;
And many a heart requires their aid
  In hardship and neglect;
And little words when winged by prayer,
We know, are potent everywhere,
To warm, to comfort in despair,
  To lighten, or direct.

Then, Christian, mind thy little words,
  Amid both peace and strife,
For lancets may, as well as swords,
  Preserve or take a life;
And mind—no matter where or when—
Thy little words do good to men,
Thus will thy path be always plain,
  Thy words with blessings rife.

No false profession make, be true,
  Have salt within thy heart,
Then will thy words be seasoned too,
  Without deceitful art;
So will thy little words be blest,
So will no influence run to waste,
So will thy light be manifest,
  And good to all impart.

BALMORAL ON THE DEE.

I've travelled many a weary mile
  In lands beyond the Sea,
As also in my Native Isle,
  Where well I love to be;
Yet I have never, never, seen.
Home more romantic, grand, serene,
Than that of Britain's noble Queen,
  Balmoral on the Dee.

Here sits Balmoral as a bride,
  Amid her cosy bowers,
And Dee sweeps past her rushing tide,
  With banks adorned with flowers.
And here, beneath a bracing sky,
Do trees, and floods, and mountains high,
Combine to guard and beautify
  Balmoral on the Dee.

Here 'bonnie gowans' deck the green,
  And heather climbs the 'braes',
And birch and fir-tree fling their screen,
  O'er all the mountain maze.
While stately snow-capped Lochnagar,
With giant kindred, near and far,
All watch and ward, through peace or war,
  Balmoral on the Dee.

I wonder not our noble Queen,
  Is happy here to stay,
This charming glen her home has been,
  For many a pleasant day
Here lived she many a happy year,
Her husband and her children near—
Sure' to her widowed heart is dear,
  Balmoral on the Dee.

Here every mountain, rock, and tree,
Has seen her griefs and joys,
And heard her laughter and her glee,
And heard her weeping voice.
And yet, though not the home thou wast,
Thou whispered memories of the past,
Which soothe her spirit when down-cast,
Balmoral on the Dee.

God spare for long our noble Queen,
To love her Highland Home,
And make these mountains still the scene,
On which she loves to roam.
And in a future age of life,
Will long be loved in peace or strife,
The memory of thy Grand Goodwife,
Balmoral on the Dee.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

While around are thousands sinking,
In the slough of drunkenness,
Can we pitiless, unthinking,
Have no care for their distress.
Shall we see our kindred slaughtered,
And we heedless standing by ?
Happy households peeled and scattered,
And not shout a warning cry ?

Are not cheerful homes deserted,
Or made haunts of tears and sighs ?
Are not thousands broken hearted
By this baneful awful vice ?
Are not graves and prisons filling,
With its victims every day ?
Wives and children starving, killing,
Parents weeping in dismay ?

Friends of mankind, friends of Jesus,
Ever prompt in suaging grief,
Fast the monster ill increases,
Send more help to the relief.
Parents, who delight in seeing,
Children walk in Wisdom's way,
While you pray for their wellbeing,
Warn them, warn them, ere they stray.

Smiling Sisters, look not ever,
On the glance inflamed by wine,
It brings anguish—may you never,
Know this at too late a time.
O ye Young Men ! though it sparkles,
There is madness in the glass,
Oft it foams in jovial circles—
It might conquer—let it pass.

One and all, that see with sadness,
Drunkenness lay waste our land,
We shall hail your aid with gladness,
Join ! O join our Temperance Band.

SPRING.

Spring, sweet Spring,
Hath arrived again
He hath passed the hill,
He hath trod the plain,
He hath told the woods
To put forth their buds,
And the fields to make ready
For growing grain.

Spring, sweet Spring
To our door has come,
And is teaching the rose
To put forth its bloom,
Pulling up vile weeds,
Planting down good seeds,
And dispensing all over
His sweet perfume.

Spring, sweet Spring,
How he thaws the snow,
How he cheers each thing
With his kindly glow;
The butterflies flock,
And the glad frogs croak,
And the merry birds sing out
For gladness so.

Spring, sweet Spring,
Now a year has passed,
We've had griefs and joys
Since we saw thee last,
Friends have left our home
And some new ones come,
And time has been wearing and
Thinning us fast.

Spring, sweet Spring,
Could our hearts discern,
Thou hast things to teach
It were good to learn.
Like Grace in the heart,
Thou canst make life start,
And the desert to blossom,
Once bleak and stern.

Spring, sweet Spring,
Now how changed the scene,
Since the earth was decked
In thy robes of green,
Such a change men bear—
In God's sight—who wear
The sweet robe of Redemption,
All white and clean.

Spring, sweet Spring,
The sweet flowerets spread
By thy hand last year,
Seemed all down and dead.
Now they burst their tomb,
And when Christ shall come,
Thus shall we too arise from
Death's resting bed.

Spring, sweet Spring,
'Tis a pleasant time,
When the farmer sows
In thy sweet sunshine;
Ah ! let Saints take heed
Too, that they sow seed,
While the day is not spent and
The weather fine.

Spring, sweet Spring,
We are here to-day.
But thou'lt come sometime,
And find us away.
But we don't regret,
For a happier state
In the heavens awaits us,
While here we stay.

THAT NIGHT WHEN WILLIE DIED.—
In memory of Willie Young, the fascinating child of two dear Relatives, in Glasgow, Scotland.

Oh! it was hard to say Adieu!
Adieu, to Willie dear;
How dear our child, we never knew,
While he was with us here.
With all his romping, winning ways,
Our Willie was our pride—
Oh! saddest day of all our days,
Was that when Willie died.

But five brief years, or little more,
Had passed since Willie came;
He made life brighter than before,
And sweetened every aim;
His future stood in every scheme,
In every work we tried—
Alas! all perished like a dream,
That night when Willie died.

Where'er we wander'd, in or out,
Our Willie went along,
His merry laugh, his ringing shout,
Were music all day long.
But all this music soon was hushed,
His presence here denied—
And Oh! our hearts were sadly crushed,
That night when Willie died

How oft we saw him when we dreamed,
And woke and groaned with pain,
To find that smile—Oh! sweet it seemed—
Would ne'er be ours again;
And Oh! our hearts with grief grew wild,
As every hour was spied,
Some dear memento of our child—
The Willie that had died.

His cup, his clothing, or his shoes,
His playthings, laid away,
The 'nicknacks', he was wont to use,
All stung us with dismay.
And Oh! to be to God resigned,
How oft our spirits tried,
But e'er the thought would crush the mind,
The thought that Willie died.

But Oh! the Good Lord saw our grief
And led our hearts by prayer,
To seek in Him the true Relief,
We found it then and there.
We grieve no more for Willie now—
His loss was sanctified—
For God sent blessing with the blow,
That night when Willie died.

DEBT.

O Debt, wretched Debt, clinging early and late—
Oh ! who but a knave, would be happy in debt ?
We'd rather go tramping and carry a pack,
Or beg for our bread, with a bag on our back,
And dine in the fields, with a stump for a table,
And lodge over night in a barn or a stable,
Than live in a mansion in grandeur and state,
The mis'rable wretch that is haunted with debt.

Oh ! what is more easy than getting in debt ?
And common enough it has grown too, of late—
Some man too ambitious, not seeing his way,
Just asks of a friend, with a promise to pay,
Then one laggard neighbour inveigles another,
And thus it goes on with no end of the bother,
Till all social life has a staggering gait,
From this wretched habit of getting in debt.

A KING OF HIS KIND.

The man who is willing, with body or mind,
To work for his bread, is a King of his kind—
Whether swaying a sceptre or holding a plow,
True manliness sits on his dignified brow;
That man, while he lives, the Commonwealth blesses—
That man, when he dies, the Commonwealth misses.

Away with the Idler, that covets his spoil—
Too lazy to earn it by dignified toil;
O'er such, Mother Earth, as she gives him a grave,
Will write on his coffin, "Thou Indolent Slave—
To nurture such idlers, I cannot afford,
Their work does not pay for their bed and their board."

OLD FATHER TIME.

All hoary with ages, yet ever strong,
Old Father Time marches swiftly along,
Measuring out moments to old and young,
The doubtful span—
The weal and the woe, with the right and wrong,
Of every man.

We build and we build, while he wears and wears,
We weave and we weave, while he tears and tears,
Nor princeling, nor peasant, nor priest, he spares,
Nor short, nor tall,
Nor youth, middle age, nor the hoary hairs—
He humbles all.

The death-stricken wretch in his last alarms,
The love-smitten swain, in his mistress arms,
The gay festive board with its vocal charms,
Implore his stay—
Yet heedless of all whom his progress harms,
He hies away.

He will not be moved by our tears and sighs,
He will not be lured by the rich or wise,
Nor will aught, that learning and wit devise,
Arrest his flight,
Till his tread resounds in celestial skies,
Or hell's dark night

Unfeeling, unmoved, as the scythe he sweeps,
Thus onward, e'er onward, this mower reaps,
Raking and rotting Earth's beauty in heaps,
Or senseless clay—
All changed, save the dom of the dust that sleeps,
At the Great-Day.

E'er bearing, new forms on the road or street,
E'er bearing off others, we used to meet,
Allotting to each both the gall and sweet,
Of life's compound,
The smiles and the tears, and the winding sheet,
Of grave profound.

Now tracking out crime through the shade and gloom,
Dragging the guilty to merited doom,
Curbing ambition by giving it room,
In one small grave—
Oppressed and oppressor, a common tomb,
The peer and slave.

Now plucking the crown from the brow of kings,
Or crushing proud nations beneath his wings,
Confounding the wise with his foolish things,
He ne'er cajoles—
The heart and its idols, alike he flings,
To bats and moles.

But there is a power that resists his sway,
A beauty that Time even can't decay,
A garb of the soul, that he never may,
Corrode or rust,
These live with the soul, when its house of clay,
Sinks into dust.

The image of Christ on a soul impressed,
And the germ of faith in a sinful breast,
Of hope and of love, in a spirit blest,
Defy his sway;
These, Time may adorn, but can never waste,
They live for aye.

Even Time himself shall at last expire—
And his funeral pile, be a world on fire—
But hearts full of faith and of high desire,
Shall know no end;
And the truth of God shall remain entire,
And still extend.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

When chill, stormy, winds have been blowing,
And roads have been muddy and wet,
And it has been raining or snowing,
And we have been travelling late;
How sweet to us seem, on returning,
Our own pleasant home and its hearth,
Its cheerful fire crackling and burning,
Its tea-dishes jingling for mirth—
Our loving wife smiling to greet us,
With warm, gentle squeeze to her breast,
Our little ones jumping to meet us,
That they may be kissed and caressed—
Our clean table, burdened and smoking,
With wholesome and comforting cheer,
As Heaven's best blessing invoking,
We sit round with all to us dear—
And in a quiet chat and confiding,
We talk of our comforts and friends,
And treasures in heaven abiding,
When all this felicity ends—
With many a grateful reflection,
And many a comforting thought,
Suggested by household affection,
And by the rough tempest without—
And many an inward thanksgiving,
And many a prayerful sigh,
That God who thus blesses us living,
May bless us still more when we die.

UP AND DOING.

Idle scheming, childish tattle,
What avails this useless prattle,
Talking never fights the battle,
Up and doing, up and doing,
Every man—
All hard at it, always at it—
That's the plan.

All our plans—the best concerted—
Will not make the world converted,
If no labour be exerted,
Up and doing, up and doing,
&c., &c.,

All the world in sin is lying,
All around are thousands dying,
Ho! all hands, be up and trying,
Up and doing, up and doing,
&c., &c.,

Up, O Churches! Cease to drivel,
Preach the gospel, fight the devil,
Cheer the good, rebuke the evil—
Up and doing, up and doing,
&c., &c.,

A SOLEMN LESSON.

A Mortal has gone from time—
  A Mortal—but who can tell,
Whether to happier clime?
  Whether to heaven or hell?
Whether to glory sublime,
  Or ever to weep and wail?

With health on his ruddy brow,
  With fun in his sparkling eye,
Who thought —just one week ago—
  This youth would so shortly die?
Alas! mortals little know,
  When Death may be standing by.

Laid past a few days from toil,
  Confined to his room and chair,
"He'll rise in a little while,"
  Friends said, as they saw him there;
Alas! as they saw him smile,
  They never once said, "Prepare."

Then sore, agonizing pain
  Caused many a groan and sigh,
Then crazed, with bewildered brain,
  He raved, and got wild and high—
They ne'er had a chance again
  To say, 'Friend, Prepare to die.'

Never Oh! never again,
  Did Reason resume her sway,
And never one hour from pain,
  And never one hour to pray,
And never a Token when
  His Spirit had passed away.

O Sinners, do now prepare!
  While still you are strong and well;
For health is the time of prayer,
  The time to escape from hell;
And Death never warns us where,
  Or whom he may next assail.

MERCY TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

Oh! once I was a stranger
  To Jesus' gentle sway,
My soul in dreadful danger,
  My footsteps far astray.
This world was all my treasure,
  I loved its fleeting toys,
I had no heart or leisure
  For higher, purer joys.

With heart perverse, yet aching,
I lived immersed in sin,
In all this, harder making,
The stony void within;
From every earnest pleading
Of Jesus in my ear,
I turned away unheeding,
And shook off Godly fear.

But Oh! Divine Compassion,
How boundless must it be,
To bow to bring salvation
To any wretch like me;
God stooped, with grace amazing,
To save His erring one,
And pardon, peace, and blessing,
Imparted through His Son.

O Grace Divine! I wonder
Thou didst so long forbear,
And not with tones of thunder,
Consign me to despair.
Yet, in my own redemption,
I learn good hope for all—
God saves, without exemption,
All souls that on him call.

REMINISCENCES.—Addressed to my Canadian Wife, on my revisiting, in her company, the home of my boyhood in Scotland, after an absence of 31 years.

O'er Land and Sea, for many a mile,
You've come, my Love, with me—
A stranger to my Native Isle,
My early home to see;
On this sweet bank we'll take a seat,
Though now no berries grow—
Here did I eat them, large and sweet,
Some forty years ago.

The hills behind still grow with wood,
As then they used to grow;
Yon old 'fell-dyke' is as it stood,
And all the vale below,
But of its many inmates who
Are living—high or low—
Just three remain of all I knew,
Some forty years ago.

You see yon tall trees and the mill,
Low standing by the burn,
Short-while ago the wheel was still—
Now see it slowly turn;—
You see yon old house standing nigh,
With windows all aglow,
Around them all I played a boy,
Some forty years ago.

You know my Mother well, my dear,
  You know and love her too,
She is now in her ninetieth year—
  An age but reached by few;
Though now she lives far, far, away
  In broad Ontario,
A happy wife, for many a day,
  She lived here long ago.

In yon old garden standing near,
  No moss-house now you see,
But there was one once in the rear—
  A moss-house built by me.
Around the hedge, now big and tall,
  You see the 'gean-trees' grow—
By my own hand were planted all,
  Some forty years ago.

You see yon crystal, babbling burn
  Run winding through the vale
By bower and 'brae', with many a turn,
  I know its windings well;
How oft upon its flowery banks,
  I've rambled to and fro',
And fished and played my youthful pranks,
  Some forty years ago.

In that old home, so dear to me,
  Two bridals I have seen,
And many a party, met for glee,
  In snow or Summer green.
And from that home, I've seen a bier
  Twice travel sad and slow,
A Sister's and a Father's dear,
  Some forty years ago.

Oh! things do change, and we with them,
  Are ever changing too,
The hills, the vale, are still the same,
  But little else we view;
But Oh! there is a Home above,
  Where those that lived below,
Shall meet and live in bonds of love,
  Unchanged from long ago.

YOUTH'S HOME.—Dedicated to my beloved sister Margaret, late of Fyvie, and now of Inverurie, Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

Youth's Home! How sweet it all appears,
  So long, long, ago
Time but the vision more endears,
Through all the misty, fading years,
Of sunny hopes and drizzly fears—
  In Life's weal and woe.

Our hearts were little touched by care,
The long, long, ago.
Unheeding weather, foul or fair,
We rambled in the open air,
At home, abroad, or anywhere,
The long, long, ago.

We climbed the heath'ry mountain steep,
The long, long, ago,
Or down in bosky valleys deep,
Would watch the wandering 'burnies' creep,
Or catch the minnows when asleep,
The long, long, ago.

We ate 'blaeberries' on the braes,
The long, long, ago,
Or in the greenwoods had our plays,
At 'hide and seek' or other ways,
Till sunset closed the happy days
Of long, long, ago.

Our feet were seldom long at rest,
The long, long, ago,
Now climbing to a mountain's crest,
Now hunting for a 'birdie's' nest,
Or after wild-flowers on the waste,
The long, long, ago.

We loved to see the Summer nigh,
The long, long, ago,
To hear the 'laverock' in the sky,
The 'peesweep's' and cuckoo's reply,
Or watch the bee go humming by
The long, long, ago.

We've wandered many a weary mile,
Since long, long, ago,
Had many a tiresome care and toil,
Met much of kindness and of guile,
Seen many a tear and many a smile,
Since long, long, ago.

We would not wish to live again,
The long, long, ago—
But Oh! the scenes we haunted then,
And dear companions of our train,
Will ever linger in our ken
From long, long, ago.

We will not yet bid a Good-bye
To long, long, ago,
But in yon Home beyond the sky,
With all our dear Ones gathered nigh,
We'll think and talk, without a sigh,
Of long, long, ago.

SPOILED JOHNNY.

The 'Howdie' brought 'ben' in her bosom a lad,
A lad, little, blinking, and bonny;
The mother was pleased and the father was glad,
And vowed that his name should be Johnny.

When through with the nursing of earlier days,
And through with the troubles of teething,
So cunning and winning grew Jack in his ways,
That ne'er such another was breathing.

So strange were his sayings, so odd were his tricks,
So quaint were his fun and his daffing,
That e'en when the 'Nickum' deserved his licks,
His 'Ma' scarce' could ~~not~~ whip him for laughing.

He'd harness the cat, he would ride on the dog,
And teach A-B-C's to the kitten;
And these seemed to like to have fun with the rogue,
He rarely got scratched or was bitten.

On chair or on table was never a dish,
But Johnny was sure to be tipping,
When all its contents would go o'er with a swish—
And Johnny himself would be dripping.

Now climbing aloft on the back of a chair,
Now down on the floor on his bottom,
Then off through the garden as fleet as a hare,
Or spinning around like a 'tottem'.

'Ma' whips him, and hugs him, and calls him her dear,
And tries him with love and with money,
To give up his tricks and amend his career,
But never a button cares Johnny.

She vows, if the 'Howdie' bring more like her Jack,
Be it either sister or brother,
She'll flee from the country and never come back,
She'd die with their teasing and bother.

ANOTHER TEA-MEETING ADDRESS.—HOME, SWEET HOME.

With something like the ordinary introductory apology and jokes, done up in verse.

Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—

The rich and great
Take liberties in Church and State,
That other men dare never try
Without apology,—so I
Do my apology concede
For the address I choose to read.
Forsaking prose, I speak in rhyme,
Not in Miltonic phrase sublime,

But in this ranting, roving measure,
Wherein, I hope, to give you pleasure,
Besides some good advice to cheer
And help you on your life's career.
This is no elegy or song—
You'll find out as I read along,
But just a quaint tea-meeting speech,
Intended to amuse and teach.
Expect my Pegasus to steer
By no set style or phrases here—
But just one style, and then another,
As suits my whim or saves me bother;———

For a little deviation
From the old ruts of expression,
In plain speech or grand oration,
Forms a pleasing variation;
And most people of the nation—
Be they high or low in station—
Don't dislike the innovation,
If conducted with discretion,
And well answers the occasion—
Not too dry to cause vexation.———

When speeches are dry, all the people complain,
And don't wish to hear such delivered again;
At pulpit or platform, there's never a sin,
For which their forgiveness is harder to win;
And many a joke do the young and old crack
At dry-speaker's cost, when about is his back,
And not only so,—but before him as well,
As witness the following story I tell:——

"A pastor once having a station to preach at,
Got fearfully wet ere he managed to reach it,
And meeting a few of his friends at the gate,
Asked what he would do in his water-soaked state,
'Deed, Sir,' said an old wife, with roguish like air,
'Gang into the pulpit, you'll be dry enough there'."——

Now, friends, I will try
To avoid being dry,
And give such variety,
As can with propriety,
Be used in my scheme
Of handling my theme,
Which I will announce,
To you now at once:—
It is, 'Home, Sweet Home.'
Oh! no place like HOME;—
Yes, so says the poet,
And well do we know it,
Wherever we roam—
There's no place like HOME.———

If preferred, passages in italics may be sung.

Oh how all our pulses do bound at the word!
What gladness it brings to our ears,
What love and what poetry in it are stored,
What melody, laughter, and tears.

It may be a cabin away in the woods,
Where birds wake the forest at dawn,
And Nature yet reigns in her haughtiest moods,
Untamed and untutored by man.

It may be a villa in tidier place,
In suburb of city or town;
No matter its place—it has ever a grace,
A beauty, and glory, its own.

Away by the camp-fires of soldierly fame,
Afar on the blue rolling deep,
Each brave British heart gives a bound at the name,
The bravest and manliest weep.

And ever and ever, wherever men go
On God's fair and bountiful earth,
Their hearts travel back in their gladness or woe
With joy to the home of their birth.

O Home, dearest Home! in thy cosy abode,
All nursed on the bosom of prayer,
Do grow up the sons and the daughters of God,
The worthy, the manly, the fair.

As long as within thee, the Lord shall be sought,
And in thee true virtue, He see,
So long the broad flag of our country shall float
O'er hearts that are happy and free.———

Ah! Home, sweet Home of early days,
What wond'rous power hast thou to raise
Our hearts worn out with care and worry;
And whiles we laugh, and whiles we're sorry—
As missing school-mates from our ranks—
We look back at our early pranks.
Don't you remember, when a boy,
The mad-cap tricks you used to try;—
Whiles, copying from the sadler's art,
You hitched the kitten to a cart—
Or more ambitious—made a waggon,
And for a horse, you put the dog in;
Or tired of this—you snared the sparrows.
Or shot the pigs with bows and arrows—
Your arrows sticking in the pork,
Made Mammy spank you for your work.
Or bent on mischief—graceless scamp,
You squirted water on the lamp,
And made old Granny, in her ire,
Let fall her needle in the fire,
And singe her stocking with a spark—
Then all unnoticed in the dark—
As quick she caught you by the jacket,
And thrashed you till you raised a racket.
Another day—you mind it well—
You tied a branch to Bossy's tail;
Then sitting on it as your chariot,
Your reckless folly bound to carry out,———

"Gee Buck," you shouted, off she cantered,
While you shouted, sung, and bantered,

Over height and over hollow,
Heedless who might see or follow,
Proud as Pharaoh king of old,
In his chariot of gold,
Bossy's speed, each step increasing—
For she felt the strain unceasing—
Till she galloped like a deer
On her headlong mad career.
No set pathway e'er confined her,
On she flew and you behind her,
Till you shouted in your banter,
"You could beat e'en Tam o' Shanter".
Ah! your triumph was but short—
Mammy spied you at your sport,
And her Johnny, when she sought him,
Tried to dodge her, but she got him,
O'er her knees she deftly brought him,
And she spanked him on the bottom;
And sprawling and bawling,
In vain were all your kicks;
She lashed you and thrashed you
To cure you of your tricks.———

'Twas thus, my friends, that you and I
Did some queer things in days gone by:
And oft our parents did forbid them—
And thrash us too—but still we did them.
'Tis strange to think these once were joys
To you and me, grey-bearded boys.
And then what fun and royal cheer
We had at Christmas or New Year,
When greeting merrily the folks,
We asked of each a Christmas box.
No toil had we or care to worry us,
Our hearts were light, our fun was glorious;
We sought no brandy, gin, or whiskey,
To dull our pains or make us frisky;
But we, of course, would ne'er refuse
To share our mother's Christmas goose,
Or spend some hours—Oh! sweet we thought them—
At the bewitching game, the 'Tottem.'
And then you mind how Santa Claus—
The sly old rascal that he was—
As sleek and swarthy as a Hindoo,
Would watch the lights at every window,
Till all in bed were sleeping sound,
Then mount the house-top with a bound,
And mewling three times like a cat,
(I've heard him in the highest flat,)
He'd climb the chimney with a dash,
And down the stove-pipe like a flash,
And find without the slightest noise,
The stockings of the girls and boys—
I've often wondered how he knew them—
He'd stuff all sorts of things into them,
Great dolls and nuts, queer odds and ends,
A Christmas-box to his young friends,—
Then up the stove-pipe, as he came,
To some place else to do the same.
E'er welcome to our home he was,
The dear old kindly Santa Claus.———

Oh! is it a wonder our minds love to ponder
The friends and the frolics of old!
To early days faded, the mind sorely jaded,
Turns oft as to treasures of gold.

Wherever we scatter by land or by water,
So long as life's journey shall last,
The words Home and Mother bring thoughts that no other
Can ever bring up from the past.

Each scene and each antic, grave, gay, or romantic,
Shines back on the soul in a breath,—
And after all other, the words Home and Mother
Are oft the last murmured in death.———

Ah! home's the place for preparation
For life and work in every station:
The first and greatest education
Is taught at home:
Our schools, as second in relation,
Do next it come.

Where did our martial Sires acquire
That pluck, endurance, and desire,
That built up Britain's grand empire,
O'er land and sea?
Just at the old home by the fire,
At parent's knee.

On this great globe where is the pale,
That hath not seen her flag or sail,
Or heard her drum-roll on the gale,
Or cannon's thunder?
A power few nations dare assail,
But see with wonder.

E'en so her greatness and her rule
Are felt o'er all God's fair footstool:
By what means, ask both sage and fool,
Did God exalt her?
Each home within her is a school,
And each an altar.

E'en Wellington's well planned campaign
And Nelson's skill had failed to gain
Their splendid victories, and obtain
Renown and booty,
But for the homes that gave them men
That did their duty.———

In all else too, as 'tis in war,
The senate, pulpit, or the bar,
Acknowledges no power apar
With home to foster genius.

The mind there, in its plastic state,
Receives that bias, form, and gait,
That strengthening at a later date,
Through all the life continues.

Yes, then the infant mind is such,
That 'neath the parents' loving touch,
It may be little or be much,
As love and care shall wake it.

Here first is seen the bent of each,
The boy pastor tries to preach,
And the young statesman shouts his speech,
And mounts a stool to make it.

You mark the future engineer,
The soldier, or the artist, here,
The play-ground forecasts the career,
Of every actor on it.

And if there be that spark of fire
Which men call genius, and admire,
Here glows it first and blazes higher,
Till all the world has known it.

And last, not least, here first appears,
That Grace, which trained in early years,
Rolls onward through this vale of tears,
In deeds of love and blessing.

God bless that home from which proceeds
A heart that feels Earth's sorest needs,
And drops, like fruit, its golden deeds—
Life's want and woe repressing.———

And now, my friends, ere I conclude,
A brief advice I tender—
You'll afterwards acknowledge good
The service that I render.
Yes, how to make home bright and fair,
And fill it with felicity,
Is sure a nostrum worth your care,
And worthy of publicity;

And how to make your children good,
And even great and noble,
Is something, that I'm sure you should
Think worthy of your trouble:—
Now my advice is very short,
And easily remembered—
But O my friends! 'tis not in sport,
That this advice is tendered:——

'Set up God's altar in your home,
And there, whoe'er may go or come,
Acknowledge God in all your way,
Read His own Scriptures every day,
And with your house-hold Bow and Pray.
So shall your children, wise and chaste,
Around you rise, and call you blest:
Their hearts thereafter, when they roam,
Will think with love of you and home:—
And at your grave—when you are dead—
The tear of filial love they'll shed,
And thank the Lord with bursting heart,
For Homes where Parents Did Their Part.'

MY MOTHER.

Oh! who is this that walks around,
Her staff set firmly on the ground
Yes, bowed and frail, but hale and sound?
  That Lady is my Mother.
You scan that aged wrinkled face,
And mark of beauty still a trace,
And much of goodness and of Grace,
  If you see little other.

A form once tall inclined to bow,
A strong, fine face and noble brow,
O'er which is hid a crown of snow,
  For she's a Prince's daughter.
Her eyes e'er kindly in their glance,
Look at you keenly, ne'er askance,
Her lips, though shrunken, truth advance,
  And neither fear nor flatter.

Aye, she is old, near ninety one,
One third beyond the common span,
Look back that vista if you can,—
  How much for hearts to ponder!
Ah dear! how many smiles and tears,
What prayers, and toils, and anxious fears,
Crowd into all those ninety years,
  We well may ask, and wonder.

How many storms have swept her sky,
What scenes and changes flitted by,
How many born to live, and die,
  And pass away before her?
Aye, speak to her of long ago—
How lights her eye, her features glow,
And smiles and tears alternate show,
  As memories sweep o'er her.

Aye, speak too of that better land,
That now she holds so near at hand,—
How bright her hopes, how firm her stand!
  In Christ her Trust and Glory.
Beloved One, dear to many a heart,
Well hast thou done a Mother's part,
And taught us all with faithful art
  The Old but Saving Story.

Thou wife and widow, didst thy best,
In old age therefore, gently rest;
Six children live and call thee blest,
  And two are gone to heaven.
O Mother dear, we love thee nigh;
And when we meet beyond the sky,
With all thy dear ones there on high,
Well mayst thou say, Lord, here am I
  With all Thou hast me given.

A TRANS-ATLANTIC GRAVE.

'Neath an old Steeple Tower in my native land,
All in shade of a shelt'ring tree,
In a single green grave, sleep a blessed band—
One in love— though in number three.

As a year just ago, by that grave I stood,
Is it strange that my tears fell fast,
As I thought of the sleepers, so true and good,
And dear to my soul in the past.

For the one was the Father whose prayers, as light
Even throb in my bosom still,
And the precepts of whom taught me truth and right,
And to love God my Maker's Will.

Also one was a Sister, the gentle bride,
That came home, not to wed, but die:
And the nuptial knot that had never been tied,
Gave place to a better on high.

And the last was a Brother, companion sweet—
Oh! of many a joyous day;
And whose wise, gentle words often held my feet,
Which my heart would have drawn astray.

Is it wonderful then, that I love that grave?
'Tis to me full of sacred dust:
And baptized in the Blood that was shed to save,
It is safe in God's holy trust.

O ye hallowed dead! all your ills are through—
At your grave, let me cease to sigh;
For I know I shall meet with my Lord and you,
In the sweet, blessed 'By and By.'