Poetry.

THE MAN WITHOUT CREDIT BY WILLIAM COX.

He was a very tall, gaunt man, And his dress was brown and old, And his face was long, and his step was long, As he strode o'er the pavement cold. And of the stopped in the publican's porch To avoid the drizzling rain: And once or twice he ventured in, But soon came out again.

And sorely the drapers' stores he eyed, And the clothiers' shop also, And there flitted a smile o'er his lead-colourd face, Indicative of wo.

I'ut when he came to an eating-house, He heaved a bitter sigh, And he pressed his hands below his heart, And hurried hastily by.

Jooth I. "Who is that tall, gaunt man, With the dress so brown and old-And the face so long, and the step so long, O'er the pavement, damp and cold?"
My friend gazed hard for a minute's space; Then answered, "I rather guess Ilis he whom no human being trusts-Tis he! 'tis the creditless!"

He once had gold, and friends, and dogs, And horses, and ladies' smiles; nd houses and land-in short, and all That life of care beguiles. le gold is gone—his friends are gone— His houses and lands are sold, and now he paces the pavement dark. In that dress so brown and old-

What has become of the lost Pleiad. That has vanished from the sky? We know not . and how the creditless lives, Is an equal mystery.

There's a small deep cellar in Thompson-street, Far, far from the upper air; Tis as foul as sin, and as dard as night-The creditless vanished there! New York Mirror.

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FAREWELL TO HOME. Farewell, Father! on the morrow We must take our leave of thee. But let not a cloud of sorrow O'er our parting moments be. Distance—absence—they may sever, And a bar to union prove. But, dear farther, they can never, Break the ties of fillal love.

Farewell Mother! though our parting Wrings from us a secret tear, Yet would we repress its starting And suppress each rising fear. Thou wilt give to us thy blessing When we leave thy tender care-Wilt thou not, when God addressing, Breathe for us a fervent prayer?

Flarewell, Sisters! when at distance Thou wilt think of those away-We shall miss thy kind assistance, And thy presence day by day. Farewell, Brothers! our affections Are as warm for thee and true-Home with all its dear connections. We must bid a sad adieu!

Miscellaneous.

THE RRENCH PEASANT GIRL. " Mine is the lay that lightly floats, And mine are the murmuring dying notes, That fall as soft as snow on the sea,

And melt in the heart as instantly."-MOORE. After a season of festivity and dissipation. the very enjoyment of which satiates, Mons. and Madame Villeret came down to a retired village in France, to taste for a few days the holy influence of nature and solitude. It was in the summer time, the country was picturesque and beautiful, and they still retained a portion of that early romance which is so inherent in our nature, and which leads us back with a syren smile, and a/charmed voice, to the pleasures which delighted our childhood, and makes us love to sit under old trees, to listen to the voice of birds, and to gather wild flowers, "others yet the same" as those which we plucked and wreathed into chaplets in days of

During one of their solitary rambles they came suddenly upon a young girl who was drawing water from a well, her back was towards them, and they paused for a moment to admire the simple and classical elegance of the young cottager. Her dark shining hair was gathered up into a low knot at the back of her head, and confined with a silver pin, which was the only ornament she wore, the rest of her dress being composed of the simplest and coarsest materials. Though labour and exposure had somewhat stained the whiteness of Andre more than usually gloomy and dispirited her hands and arms, their beautiful symmetry could neither be altered or concealed. She appeared thoughtful, and leant against the side of the well in silent abstraction. Unwilling to disturb her, they were turning into another path, when their steps were arrested by a strain of rich and untutored melody, which arose in the still air like enchantment; the words were simple, but the sweetness which thrilled through every note surpassed anything they had ever heard before.

"Bon Dieu!" exclaimed Madame Villeret. "it is that peasant girl; she must be ours Such a voice with a little cultivation would witch all Paris, and make our own and the girl's fortune.'

They returned and entered into conversathe evident love which she bore this tender ry, gradually deepening and spreading over parent that Madame Villeret worked; she re- the once innocent and young heart, until every her pale emaciated hands in silence. There dispensable. I also appeal to any believer, and exercise of her talents in cultivating that gift stain from doing this, and return to our heroof song which God had so graciously bestowed ine, who was now in a full career of what men on her, she would be enabled to raise him from | call glory, and angels, sin! a state of indigence to one of comparative afflu-

visions of grandeur, and a deep rooted love of terminated by a wild shriek; there was music speak, but the heart of her lover was not proof fastly refrain from things lawful in themselves,

audience. "You here, Andre," she said, "Oh! rance, of composure. too late, only say the word, and I will not go." off me the whole evening."

"And could you stay here and share my honest poverty, after all the golden promises that have been made you?" asked the young to him in private.' eyes; there was no need of words, he felt the her white jewelled hand upon his, and added melody. deep devotion of that look. "And yet, Pau- with a persuasive smileline, you would like to go?"

dwell with thee for ever!"

"Let us consent to her departure," said M Durant; "even in the great city to which she is going, the remembrance of a father's love, and the lessons of a sainted mother, will shield her from harm. My grey head will not be bowed in shame and sorrow to the grave, but praises, to her triumphs, remember with pride and glory it is of my daughter they speak!"

With a full heart the young girl knelt down to receive her father's blessing, a blessing not of the lips but of the heart. Andre was moved, against his feelings and better judgment, to consent, and pressing his lips on her white brow with passionate tenderness, he said in a scarcely audible whisper-

"Pauline, no other kiss must efface thi first, this pure pledge of our mutual affection, until we meet again.

The blushing girl wept her vows and promises upon his bosom. Three days after the chateau of M. Villeret was again to let, and all was silence in those woods and vales, through which the voice of the peasant girl was wont to echo like the singing of birds.

Months rolled on, and Pauline, in the confinement of a crowded city, and in the intense course of study through which she was obliged to pass, as a preliminary step, to the triumphs Madame Villeret anticipated for her, found a sad change. But the thought of her old father, and of the ultimate happines she was preparing for those she loved, buoyed her up; and though the rich colour faded from her cheek, leaving it pale and wan as the face of a denizen of the city usually is, the joyousness! of her spirit remained all unquenched and unbroken. Mons. and Mad. Villeret were both kind to her, but there was a worldliness in their fondness, a hollowness in their love, which formed a painful contrast with the affectionate friends she had quitted; and she could only regard them as instruments, by the means pised. of which she was to work out a path to wealth,

happiness, and Andre Ludolph. The time now approached when she was to make her first appearance before a public audience. Much was anticipated from a pupil of Madame Villeret, nor were those anticipations disappointed; Pauline made a splendid débût, her patroness was quite satisfied, and the simple girl, dazzled and bewildered by flattery and his leaving her, exclaiming adulation, began to think it was a blessed day when the French lady paused to listen to her Andre, tell me of my farther." as she sat singing by the ruined well. After a short and highly successful season, M. Villeret proposed a journey to Naples, where he had accepted a lucrative engagement in the name of his young pretege. Pauline offered no objections; she only stipulated that they should make the cottage of her father in their Villeret to take charge of her late pupil, and expensive drink—rum is cheapest. and as Pauline glanced around her, she remembered that these comforts she had already procured for her parent. Andre was absent. but she left a thousand kind/messages for him with her father, who told her that the fame she had acquired had already reached this remote village, and formed a theme of wonder and conversation amongst her old companions, but that such reports had only served to render

"He has not yet learned to trust me, then," thought Pauline. "Well, no matter, another year, and all this doubting and fearing will have passed away, and I shall be all his own." Alas! who shall dare to say what one year may produce, to what ages of joy or sorrow it may be the forerunner. God only knoweth the future! This visit was necessarily a brief one, but her former companions all followed the carriage for some distance on its route, offering their simple flowers, and their heartfelt wishes for her speedy and happy return. Affected by their love, Pauline leant back in a corner of the carriage and covering her face with her hands, wept long and silently; such

tears, shed for such a cause, were indeed a

dience in the theatre at Naples, and their tu- God forbid that we should judge harshly of he knew exactly what would follow. Christi-During their interview at old Durant's cot- multuous murmurings of applause flushed the her, or scorn her, now that she is ill and un- anity is a religion, not of duty only, but of love; tage there was one among the group who stood pale cheeks and kindled the bright eyes of happy. This was simple reasoning, but it was and the founder of it well knew, that those who apart, with his arms crossed and his lips com- their universal favourite. That night she had the language of the heart—and worth all the received the truth in sincerity and simplicity, stern and vigilant glance, listened to the spe- people held their breath lest one note of that At her request they bore her in their arms to of those emphatic words "this do in remem" cious arguments of the lady with a contemptu- sweet melody should be lost. Suddenly the the cottage of Andre and laid her on his rude brance of me," would not turn his grace into ous sneer, and watched the struggle between songstress paused, and the air was abruptly couch. Life was ebbing fast, she could not lasciviousness he knew that they would stead-

Madame triumphed in the success of her ora I shuddering frame felt it to be the language of misery were blotted out, and she was again He also knew, that many would take advantory. But the young girl turned away from irrepressible emotion. She was borne from his own, his pure-his first, and only love her congratulations and promises, and, for the the stage to her own dressing room, where she Suddenly Pauline lifted up her pale wan undoing, and it is within the scope of possibili first time, perceived who had made one of her soon recovered, at least the outward appea- face from his bosom, and shook back the damp ty that this is one reason why it was wrought.

"I saw that you noticed him."

"It is an old friend, a countrymanof mine; I "I confess I should. Only think, Andre, would but ask if my poor old father is yet alive!" in a few years I should be quite rich enough | Subdued by the tears which dimmed her for our happiness. I will then return and beautiful eyes, the count bowed, and withdrew to fulfil her request. The following morning as Pauline sat sad

and alone in her desolate yet splendid apartments, the door was suddenly flung open, and the accents of a never-to-be-forgotten voice thrilled to her very soul.

"I have brought the stranger you desired to A fine evening Deacon, only a little frosty. I shall hold it erect, and while listening to her see, 'said Vanvitelli, and drawing nearer he added in a whisper, "let your conference be a short one, I shall return in an hour."

> door closed, and she was alone with her first love! Neither spoke for several minutes, and wrapt in gloomy abstraction, the young man was unconscious that the gifted, the beautiful, the idol of Naples was kneeling at his feet. "Pauline!" he said at length, and the me-

mory of early innocent days came back to her with the sound of that voice.

"Pauline, mine own love! why this position to me? It is I who ought to kneel for having dared to doubt your purity and truth. But fearful rumours reached me in my far off home. and almost drove me mad. I have travelled hundreds of miles to hear them contradicted by your own lips; and now I ask not one word. It is enough to gaze on thy young face. There is no shade of sin on that high pure

He bent over her with all the long boarded affection of years, but Pauline sprang from the ground, and avoided his embrace. "Oh do not, do not curse me!" she exclaim-

ed wildly. "It was all true that you heard of me, all! I am indeed fallen, I am unworthy "And this palazzo?" asked Andre, gazing

around the splendid apartment with the bewildered air of one who dreams. "Belongs to Count Vanvitelli, he who brought you hither.'

Then you are his wife his countess. God grant that his love may be able to recompense you for that which you have scorned and des-

while a burning blush crimsoned her neck and been well said by some one) "it is no part of with the view of bringing about a reformation brow; "it is worse, even worse than that. his goodness." Although the mistress of this splendid, man-

from her frenzied grasp, but she flew to the as another. door, and extended her snowy arms to prevent

"He is dead! Return thanks to God, wretched girl, that he lived not to see this day." cry, and sank lifeless on the ground. In the a good experience, by drinking wine and ale. welcome back their favourite. But they came the fear of God. in vain! after waiting some time the mana-

was but one sentiment in every breast—pity ask most confidently whether as his light and feel very happy in my mind—(sings) for the unfortunate; and they said among strength increased, he was not led to see that themselves, "We all know that she was once one thing after another must be renounced, innocent and good; but we cannot, in our ig- which at the outset he did not consider at all On the evening to which I would refer she norance of the world, conceive the power of contrary to fitness and propriety. ance and comfort; and Pauline was more than stood before a crowded and enthusiastic authose temptations which have led her to fall.

her own simple home and habits which rent even in that shriek; it was the voice of human against the mute eloquence of her looks; he rather than be an occasion of stumbling even

Communication.

DIALOGUE ON ABSTINENCE. BAR-ROOM OF DEACON DEMAS. Deacon Demas, (sings) And when my spirit drinks her fill At some good word of thine,

Enter Mr. Supsorrow, (singing) We'll take a cup of kindness still, For auld lang syne.

suppose you have been out in the cold, as you were just singing about drinking your fill spirits-let me have a gill of it, and I will She did not look up-she dared not! The thank you to teach me that song too.

(Enter. Mr. Touchnot.) Deacon-Ah! Mr. Supsorrow, Mr. Supsoris not a carnal song, but part of a hymn that was sung in meeting this evening. Shall give you a half pint of rum instead of a gillit will help me in making change. How are you brother Touchnot-you come to Town but seldom; is there any thing good going on in your part of the country-any stir of reli-

but I am sometimes inclined to hope that I

Deacon-Well brother we had a melting time this evening at the prayer-meeting-it was really good to be there; I can truly say rivers of water run down my eyes because there are so few who buy the truth and sell it

Supsorrow-In good sooth Deacon, you take special care that not a drop of the water the half pint I have just drank was more than half and half.

religion, is, to say the least, very reprehensi- the alone "pillar and ground of the truth." ble. It is perhaps barely possible that a good "No-no!" interrupted the agonized girl, man may engage in it, but certainly (as has societies were not originated by worldly men,

Deacon—The Bible does not condemn me, sion, I am only Pauline Durant, if one so lost and if I do not sell liquor others will—there by a holy and devoted servant of the Most will be just as much sold, and if money is to High, calling upon men to come up to the

Temperance-Knock the ardent spirit in their most terrific form. the head and keep the wine-a miracle was "But one word more! Oh! in mercy, once wrought to supply wine at a marriage

feast, and St Paul recommends the use of it. The heart-stricken Pauline uttered one low into what the Deacon calls a right frame, and wide.

Her young companions wept, and kissed to established christians he would consider in- fession of religion; will you give it up?

the breast of Pauline, in silence. He longed agony. Many thought it but the startling supported her head on his bosom, and wiped to one weak brother, and that they would to speak but did not, he was determined that effect of premeditated art, but those who were away the damps which gathered over her pale much more refrain, if the well being of a she should choose for herself. She did so, and near enough to mark her livid brow, and brow. At that moment years of past sin and whole community demanded such a sacrifice.

tage of the miracle, and wrest it to their own and dishevelled masses of hair which had half Whenever men have been wilfully bent cu self-I am so glad!" and then she paused, for there "Vanvitelli" she said, in a whisper to the concealed it. Her mind was evidently wan- deception, they have been permitted to have was nothing in the expression of his counte- handsome young Neapolitan, who was bending dering to the past, her eyes shone with intense their heart's desire-" the pillar of the cloud nance to make her glad. "You think I have anxiously over her couch, "return instantly to lustre, and she sang. It was an air from the came between the camp of the Egypt ans, and done wrong," she eagerly continued, "I know the theatre and seek out the young man who opera in which she should have made her re- the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and you do, and are angry with me. But it is not wore a green jerkin and scarcely took his eyes appearance at Naples. The notes were beau- darkness to them, but it gave light by night to tifully, touchingly sweet, and the peasant girls these, so that the one came not near the other." clung to each other, and listened as though As to the advice given to Timothy, it is the "You must bring him to me, I would speak under the influence of a spell. The strain strongest possible argument in favor of total abterminated abruptly, and a thilling cry from stinence. Timothy had known the scriptures man, doubtingly. She leant her head upon The count hesitated, and Pauline preceiving Andre proclaimed that the soul of the vocalist from a child, and had in his early days been his shoulder, and looked up silently into his the frown which gathered over his brow, laid had passed away in its sweet, but unholy well instructed by a pious relative—he subsequently came under the tuition of the apostle, who had received his knowledge of the doctrines and duties of the Gospel, not from men, but immediately from the Saviour. Timothy, thus instructed, was a thorough going abstinence man; he drank water altogether, and the probability is, that St. Paul did the same—at all events no total abstinence man, could use language more carefully guarded than this, "use a little wine for thine often infirmities." All that need be said with regard to the observation of Mr. Supsorrow, is this-so long as rich people drink wine for their pleasure, just so long will the poor drink rum for their's. Mr. S. adverted to his loss of property: we all know that the evil produced within this Province by drinking defies calculation—the loss of property has been immense, yet this is but a small part of the mischief. Now for Mr. Worldly. The row I wish you could be taught to sing it, in the temptation in the way, and the same may Deacon forces no one to drink—he only brings be said of Satan. I freely own, that he will not readily prevail on every one else to join in renouncing the traffic in intoxicating drink, and I know not where he is required to wait for this—the requirement is not contained in these words, "it is impossible but that offences will come, but were to that man by whom they come." As to the charge of hypocrisy, "let Touchnot-Nothing very cheering Deacon, hypocrites in the world; those who profess the galled jade wince:" there are two classes of. matters are gradually changing for the better. what they have not manliness and courage to avow. Christians are commanded to abstain from all appearance of evil, and when they not that I long for the prosperity of Zion, and that they will then be righteous over-much. As to only come up to this rule, but go beyond it, the objection of setting up a false standard of duty it would if well founded be insurmountable; but it has not a leg to stand on. Look around at the supporters, and the opponents is lost: your eyes are over the bung hole, and the latter act more steadily than the former under the influence of motives purely religious. Answer in the affirmative if you can. I well know, that the Gospel is the only balm for all (Enter Mr. Temperance and Mr. Worldly.) the diseases of the human race—the only wea-Touchnot-I regret brother Demas, that you pon by which wickedness of any kind can be still continue a traffic, which, in a professor of destroyed; and I also know that the Church is

Let it be borne in mind however, that those which Christianity was deemed incompetent to effect. No: the trumpet was first sounded The young man rudely snatched his cloak be made by it, why may I not have it as well help of the Lord against the mighty. It was a note of alarm-a cry against indulgences in

The Watchmen in Israel had fallen out by the way, and after exhausting themselves in mutual revilings and upbraidings had gone to Supsorrow-Several of my acquaintances sleep, and had thus admitted an enemy into the have broken off from ardent spirit, who yet get camp who was spreading desolation far and

delirious fever which followed this sudden I would do the same thing, but the chief part ber, urging them to add watchfulness to temshock, Count Vanvitelli sent for Madame of my property is gone, and I cannot afford perance; and to the Captains of the Host, beturous delight; he looked younger and better red her to health. But a change seemed to drink—they may do it, or let it alone. If his gird on their armour and go forth to war. have passed over her, the still small voice of giving up the trade would lead all others to The battle was begun by the Church, and by conscience had been awakened, and refused to do the same there would be some sense in it; the Church it must be carried on. I know slumber again, and both the caresses of Ma- but we all know this is hopeless—it is a sure that many merely worldly men have fallen indame and the love of the young Count was be- sign of hypocrisy when men are righteous over to the ranks, and this is the case too in Bible come hateful to her. After a long interval occa- much. I have heard it said too, by a good and Missionary societies—if the earth help the sioned by ill health, the re-appearance of Pau- man, that Temperance and Abstinence socie- woman, without inflicting any injury, so much line Durant was announced to take place in a ties are unscriptural, inasmuch as they hold up the better. I am aware that some persons, few days, and a crowded audience assembled to the fear of man as a rule of action, rather than belonging to temperance and abstinence societies, have occasionally made use of expressions, Touchnot-I will remark as briefly as may and advanced opinions, both in speech and in ger made his appearance before them, and in- be, upon what has fallen from each. The Bi- print, which every Christian will disavow—still, formed them that there was every reason to be- ble does condemn you brother Demas-it com- those instances are rare, and are calculated to lieve that Mademoiselle Durant had secretly mands you to love your neighbour, and you excite pity rather than indignation. It is quitted Naples. Vanvitelli was like one dis- do all in your power to destroy him. Chris- doubted by many whether a drunkard will be tracted. He offered rewards for any intelli- tians are a peculiar people, and are called up- reformed by merely joining an abstinence sogence of her, and dispatched messengers in all on to pursue "not that line of conduct which ciety; but it can do a man no harm to try. directions, but without success; Pauline was the Judge of all the earth may possibly forgive, At the same time I must again repeat, that but that which he has promised to reward." the main object in view is to keep those from It was at the close of a beautiful sabbath None who are truly grateful to the Redeemer, going astray who are already sober; that very evening, concluded, in a way which may ap- will expose themselves to the cutting reproof great good has already resulted from this respear strange to our English prejudices, by a conveyed in this question "what do ye more training power, is what no reasonable man was discerned, moving onwards with feeble and With regard to what Mr. Temperance has a man may not use either wine or strong drink will be disposed to deny. I do not assert that tottering steps; it paused repeatedly, as if said concerning wine, I answer—the Saviour in moderation, and still be a true Christian; overcome with fatigue, and dropped down at always met the weakness of those with whom but this I say, his example will be very injulength with a heavy groan. The dancers sud- he had to do. His immediate disciples were rious, and if fond of liquor he is in imminent dealy paused, and gathered anxiously around taught by little and little as they were able to danger of becoming a drunkard—if not fond tion with the young villager, the result of A lapse of several years must intervene before I again companies my perretive nor will be a young girl, passing eagerly forward. minister of the Gospel of the present day, will now obtains throughout the Province, the man only felt sad when she looked on the bowed o Pauline once—for the memory of those happy a heathen population, would deem it proper to Deacon—the traffic in which you are engaginsist upon a hundred things, which, if preaching ed, is surely incompatible with a consistent pro-Deacon-My conscience is at rest, and I

When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, a I bid farewell to every fear And wipe my weeping eyes.

Supsorrow-So you must Deacon-wipe your weeping eyes by all means, and "take a reverend care of your health." Shed no more tears, and when you have done wiping your eyes this time, do not wring the handkerchief over the bung-hole—the rum is already too weak. I know that I am not a christian, and I know too, that if you are one, there is no meaning in the hymn that my mother taught

Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven And make their empty, boast, Of inward joys and sins forgiven, While they are slaves to lust.