

## Poetry.

## The Jewish Pilgrim in Palestine.

Are these the ancient holy hills?  
Where angels walked of old?  
Is this the land our story tells?  
With glory not yet cold?  
For I have passed by many a shrine,  
O'er many a land and sea.  
But still, Oh! I promised Palestine!  
My dreams have been of thee.

I see thy mountain cedars green,  
Thy valleys fresh and fair,  
With summers bright as they have been,  
When Israel's home was there;  
Though o'er their sword and time have passed  
And Cross and Crescent shone,  
And heavily the chair hath pressed,  
Yet still thou art our own.

There are the winding seas that go  
Unleashed through every land,  
Whose blood hath stained the Polar snow,  
And quenched the desert sand;  
And thine the hoary hours that turn  
From all earth's -times to these,  
With th' iron faith for ages borne  
In silent mystery.

For thrones are fallen—nations gone—  
Empires march of time,  
And where the ocean rolled alone  
And forests in their prime—  
Since g-eat ploughshares marred the brow  
Of Egypt's holy hill;

Where are the Roman eagles now?  
Ket Judah wanders still.

And hath she wandered thus in vain,  
A pugnac of the past?  
No! long deferred her hope hath seen,  
But it shall come at last;  
For in her wastes a voice I hear,  
As from some prophet's urn;  
It bids the nations heild not there,  
For Jacob shall return.

Oh! lost and loved Jerusalem!  
Thy pilgrim may not stay  
To see the glad earth's harvest home  
In thy redeeming day;  
But now resigned in faith and trust,  
I seek a nameless tomb;  
At least beneath thy hallowed dust  
Oh! g'e ve the wanderer room!

## The Supposed Song of a Soul just entered Heaven.

Why was unfeeling L.  
Trembling, so afraid to die?  
Now my rest in safety stand.  
Here within the promised land.  
Ho leibeth.

O what wondrous grace is here!  
Now I'm safe from ev'ry fear;  
Sin and doubts are ever gone,  
Singing shall no more be known.  
Hallelujah.

Henceforth neither grief nor pain;  
Here successive pleasures reign;  
All things our hearts make raise—  
O the glories of this p're.  
Hallelujah.

O ye perfect happy ones,  
Let me try to join your ranks!  
Come, let us exalt the Lamb,  
Singing over to his name.  
Hallelujah.

He our full redemption wrought,  
He for us this glory bought;  
From the earth he calls us home,  
To our Father's house we're come.  
Hallelujah.

Or in Kedar's tents I tried,  
When his lovely face was hid,  
With my friends to sing the song,  
But it languished on my tongue.  
Hallelujah.

Jesus now unveils his face;  
Here I shout of sovereign grace;  
Filled with love incessant, cry  
To his praise in raptures high.  
Hallelujah.

O, my drooping friends below,  
Did you hail this glory know,  
Daily would ye stretch me wing  
Here to fly and thus to sing.  
Hallelujah.

## Miscellany.

## The Haymow.

The first settlement in the ministry was in a valley in the middle states, beautiful beyond description. A broad and winding river enters it at the north, and after a course of fifteen miles, makes its exit at the south. The valley seems as if expressly made for the home of the Indian; and for moons beyond the power of his arithmetic to calculate, the red man fished in that river, and planted his corn in that rich bottom, and sought his game upon the mountains. And before he could be compelled to yield it, he made the white man feel the power of his anger in many a dreadful surprise.

Early in the history of the settlement of this valley, a church was collected there, which continued a feeble existence until 18— when I became its pastor. Young, ardent, and without experience, I here commenced my ministry, in a community proverbial both for its intelligence and its disregard of religion, amid external opposition, and with a church small, and rent by internal discord.

I entered on my duties with zeal, and was diligent in their performance. I prepared my sermons with care, and thought them conclusive; but few heard them, and none seemed convinced by them. I felt deeply, but my hearers seemed unmoved. My preaching seemed more to excite the opposition of the wicked, than the prayers of the pious. I seemed to labor in vain.

There was among my people a man in mid-life, a German by birth, and a remarkably simple-hearted, pure-minded Christian. Whosoever was absent, he was always present at the place of prayer. One evening, early in December, as I was about returning to rest, I heard a knock at my door, and my German friend was introduced, his countenance full of emotion. On taking his seat, his first words were these: "My dear pastor, I have come to tell you that the Lord is about to revive his work here." Surprised at his appearance and language, and at the lateness of his visit, I asked him, "Why do you think so?" He replied as follows: "About eight o'clock this evening, I went up to my haymow to give hay to my cattle; and whilst there the Spirit of God came upon me, and has kept me there praying until now. I feel that God is about to revive his work, and I could not go into my family until I told you." The entire simplicity and earnestness of the good man convinced me that God had vouchsafed to visit his servant. After some conversation we parted, mutually agreeing to pray and labor for a revival of religion, and to engage as many as we could to do the same.

A few days convinced me that the spirit of prayer was on the increase. Meetings for prayer were numerously attended. The church on the Sabbath became more full and solemn. And a few weeks after that evening of wrestling with God on the haymow, found me in the midst of the first revival of my ministry, and one of the most precious I ever witnessed.

Permit me to narrate a few incidents which occurred during the progress of this revival, and which illustrate some great truths that should not be forgotten.

Among the first that expressed seriousness, was a fashionable and well-educated young lady, belonging to one of our richest families. She was the pride of a mother whose ambition it was to have her shine in elegant society. Miss E.—expressed a hope in Christ. In a few days she was sent to spend the winter in one of our principal cities, with some gay friends, who were directed to take her to all the fashionable amusements. She yielded to the temptation, and when she returned in the spring seemed farther from the kingdom of heaven than ever. Another refreshing was soon experienced, when the former feelings of this young lady returned; she became hopelessly pious, and in a few months the wife of a godly minister. And her large family, perhaps influenced by her example, followed her into the fold of Christ.

There was in the place a young man, a profane, but yet an industrious mechanic. Like Nodorus, he came to me by night to know what he should do to be saved. His visits were often repeated. He thought he understood and could joyfully embrace the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ. Yielding to the influence of one wicked companion, in a few weeks he forsook the house of prayer and the people of God. As long as I knew him afterwards, he was amongst the most obdurate men I ever knew. He ripened for ruin; and not long ago with one stroke, as the woodman removes the sapling out of his way, God cut him down. It is a fearful thing to quench the Spirit.

Mr. C.—was a pleasant, moral, and interesting man. Under the prayers and conversations of a pious mother, he grew up a friend to the institutions of religion. His mind became deeply interested. But a more convenient season was always an excuse for the putting aside of present duty. In the midst of the revival, when some of the sturdy elders of Lebanon were howling, his aged mother, with tears, besought him to make God his portion. "Mother," said he, "you are dependent upon me for a subsistence, and so are my motherless children. To provide for you all is my pleasure and my duty. I am now engaged in a very profitable work among the mountains, and when I have made enough to support you all comfortably, in connection with my own industry, I promise you I will attend to religion. But you must excuse me now." And with a solemn warning against the folly of such reasoning from the life of his aged mother, he hastened to his business among the mountains. In a few days he was brought back to that mother, and was laid at her feet a mutilated corpse. Before he could escape its track, a log of timber rolled down a steep precipice, caught him, and rolled over him, almost ground him to powder. And as we laid him down in the grave, I heard that mother exclaim in the bitterness of her sorrow, "Would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son." O the folly of boasting of to-morrow, as we know not what a day may bring forth.

Some of our pious people undertook the circulation of religious Tracts. The tract, "The Way to be Saved," was selected for the purpose of placing in the hands of our people a plain and simple guide to the Saviour of sinners. One of these was placed in the shop of a mechanic who was noted for his profanity and vulgarity. Ripping out the word "saint" in the title of the tract, he wrote in its place "damned;" so that the title, thus altered, read, "The way to be damned." Now, tearing it nearly in two, he flung it into the street. It was soon picked up by a young woman deeply serious, who carried it home. She read it with care; she passed the torn leaves together, and read it again and again. She went as directed, and found peace and joy in believing. And in a conversation with her about her hope, she drew from her bosom this mutilated tract, saying, "This is the little book that told me the way to the cross." Thus it is that God often makes the wrath of man to praise him.

These incidents teach us. 1. That when faithfully and prayerfully discharging duty, ministers must not be unduly disengaged by unpropitious external circumstances. If they go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, they will return again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

2. They teach us the power of prayer. It moves the hand that moves the world. That revival, with its consequent blessings, I have ever traced, under God, to that prayer on the haymow. The prayer that God inspires, he will answer.

3. They teach us the awful guilt of parents who sacrifice the souls of their children at the shrines of worldly ambition. And alas, how many such parents there are.

4. They utter warning notes in the ears of those who quench the stirrings of the Spirit, or who postpone the duty of submission to God now to an uncertain future.

5. They teach us, that even pearls cast before swine may not be in vain. Through the wickedness of the wicked, God is ever accomplishing his purpose of love. How invincible the combined agencies of mercy, when even one mutilated tract becomes the instrument of life from the dead to a human soul.

Team have passed away since the revival occurred. Some of its subjects have already entered on their reward. That simple-hearted, pious German, has gone up to his Saviour. But the influences of that prayer on the haymow will live for ever. Good man never die. They rest from their labors, but their works do follow them. May our churches never want members like him who wrestled and prevailed with God on the haymow.—Am. Tract.

M. N. POWERS, UNDERTAKER.

R. ESPECIALLY gives notice that he will attend to all the services connected with the management of Funerals at the shortest notice, also keeps at his Warehouse a large assortment of Coffins of every size and description, consisting of Mahogany, Walnut, &c., all prices.

Coffin Mounting of all descriptions—English and American—Plated and Plain—Plates Engraved and Lettered.

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ELIZABETH ANN FOUNDS, Sole Administrator.

St. Martins, Aug. 23, 1855.

F. W. CLEAR.

Notice—All persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late WILLIAM FOUNDS, of St. Martins, are requested to present the same, during the next three calendar months from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment.

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