

Poetry.

DUST TO DUST.
Dust, receive thy kindred!
Earth take now thine own!
To thee this trust is render'd;
In thee this seed is sown.

Guard the precious treasures,
Ever-lifeth tomb;
Keep it all unrifled,
Till thy Master come.

Time's rude wave of riot
Breaks above thy head;
Feet of restless millions
O'er thy chambers tread.

Earthquakes, whirrings, tempests,
Tear the quivering ground;
Voices, trumpet, thunders
Fill the air around.

Roar of raging battle,
Shout and shriek and wail,
Starter even the bravest,
Tear the fresh clasp seal.

Torrent roll'd on torrent
Bursts o'er bank and bar,
Sweeping down our valleys,
Swells the rising war.

Bellow meeting billow
Beats the shatter'd strand,
Rousing ocean-ocean,
Shaking sea and land.

But these sounds of terror
Pierce not low tomb;
Nor break the happy slumbers
Of this quiet home.

Couch of the tranquil slumber,
For the weary hour;
Rest of the faint and toiling,
Take this loved one now.

Turf of the shaded churchyard,
Warder of the clay;
Watch the toll-worn sleeper,
Till the awakening day.

Watch the well-loved sleeper,
Guard that placid form;
Fold around it gently,
Build it up from alarm.

Clasp it kindly, fondly,
To cherish, not destroy;
Clasp it as the mother
Clasps her nestling joy.

Guard the precious treasure,
Ever-lifeth tomb;
Keep it all unrifled
Till the Master come.

—London "Quarterly Journal of Prophecy."

AN OLD STORY.

Six Tom to Just as forth they went
To walk, one evening fine
"I wish the sky a great green field,
And all that pasture mine."

"And I," says Jim, "with yonder stars,
That there so i'ly shine,
Were every one a good fat ox,
And all those oxen mine."

"Where would her hord of cattle graze?"
"Why, in your pastures fair," —

"They should not; that's a fact," said Tom;
"They shall not, I declare."

With that they frowned and struck and fought,
And fiercely stood at bay,
Ard for a foolish fancy cast
Their old regard away.

And many a war, on broader scale,
Hath stained the earth with gore,
For castles in the air, that fell
Before the strife was o'er.

Miscellany.

From the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

POWER OF RELIGION.

In the fall of 18—, when I travelled on M— circuit, I called one morning to get Bro. F— to accompany me on my regular round of pastoral visitation.—On addressing him—

"Bro. F—, any chance to-day to get your company in calling on a few of the brethren at their houses?"

"O yes! I'm always ready for that kind of employment; can leave my work any day to help the preacher in that department of his labor."

"Very well; get ready."

"Where shall we go first?"

"We'll go down this hill, and take across yon field, to sister C—'s, and talk with her awhile."

"So, down the hill—over the fence—through the field."

"Pretty sharp morning this," says my companion.

"Yes, but we can keep warm walking; the air is cool, but bracing."

"How much further is it to sister C—'s?"

"O, but a little bit now; just round on that point of the hill."

Presently, but a few rods in front, was seen rough pen of round logs, about a foot in diameter—their ends projecting at the corners as they crossed at right angles—the space between in some places filled with fragments of wood roughly daubed with clay mortar; the rain and storm having made sad work with some portions leaving a spacious entrance for the cold and chilly blast of autumn. This rude affair composed all the buildings visible.

Having until now omitted to ask any questions of my visiting companion, I concluded it advisable to see the best and the worst without being apprized beforehand. We approached the door, my friend taking the lead. We entered. Such a scene of squalid poverty as was there presented! Some signs of having just finished the morning repast remained. Two boys and a girl, ranging from 12 to 16 years of age, and their widowed mother, composed the family circle at the time of our visit. On the right, immediately behind the rickety door, was a collection of rags and straw, somewhat in the form of a bed, upon which lay the skeleton of a female, whose keen dark eye was fixed on us the moment we entered. Her countenance beamed with smiles of joy as my companion addressed her:

"Good morning, sister C—; this is Brother Q., our preacher, who comes to see you this morning."

"Welcome, brother, welcome; I'm so glad to see you. I've never heard you preach, but it is because I can't get out of this bed. I would be so glad to go to church once more, if it was the Lord's will. But I am content. The will of the Lord be done."

"What appears to be the master, sister C—?"

"O, my whole body, all one pain. See, every joint in me is cut of place. I can just make out to hold a bit of bread when they place it between my two thumbs, and with great difficulty get it to my mouth."

"How long have you been in that condition?" said I.

"O, it is sixteen years since I was able to put my feet to the floor without help."

"You can have but little earthly comfort, sister," said I. "What consolation does religion afford in this trying condition?"

"Ah, that's what gives me strength, brother, in my weakness," her whole soul kindling to flame. At the mention of religion she burst into a strain of heavenly rapture—"Glory to God in the highest! it is his grace that has sustained me in my widowhood, and poverty, and affliction. He kept me when left destitute with

these little children. When their father was taken from me, and my own health gone, I leaned on his Almighty arm alone; and, bless the Lord, he hastaken care of them and me. I am now ready to go whenever it is his holy will, or ready to stay as much longer as he in his wisdom sees good; or even to suffer more bodily pain than I now do, if that were for his glory."

Dear angel! thought I, where could another pang be added? Is there room for another drop in your cup of human misery? Have you not suffered everything already but death itself? And death could not produce a like of the pain you have already felt.

But as her faith and hope kindled into a flame of love and joy, she would break forth—"O the goodness of God! my soul! blessed be his name for what I now feel, but I shall soon be far happier than I now am—I shall soon see him as he is." O, to be with him forever!"

This thought I, must be the religion which the Holy Spirit imparts. This is surely the triumph of Gospel faith—"the victory that overcometh the world." O ye thoughtless worldlings—seeking for happiness in creature good—what think you of such fulness of joy as this in the midst of squalid poverty and pain, bereaved of all things? Half-hearted professor, turn your eyes for one moment on the true type of Gospel faith and hope. Yours is but a dead letter, that will yield no such fruit in the house of discomfit. Here is a living, active, flaming principle, triumphing over pain and poverty, and even death itself.

THE LONDON TIMES.

An American, who not long ago visited the establishment of the leading newspaper of the old world, has written out an account of what he saw. He says:

"Among many other famous places in London, I have visited the office of the London Times. To view the establishment, application must be made by letter to the manager. This dispatched, a reply was promptly received by post, and on a card was named the hour when the presses could be seen in motion. Mr. Applegarth—a brother of the inventor of the press there used, and for many years superintendent of the machinery—a very amiable gentleman, conducted me through the various departments, freely answering inquiries, and explaining everything as we went along. Some idea of the resources and extent of the Times office may be had from the single fact that upward of \$30,000 are paid to the Government annually for stamps—a penny, or two cents, being paid on each number of the paper issued. The daily circulation is 52,000 copies—each number, including the supplement, containing sixteen pages. Two hundred reams of paper are used every day, each weighing from 80 to 88 pounds; making, in all, from eight to nine tons. The quality of the paper every one knows who has read the Times. Each sheet costs the publishers a penny and a half, or three cents, before it is printed. One of the presses was put in motion at one o'clock, P. M., to print an edition to be sent off by mail an hour later. Twenty men were employed on the press—part of them above, in a gallery, to supply paper, and part below to receive the printed sheets as they came out. The noise of the machinery was so great, that it was difficult in conversation to be heard. The number printed an hour is twelve thousand.

By holding a watch and counting, I discovered that each man received from twenty-two to twenty-four minutes. Now and then, a sheet with an imperfect impression would be hastily thrown out by one of the sharp-eyed men below, and once or twice, at the stroke of a bell, all the wheels stopped, and the great machine rested for a moment; then, at another signal, commenced the stunning clatter again. I was shown the vaults where the large stock of paper is kept. So much is now used that the supply is sometimes short of the demand, and the price is much advanced. For some time an advertisement has been standing in the columns of the Times—Offering a reward of £500 for the discovery of a substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. This offer is made by the proprietor of the Times. I believe a man has never been met who has seen the Editor of the Times; but I am convinced that there is such a personage; for I have heard his name pronounced, and been shown his room and chair. The editing of the paper is carried on within the publication building to a greater extent than has been stated. There are convenient rooms fitted up for the purpose, and also for the use of reporters. During the sessions of Parliament, a large number of skillful reporters are employed. These are relieved every half hour, and are conveyed to and from the office to the legislative place in cabs, no one remaining on duty longer than the prescribed time. In viewing an establishment like that of the Times, and reflecting upon the vast influence it exerts, one cannot but be filled with wonder and awe."

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, not far from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Persued by the blood hounds of the reign of Terror, stripped of every vestige of property and power. Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was a boggart and a wanderer even in a strange land, to earn his daily bread by his labor.

Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked of the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to go for many years, a bone of contention in this country in the shape of lands, originally granted by George III., for the maintenance of a Protestant clergy, and amounting to millions of acres over the province. The Church of England, standing on its dignity in Britain, tenaciously claimed that the ministry alone were intended, but reference of the matter to the highest legal authorities of Britain included the Scotch Establishment also. In 1840, under Lord Sydenham, a bill was passed dividing the lands among the various Protestant bodies which would take it, without regard to this more restricted number. This bill was passed by the British Parliament, to which our Assembly had handed over the whole matter; but it failed to satisfy the country, and now, after an address from our Houses to those at home, and a long delay, the Reserves are given back to us again to do the best we can with them. The last ministry introduced a bill to divide them among the various counties in proportion to the standing of each in the province, leaving it for the local municipalities to do what they thought best with their respective shares, apportioning them either to general education or sectional public improvements. Before passing this scheme, however, the government was changed, and the party now in office, though hitherto steadily opposing such a secularization, have yielded to the pressure from without, and adopting the measure of their predecessors, have carried it through the second reading. Meanwhile the Anglican Bishop of Toronto, a most earnest and faithful party man, has been doing his best at the eleventh hour, to avert if possible what he thinks would be so great a calamity.—Cor. to N. Y. Independent.

He poured out his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer, an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without a friend or a home.—You are an American, give me then, I beseech you, a letter of yours that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner, the scenes of Paris have seized me with such horror that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to your friends? A gentleman like you, has doubtless very many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow.

He spoke as he retreated backward, his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man born in the new world, who can raise his hand to God and say, 'I have not a friend, no, not one in all America.'"

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the glance which accompanied these few words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room; "what is your name?"

"How long have you been in that condition?" said I.

"O, it is sixteen years since I was able to put my feet to the floor without help."

"You can have but little earthly comfort, sister," said I. "What consolation does religion afford in this trying condition?"

"Ah, that's what gives me strength, brother, in my weakness," her whole soul kindling to flame. At the mention of religion she burst into a strain of heavenly rapture—"Glory to God in the highest! it is his grace that has sustained me in my widowhood, and poverty, and affliction. He kept me when left destitute with

mockery than joy in its convulsive expression, 'my name is Benedict Arnold.'

He was gone.

Talleyrand sank back into a chair, gasping the words:

"Arnold, the Traitor!"

"Thou see he wandered over the earth like another Cain, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow."

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