

Poetry.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

The following poem was composed by Madame Guyon during her imprisonment. Louis XIV., who had revoked the Edict of Nantes, and broken up the assemblies of Protestants by force of arms, was afraid that, through the agency of this accomplished lady, another Protestantism might threaten the peace of France. He accordingly, in the exercise of arbitrary power, ordered her to be confined in a small room in the convent of St. Marce.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing,
To Him who placed me there—
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, I please Thee.

Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Dethroned to my song.

He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear;
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were o'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less.

Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart is at liberty.

My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, let me hear words that
The good we wish to see.

Speak gently, love should whisper low
To friends when faith is true;
Gently let truthful accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to hear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged, for
Grief not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough to meet their need,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the friendless, know
That thou thyself art man;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
O win them back again.

Speak gently, for 'tis like the Lord,
Whose accents meek and mild,
Beneath him as the Son of God,
The gracious Holy Child.

Wash'd in his blood, redeemed to life,
The family of heaven
Pie from all anger, wrath, and strife,
Forgive, as they're forgiven.

Miscellany.

A HOPE.

Many seem to regard a hope as something tangible and permanent, something which irrespective (in a great measure at least,) of its nature will secure eternal life. The slightest reflection will convince one that the desire of a thing is very different from the possession of that thing, and that there is the same difference in kind between the hope for a thing and its possession.

A minister was called to visit a woman whose case had been pronounced hopeless by her physicians. She had been confined to her bed for months, and so long as the hope of returning health remained, she and her friends were indifferent respecting her spiritual interests. When she was given over, the terms of a pious conscience took hold of her, and her husband hastened to call Mr. N. whose ministry he had seldom attended. After conversing and praying with the dying woman, Mr. N. turned to her husband, who seemed deeply affected by the situation of his wife.

"I hope," said Mr. N., "that you are able to pray for your wife. It is plain you can do little else for her."

"I have scarcely done anything else, since the doctor left her," said the husband.

"I hope you have not begun to pray for her so recently."

"Why, we have been deceived all along. We never thought her in much danger till yesterday."

"I hope you have not neglected the work of preparation for heaven, as your unhappy wife confesses she has done."

"I have a hope, Sir, though none of us have made the preparation we ought to make."

Deeming it inexpedient to remain longer in the sick room, Mr. N. took his leave, promising to return in a few hours. He did so, but found the unhappy woman too feeble to converse. In reply to his questions, the husband said, "She has been for an hour or two more calm, and I trust is more resigned to the will of God." Mr. N. saw that her calmness was caused by the imminent decay of her powers. He could only offer a prayer by her bedside and retire.

After the funeral, Mr. N. visited the bereaved husband, desiring to direct him to the fountain of consolation and of life.

"You said you had a hope, it is important that we be well acquainted with the nature of our hopes. There are false and unsound hopes: what we want is a good hope through grace. Are you satisfied that yours is of that character?"

"I can't say that I have as good a hope as I could wish; still, as I said the first time I saw you, I have a hope."

"May I ask, on what is that hope founded?"

"Founded! why, on the mercy of God to be sure. We cannot be saved by works. We can't appeal to the justice of God; so we must look to his mercy."

"God is indeed merciful, but is that fact considered by itself sufficient to authorize the indulgence of a hope of eternal life? You do not believe in universal salvation."

"By no means. I was taught to know the Bible better than that in my early days."

"All then, are not authorized to hope in the mercy of God: who are thus authorized?"

"Those who repent and believe in Christ, are, I suppose, the only ones who are fully authorized to indulge a hope."

"Do you think that you are one of that number?"

"No, I am not. I don't know that I have any reason to think that I have experienced a change of heart."

"But you say that you have a hope."

"Yes, I should feel sorry to be entirely without hope."

"I cannot see the difference in the end between being without hope, and having a hope which shall be as an spider's web when God shall take away the soul."

"There is a difference between having a hope, and not having one, and though my hope is not such as I

wish it was, I do not think it best to give it up till I get a better one. I trust I shall have a better one. If my present hope does me good, it will do no harm."

"Pardon me when I say, I think it may do irreparable, infinite harm. Do you think you could rest easy if you had no hope at all?"

"No, I could not. A man who has no hope, has no prospect whatever of salvation, and no sensible man can remain indifferent with everlasting ruin before him."

"I think a man who has no hope more likely to be saved than the man who trusts to a false hope."

"That may be, but he who sees that his hope is not altogether what it should be, and designs to get a better one, cannot be said to trust to a false hope."

"The fact that he has a hope, proves that he is in some degree trusts in it; in truth they are one and the same thing. You speak of a man's hope as being not altogether what it should be. Do you suppose that a hope can be partly sound and partly unsound?"

"Why not?"

"Instead of answering the question directly, let me ask you, if you believe that any man can be saved, who has not exercised repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ?"

"No, I do not."

"Then, a man who has not exercised repentance and faith has no right to hope for salvation."

"I suppose you are right, when we come to look at the matter closely, and take words in their strictest sense, but don't you think one man may be in a more hopeful way than another? Don't you think that the man who goes to meeting, and reads his Bible regularly, is in a more hopeful way than he who spends the Sabbath in hunting or fishing, and never opens the Bible? Is not the former more likely to repent, than the latter?"

"Yes, but until he repents, he has not the slightest ground to hope for salvation. He that believeth—me that who is likely to believe,—he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned. By your own confession you have not a good hope through grace—you have not a hope which is the result of repentance and faith. This very hope on which you rely, may be the means of causing you to neglect to obtain that hope which is as an anchor to the soul."

How many are like Mr. G., resting, for the time being, upon a hope which they are aware is not altogether sound, but which they think will lead to a better one! The influence of such a hope is to aid its possessor in neglecting the command of God to repent, and to seek first the kingdom of God.—N. Y. Observer.

THE BOY AT THE DYKE.

It is said that a little boy in Holland was returning one night from the village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dyke. He stopped and thought what the consequences would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell, the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings, how in a few hours the opening would become bigger and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dyke, until the whole defence being washed away, the rolling, dashing, surging waves would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property and everything in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to close it.

Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, and stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently waited the approach of some villager. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. A clergyman walking up the canal heard a groan, and looked around to see where it came from. "Why are you here, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy and surprised at his strange position. "I am keeping back the water, Sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.

"Heroic boy! What a noble spirit of self-devotion—ness he showed!" every one will exclaim. A heroic boy indeed was that; and what was it that sustained him through that lonesome night? Why, when his teeth chattered, his limbs trembled, and his heart was wrung with anxiety, did he not fly to his safe and warm home? What thought bound him to his post? Was it not the responsibility of his position? Did he not determine to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the darkness and the cold, in thinking what the consequences would be, if he should forsake it? His mind pictured the quiet houses and beautiful farms of the people, inundated by the flood of waters, and he determined to stay at his post or to die.

Now, there is a sense in which every person, every boy and girl, occupies a position of far weightier responsibility than that of the little Hollander on that dark and lonesome night; for, by the good or bad influence which you do and shall exert, you may be the means of turning a tide of wretchedness and eternal ruin, or a pure stream of gladness and goodness, on the world. God has given you somewhere a post of duty to occupy, and you cannot get above or below your obligations to be faithful in it. You are responsible for leaving your work undone, as well as having it badly done. You cannot excuse yourself by saying, "I am nobody—I don't exert any influence;" for there is nobody so mean or obscure that he has not some influence, and you have it whether you will or no, and you are responsible for the consequences of that influence, whatever it is.

Take your stand before the world then, with a determination to devote your influence to virtue, to humanity, to God. Let the children begin life and grow up with these solid principles of action, to fear and to honor God, to be true to your conscience, and to do all the good you can. Then will your path indeed be like that of the just, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

POOR BOYS IN LONDON.

Close by great wealth there is apt to be also great poverty. This is particularly so in large cities, of both the old and new world. In London there is much wealth and much poverty, and much crime; but occasionally an instance comes to light where the best feelings of human nature are evinced, though under circumstances the most unfavorable. Take the following instance, where a late writer describes what he recently saw and heard among the poor of London:

Upon one of my visits to the various ragged schools of the metropolis, I became interested in a lad of ten or twelve years of age, with a frank, open countenance, though somewhat dirty, and dressed in a suit of rags. He was reading busily in his Testament, and would stop occasionally and ask such curious questions of his teacher, that I could not but smile.

His practical observations on certain portions of the Scripture, if clothed in an eloquent language, would have done honor to men of education. There was a free heartiness in him that gleamed out through all his rags and dirt, and I sat down beside him to ask him some questions.

"Where do you live?" I asked, "and how?"

"I live anywhere I can," he replied, "and almost how I can."

"But," said I, "what is your trade or business?"

"What do you do generally for a living?"

"I am a water-cross boy," he replied, "and get up every morning at two o'clock and go on foot three or four miles, and sometimes six or eight, into the edge of

the city, to buy the water crosses. I get a basket for a shilling, and by crying them a day generally clear another, which pays my board and lodging."

"But can you live on a shilling a day?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty well; but many times I don't make a shilling, and then buy a crust of bread, and go and sleep under one of the arches of the London bridge, or in some crate or box down under the wharves."

Just then the superintendent came along, and as I took his arm, he said:

"The lad you have been talking with comes here every night to learn to read, and although he cannot get to sleep before ten o'clock, and is obliged to be up at two, yet he is always punctual."

Lately his mother was imprisoned for back rent—ten shillings. The brave boy almost starved himself, and slept out of doors, to save the money to release her.

Such nobleness of character is worthy of all commendation; and such boys if they continue their course of uprightness and honesty, and especially continue to church and manifest their filial affection, will ultimately succeed. The blessing of Heaven will rest upon them, and their "days shall be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth them."

NEGATIVE RELIGION.

In these latter days of case from persecution, a profession of religion may be made, and a decent outside may be preserved without much cost. There is one class of professors, and that by no means a small one, made up of those who have received a religious education, have been trained up to an outward conformity to the precepts of the gospel, who abstain from the open follies and corruptions of the world, but remain quite satisfied with a NEGATIVE RELIGION.

They do not defraud their neighbour;
They do not neglect the poor and needy;
They do not run a round of gaiety and folly;
They are not drunkards;
They are not swearers;
They do not bring up their children without some regard to religion;
They do not cast off the fear of God:—

BUT

They do not love Him;
They do not experience His love shed abroad in the heart;
They do not enjoy vital, heartfelt religion;
They do not give God their hearts;
They do not delight themselves in Him;
They do not esteem His word more than their necessary food;

They do not love the habitation of His house, and the place where His honour dwelleth, though they attend it;
They do not enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding;
They are not temples of the Holy Ghost;
They are not habitations of God through the Spirit;

They have not passed from death unto life.
READER, ARE YOU A NEGATIVE CHRISTIAN?

"I DID AS THE REST DID."

This tame, yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did"—has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or the gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply, "doing as the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers, and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but, alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters gently. They learn what others learn,—to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several other useless matters. In time they marry: their husbands are unable to support their extravagance; and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished.

"Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

The sinner, following the example of others, puts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till, unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare. And he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

One of the nuns who visited the prison conversed freely with Miss Cunningham, and described the life of perpetual poverty she was voluntarily enduring. It happened one morning, that this nun came in with her face terribly bitten by mosquitoes, and Miss Cunningham told her that she could have prevented such an annoyance by using mosquito curtains. "Oh, yes," answered the poor nun, "but you know we must bear all things submissively, and I have no doubt I shall have a higher place in heaven for it."

What a miserable delusion to think that her place in heaven would be in proportion to the number of her mosquito bites! Such is the teaching of Popery.

TRIAL OF DR. GRAHAM.—The New-Orleans physician, who studied Col. Loring at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in this city, a few months ago, has had his trial, and been found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree. The most able counsel of the city was secured on the defence, and every man's was tried to save the accused from the scaffold and the "fellow's doom." The district Attorney conducted the prosecution alone.

The regularity of the proceedings was much disturbed, in the progress of the case, by the discovery of the singular fact, that among the twelve jurymen who had been impaneled with much difficulty, there was a cousin of the defendant's wife—Mr. George Welman Wright. This fact was first announced in *The Tribune*, and created a great sensation. The Court at first showed a disposition to take no action in reference to the very questionable position of the jury; but finally, by consent of all parties concerned, the juror in question was withdrawn, and the trial proceeded with the eleven returned. The trial was closed, and the jury retired at 6 o'clock, P. M., but did not agree on their verdict till 3 o'clock in the morning.

The killing was caused by rum. A night of dissipation; annoying disturbance in the halls of a hotel; high words with a gentleman anxious for his sick wife; then the last act, in drunken frenzy, giving the fatal thrust! Cursed, cursed be rum!

SLANDER.

A wicked tongue is of an infernal original. The devil hath been a liar from the beginning, and an accuser of the brethren, and he loveth to make others like himself. Learn then to abhor revellings, contentions, and reproaches, as you would hell-flames; these are but the eruptions of an infernal fire. Slanders are the devil's slaves and instruments. Again, if blasted with contentions, learn to slough it. Who would care for the slanders of the father of lies? The murderer is a liar. In short, that which cometh from hell will go thither again (Matt. v. 22). Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Wrath being expressed in a word of reproach, you see how deadly and grievous it is. By nourishing an evil tongue, you do nourish and keep in hell-flames, that which hereafter will break out to your destruction.—Menton, 1651.

Such nobleness of character is worthy of all commendation; and such boys if they continue their course of uprightness and honesty, and especially continue to church and manifest their filial affection, will ultimately succeed. The blessing of Heaven will rest upon them, and their "days shall be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth them."

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They are not drunkards;
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They do not bring up their children without some regard to religion;
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They do not love Him;
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They do not enjoy vital, heartfelt religion;
They do not give God their hearts;
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They do not love the habitation of His house, and the place where His honour dwelleth, though they attend it;
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AYER'S PILLS.

OPERATE by their powerful influence on the internal vessels to purify the blood, and stimulate it into healthy action. They remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, by restoring their regular action to health, extract, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first causes of disease. An extensive trial of their virtues, by Physicians, Physicians, and Patients, has shown cures of dangerous diseases almost beyond belief, were they not substantiated by persons of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of fraud. These certificates are published in our American Almanac, which the Agents below named are pleased to furnish free to all inquiring.

Annexed we give directions for their use in the complaints which they have been found to cure.

For CONSTIPATION.—Take one or two Pills, or such quantity as to gently move the bowels. Constipation is frequently the aggravating cause of Typhoid, and the cure of one complaint is the cure of both. No person can feel well while under a constipated body. Hence it should be, as it can be, promptly relieved.

For DYSPEPSIA, which is sometimes the cause of Constipation, and always uncomfortable, take mild doses—from one to four—to stimulate the stomach and liver into healthy action. They will do it, and the *Americans*, *digestions*, and *nutrients* of dyspepsia will disappear. When it has gone, don't forget what cured you.

For FULS, STOMACH, or Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, which produces general depression of the Spirits and bad health, take from four to eight Pills at first, and smaller doses afterwards, until activity and strength is restored to the system.

For NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, NAUSEA, Pain in the Stomach, Back, or Side, take from four to eight Pills on going to bed. If they do not operate sufficiently, take more the next day until they do. These complaints will be speedily cured by the system. Don't wear these kindred disorders because your stomach is full.