

## Purity.

## Paddy's Farewell to the Priest.

BY A CONNEMARA JUMPER.

The Priest of the Parish got up in the morn,  
And he ordered his clerk all the people to warn,  
Before his tribunal that each should appear,  
Where he sat as a God their confessions to hear;

Then Paddy got up, and he sent him word,  
That his soul had escaped from the snare like a

bird,

From the net of the fowler—and now he would tell His reasons for bidding his Rev'rence farewell:

Farewell, and forever, to teachers of lies,

The word of the Lord has enlightened my eyes,

I see your impostures as plain as the light,

You only can flourish in darkness and night,

Your merchandise now has no value for me.

For the pearl of truth in the Scriptures I see—

The joys that now fill me no language can tell,

So, Priest of the Parish, I bid thee farewell.

Farewell to your worship of pictures and stones,

Your rags and your robes and rotten old bones,

Your images winking—your bleeding impostures,

You ten avas maria for two pater noster,

The second commandment you cunningly hide,

A service of sense for the true one provide.

The word of the Lord by your rubbish disguise,

And cheat all the world with your refuge of lies.

Farewell to the mass—"tis a le and a chest."

What! worship a wafer, the vermin may eat,

He growt it out quick and loud, Children, Jesus

can make you pray like de bishop."

11. Old man. "I very poor man; my

paper good for nothing here, 'cause I hasn't

got myself—but my paper good in heaven,

'cause Massa Jesus 'forsit it for me. He

good curtry—his purse never fail, Bless de

Lord Jesus Christ."

12. Woman of sixty. "I's a poor old

slave-woman when God turned my darkness into light;

But when de dungeon open, when de chain fell off, I felt like a little gal, and dan

old cripple mighty spry on de foot yet."

13. Man of forty. "When I left de devil's

army I join Captain Jesus during de war,

I'm on the march to-day. I neber surrenders.

When de wind blow hard, I stick de closer

to de old flag-staff. Keep de colors flying, brediten,

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had a crown by-and-by. Glory, Hallelujah!"

14. Middle-aged man. "Eber since Jesus

turn my night into day, I lob de day best,

I going to de land where dere is no night."

15. Little boy. "Moder told me Jesus

died for sinners—little boy-sinners. Jest a

little while ago I believe it. Now de boy

here, but Jesus take de sinner away. Uebre

Jesus, cause he make me feel like I'll fly."

16. The Steward. "I's looking for de

'good old way de prophets went,' I see it.

I in it. Firm foooting here. I'll go through

dis pat. Yes, I'll go through glory up to

heaven, and rest with Jesus, where glory will

go through me."

These are but a few crumbs from the

colored love fest. We reckon there most

be a powerful revival in any white church

in the city before sixteen successive testimonies

will be heard indicating so much true piety

and clear perception of Christ revealed in the

soul—a present Savior from sin.

## The History of Life.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,  
And left it sleeping.  
Years pass'd—I saw a girl with woman's charms  
In sorrow weeping.

Years pass'd—I saw a mother mourn her child,  
And o'er it languish;

Years brought me back—yet thro' her tears she

smiled.

In deeper anguish.

I left her—years had vanished: I return'd

And stood before her;

A lone beside the childless widow burn'd;

Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her whom I left in tears,  
On God relying;

And I return'd again in after years,  
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maidens fair—

A wife—a mother—

And then a childless widow in despair:

Thus met a brother.

And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part,

To meet—O never!

Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,

To live for ever!

## Miscellany.

## Religion Makes me Happy.

The following illustration of the words "Religion makes me happy" is from the Washington Correspondent to the *Morning Star*:

It was our privilege to attend a "love feast" with the colored brethren at "Ebenezer" on the P. M. of the 4th inst. We declined to communicate with the masters at their popular church in the A. M., because we would as soon communicate with a man who robs a brother man of his gold, as with one who robs a brother man of himself; but we esteemed it a privilege, an honor, to come around the table of our Lord with these poor oppressed children of our heavenly Father. At the close of the communion services, an hour was allotted them for relating the sealing of the Lord with them. The scene that followed cannot be described. We will however give a few expressions taken down at the time from sixteen successive testimonies:

1. Aged sister. "I rise first cause I least to all. Jesus keep me poor old woman through his hard winter—he take care of me good as anybody."

2. An old lady. "Forty-three years I been on dis journey. Glory be to God for dis good are on we—de travel ob my soul am to cleave unto de Lord."

3. Aged woman. "I's happy to-day, but what is dis to what I shall be—only as do dim starlight to sun straight over head. We riding de storm now, but soon be in port. Glory to Massa Jesus."

4. A decrepit old woman. "I feels encouraged to-day. I grinded up my loins to run de race, and I'll habe de prize—yes, I habe de prize, if I have to crawl on my old hands and knees ober de hard places."

5. Aged lady. "Five months I been afflicted; but Jesus been with me, when I could not get to you. Now I come to lay my shoulder to de gospel wheel anew. I's been lifting forty-seven years. I'll see de old wheel roll yet, tank de Lord."

6. Little trembling sister. "Glory to Jesus. Glory, glory, glory! My tongue can't talk, but my heart can say glory to Jesus! Glory, glory, glory!"

7. Middle aged man. "I remember very well when God for Christ sake forgid my sins

From dat day Jesus been my portion, my treasure, my all."

8. Young man. "I nothing to say 'bout reckon so, or may be so, I know dat my Redeemer lives. I know too he never fed me on food dat made me sick. I'll be round Massa Jesus' table till I get fattet for heaven. All up hill, but Jesus at de top. I want see how it look up dare."

9. Young woman. "I wont stop to tell you bout de road I come along, but I'm here—l'm on de rock. Is an old-fashioned noisy Methodist. I's going to see de hundred and forty-four thousand, and help um shout Glory, glory, glory to de Lamb."

10. Man about fifty-five. I seek de Lord when a little boy—faider a sinner, moder a sinner. First, I go into de garret and pray little easy, I know nothing—say almost nothing—sometimes wait an hour like de Quaker, till de spirit set my tongue going. I kept close to Massa Jesus two or three years—he read me well, and I get to be a big stout boy with ligions things. Den he help me pray down in de kitchen with de old folks, and when my own faider and modern turm children, and ask me learn dem to pray, den I no Quaker, but roar it out quick and loud. Children, Jesus can make you pray like de bishop."

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## Fashionable Follies.

COL. HARRIS is the last issue of the Ohio Cultivator, a paper which he ably edits, touches off the fashionable follies of the times in the following strain:

If we should be told that in some obscure part of the world the women were in the habit of punching holes in their ears, and hitching in all manner of pieces of tin, bones, clam-shells, pebbles, bells, stars, links of chain, wisps of hair, lumps of stone-coal, and other like finery "too tedious to mention," and also that they made their rude blankets "stick out" with hoops stolen from molasses hogsheads—supplied other real or fancied deficiencies, and invented new beauties with wads of cotton, sticks, reeds, rushes, chalk, carmine, ocre, etc., and then finished this ingenious counterfeit by a sea of zephyr fabric, billowing from base to apex with a neat wisp of straw or paper, hung around imitations of oats, hay, millet, beans, peas, pink, johnny-jump-ups, cherries, tomatoes, cucumbers, and many other vegetable dainties—all this and a hundred other bevelments, which such rude children of the forest can invent but modesty forbids us to describe—all this for the amusement of the men—we should conclude that they were in class of savages amazons, or that the public morals were at an extremely low ebb, sure enough!

But if we should find that this practice was encouraged and adapted by a nation claiming to be the most civilized in the world, it would perhaps strike us that civilization and refinement had got singularly wrong end foremost, if not wrong end uppermost. No young lady can thus make a public exhibition of herself, without such thoughts running through her mind as these:—"What a beautiful figure I cut! How elegantly I slide! How I look out! I hope the men admire me!"

## Shutting Doors.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; grandfather says the cold winter wind; and besides, you have to spend all your life shutting doors, and you might as well begin now."

"Do forgive me, grandmother! I ought to be ashamed to cross you. But what do you mean?—I am going to college, and then I am going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all that, I imagine Squire Edward—will have a good many doors to shut, if he ever makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me grand-mother."

"Sit down a minute, and I will give you a list."

"In the first place, the door of your ears must be closed against bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet with at college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward C.—'s future prospects."

"The door of your eyes, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man. You will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the shop windows or you will never learn to save your money, or have any left to give away."

"The door of your lips will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the eyes and ears. The door is very apt to blow open; and if not constantly watched,

will backbite, sometimes worse than the winter's wind, if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time, till you have something valuable to say."

"The inner door of your heart must be well shut against temptation, for conscience, the door keeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard his call, and sometimes drops asleep at his post; and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin."

"If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes, ears, and lips you will keep out many cold blasts of sin, which get in before you think."

"This 'shutting doors' you see, Eddy, will be a serious business; one on which your weddind and well-being in this life and next depends."

## ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW.

Read this—Old and Young.

**PROFESSOR WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.** This is, no doubt, the most wonderful discovery of this age of progress, for it will restore, perfectly, gray hair to its original color, even hair that has been entirely bald. It is a most delicate, and, perhaps, the most difficult operation in the art of hair restoration, and as such it will be warranted as it is the work of a skilful and experienced surgeon.

**ST. PAUL, JUNE 1, 1855.**  
PROFESSOR O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir—Unsolicited, I send you this certificate. After being nearly bald for a long time, and having tried all the hair restorative extant, and having no faith in any, I was induced to have the hair restored by this Professor, and was greatly pleased with the result. The hair is now dark and full, and is growing out very well.

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