

Poetry.

READY.

At S. S. & J. M., N. Y.

A dying Christian endeavored, as she was departing, to whisper two or three sentences to those who were watching by her bedside. The whole however, was unintelligible, except the last word, which was *Race*.

Ready now to spend my pinions,
Glad to wing my flight away.

From the gloom that hovers round me

To the realms of endless day.

Ready on I stood firm and undismayed.

Ready to complete the conflict,

Ready leaving joy to win.

Ready over death to triumph,

And to tread the tempest down;

Ready life and trials to inherit.

And to wear the glorious crown.

Ready to be tried from sun.

Ready and fearing joy to win.

Ready to make the shadows fly.

Ready for the heavenly mission.

Life is done, but death is gain.

Ready to make the shadows fly.

Ready for the angelic song.

Ready, with salvation's banner,

To claim joys to the;

Ready for the glad bosom.

In the heavenly Paradise.

Ready with the just made perfect.

Clothed in robes of life to be.

Swelling the immortal chorus—

Singing "Joy" and "victory."

Heavenly messengers are round me,

Hark! their voices bid me come;

Birth and time too long have bound thee

Sister spirit, welcome home."

God! go—my soul is finished;

Books of lost my earthly spell;

Upward now my soul is heading—

Earth and time and death farewell."

Now last Examiner.

Variety.

Jenny Roberts.

The rain came pouring down, and Harry sat there longing to die. The steaming streets were almost deserted, save by an occasional hussar, whoander in rags who passed shivering along, or a senseless drunkard seeing home from his midnight revels. But Harry sat beneath the shelter of a projecting porch, and was hidden by its pillars from the gaze of the passers-by. There, on the doorstep, he sat, and he wished that he was dead! Yet it was not man's wickedness, when this wish, as oftentimes it had done before, flashed across his mind. Poor fellow! he had never been told that the desire was contrary to a loving trust in God's designs for him. Harry's father, also, was a drunkard. If he could lay his hand on money, it all went in drink. Week by week he had long foreseen; and now the furniture of Harry's home had gone, piece by piece, to the breaker's, never to be recovered. And what had driven Harry's father, once a steady man, to this? His wife's infidelity was the means,—as the poor man, though decent in the world's eyes, knew nothing of the "new heart," or of the sinner's best and only refuge. Harry's mother, a good woman, who loved her husband and trusted in her Saviour, had died when he was born, and soon after her death William Jones married one who he surely thought would supply her place, but who, before six months were passed, had helped to drive him to the gin-shop. He had gone from bad to worse; and now, eight years after his first wife's death, he was a hardened drunkard. His wife had followed in his steps, and poor Harry had led a life of misery. He inherited his mother's quiet and revering disposition, and her desire for noisy revelry; but her death had deprived him of learning from her that higher motive which regulated her actions, which made her shrink under severe bodily ailment, and which gave her the influence which she exercised over her husband. For years the poor lad had witnessed scenes at which her heart reviled, and he had not escaped without bitter words and even physical suffering. But these he had never heard from his lips one word of complaint. That principle of honour born within some men, which will force us to say, though almost choked by conflicting evils, prompted him, though so young, to keep the troubles secret to himself. But he had not gone unnoticed.

On the dressing-night when you, reader, first were introduced to Harry, he had wandered out to get away from a quarrel between his father and his step-mother, even fiercer than usual; he had, unconscious of the noise, left the court in which they lived, and found his way into a neighbouring street, such side of which was lined with large old dwelling-houses, such as are sometimes still to be seen even in manufacturing towns. And there, as we have said, the poor boy sat down out of the sun, and cried. And as he cried and moaned, he said half aloud, "I wish I was dead." He had scarcely said so when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He started. It would not have been the first time in his life that such a thing had happened, if it had been a policeman who thus aroused him. But no, it was a woman's hand he felt, it was a woman's commanding eye that he encountered, as he looked fearfully up, and he felt relieved. "Don't say so," she said, "it's wicked." He looked up inquiringly at her, and she went on. "Poor lad, I see it's time we go while they're sparing, and I followed to comfort thee." She smiled a melancholy smile, but, indeed, he got up from his hard seat. "Come o'er 'm here, boy, home w' me," said she; and he followed her without speaking.

What has gained this prompt obedience, this passive faith? Jenny was, to the casual eye, a coarse-looking woman; tall and stout she would have been, but that she had to work hard for her daily bread; her voice was loud and masculine, her features strong, some would say sternly, marked. But she had a kind heart, and had learned life's lesson, and sought to do good as she had opportunity, for Christ's sake. And Harry followed her, for in her voice there was breathed forth a sorrowing compassion. He had seen her before often. He had watched her come home at night from her day's work to the house opposite, in the same coat as her father's. He had watched her light be little fire; and, as it burned up, he had thought the window seen her get down a great book from the mantel-shelf, and read. Sometimes he had seen people come to talk with her, and then had down her book, and somehow the people, as they came away, looked lighter than when they entered. Now and then he saw her, as might advanced, like her honest and cloak, and go out. Why she did so he did not know, until one well-remembered night when he saw her go to a neighbouring house, where a child was ill of fever, and then he heard that she went to sit up the night with the poor thing. Harry knew that Jenny was not on terms of acquaintance with his parents, or indeed with any one in the court, and she seemed out of place among that noisy set. But he had noticed how clean her house was; and her cap and apron were very white,—as white, he used to think, as the beautiful clouds looked with the mid-day sun shining upon them. He had been told by the neighbours that Jenny Roberts was a widow, and that she had known—known better days, and had great troubles. So Harry did not seem to him a stranger, though he had never spoken to her yet. And he followed her confidingly.

As they entered the court a crowd of neighbours was around William Jones' door, making bustle together. Jenny caught the words, "Is he dead?" "No, but he's very near it," and, catching their import, she hurried hither into her own house before notice was directed towards him; and telling him, in her somewhat rough, though kind manner, to stay there until she came to him, she went into the crowd and asked the cause of the disturbance. Many voices answered and told her in broken sentences, a tale of horror,—how that, in a drunken quarrel, Jones had struck his wife, and it was believed that she was dead. Jenny did not stay to hear more, but pressed forward into the house. The stricken woman lay there on the floor in a pool of blood; Jenny saw that it was too late to save her. Life had fled, and that wretched woman had gone to her account. "O God!" exclaimed Jenny, "grant that all of us may learn a lesson from her sad end." It was truly a painful sight. The murderer cowered in the far corner of the room, his drunken anger gone, but the softness left behind, half-forgiven, he had not the strength of purpose or the bodily power to fly,—he sat there still gathering out foul impressions.

Years had passed away, and William Jones had spent them in a foreign land. By the want of circumstantial evidence, when tried for the murder of his wife, a verdict of mere manslaughter had been pronounced against him, and punishment for a term of years had followed. And Harry had been left in charge of Jenny. Jenny's four years had passed away, and Harry expected his father shortly to return. But a trial awaited him. Jenny, his guiding angel, was taken ill, and the doctor said that she would not live. For some time Harry had supported Jenny by the work of his own hands and a bond of love had been established between them. As the young man sat by her bedside, his mother, as he loved to call Jenny, had told him of her own early life—a history, reader, which need not here be told—of trial and discipline, such as we often see exemplified around us, would we but take the lesson home. Not a senseless life had Jenny's been, but her sin had been forgiven. 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