

Poetry.

The Bank that never Fails.

The following verses we have published in our columns before. They are said to be from the pen of the Rev. John Newton, and we think they are particularly applicable in the present state of financial affairs.—*Eb. Int.*

I have a never failing Bank,—
A more than a golden store;
No earthly Bank is half so safe;
How then can I be poor?

Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat;
I'm glad to hasten to my Bank,
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my Banker, smiling, says,
Why don't you offer come?—
And when I draw a little note,
Why not a larger sum?

Why live so negligently and poor?
Your Bank contains a plenty;
Why come and take a one pound note,
When thou might have a twenty?

Yes, twenty thousand times told
Is but a trifling sum.

To save a trifling sum has laid up
Secure in Christ His Son.

Since then my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow;
I'll live upon my cash to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before
And never was rejected;

Sometimes my Banker gives me more
Than ask'd for or expected.

Sometimes I've felt a little proud
I've managed things so clever,
But ah! before the day is gone,
I've felt as poor as ever.

Sometimes with blushes in my face,
Just at the door I stand;

I know it Moses kept me back,
I surely must be damned.

Should all the Banks in Britain fail,
The Bank of England smash;
Bring in your note to Zion's Bank,
You'll surely have your cash.

And if you have but small note,
Fear not to bring it in;

Come boldly to the Bank of Grace;

The Bank is within.

All forged notes will be refused;

Mos-mos are rejected;

There's not a single note will pass,

That God has accepted.

This Bank is full of precious notes,
All signed, and sealed, and free;

Though many doubting souls may say,

There's not one for me.

Bank cashier will lend the child

To say what is not true;

These notes belong to you.

I Can't give up my Besetting Sin.

Another reason which keeps men away from the Saviour, is their love for some besetting sin which they are not prepared to give up.

Dr. Spencer tells us in his Pastor's Sketches of man, between fifty and sixty, belonging to his congregation; serious in spirit, honest and industrious in life, and who often manifested much concern for his spiritual state with whom he often conversed; who seemed very near the kingdom of heaven; and yet who, for months, and months, remained just there. His pastor could not imagine what kept him from the Saviour. One day he met this parishioner riding towards the village, and as he stopped for a moment's salutation he noticed a brown jug in his wagon. Although the farmer was a man of irreproachable outward habits, it flashed upon the Pastor's brain that that brown jug had something to do with the peculiar position of mind in which the farmer had so long stood. Upon that hint he spoke:

"Mr.—where are you going?" "To the village store." "What are you going to do with that jug?" The farmer cast his eye down upon it, a little confused, but, with accustomed honesty, replied—"I am going to get some rum in it." "Do you drink it?" "Never to do any hurt." "You never drink any to do you any good." I have thought it did, sometimes. "Do you drink it every day?" "No only when I have extra hard work, or when I feel badly." You take a little whenever you feel troubled?" Yes, I feel the need of it then." "Mr.—when you have been troubled by the claims of religion, and have felt depressed in view of your spiritual state, have you not then taken a drink, because you felt thus troubled?" Yes sir, I believe I have."

The Pastor saw at once the solution of the problem that had wearied him in reference to the farmer's condition—saw the danger in which he stood. He determined to be faithful, and there by that roadside, he proceeded to plead with him to give up that habit at once and forever, as the besetting sin which was running his soul. He spoke to him of his inherent folly, of its obvious consequences upon himself—it's danger to his children; accumulating, affectionately, argument upon argument.

The old man answered never a word.

He glanced restlessly around, as if he were cornered, and would be glad when the lecture was over. Then his eye fell upon the brown jug. As the Pastor's appeal grew warmer, he watched it more closely. He stooped and touched it. With a very solemn countenance, and still without a word, he lifted the brown jug upon his knee. The Pastor kept on beseeching. There was a large rock by the wayside, just where they were. The old man's eye fell upon the rock. Suddenly rising to his full height, he dashed his jug into a thousand fragments against it, and, gathering up his reins, turned his horse and started in a gallop for home. They never exchanged a word in reference to this unexpected result, but in less than thirty days thereafter the old farmer's heart was full of the joy of salvation. The besetting sin was slumbered—the brown jug no longer stood between him and the cross, and he found all his difficulties gone.

This is human nature. In the same manner besetting sins of one kind and another, keep many and many from repentance. They can give up anything else, but that sin is so dear, they cannot surrender it yet.

To such we say—(1.) You are entirely right in supposing that your besetting sin must be given up before you can secure pardon. Lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, is the inflexible condition.

(2) It must be obvious, upon a moment's

Religious Intelligence

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

THE CAWNPORE MASSACRES.—The following is an extract from a letter from an officer in one of the Queen's regiments belonging to General Havelock's moveable column:—

"Cawnpore, July 17.

" . . . I was directed to the house where all the poor miserable ladies had been murdered. It was along-side the Cawnpore hotel, where the Nana lived. I never saw more horror! The place was one mass of blood.

" I am not exaggerating when I tell you that the soles of my boots were more than covered with the blood of these poor wretched creatures. Portions of their dresses, collars, children's socks, and ladies' round hats lay about, saturated with their blood; and in the sword-cuts on the wooden pillars of the room long dark hair was carried by the edge of the weapon, and there hung their tresses—a most painful sight? I have often wished since that I had never been there, but sometimes wish that every soldier was taken there that he might witness the barbarities our poor country-women had suffered. Their bodies were afterwards dragged out and thrown down a well outside the building, where their limbs were to be seen sticking out in a mass of gory confusion. Their blood cries for vengeance, and, should it be granted to me, it only wish I may have the administration of it.

" I picked up a mutilated Prayer-book. It had lost the cover, but on the fly leaf is written, 'For dearest Mama, from her affectionate Tom, June, 1845.' It appears to me to have been opened at page 36, in the Litany, where I have but little doubt those poor dear creatures sought and found consolation in that beautiful supplication. It is all sprinkled with blood. The book has lost some pages at the end and terminates with the 47th Psalm, in which David thanks the Almighty for his signal victories over his enemies, &c.

July 21.

" These poor ladies were massacred on the 15th, after we had thrashed the blackguards at the bridge. The collector who gave the order for their death was taken prisoner the day before yesterday, and now hangs from a branch about 200 yards off the roadside. His death was, accidentally, a most painful one, for the rope was badly adjusted, and when he dropped the nose closed over his jaw. His hands then got loose, and he caught hold of the rope and struggled to get free; but two men took hold of his legs and jerked his body until his neck broke. This is very true that an acquaintance with the works of Homer, Plato, Sophocles, and Cicero may be desirable; but have we not translations of these in the English tongue, and might it not profit us somewhat more to have carefully rehearsed and studied the noble teachings of Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Locke, and Webster? If a man has but one idea, though he may have half a dozen different tongues to express it in, he has but one idea after all. Elihu Burritt, for example, "the learned blacksmith" of Worcester, can converse and write in over half a hundred different languages and dialects; but he has never been suspected of any ordinary supply of brains—and, up to the present moment—we are unacquainted with any river that has been set fire by his genius.

Philology pursued for its own sake is a mere humbug and nothing else; but when a mastery of tongues is used, as Professor Holloway has done, for the dissemination of new ideas and truly valuable discoveries among all tribes and nationalities of men, we recognize in it one of the noblest instruments of civilization and are grateful for the assistance it imparts.

Whether the long and laborious scientific researches and experiments which Holloway had to undergo before he succeeded in perfecting his universal remedies, left him time for the personal acquisition of all the languages now spoken upon earth, we do not know, and, were we speaking of an ordinary man, should think they could not possibly; but in our estimate of such a character as his, the common standard of intellectual measurement is at fault; and it seems not improbable that the mind which obtained dominion over all forms of human malady, could easily obtain the key to every tongue.

Whether this be so, or not, certain it is that Holloway has published printed journals in all the known languages of the world—journals specially devoted to the furtherance of medical truth and a proclamation of the saving principles embodied in the use of a Universal Remedy.

The physician could desire no richer treat than a perusal of the many thousand files of papers, all of them in different tongues, which can be seen in his establishment; and the British Museum, endowed as it has been hitherto by the munificence of individuals and bodies corporate, is adequate to no single individual more than it is to Professor H. D.

If we needed a grand interpreter of humanity, an interpreter whose former deeds and general character would everywhere secure a favorable audience for whatever new ideas he might choose to lay before the assembled congregation of mankind, it is to Holloway that we should of necessity apply. He, indeed, has turned philology to good account; and his reward is this—that it enables him to understand the manifold and ceaseless songs of benediction and gratitude which arise to him from the full hearts of the nations his Universal Remedies have rescued from the very jaws of the grave.

This indeed is the most pregnant triumph of philology, and by far the most useful purpose that the possession of many tongues has hitherto been applied to. All honor to Professor Holloway, and may he long continue to dispense his Universal Remedies to the multiform and many colored multitude who have been taught by experience to look up to him as their medical redeemer.—N. Y. Nat. Police Gazette.

reflection, that the difficulty of overcoming such a sinful habit—from the necessity of the case—increases with every day's delay. Every day's delay is a day of new indulgence, and every new indulgence adds some sinecure of strength to the cords by which it holds you. If, then, it is so strong that you find it impracticable to break away from it now, how will you find it when further indulgence shall have made the little finger of its future larger than its loins to-day?

(3) It must be obvious, also, that while much is lost, to the easiness of the effort of repentance, by delay, nothing whatever is gained. The very same struggle from which you now draw back, must be undertaken, some time, and accomplished in the face of greatly increased obstacles. Nothing is gained but more sin to be repented of; more sin to make God less likely to visit you with his mercy; more sin to strengthen the chain by which satan leads you captive at his will.

A Curious Prayer.

In the state of Ohio there resided a family consisting of an old man by the name of Beaver, and his three sons, all of whom are hard 'pets,' who had often laughed to scorn the advice and entreaties of a pious though very eccentric Minister who resided in the same town. It happened one of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake, and was expected to die, when the minister was sent for in great haste. On his arrival he found the young man very penitent and anxious to be prayed with. The Minister calling on the family, kneeled down and prayed in this wise:

" O Lord, we thank thee for rattlesnakes. We thank thee because a rattlesnake has bit him. We pray thee send a rattlesnake to bite John; send one to bite Bill: send one to bite Sam; and, O Lord, send the biggest kind of rattlesnake to bite the old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance."

The Triumph of Philology.

A MULTIFORM AND MANY-COLORED MULTITUDE.

Philology, or the acquisition of languages is in itself a very harmless and amusing pursuit for those who have time to spare, and not enough of brains to devote themselves with any prospect of success to the creation of original ideas. But the importance laid upon a knowledge of the dead languages by a few of the European colleges, and by too many of our own, is supremely ridiculous.

It is very true that an acquaintance with the works of Homer, Plato, Sophocles, and Cicero may be desirable; but have we not translations of these in the English tongue, and might it not profit us somewhat more to have carefully rehearsed and studied the noble teachings of Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Locke, and Webster?

A Bengal officer writes:—If Delhi had not been walled town containing an immense arsenal, we might have ridden over the mutineers at a gallop, for consciences of guilt and depraved of their officers, they have turned out as dastardly cowards as good troops could become; fighting, never in the open air, though numbering five to one against us often more, always skulking behind walls and rocks, ready for murder, and not battle. A European private was to day bearing a wounded ensign, a mere boy, from the field, or rather the superb before Delhi, when a mutineer fired from the upper windows of a house. Deliberately the soldier placed his senseless officer under shelter and walked to the house, tramped up stairs, dashed in the door, and shot the man. Two other mutineers were with him, and before they came to their two rapid thrusts of the bayonet had finished their course. The soldier then walked coolly back and resumed his burden; 150 mutineers got into a semi-circle placed enclosure for travellers) on our flank, and kept up a galling fire upon us; twenty Europeans went at them, but they shut the door; it was blown open, our men rushed in and shut it again. They then slew every traitor inside, actually rushing from one to another, and driving their bayonets through them as if they had been sheep. You'll think, with such difference of material, Delhi could easily be taken; and so it could, but our officers say that once in, the Europeans could not be held together, they'd be all over the city in a minute, and would be surprised at the barricades, or put hors de combat at the gun shops, which are worse than bullets.

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THE RANK OF NANA SAHIB.—A Calcutta paper says:—The Hindoo Patriotic corresponds in a matter with regard to which it is likely to be better informed than ourselves. Nana Sahib, it seems, is not a Mahatma of low caste, but a Brahmin, taking equal rank with the Brahmins of the other nine divisions of ancient India. The Patriot is sorry to have to make the avowal, and has sufficient reason to be so.

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