

Poetry.

The Strayed Lamb.

Matt. xvii. 12.

A giddy lamb, I suppose,
Had from the fold strayed;
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it broken-hearted;
Not all the flock that shared his love,
Could from the search delay him;
Nor could of midnight darkness more,
Nor her softing stay him.

But night and day went his way,
In sorrow, till he found it;
And when he saw it fainting lie,
He took it up, and carried it;
And closely shelter'd in his breast,
From every ill to save it;
He brought it to his home of rest,
And pitied and fugue it.

And as the Saviour will receive,
The little ones that flee him,
They'll remove their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him;
Bless while they live, and when they die,
When soul and body sever,
Conduct them to his home on high,
To dwell with him for ever.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life on the 10th day of September, Mr. Abraham Yerxa, aged 81 years. Mr. Yerxa was born in the State of New York, in 1776; and when peace was declared after the Revolutionary War, his father, Mr. John Yerxa, for his loyalty came to New Brunswick, and found a home for himself and family, where he lived and died, and as Abraham was one of the eldest of a large family he understood some of the inconveniences and privations to be endured in settling in a new country. Mr. Yerxa first settled in Burton, County of Sunbury, and thence removed to Douglas, mouth of Koswick, County of York, where, through his industry, he obtained a large amount of property. The Lord blessed him with a family of ten sons and five daughters, who are all living. He was much respected in the county where he resided, and, in all probability, for integrity and honesty, none exceeded him. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago he received a major's commission in the militia of York County, and remained it until his death. He was a good neighbor and respectable citizen, respected and esteemed by all who knew him, and much beloved by his children and all his relatives. In religion, he was a member of the Church of England, yet he often attended meetings among other denominations, and his house was a home for christian ministers and people. He was always ready to discourse on the subject of religion, and many times spoke of the nature of the hope of heaven which he had indulged for a number of years. His whole trust for salvation was in the merits of the Saviour, and he often exclaimed, that he had never done anything to merit God's favor. In his last sickness he endured much pain of body, but was fully reconciled to the will of God, and often said that if it was God's will to relieve him of pain he would be glad, but if not, he hoped to be reconciled. He said he only had one thing to regret, that he had not lived more faithful to God. He leaves, to mourn his absence, an aged widow that is now lying very low with sickness, fifteen children, ninety-eight grand children, and forty-two great grand children. He was interred on Sabbath morning, the 12th ult., in the Burying-ground, Middle Church, parish of Douglas, attended by a large course of people. Yours,

J. PERRY.

What makes a Gentleman.

"I tell you, he isn't anything?"
Why not? He certainly is comely, amiable, and successful in business, and, in every respect, appears like a gentleman."

"That may be; but his father wasn't anybody, and his mother was of a low family."

"What constituted the townswoman of her family?"

"Why, her father was a shoemaker—a cobbler, it used to read on his sign; and he used to mend rips in boots, and put taps upon shoes, for a living."

"Wasn't he honest?"

"I dare say."

"Wasn't he industrious?"

"He must have been, to have left his children the sum which he was reputed to have done."

"Wasn't he an amiable and agreeable man?"

"That he was. I well remember with how much pleasure I used to walk in his little shop of a while, while he stitched the gaps in my leathers, or listen to his amusing and instructive stories. But why do you take such an interest in the old man?"

"I am trying to find out his lowness. It seems he was 'honest,' and 'industrious,' and 'amiable,' and 'agreeable'—qualities which usually give a man some rank among his fellows; and yet you say he was a low person. Was he vulgar?"

"No; he wasn't vulgar; he was quite refined, for a man of his opportunities; but he was a shoemaker; don't you understand how his ignoble calling should fix his position in society in spite of his good, and even remarkable qualities? Of course, a blacksmith, and a shoemaker, and such men, cannot be gentlemen, as merchants and lawyers, &c., are."

I think Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem about a blacksmith, who was a gentle man; and I think a good many people have considered themselves honoured by the acquaintance of a certain other blacksmith who once hammered iron (and Hebrew, too) in Worcester; and I don't quite perceive either how the making or selling of tape and diamonds, or wholesale groceries, or stocks as a merchant, or picking a fuse generally, as a "lawyer," should make one a gentleman, while the making and selling of shoes for horse or man, should make one "low." And even if such trades make one "low," I don't quite perceive how they therefore can make one's children "low." You object to Mr. A., because his father "wasn't anybody," and his mother was of a low family." They were, both of them, upright and honourable individuals, who had made the best of their advantages, and who brought up their children with honour to themselves, and usefully for the world. And ye you vote them "low," and their children "diti"; while here Mr. B., whose pompos bows you returned so deferentially, a moment ago, had no father at all in the eyes of the law, and has no character at all, in the eye of the gospel; but has ac-

cumulated great wealth by buying cheap whisky and drugging it in his cellars, and selling it as the best old port, cognac, &c. He is a gentleman. There is no "lowness" about him."

You refer to Col. B., I suppose. He certainly is a gentleman. He keeps fine horses, and gives fine dinners, and spends money freely, and has a lovely place; and it isn't surely his fault, that he wasn't better born. Everybody considers him a gentleman!

I consider him a scoundrel and a cheat; and you would, too, if you knew the history of his vices, and evasions, and boshes. I would sooner marry daughter of mine to the poorest shoemaker, or the scottiest blacksmith that swings a sledge—so he were honest, and industrious, and intelligent—than to such a bloated humbug as he, and the like of him. "Low!" You had better wait till all these people are eternally sorted, and you will find that some of the highest shall be lowest, as well as that some of the first shall be last."

We lost the rest; for the "Metropolitan" car in which we were seated, had reached our stopping place, and we rung the bell and alighted, meditating upon highness and lowness, as they had been outlined in this brief discussion. We own that our sympathy was strongly drawn out toward the defender of that gentility which consists in a clear head and a good heart, as against the sham gentility conferred upon dots by the possession of dollars.—Boston Congregationalist.

A Sabbath-Parable.

A devoted Christian, who is never at a loss for means and modes of approach to strangers on religious subjects, was lately passing over the noble Common in Brooklyn, on the side of Fort Green, on a Sabbath morning, when he observed a group of half-grown youths, obviously intent upon finding their own pleasure, if possible, on God's holy day. To approach them with reproof, would have been merely to excite a profane scoff; so he sauntered near them with a careless air, and after seating himself on the grass and pausing idly for a few moments, said, in a peasant-familiar tone: "Boys, I'll tell you a story." They gathered around unsuspecting, and he proceeded as follows:

"There was once a good man, noted for his kindness and liberality, who was travelling in a lonely spot, when he met a man who represented himself as having suffered a great loss, and consequently in distress. With the greatest kindness he instantly drew out his purse, and after examining it said: "I have only seven dollars with me but I think that with one dollar I can get to the end of my journey, and you shall have the rest;" and with that he handed him the six dollars. Would you not think the beggar must have given of very grateful and contented? No such thing. He was not a beggar, but a robber; and seeing that the good man had still one dollar in his possession, to obtain that he drew a pistol and shot him dead."

The hearers expressed, in their several ways, the keenest abhorrence at this shocking turn of the story, and one even ventured to doubt the possibility of anything so base. But here we caught, for our friend turned upon him with a charge of similar and still baser ingratitude in his own person. He reminded him of One who gave him freely six days out of seven, and retained but one, to be devoted to His worship—"and now," said he "you are so mean, you are robbing Him of that!" The boys hung their heads without a word to say; presently the group dissolved and its members stole away in separate directions.

A Sad Sight.

We saw yesterday afternoon, at the Central Police Station, a young man of very respectable family, who was arrested on the charge of larceny. A few years ago he was an industrious student at college, and for a time youthful indiscretion he was expelled—soon to busy life with disgrace hanging about him. Away from home and friends, he formed the acquaintance of evil companions, and a love of strong drink was at once acquired.

Lost to all parental restraint, he relinquished his books, and to-day, though he has just reached man's estate, he is in our prison walls, a confirmed drunkard, charged with crime! We have thought as we gazed on the young man, after he had been committed by Alderman Ense, of the anxious progress of intemperance upon his still earlier days, How vainly its victims strive to break asunder the unyielding fetters, and, while convulsing are struck down by its hands, and has led to the dark gloom of destruction? Sad, sad, indeed, is the tale of woe, of sleepless nights, bitter tears, and broken hearts, that comes to us like a low wail of a mourner on a cold winter night, and causes us to weep over the sorrows of those near and dear to us—our cohorts to mortality, who have been wrecked on the ocean of life.

Under these baneful influences of intemperance, how many a home has been deserted that might have been a perpetual source of domestic joy! How many hearts have been left without one solitary ray of comfort to cheer them, that might have beat in unison with the warm impulses of its fellows!—and how many an infant, oppressed with the incubus of deadly thoughts, has been racked and ruined, that might have graced the literary cohort of a nation, or sazzed in council halls! Many there have been who are now for ever crushed under the potent energies of the devil of intemperance, that might have played a useful and happy part in the drama of existence, or under the sway of religious indifference, trodden the peaceful walks of private life in the dispensation of joy and charity to multitudes around them. But what is the reality of to-day? Ask the widowed mother's heart—ask the orphan—the policeman's roll—the judge's sentence—the gibbet, and the scaffold.

"Ask death—he can tell."

—Philadelphia Press.

The Place of Safety.

The following is taken from a late address by Rev. Mr. Thrall, to his Sabbath school in Bridgeport:

"The place of duty, is the place of safety; the place always in time escapes many a

collision, the ship in its true course escapes many a rock, and the child promptly in its right place, will in God's providence avoid many a calamity."

A short time since, a member of this Sabbath school, visiting a lady in New York, was invited by her to take a ride up the Sound. The little girl was delighted with the proposal until she recollects that it could cause her to miss her Sunday school. "No," she replied, "I can't go, I must be with my class." The child's father was then applied to, and his consent obtained, but now, she would not be happy away from her teacher and place on Sunday morning. As they paraded, the child coming home, and the lady taking the propeller. J. N. Thoms, for New London. Near midnight, while the passengers were asleep, a steamer driving along from the east ran into the propeller. As the lady and her companion lie under the deep waves of the Sound, confined in that ill-fated vessel, while the little girl, because of her determination to be at her post, is here with us to-day, thanking God for his mercy. Remember children, the place of duty is the place of safety."

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Hints to Ministers.

Expect much and much will be given. People are perishing every day; and our own entrance into eternity can not be far distant. Let us, like Mary, do what we can, and doubt God will bless it, and reward us openly.

Seek to be lamb-like; without this all your efforts to do good to others will be as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

Get much of the hidden life in your own soul; soon it will make life spend around.

Never forget that the end of a sermon is the salvation of the people.

"Cleave to the Lord; not to man, but to the Lord."

Do not fear the face of man. Remember how small their anger will appear in eternity.

"U, fight hard against sin and the devil. The devil never sleeps; be ye also active for good."

But an inch of time remains, and the eternal ages roll on forever; but an inch on which we stand and preach the way of salvation to the perishing world.

It is not great talents God gives, so much as great likenesses to Jesus. A toy minister is an awful weapon in the hand of God.

AN INFIDEL MATCHED.—Carrington was a famous infidel speaker in the west, who was the terror of many of the preachers, unable as they were to meet, at a moment's notice, cavils with which he often interrupted them in the midst of their discourses. He met his match, however, in Rev. Mr. Quickly, who had a dash of eccentricity with his native good sense, making him a popular as well as instructive preacher. He was speaking of the nature and destiny of the immortal soul, when the infidel rose in the crowded house, and said he knew "the Hebrew and the Greek, and the word that is translated soul in the Bible might just as well be rendered wind, or smell, or a smelling-bottle, or anything of that sort; and it was all nonsense to talk about people having a soul in them to live forever." Well, well, said old Mr. Quickly, "let's try how it will read; here is my text: 'What shal profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his smelling-bottle?'" The people took the illustration, and a laugh of derision sent the scoffer away abashed at his own impudence and defeat.

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C. FLOOD.—LEATHER AND SHOE FINDINGS.

By the John Barber.

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