

Poetry

STRENGTH IN GOD ONLY.

I have, and have some cause, to love the earth;
She is my Maker's creature; therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;

She is very tender nurse; she gives me food;

But what's a creature, Lord, compare'd with
thee?

Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me?

I love the air her dainty waters refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;

Her shrill-mouth'd quite a sustains me with their
 bless.

And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But that's the air or all the sweets that she
 can bless.

Can bless my soul withal, compare'd to thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store:

She waits me round: she makes my diet greater:

She waits my treasure from a foreign shore:

But, Lord, of oceans, when compared with the
 sea?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;

Miner's eye by contemplation's great attorney,

Transcends the crystal prospect of the sky:

But, what is heaven, great God, compare'd to
 thee?

Without thy presence heaven's no heaven to
 me.

Without thy presence earth gives no reflection;

Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;

Without thy presence heav'n's a rank infection;

If not possess'd it not enjoy'd in then,

What's earth, sea, or air, or heav'n to me?

The highest honor that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;

The brightest beams of glory are at, at most;

But dying sparkles of thy living fire:

The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
 But mighty glow-worms if compare'd to thee;

Without thy presence wealth is bags of care;

Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet—sadness:

Friendship is treason, and delights are snare;

Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasure mad-

ness;

Without thee, Lord, things be not what they
 be.

Not have they being, when compare'd with
 thee.

JO having all things and not thee, what have I?

Not having thee, what have my labors got?

Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?

And having thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be
 possess'd, of heav'n, heav'n unpossess'd of
 thee.

OLD BETTY.

"Have you never heard the story of old Betty?" said I to a friend, who was telling me some history of domestic discontent.

"No."

Then let me tell it to you. The story was told to me by a young lady, whom I met at the sea-side; and though I believe it has appeared in print, I know no other version of it but one she told me.

"Some years after I was converted," said Miss T., "it pleased the Lord to lay me aside from active occupation, and to confine me to a sick couch for full two years. This inactivity was very grievous to me, and my constant prayer was for restoration to health, and power once more to go about visiting the sick and teaching the ignorant.

"When visited by kind Christian ministers and sympathizing friends, my constant request was that they would pray for my recovery, and that I might have faith to believe that the Lord would heal me.

"Still I grew no better. About the end of the second year, I one afternoon received a dispatch from a minister unknown to me who in God's providence was then visiting the place where I lived. He read and prayed with me; he sympathized with my sufferings, and listened to my trouble. I lamented to him my weak faith, which I felt assured was the cause of my continued weakness of body."

"Miss T.," replied the minister, "have you never heard the story of Betty, the match-seller?"

I had, not. "Old Betty," said he, "was brought to the knowledge of Jesus in her old age; and from the time of her conversion never thought she could do enough for Him who had loved her and washed her from her sins in his own blood."

"She went about doing good. She was ready to speak of her Lord and Master to all she met. She would nurse the sick, visit the afflicted, be for the poor and heathen; she would give to those poorer than herself portions of what the kindness of Christian friends bestowed on her.

"In short she was always abounding in the work of the Lord.

"But in the midst of the happy course, she caught a violent cold and rheumatism, and was confined to her bed; there she lay, day after day, and week after week, and, I believe, lay there the whole year call her home."

"On her sick bed Betty was as happy as she had begun her active duties; she was much in prayer, and repeated hymns and passages of Scripture; she meditated on good things she had learned, and on the good lead to which she was assisting her to learn it.

The clock struck, and Lillie was obliged to close her book and go with her sister to the school-room, where their governess was already waiting for them. During the morning, Lillie's pen once or twice fell from her idle fingers to the floor, the noise of which startled her from the dreams into which she had fallen. She seemed to have forgotten her lessons, and to be thinking of nothing but the book that she had been reading before the school time. Miss Morton had to reprove her many times for her inattention.

"Next all sin, not all," said old Betty. "When I was well I used to hear the Lord say to me, by day, day, Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty do this; Betty, do that; and I now hear him say again, but how little I expected, Betty, to see you so patient. It must be a great trial to one of your active mind to lie here so long doing nothing."

Lillie again turned to her book, with which she appeared to be deeply engaged, and, would confess to Essie's entreaties. Just as the latter was turning sorrowfully away, her brother joined them, and, seeing Essie's sad looks, asked what was the matter. He was told, and he soon dispersed the cloud which had gathered on his little sister's brow by explaining her lesson, and assuring her to learn it.

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The afternoon, which was a holiday for the children, Lillie's mamma asked her to hem a handkerchief for her. Now Lillie was dressing a doll for Essie, and, if she had been an obedient little girl, she would gladly have left off the doll's frock and went to work for her mamma. But Lillie was only dressing the doll for her own pleasure, and not to oblige her little sister. She began very reluctantly to hem the handkerchief, and had not hemmed an inch when she complained that she had pricked her finger at the fine needle and the muslin was so stiff.

The doll's frock was much stiffer than the handkerchief, and Lillie managed not to prick her finger in sewing it, but the truth was like the truth in wearing it, she was still and cough.

Martin Luther says, "Once I was bold to inscribe to God, but surely the Lord despised this arrogance of mine, and said, I am God, and not to be equal."

Some one of Luther's disciples, Antony Ulrich Duke of Brunswick, Lueneburg writes:

Trust in God!
Thou forlorn one, cease thy moan;
All thy pain and all thy sorrows,
Are to God, the highest, known,
He leaves thee now, but helps to-morrow.

Trust in God!
Thou a servant of God, now thou art
 a son of God; thy master is now thy father;
 thy bonds, thy fetters, are now thy robes;
 thy keeper, thy master, holds thy soul safe.

Hold to God!
Lillie recited that she had said her usual prayers, but she owned she had not thought of what she was saying—she had prayed only with her lips, and not with her heart. Her mamma said, "I hope, dear Lillie, that you now see that in your strength you can do nothing. But Jesus

said, 'Thy soul's health may better fare;

So may thou know the fear of Heaven,

Comes in his paternal care."

Hold to God!

With love and trust in Jesus Christ.

JOHN L. SUMMERS

THE RELIGIOUS

BE SURE YOUR SINS WILL FIND YOU OUT!

Some years since, the Express Company of Wells, Butterfield & Co., running into the valley of the Mississippi, was robbed of \$50,000. It was abstracted from their Express car, by substituting a box of lead for one filled with gold coin. So exact was the resemblance, that the fraud was discovered until the box was opened at the government office in New York. It consisted of U. S. funds from the land office at St. Paul, and as the Express Company was responsible, they immediately replaced it from their own treasury.

At the time of the robbery, there was not the remotest suspicion of the perpetrator. The officers could not fix their eye or thoughts upon any individual, and although the whole matter was placed in the hands of experienced detective police officers, they were embarrassed at the outset.

But then their suspicions were roused, and a point fixed at which all their attention was directed.

The express agent, who had the treasure in charge, was an old, faithful officer, and so strong was the confidence of the officers in his integrity, that he was never allowed to act as a party to the bold robbery. But suddenly, with out any apparent cause, he resigned his position.

From that hour, running through successive months, an unseen detective was constantly on the prowl.

He was followed to New England, to his native place in Massachusetts, back to New York, to the Western States, over railways, up and down rivers, into hotels and places of public resort, until all his movements, companions, and objects of pursuit were perfectly familiar to him.

In the New Testament that have awoken to spiritual life hundreds of millions of dormant souls. In those less moments reading has a wondrous power.

George Law, a boy on his father's farm, met an old unknown book, which told the story of a farmer's son who went away to seek his fortune, and came home, after many years' absence a rich man. From that moment George became uneasy, left home, lived over again the life he had read of, returned a milionaire, and paid all his father's debts. Robinson Crusoe has sent to sea more sailors than the press-gang. The story about Little George Washington telling the truth about the hatchet and the plum-tree has made many a truth teller. We owe all the Waverley novels to Scott's early reading of the old traditions and legends; and the whole body of pastoral fiction came from Addison's sketches of Sir Roger de Coverley in the Spectator. But illustrations are numberless. Tremble, ye who write, and ye who publish writing. A pamphlet has precipitated a revolution. A paragraph quenches or kindles the celestial spark in a human soul—in myriad souls.—*The World.*

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury Mass., has discovered in one of our common pasture woods a remedy with which he has cured 1000 cases of scrofulous disease, a common pimple, and has tried it in eleven hundred cases and never failed except in two instances, with two hundred certificates of its virtue, all within 10 miles of Boston.

The discovery is warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth; one to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.

Four to twelve bottles will cure all kinds of eruptions of the skin.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eye.

Two bottles are warranted to cure running ulcers.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the nose.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the heart.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the liver.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the spleen.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the lungs.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the kidneys.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the bowels.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the brain.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the heart.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the eyes.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the skin.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the joints.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the bones.

Two bottles are warranted to cure all diseases of the heart.

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