

## Poetry.

From the Morning Star.

## MY SOUL AND I.

Soul, come and talk with me—  
Where are you going?  
What walk do ye walk with me?  
What harvest are ye sowing?  
What field tares, what stubble,  
What bonnage, what trouble—  
Answer me it—  
For none are nigh,  
Save the Infinite  
And you and I.

O Soul, ye are holy,  
Spotless and clean,  
Do you mind to speak only  
The things that I mean.  
In loving and giving  
And holiest living  
Seek ye the Perfect One,  
Dwelling in light?  
Answer me, answer me,  
Here this night!

I list—did I hear ye?  
Was it a breath—  
A gust of the night-wind  
Struggling in death?  
No pointing—speak out,  
What fainting—what is't about?  
Is there *unfaithfulness*  
Written "on high"?  
Is there *untruth*  
Twist my soul and I?

O, Soul of mine, talk with me—  
God is above—  
We seek him in purity,  
He is in love—  
If clouds intervene,  
O, mist, come between  
To blind us to bind us  
To earth and to time,  
Answer thou it,  
O Soul of mine!

Pure in its purity,  
Perfect in love—  
This soul's surety  
For dwelling above,  
Say, are ye true to me?  
Is nothing due to me?  
Go shall ye dwell then  
In Eternal Truth,  
So feast ye, Soul,  
On Eternal Truth.

Soul, come and talk with me,  
Where are you going?  
How do ye walk with me?  
What seeds are ye sowing?  
What flares, what stubble—  
What bonnage, what trouble—  
Answer me it—  
For none are nigh,  
Save the Infinite  
And you and I.

A. J. H.

## THE REFORMATION—A TRUE STORY.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

"Some years since, a Superintendent of a Sabbath School was walking one evening, in one of the pleasant villages of Massachusetts. By some providence he turned out of his accustomed walk and was accosted by a child, who inquired if he were not a Sunday-school teacher. On being told that he was, she sighed, and said that she had long been wishing to go to the school, but that her parents forbade her. On being asked the reason of their objections, she wept profusely, said that her father was an infidel, and her mother so wicked, that when she asked to go to the Sunday School, they would chastise her for it, and that her parents forbade her. On being asked the reason of their objections, she wept profusely, said that her father was an infidel, and her mother so wicked, that when she asked to go to the Sunday School, they would chastise her for it, and that her parents forbade her."

"Oh! if my parents were willing, how glad I should be!"

"Will you direct me, my child, to your home? I will have some conversation with your parents respecting your coming to the school."

"O yes, and will thank you too."

"On entering their dwelling, I breathed forth a prayer to God that my visit to this family might be long remembered by me and by them. The child introduced me as one of the Sunday-school teachers, who wished to have some conversation with her father on the subject of his permitting her to attend the school."

"You wretch!" he exclaimed to his child, "have I not forbidden you to go to such places?"

"He then called for the rod to chastise her. I felt that I was in a delicate position, and at first stood amazed at such unnatural cruelty. I remarked that I hoped he would not punish the child, particularly as on this occasion I had been the cause of exciting his anger."

"Your daughter is kind, Sir, and obedient, is she not?"

"Yes, But who are you?"

"I am your friend, and wish to have a little conversation with you, if you please."

"Well, talk on."

"I hope you will not correct your child on account of my calling to see you, as I was pleased on meeting her with the simplicity of her conversation, and thought I should be pleased to see her father."

"Sir, I will take your advice; Jane will attend to your evening's business."

"After conversing with this man for nearly two hours on the subject of Sunday Schools, and the propriety of his sending Jane, he partially promised that she might go. 'What say you, mother, to our Jane's going to the Sunday School?' The mother refused with an oath: 'My heart began to despair, for I thought I had succeeded, and will thank you too.' I continued my entreaties for a short time to no purpose, and promised that I would call again."

"On the day following I called again, and after three hours of painful and laborious conversation, gained the consent of these parents that Jane might come to our Sunday School."

"The next Sabbath, with gratitude to God, I had the pleasure of receiving Jane into the Sunday School. After supplying her with books, I placed her under the care of Miss D., one of the most faithful teachers in our school. Jane had not been long with us, before it was plain that she had serious thoughts and feelings; and in a few Sabbaths after, her countenance indicated that a change too pleasing and too visible to be concealed, had taken place."

"At the close of the school one Sabbath, Miss D. requested me to remain, that I might have some particular conversation with Jane. We tarried after the school was closed, and I turned to the little girl, who said—

"Oh, Mr., you are the kindest of friends in this world; you have, by bringing me into this school, taught me how to worship God. Before I came here I used to feel bad, but could not help it. Miss D. has told me that sin is the cause of all our bad feelings—that we are all sinners in the sight of God. I have also learned in this school that we must pray to God that he would forgive us our sins. O, Sir, a few Sabbaths since I felt that there was no peace to my poor soul, and saw, that if I should then die, I must go to hell with the wicked. On leaving the school I resolved to pray to God that he would give me a heart to love and serve him; a heart to fear and obey my parents; a heart to love every body. And you cannot know what a weight my sins were to me; I could get no sleep on account of my sins. But I have longed for the last few days to see you. I have had such new feelings! My load is removed,—I could hardly wait for the Sabbath to come, that I might tell you what a Saviour I have found. I trust I have given

myself entirely to God. I feel that there is something in my heart which I cannot express. O how thankful to God I am for your care and attention,—for the instructions of Miss D.—for ever coming to the Sunday School; for here I have found the Saviour who loves me, and who has said to me, Seek me early,—seek me now, and you shall find me! Oh! will you pray for me,—pray for my father, mother, brothers, and sisters?—I have prayed for them,—I will continue to pray for them."

"This account, which I have related in her own language as nearly as possible, was almost too much for me. She was then only thirteen years of age. She was not only happy herself now in the enjoyment of religion, but it was her heart's desire that all her father's family might enjoy the same religion. While she did not forget to pray for them, she often introduced topics in conversation, to interest them in religion."

"From continued dissipation, the father induced a disease, which brought him near the gates of death. One morning, on Jane's visiting him, while very weak and low, he asked her if she thought he would get well? She replied, with tears, that she hoped he would,—but if it is God's will, dear father, that you should soon die, where will your soul be when you enter on eternity?"

"He gazed at her in silence; she then asked if he wished to have the good Sunday-school teacher call to see him?—'He will pray for you and your father.' He then said, 'Oh! my child, will you pray for me? and do you think God would hear prayer for such a wicked man as I am?' The weeping child knelt by the bedside of her sick father, and breathed out her soul to God in prayer, that he would pardon her dear father's sins, and prepare him for the events of the future. The unkind father was melted into contrition, on hearing such importunity to God, to bestow blessings from the throne of his grace upon such a sinner as he had been. The old man now prayed,—felt the efficacy of prayer,—felt that he was a sinner against God;—yes, the aged sinner prayed; and his prayer, we believe, was heard. Under God, Jane was the instrument of her father's conversion. God in mercy restored him to health, a new man,—an humble Christian. On his recovery, he was soon seen in the Sunday School, which he had so long opposed, where he then confessed, before teachers and scholars, how much he then felt on account of his past conduct to the school. He asked the forgiveness of all."

"He is now an excellent teacher, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, in the Sunday School. The mother soon became serious; her brothers and one sister were all anxious for the salvation of their souls, and to make their peace with God. In a few months from the time that Jane entered our school, she came forward with her father, mother, four brothers, and a sister, who all joined the Church of God! Thus she was instrumental, in one short summer, in the conversion of ten persons, all of whom were formerly wicked. Where formerly oaths were daily heard, now morning and evening prayer is offered, and the blessing of God supplicated to rest upon Sunday Schools, to which through the goodness of God eight undying souls ascribe their conversion."

## TOO PROUD TO TAKE ADVICE.

A boy took his uncle down on Long Wharf to see a new ship that lay there. His uncle was an old ship-master, and Harry was at some pains to show him his own knowledge. There was only one sailor on board, and as the visitors passed and repassed the hatches, "Mind ye, mind ye," he said, "don't fall into the hold or ye'd never see daylight again."

"There is no danger of my uncle," said Harry proudly, "he knows a ship from stem to stern; and so do I, too."

As they came down the ladder and walked away, "I was so provoked with that old salt," he said, "he seemed to think we were knowing land-men, with not sense enough to keep from pitching into the first danger. I wonder you should thank him for the advice, uncle; I was provoked."

"I should be every sorry to take offence at well-meant advice," said the uncle. "Did you ever read about the Royal George, Harry?"

"You mean that big ship which foundered one pleasant day in some English harbor, and all on board perished. I know something about it; but tell me more, uncle. How did it happen?"

"It was at Spithead, where the English fleet was at anchor. The Royal George was the flagship, and the Admiral Kempenfelt's blue flag floated from the mizzen. She was a fine ship of a hundred guns. She was about ready for sea, when the Lieutenant discovered that the water-deck was out of order. It was not thought necessary to haul her into dock for repairs, but kept her over until the damaged part was above water and repaired there. Keeling a ship, you know, is making her lean over on one side. A gang of men was sent from the Plymouth dock yards to help the ship's carpenters. The larboard guns were run out as far as possible and the starboard guns in midships, which made the ship heel to the larboard, so that her starboard side was far out of the water. The workmen had got at the mouth of the water-pipe, when a lighter laden with men, who were going to the water-deck, was piped to clear her. Now the port-sill of the larboard side was nearly even with the water, before the lighter came alongside, and when the men went down to take in her cables, the ship keeled more than ever; besides the sea had grown rougher since morning, washing the water into the lower deck ports."

The carpenter saw there was danger. He ran to the second Lieutenant, who was an officer of the watch, and told him the ship must be righted. The Lieutenant, angry that the carpenter should dictate to him, ordered him back to his work. Growing every instant more convinced of the imminent peril of the ship, the man went a second time to the officer, warning him that all would be lost if the vessel was not righted instantly; but he only got a volley of orders to the drummer to beat the quarters; but before the drummer had time to lay his drum, the ship keeled over a little more, and the men began to scramble down the hatchways to put the heavy guns in their proper places. Alas, it was too late. Men may begin their duty too late. Already the water was rushing in; she filled rapidly, settled fast, and, almost before help or rescue could be thought of, down went the Royal George, carrying her admiral, officers, men, and many nobles and strangers on board to the number of a thousand souls, down, down to a watery grave, so awfully sudden that a few only on the upper deck could save themselves. And to perish on a fair day in sight of land surrounded by a fleet of ships, all aggravated the terrible disaster. As the English poet Cowper has it:

"It was not in battle,  
Nor tempest gave the shock,  
She sprang on fatal leak,  
She ran upon no rock."

"Awful!" said Harry, shuddering; "and to have it owing to the pride of that foolish Lieutenant! too proud to take the carpenter's advice; that was the worst of all. I suppose you told me to that account. I thank you, uncle. Oh, that poor Lieutenant. His own life, and the life of a thousand others, staked upon his feeling proud. I am sure it makes the Bible account of pride awfully true. 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'"

There was a rich man at the court of King Herod; he was his high chamberlain, was clothed in costly apparel, and lived in greatest magnificence. And there came to him from distant lands a friend of his youth whom he had not seen for many years. Anxious to do him honour, the high chamberlain made a great feast and invited

all his friends. The tables were laden with the most delicate viands on dishes of gold and silver, and many costly vessels filled with wines of all kinds. The rich man sat at the head of the table; on his right hand sat the friend who had come from distant lands; and they ate, and drank, and were satisfied. Then said the stranger to the king's high chamberlain: "I have never seen such magnificence as this in my native land. And he praised all he saw and esteemed his friend the happiest of men. But the rich man the king's high chamberlain, took an apple from out of a golden dish; the apple was large and smooth and rosy as the cheek of a sleeping infant; and as he handed it to his friend, he said, 'Behold this apple, it lay upon a golden dish, and it is lovely to look upon.' And the stranger the friend of his youth, took the apple and cut it through; but, alas! it was covered with worms. Then the stranger gave a glance towards his host. But the high chamberlain looked down and sighed.—Kummacher.

## JUPITER AND THE SHEEP.

A FABLE.

The sheep was doomed to suffer much from all the animals. She came to Jupiter, and prayed him to lighten her misery. Jupiter appeared willing, and said to the sheep, "I see, indeed, my good creature, I have made thee too defenseless. Now choose in what way I may best remedy this defect. Shall I furnish thy mouth with terrible teeth, and thy feet with claws?"

"Ah, no," said the sheep, "I do not wish to have anything in common with the beasts of prey like the lion and the eagle."

"Or," continued Jupiter, "shall I infuse poison into thy spittle?"

"Alas!" replied the sheep, "the poisonous serpents are so hated."

"What, then, shall I do? I will plant horns in thy forehead, and give strength to thy neck."

"Not so, kind father. I might be disposed to bear like the lion and the eagle."

"And yet," said Jupiter, "thou must thyself be able to injure others, if others are to be aware of injuring thee."

"Must I?" sighed the sheep. "Oh, then, kind father, let me be as I am, for the ability to injure, I fear, will excite the desire; and is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. I pray thee, let me be as I am."

Jupiter blessed the good sheep, and from that forth she forgot to complain.—Lessing's Fables.

## THE TRUE WISDOM.

A man may know all about the rocks, and his heart remain as hard as they are; a man may know all about the winds, and be the sport of passions as fierce as they; a man may know all about the stars, and his fate be the meteor's, that, after a brief and brilliant career, is quenched in eternal night; a man may know all about the sea, and his soul resemble its troubled waters, which cannot rest; a man may know how to rule the elements, yet know not how to rule his own; a man may know how to turn aside the flashing thunderbolt, but he may know of God from his own guilty head; he may know all that the Laces knew—all that the greatest geniuses have known; he may know all mysteries and all knowledge, but if he does not know his Bible, what shall it avail? I take my stand by the bed of a dying philosopher as well as of a dying miser, and ask of the world's wisdom as of the world's wealth, 'What shall it profit a man if he gained the whole world, but he should lose his own soul?' I despise not the lights of science; but they burn in a dying chamber as dim as its candles. They cannot penetrate the mists of death, nor light the foot of the weary traveler on his way in that valley through which we have all to pass. Commend me, therefore, to the light which illumines the last hour of life—commend me to the light that can irradiate the face of death—commend me to the light which, when all others are quenched, shall guide my feet to the portals of that blessed world where there is no need of the sun, and no need of the moon, and no need of any created lights, for God and the Lamb are the light thereof. Brethren, leave others to climb the steep of fame—brother, sister, put your feet upon the ladder that scales the sky; nor mind though your brows are never crowned with falling bays, if you win, through faith in Jesus the crown of eternal life.—Dr. Guthrie.

**FLOR, MOLASSES, TEA, &c.**—The subscribers offer for sale the following Goods, 1,000 Bbls. Extra Super Flour, including the following brands:

1000 Bbls. Superior Mills; 300 " Port Byron " 300 " Somerset " 1,200 Bbls. Superior Flour, assorted as follows:

600 Bbls. Anglo-Saxon Mills; 200 " Acme " 200 " Acme " 150 " Union " 200 Bbls. Family Flour, "Champion" Mills; 100 Bbls. Best Extra Family Flour, 200 Bbls. Middling Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 1 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 2 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 3 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 4 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 5 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 6 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 7 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 8 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 9 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 10 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 11 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 12 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 13 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 14 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 15 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 16 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 17 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 18 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 19 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 20 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 21 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 22 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 23 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 24 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 25 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 26 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 27 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 28 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 29 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 30 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 31 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 32 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 33 Flour, 200 Bbls. No. 34 Flour, 200 Bbls. 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