

Poetry.

THE LAST WORDS OF SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

"Glory, glory, dwelleth in Immanuel's Land."

The sands of Time are sinking—the dawn of Heaven breaks;

The summer noon I've sighed for—the fair, sweet morn awakes;

Dark, dark hath been the midnight, but day-spring is at hand;

And "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!"

O! well it is for ever; O! well for evermore;

My nest hung in no forest of all this death-doomed shore;

Yes, let the vain world perish, as from the ship the strand,

While "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

Of in you sea-beat prison, my Lord and I held

For Annoh was not Heaven, and preaching was not Christ;

And my mosturk storm-cloud was by a rainbow span'd

Caught from the "Glory" dwelling—in Immanuel's land.

The little birds of Annoh, I used to count them blest;

Now, beside happier altars, I go to build my nest;

O'er these there broods no silence—no groves around them stand,

For "Glory," deathless, "dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

Fair Annoh by the Solway, to me thou still art dear,

Even from the verge of heaven I drop for thee a tear;

O! if one soul from Annoh meet me at God's right hand,

My heaves will be two heavens in "Immanuel's land."

I've wrestled on towards Heaven, 'gainst storm, and wind and tide;

Now these all lie behind me; O! for a well-tuned harp!

O! to join Hallelujah with you triumphant band,

Who sing where "Glory dwelleth—in Immanuel's land?"

With mercy and with judgment my web of Time He wove;

And aye the dews of sorrow were lusted with His love;

I'll bless the Hand that guided; I'll bless the Heart that planned,

When throned where "Glory dwelleth—in Immanuel's land."

Soon shall the cup of Glory wash down earth's bitterest woe;

Soon shall the desert brier break into Eden's rose;

The curse shall change to blessing, the name on earth that's bannd'

Be graven on the White Stone, in "Immanuel's land."

I shall sleep sound in Jesus, filled with His like-ness rise;

To love and to adore Him, to see Him with these eyes:

'Tween me and resurrection but Paradise doth stand;

Then—for "Glory" dwelling in "Immanuel's land,"

I have borne scorn and hatred; I have borne wrong and shame;

Earth's wrong ones have reproached me for Christ's three blessed name;

Where God's set the fairest, they've stamped the foulest brand;

But judgment shines like noonday in "Immanuel's land."

They've summoned me before them, but there I may not come,

My Lord says "come up hither," my Lord says "welcome home;"

My Kingly King, at His white throne, my presence doth command,

Where "Glory, glory dwelleth—in Immanuel's land."

The Scottish parish where he was settled.

Things to Think About.

BY ALQUIS.

NUMBER XIII.

THAT CURSE.

I was on my way to the Post Office one morning, when I heard my name called in a frantic tone, and turning recognized a poor creature, whom I had seen a few weeks before, under painful circumstances. Perceiving that he had attracted my notice, he continued to call me, requesting that I would come to him; and, intermingling his requests with expressions of thankfulness, as that God had sent me that way.

If I had not known him I might have been momentarily deceived by his earnest manner. But it was only too plain that he was quite beside himself. He was almost naked, and the clothing he wore was coarse and dirty. His beard was of many days growth, his hair uncombed, his face unshaved, and he seemed to have come from the gutter, which was not improbable. Tearing off his coat, he threw it upon the sidewalk, and begged me to kneel down, and offer up just one prayer that Christ would have mercy upon his soul; himself setting me the example by assuming the attitude, if I would do it he would give me—but I need not repeat his ravings.

It was a sad sight. A more pitiable object it would be difficult to find. Like the maniac whom Christ met coming out of the tombs, he was an outcast, drenched, an object of terror to the timid, and appealed to the compassion and sympathy of beholders. Once he was not so. There was a time when he lay peacefully asleep on his mother's knee, a sweet, innocent babe. There was a time when a little child, he bent the knee and said "Our Father." There was a time when he was led by the hand to the house of God, and taught to love him and keep his commandments.

There was a time when he gave promise of being a useful citizen; for he had learned a trade, and displayed skill in his business. And what has brought him to this? Answer ye who have invested your thousands in breweries and distilleries. Answer ye who have sold the poisons manufactured from the fruits of the earth, and exchanged them for the hard-earned earnings of human toil. Answer, gentlemen of the Legislature who authorize the sale of intoxicating

drinks, and ye magistrates who give to each their punishment of death. Answer, society, whose frown is dark and overshadowing, whose sneers are hissing and sarcastic, against all who refuse to touch, taste, and handle the degrading and polluting thing. Answer, ye divines, who rank the poisonous doctrines of modern distillation among the good creatures of God, which we may not refuse, because they are sanctified by the word of God and by prayer; and who put down Christ at Cana as the prince of manufacturers. Answer, ye church-members who believe in moderation, and go for temperance in all things. What he was, let his mother, his teacher, his master, his neighbors regrettably settle; what he is, the tavern and the gutter, his familiar haunts, may publish; what he will be—he should at the thought of a deeper depth, a more polluted hell, to which drunkard's sink; but not alone. When God cursed Eve, his anathemas were not exhausted. If she suffers for her sin, her tempter does not escape. And so hath God willed it that the tempter and the tempted shall reap corruption, in proportion to the seed they scatter. Let me rather bear the victim's curse, than suffer the torments of the tempter's hell. If there be one spot more unbearable than another in the Lake of fire, it must be appropriated in strict justice to him who lured, for the sake of gain, a thirst-crazed mortal on and on till he falls in a miserable wreck into the abyss of perdition.

Stay we not. I will curse the poison which thrones reason, pollutes the body, and destroys the soul. Yes, let it be deemed deserved for evermore. While I hold a pen never let one line be written in favor of strong drink. Perish first the hand that guides it. While I have a tongue to speak, let no word pass my lips which will help my brother to trifles with this curse of curses. Rather let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. I hate strong drink. I hate the traffic, I hate the law which sanctions it. May that hatred grow with my growth, and strengthen with my strength. And as I hate the drunk, the traffic, and the law, may I pity their victims. Victims there are on both sides of the counter; victims who buy, and victims who sell. I have no hatred for them. Escape for your lives; escape lest you perish. There is woe for the man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's mouth, and woe for him who drinks and is drunken. At any cost abandon the traffic; at any sacrifice, give up the tipping.

THE RELIGIOUS

By his side stands an old man, who has nine sons and relatives, skilled in working all manner of work in stone, and all are to work on your church. Before he puts the Bible in the box, and the box in the corner stone, he opens and reads a little letter. It is from Virginia B., a little girl who lives down in the "Old Dominion." She has sent in a little gold dollar, and wants it "to put in the corner stone."

And here an old man in the crowd, perched upon a stone (and he wasn't a Methodist neither) "spoke right out in the meeting," and said "God bless little Virginia B." And all the people said, Amen! Amen!

Then Mr. C. told us about the dollar, and read the letter. When he first opened and read it, he determined to buy a Bible with it, and put it in the corner stone. So he walks right into the bookstore, and reads the letter, and says to the bookseller, "I want the very best Bible this gold dollar will buy." And what does that generous man do but gives him that rich hand Bible with gold clasps, and then goes to the Secretary, all pleased, as he was, and makes him still more pleased, by handing him back Virginia's dollar, and telling him "take it and put it in the corner stone?" Here is the dollar, and now what she'll do with it! Shall we put it in the box with the Bible? Did Virginia think that this little dollar has done all the good it can in the world? I think not; for you see she says in her letter, "If some other child has anticipated me, and the corner stone is paid for, you can put it into some other stone." I will tell you what we will do with it; we will give it to the old man who has cut the corner stone."

"Yes! yes!" said the same old man on the stone; "there he stands close by you."

So he did. Turning to Old Man Sheff, he gave him the dollar.

You should have seen him after the benediction was pronounced, going round among the crowd, and showing that gold dollar. He says he will never part with it. "Unless," said one "you get as hungry as you were last winter."

"O! yes! yes!" hunger breaks through stone walls."

Now, boys, I want to give you an example, and leave your parents to make the application. So take out your slate, make your figures tall and neat, every one in its proper place, and go at it. That gold dollar has "set me a thinking."

Supposing that God should spare your life to see "three score and ten years," and you were to put that dollar at interest, at ten per cent, how much at compound interest would it come to in 70 years? That won't take you long to do if you are smart. But here is another. "The world and all things in it is to be burned up."

Suppose Virginia had put her dollar at interest the same rate, and God should spare the world five hundred years, how much would it amount to that time, and if never kept, how many churches would little Virginia's gold dollar build like the church you are building at St. Anne, at \$10,000 a-piece. Figure them out, and send the answer to the editor of the Expositor, and he will print them.

Good bye. If God spare my life to see the capstone of your church laid, I will write you again.—[N. Y. Observer.]

THE CHILDRENS' CHURCH.

All our young readers know something already of the enterprise which has been undertaken in Illinois, to build a church for the converted Romanists of the Kankakee colonies, by the contributions of children alone.

The following letter, from Mr. Charles A. Spring, a brother of Rev.

Dr. Spring, of this city, who is devoting his time and valuable labor to the good of these colonies, although addressed to the children of the Presbyterian Church, will be read with great interest and pleasure by the children of all who are taught to love our common Saviour and his people.

We copy it from the Presbyterian Expositor of Chicago.

ST. ANNE, KANKAKEE CO., Ill., Sept. 12, 1860.

To the Children of the Presbyterian Church in all the United States.

Some of our dear children know, and some of you do not know, that the Board of Church Extension of our Church have resolved to erect a large stone house of worship at this place. Do you want to know why? Of course you do, and right you are in so desiring. You want to know, and I want to tell you all about it. You must know, then, that here at St. Anne is a large people.

Within a few miles of this place, are three or four thousand men, women and children. They are French, and came to this place from Canada.

When they came here they were all Roman Catholics. The Bible, the Book of God, has been much read among them the past two years.

Slaves to the superstition of the Romish Church, they soon learned, that "to know and embrace the truth," was to be "free indeed."

They read the Bible much—they "searched the Scriptures."

They soon learned that it was not right to have and worship images. Ah! you and I know who and when, and how, the great God said, "Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

And then there was the Confessional, the master invention of the great Master Spirit, who, when all was peace in heaven, rebuked and fell. Spell bound, and priest bound, and held bound, the Bible, precious book, came to them, and set them free. At length a great Catholic Bishop, hearing that they were reading the Bible, came in a grand coach, all clothed in his scarlet robes, and, as in great state he drove up, one in high office went before him, and told the people "to bow the knee" to him. But the day of their deliverance was come, and God being with them, and giving them courage, they would not do it—no, not one. One said to the Bishop, that he must know, then, that here at St. Anne is a large people.

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