

## Poetry.

### The Rod.

BY THE REV. HORATIO BONAR, D. D.  
I weep, but do not yield, I mourn, yet still rebel;  
My innocent soul seems steel'd, cold and immovable.

The wound is sharp and deep: my spirit bleeds within;

And yet I lie asleep, and still I sin, I sin.

My bruised soul complains of stripes without,

within;

I feel these piercing pains—yet still I sin, I sin.  
O'er me the low cloud hung its weight of shade  
and fear;

Unmoved I passed along, and my sin is here.

You massive mountain-peaks the lightning rends at will;

The rock can melt or break—I am unbroken still.

My sky was once noon-bright, my day was calm the while,  
I loved the pleasant light, the sunshine's happy smile.

I said, my God, oh, sure, this love will kindle mine;

Let but this calm endure, then all my heart is thine.

Alas! I knew it not!—the summer flung its gold.

Of sunshine o'er my lot, and yet my heart was cold.

Trust me with prosperous days, I said, O spare the rod;

Thee and thy love I'll praise, my gracious patient God.

Must I be smitten, Lord? Are gentler measures gain?

Must I be smitten, Lord? Can nothing save but pain?

Thou trustedst me a while; alas! I was deceived; I revelled in the smile, yet to the dust I cleaved. Then the fierce tempest broke. I knew from whom it came,

I read in that sharp stroke a Father's hand and name.

And yet I did thee wrong; dark thoughts of thee came in,—

A forward, selfish throng—and I allowed the sin!

I did them wrong, my God, I wronged thy truth and love,

I fretted at the rod, against thy power I strove.

I said, my God, at length, this stony heart resists,

Deny all other strength, but give me strength to love.

Come nearer, nearer still, let not thy light de-part;

Bend, break this stubborn will, dissolve this iron heart.

Less wayward let me be, more pliable and mild; In glad simplicity more like a trustful child.

Less, less of self each day, and more, my God, of thee;

O keep me in the way, however rough it b.

Less of the flesh each day, less of the world and sin;

More of the love, I pray, more of thyself with'n. Riper and riper now, each hour let me become, Less fit for scenes below, more fit for such a home.

More moulded to thy will, Lord, let thy servant be,

Higher and higher still, liker and liker thee.

Have sought that is unmeet; o' all that is mine own.

Strip me; and so complete my training for the throne.

## Miscellaneous.

From the N. Y. Observer.

Johnny Morrow, the Newsboy.

The death of Johnny Morrow, a newsboy, was mentioned in the papers a few days since. His history is an interesting one, and I send it to you for publication in the Observer. It may do good especially to your young readers.

One cold night in the month of December, 1854, there came to the Newsboys' Lodging-House, in Fulton street, a boy, beggar, the running of staying over night. He came, leading by the hand a little brother, younger than himself, both most pitiable objects—poor, starved, vagrant, vagabond children—thrown out upon the charities of a cold world.

When the boy came up the stairs on that bleak December night it was with a lie on his tongue to tell. He knew inquiries would be made of him, and he would be ashamed to own that his father was an incorrigible drunkard—so he resolved to say that he had no father or mother. The last was true.

There was a sleeper in a graveyard in England who had been one of the best of mothers, who had taught him to say his little prayers, and especially, "Our Father, who art in heaven." And he remembered her beautiful face and her sweet voice.

Johnny's father was once an architect in England and lived in his own neat little cottage, and he could remember how kind this father always was. But when his own dear mother was laid away in the grave and another took her place—an unprincipled, intemperate, cruel woman—a great change came over the household. His father began a downward course by spending his long evenings away from home in the taverns, and soon becoming a drunkard. He lost his little property, and then, in a fit of despair, came to this country, bringing the family with him. He settled down in one of our miserable streets, and though kind when he was sober, he drove little Johnny out to steal wood about the docks when he was in liquor, and to beg and pilfer, to help support the family. He was very cruel.

Johnny had a brave and an honest heart. The lie he had told on coming into the Lodging-House troubled him, and though he supposed he and his little brother would be driven into

street on acknowledging the deception he had practised, he resolved the next night on owning the truth. He went up to Mr. T——, the Superintendent, and, after gaining his attention, frankly confessed that he had told him a lie. Then he revealed to him the whole truth—that both his father and his step-mother were habitual drunkards, and both inflicted upon him and the children most inhuman beatings, until he had resolved to escape and take his little brother with him, and he would try to support both, as a newsboy.

It was a full, frank confession of his sins, lying, for which he said he was sorry and begged forgiveness, and revelation of the facts and circumstances of his wretched life. He was not much to little Johnny's surprise, turned into the street, but was treated with more kindness than before, and ever after he and the Superintendent were fast friends.

From that hour there was an uprising in the noble soul of Johnny, and he resolved, come what may, he would lead an honest, upright life. He felt that he had relieved his heart of great burdens. He said he did not know how to say the little prayers which his dear, precious mother had taught him in their home in England, and at the same time he felt that he was carrying a lie in his heart. The resolve to make a full confession cost him much—for he supposed it would thrust him and his little charge out into the cold streets, and the poor little boy could think of no way in which he could find any shelter if he acknowledged the lie. But he resolved, rather than harbor it, he would make the coal-holes and the empty barrels his lodgings-places. He was never known to swear from the truth, even in the smallest particular, afterward. The set of that night was supposed to have a very close and intimate relation to his subsequent conversion and salvation.

Johnny died suddenly. But underneath his pillow was found his pocket-book with a few shillings in it. In that pocket-book was a receipt, dated only a few days ago, for three dollars, which he had loaned to another newsboy to set him up in business. That receipt is a certificate of character, worth more than all the commendatory letters which titled men carry about them. Johnny took the care of all his brothers and sisters—for years ago the heartsease came one morning and carried all that remained of his father to the Potter's Field, with not a soul to follow him to the drunkard's grave. For some of the children he procured good homes in the West, and every one was provided for. He wrote a book, which was an account of his own life. It was all his own composition and arrangement, with the exception of some verbal emendations made by a friend. He hoped to be a student and he sold his book to aid him in defraying his expenses. He had the ministry in view and he looked forward to a life of usefulness.

His last act was a heroic one. He had a disengaged leg, and he went to a surgeon to have an operation performed upon it. He made all his own arrangements. He said to the surgeon—"Now I want you to make clean work of this. Make the operation once for all."

The surgeon said that the operation would have made any man qual before it, because it was so dangerous and painful.

The operation was performed skilfully and was successful. The surgeon said this was the noblest work he ever knew.

True to his own instincts—a desire to do everything himself for himself, which had always been one of his characteristics, he undressed to dress, one morning, his wound before the surgeon came. And in removing the bandages, he took the scissors, to cut away, as he supposed, a piece of skin, and unfortunately opened an artery and bled to death.

This world of money seemed to realize the fables of Eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and of the extent of the relations of this one institution to the commerce of the world.

## THE RELIGIOUS

## INTELLIGENCER

### FERGUSON BROS.

HAVE opened 65 King Street with a general stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods. Wholesale and retail.

SILKS.—Received per late steamers from Europe one of the largest lots of Black and Colored Silks ever imported into this Province. Prices same last year. Wholesale and Retail.

CARPETINGS.—A good assortment of Carpet-Rugs, &c.

BLACK BROAD CLOTHS, TWEEDS, &c., just opened for Wholesale.

no. 3 FERGUSON BROS.

**BRICK BUILDING EAST SIDE SIMMONDS STREET, PORTLAND.**

THE Subscriber is just receiving per Parkfield's from London:

2 tons White Lead,

3 pipes Linseed Oil,

10 Cwt. Turnips,

With an assortment of Col'd Paints.

10 Bus Hemp and Canary Seed.

Per Frank B. t' from Liverpool:

15 cwt carbonate of Soda,

2 tons Castor Oil from Boston —

2 tons Buckwheat Flour,

13 Pockets Java Coffee.

ALSO very large assortment of Druggist's Sun-dries and Fancy Goods.

Landing-Place Parkfield from London:

3 cases best E. L. Castor Oil, 2 cases Arrow Root,

1 case London Glue,

1 chest Cassia Bark, 2 bags Pimento,

case Carb of Magnesia, 12 cases Epson Salts,

1 case Tartaric Acid, 2 boxes Linseed Oil,

20 kg. Bi Carb. of Soda, 10 boxes Linum Alum,

1 case refined Borax, 10 cases Blue Alum,

8 cases Green Coppers, 1 case Spermaceti,

1 case Sulphur, 1 case Sper. Candles,

2 cases Pickles and Sauces.

12 cases Oats and 1 case No. 1 Barley,

2 cases Mustard, 2 bags Sennet Coleman's

Mustard