

POETRY.

I GO TO THE PRAYER-MEETING.

I love the place of social prayer;
I love its hallowed shrine;
I'll go to meet the Saviour there,
And claim his promise mine.

I'll go to strengthen those with whom
I am in covenant bound;
I would not fill their hearts with pain
That I'm unfaithful found.

I'll go because I feel I need
His influence on my heart,
To strengthen every grace and lead
My mind with earth to part.

I'll go because my vows are there—
I would not then erase;
Zion from me demands a care
That will her strength increase.

I'll go to tell the sinners round
I prize the place of prayer,
And if they seek I will be found
Where God appoints to care.

I'll go to cheer and animate
My pastor's anxious heart;
This is the place where he expects
The Church to bear her part.

I'll go because 'tis there I find
The manna of God's love;
His presence doth refresh my mind,
And raise my joys above.

I'll go because I would not tire,
Nor leave those sacred ways
Till all may join the heavenly choir
Where prayer shall all be praise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVIL ASSOCIATIONS.

The affecting case has recently occurred in the St. Louis criminal court. The defendant, arraigned for passing counterfeit money, was probably about twenty-eight years of age, though he had the appearance of being much older. He had evidently once been a free-looking man; in stature he was something over six feet, and his strongly marked features and prominent forehead gave evidence of more than ordinary intellect. But you could rarely discover that he had become a prey to the monster intemperance—the mark of the beast was stamped on his countenance, which gave it a vivid and unnatural glare. He was placed in the box with others who were to be arraigned upon the indictment preferred against them. All the others had pleaded not guilty (as is usual), and a day was set for their trial. The defendant was told to stand up, and the clerk read to him the indictment, which charged him with, having on the 10th day of August, passed to one Patrick O'Neal a counterfeit bill, purporting to be issued by the 2nd Municipality of the City of New Orleans, for the sum of three dollars; and upon being asked the question, Guilty or not guilty? he replied, "Guilty—guilty." Then, turning to the court, he remarked that, as this was the last time he ever expected to appear in court, he would be glad if he could be allowed to make a few remarks. After a pause, in which he was evidently endeavouring to calm his feelings, he proceeded as follows—

"May it please the Court,—In the remarks I shall make I will not attempt to extenuate my crime, or ask for your hands any sympathy in passing sentence upon me. I know that I have violated the laws of my country, and justly deserve punishment; nor would I recall the past, or dwell upon the bitter present, for my own sake. A wish to do good to others is my only motive.

"I shall, with the indulgence of the Court, give a brief narrative of my life, with a hope that those young men around me may take warning by it, and avoid the rock upon which I have split. I was born of respectable parents in the State of New-Jersey, and during my childhood, received every attention that fond parents could bestow upon an only son. It was early discovered that I had a fondness for books; and my father, although in limited circumstances, determined to give me a liberal education. I was sent to a high school in the neighbourhood; and such was my progress, that at twelve years of age my preceptor declared me qualified for college, and I accordingly entered one of the oldest universities in the country. Here I so distinguished myself that, at sixteen, I graduated with the second honours of the institution, and returned home, flushed with the brilliant prospect of success that lay before me. I soon after commenced the study of law, and when only in my twentieth year I obtained license to practice.

"Acting upon the advice of friends, I determined to try my fortune in the West. I accordingly arranged my affairs for departure early in the fall of 1838. I did not detain you with an account of my separation from those I held most dear—suffice to say, that I received the blessings of my parents, and, in return, promised faithfully and honestly to avoid all bad company, as well as their views. I did I kept my promise, I should have been saved this shame, and been free from the load of guilt that hangs around me continually, like a fiendish vulture, threatening to drag me to justice for crimes as yet unrevealed. But, to return, I left my early home, where all had been sunshine, and where my pathway had been strewn with flowers, to try my fortune among strangers, and to try my strength in buffeting the storms and tempests of the world. With a light heart I looked to the future; and taking the usual route I soon reached Wheeling, where I took passage on a boat for Louisville. On the boat a game of cards was proposed for amusement; and although I had promised faithfully to avoid such things, still I argued to myself, there was no harm in playing a game for amusement.

"One night I accompanied some young men to a gaming shop, and for the first time in my life I saw a Faro Bank. My companions commenced betting, and I was induced to join them, although I did not understand the game. Again I played with success; and when we left the house, was more than two hundred dollars winner. None of my companions were fortunate, and it was insisted that I was the lucky man, and I must treat. We accordingly repaired to my room, where I ordered wine, and before we broke up we were deeply intoxicated. With me it was the first time, and the next day I resolved I would never play cards again. I adhered to the determination for nearly three months, when I again yielded to the entreaties of my dissipated associates.

"I now played with varied success, and in all cases found an excuse for resorting to the wine-bottle. If I lost, I drank to drown sorrow; if I won, I treated my good fortune. Thus I progressed upon my downward course, until drinking and gambling became my chief employments. All my friends who were worth preserving abandoned me, until my only associates were drunkards and gamblers. When almost reduced to want (for I had left off business), I received a letter informing me of the death of my father—that father who watched over my early years—who loved me so tenderly. And did I act as an affectionate child? No. Vice had destroyed the human feelings of my heart, and left only the animal passions and appetites. As the letter contained a

check for \$500,—a part of my father's hard earnings,—I drowned my grief that night in a Bacchanalian revel, and in a few days I was again penniless. I will not dwell upon the every day scenes of my life, which were such as may at all times be witnessed at any of the two hundred dram-shops of our city; where wretched men squander the little pittance that justly belongs to their suffering wives and children.

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VARIETIES.

The world of fools has such a store,
That he who would not see an ass,
Must bide at home and bolt his food.
And break his looking-glass.

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness, that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men—were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

Dr. Deo Lewis, in his "Talks about Health," says,—"Ten persons die prematurely of too much food where one dies of drink. Thousands eat themselves into fever, bowel disease, dyspepsia, throat affections, and other maladies. We are quite certain that the throat troubles, with which many public speakers, and especially ministers, are tormented, originate in an overloaded stomach."

In one of the divisions of the army, there is a young captain, who was one day invited to a dinner in a general's tent. Wines and liquor were freely used, and the young captain was urged to join in the drinking, but he persistently refused. Entrances, rally, irony, scoffing were all employed in vain. He said he had promised his mother, before leaving home, not to touch intoxicating liquor, and he intended to keep his promise—"Mark my word," said the General, "that man will rise rapidly in his profession. The firmness he has this day shown will carry him with credit through whatever lies before him."

Old Dr Strong of Hartford, whose name is still a praise in the churches, had an unfortunate habit of saying amusing things when he went to his room—as when he was presiding in a meeting of ministers, and wishing to call on one of them to come forward and offer prayer, he said:

"Brother Colton, of Bolton,
Will you step this way,
And pray?"

To which Mr. Colton immediately answered without intending to perpetrate anything of the same sort:

"My dear brother Strong,
To be making a rhyme,
At such a solemn time,
And then Dr Strong added:

"I'm very sorry to see
That you're just like me."

The good man would not, for the world have made jests on such an occasion; but they could plead the same excuse for their rhymes that the boy did for whistling in school. "I didn't whistle air; I whistled itself!"

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"I loitered about this city for several weeks, and was sometimes engaged in posting up the books of some dram-shop, for which I was paid in the liquid fire, kept for the accommodation of customers. One evening I fell in company with a man who had lately been lodged in jail for passing counterfeit money. We played cards, and I won from him the three-dollar bill in question. The next day I learned it was counterfeit, and did not offer to pass it for some days. But at last I got out of all employment. I had no other money—I could meet no one who would ask me to drink. My appetite was like a raging fire within me. I could not endure it. I sought a dram-shop—offered the bill—it was accepted; and when found a few hours after, by the officers of justice, I was beasted drunk.

"The evidence of guilt was conclusive, and before my brain was clear of the intoxicating fumes, I was lodged in jail to await my trial. I am now done. I have not detained the Court with any hope or wish that clemency would be extended to my case; but with a hope that my example may be a warning to other young men—that those who may hear me may, when asked to play a social game of cards, or drink a social glass, think of my fate and refrain. They may think themselves secure—they may believe they can stop when they please, but let them remember that I argued thus until I was lost." [Here the defendant sunk down, and appeared to be very much affected, and for a few moments silence reigned throughout the court-house.]

"At length the judge, who is as much distinguished for the qualities of his heart, as he is for learning as a judge, proceeded in a brief but appropriate manner to pass sentence upon the defendant, putting his punishment in the penitentiary down to the shortest time allowed by law.

ANALYSIS OF THE BIBLE.—A correspondent requests us to reprint the following analysis of the Old and New Testaments:

The Old Testament contains 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 592,439 words, and 7,728,100 letters. The New Testament has 27 books, 26 chapters, 7,959 verses, 151,253 words, and 838,380 letters. The middle chapter and the least in the Bible, is the 117th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm 118. The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs. The middle chapter is Job 29. The middle verse is the 24th of Chronicles, chap. 20, 17th verse. The least verse is the first verse of the first chapter of 1st Chronicles. The middle verse of the New Testament is in the 17th chapter of Acts, verse 38. The least verse is in the 11th chapter of John, verse 36th. The word *And* occurs in the Bible 40,227 times; but what is most curious of all, the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of the book of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet, and yet it is a verse of only six lines.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

check for \$500,—a part of my father's hard earnings,—I drowned my grief that night in a Bacchanalian revel, and in a few days I was again penniless. I will not dwell upon the every day scenes of my life, which were such as may at all times be witnessed at any of the two hundred dram-shops of our city; where wretched men squander the little pittance that justly belongs to their suffering wives and children.

"But to pass on. For nearly three years I have been a drunken, wandering outcast. Six months ago I received a letter from my dear mother, enclosing \$100, and informing me that she was fast sinking with disease, and entreating me, with all a mother's feelings, to come home and see her before she died. For a time I felt the appeal, and resolved to comply with her request; and accordingly took passage on a steamboat for that purpose. For two days I refrained from liquor; but my thirst became insupportable,—at length I approached the bar, and demanded the liquid fire. I was soon intoxicated, when I madly sought the gaming-table; and before the boat reached Louisville, I was stricken of every cent. Thus all hope of seeing my dying mother was cut off. I remained in Louisville several weeks, in which time I learned that my mother had died, and that her last breath was spent in prayer for her wretched child.

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