

## Poetry.

For the Religious Intelligencer.  
TEARS FOR THE ABSENT.

DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The eve is falling fast—mother—the hour of closing day.

This lonely hour, that o'er our souls throws deep despondency;

And weary is the lingering night; how sadly beats my heart,

When I think of those we dearly love, I hope and fear in part.

Our faith has almost flown mother,—ofttimes we're

deep in doubt,

Yet still we cannot yield the hope that God will bring us out,

From all this load of sorrows, and to our homes restore.

Those who have left their native shore, we hope to greet more often.

For Oh! the thought we cannot bear, that this shall never be;

It brings our sad hearts to the core. Avert the misery,

Oh! Those who hear at the prayer of faith, attend thy creature's cry;

Spare us this mighty load of woe, dear Saviour, lest we die!

May God in mercy hear the prayers which to His throne ascend,

Nor disregard our bitter cries, our hearts with anguish rend,

But still forbear the bitter stroke, nor leave us in despair,

For how could we this sorrow brook—this thorny chapter wear?

The future's in God's hand, mother—His paths we cannot trace;

May He in mercy deign to grant our friends a longer race.

Upon this vale of tears with us, may they much long er stay,

And help our wandering weary feet to tread the narrow way.

We gave them up to Jesus, adiring Him to keep,

Their footstep in the way they took upon the dangerous steep;

Yet now our souls are sadly pained, they tarry there so long.

A gloom like death steals over us—God help us to be strong.

This is a dreary world—mother—Our lot in life is sad, And few and far between the hours wherein our hearts are glad.

Oppressed with burdens heavier far, than mortal worms can bear,

Yet there's a rest above the stars—free from corroding care.

A rest from sin and death mother—away in heaven with God.

Prepared for those who rest their hopes in Jesus' pardoning blood;

And those who climb the rugged steep and walk the narrow road,

Secure small dwelt, where no dark clouds which o'er us hang intrude.

Sometimes I glad would hie away, when pressed with bitter grief;

Burdened with many ill's of life, I fain would gain relief;

But the Immortal knoweth best what's good for us below,

So trusting His Almighty strength, when He thinks best I'll go.

For some good aim to us unknown we in the world were sent.

So we must strive with all our power to improve the time God's lent,

And if the boughs cover us, believe his gracious word,

They never shall confound me whose trust is in the Lord.

All we can do in trial's hour is lean on Jesus' breast.

And if on earth we see no joy, may all get home to rest—

Freed from a world of toil and strife, be present with the Lord.

"The trials of our mortal life end in a large reward."

JESSE G. W.

## Miscellaneous.

### WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.

Just outside the wall of the ancient Temple at Jerusalem is a spot where the Jews assemble every Friday afternoon, men, women and children, to bewail the sad condition of their nation. Some of the great stones of the outside wall, the Temple still remain, and as this is the only approach to them allowed, they gather here, and with every outward manifestation of grief, kiss the cold stones and pray that the dissolution of the Holy City may cease, that the Messiah may come, and the long exiled people be gathered in their own land. It is a sad sight. Light has dwaded upon the earth, but they see it not. The long desired One has come to "His own, but His own receive Him not." A correspondent of the Philadelphia Evangelist thus describes a recent visit to this place of weeping:

"On a clear, pleasant Friday afternoon last spring several of us went with a kind friend who lived in Jerusalem to see this place. We passed through what is called the Jews' Quarters—that is, the part of the city where they are required to live. There are a great many of them and they were very filthy. Their streets were very narrow and dirty, and their houses looked as if nobody could have any comfort in them. Five of their synagogues were all crowded together so that we could step out of one into another, and they were all poor, rickety, dirty-looking places, with birds flying in and out, and great holes in the roof that the sun and rain could come right through. Old men and women were sitting at the doors, and they looked very sad and very cast down.

At length we came through a narrow, crooked street to the Place of Wailing. It was about ten feet wide by about one hundred feet long, open above, with a low wall on one side and a high one on the side next to where the ancient Temple stood. In this narrow place there were fifty or sixty Jews and Jewesses and their children. They were from a great many different countries—had a great many different kinds of dresses, and talked to each other in a great many different languages; but they were all Jews, and they chanted and prayed in Hebrew. The men stood in rows as near as they could to the wall, and bending backwards and forwards, would repeat, at first slowly and then rapidly, but plaintively and sadly, their mourning over their desolations, and their prayers for deliverance. The women, too, though they did not pray so loud, yet showed a great deal of feeling. They sat down in a long row and would keep their eyes fixed on the walls or on the ground. Then sometimes they would get up and go and kiss the stones, and lay their cheeks against them, and sob, and weep as if their hearts would break. Mothers would take their little boys and girls and lift them to lay their little faces against the cold, big stones, and show them how to clasp their little hands and pray. Sometimes the whole company would be weeping and wailing as in the most deepest sorrow.

### IT IS STRANGE.

1. Some parents allow their children to attend dancing schools, and then wonder that they do not love to go to prayer-meeting or Sabbath-school.

"I do wish my children loved the prayer-meeting," says one fond mother, "but they seem to prefer to go to parties and balls."

Very likely. They walk in the way in which you have trained them. You thought to render them graceful, did you? You wanted them to go out into society as graceful, accomplished dancers, did you? Well, haven't you had your wish? Can they not dance in the most graceful manner? Not at all strange, then, that they don't love sacred things. The Bible says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Give the child the idea that he must learn to dance before he can be prepared for society, and you need not think it strange that he grows up desirous rather to be on the dancing floor than in the prayer-room. "As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined."

It is surprising to me that John has become so saucy. I can't imagine where he learned such big words.

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