

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

Spring.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight,
Makes me a child again just for to night;
Mother come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbering your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backwards, oh tide of my years,
I am so weary of toils and of tears;
Toll without remorse—tears all in vain;
Take them and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay;
Weary of flinging my soul—wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap,
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you;

Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces between;

Felt with strong yearnings and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;

Come from the silence, so long and so deep,
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother's love ever has shown;

No other worship abides and endures;

Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;

None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul, and the world-weary brain;

Slumber soft calm o'er my weary lids creeps,

Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;

Let it fall over my forehead to-night,

Shielding my faint eyes away from the light;

For with its sunny edged shadows once more,

Happily will thron the sweet visions of yore;

Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep,

Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,

Since I last heeded to your lullaby song;

Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem,

Womanhood's years have been but as a dream;

Claup to your arms in a loving embrace,

With your light lashes, just sweeping my face;

Never hereafter to wake or to weep,

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Miscellaneous.

WHAT ARE YOU MAKING YOURSELF?

"Live for ever!" is the trade mark of life, the great seal of eternity. Earth is only a workshop; time, the clock of labor. All of us mortals—good or bad, great or little—are giving the shoulder to work. Ever at work, as the breath comes, and the breath goes; as the months wheel round and the years march away. Doing—what? Why, making self. Yes, my reader, this is the sublime vocation of us all. God has made man to make himself; gifted him with powers which, if consecrated to the giver, make the possessor a great man.

Now you need not put your chin on your chest, shrug your shoulders, and smile a grim "impossible." I am not dreaming, nor talking nonsense, nor penning absurdities. Nothing but the truth. You may, you ought, to step above the human animals around you. Let men, if they will, glory in courting a fickle palate. Man was not made to be a worshiper of good cheer, or a devotee of delicacies. Let men, if they will, be every day slaves to what they carry on their backs, or shake in their purses. Poor things! they may feel, "Who is like us?" in buttery garb and peacock splendor; but man was not made to make himself a boudoir to caterpillar spinners and grub coccoons. You must see further than a dish, and look higher than a hat-pegs, if you wish to stand a true man in the presence of God. God has made you awfully strong over your noble powers. With all your brains, you may make yourself a fool; with all your feelings, a tyrant; with all your sense of right, a heartless rogue. You may make gain your god, till bank notes cost every better feeling, and you gloat in misery loneliness over yellow dust. You may crush over your heart with hatred to all, purify every brotherly feeling till friends are misers, and life a dray of misery; till, perchance, you die in a madhouse, or miserably a solide. And then, who made you?

"Not so, you say; 'I can hold up my head in scorn of such meanness and depravity.'

Stay! Put that head of yours down again till you answer the question, "Am I in the way such 'poor things' have trod?" Every head has a path leading to it. Many a pleasant lane I have travelled, little thinking that the last was a ditch or trap. Little sins are grandfathers to great crimes. An angry hand is the first milestone on a road the end of which is murder. An underhand trick is a by-path to fraud, imposition, and robbery. A spark of conceit and common concert of action, in their preservation. The whole paper is most curious and instructive, but a simple passage of it, appealing directly to the farmer's and land owner's interest, we will copy here, with the sincere hope that every newspaper which can send it to a farmer's eye, will copy it also:

"Civilization uses a vast amount of wood, although for many purposes it has been superseded; but it is not the necessary use of wood that is sweeping away the forests of the United States, so much as its wanton destruction. We should look to the consequences of this. Palestine, once well wooded and cultivated like a garden, is now a desert—the haunt of Bedouins; Greece, in her palmy days the land of laurel forests, is now a desolate waste; Persia and Babylon, the cradles of civilization, are now covered beneath the sand of deserts, produced by the eradication of their forests. It is comparatively easy to eradicate the forests of the North as they are of a gregarious order—one class succeeding another; but the tropical forests, composed of innumerable varieties growing together in the most democratic union and equality, are never eradicated. Even in Hindostan its many millions of population have never been able to conquer the phoenix-like of its tropical vegetation. Forests act as regulators, preserving snow and rain from melting and evaporation, and producing a regularity in the flow of the rivers draining them. When they disappear, thunder storms become less frequent and heavier; the snow melts in the first warm days of spring, causing freshets, and in the fall the rivers dry up and cease to be navigable. These freshets and droughts also produce the malaria which is the scourge of Western bottom-lands. For ests, although they are at first an obstacle to civilization, soon become necessary to its continuance—Our rivers, not having their sources above the snow line, are dependent on forests for their supply of water, and it is essential to the future prosperity of the country that they should be preserved."—*English Paper.*

Reader, how is it with you? What are you making yourself?

"I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING!"

Of course not! A party of ladies sat drinking tea, and easily a "cup of tea together." They were intelligent and educated—could talk, and talk well, of art, science, nature, religion, and, indeed, almost everything; but neither of these common topics was considered sufficiently holy and sublime to interest them on this particular afternoon, and so they expended their talent in the very profitable employment of scandalizing their neighbors. They informed each other that Miss A. was curiously running

after Mr. B., though those who knew Miss A. might have known that she was by far too slow a person to run after any one. They said, too, that Mr. C. had had a dreadful quarrel with Mr. D., and that the things they said of each other were perfectly shocking; and the shock had such a dreadful effect upon them that it made their lips fly apart, and their eyes spark with pleasure. They gently insinuated, too, that Mr. E. paid far more attention to Mrs. F. than to his wife, Mrs. E., though they must have known that Mr. E. was at all fond of paying anything—not even at tention! Well, all this would have been very amusing and nice, only this same love for talking caused these "ladies fair" to tell to each other, and so, at last, it reached the ears of the persons who had been thus talked of. And when they were called upon to prove the truth of their assertions—oh! they were beautiful to see the fervor with which they solemnly declared they "didn't mean anything!"

Miss Y. was a member of the same church as Miss Z. Of course they were sisters; but then the Biblical doesn't say a word about "Let sisterly love continue," and so Miss Y. didn't think it worth while, especially as Miss Z. was sometimes rather in her way. She was an amiable, useful sort of person, and rather eclipsed the brilliancy of Miss Y., who aspired to be the "bright, particular" star of the community; and so she swept by sometimes without seeing her, did not happen to notice the wistful eyes and half-offered hand—of course Miss Y. never meant anything. Oh! what a number of things we look, and say, and do, without meaning anything!

SOMETHING GOOD TO SLEEP ON.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Little Anna was but seven years old, and, like all children, I suppose, was sometimes naughty, so that her parents, wishing to train her up in the way she should go, were obliged to punish her, as God has commanded. Her eyes were black and sparkling, her cheeks like the sunny side of a peach, her lips like a rose bud, and her ways loving and winning. So, but her heart was deceitful, as are all of ours, dear children, and did not always keep its doors closed to the bad spirit that tempts us to do wrong. So, one afternoon, little Anna got angry, and told a lie. She knew it was wrong, and, as night came on, could not feel happy. She suffered the punishment of her kind mother, but that could not wash the lie from her tongue. With tear-dimmed eyes, pale cheeks, and lips that would quiver, she said her evening prayer, and was laid in her warm bed. But she could not rest. She had learned at Sabbath school many sweet hymns, which she always sang at night, until she fell asleep. Now she began one, and then another, low, and with a sob. But for a long time she could find nothing to suit her, saying to herself after each trial, "That isn't it; that won't do to go to sleep on, until she thought of,

"I want to be an angel, And with the angels stand."

Slowly and softly she sung on to the verse,

"I know I'm weak and sinful,

For many little children

Have gone to heaven to live."

She stopped with a joyful cry, "Oh, now I've found it! Something really good to go to sleep on. Jesus will forgive me!" Again she sang the verse, and again, many times, louder and louder, only pausing to take breath, and say, "Yes, that's good," until weariness overcame her, the sweet voice failed, and little Anna slept.

Dear children, if you want something pleasant to think of, and make you happy when night comes, some verse of a hymn, or from the Bible, which you have learned at the Sabbath school, is the best thing.

A story for children, said I? Would that children of a larger growth, who have not this habit, might take a lesson from little Anna.

My little boy's made by God, Of soft warm flesh and crimson blood; The slender bones are placed within, And over all is laid the skin.

My little boy's very weak, A mere infant, and can hardly speak. The water soon might stop my breath, The fire might close my eyes in death.

But God can keep me by His care; To Him I'll say this little pray'r: "O God! from harm my body, Both when I wake and when I sleep."

And then, unto my soul it shall seem, Womanhood's years have been but as a dream;

Claup to your arms in a loving embrace,

With your light lashes, just sweeping my face;

Never hereafter to wake or to weep,

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

The "New Nautical" Lord Dunderbyre and "Sam" Scarf.

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