

POETRY.

I SING OF CALVARY.

BY C. M. A.

Down from the willow bough My slumbering harp I'll take, And bid its silent strings To heavenly themes awake: Peaceful let its breathings be, Soft and soothing harmony.

Love! Love Divine! I sing: O, for a seraph's lyre, Bathed in Siloa's stream, And touched with living fire:— Lofty, pure, the strain should be, When I sing of Calvary.

Love, love on earth appears! The wretched through his way; He beareth all their griefs, And wipes their tears away, Soft and sweet the strains should be, Saviour, when I sing of Thee.

He saw me as he passed, In hopeless sorrow lie, Condemned and doomed to death, And no salvation nigh: Long and loud the strain should be, When I sing his love to me!

'I die for thee,'—he said— Behold the Cross arise! And lo! He bows his head— He bows his head, and dies! Soft, my harp, and breathings be, Let me weep on Calvary.

He lives! again he lives! I hear the voice of Love: He comes to soothe my fears, And draws my soul above; Joyful the strain shall be, When I sing of Calvary.

—Ch. Observer.

THE FAMILY.

To Parents.

Prayerless parents! your irreligion may prove your children's damnation. The time when God visited your family with a heavy stroke, they were thoughtful for a season, but there was no church in your house to give a heavenly direction to that thoughtfulness, and it soon died away. When they came home from the Sabbath school, so serious, if you had been a pious father or mother, you would have taken your boy aside, and spoken tenderly to him, and asked what his teacher had been telling him, and you would have prayed with him, and tried to deepen the impression. But your children came in from the church or school, and found no church in their father's house. Their hearts were softened, but your worldliness soon hardened them. The seed of the kingdom was just springing in their souls; but in the atmosphere of your ungodly house, the tender blade withered instantly. Your idle talk, your frivolity, your Sunday visitors, your prayerless evenings ruined all. Your children were coming to Christ, and you suffered them not. And you will not need to hinder them long. The carnal mind is enmity against God; but no enmity so deep as theirs who were almost reconciled and then drew back. You drove your children back. You hardened them. They may never more be moved. They may grow up as prayerless and as ungodly as yourself. If God should change you, they may soon be too hardened for your tears and entreaties. If you die as you are, their evil works will follow you to the world of wo, and pour new ingredients into your own cup of wrath. Oh, think of these things! A prayerless house is not only a cheerless one, but it is a guilty one; for where God is not, there Satan is.—Hamilton's Church in the House.

Lamartine and his Mother.

In the beautiful month of May, 1832, Lamartine, with his wife and one child, sailed from that part of France which borders on the Mediterranean; from that city where, forty years before, was first sung the famous "Marseilles Hymn," for the purpose of visiting "those deserts where the angel pointed out to Hagar the hidden spring, whence her banished child, dying with thirst, might derive refreshment—those rivers which flowed from the terrestrial paradise—the spot in the firmament at which the angels were seen ascending and descending Jacob's ladder." A desire to visit the holy land had burnt in his bosom from the time he was eight years old, and in accounting for that desire, incidentally introduces the following notice of his mother and her early instructions:

My mother had received from hers, on the

bed of death, a beautiful copy of the Bible of Royaumont, which she taught me to read when I was a little child. This Bible had engravings on sacred subjects in every page; they depicted Sarah, Tobit and his angel, Joseph and Samuel; and above all those beautiful patriarchal scenes, in which the solemn and primitive nature of the East was blended with all the arts of the simple and wonderful lives of the fathers of mankind. When I had repeated my lesson well, and read with only a fault or two the half page of historical matter, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open on her lap, showed and explained it to me as my recompense. She was endowed, by nature, with a mind as pious as it was tender, and with the most sensitive and vivid imagination; all her thoughts were sentiments, and every sentiment was an image. The sight of these engravings, the explanations, and the poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me, from the most tender infancy, with a taste and inclination for biblical lore.

Mothers, see here the importance of attention to your children. See the permanency of early impression. See the importance of biblical instruction. The mother of Lamartine, as she sat daily with a benignant countenance, and glowing heart, imparting simple Bible lessons, to a simple-hearted boy before her—did not know, probably did not imagine, that she was forming a heart whose pulsations were to guide the heart of "the mother of ideas—la France," and to extend through Europe, and to all the most important nations of the earth. But time has passed on, and that boy has come to be the man on whom at this moment hangs the destinie of Europe more perhaps than on any other man, unless it be Nicholas, the ruler of 60,000,000 subjects.—Zion's Advocate.

AGRICULTURAL.

GATES.—Every field on the farm should be entered by a self-shutting and self-fastening gate. Farmers, who are too busy in summer to make them, or get them made, should see to it now. How long does it require to take down and put up a set of bars? At least two minutes—which if repeated three times a day for a year, amounts to thirty hours, or three days of working time, which would yearly pay for a good gate. Or, examine it in another point of view; three times a day is eighteen hundred times a year; now is there any man between Halifax and California, who would take down and replace a set of bars eighteen hundred times in succession, in payment for a farm gate? Hardly—yet this is the price yearly paid by those who use bars that are constantly passed, and the gate is not obtained by it. Again, how much better is a well hung gate, than one half hung? or one with a good self-fastening latch, than one with a pin crowded into an auger hole? Try it, by dragging a badly hung gate over the ground, eighteen hundred times in succession, securing it each time with a pin, and see if you do not think this labour would pay for good hinges and a latch.—Albany Cultivator.

IMPORTANT TO POTATO PLANTERS.—A new work by Professor Liebig has lately been received in the United States, containing his views on the potato disease, those of Dr. Klotzsch, an eminent agricultural chemist, who is to receive \$1,400 from the Prussian Government, for the discovery of a plan, which, after three years trial, he has found effectual in preventing the potato disease. His plan is, when the plants reach the height of six to nine inches above the soil, to pinch off the extreme branches or twigs to the extent of half an inch, not more, downwards, and repeat this on every branch or twig in the tenth or eleventh week after planting.

VALUABLE RECIPE FOR DYEING GREEN AND BLUE.—The following we clip from the Southern Cultivator. The Editor says: "Take 1 pound of powdered logwood; boil it in a sufficient quantity of water until all the substance is out of it; then take about half a gallon of the liquor, and dissolve one ounce of verdigris and half an ounce of alum in it; boil your yarn in the logwood water one hour, stirring it and keeping it loose. Take out your yarn; mix the half gallon that contains the verdigris and alum; then put your yarn into the mixture, and boil it four hours, stirring and keeping it loose all the time, and taking it out every hour to give it air, after which dry it, then boil it in soap and water, and it is done. The above will dye six pounds of cotton

yarn an elegant deep blue. After which put in as much yarn in the same liquor, and boil it three hours, stirring as above, and you will have a good pale blue; or boil hickory bark in your liquor, and you will have a beautiful green.

Rest assured there is no imposition in the above. It is cheap. Any person following the recipe, will find it proves satisfactory."

RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

The following, with many other Books, are for sale by the New Brunswick Baptist Colporteur Committee at St. John, and may at any time be ordered by friends in the country, at the prices affixed, invariably for cash. Books procured, when not on hand, and in all cases sold at the Publisher's retail prices, with no addition. Theological, Scientific, Historical, &c.

Table listing various religious books and their prices, including titles like 'Encyclopedia Americana', 'Bible Manual and Text Book', 'Ripley's Notes on Gospels', etc.

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