

Poetry.

THE DYING MISSIONARY.

BY THE LATE REV. T. E. HAWKINSON.

My strength is failing, Laura! one by one,
Ebb the last sands of life—my task is done;
And I have told thee all;—God gave me power
Surpassing Nature's at her parting hour.
Call them not idle dreams! on dying eyes
Oft dawns a glimpse of bright realities
Nor else revealed;—by God's unchanging Word,
The peace and strength its promises afford—
The sure and certain hope of life that beams
Now in my spirit's depths—they are not dreams.

I have not lived in vain—albeit the spot
Where I have lived and labored know me not.
Though far from the dear country of my birth,
I lay my mouldering dust in stranger earth;
Though not one heart but thine, my gentle wife,
Keep trace or record of my lowly life,
Yet God accepts my service; at his call,
In cheerful faith, I gave my little all.

He sent me hither—here I toiled to win
His Word an entrance to this home of sin;
I toiled to teach this dull and drowsy air
The Sabbath melodies of praise and prayer.
And if, in after years, the seed I cast
In some lone bosom, wake to life at last;
If but one savage soul have caught from mine
The dormant principle of love divine,
O, I should deem my labor cheaply spent,—
Even in that hope I die—I die content.
My own, to God I leave thee! trust him still,—
He never failed thee—and he never will.

And part not hence, though beckoning o'er the main,
Thy northern mountains woo their child again,
Where often sympathies might haply wake,
And bid thee welcome, for our father's sake;
Yet part not hence,—a thousand memories dear,
Thy husband's home, thy husband's grave are here:
Thou must fulfil his work; thy gentle rule
Must still keep order in his little school,—
Still must thou toil with patient zeal to find
The buried treasures of the Negro's mind;
And that great God who evermore doth seek
For mightiest task the lowly and the weak,
May crown thy hopes, accepting at thy hand
The first ripe clusters of this barren land.

He may,—but should thy day descend in gloom,
Should naught but faith attend thee to the tomb,
It is not scrooled upon the leaves of fate,
God's high decree, though mystery veils the date?
Yes! thou and I, 'mid heaven's ambrosial powers,
Her thrones and principalities and powers,
Shall see from yonder empyrean height,
The march of sunshine o'er the realm of night;
Shall hear that shout by millions pealed above,
That Morian's hand hath stretched her hands to God.

The Family.

The Infidel and his Dying Child.

The following passage has a touching interest. It is extracted from Mrs. McIntosh's "Charms and Counter Charms." Euston Hastings, their father, is an infidel.

This child's disease was scarlet fever. Ten days and nights of ever-deepening gloom had passed, and in the silent night, having insisted that Evelyn, who had herself shown symptoms of illness through the day, should retire to bed, Euston Hastings sat alone watching with a tightening heart the disturbed sleep of the little Eve. It was near midnight when that troubled sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter with my darling?" asked Euston Hastings, in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma?—Eve wants mamma to say, 'Our Father!'"

Euston Hastings had often contemplated the beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped hand beside her mother, to lisp her evening prayer, or, since her illness forbade her rising from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking those clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eve's softly murmured words. Well he knew, therefore, what was meant by Eve's simple phrase, "To say Our Father."

"Mamma is asleep," he said; "when she awakes I will call her."

"No, no, papa; Eve asleep, then."

"I will call her at once, then, darling," and he would have moved, but the little hand was laid on him to arrest him.

"No—don't wake poor mamma; papa, say Our Father for Eve."

"Will Eve say it to papa? Speak, then, my darling," he said, finding that though the hands were clasped, and the sweet eyes devoutly closed, Eve remained silent.

"No—Eve took sick, papa—Eve can't talk

so much—papa, kneel down and say, Our Father, like mamma did last night—won't you, papa?"

Euston Hastings could not resist that pleading voice; and kneeling, he laid his hand over the clasped ones of his child, and for the first time since he had murmured it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance to that hallowed form of prayer which was given to man by a Divine Teacher. At such an hour, under such circumstances, it could not be uttered carelessly; and Euston Hastings understood its solemn import—its recognition of God's sovereignty—its surrender of all things to Him. He understood it, we say—but he trembled at it. His infidelity was annihilated; but he believed as the unreconciled believe, and his heart almost stood still with fear awhile. "Thy will be done on earth even as it is in heaven," fell slowly from his lips.

Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still, and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard within that room for days, she exclaimed, "Papa—papa—see there, up there, papa?"

Her own eyes were fixed upward; on the ceiling, as it seemed to Euston Hastings, for to him nothing else was visible, while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched upward as to some celestial visitant.

"Eve coming!" she cried again, "Take Eve!"

"Will Eve leave papa?" cried Euston Hastings, while unconsciously he passed his arm over her, as if dreading that she would really be borne from him.

With eyes still fixed upward, and expending her last strength in an effort to rise from the bed, Eve murmured in broken tones, "Papa, come too—mamma—grandpa—little brother—dear papa—"

The last word could have been distinguished only by the intensely listening ear of love. It ended in a sigh; and Euston Hastings felt, even while he still clasped her cherub form, and gazed upon her sweetly-smiling face, that his Eve had indeed left him forever. That she had ceased to exist, with the remembrance of that last scene full in his mind, he could not believe. Henceforth heaven with its angels, the ministering spirits of the Most High, was a reality; it was the habitation of his Eve; and his own heart bent longingly to see it. His proud, stern, unbending nature had been taught to tremble at the decree of "Him who ruleth over the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." The Being and Nature upon which he had hitherto speculated as grand abstractions, became at once unspeakably interesting facts. Would He contend with him in wrath? Would He snatch from him one by one the blessings of his life, crushing the impious heart which had reviled His attributes, and denied his existence? or was He indeed "so long suffering," so "plenteous in mercy," that He would prove even to him that His might was the might of a Saviour?

Such were his thoughts, as with still concentrated agony he turned from the grave of his cherished child to watch beside the suffering Evelyn. She had taken the terrible disease from her little Eve, and lay for many days insensible to her own danger or her husband's agony. But God was merciful, and her husband and father received her back as from the grave. The heart which judgment had aroused, mercy melted. A consciousness of his own unworthiness of God's mercy—a fear that he could not be heard—checked the cry which anguish would have extorted from Euston Hastings; and the first real utterance from his heart to heaven was in the language of thanksgiving.

What One Man Can do.

The reporters representing the Boston Press called on Mr. John Augustus, at his home in Chambers street, this evening. It is needless to say that Mr. Augustus is the working philanthropist of Boston; for in this city he is known and generally acknowledged as such. About seven years ago, wishing to test the efficacy of moral suasion, he offered himself in the Police Court as security for a man found guilty of being a common drunkard.—His surety was accepted, and he took the man into his charge, watched over him, advised with him, convinced him of the error of his course, in short, he reformed him. When the time for which Mr. Augustus was security for the man had expired, he represented his behavior to the court, and the justice ordered

a nol. pros. or the payment of one cent and costs of prosecution. Mr. Augustus paid the demand, and the man has ever since remained a sober, industrious citizen. His success in this instance tempted him to further exertions, and he has gone on from that day to this, performing an amount of good seemingly incalculable.

His labors in the Police Court for the seven years ending in October last, so far as an idea thereof can be conveyed by the means of figures, may be summed up as follows:—He has bailed 353 males and 149 females, most or all of them convicted as common drunkards. The total amount of bail in these cases was \$15,320. On a good report of their conduct being made to the Court, 442 of the persons bailed by Mr. Augustus were discharged on the payment of one cent each and the costs of prosecution, amounting altogether to the sum of \$1540, the whole of which was paid by him. Not one of the persons bailed by Mr. Augustus violated the confidence imposed in them, but all appeared promptly on the day specified.

It is five years since Mr. Augustus extended his labors to the Municipal Court, and during this period he has bailed 159 males and 138 females. Total amount of bail \$42,350. A considerable number of the persons bailed in this Court were vagrant boys, indicted for larcenies. He provided the homeless youths with good situations, and the most of them give good promise of becoming worthy men. Some are at trades in the city, and some have been placed on farms in the country. One person, a female, for whom Mr. Augustus was surety, was missing on the day mentioned in the recognizance, and he had to pay \$100, the sum for which he was bail. But we are happy to say, that this is a solitary instance. In the Municipal Court he has bailed all classes of offenders. He has bailed a number of persons who were violators of the license laws, and the most of them have ceased their traffic in ardent spirits.

During the first months of his labor Mr. Augustus acted as the agent of the Washingtonian Society, but since then he has labored alone—John Augustus; and, as we verily believe, has done an amount of good equalled by no one individual in Boston.

He has even saved money to the Commonwealth too. The usual sentence of persons convicted as common drunkards is imprisonment in the House of Correction, and the mere officers' fees for carrying them from the Court House to the prison is 75 cents each. This expense is, of course, saved when they are bailed by Mr. Augustus, and this amounts to \$330, from his exertions in behalf of the inebriates alone. Benevolent individuals, also, have watched the course of Mr. Augustus, and aided him with their purse, for he it known he is a poor man. They could not find a more worthy or efficient agent.

But we commenced this by saying that the Reporters called on Mr. Augustus this evening. They have good opportunity to witness his philanthropic course; they witness some of his good deeds and are familiar with some of his acts. In the course of conversation, he exhibited to them his "docket" of persons saved.

It is twenty-two feet long, and is quite a curiosity. The result of his labors, as here detailed, was gathered from this "docket."—After an hours pleasant and instructive conversation, the company sat down to an excellent supper, after doing justice to which they spent another hour in discussing "old times," and then adjourned to their several homes.—The interview was extremely pleasant, and will long be remembered by all concerned.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

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