

Poetry.

[From the New York Day Book.]

DEATH IN HIGH STATION.

There is a peculiar solemnity and mournful grandeur inspired by death in high station, which adds depth to the moral impression made by mere grief or regret. Through such visitations of the mighty ones and rulers of the earth death speaks to all beneath them, and gives a warning which reaches alike to the humblest of subjects and the greatest of rulers and leaders.

The strange and stately verses of SHIRLEY, (which are said to have chilled the heart of Cromwell himself, by moving some mystic sympathy,) marked as they are by an obscurity which deepens their gloomy sublimity, suggest themselves here, as they do in similar circumstances.

The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things:
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made:
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with sword may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,

And must give up their conquering breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds!

All heads must come
To the cold tomb.
ONLY THE ACTIONS OF THE JUST
SMELL SWEET AND BLOSSOM IN THE DUST.

The Family.

LOST LEAVES.

[From the New York Observer.]

"As I was coming to breakfast," said Mr. Green to his employer, "I saw a piece of Hall's fence down. As soon as the cows are turned into the pasture, they will make their way into his cornfield."

"A man must see to his fences, if he wishes to preserve his crops," said Mr. Williams.

After breakfast and prayers, Green and Watson, who was also in Williams' employ, set out for the meadow, in which they were constructing a drain. When they had gone a little way, Green stopped, and, turning to Mr. W. who was within hearing said, "Hadn't I better step aside and put up the fence? that drove of cows will make sad work with the corn."

"Hall must attend to his own business, as I do to mine," said Mr. Williams.

Green and his companion went on their way. When they came in sight of the exposed cornfield, Green remarked, "If I were a Christian, I should go and put up that fence; and as it is, I should do it, if I were not at work for Williams: my time belongs to him."

"Hall has not treated Williams very well," said Watson. "I do not wonder that he is disposed to let him manage his own concerns."

"It is human nature to be sure, and yet one ought to be neighbourly. I suspect Williams has lost some leaves out of his Bible."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he acts as he does. He professes to square his life by the Bible. Now the Bible, at least the Bible that my father used to own, had some such rules as these: *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Do good to them that hate you.* I can't say how much Williams loves himself, but if he does not love himself better than he loves Hall, he can't be on as good terms with himself as most of persons are. I can't say but that he does good to Hall; but if he does he sticks very closely to the rule not to let his left hand know what his right hand doeth. Judging from what I see of his conduct, I conclude he must have lost out of his Bible the leaves containing the passages I just now quoted, and some others like them."

"If we reason in that way, we must conclude that there are a great many leaves wanting in some folk's Bibles. But the fault is not in the Bible. None are perfect. Some have one failing and some another: we must be charitable."

"That is just what the drunken man said, when he wanted to be taken into the church; but the minister would not take him. We ought to be charitable; but if a man steals my pork, I do not think charity requires me to believe him to be an honest man and to treat him accordingly. And so if a man violates a fundamental Bible rule, charity does not require me to believe that he is a Christian."

"Don't you believe that Williams is a Christian?"

"It does not become me to say who is, and who is not a Christian. I am a great ways from being one myself. There are a great many good things about Williams. He is an honest man—perfectly so. I do not believe he ever wronged a man out of a penny in the world. He is liberal to the poor, is strict in keeping the Sabbath. Some of his apple trees once blew down on Saturday night. I offered to right them up on Sunday; but he would not let me, and so lost them all. He seems to want to do good sometimes,—I don't know but he always does. The only thing I find it difficult to get along with, is his stubbornness. If he gets set against a man, there is no turning him. Now here is Hall. Williams won't do anything to injure him to be sure, but he won't do anything to benefit him. Hall has been greatly to blame; but still there are the words of the Book. *Do good to them that hate you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.* I do not see any getting away from these words."

"There must be some way; for there is a good deal of hard feeling in the world among Christians."

"I don't see how they can be forgiven; and a Christian with his sins unforgiven can't be a thousand times better off than a sinner. But here we are, and must go to work."

After they had wrought for some time in silence, Watson looked up and said "I say Green, what is the reason, seeing you know so much about the Bible, that you are not a Christian?"

"There are a great many reasons—more than I can stop and tell you now."

"You must have studied the Bible a good deal."

"I can't claim any merit on that score. What I know of the Bible I learned when I was young. When I was a boy, my father kept me at home on the Sabbath, that is, out of meeting hours, and made me read the Bible. Children were not allowed in those days, to range the fields, and rob orchards, on the Sabbath as they do now. Parents looked after their children more than they do now—may be because there were no Sunday schools then—if so, it was all the better for them."

"It seems that your father didn't make a good man of you, after all."

"I am a better man than I should have been, if he hadn't taught me to keep the Sabbath and read the Bible. I tell you Watson, I have passed through some pretty hard times, and I should have been an enemy to religion, if I had not known enough of the Bible to distinguish between genuine religion and its counterfeit. But I must not spend in talking the time that belongs to the man who hires me."

When Williams parted with his men in the morning he went to his pastor, to consult with him respecting some repairs which were required for the meeting house. When that topic had been sufficiently discussed, the pastor called the attention of his visitor to the condition of the spiritual edifice, and soon produced a deep conviction in his mind that some effort in relation to it was necessary.

Williams went home, and retired to his closet, and made the matter a subject of prayer. Almost the first thing he thought of after he left his closet, was the exposed condition of his neighbor's corn-field. There was, apparently, very little connection between the corn field and efforts for the conversion of men.—Such efforts, he had resolved to make without delay. After a few moments spent in reflection, he went to the cornfield, drove out the cattle, which were just commencing their depredations, and put up the fence. He then returned to the house, and felt strongly inclined to repair to his closet again, and to make Mr. Hall a subject of special supplication. He did so. His next reflections were respecting the wisest way of approaching Mr. Hall, and of exhorting him to attend to the things belonging to his peace.

Stop and Mend the Buckle.

You have read in our own history of that hero, who, when an overwhelming force was

in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst biased with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunders, but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and like a swooping falcon he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely delay sent him in safety back to his huzzaring comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless waking, bounces off into the business of the day, however good his talents or great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste, or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay before hand, his neighbor is wise who sets all in order before the march begins.—*Sailor's Magazine.*

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St. John, N. B., October 25th, 1850.

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