

THE AGED PASTOR.

He stands in the desk, that grave old man,
With an eye still bright, though his cheek is wan,
And his long white locks are backward rolled,
From a noble brow of a classic mould,
And his form, though bent by the weight of years,
Somewhat of its primeval beauty wears.

He opens the page of the Sacred Word,
Not a whisper, nor low nor loud is heard;
Even folly assumes a serious look,
As he readeth the words of the holy Book;
And the thoughtless and gay grow reverent there,
As he opens his lips in a fervent prayer.

He stands as the grave old prophets stood,
Proclaiming the truths of the living God—
Pouring reproof on the ears of men,
Whose hearts are at ease in their folly and sin,
With a challenge of guilt, still unforgiven,
To the soul unfitted, unmeet for Heaven.

O, who can but honour that good old man,
As he neareth his three score years and ten—
Who hath made it the work of his life to bless
Our world, in its woe and its wretchedness;
Still guiding the feet which were wont to stray
In the paths of sin, to the narrow way.

With a kindly heart, through the lapsing years,
He hath shared your joys, he hath wiped your tears,
He hath bound the wreath on the brow of the bride,
He hath stood by the couch when loved ones died;
Pointing the soul to a glorious heaven,
As the ties which bound it to earth were riven.

Methinks ye'll weep another day,
When the good old man shall have passed away,
When the last of his ebbing sands are run,
When his labours are o'er and his work is done;
Who'll care for the flock and keep the fold,
When his pulse is stilled and his heart is cold?

Ye'll miss him then; every look and tone,
So familiar now, when forever gone,
Will thrill the heart with an inward pain,
As ye long and listen for them in vain;
When a stranger form and a stranger face
Shall stand in your honoured pastor's place.

—Independent.

[From the Life Boat.]

THE POWER AND INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

BY "MURDOCK"—A YOUTH.

Though many centuries have passed over
The grave of Lawrence Keoster, still his name
Is cherished and revered by millions of human
beings. Nor can this be wondered at when
it is remembered that, next to religion, the
art of printing has conferred more real bene-
fits on the world than any other discovery—
ancient or modern.

The moment that this invention became
circulated and understood, man—who had
hitherto been sunk in the lowest depths of
ignorance and depravity—began to assume
the exalted sphere for which he was created;
and progressively, though gradually, he con-
tinued to rise, until he had attained his pre-
sent happy state of civilization, enlightenment
and humanity. Knowledge, too, soon com-
menced to be diffused abroad; and, since
then, has kept steadily increasing amongst all
classes of society. Books, at one time the
hoarded treasures of a few, are now the price-
less gems of many; so that the poorest man
has thus afforded him equal facilities as the
wealthiest, for obtaining general education;
the rich streams of classic lore, or the more
practical (and therefore more desirable)
learning of this utilitarian age, are open to
both.

Truly the people of the nineteenth century
have cause to be thankful for the many chan-
nels, opened up by this wonderful art, through
which valuable, nay indispensable, informa-
tion may be acquired almost gratuitously! Does
any one require proof of this—reference
need only be made to the noble Literary and
Scientific Institutions, with their well-selected
libraries, every where to be found; to these
Magazines published monthly, at prices to
suit the pockets of every individual; but more
especially to that mighty agent of improve-
ment—the Newspaper Press—which, posses-
sing the numerous advantages of the others
combined, is better adapted for the require-
ments of those three great sources of a peo-
ple's prosperity or happiness—the Merchant,
Agriculturist and Mechanic.

"The invariable objects of the Press," to
use the comprehensive words of Knox, "have
been to enlighten the understanding of man-
kind; to exalt and improve their nature; to
preserve and vindicate their rights as men,
and teach them to pay no implicit obedience
but to Truth, to Reason, to Conscience, and
to God!" This writer has not
over-rated the importance of its character.
For through all those extraordinary revolu-

tions and changes which have retarded the
advancement of the human mind, it has main-
tained that character: until now, it rears it-
self in pride and majesty, and is a colossal
statue, erected to the memory of its founders,
far mightier in strength than the vast pyra-
mids of Egypt—more magnificent in grandeur
than any monument that ever graced the
tomb of Warrior, Statesman, Philosopher or
Poet!

If then the past tendency of the Press
(when comparatively limited) has been pro-
ductive of so beneficial results, surely, it may
be presumed that its influence on the politi-
cal, social, and moral reforms of this and
future ages, will be incalculable. Oh! it has
a glorious field of usefulness and honor yet
before it. As, day after day, new agents of
its power are springing into existence, new
objects for the exercise of that power are ap-
pearing on the world's vast stage. For years
it has been heroically battling with the des-
pots of Europe, some of whom, trembling at
its wide spread operations, are at this very
time attempting to trammel it. War, too,
with its glittering paraphernalia and false
glory, has felt its renovating lash. It has
disclosed the great but obnoxious truth, span-
ning like a rainbow the new heavens of hu-
manity:—"That God hath made of one blood
all nations of men!" Capital punishment,
one of the most disgraceful blots on this
boasted age of enlightenment, has also begun
to wither as it diffused the principles of true
philanthropy. Of all these, however, the
Temperance movement has met with, and
must assuredly continue to receive, the atten-
tion and support of the Press.

The damning scourge of intemperance
destroys everything good or beautiful in its
path. Like a cursed, pestilential spirit, it
stalks about creating sorrow and woe wherever
it goes. Its stream of burning lava sweeps
over the mountain—enters the peaceful valley
—leaving nought behind it but death. It
dwells in the populous city, increasing mur-
der, rapine, theft, with other vices of the worst
description. It visits the homes of the rich
and poor, leaving unhappiness behind in both
alike. The mother mourns as she sees it
lead the husband or son to certain destruc-
tion; the sister weeps tears of bitter sorrow
when she beholds it impel the dearly loved
father or brother on towards the pit of utter
desolation; little, helpless children, feel its
sting as, starving, their hungry vitals cry for
food, or their tender limbs are pinched by
winter's icy blast! * * * Regardless
then of its deleterious effects on Commerce—
putting aside the political economy of the
question—in spite of the outcry against
"mock" philanthropy—(as it is often termed)
the Press is bound, and eventually will, es-
pouse this glorious reform. No insignificant
portion of it, both in Europe and America,
already give their approval, if not their entire
concurrence; while many join heart and hand
in aiding to overcome the numerous difficul-
ties that have to be contended with. And
that they are succeeding, full evidence is af-
forded by what has been effected in Maine,
and other parts of the American Republic.
Let not, therefore, doubting dispositions re-
cure to the fashions, customs, or prejudices of
ages—they have been set at defiance there,
why may we not hope for a similar result
everywhere? No one can positively assert
that the cause of Temperance will be trium-
phant; for the veil that conceals futurity is
closed—and the portals of the present can not
be passed. But whoever looks abroad in the
world and beholds her sons, marshalled in
bright array, all aiming at one grand object—
the improvement of the human race—must
feel convinced that the results will be com-
mensurate with their efforts.

Always Happy—Always Cheerful.

"Why this constant, happy flow of spirits?"
"No secret doctor," replied the mechanic, "I have
one of the best of wives; and when I go to work,
she has always a kind word of encouragement for
me, and when I go home, she meets me with a
smile and a kiss, and she is sure to be ready; and
she has done many things during the day to please
me, and I cannot find it in my heart to speak un-
kind to anybody."

What an influence, then, hath woman over the
heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain
of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently
then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting,
after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing,
and go far toward making a home happy and
peaceful!

The world looks at ministers out of the pul-
pit to see what they mean in it.—Occid.

The Wife.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart;
the absence of content, the mutterings of
spleen. The untidy dress and cheerless
home, the forbidden scowl and deserted
hearth—these, and other nameless neglects,
without a crime among them, have harrowed
to the quick, the heart's core of many a man,
and planted there, beyond the reach of cure,
the germ of dark despair. Oh! may woman,
before that sight arrives, dwell on the recol-
lections of her youth, and cherishing the dear
idea of that tuneful time, awaken and keep
alive the promise she so kindly gave. And
though she may be the injured, not the injur-
ing one—the forgotten, and not the forgetting
wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peace-
ful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable
home—a smile of love to banish hostile words
—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and
the hardest heart that ever locked itself with-
in the breast of selfish man, will soften to her
charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped,
her years of matchless bliss, loved, loving and
content—the source of comfort and the spring
of joy.—Chambers' Journal.

Mount Vernon.

When the English Admiral, Vernon, was attack-
ing Porto Bello, with his six ships only, he observed
a fine young man in appearance, who, with the
most intrepid courage attended with the most per-
fect calmness, was always in that part of the ship
where the danger was greatest. After the firing
had ceased, the admiral sent a message to request
the young gentleman to attend him, which was
immediately complied with. The Admiral enter-
ed into conversation with him, and discovered by
his answers and observations, that he possessed
more abilities than usually fall to the lot of man-
kind in general. Upon his asking his name, the
young man told him it was George Washington,
and the admiral, on his return home, strongly re-
commended him to the attention of the admiralty.
Washington, on his return home, out of gratitude
to his benefactor, named his country seat Mount
Vernon, and to this day it retains its name. It is
situated on the western shores of the Potomac,
fifteen miles from the city of Washington, and is
now remarkable as the burial-place of the Father
of his Country.

Beautiful Sentiment.

We live in the midst of blessings till we are
utterly insensible of their greatness, and of
the source from whence they flow. We speak
of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our
laws, and forget entirely how large a share is
due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of
man's history, and what would his laws have
been—what his civilization? Christianity is
mixed up with our very being and our very
life; there is not a familiar object around us
which does not wear a different aspect be-
cause the light of Christian love is upon it—
not a law which does not owe its truth and
gentleness to Christianity—not a custom
which cannot be traced in all its holy, beau-
tiful parts, to the gospel.—Sir A. Park.

Social Intercourse.

Social intercourse is of great value as a
means of improvement, when it has that ob-
ject in view, and is guided by a sincere re-
gard for those with whom we associate, and
a real interest in their society. But when
such intercourse becomes a mere compliance
with artificial rules of fashion, or is spent in
light conversation, from which no new and
useful thought is acquired, either instructive
to the mind or ennobling and refining to the
heart, it occasions a waste of time, and ren-
ders the social circle a place unworthy of a
cultivated mind and independent spirit.

Luther's Marriage.

Catharine Von Bora was a beautiful girl, of no-
ble birth, who having fallen in love with a poor
student of Nuremberg, had been condemned, by
her parents, to the cloister. Escaping, with eight
of her companions, after some years, she took re-
fuge at Wittenberg. Here Luther became at-
tached to her; yet with a sense of justice rather
unusual in a lover, he wrote to the Nuremberg
student—"If you desire to obtain your Catharine
Von Bora, make haste before she is given to an-
other; whose she almost is.—Still she has not
overcome her love for you. For my part, I should
be delighted to see you united."

The student not responding to this offer, Luther
married her. In this union, he was most happy—
the details of his domestic life are full of sweetness
and tenderness.

A Persian Philosopher being asked by
what method he acquired so much knowledge,
answered, "By not being prevented by shame
from asking questions when I was ignorant."

The Love of God.

We stand upon the sea-shore, and survey
with delight the wide-extending ocean, whose
distant waters lose themselves in the blue
horizon. But what is this great abyss of
waters compared to that ocean of Almighty
love which is without a bottom and without a
shore!

In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee,
Firm as the rock thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an overflowing tide.

The Last Altar.

"If Christianity should be compelled to
flee from the mansions of the great, the aca-
demies of the philosophers, the halls of legis-
lators, or the throng of busy men, we should
find her last and purest retreat with woman
at the fireside; her last altar would be the
female heart; her last audience would be the
children gathered around the knees of a
mother; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer,
escaping in silence from her lips, and heard
perhaps only at the throne of God." So
writes an eloquent author. This is a high
eulogy upon woman. Rather than call in
question its justness, we solemnly admonish
her to show herself worthy of it.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND WILBERFORCE.

In reading, a few evenings since, the diary of
the great and good William Wilberforce, we
were struck with the following passages in
reference to the Waverley Novels, (which were
just then in course of publication). "I am
always sorry that they should have so little
moral or religious object. They remind me
of a giant spending his strength in cracking
nuts. I would rather go to render up my
accounts at the last day, carrying with me the
'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' than
bearing the load of all these volumes, full as
they are of genius."

A beautiful superstition prevails among
the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian
maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until
it first begins to try its power of song, and
then loading it with kisses and caresses, they
loose its bonds over the grave, in the belief
that it will not fold its wings, nor close its
eyes, until it has flown to the spirit-land and
delivered its precious burden of affection to
the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to
see twenty or thirty birds let loose over one
grave.

THE THREE CONDITIONS OF BELIEVERS.
—They were "dead in sins." "Enemies to
God." "Children of wrath." They are
reconciled to God, regenerated, washed,
sanctified, obedient children, delight in the
Lord, walking in love and in the fellowship
of the Spirit. They will be saved eternally,
crowned with glory and immortality at the
appearing of Jesus Christ. Happy believers!
mightily delivered, gloriously saved, and
waiting for glory's crown. Be faithful, and
soon you will wear it.

EVIL THOUGHTS.—Have a care of evil
thoughts. Oh, the mischief they have done
in the world! Bad thoughts come first, bad
words follow after, and bad deeds bring up
the close. Strive against them! Watch
against them! Pray against them! They
prepare the way for the enemy!

Bad thought's a thief! He acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart;
And, if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in.

The world cannot stand before a ministry
that is strong in the grace of God. It can
stand before eloquence in the preacher; it
can stand before philosophy and before learn-
ing in the preacher; but before grace in the
preacher it cannot stand. The sword of the
Spirit in the hand of faith tells at every stroke.
—Hewitson.

The word *dun* was first used during the
reign of Henry VII. It owes its birth to Joe
Dunn, an English ballad, who was so indefat-
igable and skillful in collecting debts that it
became a proverb, when a person did not pay
his debts, "what don't you Dunn him?"
Hence originated the word which is in gen-
eral use.