

## Gems of Poetry.

## THE BIBLE.

Better had he ne'er been born,  
Who reads to doubt, who reads to scorn.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S CROWN.

That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.

## RELIGION.

Religion—what treasures untold  
Reside in that Heavenly word,  
More precious than silver and gold  
Or all that this earth can afford.

## LIFE.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,  
Where toil is the portion of man,  
We all should endeavor while passing along,  
To make it as smooth as we can.

## A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF AN EDITOR.

The editor of a weekly religious newspaper is sitting in his office, at a table on which are strewn a large number of manuscripts. One copy of his paper has just been issued, and he has in contemplation his usual week's hard labor to prepare for another. He has just opened one of the manuscripts, which lay before him, when a rap is heard at the door, and his "come in" is followed by the entrance of an acquaintance, who is a subscriber to his paper.

After a few moments' conversation, the intruder remarked, that he wished to have some talk about the paper. He then went on to say:

"I think you admit too many severe articles. I have heard fault found with two or three of those inserted within the last few weeks, and your editorial remarks are too decided upon subjects about which so many good men differ."

"What articles do you refer to?" inquired the editor.

The gentleman specified several.

"But the severity, which you complain of in these articles, is directed against evils of a flagrant character, and I cannot understand why they should not be pointedly rebuked."

"Why, it is always better to avoid harshness," returned the other, "as it seldom if ever does good. Gentle measures are much to be preferred. Paul became all things to all men."

"True, I agree with you there, but he never suffered sin to pass unreprieved; nor were his reproofs softened by any temporizing policy. They were always given in strong and forcible, and frequently in indignant language."

"But Paul was not an editor of a newspaper. In that capacity you have nothing to do with preaching, and, if I should even concede, which I am by no means disposed to do, the propriety of the articles in question, your editorial remarks are liable to still stronger objection. I mean those to which I have already referred, as taking so decided a stand with regard to subjects, which divide the public mind."

"I consider these subjects exceedingly important," was the reply, "and deem it an imperative duty to express my honest convictions concerning them. Would you have me refrain altogether from a true exhibition of my sentiments?"

"By no means," said his adviser. "Only avoid exciting topics, and the result will be the accomplishment of more good, and a more extended circulation of your paper. But I will not hinder you any longer at present. We will talk more about the matter another time."

After the departure of his visitor, the editor leaned his head upon his hand, and thus soliloquized:

"Well it may be that I have been somewhat imprudent. I have certainly intended to do right, and thought it would be cowardly and unrighteous to withhold my sentiments upon subjects which affected the welfare of my fellow-men. I will review my practice in this respect, and if I become convinced that greater good will result by conforming more to expediency, I will try thus to conform."

Here he was interrupted by a knock on the door, which he opened, and admitted a stranger, whose dress and appearance indicated a

farmer from the country.

"Well, sir," said the visitor, as he seated himself, "I suppose you don't know me, and no wonder, as you never saw me before. I'm a subscriber to your paper though, and as I came into the city on business, I thought I would call and let you know a little of what the folks down our way say about it."

The editor said a few words, encouraging him to proceed.

"Well, sir, I don't mean any offence. We all like your paper very well in the main, but we think you don't come out plain enough about some things. Squire C., and he is a considerable reader, says he can't always tell what side you mean to take. And Mr. F., the schoolmaster of our district, says you have refused to admit articles which are decided, against slavery and some other exciting subjects. I don't know how Mr. F. knows about it, but my wife says, and she's rather cute, that it may be he wrote them himself."

Here an involuntary smile slightly curled the lip of the editor. It was, however, unperceived by his visitor, who went on to say:

"After all, there's no question but that we are always glad to get your paper, but as I was in your city I thought I would give you a hint how it was getting on among us."

As he said this, he rose and walked toward the door. The editor thanked him for his friendly intentions, and told him he would try and do what was right, and the plain-dealing farmer departed.

For a few moments afterwards the editor appeared considerably perplexed. Soon, however, his countenance brightened, and he said aloud:

"My own judgment and conscience must be my guide. I am determined to do what I think right, and leave the event to God."

## Home and Woman.

Our homes—what is their corner-stone but the virtue of woman? And on what does the social well-being rest but on our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to the door of our private dwellings? Are not our hearth-stones guarded by the holy forms of conjugal, filial, and parental love—the corner-stones of Church and State—more sacred than either—more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble, and our academies decay—let every public edifice, our halls of justice and our capitals of state be leveled with the dust—but spare us our homes. Man did not invent, and he cannot improve or arrogate them. A private shelter to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all the world—high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being—seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a peculiar name—this is home; and here is the birth-place of every virtuous impulse—of every sacred thought. Here the Church and the State must come for their origin and support. Oh! spare our homes! The love we experience there gives us our faith in an intimate goodness; the purity and disinterested tenderness of home is our earnest of a better world. In the relations there established and fostered, do we find through life the chief solace and joy of our existence. What friends deserve the name compared with those whom a birth-right gave us? One mother is worth a thousand friends—one sister dearer than twenty intimate companions. We who have played on the same hearth, under the light of smiles, who date back to the same season of innocence and hope, in whose veins run the same blood; do we not find that years only make more sacred and important the tie that binds us? Coldness may spring up, distance may separate, different spheres may divide, but those who continue to love at all must find that the friends who God himself gave, are wholly unlike any we choose for ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strongest spark in our expiring affection.

## Cheerful Fireside.

Nothing makes the fireside so cheerful as a blessed hope beyond it. Even when you sit most lovingly there—though the daily task is completely done, and the infant in the cradle is fast asleep—though this is Saturday night, and to-morrow is the day of rest—though the embers are bright, and from its fat and popping fountain in yon coal, the jet of gas flames up like a silver scimitar—and though within your little chamber all is peace, and warmth, and snug repose—the roaring gusts and rattling drops remind you that it still is winter in the world. And when that withered leaf tapped and fluttered on the window,

mother, why was it that your cheek grew pale, and something glistened in your eye? You thought it perhaps might come from the church-yard sycamore, and it sounded like a messenger from little Helen's grave. It said, "Father and mother, think of me." Yes, dreary were the homes of earth, were it not for the home of heaven. But see to it that yourselves be the Saviour's followers, and then to you he says, "Let not your heart be troubled! In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." And when you come to love that Saviour rightly, you will love one another better, more truly, and more tenderly. Then, trusting to meet again in that world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, a purifying hope and a lofty affection will hallow your union on earth. And, if not inscribed above your mantel-shelf, there will at least be written in your deepest self, the motto, sent to his bride by that illustrious scholar, Bengel—

"Jesus in heaven;  
Jesus in the heart;  
Heaven in the heart;  
The heart in heaven."

## Filial Fidelity.

Recently an American ship brought to New York six Chinese sailors. The captain introduced them to the Sailors' Home. After a few days four of them availed themselves of an opportunity to ship for their native country, leaving their two shipmates, who could neither speak nor understand any language but their own. It soon appeared that they were very unhappy, weeping, and expressing their grief with groans. A countryman, who understands English as well as Chinese, was sent for to converse with them, learn the cause of their sorrow, and comfort them. And now, what was the cause of their trouble?—that they were far from home in a strange land? No. That they had left wives and children behind who might suffer or die in their absence? No. That they were ill-treated at the Sailors' Home, or were deprived of any necessary comfort? No. That no prospect opened for months for their return? No. None of these things. But, "what will our dear parents think, and say, and feel about us? Oh! what will they do? Our parents! our parents!"

The Chinese have always been noted for filial respect and fidelity to their parents while living, and honoring them when dead by bowing and burning incense before their pictures. Indeed, they pay a kind of religious worship to their ancestors. Both their laws and religion require them to be respectful and dutiful to their parents. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land." May not this be a prominent cause of the perpetuity and prosperity of this singular people?

## A Murder Prevented.

A pious minister, travelling by coach to a neighboring village, engaged in conversation with his fellow-travellers. After conversing on a variety of subjects, more or less serious, the subject of revenge was introduced. Every one was anxious to give his opinion.

"Not to be avenged, is cowardice," said one.

"The best revenge," said another, "is to despise one's enemy, and hate him, without doing him any harm."

The minister, in his turn, begged to be allowed to give his opinion.

"Messieurs," said he, "let us consult, before all, the word of God;" and opening his Testament, he read the words: "Avenge not yourselves;" "if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink;" "be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Rom. xii. 19-21. From these verses he pointed out how odious and criminal a thing it was to take vengeance. Afterward, feeling encouraged by the attention of his auditors, he showed how truly great and noble it was to forgive an enemy. He spoke also of Jesus Christ, and his compassion for sinners. His voice rose by degrees; his words found their way to the heart; his arguments were irresistible.

When he finished speaking a profound silence ensued, which no one ventured to break. Suddenly a young lady, who during the whole of the journey had appeared to be deeply absorbed in thought, rose, drew out a poniard, which was concealed under her gown, and approaching the minister, said, with much emotion:

"Monsieur, you see this blade; it was

about to pierce the heart of my husband; I was going to find that faithless one; I was desirous of avenging myself; I have heard you, God be thanked! You have saved two victims;" and throwing away the poniard, she added, "There is the effect of your words."

## Silence.

What a strange power there is in silence! How many resolutions are formed,—how many sublime conquests effected, during that pause, when the lips are closed, and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her. When some of those cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look on with awe; for a mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil, or their guardian angel, is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward heaven or hell; an item has been scored in the book which the day of judgment shall see opened. They are strong ones of the earth—the mighty for good or evil—those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them; those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath, to stamp upon them their withering passage.

## 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 because 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, beautiful parts, to the gospel."—Sir A. Park.

## The Bible in the Family.

The mother of a large family was married to an Infidel, who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children, yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. When asked one day how she had preserved them from the influence of a father, whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own, she replied: "By the grace of God, it is simply because to the authority of a father I never opposed the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has been the constant source of their religious instruction. Did they propose a question? did they commit a fault? did they perform a good action? I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you."

## The Rocks of Calvary.

In Fleming's *Christology* it is stated that an unbeliever visiting the sacred place of Palestine, was shown the clefts of Mount Calvary. Examining them narrowly and critically, he turned in amazement to his fellow-travellers and said:—"I have long been a student of nature, and am sure the clefts and rents in this rock were never done by nature, or by an ordinary earthquake; for by such a concussion the rocks must have split by the veins, and where it was weakest in the adhesion of parts. For this I thank God that I came to see the standing monument of a miraculous power, by which God gives evidence to this day of the divine mission of Christ."

## One Dies Every Second.

The population of the earth amounts to one thousand millions. Then, reckoning a generation at thirty years, in that space of time a thousand millions must die throughout the world. Each year about 63,300,000; each week, 381,000; each day, 83,000; each hour, 3,400; each minute, 60; each second, one.

## Example.

One watch set right, will do to set many by; but on the other hand, one that goes wrong, may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.