POETRY.

HARRY.

BY CLIVER OAKWOOD.

Where is my loved one, my beautiful boy,
I have missed him an hour and more;
I think he is out with the children at play.
And will presently tap at my door

Perhaps he is culling the prettiest flowers,
To bring me to wreathe in my hair;
And has paused for a moment to list to the trill
Of the lark floating high in the air.

Or else he is seated beneath the cool shade,
Of the willow that stands by the stream
And marking each ripple that glides at his feet,
While his spirit is wrapt in a dream.

Often I've seen him thus sitting alone,
His blue eyes upturned to the sky;
He seemed like an angel waiting his wings,
That back to his home he might fly.

I surely must seek him, he lingers so long,
And here is his shuttle and ball;
He'll be coming to get them right quickly I think,
Hark! there is his step in the hall.

No—'tis some other footfall that strikes on my ear,
For his sounds like pattering rain;
I must seek him, for something has happened I fear.
O! what can my Harry detain!

Ah! there is his laugh, but it sounds not so gay'
What trifle has shadowed his joy?
I'll meet him, and quickly dispel the light cloud,
That rests on my beautiful boy.

He comes not—I'm sure that I was not deceived,
Here's his cap and his jacket of blue;
He has not gone far, he must be in the house,
For there are his stocking and shoe!

There hearken, how lightly he taps at the door,
My idol, O! come to my heart;
I'll open it quickly—Ah! no one is there,
Why is it I shudder and start!

But now I remember, they told me he slept,
And O! he will never awake.
Till the trumpet of doom sends its echoing blast,
Earth's innermost caverns to shake!

He will not return, and his step and his laugh;
I hear only in hours of sleep;
I wake from my dreaming and find them all false,
And the solace I have, is to weep!

In the land of the angels were Harry now dwells,
There are pleasures all free from alloy;
I long for the message that calls me to meet,
My loved one—my beautiful boy!—C. Cross.

DR. BACON AT JERUSALEM

Under date of February 23, 1851, Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., of New Haven, addresses to his church and society, in that city, a pastoral letter from Jerusalem. The following extract, inspired by hallowed associations surrounding him, is descriptive and impressive:

"Would that I could adequately express to you the thoughts and feelings with which I look upon the places of the great historical facts recorded in the Scriptures. Many of the most interesting of these places I am yet to visit. I hope to visit, before many days are passed, the village of Nazareth, the sea of Galilee, and the plain of Gennesaret. I hope soon to see Bethlehem, where was born to us a Prince and Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. But I am permitted to date this letter from the city where our Lord was crucified. I have walked over the Mount of Olives to Bethany, where Jesus lodged in the house of Mary and Martha, and of Lazarus, whom he raised from the dead. I have stood upon the height from which he beheld the city and wept over it. I have walked around it, the holy once crowned with the temple in which he taught, and of which he foretold the utter and dreadful overthrow. I have seen Gethsemane, where he was in agony beneath the burthen of our redemption. I have looked upon the mountains round about Jerusalem, and the deep valleys between; and I have returned to the sight again and again, till the vernal landscape upon which he looked in the hour of his crucifixion—the same outline of hills and sky which met his eye ere the sun was darkened—has become almost as familiar to me, as the familiar view of the hills and mountains around the city of our own habitation. I need not say that this privilege, for which, under God, I am greatly indebted to your kindness, is worth all that it costs me. But I would say, that to me this privilege is far more than a mere luxury of sentimentalism. God forbid, that the mere enjoyment of looking upon these places, rich as the enjoyment is, should be the only compensation for the long pilgrimage I have performed in coming hither, and for this protracted separation from my dearest friends, and from the work I love. Nor do I find my compensation merely in the hope that the personal inspection of these places, and a familiarity with the aspects of nature here, will aid me hereafter in illustrating the language of the Holy Scripture. I think I find higher benefit, both for myself, and for my ministry, in the intense feeling of reality which—as I look upon these places—connects itself with the great facts that are the basis of our faith and hope. As I read in the records of the Old Testament, the historical notices of Jerusalem, from the day when David took the stronghold of the Jebusites, to the day when Nehemiah, after the captivity, rebuilt the walls of the Holy City; as I read one and another of the Psalms, and then walk about Zion, remembering that as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him; as I read the inspired words which were uttered here by the prophets—every incident, every allusion, which has any local reference, presents itself to the mind with the most vivid exactness. I seem to behold the pomp of that ancient ritual, in which Christ, our high priest, our alter, and our sacrifice, was shadowed forth by Divine, yet inadequate symbols. I seem to hear the voices of the prophets foretelling incarnation of that Saviour, in whose work and kingdom all prophecy centres, and is consummated. I seem to catch the whispered aspirations of kings and righteous men, who, in the dim light of ages long ago, desired to see the things which we see. And when I turn from the Old Testament to the New, and read from the records what our Lord himself taught, and did and suffered within these encircling mountains upon the soil on which has since been accumulated the successive ruin of eighteen hundred years—I seem to see, with a more lively apprehension, 'God manifest in the flesh,' the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.' I seem to trace along the Mount of Olives, and the vale of Kedron, the daily paths of him who had not where to lay his head. I see him entering the city attended by the multitude that spread their garments in his way, and cried with ignorant exultation, 'Hosanna to the son of David.' I see him as he sits with his disciples over against the temple, and foretells with minute exactness the destruction of the temple and the city, and the end of the ancient dispensation. I see him in that upper room where he kept the passover with his disciples, and breathed into their unprepared minds those soothing promises consolations which his church in all ages has so inadequately appreciated. I see him in the garden, in the high priest's palace, in the hall of Pilate, while the watches of the night in which he was betrayed, are slowly passing. I hear the shouts of the people rejecting him and dooming him to die. I see him on the cross. I hear the wail of the women, as they gather around his lifeless body to prepare it for its burial. The stone is rolled to the door of the sepulchre. The Sabbath passes away in silence and gloom; and then comes to the amazed and incredulous disciples the stupendous fact of his resurrection. I see their dismay, their doubt, their slow reception of the fact made palpable to their senses. I see them at last returning from the mount which is called Olivet, and testifying that he who had been crucified, and had risen from the dead, is Christ the Lord, invested with all power in heaven and on earth, and that in his name, and no other, there is salvation for men.

"The message, then, which I would send you from the height of Zion, from the brook of Stone, from Gethsemane, from the city where our Lord was crucified, and from the slope whence he ascended to reign at the right hand of the Majesty on high; the message I would send you from the place where the new work of the revealing and renewing Spirit began upon the day of Pentecost, and whence the gospel went forth to bless all nations—is first of all that which was written by the Apostle to the Hebrews, 'Hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering.' You have trusted not in fables and vain traditions, but in facts. Permit yourselves to entertain no momentary doubt of the grand historic realities on which rest all our hopes for our own souls and for this wicked and miserable world. Let no trust of those facts weaken your Christian energy, or cloud your Christain hope. The story of Jesus of Nazareth, in all the grandeur of its import, and in all the fathomless and boundless mysteries which it involves, is a true story—a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation.—*Southern Baptist.*

Musical Anecdote.

In Cooke's Musical Miscellany, a work abounding with amusing anecdote and reminiscence, is the following capital story of a Highland piper:—

A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach disdained to crack his brains with the names of semibreve, minims, crotchets, and quavers.

"Here, Donald," said he, 'tak' ver pipes, lad, dudgie's a blast. So, verra weel blawn indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? You may blaw for ever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell you how the queer things on the paper maun help you. You see that big fellow, wi' a round, open face, (pointing to a remibreve, between two lines of a bar:) he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat one wi' your fist and give a long blast; if, now, ye put a leg to him ye mak' twa o'him, and he'll move twice as fast; and if ye black his face, he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but if, after blacking his face, ye band his knee, or tie his legs, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap that I showed you first. Now, whene'er you blaw yon pipes, Donald remember this: that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

INFLUENCE OF THE SABBATH UPON HEALTH.—1. The ideas of proper fitness for appearing at Divine worship, which are diffused through every Sabbath keeping community, carry with them that attention to cleanliness, that change of apparel, and that regard for neatness of person, which is an important and wholesome change from the habits of the week.

2. The rest the Sabbath brings for the *body* is another most important item. The physical machinery gets run down with the incessant and vexatious action of the week, and would soon be utterly prostrated and ruined were not the Sabbath comes to the rescue. The Sabbath's refreshing rest restores the system, and gives the health.

3. The same is true of the *mind*. It needs a periodical repose as much as the body, and without it would sink and carry the body with it to ruin. The exhausted mind repose quietly under the shadow of the blessed Sabbath, and can go with vigor and alacrity to renewed toil after its weekly rest.

4. Mental gloom and depression by whatever means occasioned, act powerfully against the health; but the cheerful, life-giving, composing influence of an honored Sabbath tend to sweep away the clouds and darkness of the mind, and give that elasticity to the spirit which is so favorable to health.

5. All the various vices of society make destructive war upon the health; but the honored Sabbath acts with great energy and efficiency against them, and, to the extent that it represses them, and saves men from the exhaustion and diseases of sinful passions.

6. The effect of Sabbath influences is to give purity to the heart and peace to the conscience, and therefore to confer that quietness and tranquility of the mind, and that calm confidence in God, which saves it from those anxieties and excitements which are so prejudicial to health.

7. None can doubt that the overtasked energies of men in the irrational and intense desire after the leading things of the world have caused the frequent breaking down of body and mind, resulting in premature decay, and disease and death; but the hallowed influences of the Sabbath tend to promote just views of the proper objects of human pursuit, to calm and moderate desire and thus save the system from those overworkings so prejudicial to it.

8. The laws of health, and man's obligation to obey them, are more clearly seen and more deeply felt when Sabbath influences enlarge the mind's views of all the great interest of this and another life.

In respect, therefore, to that single object the preservation of health, we may regard the holy Sabbath as operating with great efficiency and as producing the most important results.—*Colonization Herald.*

SHOOTING THE DEVIL.

The Florence correspondent of the London Times, writing under date of July 16th, relates a singular occurrence, taken from the Gazette del Tribunali of that place, which we condense as follows:—A reckless, dissipated young man of rank, at Florence, having fallen sick, and finding himself dying, was much importuned by friars to receive the offices of religion, but steadily refused to the last; whereupon the friars threatened that the Devil should claim his body as soon as he was dead. To prevent this, the dying man called a Corsican friend to his bedside, and exacted a promise that he would watch by his side until his body was safely deposited in the tomb. The man died, and the Corsican kept watch accordingly by the side of the corpse in the convent chapel, where bodies are exposed twenty-four hours before burial. At midnight, as the clock struck twelve, a figure entered, disguised after the usual description of the Devil, with tremendous horns, a long tail, a chain girt around his body, and draped in red and black, as his Satanic Majesty should be. The Corsican had a bold heart, and he asked the Devil what he wanted. The Devil replied by an awful groan, the rattling of chains, and the outspreading of his claws to seize his prey. The Corsican, still undaunted, declared that he would not allow the body to be touched, and he warned the Devil that if he did not leave the place, he would send him back to his infernal regions faster than he came from them. To this speech the Devil replied by a scornful laugh such as Zamiel in *Der Freischutz* used, and with another rattle of the chains advanced to the coffin-side, on which the faithful friend produced a loaded pistol, and taking sure aim, shot the Devil through the heart, and dropped him at his feet, dead, as they say at Amsterdam, as a herring, or at Birmingham, as a door-nail.

The report of the pistol alarmed the police, & a number of [illegible] the eighbouring convents [illegible] their astonishment, the [illegible] per place, the Corsican sitting [illegible] quilly by his side, and a bleeding [illegible] with red and black with [illegible] of horns, and the well-known tail. An explanation was soon given, and when the Devil was stripped of his finery, he turned out to be the [illegible] employed no doubt by the friars [illegible] assistance was hired, for the purpose of giving a striking proof of the danger of dying without the consolations of the Church, and of the fate to which all impenitent sinners are exposed. The Corsican was tried and acquitted, as he showed that in the Tuscan code there is no penalty attached to shooting the Devil, and as he persisted in saying that when he fired he believed he had to deal with his Satanic Majesty, and no mortal representative. The friars of the convent declare that the whole story is a fabrication, and the minister of instruction announces that he will prosecute the Gazzetta del Tribunali, for [illegible] *Southern Bap.*

NEW ARITHMETICAL INVENTION. [illegible] in the Russian Court. It is the invention of a Polish Jew, a native of Warsaw, and it works some [illegible] addition, subtraction, multiplication and division [illegible] per place, the Corsican sitting [illegible] quilly by his side, and a bleeding [illegible] with red and black with [illegible] of horns, and the well-known tail. An explanation was soon given, and when the Devil was stripped of his finery, he turned out to be the [illegible] employed no doubt by the friars [illegible] assistance was hired, for the purpose of giving a striking proof of the danger of dying without the consolations of the Church, and of the fate to which all impenitent sinners are exposed. The Corsican was tried and acquitted, as he showed that in the Tuscan code there is no penalty attached to shooting the Devil, and as he persisted in saying that when he fired he believed he had to deal with his Satanic Majesty, and no mortal representative. The friars of the convent declare that the whole story is a fabrication, and the minister of instruction announces that he will prosecute the Gazzetta del Tribunali, for [illegible] *Southern Bap.*

Which is generally the easiest, to file a new's paper or a saw?

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