

POETRY.

"WE MUST PART."

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE ESQ.

I KNEW that we must part—day after day. I saw the dread Destroyer win his way...

trade in the spiritual world. One thing we are taught, that believers stand in need of seasons of severe trial...

DR. PAYSON'S MINISTRY.

Letter from Dr. Payson to a minister of the Gospel who had sent him a narrative of an extensive revival of religion...

Portland, May 29, 1824.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have just received the Narrative, &c., which you were so kind as to send me, and for which I return you many thanks...

I have been connected with this society about thirteen years. We have had no general revival, but there has been some religious attention during the whole period...

After he had finished his prayer, he knelt a long time in profound silence, and so powerfully had it affected the most heartless of his audience...

That God may continue to bless your labors, and make you far more faithful than I have been, is the prayer of your friend and brother.

EDWARD PAYSON.

BE PATIENT OF THE SCRIPTURES. Let us beseech Him that "through patience and comfort of the Scriptures we may have hope."

REVIVALS. Extract from a letter by Dr. Alexander Sprague Lecturer on Revivals of Religion.

But it has often occurred to me—and I have heard the same sentiment from some of the most judicious and pious men that I have known—that there must be a state of the church preferable to these temporary excitements...

OUR ONLY HELP. Let us only be persuaded that our strength at the best is but weakness; let us be brought to feel that we are laboring under a sickness which none save God can heal...

cry out with the jailor of Philippi, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30.) The Bible, and the Bible alone, gives an answer to this question.

WHITFIELD.

The following description of Whitfield's preaching is extracted from a work published in Boston, entitled, "The Rebels."

There was nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man which would lead you to suppose that a Felix would tremble before him. He was something about the middle stature, well proportioned and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner.

After he had finished his prayer, he knelt a long time in profound silence, and so powerfully had it affected the most heartless of his audience...

His text was, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate, for many I say unto you shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

"See that emblem of human life," said he, as he pointed to a shadow that was fitting across the floor. "I passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view—but it is gone."

From the Sunday-School Journal. In lately passing the study of an esteemed clergyman, no matter where, I observed painted on the door, in large letters,

BE SHORT—

TIME IS PRECIOUS.

I believe the good Cotton Mather had a similar device to save himself from the encroachments of visitors, but I had never seen it imitated before...

THE BEGINNING OF SIN. James Stevens and Thomas Wilson were cousins, and as they had been schoolfellows for many years...

WINGS. Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.—Psalm xvii. 8. "Wings" signify protection—the tender care which God has over his people.

Corn Meal. A supply of fresh ground corn meal, constantly on hand, and for sale by D. MALLOY. April 18th. 1828.

beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory, and the hands of the Most High have benedicted it.

It was Mr. Whitfield we believe, who said of one of his brethren who was profuse in the conference-room, that he prayed him into a good frame, and then prayed him out of it.

Brevity in social and public religious exercises. I believe the good Cotton Mather had a similar device to save himself from the encroachments of visitors...

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for diversity of topics, and each one expects something for his own case. Nor are they contented with one pasture in a week. Three or more such services, at least, are regarded as indispensable in that space.

Hardly had I hung up my hat, before I remembered that I had invited a couple of my mercantile friends to spend the afternoon with me, and before I had taken my seat by the fire, conscience had commenced a short but pungent discourse...

You have thought, Mr. Layman, very justly and truly of the importance of a minister's time, and you have assented very promptly to the claims that are made upon all his hours and all his strength.

Stevens pushed a large stone with his foot, and it rolled furiously down. They lost sight of it for some time, until it ran bounding along the valley; and stopped against a heap of stones in the bottom.

Stevens pointed to the stone, and then turning to his friend, "You are right," said he; "it is a dangerous thing to venture to the edge of a precipice; and O, Wilson! remember that you are daily going to the side of a tremendous precipice; look at that stone and think not to save yourself half way if you should slip."

Wilson went from bad to worse, and it was not till he had lost the little character he had, and was plunged into the dreary prison for theft, that he looked back with bitterness on his past life.

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that Stevens and Wilson walked out together to the high hills, a few miles from where they lived; for Stevens was anxious to take every opportunity of talking with his cousin, and persuading him to amend his ways.

Wilson, Why don't you see how steep it is; I will not venture any farther. S. Where can be the danger of coming to the edge for a minute, if we take care not to slip? Come. And he pulled him by the arm.

W. If you like to go yourself, go, for I have not taken leave of my senses. Don't you see that it's hollow underneath, and might let us down in a moment? What's the use of putting ourselves in such danger?

S. Never mind the danger? Don't you think we are able to take care of ourselves? W. Why I never heard you so mad before: I would rather lose all the fine prospects in the world. I am sometimes taken giddily in the head, and even if the ground should not give way, I might fall; however, I would not trust myself, at any rate.

S. Well and what if we should slip? Do you think we should go to the bottom?—Could we not save ourselves, even if we fell part of the way down? W. I would not fall a single footstep down that precipice for all the golden eagles in the world.

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