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PHILADELPHIA THURSDAY AUGUST 21, 1862.

GENESEE EVANGELIST.—Whole No. 848.

Poetry.

Imperishable.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of that sad truth,
The longings after something best,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes,
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proved the friend indeed,
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart,
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up life's first bliss,
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel but never tell,
The hard reproach that chills the heart,
Whose words were bounding high,
In an unfeeling never die,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do!
Lose not a chance to wake love,
Be firm and just and true.
So shall light be kindled, and
Beam on them from on high,
And angel voices say to them,
These things shall never die.

—From All the Year Round.

Emancipation.

BY MRS. J. H. HANFORD.

LAND of the Christian's hope!
Land of the patriot's pride!
Let freedom like a river flow,
A broad, deep, sparkling tide.
Break each man's chain,
Let the enslaved go free,
O'er never hope a righteous God
Again will prosper thee!

Barth's heathen millions wait
For light to beam from thee,
How canst thou, though that darkness
Of cruel slavery!
Crush the rebellion foul,
And with it crush its cause,
The deadliest foe in all our land
To just and humane laws!

By Maryland Torrey's blood,
By Lovejoy's honored name,
Shake off the shackles of disgrace,
Wipe out the nation's shame!
Let not our heroes fall
In this great cause for us,
Nor leave it to our children dear
To fight it out again!

Proclaim the edict now—
Be tardy justice done,
Above a nation's oppress—
And then the victor's won.
God's smile will cheer our sky,
And point the promise-horn
On each retreating cloud, to be
The pledge of glory new.

Then speak the magic word:
Say to the slave, "Be free!"
Let Northern bells ring in the year
Of Southern jubilee!
Shrink not in coward fear,
Be merciful and just,
Or look to see the stars and stripes
Dishonored in the dust.

Nay, lift the dead old flag,
More proudly let it wave,
More than ever purified,
A people true and brave;
A North and South made one,
In bonds that none may break,
While shouts of "Peace and Liberty!"
Our whole broad land awake.

—Zion's Herald.

FIRST FRUITS OF THE HARVEST.

On Friday, the 28th of June, Mrs. Mullens was sitting alone, taking a hasty breakfast, a singular letter was put into her hands. It bore unmistakable marks of coming from a native, though it was anonymous. It ran thus: "Madam, I have taken the liberty of introducing to you the bearer of this. She is a Brahmin widow, and belongs to a most respectable and wealthy family at B. She has visited all the chief shrines of Hindooism, seeking rest for her soul, and finding none. For rest she now turns to Christianity. Madam, will you receive her into your asylum? Will you teach her what truth is? I will add one word for your encouragement. There are other widows besides this one; and there are married women, too, who are restless in, and dissatisfied with their own religion. They wish for something better. Yours, a Truth-lover and Truth-seeker."

"Ask the bearer to come in," said Mrs. Mullens, hardly knowing what to expect. A gentle-looking, modest woman entered the room. She seemed about four-and-twenty, and her every word and action showed the Hindoo lady, though she looked old, weary, and very much excited. "Was the letter I brought addressed to you?" she inquired.

"Yes." "Then I will wait till you have finished breakfast, for I must see you alone," she said.

"Then I will wait, wait as long as you like; I have been waiting for this all my life. It would be hard to ask me to go away, just when I have found what I sought." Mrs. Mullens left her. Her eyes, doubts, fears in eager tumult rose in her heart, and but one prayer came to her lips again and again, and yet again: "Holy spirit, is not thy promise pledged? O breathe upon this soul, then shalt it live, and bud and blossom, and bear fruit." Her engagement was to hear a native catechist's trial sermon to the heathen servants of an English lady. The man's text was: "Yet the dogs shall eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." And as she heard, she thought of the waiting one at home, and it seemed to her that the answer to her prayer had already come, and that Jesus was saying to that one: "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

Mrs. Mullens was soon back. It took three hours to hear the Brahmin's strange, sad, story, with all its thrilling interest. Her had been eminently a life of seeking. Had she found at last the hidden treasure! Left a widow at fourteen years of age, her penances and austerities had commenced, though otherwise she was kindly treated. But, ever since she had thought of all, she had been dissatisfied with Hindooism; and when the death of her husband left her free and comparatively wealthy, she had begun to visit the various holy places celebrated in Hindoo story, with a view to find out whether they could give her that soul-rest which was denied her at home. Her account of this search after spiritual peace was often most touching. Once, when she was a little girl, she said her elder sister was dangerously ill, and her parents took her to a distant shrine, to join her prayers with theirs for the recovery of their child. The idol was propitiated, the sister got well, and Boshonto believed in that idol. In after years, when God sent this longing for the truth into her heart, she brought herself of the being who had once, as she considered, heard her prayer, and she again repaired to his shrine. They told her most acceptable worshippers were those who approached him fasting. For two whole days she fasted, and her prayer was: "Teach me thy way, O God. On the third day she fasted, with that prayer for light and guidance still on her lips. "Now," she said, "may not the unknown God to whom I then prayed, have heard my prayer, and brought me here in answer to it?" The missionary's wife was silent; how could she tell? Though this she knew, that "God looketh on the heart."

Not wishing to trust her own judgment merely, Mrs. Mullens asked two of the native preachers, who had been themselves Brahmins, to be present at this conversation. They saw nothing in her story either impressive or unworthy of belief; and, by a strange coincidence, it was found that Boshonto was distantly related to one of them. He knew her family, and could vouch for its respectability and wealth. Boshonto was then asked about the writer of that strange letter. She was afraid it would bring him into trouble with his own people; therefore, she was with considerable reluctance, she gave his name, and that when she was asked it was absolutely necessary. He proved to be a Brahmin well known to the mission family. They were aware that he knew the truth, but not that he had felt its power, or that he had any love for it. Surprised, therefore, were they to hear that it was from *this man's wife* that Boshonto had first learned of Christianity. Her husband had taught her, and when her widowed friend had told her of her doubts respecting Hindooism, and her longings for a religion that would satisfy the wants of her soul, she said, "Boshonto, Christianity is the religion for you; go and be a Christian. I only wish we could be Christians, too; but, alas! we have too many ties of family and caste. You are free; do you go." And then the husband gave her that letter of introduction.

Such was Boshonto's account of herself. The next step was to try and discover whether it was as true. One of the native preachers kindly undertook this, and rode many miles for the purpose. The result was perfectly satisfactory.

At that time her state of mind was that of a humble learner. It was not that she knew much of Christianity; but it was as if what her heathen friend had told her had also been revealed to her by a far higher power, that Jesus was the only Saviour of her sin-sick soul; and she sought after the Lord, if haply she might feel after him and find him.

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But what could the old man do? He could no longer swing the axe, handle the hoe, or turn the furrow as he once had. The hard, rough work of life must be done by stronger hands than his. Ah, there was work to be done, precious work, that would give him little children to be watched and tended, and a burdened mother to relieve. And before many months it was plain how their little hands and hearts were stretched lovingly towards him even, and even baby chirped more cheerily in his arms. It was a touching sight to see him on the log under the old beech-tree, in his bosom another hugging his knees, a third kneeling at his side, listening with eager face to "little Moses bid in the wilderness," or "Samuel hearkening to God," or that "sweet story of old," the infant Jesus in the manger, their own blessed Saviour. The old man was never tired of these labors of love. And you think the father and mother could help hearing what pleased their children's ears? No, no. His good words, and simple-godly talk sunk into their hearts as well as the children's, like small seeds into the bosom of the earth.

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THIS fact, incidentally revived in the writer's memory a few days ago, suggests important lessons.

1. The Holy Spirit can gain admittance even through the door that is barred against him. He is an Omnipotent Spirit.

2. It is nevertheless extremely hazardous boldly and openly to say, "No admittance!" where the design is to exclude the Spirit of God, so well as those who would join with that Spirit in his calls upon the sinners, "Come," to Christ. In strict justice, God might, and sometimes does, turn away from such a door, and say of the occupant within, "He is joined to his idols, let him alone." I have called, and he refused; I have stretched out my hand, and he regarded it not.

3. There is no limit to the power of the prayer which God accepts. What wonderful instances of answer to prayer are recorded both in the Scriptures and out of them! A death never regarded bolted doors. How vain is the madness of raising barriers and saying, "No admittance," when the king of terrors approaches and knocks! He never waits for the door to be unbarred.

"Death comes down with reckless footsteps To the hall and hut; Think you death will tarry knocking Where the door is closed with nails? Jesus scowled, and waited, But the door was fast. Grieved, away the Saviour goes; Death breaks in at last."

4. How touching are those words of an appealing and waiting Saviour—"Open to me, for my heart is closed with thee; and pity me with the drops of the night." Be-hold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in, and will sup with him, and he with me. Why should such a friend be suffered to stand without, and knock and wait so long?

Nothing stands in man's light so much as their light doth; nothing keeps them in their folly more than their wisdom doth, nothing makes them more unrighteous than their righteousness;

TRUST IN GOD.

Among the hills of New Hampshire there was a noble farm, whose thriving cornfields were the pride of the neighborhood. The farmer was a rich man, and his fine barns, granaries, wood-piles, and well-kept fences showed that he looked well to his business; he was rich also in a warm heart; for having no children of his own, he and his excellent wife took one little motherless child after another to their hearts and home, and made six adopted children sit at their table and filled their house with gladness. Nor did their riches end here. They had a treasure laid up in heaven. The farmer was rich in faith, and his piety example shone to a beautiful light around. The little church, not far off from the farm, was full of his children of one of his offspring. The people loved and honored him, and appointed him selectman of the village. A useful and happy life was his.

Time went by with its changes, and some it brought to the deacon. His children one by one married and settled. At last his wife died, the companion of forty years, and he was left alone. Old age had crept on, and he began to need the affectionate care which, in other days, he had so freely given to others. A son invited him to his house here and there, and finally he came to rest the rest of his days in that care and comfort which he could so well afford. It was hard to sell, "the old place," but he could do what seemed best, since, loving it as he did, he looked forward to that sweeter rest which remains for the people of God beyond the grave. It was a sorrowful day to the little church when the good man took his leave, and his seat was empty in the pew.

In a few years the son failed in business and the failure swept away the largest hill of the old man's property. Other losses followed in its wake, and like Job he was well-nigh stripped of every thing. Scarcely enough was left for his daily bread. Unwilling to be a burden, he yearned for his early home, and only wished he might end his days there. Back he traveled to his native village. He knocked at the old farm door, and begged for lodgings beneath the old farm roof. The young farmer bade him welcome. A bargain was struck, and the old man began to settle in the house which he had once the master of. But the old man's "hard lot" ever fell from his lips. A sweet content filled his soul. Morning, midday, and evening snatches of prayer and praise floated from his bedroom into the kitchen and over the green, catching the ears of the young farmer and his wife, who often stopped and hearkened to the strain.

But what could the old man do? He could no longer swing the axe, handle the hoe, or turn the furrow as he once had. The hard, rough work of life must be done by stronger hands than his. Ah, there was work to be done, precious work, that would give him little children to be watched and tended, and a burdened mother to relieve. And before many months it was plain how their little hands and hearts were stretched lovingly towards him even, and even baby chirped more cheerily in his arms. It was a touching sight to see him on the log under the old beech-tree, in his bosom another hugging his knees, a third kneeling at his side, listening with eager face to "little Moses bid in the wilderness," or "Samuel hearkening to God," or that "sweet story of old," the infant Jesus in the manger, their own blessed Saviour. The old man was never tired of these labors of love. And you think the father and mother could help hearing what pleased their children's ears? No, no. His good words, and simple-godly talk sunk into their hearts as well as the children's, like small seeds into the bosom of the earth.

"Oh," sighed the young mother in her innocent heart, "I want to be like that good man."

"That's the religion for me," said the strong farmer, thinking of it in his plough. Then they asked him to come and pray with them. And the good deacon fetched out his old family Bible, and set up the family altar once more