

(For the Witness of Truth.)

“Then came wise men from the East to Jerusalem.”

Men of wisdom from afar,  
Leave behind the rising sun,  
Guided by a brilliant star,  
To Jerusalem they come.

“Where is he that now is born,  
Juda’s long expected King?  
We have seen his glory dawn,  
And we would our off’rings bring.”

Herod then in trouble brought,  
All the learned Scribes to know,  
Where Messiah might be sought,  
And he bids the wise men go

Seek the child and bring me word,  
I would also worship him.  
When the crafty king they heard,  
On they went to Bethlehem.

And the star they’d seen before,  
Brightly guides them on their way;  
As they enter’d at the door,  
There the infant monarch lay.

Down the wond’ring savages fall,  
Do him homage and adore,

Worship him as Lord of all,  
And present their precious store.

Warn’d of God they then return’d,  
To their land another way:  
Fiercely Herod’s anger burn’d,  
And he madly sought to slay

This dread rival of his reign,  
By his cruel fierce decree  
All the infant born were slain—  
But Messiah—where is he?

Warn’d against the tyrant’s wife,  
Mary and her child have fled:  
To the margin of the Nile,  
’Till their enemy is dead.

Early thus his life was sought,  
Tho’ he claim’d no earthly reign.  
Herod fail’d—yet he was bought,  
And as Cæsar’s rival slain.

Mightier from the grave he rose,  
To him pow’r supreme was given,  
Cæsars will be still his foes  
’Till he comes again from heaven.

W. A. STEPHENS.

## OBITUARY.

To-day, June 26th, while leaving Picton, the unwelcome intelligence was conveyed to me that CHARLES POMEROY, Senr., a beloved disciple, is no longer numbered with the living. He died of apoplexy at his residence in Cobourg on the 22nd of the present month, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The last interview I had with this ‘Israelite indeed,’ he was rejoicing in the truth, and ardently devoted to the cause for which he lived and laboured for many years. For him I mourn not; for he has gone to rest; but I mourn and sympathise with the relations and fellow-labourers who are bereaved of his society, his example, and zealous assistance.

While one after another of our acquaintance and brethren is called from us, and the time lessens and hastens when we ourselves must visit the valley of death, shall we not order our steps, number our days, and apply our hearts according to the wisdom that comes from above? ‘The conqueror shall inherit all things’.

CONDUCTOR.

Kingston, June, 1846.