

tianity had been only a fable. Into his entire history it is not now necessary to enter. One thing is evident—he became a Christian, and one of the most able and successful champions of the very cause he had previously so assiduously laboured to destroy. Was this change the mere effect of the operation of natural causes or principles? Let the whole case, in all its bearings, be considered, and we hesitate not to say, that the idea that it was, is stamped with the grossest absurdity, and that nothing short of the exercise of a divine power upon his heart could have produced the wondrous change. So also in the case of the primitive Christians, and believers of modern times. The changes in these have been such that, to have effected them, no human, and merely moral or intellectual motives or principles were at all competent, and the true cause must be sought for in the divine energy of the Holy Spirit, the operation of which in the heart and life of the sincere penitent believer, rich provision has been made for, in the sacrifice of Christ our Saviour, and which forms the subject of many gracious promises. This change in the hearts and lives of individuals through the instrumentality of the Apostles in preaching the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God, was often appealed to by the Apostles, not only in confirmation of their own true ministerial character, but as a proof that such change was effected primarily by the "Spirit of the living God" only. "Do we begin again to commend ourselves? or need we as some others, epistles of commendation to you, or letters of commendation from you? *Ye are our epistles*, written in our hearts, *known and read of all men*: forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God: not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart," 2 Cor. iii. 1-3. Real conversions, with their consequent proper fruits, afford, therefore, a species of proof, that ought to satisfy every beholder of the genuineness of the Christian religion: for, the power to effect them belongeth only unto God. To the immediate subjects of these changes no evidence can be stronger or more satisfactory. It is brought within the province of their own consciousness. They know what they *once were*—they know what they *now are*—they know the means by which this mighty change has been effected—they have the *witness in themselves* that they "*are born again of the Spirit*" and "*created anew unto Christ Jesus unto good works.*" These are matters of personal experience, personal consciousness, and the effort might as rationally be made to argue them out of the consciousness of their own existence, as to argue them out of the firm conviction of the reality of the spiritual change through which they have passed, and by which their condition with God has been both relatively and actually altered.

What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

In this point of view, the value of Religious Biography is incalculable, affording a *continued* proof of the

divinity of the CHRISTIAN SYSTEM. It has other uses. It is profitable to the *Christian believer*, serving frequently to animate his hope, quicken his desires, and stimulate to increased activity, whilst pursuing his celestial journey. It also affords comfort and encouragement to the *sincere penitent*, as it presents to his view the method which others have successfully adopted in obtaining "peace with God," detailed in the minutest manner, and brought before him in all the freshness of actual life. Nor should it be forgotten, that Religious Biography has, not unfrequently, been the means, employed by INFINITE WISDOM and GOODNESS, to arrest the *careless, indifferent sinner* in "the error of his way," and turn his wandering feet to the "testimonies of the just;"—thus advancing the spiritual and eternal good of men, and contributing to the promotion of the glory of God.

We have been led to these reflections by the perusal of the very excellent and interesting volume now under notice, to the contents of which we intend more particularly to direct the attention of our readers.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

ON HEARING THE REV. ——— COMPLAIN OF WANT OF MEMORY.

BROTHER: I've heard thee late complain thy memory served thee not;
But sure I am that one great point thou hast not yet forgot—
The sufferings of thy dying Lord—seem printed on thy breast.
Regret not then, that lesser things should lightly be impress'd,
Thy mind too sensitive may be to hold a weight of care,
Like tremulous aspen leaves unskilled the dewy drops to bear.
If memory would, in silken dress, come when we'd court her stay,
In sombre garb she'd oft intrude,—we'd wish her far away.
Remembrance of an unkind word, where kindest words were given,
Ingratitude, from man to man, how deep the wound is riven!
Oh! if my mind was but a blank I think I'd not deplore:
If memory dwelt on Jesus' love I'd wish for nothing more.
Ambassador of Christ, our Lord still guard thy wand'ring sheep.
And when thou pray'st where'er thou art, me in thy memory keep.
Guyborough March 7th, 1839. MARY.

From the New York Mirror.

HARVEST STANZAS.

The harvest! the harvest! how fair on each plain
It waves its golden luxuriance of grain;
The wealth of a nation is spread on the ground,
And the year with its joyful abundance is crowned;
The barley is ripening on upland and lea,
And the oatlocks are drooping all graceful to see,
Like the long yellow hair of a beautiful maid,
Where it waves in the breeze, unloosed from the braid.

The harvest! the harvest! how brightly the sun
Looks down on the prospect—its toils are begun,
And the wheat-sheaves so thick in the valley are piled,
That the land in its glorious profusion has smiled;
The reaper has shouted the furrows among—
In the midst of his labor he breaks into song—
And the gleaners laugh gayly, forgetful of care,
In the glee of their hearts as they gather their share.

The harvest! the harvest! once more we behold
Fair plenty arrayed in its livery of gold;
We are spared to exult in its bounties again;
A year hath been granted, and shall we remain
Forgetful of Him who hath lengthened our days?
Great God of the harvest! to thee be the praise!
Thou hast prospered our toils, and hast given increase,
And established the land in abundance and peace.

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