

ABRAHAM A PATTERN FOR COLONIST.

Of all the characters of scripture, the one best adapted to be the guide and example of the Colonist is the Patriarch Abraham. The entire surrender of his own will to the calling of God; his faith in leaving his own kindred, still living in idolatry, to go, he knew not whither; his perseverance in duty, shewn in his commanding his children and his household after him to keep the way of the Lord; his zeal for religion, in building an altar, wherever he pitched his tent; his reverence for God's ministers, as shewn in his reception of Melchisedec, his humility though the holiest of laymen, in accepting a blessing from a "priest of the Most High God;" his entire reliance upon the promises of God, as shewn in the sacrifice of Isaac, and his patience in waiting for their fulfilment; himself contented to die, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off; all these are lessons for the emigrant, whose course of life will be well ordered, if it is begun, continued and ended, like Abraham's, in faith in God, and a patient waiting for Christ.

BISHOP OF NEW ZEALAND.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF HENRY MARTYN,

BY LORD MACAULAY.

Henry Martyn the devoted Missionary whose praises are in all the Churches, died at Tocat in Persia on the 16th of October, 1812. "The peculiar circumstances as well as the particular period of his death, did not fail of greatly aggravating the affliction of his friends, who amidst anxious hopes and fears, were expecting his arrival in India or England. He had not completed the thirty second year of a life of eminent activity and usefulness, and he died whilst hastening towards his native country, that, having there repaired his shattered health, he might again devote it to the glory of Christ, amongst the nations of the East. There was something, also, deeply affecting in the consideration, that where he sank into his grave, men were strangers to him and to his God. No friendly hand stretched out, no sympathizing voice heard at that time, when the tender offices of Christian friends are so soothing and so delightful; no human bosom was there on which Mr. Martyn could recline his head in the hour of languishing. The Saviour, doubtless, was with His servant in his last conflict, and he with Him the instant it terminated.' Amongst other expressions of sorrowing affection and tributes of regard which were published at the time was the following from the pen of the eminent essayist and historian whose recent death has deprived English literature of one of its greatest ornaments.

Here Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloom
 The christian hero found a Pagan tomb!
 Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
 Points to the glorious trophies which he won.
 Immortal trophies!—Not with slaughter red,
 Not stained with tears by helpless orphans shed:
 But trophies of the Cross! In that dear name,
 Through every scene of danger, toil, and shame,
 Onward he journeyed to that happy shore
 Where danger, toil, and shame are known no more.