

## POETRY.

## SPRING.\*

"Thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessed the  
springing thereof."—Psalm lxxv.

BY MRS. WOOLLEY.

Child of the soft and vernal show'r  
Thou com'st to deck both mead and bow'r  
With flow'rs sweet and gay;  
Yet often fickle is thy reign,  
And storms beat loudly o'er the plain,  
E'en like a wintry day.

Once more the tempest rages high,  
And gathering clouds obscure the sky,  
Bursting in sleet and show'r,—  
Once more winds whistle in the breeze,  
And rudely shake the half-clad trees  
With winter's sterner pow'r.

Then, in an ardent blaze of light,  
The cheering sun appears in sight,  
With fleecy clouds around;  
And scented airs perfume the gale,  
And tender blossoms, fair and frail,  
On ev'ry side abound.

The violet blue in shelter'd glade,  
And primrose pale, lift up their head,  
Lur'd by the fairy gleam;  
And birds from airy mansions sing  
Glad notes of praise to thee, O spring!  
And hail the sunny beam.

We in thy fitful mood may see  
An emblem of mortality,  
Alternate shade and sun:  
Now gaily smiling joy appears,  
Now sorrow melting into tears;  
And so our course we run.

But there's a world of cloudless sky,  
Where grief shall never dim the eye,  
Nor sigh escape the breast:  
Where moons shall neither wax or wane,  
Nor suns arise to set again,—  
'Tis an eternal rest!

## ROME IN 1840.†

We did not reach this city till 9 o'clock at night, and when we stopped at the gate, it was still as midnight. It seemed as if the spirit of the ruins of this wonderful city was upon all around us. As we rode in by the great piazza of St. Peter's the moon shone upon the grand colonnades and the wondrous dome of the great basilica, but the stillness of perfect solitude was reigning where we had seen a congregation of five and twenty thousand assembled to receive the Papal benediction. The only sound was that of the great fountains which play night and day in the piazza. As we drove into the heart of the city, we had more evidence of life and motion. After several applications for lodgings at various hotels now filled by the crowds of visitors, we came to the place where we had spent comfortably a month last spring. Our old waiter welcomed us with a smile and led us up to the very rooms, (they happening to be vacant,) which we had occupied before. Here, then, we are once more in the eternal city. We have looked again upon the vast ruins which illustrate at once the power and grandeur of Imperial Rome, and the manner in which the Lord lays low the pride and wisdom of man. One sees painted before him in liveliest colours the men and their deeds who gave so great a name to Rome, while standing beside the very monuments raised by themselves and reading

\* From the Church of England Magazine.

† From the Episcopal Recorder.

the inscriptions which have remained unaltered from their days. I may remark here, by the way, that I have been surprised to see how little change has taken place in the alphabetical characters used in the days of Augustus and before him. The letters of the ancient inscriptions are identically our own capital letters, as though those found in the latest newspaper printed in Philadelphia were made a fac simile of these which I now read on tombs and monuments raised two thousand years ago. In the museums, one seems to be in the very midst of old Roman and Grecian senators, philosophers and poets and soldiers, for there are statues and busts remaining from their day which were modelled, no doubt, from life. Among them, we see heads of Socrates, of Plato, Aristides, of Virgil, of Cicero, of Augustus, &c. &c. &c. There are statues of the heathen gods and goddesses, some of them, no doubt, the identical ones which stood in their temples and received the adoration of heathen blindness. Jupiter is here with his thunderbolt, Minerva, Mars, Apollo, Bacchus, &c. &c., some of which are exquisitely fashioned, demonstrating an advancement in the art of sculpture which has never been excelled. The sculptures of the Greeks especially will be studied as models, so long as the great works they have left exist. But while looking back to the times when Jupiter was worshipped and Cicero lived, we do not overlook modern Rome. We have just passed the season of Christmas, during which there have been some great displays of Catholic ceremonies not without illustrations of the grossness of understanding in which many of the people are left. But I cannot speak of them in this letter.

The number of foreigners, particularly English, in Rome, is as great as usual. The English chapel was so crowded last Sunday that some persons were obliged to stand. It is pleasant to see a disposition on the part of the English gentry and nobility visiting foreign countries, thus to sustain the worship of their own pure, Protestant Church. The English is the only Protestant chapel in Rome, and this, as I said on another occasion, is connived at rather than tolerated.

## THE LATE MR. WILBERFORCE.

A minister who visited Ireland about thirty years ago, had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Roe, the pious clergyman of Kilkenny, who at the time not only abounded in the work of the Lord, but was eminently useful among his parishioners, who attested the power of his ministry.

In the course of conversation, the clergyman gratefully acknowledged, that under God he received his first religious impressions from the perusal of Mr. Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity," which had also been blessed to several other clergymen of his acquaintance. Being very anxious to obtain an interview with the venerable author, he shortly after the perusal of his treatise, had the pleasure of being introduced, while on a visit in London.

After a short interview at his mansion in the neighbourhood of the city, Mr. Wilberforce took Mr. Roe back with him in his carriage; and being now alone by themselves, the clergyman spoke his mind more freely, and told him that to him he had been indebted for all the light he had received, and all the good accomplished by his ministry. Mr. Wilberforce, deeply affected by the recital, kept exclaiming, as the tears rolled down his face, "Give God the praise, sir, give God the praise—the man is a sinner." This exclamation was repeated throughout the whole of the conversation; the pious clergyman and his spiritual benefactor wept together, and rejoiced together over all the goodness and the mercy which the Lord had made to pass before them.

In addition to Mr. Wilberforce's public and religious usefulness, his private charities were immense, and will not be fully known, it is probable, until the revelation of the last day. Seldom has there been a character so enriched with intellectual and moral excellence, so entitled to the universal love and admiration of all classes of mankind, and whose name cannot be pronounced by future generations without grateful benedictions and undying praise.—Recorder & Watchman.

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C. H. BELCHER.

Halifax, May 5th, 1840.

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For sale by

C. H. BELCHER.

Halifax, May 5, 1840.

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