

And watch where Love and Sorrow met,
And caused the Saviour's tears to flow ;
In the still silence of the night
Imagination there would fly,
And with a solemn, sweet delight
Feel in my Saviour's company.

Darkness, and Silence, and Repose,
Hold undivided kingdom there ;
As if all conscious that arose
There the Redeemer's ardent prayer.
What sacredness pervades the ground !
Methinks the light breeze scarcely stirs ;
Awe seems to rest on all around,
As if all things were worshippers.

'Tis good in thought to watch awhile
In such a solemn, sacred scene ;
Thus the rapt spirit to beguile,
Though seas and ages roll between ;
'Tis good to journey with my Lord,
To Tabor, Bethlehem, Calvary,
Till memory may almost record,
Saviour, I too have been with Thee.
JAMES EDMESTON.

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH.

(1 *Tim.* vi. 12 ; 2 *Tim.* ii. 3, 4, 5.)

Oft in danger, oft in wo,
Onward, Christians ! onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians ! onward go ;
Join the war, and face the foe -
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad,
March, in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry .
Let not fears your course impede ;
Great your strength, as great your need.

Onward, then, to battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove :
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

SONNET TO TIME.

'Tis Time ; I feel him knocking at my heart,
And he shall hold his unresisted sway
Till yonder planets from their orbits start,
And this huge sepulchre, the earth, decay.
Oh, he has clouded many a festive day
With angry feuds, or jealousy's mistrust ;
He strikes the blood-stained tyrant with dismay,
And buries ancient palaces in dust,
Wreathing vile weeds around the sculptured bust.
The mightiest dynasties before him fall,
As steel is cankered by corrosive rust,
Or as the storm hurls down some pond'rous wall.
Yet, lo ! the day—the awful day of doom
Shall bury Time—the peopler of the tomb.

MILLHOUSE.

MISSIONARY REGISTER.

FEBRUARY, 1838.

Through the kindness of the respective Committees, or of their publishers, the *Missionary Herald*, and the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, are regularly sent to us for the use of this department of our work. The number of each for January has just been received ; and we were about to prepare a summary view of their contents, when we found it already done

to our hands in the *Boston Recorder*, the regular receipt of which we also thankfully acknowledge.

MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

From the *Missionary Herald* for January.
CEYLON.

SEMINARY AT BATTICOTTA.—

Two youths have been admitted to