

POETRY.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

The lightning flash'd, the thunder roar'd,
The sky dark omens gave,
Whilst warring winds together pour'd
From every mountain-wave.

"Beware!" exclaimed Alonzo's bride,
And soft her accents were,
"Thou art not safe that fire beside
My love, there's danger there.

Alonzo raised his dizzy head,
And with a frightful yell—
"I fear it not," the scoffer said,
"Nor all the fiends in hell."

That moment, like an angry gleam
Shot from Jehovah's eye,
Swifter than thought, a fiery stream
Flash'd through the stormy sky.

With hoarse, terrific, jarring noise,
Leaping from hill to hill,
Quick burst the thunder's deafening voice—
And all again was still.

At once capricious, wild and strong
Came rushing on the gale—
Then, like a spirit, loud and long
It gave a dying wail.

The dark and stormy cloud swept o'er,
The sun in glory shone—
But stretch'd along his cottage floor,
Alonzo lay like stone.

Poor mortal, who art mocking God,
With thoughtless, drunken jeers,
Stand trembling at his quiv'ring rod
And weep with bitter tears.

If but his voice, or eye, or breast
Can blast thee as a scroll,
Dash down at once the cup of death
And save thy dying soul.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Friend.

The following striking narrative, showing the importance of a close attention to small impressions on the mind, is extracted from a recent work.

At the memorable dinner at Mr. Andrew's, which I have mentioned, his story naturally recalled many others of the same kind; and one voluble gentleman who had a greater range than accuracy of memory, asserted that Sir Evan Nepean, when under secretary of state, had been warned by a vision to save the lives of three or four persons, who, but for this appearance, would all of them have been hanged through Sir Evan's neglect.

You may well suppose we did not give much credence to this; but knowing Sir Evan Nepean very well, I informed him of what he was charged with, and begged him to tell me what the ghost said. 'The gentleman,' said he, good humouredly, 'romances not a little; but what he alludes to is the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me.'

He went on to tell me that one night, several years before, he had the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined. He was in perfect health; had dined early and moderately; had no care, nothing to brood over, and was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven to

two in the morning had never closed an eye. It was summer, and twilight was far advanced; and to dissipate the ennui of his wakefulness, he resolved to rise and breathe the morning air in the Park. There he saw nothing but sleepy sentinels, whom he rather envied. He passed the home office several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his pass key. The book of entries of the day before lay open upon the table, and in sheer listlessness he began to read. The first thing appalled him, 'A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution the next day.' It struck him that he had no return to his order to send the reprieve; and he searched the minutes, but could not find it. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street: knocked him up (it was then long past three,) and asked him if he knew any thing of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm, the chief clerk could not remember. 'You are scarcely awake,' said Sir Evan; 'collect yourself; it must have been sent.' 'The chief clerk said he did now recollect he had sent it to the clerk of the crown whose business it was to forward it to York.

'Good,' said Sir E., 'but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?'

'No!'

'Then come with me to his house, we must find him it is so early.' It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chancery lane. There was no hackney coach, and they almost ran. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the under secretary at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

'With an exclamation of horror, cried the clerk of the crown, 'The reprieve is locked up in my desk.' It was brought, Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the trustiest and fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York the next morning, at the moment the unhappy people were ascending the cart.'

POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT TO OPEN THE MIND OF MAN.

Our reason is shut up, and buried with various appetites, humors, and passions, against Gospel-truths; nor can we admit them into our hearts, except God, by his Spirit, do set open our mind, and work a free passage for them into us. It is he who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, that must, as St. Paul speaketh, "illustrate our hearts with the knowledge of these things." An unction from the Holy One, clearing our eyes, softening our hearts, healing our distempered faculties, must, as St. John informeth us, teach and persuade us this sort of truths. A hearty belief of these seemingly incredible propositions must indeed be, as St. Paul calleth it, "the gift of God," proceeding from that Spirit of faith whereof the same apostle speaketh: such faith is not, as St. Basil saith, engendered by geometrical necessities, but by the effectual operations of the Holy Ghost. It is true some few sparks or flashes of this divine knowledge may possibly be driven out by rational consideration. Philosophy may yield some twilight glimmerings thereof. Common reason may dictate a faint consent, and produce a cold tendency after some of these things; but a clear perception, and a resolute persuasion of mind; that full assurance of faith and inflexible confession of hope, which the apostle to the Hebrews speaks of; that full assurance of understanding; that abundant knowledge of the divine will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding, with which St. Paul did pray that his Colossians might be replenished; these so perfect illustrations of the mind, so powerfully convictions of the heart, do argue immediate influences from the fountain of life and wisdom, the Divine Spirit. No external instruction could infuse, no interior discourse could excite them, could penetrate these opacities of ignorance, and dissipate these thick mists of prejudice, wherein nature and custom do involve us; could so thoroughly awaken the lethargic stupidity of our souls; could supple the refractory stiffness of our wills; could mollify the strong hardness of our hearts; could void our natural aversion to such things, and quell that carnal mind which St. Paul says "is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither in self can be;" could depress those lofty towers of self-conceit, reared

against the knowledge of God, and demolish those bulwarks of self-will and perverse stomach opposed against the impressions of divine faith, and captivate every conceit and deceit of ours to the obedience of Christ and his discipline. Well, therefore, did St. Paul pray in behalf of his Ephesians, that God would bestow on them the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the acknowledgment of him, and that the "eyes of their mind might be enlightened, so as to know the hope of their calling;" that is to understand and believe the doctrines of Christianity.—*Dr. Isaac Barrow.*

IDLENESS.

Rousseau, in his Confession, says, "In my opinion idleness is no less the pest of society than of solitude. Nothing contracts the mind, nothing engenders trifles, tales, backbitings, slanders and falsities, so much as being shut up in a room opposite each other, reduced to no other occupations than the necessity of continual chattering. When every one is employed, they speak only when they have something to say? but if you are doing nothing, you must absolutely talk incessantly, and this of all constraints, is the most troublesome and the most dangerous. I dare go even farther, and maintain, that to render a circle truly agreeable, every one must be not only doing something, but something that requires a little attention."

DUTY OF MINISTERS.

The true watchman: The faithful shepherd should
By the living waters feed the tender, trusting lambs.
Mrs. Sigourney.

A humble reliance on the merits of the Redeemer, and fervent applications for the spiritual aid of the Comforter, are the doctrines to which the minister should never omit to point, as affording the only sure methods of salvation.—*Smedley.*

It is the duty of ministers to prevent objections that may arise in the minds of the people, and hinder the due receptions of Gospel doctrines.—*Gibbs.*

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