

POETRY.

BISHOP LATIMER'S PRAYERS IN PRISON.

By Miss M. A. Stodart.

On dungeon floor, day after day,
The mitred captive knelt to pray—
And in that cold and dark abode
Poured out his soul before his God;
A light from heaven around him beamed,
Fresh glory o'er his spirit streamed,
And brightened in his faded eye,
With more than earthly ecstasy.

One theme his aged bosom felt,
On which his suppliant spirit dwelt;
Dark mists of Rome the land o'erspread,
And truth, obscured, had bowed her head;
He prayed that he might serve his Lord,
And pour his heart's blood for God's word,
And that o'er England truth might reign
But once again! but once again!

And blended with the kindling thought,
A royal maiden's name was brought;
He asked 'mid plottings dark and deep,
That maiden's steps the Lord would keep;
Strong from his heart the entreaty brake,
Oft was it urged for Jesus' sake,
That yet Elizabeth might stand
A blessing to a wearied land.

God is a God that heareth prayer,
Strong is his arm, and swift his ear;
The steadfast bishop felt his power,
And firmly stood in trying hour;
The clouds of popery rolled away,
On England beamed resplendent day;
And, far beyond the suppliant's thought,
Rich blessings by that maid were wrought.

God is a God that heareth prayer,
The deeds of old his power declare.
Then let us kneel before his throne,
And make our wants and wishes known:
Firm to his throne—O beam around!
And for our queen—O let us prove
The might of prayer that springs from love!

H Y M N.

"I have gone astray like a lost sheep: seek thy servant,
for I do not forget thy commandments.—PSALM CXIX.
176.

As whither dost thou stray
Thou foolish sheep, and why,
From this safe fold away,
And from thy Keeper's eye?
Canst thou a shepherd kind,
And pleasant pastures find
As thou has left behind?
Return, return, and let this arm once more
Thee to my flock, rash fugitive, restore.

Saviour, and dost thou speak
Such gracious words to me?
Dost thou the wanderer seek
Who basely fled from thee?
Wilt thou my footsteps guide
To where thy sheep beside
The living streams abide?
I come, I come, with shame and grief opprest,
Thy feet embrace, and shelter in thy breast.

REV. J. N. PEARSON.

Unjust Prejudices against the Jews.—I have often been struck with the repeated expressions of love and endearing assurance of Jehovah towards his people Israel, and I am much inclined to think, that among the many other purposes of God in doing so, this was one: he foresaw the prejudices which the Christian world would entertain towards the Jewish nation and how they would prolong the afflictions of that people, and look upon them as the offspring of the children of men; the Lord, in his infinite mercy and loving kindness to Abraham and his seed for ever, sets forth in marked and express terms, how affectionately he loves them, and that he will love them for ever. Hear the word of the Lord by Jeremiah; 'Considerest thou not what this people have spoken, saying, The two families which the Lord hath chosen, he hath even cast them off. Thus they have despised my people, that they should be no more a nation before them. Thus saith the Lord, If my covenant be not with day and night, and if I have not appointed the ordinances of heaven and earth, then will I cast away the seed of Jacob, and David my servant, so that I will not take any of his seed to be rulers over the seed of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; for I will cause their captivity to return, and have mercy on them' (Jer. xxxiii. 24, 25, 26.)

SIX REASONS WHY TIME SHOULD BE REDEEMED.

1. Because it is the most precious thing in the world; and this God seems to have pointed out to us by the very manner of his giving it; for of many of his gifts we can keep some store by us, but of time it is not so. There is but a moment in the world at once, which is taken away when another is given; and doubtless time is thus dealt out to us by heaven like some invaluable cordial, in single drops, to the end that not one of them should be lost. 2. Because, when once gone, time never returns; for where is yesterday? 'It is with the years beyond the flood,' and we can as soon bring back one as the other. 3. Because it is to be accounted for. Time being one of the most precious gifts of God, will, of a surety, be accounted for at the last day with a strictness proportionable to its value. 4. Because it is so short and uncertain. No man knows precisely when his accounts will be called for; but this he does know most infallibly, that he cannot have more. 5. Because of the work we have to do, and the difficulty of doing it. Is it not madness for any man to waste his hours in idleness, and say that he has nothing to do, when perhaps the work of his salvation, that greatest of all works, is not yet so much as entered upon, or even thought of? The heart lies fallow, over-run with evil affections, the ground not yet broken up, much less the seed sown; and the time of harvest approaching! 6. Because we have already lost so large a portion of the time allowed us to do it in. For when we seriously consider how many of our first years passed in childhood; how many were played away in the folly of youth; how long it was before we sat down to reflect upon the works which Christ had done for us, and those which he had enjoined us to do, through his grace, for ourselves; and how high we might, by this time, have stood in the scale of virtue, had we well employed the numberless hours which we certainly might have well employed, we shall think it but reasonable that we endeavour by double diligence to repair former neglects.—reasonable did I say? We shall embrace every opportunity with joy, and on our bended knees adore that mercy, so much beyond all we could hope for, which still vouchsafes us time and opportunity of being reconciled to God, and bringing forth fruits meet for repentance.—Bishop Horne's Sermons.

A minister must cultivate a tender spirit. If he does this so as to carry a savor and unction into his work, he will have far more weight than other men. This is the result of a devotional habit. To affect feeling is nauseous and soon detected: but to feel, is the readiest way to the hearts of others.—Cecil.

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C. H. BELCHER.

Halifax, May 5th, 1840

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- II. Entrance to Halifax Harbour from Reeve's Hill, Dartmouth.
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C. H. BELCHER

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