

its perusal might give *peace to her mind.*—*Globe.*

THORNTON.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."—GRAY.

It gives us always sincere pleasure to record instances of kind feeling on the part of our labouring population. These, we verily believe, are not only far more numerous, were there witnesses to observe or chroniclers to narrate them, but a thousand times more cordial than can be found among the more artificial classes of opulence and refinement, falsely so called. We rejoice in having it in our power this week to mention a most pleasing instance of this sort which occurred lately in our neighbourhood, and which is creditable to all concerned. The people engaged at Lochty Bleachfield, in token of their regard for the excellent character, steady habits, and obliging disposition of Alexander Wilson, engineer, presented him with silver spectacles and a most elegantly bound copy of the New Testament. It was truly a joyous sight to behold "lads and lasses" assembled on the green on the evening when the Testament was presented, while the "good old man," in lieu of a formal speech, read, at their request, a verse from its sacred page. It may be mentioned that "Saunders" has been engaged for 24 years in the service of Mr. Landale, without, as he himself pithily expresses it, ever having had a *single word with him*. This fact, it is needless to observe, speaks volumes both for "master and man."

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

The study of the Scriptures, in their native simplicity, and without the intermixture of the technical language of theologians, and of party opinions, would be of vast importance in religion. It would convince the

unbiased inquirer how little foundation there is in the Scriptures themselves for many of those disputes about metaphysical dogmas which have rent the Christian world into a number of shreds and patches, and produce jealousy and animosity, where love and affection should have appeared predominant.

Poetry.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
When bless'd with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high,
I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
That richest of books which excels every other,
The FAMILY BIBLE that lay on the stand—
The old-fashioned BIBLE—the dear blessed BIBLE—
The FAMILY BIBLE that lay on the stand.

That BIBLE, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and evening, could yield us delight;
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Describ'd in the BIBLE that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned BIBLE, &c.

Those scenes of tranquillity long have departed,
My hope's almost gone and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
Oh, let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the BIBLE that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned BIBLE, &c.

Blest BIBLE! the light and the guide of the stranger,
With thee Iscem circled with parents and friends;
Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger,
On thee my last lingering hope now depends.
Hope weakens to vigor and rises to glory,—
I'll hasten and flee unto the promised land;
For refuge, lay hold on the hope set before me,
Revealed in the BIBLE that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned BIBLE, &c.

Hail rising the brightest and best of the morning,
The Star that has guided my parents safe home;
A beam of thy glory my pathway adorning,
Shall scatter the darkness and brighten my gloom;
As the Eastern Sages to worship the stranger,
In ecstasy hasten'd to Canaan's bright land,
I'll bow to adore him, but not in a manger,
He's seen in the BIBLE that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned BIBLE, &c.

Tho' age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,
I'll flee to the BIBLE and trust in the LORD;
Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,
My soul is still cheered by his heavenly word.
And now from things earthly my soul is removing;
I soon shall shout "glory" with Heaven's bright band,
In raptures of joy be forever adoring
The God of the BIBLE that lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned BIBLE—the dear blessed BIBLE—
The FAMILY BIBLE that lay on the stand.