

## POETRY.

## THE ARK OF SAFETY.\*

But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark; for the waters were on the face of the whole earth. Then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark.—Gen. viii. 9.

On o'er the waste of waters, gentle dove!  
Bright, blue, and tranquil, shine the heavens above,  
And thou art free.  
Spread thy long-fetter'd pinions, soar away,  
Joyous, exulting in the light of day,  
Which beams on thee.

Droop'st thou, sweet wand'rer? can no spot be  
found,  
Valley, or hill, or gently, swelling mound,  
Mid waters dark,  
Where thou may'st rest thy worn and wearied wing,  
And from the place one verdant token bring,  
Back to the ark?

None--nought around save one vast boundless sea,  
Does with its swelling waves encompass thee,  
Haste to thy home;  
There rest in safety, till, the deluge o'er,  
Thou there may'st find some calm and peaceful  
shore,

Nor longer roam.

And thou, my soul, where seekest thou thy rest?  
Does the world lure thee on, and say that bless'd  
Her votaries are;  
And spread the banquet, and bring song and flow'rs,  
And crown with garlands pleasure's rosy hours,  
A mask for care?

Does proud ambition, from some dazzling height,  
Beckon thee still, and meets thine eager sight  
The wreath of fame?

Heed not the baubles—far too dear the cost—  
Striving to reach them thousands have been lost,  
Winning a name.

And, disappointed, thou wilt turn away  
From all that lured thy erring steps astray  
From virtue's road;  
And wearied, sorrowing, wilt again retrace  
Thy path, and rest thee in that hallowed place,  
The house of God.

Then haste, my soul, no safety can be found  
While toiling onward o'er forbidden ground,  
Behold the hand  
Of Jesus stretched to save thee from the tide  
That darkly rolls—haste, at the Saviour's side,  
Take thou thy stand.

## BIBLES AND PRAYER BOOKS.

In one of the selected articles of the Congregational Observer of last week we find this passage:

Bishop Hobart thought a few Bibles, and the residue of the Common Prayer Books, were better for a destitute neighbourhood, than all Bibles. I would be content, if permitted to write upon every Bible this simple Congregational sentiment—"this is the only infallible guide to the principles of religion and church government."

\* From the New York Churchman.

Well, suppose that Bishop Hobart did not think so. was he, therefore, "a sinner above all that dwell in Jerusalem?" Whatever else may be said of him, it must be admitted by all, even by those who were most hostile to him, that he seldom thought one thing and did another. He never preached with reserve what in his heart he firmly believed to be true. If therefore he thought the Bible and Prayer Book ought to go together, he was sure to act accordingly. But how is it with them who evidently design to molest the peace of the Church by maligning the private sentiments of her Bishops? They say "the Bible is the only infallible guide to the principles of religion and church government," and yet instead of circulating the Bible alone, as they ought in consistency to do, they do actually spend every year immense sums for the circulation of tracts, not in single numbers only, but in whole libraries of bound volumes, not in one language only but in a multitude of languages. What! are Bibles and Tracts "better for a destitute neighborhood than all Bibles?" No, they will not say this, and yet they act as if they believed it. We admire consistency so much that we cannot in this instance think the application to such persons of the Saviour's words too severe—"Thou—first cast out the beam out of thine own eye and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote of thy brother's eye." Let not these remarks be misunderstood. We are decided friends to the Tract cause, and more than all to the cause of the Prayer Book.—But this attachment of ours does in no degree clash with the obligations we are under to circulate the Bible as that book which contain "all things necessary to salvation."—*Southern Churchman.*

"In Hindostan, the youth are taught, not within unpleasing spectacle, to behold in every village a venerable old man, reclined on a terraced plain, teaching a number of surrounding boys, who regard him with the utmost reverence and attention, like a shepherd feeding his flock. In those simple seminaries, where the want of magnificent halls and theatres is divinely compensated by the spacious canopy of heaven, the gentle and tractable sons of the Hindoos are not only prepared for the business, but instructed in the duties of life, a profound veneration for the object of religious worship, reverence of their parents, respect for their seniors, justice and humanity towards all men, but a particular affection for those of their own cast."—*Memoirs of the War in Asia, Vol. ii.*

Fuller's description of the disinterment of Wicklif's Body, forty years after his death by order of the Council of Constance. "In obedience hereunto, Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight scent at a dead carcass) to ungrave him. Accordingly, to Lutterworth they come, summer, commissary, official, chancellor, proctors, doctors, and their servants, (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone amongst so many hands,) take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighboring brook, running hard by.—Thus this brook has conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon in Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, then into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wicklif are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over." And this rare quotation is in its turn commended to the reader by the equally valuable comment of Charles Lamb. "The concluding period of this most lively narrative," says Charles Lamb, "I will not call a conceit: it is one of the greatest conceptions I ever met with. One feels the ashes of Wicklif gliding away out of the reach of sunners, commissaries, officials, proctors, doctors, and all the pudgering rout of executioners of the impotent rage of the baffled Council: from Swift into Avon, from Avon into Severn, from Severn into the narrow seas, from the narrow seas into the main ocean, where they become the emblem of his doctrine, 'dispersed all the world over.'"—*Anon.*

## BOOKS,

For Sale by the Subscriber.

Chambers' Edinburg Journal  
-----Historical Newspaper  
-----Information for the People  
The Saturday Magazine  
The Penny Magazine  
Wilson's Border Tales  
The Penny Cyclopædia  
Dublin Penny Journal  
Library of Useful Knowledge  
-----ditto Farmer's Series  
-----of Entertaining Knowledge  
Edinburgh Cabinet Library  
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia  
The Family Library  
Molesworth's Domestic Chaplain, or Sermons on Family Duties for every Sunday in the year, 2 vols.  
The Church of England Magazine  
The Scottish Christian Herald  
The Christian Lady's Magazine  
The Magazine of Domestic Economy  
Fessenden's New American Gardener  
-----Complete Farmer  
Kenrick's New American Orchardist  
THE CULTIVATOR, Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, & 6.  
Nichol's View of the Architecture of the Heavens  
-----Phenomena and Order of the Solar System  
Dick's Celestial Scenery  
Wilson's Greek Exercises  
Cruden's Concordance  
Cutton's Mathematics, by Ramsey, 1 vol.  
American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1840  
Travels in Egypt and Arabia Petrea, by Alexander Dumas  
Medhurst's China, 1 vol.  
William's South Sea Islands, 1 vol.  
Wilson's Greece, Malta and the Ionian Islands, 1 vol.  
Clinch's (Rev. J. H.) Poems, contents,  
The Captivity in Babylon  
American Antiquities  
Memory  
The Play Ground Revisited  
By Gone Days  
Niagara---Athens---Spring  
To a Cloud---Rizpah---Letho  
The Passage of the Jordan  
Kennebec.

C. H. BELCHER.

Halifax, May 5th, 1840.

## ILLUSTRATIONS

OF NOVA-SCOTIA SCENERY.

PART 1 contains I. Vignette, Rotunda at the Prince's Lodge, near Halifax  
II. Halifax, from the Red Mill, Dartmouth.  
III. Entrance to Halifax Harbour from Reeve's Hill, Dartmouth  
IV. View on Bedford Basin.

PART 2 contains I. View of Halifax from McNab's Island.  
II. View on the North West Arm  
III. Ruins of the Duke of Kent's Lodge, Windsor Road.

PART 3 contains I. Windsor, N. S. from Retreat Farm.  
II. View from Retreat Farm, Windsor, N. S.  
III. View from the Horton Mountains.

For sale by

Halifax, May 5, 1840. C. H. BELCHER

PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY THE PROPRIETOR

E. A. MOODY, LUNENBURG, N. S.

By whom Subscriptions, Remittances, &c. will be thankfully received.

Terms—10s. per annum:—when sent by mail, 11s. 3d.

Half, at least, to be paid in ADVANCE, in every instance.

No subscriptions received for less than six months.

No paper will be discontinued until all dues are paid up.

All Communications addressed to the Editors, or the

publisher, must be POST PAID.

General Agents—C. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax, N. S.

-----L. H. De Veber, Esq. St. John, N. B.

-----Hon. A. W. Cochran, Quebec.

-----Charles Desbrisay, Esq. Charlottetown, P. E.