

THE

NEW SERIES.] A FAMILY

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POETRY.

"In Celo Quies."

I hear a voice at dawn of day,
And to my heart it seems to say,
When sorrow dims hope's brightest
"There's rest in heaven."

I hear it at the evening tide,
When fitful shadows round us glide,
Still whispering gently at my side,
"There's rest in heaven."

Even at noon's busy hour I hear
The same sweet words accost my ear
With power to stay the rising tear,
"There's rest in heaven."

Blest words! which tell of nought but
Of endless rest without alloy,
Well may they oft our thoughts enfold
"There's rest in heaven!"

Spirit of life and love divine,
Subdue my heart, and make it thine,
That I may dwell upon as mine,
That "rest in heaven."

LIFE.

Our life is nothing but a winter's day,
Some only break their fast and go away,
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed,
The longest age but sups and goes to bed,
He's most in debt that lingers out the day,
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANEA.

"We need a better acquaintance with the
"Knowledge of pure and lofty minds."—Dr. S.

Importance of Public Worship.

The first obvious instance of its importance is, that wherever there is truth there the great fundamental truths of religion are proclaimed before the world. This, therefore, has ever been its duty. Good men have struggled for mere freedom of opinion, but of what use? Had they been contented with a mere concession from existing corruptions, they have escaped much persecution. They had heard the command, "Noli congregate in nomine domini." They knew that they were called to a progressive movement against the darkness and viciousness which surrounded them, therefore they could not rest, till the voice of God was built against the altar, and till truth should lift up her voice in her own temples. And wherever the voice of God is heard, there the voice of truth is heard. Is it in a heathen land? Then even he who made heaven and earth is proclaimed. Is it among those who deny the Godhead of our Lord? All proclaim him to be the true God, the eternal life. Is it among the deniers of atonement? Then truth ever tells of the perfect sacrifice, and of his atonement fills her countenance. Is the Spirit denied? Then the Church declares him to be the true giver of life. Are those who are derided in the midst of nominal professedness, void of the power of godliness? Then truth claims that except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Is the voice of coming judgment so far away as to amuse the flagrant sinners? Then the scenes are unveiled which cannot be contemplated without awe and great white throne, and He who is seated upon it, and the dead, small and great, are before him for judgment, and all are called to account. The scenes of the world, the joys and sorrows of the Church, the oppressions of the poor, and the riches of the rich, the names of God, they figure the regeneration, or "show forth the glory of God." This is the