

P O E T R Y.

From the Gospel Messenger.

SUNDAY EVENING SUNSET.

I gaze upon the glorious West,
Made glorious by the setting sun;
The sky in deep vermilion drest,
Now greets the twilight hour begun.

What added beauty there? A star
Appears in soft and silvery show!
Its mellow rays, dispensed afire,
Commingle with the sunset glow!

While yet the glory meets my eye,
I hear a "still small voice" declare,
It is a promise from on high,
In answer to this day of prayer.

Has there been "joy in heaven" to-day,
O'er some repentant soul's new birth?
I marvel not the sky looks gay,
Reflecting glory upon earth!

Sublime the language, Lord of Light,
In which thou speakest from on high;
The world may read thy promise bright,
Fresh painted on the western sky.

Is there a heart too proud to yield,
Except beneath "the heavy rod?"
Behold that gracious smile revealed;
O hear the milder call of God.

BIBLE ANECDOTE.

The following was related at the late anniversaries in London, by Rev. Dr. Cox.

"A circumstance was lately brought to my knowledge, by an individual from the East Indies, which tends to illustrate the importance and value of the Bible; and to show in what various ways its benefits may be displayed, when we are not, perhaps, conscious of the happy effects which it is secretly producing. Archdeacon Corrie, late Bishop of Madras, was, at the time of which I speak, the Chaplain of Allahabad. At that time there was no Hindostanee version of the Scriptures; and it was his custom to translate, on small bits of paper, striking passages of scripture into the Hindostanee language, and every morning distribute these papers at his door. Twenty years afterwards, he received a communication from a Missionary at Allahabad, who informed him that a person in ill health had arrived there and that he had been to visit him. He had come to see his friends, and to die among them, after an absence of more than twenty years. The missionary had visited him there several times, and was so astonished at his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his impression of its great realities, that he put the question, 'How is it, my friend, that you are so well informed in the sacred Scriptures? You have told me you have never seen a Missionary in your life, nor any one to teach you the way of life and salvation.' And what was his answer, my lord? He put his hand behind his pillow, and drew out a bundle of well worn and tattered bits of paper; and he said, 'From these bits of paper, which a Sahib distributed at his door, whom I have never seen since, have I learned all. These papers, which I received twenty years ago, and have read every day till they are tumbled and spoiled, are passages of Scripture in the Hindostanee language from them I have derived all the information on eternal realities which I now possess. This, said he, is the source of my information; thence I have derived my knowledge.'

Locke, the day before his death, addressed Lady Masham, who was sitting by his bed side, exhorting her to regard this world only as a state of preparation for a better. He added that he had lived long enough and expressed his gratitude to God for the happiness that had fallen to his lot,

From the Missionary.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

How glorious and sacred are the associations that are clustered about this beautiful Festival! What a great cloud of witnesses have encompassed the members of the Catholic Church, who have assembled this day in the stately Cathedral, or in the humble village Church, to render hearty thanks to our blessed Redeemer, for the good examples of all His servants who having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labours; to beseech Him that they may have their perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul, and to implore Him to grant us grace so as to follow the "blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys," prepared for those who unfeignably love God. In this day we crowd the Saints of all ages and lands—"We mingle together," says the eloquent and excellent Newman, "in the brief remembrance of an hour all the choicest deeds, holiest lives, the noblest labours, the most precious sufferings which the sun ever saw. Even the least of those Saints were the contemplation of many days,—even the names of them, if read in our service, would outrun many settings and risings of the light,—even one passage in the life of one of them were more than sufficient for a long discourse. 'Who can count the lust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel!' Martyrs and Confessors, Rulers and Doctors of the Church, devoted Ministers and Religious brethren, kings of the earth and all people, princes and judges of the earth, young men and maidens, old men and children, the first fruits of all ranks, ages, and callings, gathered each in his own time into the paradise of God. This is the blessed company which to-day meets the Christian Pilgrim in the services of the Church. We are like Jacob, when, seeking his own country he was encouraged by a heavenly vision. 'Jacob went on his way, and the Angels of God met him; and when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host, and he called the name of that place Mahanah.'" This is indeed one of the high days of the Church on earth, and in the paradise of rest; for who can say, that the departed in the Lord do not share with us in our joy, mingle their prayers with ours, and prolong and swell into purer, fuller, and more triumphant strains, the hymns and anthems too feebly and coldly sent up from earth.

We shall not soon forget All Saints' Day, 1837.—The day has been bland and beautiful throughout, disposing the pious mind to the soothing and holy contemplations, which the festival naturally suggests.—The way of the year has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and the forest and woodlands are despoiled of their foliage.—But as the bright sun light gleams from the withered leaves that rustle beneath our feet, we are reminded of the glory that gilds the decay of the majestic man, the Sun of Righteousness risen over the tomb; and that bright, calm sky above us is a meet type of the resting place of the soul, while the body moulders in the ground, until the spring time of the resurrection. Those well known lines of pious Herbert will best express the outward beauty of the day—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."—

It is indeed the bridal of earth and heaven, the day on which, of all others, the saints in light and the pilgrims in this dark world commune and rejoice with each other.

Delightful as it is in any place to celebrate All Saints Day, it is especially so in one's parish Church. It is salutary to look around us, and remember who have entered into rest, and become members of the great company for whose commemoration the day was designed, during the past ecclesiastical year. Some who worshipped with us in the year gone by, have their places to-day in that quiet Church-yard; some on this very day have joined the white robed company—gone to sit down with those elder saints, long since gathered into the abodes of peace. Well—

"'Tis sweet as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight in faith to muse,
How grows in Paradise our store,"

What a blissful thought it is that since this morning dawned, many spirits have entered into a far-taste of the unspeakable joys prepared for the faithful. Every hour of the day has afforded the Church new subjects for thankful commemoration. Each return of the Festival is a more glorious than the last, since year by year swells the great multitude which no man can number before the throne of the Lamb. The golden circle of Festivals, from St. Andrew's to All Saints' will soon run out again, and some of us who worshipped to-day in our parish Church, may on this anniversary be the subjects of meditations such as these. But whether alive or dead, it will matter but little, provided we have faithfully employed our privileges in the Church of the living God;—yea to depart and be with Christ and the saints is better. May this Festival become to each and all of us an incitement to all virtuous and godly living, so that after our departure hence, we may still remain knit with "the elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of Christ" our Lord, and when the long grass waves about our sepulchres we may be thankfully remembered by the Church militant in the prayers and praises and triumphant anthems of All Saints' Day.—*Ibid.*

SUSPICION INJURIOUS.

In no case where a child is supposed to have done wrong, should parents act upon suspicion. Rousseau is perfectly right when he advises that children should never be questioned in circumstances where it is for their interest to deceive. A practical writer upon education justly remarks, 'We should at least treat children with the same degree of wise lenity, which the English laws extend to all who have arrived at years of discretion. No criminal is bound to accuse himself. If any mischief has been committed, we should never, when we are uncertain by whom it has been done, either directly accuse or betray injurious suspicions. We should never say to the child, 'believe you have done this,' we should say nothing if the mischief is done we cannot repair it; because looking glass is broken we need not soil a child; we may put glasses out of his reach in future.' 'When young children first begin to speak, from not having sufficient number of words to express their ideas, from not having annexed precise ideas to the words they have been taught to use, they frequently make mistakes, which are attributed to the desire of deceiving. We should not precipitately suspect them falsehood. It is some time before they perfectly understand what we mean by truth. Small deviations should not be marked with too much rigor; but whenever a child relates exactly, any thing which he has seen, or heard, or felt, we should listen with attention and we should not show the least doubt of his veracity.'

In a multitude of cases, where parents or guardians have acted under the influence of principles at variance with those suggested in the foregoing remarks they have not only subjected their children to severe trials, but they have sometimes plunged daggers in their own bosoms.—*Mother's Magazine.*

D E A T H.

Death often comes without a warning, but never without a warrant.

Life is the time to prepare for death; and health the time to prepare for sickness.

We may familiarise death by meditation, and sweeten it by preparation.

If Christ be our friend, death will be our friend.

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