

## POETRY.

## LOVE.

Lord! whose love, in power excelling,  
Wash'd the leper's stain away,  
Jesus! from thy heavenly dwelling,  
Hear us, help us, when we pray!

From the filth of vice and folly,  
From infuriate passion's rage,  
Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,  
Hedless youth and selfish age;

From the lusts whose deep pollutions  
Adam's ancient taint disclose,  
From the tempter's dark intrusions,  
Rest:—no doubt and blind repose;

From the miser's curs'd treasure,  
From the drunkard's jest obscene,  
From the world, its pomp and pleasure,  
Jesus! Master! make us clean!

Bishop Heber.

## STANZAS.

O for a faith as firm, unmov'd,  
As his, the friend of God,  
Who, firmly with the child he lov'd,  
Moriah's mountain trod;  
And bound his son, and rais'd his hand,  
Obedient to his Lord's command.

Or his, Arabia's tempted son,  
Surcharg'd with various woe;  
His children dead, his riches gone,  
In pain and sickness low;  
From whose pale lips in anguish burst,  
"Though he should slay me, Him I'll trust."

But, Lord, to me, thy wayward child,  
Still prone to choose the wrong,  
With guilty thoughts and words defil'd,  
Do such high things belong?  
And is it not deep pride of heart  
Which bids such lofty wishes start?

Oh, humbler things in thy dear word  
Are fitter far for me,  
Yet there, the humblest pray'r prefer'd  
Was heard and mark'd by thee:  
Both "If thou canst," and "If thou wilt,"  
Were granted, though on doubting built.

Thou art unchang'd—thy gracious ear  
Still lists the cry of grief:  
Lord, I believe—oh, deign to hear!  
Help thou mine unbelief:  
I know—I know thou wilt not spurn  
One who before thy cross would mourn.

Increase my weak, my wavering faith,  
Fix it on thee alone;  
Lead me to conquer sin and death,  
And foes to me unknown;  
Feeble and faint my cry may be,  
Yet, Lord, I still would cling to thee.

M. A. STODART.

## ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.\*

Or a hint to Ministers as to how often they should preach the same Sermon.

It was on a Monday morning that I called upon the Rev. Dr. P., of Edinburgh, (Scotland,) whom I found in a most merry, laughing mood. "Why, what's the matter, doctor, that you are so merry so early in the morning?" "Had you been here a little earlier," said he, "you would have been laughing too. Did you meet a man going down the court as you came up it?" "I did, doctor." "Take a chair then, till I can tell you the object of his so early a

\* From the Christian Intelligencer.

visit to me on Monday morning." He laughed again, after which, by screwing and bracing, he succeeded to finish the tile, when — laughed more than the doctor. "The person you met in the court," said the doctor, "is one of my people, who felt it his duty to make so early a call this morning, to reprove me for a very great sin which he conceived me to be guilty of committing yesterday."

"Yesterday morning I preached from such a text, and being under engagement to supply, in the afternoon, for the Rev. Mr. E., of Leith, who was sick, I preached the same discourse to his people. It so happened that this person whom you met in the court went down, (after the morning service,) to Leith, to visit a daughter who was sick. Having seen his child he went to hear Mr. E. preach, when lo! who should preach but the man he had heard in the morning, and what should he hear but the same sermon! — Thus, sir, constitutes the very heinous sin of which I was guilty; the preaching at Leith the sermon I had preached in Edinburgh. And so grievously great, in his account, is this my sin, that I ought therefore to be rebuked, and to discharge this act of brotherly kindness to me, was the object of his so early visit this morning."

"As he was not in the habit of calling, his visit rather surpris'd me, the more so on Monday morning at so early an hour."

"I could perceive by his rather hurried and confused manner, that he wanted to say something which he knew not how to introduce. To assist him, therefore, I said, "John, I apprehend you have called upon me for some certain purpose; if so, proceed to inform me of the object of your visit." After some humming, much ridding of the throat, accompanied by some few mutterings expressive of the regret and sorrow he felt that there should have existed such cause for his visit, he said, "Doctor, did not you preach yesterday morning from such a text?" "Yes, John." "After the morning service I went down to Leith to visit my daughter who is sick, and being there, thought I would step in and hear Mr. E. preach, but found you in the pulpit in his stead; and did you not there preach the same sermon you preached in your own church in the morning?" "I did, John, and I will tell you why I did it. I was some miles off, in another town, and in another congregation. If my sermon was of importance to you in Edinburgh, it certainly was so for them in Leith. But, John, I very well observe now, the object of your early visit. The questions you have put inform me both of its nature and design. You do not intend, I presume, to number me among the 'dumb dogs that cannot bark,' but you rank me among the 'idle shepherds,' because I preached the same sermon at Leith, in the afternoon, that I had delivered in the morning in Edinburgh, being too lazy, as you suppose, to prepare another for them there; and you felt it your duty, did you not, to call upon me to reprove me for such conduct?"

"I did, doctor, yet not exactly to reprove you, but to warn you against such conduct in future; as I consider it very improper, if not very sinful."

"I thank you, John, and am willing to believe you my friend, and that you are sincere in what you have done." "I am all you say, doctor, and more too." "That I am ready to admit, John, yet must tell you that I am more than a little skeptical, as to what you affirm respecting the sinfulness and impropriety of preaching a sermon a second time, when preached under circumstances such as mine yesterday was, away from home, and to a new congregation. But skeptic as I am, and unable as I feel to believe exactly upon these points as you do, you now have it in your power, John, to convince me of another fact, if you will, namely, the propriety or impropriety of preaching more than once the same sermon to the same people."

"I felt, John, that that sermon was on an important and solemn subject; a subject eminently calculated, aided by the Spirit of God, to admonish and edify, not our church only, but every Christian society; and could not fail of meeting a cordial response in every sanctified breast that listened to it." "It was all you say, doctor. I never have heard a sermon I liked better. It was indeed a solemn and impressive sermon, a convincing and stirring discourse. Just such a sermon as the

church of God, in her present circumstances, requires, and with all, it was so plain, as that all could understand and remember it."

"Well, John, as to the remembering it, you have had an advantage above all others, inasmuch as you have heard it twice, and by your remembering or forgetting of this sermon, you have it now in your power to convince me of the propriety or impropriety of preaching the same sermon a second or more times, even at home. Now, from the fact that you have heard it twice, and that but yesterday, I hope you are able to repeat, for the assistance of others and the edification of your own soul, the greater part of it, and the more especially so, since you say, 'it was so plain and easy to be remembered.' The introduction to the sermon was neither lengthy nor far-fetched: you are able to tell me how I introduced it? After a good deal of shifting and changing of his position on his seat, he said, "Well, no, doctor, I have pretty much forgotten the manner you introduced your subject." "Well, John, you cannot have forgotten the divisions of the discourse. There was nothing artificial about them; they arose naturally out of the text, and were such as every reflecting mind could not fail to see. What was the first?" "It, too, was lost in forgetfulness. "Well, the second, what was it? Well, let us pass to the third, you can tell me it?" "Not could one of them be produced?" "Well, John, you cannot possibly have forgotten the improvement made of the subject. You very well remember, I doubt not, the many and various classes of characters therein addressed, and the many and important Christian duties inculcated. The improvement, John, was of all the sermon the most awful, solemn, and impressive part. It you cannot surely have forgotten?"

"It was, doctor, it was. It made a deep impression upon my mind, and I could see very well it did so on many others also; but, doctor, I have a bad memory, and am sorry to say can repeat but little of the improvement either."

"I waited some time for that little, but found the improvement, also, was lost. I then said, "well, John, so far are you from convincing me of the sinfulness and impropriety of preaching a sermon a second time when I go from home, that you have convinced me of the necessity of performing a new duty, a new thought of before, namely, the preaching of important sermons twice and again at home."

"When you go home, John, you had better repeat upon the object of your visit to me, and while you are doing that, I shall reflect whether it is not my duty to you, to preach next Sabbath morning, a third time, the same sermon, with a view to assist your so treacherous memory."

I need not add that John retired, apparently suffering under most mortified feelings.

Where is that church in which it is not to be found many such Johns? All cry, *fy, fy*, at the repetition of a sermon, but try them as John was tried, and you will find that bad memories are the curse of John alone. But how appalling the consideration of such a state of things! How discouraging to ministers, and how ruinous to immortal souls! How numerous, in every church, the 'way-side,' hearers

## M. A. N.

Man is a restless thing: still vain and wild,  
Lives beyond lusts, nor out grows the child;  
His hurrying lusts break the sacred bound  
To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,  
And buy them all too dear; unthinking fool!  
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul;  
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,  
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

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