

*The Canadian Quarterly Agricultural and Industrial Magazine.* By WILLIAM EVANS. No. II. Campbell & Becket. 1838.

We again recommend this useful periodical to our readers. It is "dedicated to the farmers of Canada;" and it will conduce to their advantage and improvement if they so far encourage the Editor of this praise-worthy effort as to support the work, and enable him to carry it on without loss to himself. Judging from the contents of the two numbers already before us, we have no hesitation in declaring our belief that the information he would communicate from time to time would be found so important as to deserve the serious attention of the agricultural portion of our readers, and contribute at once to their individual benefit, and the welfare of the whole community.

## Poetry.

TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD WHIPPLE,

*Late of Hamilton Institution, N. Y.*

Thou art gone, dear friend—thy deathless soul is fled;  
Thy body's laid among the silent dead;  
And we in bitter sorrow, bending, weep  
O'er the low grave, where thou dost timeless sleep.  
Yes, 'tis thine absence makes us thus to mourn,—  
The sure conviction, thou canst not return.  
'Tis that we miss thy voice, thy sunny smile,  
Which shed a gladness o'er us for a while.  
'Tis that a friend, from our embrace hath flown :  
Our brother, thou hast left us here alone.  
Oh well may grief our lonely spirits bend.  
Where shall we find thy like, our friend, my friend !  
Yet heavenly faith our streaming tears wipes dry,  
And, pointing to the mansions of the sky,  
Shews us the friend we sadly mourn as lost,  
Shining all glorious, 'mid th' angelic host,  
And though we cannot hear that gladsome voice  
That often made our drooping hearts rejoice ;  
And know the hand we oft so kindly press'd,  
Never again on our's will kindly rest ;  
Yes, though we know our joys thou canst not share,  
Nor in our griefs thy woulted part canst bear,—  
Yet will we check our bitter heaving sighs,  
And wipe the gath'ring tear-drops from our eyes.  
For thou art happy now, no base alloy  
Sullies the lustre of thy heavenly joy ;  
But all thy soul with blessedness runs o'er,  
And thy full spirit can contain no more.  
Oh, Death, thou hast not hushed that loving voice ;  
E'en now it makes the heavenly courts rejoice,  
As, in exulting strains, it loudly sings  
The glorious triumphs of the King of Kings.  
Oh, Death, thou hast not in thy cruel band,  
Bound down to earth that gentle soothing hand ;  
E'en now with far, far more than earthly fire,  
It sweeps the strings of an immortal lyre.

And though our much-loved friend's remains now rest,  
In the confines of thy realms unblessed,  
The day is coming, when the trumpet's sound  
Shall burst the chains of all that thou hast bound.  
Then shall our friend, in heavenly beauty dress'd,  
Enjoy forever an unbroken rest.  
But thou, grim Death, shalt feel that awful rod,  
And surely perish by the power of God.  
Yes, Edward, when that blessed day shall come,  
And God's elect shall leave the darksome tomb,  
We hope to meet thee on that happy shore,  
Where pain or parting ne'er shall reach us more.  
K. M.

## A HYMN.

BY LORD GLENELG.

When gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who not in vain  
Experienced every human pain :  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To flee the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do :  
Still, He who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,  
He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe—  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those that shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,  
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe me, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend—  
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while—  
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,  
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh ! when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, Lord ! unchanging, watch beside  
My dying bed, for thou hast died :  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

A TREASURE MISPLACED.—To set the heart on the creature is to set a diamond in lead ; or to lock coals in a cabinet and throw jewels into a cellar.—*Bishop Reynolds.*