

sermon was preached to the students, by the Rev. James Edwards, of Nottingham. The prospects of the institution were never more encouraging.

CHADWELL-STREET CHAPEL, PENTONVILLE.—An interesting service was held lately at this place of worship, preparatory to the baptism of a highly respectable Jew, who has become a believer in Christ under the ministry of Mr. R. H. Herschell. The service was commenced by the Rev. J. Blackburn, after which Mr. Herschell addressed first the candidate for baptism, and then the converted Jews, exhorting them to continue stedfast in the faith; and closed with a solemn appeal to the unbelieving Jews, many of whom were present. We are gratified to learn that there are several of the house of Israel who are anxiously seeking the truth, and constantly attend the ministry of their brother according to the flesh. The converted Israelite having expressed his desire to be baptized by immersion, the ordinance was administered at Mr. Evans's Chapel, John-street.

SWANSEA.—At Swansea and its neighbourhood many scores continue to be added to the Baptists at their monthly ceremonies: it is supposed that more have joined the Baptists within the last three months, than during the preceding 17 years. On Saturday and Sunday last, a whole congregation of Pede-Baptists, preacher and all, were baptized by immersion in the river Tawe, within two miles of Swansea. On Saturday evening the Rev. D. Davies, of Bethesda, preached an appropriate sermon from Heb. viii. 5; and the ordinance was administered by the Rev. J. Pugh, of Siloam. On Sunday afternoon, the Rev. J. Spencer, of Llanelly, delivered a most interesting sermon from John i. 25, and the rite was performed in the presence of from eight to ten thousand spectators.—*Welshman*.

POETRY.

THOUGHTS IN AFFLICTION.

LINES COMPOSED ON A SICK BED.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever."

Psalms lxxxix. 1.

From business and the world shut up,
While tasting of affliction's cup,
I've been reflecting on the day
When first I sought the narrow way.
Still farther back my thoughts have pac'd,
My former sinful course retrac'd.
The Sabbath, then, oh! how mispent!
Its sacred laws to pleasure bent;
How oft on that most hallow'd day
My steps have wandered far away
From solid and substantial joys,
In search of earthly, empty toys.

The Bible, oh! how little read!
Each trifling book prefer'd instead;
The means of grace how seldom used
And yet more seldom not abus'd.
Retirement, meditation, prayer
Renounced, and trifles light as air,
Phantoms which every grasp elude,
With breathless eagerness pursued.
If in the sacred courts I trod,
'Twas but to approach an unknown God,
But not "Christ crucified" to view;
That Alpha and Omega too.
I heard his ministers proclaim
The matchless glories of his name;
I heard, but I regarded not,
I heard, but all I heard forgot;
I heard, but nothing could I feel,
The Lord his arm did not reveal;
'Twas in my ear a pleasing sound,
But in my heart no place it found.
But oh! the appointed time was fixed
When faith with hearing should be mixed;
When not the form I should possess
Without the power of godliness:
That was indeed a happy hour,
Season of God's resistless power.
With what new feelings then I saw
The terrors of a broken law!
And all without me and within,
Nothing but wretchedness and sin!
'Twas then the Saviour pass'd me by,
And in my blood beheld me lie;
Stretch'd forth his hand and bade me live,
With "Son, I all thy sins forgive."
Since then what mercies I have seen!
Oh, what a debtor I have been!
How often has he seen me rove,
And yet has not withdrawn his love!
Sustain'd by his almighty grace,
In every time, in every place;
In sorrow's flood, in conflict's field,
My rock, my refuge, and my shield.
When I am weak and rack'd with pain,
Turn to and fro for rest in vain;
And sigh, and long, and pray, and weep
For one refreshing hour of sleep;
Oh, what a mercy 'tis to know
That I'm not doomed to endless woe!
Not doomed in ceaseless pain to dwell,
Not doomed to make my bed in hell!
And 'tis a greater mercy still
To know that 'tis my Saviour's will
In tribulation's fire to prove
The objects of his sovereign love;
To wean them from a world like this,
And meeten them for heavenly bliss.
But higher mercy yet remains,
Mercy that calls for loudest strains;
'Tis that I know in whom I trust,
That He's almighty, faithful, just;
And that He will in safety keep
What I, the meanest of his sheep,
Have been enabled by his grace,
Under his guardian care to place,
'Till that decisive day appear,
When (faith absorbed in vision clear),
The sacred pledge he shall restore,
Not weak and sinful as before,
But pure, immortal, and complete,
Worthy to fill a heavenly seat.
Of judgment then let others sing,
Mercy alone my harp shall string;
Of mercy every chord shall tell,
With mercy every note shall swell;
Mercy shall tune my latest breath,
Mercy shall be my theme in death:
Mercy in Jordan's waves I'll sing,
With mercy Canaan's shores shall ring;
Heaven's golden canopy around
With mercy's praises shall resound;
Louder and louder shall the strain
Re-echo through the wide domain;
And when expire? O never! never!
Mercy shall be my song for ever.

A. S. S. TEACHER.

Toronto, August, 1841.