

For The Amaranth.

THE AFRICAN.

[Written on having read the following anecdote,—“A stranger travelling in the West Indies, beheld a negro praying beneath a tree, and tauntingly asked him ‘if he were praying unto the tree?’ the slave answered, ‘no, I am praying to my God.’ ‘Where is thy God?’ rejoined the traveller, when the slave, with a burst of wild enthusiasm, replied, ‘Where is He not?’”]

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.—COWPER.

Beneath a tree, whose branches spread,
Luxuriant to the morning air;
An African with holy dread,
To God address'd his humble pray'r:
To Him who is forever nigh,
To hear the wretched sinner's sigh.

Near to the spot a stranger stood,
As if surprised in deep surprise;
He spake with an ironic mood,
And on the negro fixed his eyes—
“Who art thou worshipping?” said he,
“Say, dost thou pray unto the tree?”

“Whom do I worship? 'tis my God—
“The LORD OF HOSTS!—He whom I love—
“JEHOVAH! at whose slightest nod,
“The Heavens and earth in terror move!”
“Where is thy God?” the stranger cried,
“Where is he not?” the slave replied.

“Where is He? where the lightnings' flash,
“Sweeps o'er the heavens broad expanse;
“Or where the awful thunder's crash,
“Is heard in dread magnificence.
“Go seek him through unbounded space,
“There is the Godhead's dwelling place.

“The royal Psalmist truly sings,
“That the Most High is every where;
“E'en should he take the morning's wings,
“And soar thro' ocean, earth, or air;
“E'en there he shows his mighty power,
“And doth his richest blessing shower.

“Go seek him in the deep abyss,
“Where great leviathan doth dwell;
“Or in the barren wilderness,
“Or in the lowest depths of hell.
“Yes, HE, th' Almighty God is there,
“He whom I worship 's every where!

“He goeth forth enrobed in state,
“Invisible to mortal sight;
“Myriads of angels on him wait,
“Array'd in robes of glorious light;
“He rideth on the whirlwind's wings,
“Yes, this is He, the King of Kings.
“His voice is heard above the storm,
“Beyond the heaven's tow'ring height;
“As forth 'his wonders to perform,'
“He walks array'd in realms of night:
“He sits above the mercy-seat,
“And chaos dwells beneath his feet.

“Behold that sun, whose glorious beams,
“Shed life and light to all around;
“Look on that firmament, which seems
“Unlimited, without a bound—
“Above them dwells the Lord divine,
“And there his endless glories shine.

“But oh! 'tis not for sinful man,
“Whose life is but a few brief days—
“The Great Divinity to scan,
“Or pry into His sacred ways;
“His awful mysteries are known
“Unto Himself and Him alone!”

The stranger gazed on him with awe,
To hear—by one whom he disdained—
The terrors of God's holy law,
And greatest attributes explained;
He stood rebuked with shameful face,
By one of Ham's ill-fated race.

St. John, June.

J. M. 69th Regt.



For The Amaranth.

TO A FRIEND.

To prize thee only while thy heart
Is free from error's stain,
Were but to act the faithless part,
That gives another pain.

Then, not to love thee would be hard,
For e'en a heart of steel;
But this is not the true regard
That man for man should feel.

Be mine the love that whilst it views,
The faults that I regret—
Can mild, yet firm forbearance use,
Forgive them and forget.

Since e'en the best at times may err,
At times from peace depart,
On me may Grace Divine confer
A charitable heart.

Queen's County, N. S., 1841.

ANON.