

C R E A T I O N .

BY E. SHEPPARD.

'The Lord Jehovah! God Omnipotent!
 'Thy power is vast, omnific, unconfined,
 'To man incomprehensible, unknown
 'The deep resources of creative might.
 'Thy word shook chaos; thy all-powerfull will
 'Strewed boundless ether with unnumber'd worlds,
 'Which like a vast, untiring army march
 'In stately grandeur round thy awful throne.
 "Let there be light:"—the peerless beams dart forth;
 'In brilliancy, from the eternal source.
 'Let man be formed:—he rises from the dust
 'An image of the pure and holy God,
 'Favoured by thee, thy blessing he receives,
 'And lord of animated nature reigns.

PLEASING, THOUGH PAINFUL.

The following extract from a friendly letter, although not designed for the public, deserves a place in this paper. We ask not to be excused for the liberty we take of publishing without consent, for we know the writer is ever prepared to acquiesce in anything which may be for the best. While we sympathize with the christian parents, who have lost an amiable child, it affords a measure of delight to learn that her departure was accompanied with so much pious hope:— D. O.

Since I last saw brother Bentley's family it has lost one of its most amiable, intelligent, and affectionate members. You have, I believe, heard of the death of Helen, but perhaps not the circumstances of her death. They were hopeful and consolatory. She died as she had lived,—in loveliness. She was eminently precautionous in piety, in sentiment, in sympathy, and devotion. She bore her sickness without a murmur, and as her body failed her mind appeared to be strengthened by the thought of immortality, and the renewal of the society of her afflicted father and mother, sisters, and brothers. She delighted in singing hymns and praising God, and all that made her uneasy was, to give her parents pain—to see them weep and mourn for her.

Who can doubt the salvation of such a child. Only eight years of age, her mind was matured in nothing but devotional reverence, and devout sentiment, when she was removed to heaven, where her virtues will blossom in a fair clime. Farewell.

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