

sermon at the time, entitled, David's lament over his son Absalom. When the Coroner's inquest was called, the body was found in a sitting posture—the look fixed firm in the hand, and open at “O my son Absalom! my son, my son Ab-

salom! would God that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!” How powerfully do such events reverberate the Divine monition, “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.”

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## P O E T R Y.

### ON MEMORY.

O WHEN the bright verdure of summer is flown,  
 Seared, and wither'd, by wint'ry air,  
 Does it avail us that once we have known,  
 How bright were the blossoms how fragrant or fair?—  
 Can remembrance of Spring any rapture impart,  
 When the cold winds of Winter are chilling the heart?

When thunders are sounding in *even's twilight*,  
 And red is the earth with the lightning's glare,  
 Can we forget, because the morning was bright,  
 How black are the clouds that are gathering *there*?  
 No—the storm of the evening gloomier seems,  
 If bright were the rays of the sun's early beams!

So pleasures departed leave cheerless the heart,  
 Though memory picture their raptures again;  
 If forced from those pleasures at present to part,  
 Memory shall picture their raptures in vain:—  
 In days of misfortune more dim grows the eye,  
 As it vainly looks back at pleasures gone by.

But when the bright world of spirits we gain,  
 And safe from the storms of adversity be;  
 Where memory shall never be allied to pain,  
 Where joys are unbounded and pleasures are free,—  
 Not a shadow of sorrow the mind will o'ercast,  
 Tho' memory points to the joys that are past.

D.

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### THE BELIEVER'S LONGING.

*An early attempt of a young man, late of Newfoundland, but now in the  
 “regions of the blest.”*

WHEN shall I quit this world of sorrow,  
 For the regions of the blest,  
 “Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest?”

My mind with worldly cares and trifles,  
 Shall be then no more possess'd  
 “Where the wicked cease from troubling  
 And the weary are at rest.”

When shall I join the Saints and Angels  
 Who in robes of white are drest.  
 “Where the wicked cease from troubling  
 And the weary are at rest?”

There sinful doubts and fears for ever,  
 Shall be banished from my breast,  
 “Where the wicked cease from troubling  
 And the weary are at rest.

The powers of darkness then no longer,  
 Shall my peaceful soul molest,  
 For there the wicked cease from troubling  
 There the weary are at rest.

O hasten Lord the blissful moment,  
 And admit me soon a guest,  
 “Where the wicked cease from troubling  
 And the weary are at rest.”

M. B. W