

cation for the Gospel ministry, under the direction of Mr. Norman. In a few years they will be prepared to go forth as missionaries among the benighted tribes of their country.

A son of the Rev. Mr. Gebbard, a Dutch clergyman at the Paarl, Cape of Good Hope, was executed on the 15th of November last for the murder of a slave. It is hoped that this severe, but necessary act of justice will restrain the cruelty of the numerous slaveholders in that colony.

SHAKER GIFT.

A youth of one of the Shaker settlements of a cheerful happy spirit, was once asked whether he had his liberty and could do as he pleased. 'Certainly,' said the youth, repeating doubtless what all are taught to believe, 'we do whatever we have a gift to.' On being asked therefore, what he should do, if he wanted, on a fine winter's morning, to go and skate on Enfield pond, he replied, that he should tell the elder that he had a gift to go down and skate. Being asked further, whether the elder would probably permit him, he answered, 'certainly, unless the elder had a gift that I should not go.' 'But if you still told the elder, that you had a gift to go down and skate, and go, you must?'—'why then the elder would tell that I had a "lying gift," and that he had a gift to beat me, if I did not go about my work immediately.' This mode of reconciling a diversity of gifts might serve very well between the elders and the boys, but would be awkward among the elders themselves.

N. A. Review.

POETRY.

FROM THE N. Y. DAILY ADVERTISER.

SIR,—The following beautiful Hymn attributed to the pen of the Rev. Reginald Heber, and the newly appointed Bishop of Calcutta, combines to much evangelical fervor, with the purest classical taste, that I am sure its insertion in your paper will be acceptable to your readers. It was written to be sung in Whittingham Church, Shropshire, on Sunday the 16th April, 1820, at the formation of a Parish Missionary association.

Yours, &c. Y.

From Greenland's icy Mountains,

From India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains

Roll down the golden sand;

From many an ancient river,

From many a palmy plain,

They call us to deliver

Their land from Error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes

Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,

Though every prospect pleases

And only Man is vile;

In vain with larich kindness,

The gifts of God are strown;

The heathen in his blindness

Bows down to Wood and Stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,

Shall we to men be lighted

The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! Oh! Salvation!

The joyful sound proclaiming

Till each remotest nation

Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,

And you, ye waters, roll,

Till, like a sun of glory,

It spreads from pole to pole

Till o'er our ransomed nature,

The Lamb for sinners slain,

Redeemer, King, Creator,

In bliss return to reign.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT TEN SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

All Communications for the CHRISTIAN REGISTER to be addressed (post paid) to Mr. WM. HEDGE, Montreal.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY N. MOWER.