

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CREATOR.

“Who but the Omnipotent could have formed the sun, could have marked out its course, suspended it without support in the blue vault, saying, ‘this be thy station, and this thy brilliant seal?’ Could any power, save that of the Eternal, have created the earth, the moon, and all the planets? these undeviatingly perform their course within the orbits he has prescribed them.”

MORNING.

At the morning’s dawn, when nature, refreshed by the dews of night, smiles around & revives afresh, she cries aloud—“O, mortal! Why art thou a prey to care and anxiety? Is not God thy father? Shall he who made thee forsake his child? The term of thy existence is not confined to thy pilgrimage on earth, it extends to eternity!”

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

“The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter; and those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adversity.”

Agessilus was asked: “What ought children to be taught?”

His answer was: “They ought to learn that which it will be proper for them to practice when they reach mature age.”

What is this but the most concise and the most excellent description that ever was given of a right education?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE QUEBEC MERCURY.

SIR,—Those who are not engaged in avocations which impose the necessity of living in large cities or towns, can form but an imperfect idea of the joyful sensations with which an operative, who for six days in the week, toils for ten hours each day, in a close apartment, hails the arrival of Saturday night. On that night I joyfully buckle on my wallet, grasp my

staff, and walk off to ‘the country,’ and I trust, Sir, that I shall not be deemed an irreligious man, when I confess that my Sabbath is, during the summer months, generally kept in the green wood, near a village in which there happens to be no protestant place of worship. and that my greatest delight is to enjoy some moral or instructive work under the shelter of the forest trees, or by the shady banks of the “brook that babbles by.” In such a situation I find my mind insensibly led to serious thoughts and religious musings, and, though I may be condemned by the acetose saints of Sir Andrew Agnew’s school, I think no person of a really Christian feeling will condemn a man who, whilst he enjoys his Sabbath in quiet and rational recreation, is neither unmindful of the duties he owes to his Creator or to the sacred character which is due to the Lord’s day. Last Sunday evening, by the banks of a gurgling stream, in one of the romantic glens which are to be found in the neighbourhood of this city, I composed the lines which I herewith transmit, and which are at your service if you think them worthy of a place in your journal.

I am Sir, your obedient servant, O.

SUNDAY CONTEMPLATIONS, BY AN OPERATIVE.

By limpid brook whose rippling stream
Is silvered by the moon’s mild beam,
There let me stray far from the strife
And turmoil of a city life;

To Heaven there raise my thoughts, and
own

That blessings flow from God alone.

Or resting in some tranquil glade.
’Neath the dark forest’s tangled shade,
I breathe the perfumes of the flowers,
Sheltered by high o’er arching bowers,
That shield me from the noontide heat—
In such sequestered still retreat,

Oh let me silent pray, and own

That peace is found in God alone.

When with the busy working train,
I’m forced to join in toil again: