

## P O E T R Y.

## F A I T H.

By a Newfoundland Church Missionary.

When howling tempests toss life's fragile bark :  
When earth and air, and sea, alike, are dark ;  
When but the light'ning, rushing from on high  
On fiery wing, lights up the troubled sky ;  
When human hopes and mortal succours fail,  
And feeble reason covers beneath the gale ;  
When rising surges threaten to o'erwhelm,  
With steady hand Faith hastens to the helm,—  
Mounts on the mounting billow's foamy steep,  
Then down descending seeks the yawning deep,  
Invokes His name whose voice the winds obey,  
And in the blackest darkness hopes for day.

When o'er the dreary wilderness of life  
The whirlwind marshals elemental strife ;  
When clouds on clouds, in mild disorder driven,  
Obscure the light, and blot the face of heaven,—  
Or when the noonday sun, with sickly glare,  
Like molten brass, shines through the covered air ;  
When parching sands no cooling streams supply,  
And no relief appears to mortal eye,—  
Faith onward holds her heaven-directed way,  
God's word her guide, and Jesu's name her stay,  
Looks not behind, but ever hopes at hand  
A rock of shelter in the weary land ;  
Some green oasis in the desert waste,  
By shading trees and bubbling fountains placed,  
Where, safe from howling storm and scorching sun,  
Her limbs may rest, their toilsome journey done.

When earth's affections lose their firmest hold,  
When friendship fails, and love itself grows cold ;  
When ties of other days are severed far,  
And Hope's bright horizon shows no morning star,  
Faith on a friend omnipotent relies,  
Forever true, immortal in the skies.  
And trusts to see, with beams of love divine,  
The Sun of Righteousness serenely shine.

When cares and sorrows, like a deluge sweep  
Life's hills and vales, careering on the deep,  
Faith opens the windows of her sacred ark,  
The failing waters of the tide to mark,  
Sends forth the dove, and trusts to see her come  
Bearing, with speed, a branch of olive home.

Faith, glorious Faith, illumines, with cheering ray,  
Life's opening morn and more expanded day—  
When break the golden bowl and silver string,  
Faith aids the soul to plume her parting wing,  
Gilds, with celestial hues, the clouds which lower,  
In dark'ning folds, around life's sunset hour ;  
Sees through the opening vista of the grave  
An Eden bloom, and life's own branches wave ;  
While guardian angels sheathe the flaming sword,  
To welcome in the accepted of the Lord

## D E A T H.

By the same.

The infant smiling in life's early light—  
The youth exulting in his untried might—  
The man of sinewy frame, and dauntless brow—  
And he whose years are weary weakness now,—  
Beauty's young bloom, and ages withered form,  
Descend alike to darkness and the worm.—  
The white-robed priest—the prayer—the funeral pall,  
And "dust to dust"—remain alike for all.  
When friends long-loved to earth return again,  
Nature must feel and grieve—for we are men—  
The cold clay, rattling on the coffin's lid,  
May call forth tears which man can never forbid—  
But why should Hope expire with parting breath,  
Or fold her pinions o'er the couch of death ?

What though from sight those loved ones pass away,  
What though the gross worm rot in decay ?  
The spirit upwards to its Author springs,  
And mounts triumphant on angelic wings :  
The body, too, shall burst the bands that bind  
Its strength, and leave mortality behind ;  
Shall more than conquer in the final strife,  
And spring, at once, with active force,—  
Then parted friends again shall meet,—and ties,  
Sever'd on earth, be firmer in the skies.

Why did the Saviour bow his drooping head ?  
Why was he numbered with the silent dead,  
If not to spoil the Spoiler ; and proclaim,  
In Death's own realms, the terrors of His name ?  
Captive to lead captivity, and rise  
Robbing the cold grave of its victories.  
Why should His followers dread a vanquish'd foe ?  
Why shrink in fear beneath his nerveless blow ?  
Pure living light shines out beyond the gloom—  
The pathway into life is through the tomb—  
The peaceful grave is but in mercy given,  
A place of rest upon the road to Heaven.  
They whom the hollow world has made to weep,  
Within Death's arms are kindly lulled to sleep,  
That, free from every trace of care and pain,  
In joy unmingled they may wake again.

Yes, to the humble, meek, and pure in heart  
Death comes indeed—but comes without his dart,  
And brings, their footsteps thro' the gloom to guide,  
A guardian Angel smiling by his side.—  
What then is Death?—say faithful christian! say  
The dusky twilight of an endless day—  
The sowing that immortal fruit shall bring—  
The winter that precedes eternal spring.  
Yes, when the last, the awakening trumpet sound,  
Twill pierce the sea, and rend the solid ground.  
The grave its mouldering fetters shall unclasp ;  
And Death o'ermastered, loose his failing grasp ;  
Voices shall sound where all before was mute—  
Death sowed the seed—but life shall reap the fruit,  
As tender snowrets crushed by Winter's wing,  
Revive and blossom on the breast of Spring ;  
E'en so mankind a second life shall see  
In thy unbounded Spring, Eternity !

## D E V O T I O N A L.

## CONFESSION OF GUILT AND HELPLESSNESS.

Almighty God, thou hast at length subdued my pride. Weakness and pain have helped reflection. Here, in this sick chamber, where I am called to suffer, and perhaps to die, dependant on the care of others, and scarcely able to do more for myself than a little child, I cannot be any longer proud. But it is not my weakness, so much as my sinfulness, which humbles me. Lord, I am vile. I have wilfully broken thy laws ; neglected my duty ; and omitted countless opportunities of doing good. Every act has been defective, and all my affections, have been earthly. I have sinned in thought, word, and deed, times without number. I have led others into sin by my conversation and example. In short, my whole life has been made up of transgressions ; and my whole nature is defiled. In all this I am the more guilty, because I have been so favoured. Snatched from many dangers, I have been preserved to this day. My wants have been supplied, thou hast given me many hours of enjoyment, I have had many means of grace ; I have been taught my duty, I have had innumerable mercies ; and yet I have been so great a sinner ; Lord I confess that I deserve eternal death. Justly might I be excluded from thy presence for ever. Nor can I ever merit any thing better. All I can do, never can meet thy present demands, much less make atonement for the past. I am likewise as weak as I am guilty. How can I change my nature ? Left to myself, I should be for ever ungodly ; and therefore I richly deserve to be for ever miserable. All that I can possibly suffer here, is unspeakably

less than is my due. Without Christ, I must remain under unpardoned guilt ; without the Holy Spirit, I must continue unregenerate ; without sovereign mercy, I perish. Lord, thou hast an absolute right to do with me what thou wilt. But I cast myself on thy mercy. Did not Jesus come to seek and save that which was lost ! Then, I am a suitable object for his compassion. Did he not invite the weary laden to come to him ? Then he has invited me for the sake of my sins against him. It was in name that St. John said, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins ;" and thou hast brought me to make an unreserved confession of them : wilt thou not therefore forgive me ? As thou hast in some degree destroyed my pride, and made me feel my vileness, so that I do not now regard affronts as I once did, and I could receive reproaches from a little child ; wilt thou not graciously receive me, now that I cast myself on thy mercy and grace in Christ Jesus, and admit me to all the privileges of thy children.—Baptist IV. Noct.

## ANECDOTE OF SIR J. HARRINGTON.

"A word in season—how good is it."—Scripture.

The brilliancy of genius did not obliterate the tenderness of the heart : a laudable spirit of promoting good was manifested on many occasions ; one instance deserves our relating, and respects the repairing the church of which to which our author most zealously inclined, and which he most diligently effected. One day as he was conversing with Bishop Montague, near the church, it happened to rain, which afforded the opportunity of asking the Bishop to shelter himself in the Church. Special care was taken to convey the prelate into that aisle which had been repaired of its lead, and was near roofless. As this situation was far from securing him from the weather, he often complained to his merry companion that it rained ! Did it so, my Lord ! Then let me sue your bounty towards covering our poor church, for if it keep not us safe from waters above, how shall it ever save others from the waters beneath ? Herent the Bishop was so well pleased, that he became a most liberal benefactor both of timber and lead, and to this instance of public spirit was owing the completion of the roofing of the north aisle of the abby church, after it had lain in ruins for many years.

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