

**Poetry.**

*For the Canada Baptist Magazine.*

SPIRITUAL ASPECTS OF PROVIDENCE  
IN REGARD TO CANADA.

On the tops of thy mountains, O land of the stranger!

And o'er thy deep forests, I see it appear:  
'Tis the star that once guided to Bethlehem's low manger,

While angels were watching and worshipping there.

It rises; thy shadows of night are retiring,  
And morning's full blushes shall bloom o'er thy wild;

Superstition's bewildering, dim taper, expiring,  
Shall glimmer no more on a people beguiled.

From thy solitudes deep, where no human intrusion  
The echoes awake, save the red man's lone tread,  
As he wander'd stern Lord of the awful seclusion,  
Or rais'd his dark soul in the song of the dead,—

From those deeps shall the anthem of Jubilee, pealing,

Float far on the breezes that round thee shall play:  
Salvation! salvation! I hear it revealing  
Thy heart's holy joys, heaven's perfected lay.

Then who loves the picture? For yet 'tis before us—  
It glows in the distance, but still is not near;  
But does man?—and the words of Jehovah assure us  
He'll bathe in his glory our darkened sphere.

Then who loves the picture? O say not, "I love it."  
Thy heart is deceived, but thy God is not so;  
'Tis but the illusions of fancy that move it—  
To thee, not the soul, 'tis the colours that glow.

If thy prayers, and thy efforts, both sleep on their pillow,

Nor stir to accomplish and hasten it on:  
If thou rouse not, this sound of thy Master to follow,  
And feel his high interests absorbing thine own;—

Then sleep; but the day of his glory arises,  
Nor waits for thine aid, or thy slumbers to break.  
Sleep on; but the evening of reck'ning advances,  
When "Give an account" shall thee speedily wake.

But who really longs for this bless'd consummation?  
Nor only bounds forward our foretastes to share,  
But binds to the car of the Prince of Salvation  
His soul's noblest powers, a whole sacrifice there?

O servant of Christ, thine his cause is to hasten.—  
He shall come, but his saints must prepare him the way.

Even now to the sound of his chariot we listen;  
It summons to labour,—it will not delay.

Cast up in the desert a way for Messiah;  
Break down the proud mountains, the valleys upraise;

"Till one grand level spread, for the roll of his triumph,  
And the LAND of the STRANGER be vocal with praise.—  
ORIG. G.

ON BAPTISM.

Though ten thousand lights united  
Beam from man's ingenious brain,  
Still the path by Gospel lighted  
I will take—it seems so plain.

He who bought our souls' salvation  
With the streams of his own blood,  
Came to John's baptismal station,  
And was buried in the flood.

Shall I, then, neglect the example  
Set by Jesus' own accord—  
Thus upon his precepts trample?  
Oh! forbid it, gracious Lord!

I'll be buried with my Saviour—  
And with him may I arise;  
In his footsteps find great pleasure,  
Run the race, and win the prize.

'Tis a precept,—can I break it,  
And disown my Saviour's laws?  
'Tis a cross—but let me take it,  
And maintain the precious cause.

—Bap. Reg.

L. S. R.

A CONVERT.—A French officer, who was a prisoner upon his parole at Reading, met with a Bible; he read it; and was so struck with its contents, that he was convinced of the folly of sceptical principles, and of the truth of Christianity, and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said in his vindication, "I have done no more than my old-school-fellow, Bernadotte, who is become Lutheran." "Yes, but he became so," said his associate, "to obtain a crown." "My motive," said the Christian officer, "is the same; we only differ as to *place*: the object of Bernadotte is to obtain a crown in Sweden,—mine is to obtain a crown in heaven."

NATURAL DECAY.—Old age, and waxing old as a garment, is written on the fairest face of creation. Psalm cii. 26.—*Rutherford.*