

The islanders have prayers twice on the Sabbath, after which Mr. Nobbs read sermons from Burder, Watts, Blair, or Whitfield. There is also a Sabbath-school, a Bible-class is held on the Wednesday, and a day-school every morning and afternoon, contains 49 children. They have received many books from the Tract Society, and other friends. They are very anxious to have a Missionary. Mr. Nobbs wishes to be more formally sanctioned and paid as a schoolmaster. He has written to the bishop of Australia, who has promised to let him have definite information shortly.

The people marry, baptize, and bury, according to the forms of the Church of England.

On the whole, we were highly gratified by what we saw and heard in this small, but far-famed island; and the people seemed equally pleased with our visit.

### POETRY,

BY T. RAFFLES, D. D. L. L. D.

LIVERPOOL.

ECCLES. xi. 6.—In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening, withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

In the morning sow thy seed,  
Nor at eve withhold thy hand,  
Who can tell which may succeed,  
Or if both alike shall stand,  
And a glorious harvest bear  
To reward the sower's care?

In the morning sow thy seed—  
In the morning of thy youth;  
Prompt to every generous deed,  
Scatter wide the seeds of truth;  
He whose sun may set at noon,  
Never can begin too soon.

Nor withhold thy willing hand  
In the eventide of age,  
E'en to life's last lingering sand,  
In thy closing pilgrimage,  
Seed may yet be sown by thee,—  
Sown for immortality.

"By all waters," be it sown,  
Everywhere enrich the ground  
Till the soil, with thorns o'ergrown,  
Shall with fruits and flowers abound;  
Pregnant with a sweet perfume,  
Deck'd in Eden's loveliest bloom.

Sow it in the youthful mind;  
Can you have a fairer field?  
Be it but in faith consigned,  
Harvest, doubtless, it shall yield,  
Fruits of early piety,  
All that God delights to see.

Sow it 'mid the haunts of vice—  
Scenes of infamy and crime;  
Suddenly may paradise  
Burst, as in the northern clime  
Spring, with all its verdant race,  
Starts from winter's cold embrace.

Sow it with unsparing hand,  
'Tis the kingdom's precious seed;  
'Tis the master's great command,  
And his grace shall crown the deed;  
He hath said, the precious grain  
Never shall be sown in vain!

Long, indeed, beneath the clod,  
It may lie, forgot, unseen—  
Noxious weeds may clothe the sod,  
Changing seasons intervene—  
Summer's heat, and winter's frost—  
Yet that seed shall ne'er be lost.

But at length, it shall appear  
Rising up o'er all the plain—  
"First the blade, and then the ear,"  
Then the ripe, the golden grain,  
Joyous reapers glodly come,  
Angels shout the harvest home.

Edge-Hill, January 1, 1841.

A NOBLE REPULSE.—A true son of Ireland and of temperance, on arriving lately in New York, was asked to take a glass of grog, but he alleged that he had signed the teetotal pledge before leaving Cork. His friend said—"Your pledge there is not binding here." To this species of left-handed morality, Pat indignantly replied—"Do you think then, that when I brought me *body* to America, I'd be afeather leaving me *soul* in ould Ireland?"

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