

When angry winds arouse its turbid stores;  
 Partaking of his moods, and ways, and things,  
 And schemes and policies. She forward brings,  
 Her own contrivances as treasures meet,  
 And means to do her Master's work complete.  
 Are rancorous evils rampant in the state?  
 Do factions rise, and strive, and emulate?  
 Do vain economists and would-be-wisemen  
 Their means to make men great and good devise,  
 While yet fierce passions and consuming hate  
 Destroy the earth in spite of good and great?  
 Will Peace Societies the venom draw  
 From out man's nature rampant o'er God's law?  
 Look round you o'er the broken church, and see  
 How many factions, wounds, and strifes there be!  
 What vain contrivances to stanch and heal  
 The sad disorders all men see and feel!  
 What policy the scanty pittance brings  
 To those who minister in holy things;  
 While sacrilege assumes an air of grace,  
 And robs God of His tithe before His face!  
 Do private "clubs" disorganize the state?  
 The mischief in the church is quite as great.  
 Do rebel "agitators" force the Crown?  
 Our "private judgment" tears our mother down.  
 Does anarchy the public weal o'erthrow?  
 Church anarchy has laid the church as low.  
 Nay, scarce is there a thing with ruin fraught,  
 But in some form hath by the church been taught.  
 Is there with crowns no wisdom, counsel, might?  
 As little can the church with Satan fight?  
 Her children at each other aim the blow:  
 She tears herself in pieces, not the foe.  
 Do plague and pestilence their millions slay?  
 False doctrine kills as many souls as they.  
 Do tens of thousands by the famine pine?  
 There is a famine of the word divine.  
 Do enemies their toils around us close?  
 In his own house a man shall find his foes.  
 The church, our house, contains the foes we see.  
 How sad that brethren thus should disagree!  
 The church's children are the men we know.  
 Alas! that one should be another's foe!

"Tis thus confusion all his forces pours,  
 And round our house the raging tempest roars!  
 Such was "the Day of Midian," when the might  
 Of Midian crumbled in a household fight!

(To be continued.)

[This poem, as may be inferred from the introductory lines, was originally intended for our January number, but unavoidable circumstances prevented its completion in time for insertion then. The author has, however, preferred to have it printed in its present shape, rather than to attempt to re-cast it; for though but a small portion of the poem has any special reference to the period of the New Year, yet as the recurrence of such an epoch of time formed, as it were, the key-note of his theme, it would have been difficult to have altered it, without interfering, in some degree, with the structure and continuity of his design.]

## THE DAYS GONE BY.

BY A SCOTCHMAN AND A SOLDIER.

When solitude sweet calms the soul for reflection,  
 As pensive we stray 'neath the still evening sky,  
 And mem'ry recalls to our fond recollection  
 The days and the scenes that have long, long gone by,  
 The sunrise of life ere its tempest was blowing,  
 While our bosoms were strangers to sorrow or care,  
 When the sweet beam of hope in the young heart was  
 glowing,  
 Ere the soft cheek of youth had been stain'd with a tear,  
 Remembrance looks over the past with a sigh,  
 And proclaims that the best of our days have gone bye.

How sweet were the visions of life's sunny morning,  
 How fond the enchantment of love's fairy dream,  
 Unknown and unheeded were fortune's dark turnings;  
 And the sky of the future looked calm and serene;  
 Around us were those whose eyes beam'd affection,  
 And kind were the feelings that glow'd in the breast:  
 Each dear image lives in our fond recollection,  
 And sacred to mem'ry are those now at rest;  
 Those bright eyes are clouded, their bosoms are cold,  
 And their brief dream of life like a tale has been told.

With mournful delight mem'ry backwards will wander,  
 While the tear-drop unwittingly starts in our eye,  
 As over the scenes of our childhood we ponder,  
 Life's beautiful morning—the day that's gone bye;  
 The pleasures of manhood are mingled with sorrow,  
 His smile is soon changed to a sigh or a tear,  
 His peace is consum'd by the cares of to-morrow,  
 Or remorse for the past wounds his soul like a spear;  
 And oft he looks over the scene with a sigh,  
 And complains that the best of his days have gone bye.

But why thus lament, that the dark clouds have shaded  
 The fair sunny prospect that opened so bright—  
 Or grieve that the visions of fancy have faded,  
 Like dreams of the morning, that vanish with light?  
 Look upward and onward, a scene is before thee,  
 In beauty more lovely than fancy e'er drew,  
 Where mansions of bliss, and a kingdom of glory,  
 With pleasures undying, are waiting for you;  
 The angel of hope bids thee cheer on thy way,  
 Where faith points afar to the regions of day.

## A WISH.

BY LADY KAMELINA STUART WORTLEY.

WHERE the wondrous and glorious cloud-tracts be,  
 In their burning and transparent glory,  
 Would I walk in mists of light with thee,  
 Leaving this old world, bleak and hoary.

Yet from this dimmest of dim spheres,  
 Would I bear some few most precious things,  
 Beloved 'midst childhood's smiles and tears,  
 Though tainted now by life's dark springs.

A colour from the empurpled flower;  
 A music from the whispering shell;  
 A sparkle from the rainbowed shower;  
 A perfume from the blossomed dell.

And art thou so beloved, oh, earth?  
 Can links of life's long chain be dear?  
 Then I'll not leave thee, place of birth,  
 Even for the loveliest stranger sphere!