

POETRY.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

MORNING.

Lines suggested by Montgomery's "Hymn on Night."

Morn is the time to wake !
To rouse the dream-tired soul
From its lethargic sleep ; and shake
It free from night's control,
To call the wandering ideas back,
From off their fancy-coloured track.

Morn is the time to rise !
To leave the grateful bed ;
When first the sober-tinted skies
Are tinged with rosy red.
To breathe the incense of the morn
That with the coming light is born.

Morn is the time to pray !
The spirit, calm and fresh,
Soars on the wings of faith away
From its cold shroud of flesh ;
Leaves the defiling things of sight
And bathes itself in Heaven's own light.

Ay ! morn's the time to pray
For God's redeeming love !
That through the moments of the day
The thoughts may rook above ;
That through life's lowering path of woe
We may be safe from every foe.

Morn is the time for toil !
To search the elastic page !
The mind when fresh enjoys the spoil
It gathers new from age ;
And all the sons of labor yield
Their willing sinews to the field.

It was upon a morn
That Christ the Saviour rose :
Borne on the wings of angel hosts
Triumphant o'er his foes.
Then let me in the morning die ;
And soar to worlds of bliss on high !

From the Missionary.

"AN EXCELLENT SPIRIT."

In our forty-first number, we inserted, as illustrative of the hold which the Church has on the hearts of the people, a letter from a Churchwoman in a remote village to her friend in one of our cities. We have since learned that we were in error, in supposing that the writer had lived at service. The information which that letter communicated had the effect to procure assistance for the parish whose wants were so feelingly represented. The following admirable letter from the same excellent woman acknowledges the acceptable gifts which her correspondent had forwarded.

Oct. 14, 1837.

"My Dear Betsey—With joy and gratitude did I receive your letter, accompanied by the surplice and Prayer Book for our dear Church. How much do we owe our dear friends for their disinterested kindness ! May they be rewarded an hundred fold ! I beg you will present my warmest gratitude to them, although I have not the pleasure to know their names. Their modesty is only equalled by their generosity. To Miss _____ and Mrs. _____, we are doubtless greatly indebted, as who else could be so thoughtful ? Indeed Miss _____ assisted in rearing the very walls of our Church. Among the few who listened to the appeal for assistance made by the Rev. Mr. _____, I find her name. The surplice is most certainly a very superior article, and far better

than we had even hoped to have. And then that we, in this little, obscure village, should be so kindly cared for by strangers, renders it doubly valuable. How often am I led to repeat the saying of one of my clerical friends, when he introduced himself to me, saying, 'I am an Episcopalian, madam, and wherever we find Episcopalians we find friends.' It is truly so. I feel that we were all members of one great family, bound by the love of the Church feeling an attachment that is not common to other Christians; and though our station in life are different each has a duty to perform, and all may be useful and respectable if faithful in the performance of it.

I rejoice to find how much engaged you are in the prosperity of our little Church. Persevere, my dear girl, in your exertions to build up our Zion, although you may sometimes be led to despair, and say to yourself, 'what can I, in my humble station do ?' If ever such thoughts intrude, banish them at once. There are none so humble, none so poor, but they may do something for the cause of Christ. And if all, in the common walks of life, performed faithfully their duty, we might see the Church prospering where it is now scarcely known. If we have not money to give, we have all one talent which the Lord requires us to improve ; and if our heart's best affections are consecrated to his service, we shall find many ways by which we may promote his glory, and the good of our fellow beings, as well as our own souls. We are not to say, 'If we were blest with affluence we would do so much for the cause of religion ; but as it is we can scarcely provide for ourselves.' That would be reproaching our Heavenly Father. He knows best what is for our good ; and if we do not honor him with such as we have, we should not, though we had more. We read, 'it is accepted of a man according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not.'

Those who have been nursed in the lap of affluence and ease cannot be expected ever to know the wants of a good part of the world. Those who have never been deprived of the privilege of worshipping at the consecrated altar where the sacraments are administered by those who are duly authorized to perform the same, cannot estimate its value. The wealthy, in many cases, are deprived of the blessedness of giving by their neglect of those in humble stations to inform them of the wants that really exist. Indeed, dear Betsey, the valuable present we have just received through your hands proves the correctness of this. How kind and ready to distribute have your good friends proved themselves when made acquainted with our wants ! How often have I repeated the text of Dr. _____'s sermon, when temped to despond—'the God of Heaven will prosper us ; therefore we thy servants will arise and build : so they strengthened their hands to the work.' He has truly prospered us, and to his holy name be all the praise ! He has raised us up friends when we least expected it, and led us by a way we knew not of. Let us rejoice, and give thanks, and praise his holy name, forever and ever !

How kind in _____ to give us a Prayer Book ! His name is always associated with every benevolent object. I have always admired his character, and shall value the Prayer Book much more highly, as coming from him.

Sunday evening, 10 o'clock.

This day the solemn Liturgy of our Church was performed for the first time since the consecration, in holy garments, appropriate to the occasion. Our minister was highly gratified with the present. * * * You wished me to say how near our stove is paid for. We have paid the remainder for the stove itself, unto one dollar, from the avails of the pincushions which you sold. But we had not sufficient pipe to make the house comfortable last winter, and have decided to get enough to extend through both sides of the house. The additional amount will be twenty dollars. If you can sell more of the pincushions, or any thing else we can manufacture, we will make and send them. We wish to do all in our power, towards paying for it, as the few gentlemen we have, have enough to defray the debt that still remains for the building. We have a few willing hands, and are not to be discouraged. Although there have been

times when we knew not where a dollar was to be obtained for the accomplishment of something that was indispensable for the Church, my faith has never been shaken. The Lord has provided ; and, if we do our utmost will still provide. My paper is consumed ; and with it probably, your patience. Accept my hearty love."

What a noble hearted woman ! And how great the power of Christian faith ! Let not the Church despair which engages the efforts of such hands, and the prayers of such a heart !

From the London Standard.

Sir,—Perhaps the following anecdote, illustrative of the amiable character which from first to last distinguished our late beloved Sovereign, may be acceptable to your readers. It is at your service, and I can vouch for its perfect authenticity. I am, Sir, yours, &c. A READER.

In the year 1779, when our late Sovereign was fourteen years of age, being then a midshipman, he was boarded for some time at Portsmouth, in the family of the late Viscount Duncan, the hero of Camperdown, then Admiral Duncan. In the gallant Admiral's absence, the young Prince was left to the care of his lady, and she has assured me that she never had under her roof a gentler or more obliging guest. As a proof of the latter quality in him, she mentioned, that regularly every afternoon, he went to the Post Office, to fetch her letters. This continued for some time ; but at length the Admiral returned home, and overhearing his lady say one afternoon to her guest, "Prince, it is time for you to go for the letters," he became alarmed at such familiarity, and instantly put a stop to the practice, and, as she assured me, to the prince's great regret. And full 50 years after, when William IV. ascended the throne, he shewed that he had not forgotten the friends of his boyhood, for on that lady's second son, the late Sir Henry Duncan, being presented at court, soon after his accession, he said to him in the kindest manner— "Is your mother still alive? Pray, remember me to her, and say, that I have not yet forgotten the time when I used to run to the Post Office for her letters."

A TRUE ANECDOTE.

A minister was about to leave his own congregation for the purpose of visiting London on what was by no means a pleasant errand—to beg on behalf of his place of worship. Previous to his departure, he calling together the principal persons connected with his charge and said to them, "Now I shall be asked whether we have conscientiously done all that we can for the removal of this debt; what answer am I to give? Brother so-and-so, can you in your conscience, say that you have given all you can?" "Why sir," he replied, "if you come to conscience, I don't know that I can." The same question he put to a second, and a third, and so on, and similar answers were returned, till the whole sum required was subscribed, and there was no longer any need for their pastor to wear out his soul in coming to London on any such unpleasant excursion.

MAXIMS.

The beginning of wisdom is to fear God; but the end of it is to love Christ.

To be truly great is to be truly good, and to be truly good is to be truly happy.

Nothing can be pure that the Spirit does not sanctify.

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