

The prophets are of former days;
 All those whom we delight to praise;
 The bard, whose soul was love and light;
 The arm that combated for right;
 The Patriot king; the wise, the brave;
 All, all, are mouldering in the grave.
 The gain was thine when rose on high
 The Egyptian mothers' midnight cry;
 When God's strong angel, with a blast
 Which smote among the Assyrians passed;
 When the unnumbered Persians lay
 On Salamis at break of day;
 And when, 'mid revelry, came down
 Darkness on the Italian town;
 Then, DEATH, thou hadst the victory.

Oh, DEATH! oh, spoiler stern and strong!
 The sea, the isles, to thee belong.
 The hoary hills are all thine own,
 With the grey cairn and cromlech-stone;
 The groves of oak, the woods of pine,
 The sunless ocean-caves are thine.
 Thy ancient slumbers lie beneath
 The untill'd verdure of the heath;
 The merchant meets thee 'mid his gold,
 The hunter on the breezy wold;
 The seaman finds no unknown bay,
 But there thou lurkest for thy prey.
 Thou spoiler of life's charm! thou cold
 Defacer of time's purest gold!
 Where is the spot to thee unknown?
 The whole wide world by thee is sowr,
 And years must pass in misery steeped,
 Ere that dread harvest shall be reaped.

Yet, conqueror of conquerors stern!
 Yet, deaf despoiler! who dost spurn
 All prayers, all tears; thou yet must bow
 Unto a mightier than thou.
 Long in thy night was man forlorn,
 Long didst thou laugh his hopes to scorn;
 Vain where philosophy's faint dreams,
 Their light was but as meteor gleams;
 Till rose the conqueror of Death,
 The humble man of Nazareth;
 He stood between us and despair;
 He bore and gave us strength to bear;
 The mysteries of the grave unsealed,
 And our high destiny revealed.
 Nor bard, nor sage, may comprehend
 The heaven of rest to which we tend,
 Our home is not this mortal clime;
 Our life hath not its bounds in time;
 And death is but the cloud that lies
 Between our souls and paradise!

Oh, DEATH! well might each thoughtful race
 Give thee the high and holy place;
 Earth's loveliest scenes are meet for thee,
 Thou portal of Eternity!

LAZINESS AND INDUSTRY PROGRESSIVE.

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economise his time.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The main-stay of religious education is to be found in our Sunday-schools. the most earnest, the most devoted, the most pious of our several congregations are accustomed, with meritorious zeal to dedicate themselves to this great work. All classes are blended together; rich and poor, one with the other, rejoice to undertake the office of Sunday-school teachers. Many young men and young women, who have no other day in the week for recreation and leisure, with a zeal and charity (for which may God Almighty bless them!) consecrate their little leisure on the Lord's day to the training of little children in the way they ought to go. Each has a separate class, and becomes personally acquainted with the character of each member of the class. He visits his children at their homes, walks with them, converses with them, and, being a person of spiritual experience, is able to give that advice which a soul aspiring after heavenly things so greatly needs, and which none but those who know what spiritual difficulties and spiritual comforts are, can impart; while in all peculiar cases he has his pastor to whom he can refer his young charge, or from whom he can himself receive directions how to proceed. It is here that we are to look for the real religious education of our people, and to the perfecting of this system religious persons must bend their minds. No government system of education can interfere with this; but, on the contrary, if the day-schools turn out well-disciplined children, thoroughly grounded in all that they profess to know, the duties of the Sunday-school teacher will be lighter—the children will come to the Sunday-school, and to be catechised at church, with that advantage which is now only possessed by those who live in the vicinity of a good national school; a circumstance which must always be doubtful, while the majority of the masters remain untrained.—*Dr. Hook's Letter to the Bishop of St. David's.*

Death of John Wilson, the Vocalist.

Although an obituary notice does not properly belong to our Journal, yet we cannot avoid making mention of the death of poor John Wilson, the Scotch vocalist, who was so suddenly taken from amongst us, by the prevailing epidemic. His songs brought back old Scotland and home feelings to the heart of the crowded assemblies that eagerly congregated to greet him, and his death was the first convincing proof that the Cholera with its unsparing hand was amongst us. Far be it from us to throw a slur upon any country or class, but may we not be forgiven for saying that the Scotchmen of Quebec acted coldly and negligently in allowing the remains of poor Wilson to be borne to its last home, unattended, save by eleven solitary mourners, and amongst the scanty few only five Scotchmen. Wilson expired at the St. George's Hotel, in the Place d'Armes, on the 9th inst., where he and his two daughters had been residing during his sojourn in Quebec. His sudden death brings to our memory the words of one of his popular songs:

—“They're gone—they're gone,
 Alas! they're gone—and we
 Are left lamenting.