

authors (Lords Clarendon and Rochester) disclose a fact, particularly striking, and very remarkable, though never before suspected. It is that the Catholic Association of Modern times is no novelty; and that even the measure of a rent or subscription was then also instituted, to enable them to achieve their purpose with more complete effect.—*N. Y. Albion.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To the Editor of the Christian Sentinel.

REV. SIR,

The Stanzas which follow, were composed four or five years ago, and would perhaps have been published at home, for the benefit (if they had produced any), of the *Society for the Conversion of Negro Slaves*, had the degree of leisure enjoyed by their Author permitted his better attention to the subject, and enabled him to finish them off in a manner more satisfying to himself. It is possible that he may still execute such an intention. In the meantime, they are at your service, if you see good to accept them.

There may be some persons, not acquainted with the details of the subject, who may conceive that some of the expressions are too strong. It would be easy to produce facts which would amply warrant the strongest among them, but I would willingly spare the feelings of your readers, till the necessity of such warrant is made to appear.

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

A LABOURER.

ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

SUGGESTED IMMEDIATELY BY THE ARTICLE ON THAT SUBJECT IN NO. XL
OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Look upon the Covenant: for all the earth is full of darkness and cruel habitations.

O let not the simple go away ashamed: but let the poor and needy give praise unto thy name.

Arise, O God, maintain thine own cause—remember how the foolish man blasphemeth thee daily.

Forget not the voice of thine enemies: the presumption of them that hate thee increaseth ever more and more. Psalm lxxiv. v. 21 and seq. (Version of the Common Prayer.)

Is there any CAUSE IN NATURE for these hard hearts?—K. LEAR.

1.

O God! O blessed God

Look down, look down upon this loathsome world:

Where sleeps thy taunted rod?

Why from thy hand is no hot vengeance hurled?

2

What if no second flood

Sweep to their doom the rebel sons of clay?

Must all this cry of blood

Mount up unheard and swell from day to day?