

to the investigation of those who are more competent to discuss them than ourselves. In reference to ecclesiastical matters, we notice the following passage: "My Lord, we must not deceive ourselves; the present generation are fresh from the United Kingdom; they have ties for which their children will not possess the same veneration, therefore British rule, British laws and institutions must not be allowed to lose in the scale of comparison; contrasted with the adjacent States, a Dominant Church, whatever men may think or say, will not be endured on this side the Atlantic."

We hope our descendants will not degenerate in true loyalty and affection to the British crown and constitution; but on the latter point contained in this extract, we are convinced that, independently of the contingency referred to, it would be both unjust and impolitic to establish a dominant church in Canada.

Poetry.

FEAR NOT.

"Fear not.... I have the keys of the grave and of death." Rev. i. 17, 18.

O, cling not, Trembler, to life's fragile bark:
It fills, it soon must sink.
Look not below, where all is chill and dark:
'Tis agony to think
Of that wild waste; but look, oh look above,
And see the outstretched arm of love.

Cling not to this poor life; unlock thy clasp
Of fleeting, vapouring air.
The world receding soon will mock thy grasp;
But let the wings of prayer
Take the blest breeze of heaven, and upward flee,
And life from God shall enter thee.

Oh, fear not Him who walks the stormy wave:
'Tis not a spectre, but the Lord.
Trust thou in Him who overcame the grave,
Who holds in captive ward
The powers of hell. Heed not the monster grim;
Nor fear to go through death to Him.

Look not so fondly back on this false earth:
Let hope not linger here.
Say, would the worm forego its second birth,
Or the transition fear,
That gives it wings to try a world unknown,
Although it wakes and mounts alone?

But thou art not alone: on either side
The portal friends stand guard.
And the kind spirits wait thy course to guide.
Why, why should it be hard
To trust our Maker with the soul he gave,
Or Him who died that soul to save?

Into His hands commit thy trembling spirit,
Who gave his life for thine.
Guilt, fix all thy trust upon His merit,
To Him thy heart resign.
Oh, give Him love for love, and sweetly fall
Into his hands who is thy all.

JOHANN CONDER.

AH, NEVER! AH, NO!

As I glad bid adieu to this world's fancied pleasure,
You pity my weakness.—Alas! did you know
The joys of religion, that best hidden treasure,
Would you bid me resign them? Ah, never! ah, no!

You will surely rejoice when I say I've received
The only true comfort I've tasted below;
I know by experience in whom I've believed.
Shall I give up the treasure? Ah, never! ah, no!

In the gay scenes of life I was happiness wooing,
But still in her stead I encountered a woe,
And found I was only a phantom pursuing:
Never once did I find her,—Ah, never! ah, no!

But in those brighter paths which you call melancholy
I have found those delights which the world does not know.
Oh, did you partake, you would then see your folly,
Nor bid me resign them,—Ah, never! ah, no!

These verses were composed by a young lady, in consequence of her receiving several letters full of invectives against Religion, from a gentleman whom she had amused, before her conversion, with the tune of "Ah, never! ah, no!" on the piano-forte. In his letters he endeavoured to persuade her to leave "that melancholy way;" and when he saw her, he said, "Well, I suppose you cannot play me my favorite tune now." "O yes," she replied, and immediately did so, singing the above lines.

H. M'L.

THE BIBLE.

In a dedication to Edward VI. of an early printed black letter Bible by Edmund Burke, we find the following curious passage:—

"Let this booke bee a perpetual presedent and patterne for all laws and lawyers, a jewell of joy for all that by your grace's commission is constituted in office or authorities. Then should the great travail—the immoderate expenses and costes which the poor man dayly sustayneth in his endless suits, pierce and move theyr heartes with pitie and compassion. Then neither should God's cause nor the poor man's matter have so many put-offs and delays."

A little further, he hopes

—"that the better classes of society would willinglie vouch-safe to sufferate, and spare an hour or two in a day from theyr worldlie business, employing it about the reading of this booke, as they have been used heretofore to do in Chronicles and Canterburie Tales."

A copy of the rare Bible from which the above is taken; is in the possession of Earl Spencer, at Althorp. —*Christian Guardian*.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom.—*Paul*.