

P O E T R Y.

Verses on the Death of the Rev. THOMAS SPENCER, of Liverpool, England, who was drowned whilst bathing in the Mersey, August, 1811.

By James Montgomery.

I will not sing a mortal's praise,—
To Thee I consecrate the lays,
To whom my powers belong ;—
These gifts upon thy altar strown,
Accept, O! God, accept thine own;
My gifts are thine, be thine alone,
The glory of my song.

In earth and ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
Seen, felt, or understood,
From one Eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends—
With God begins, continues, ends,
The source and stream of good.

I worship not the sun at noon,
The wandering star, the changing moon,
The wind, the flood, the flame ;
I will not bow the votive knee
To wisdom, virtue, liberty ;
There is no god but God for me,
ЖЕHOVAH is his name !

Him through all Nature I explore,
Him in his creatures I adore,
Around, beneath, above ;
But clearest in the human mind,
His bright resemblance when I find
Grandeur with purity combined,
I most admire and love.

O! there was one on earth, a while
He dwelt, but transient as a smile
That turns into a tear.
His beautiful image passed us by,
He came like lightning from the sky,
He seemed as dazzling to the eye,
As prompt to disappear.

Sweet in his undissembling mien
Were genius, candor, meekness, seen,
The lips that loved the truth,
The single eye whose glance sublime
Looked to Eternity thro' time—
The soul whose thoughts were wont to climb
Above the hopes of youth.

Of old, before the lamp grew dark,
Reposing near the sacred ark,
The child of Hannah's prayers,
Heard 'mid the temple's silent round—
A living voice—nor knew the sound
That thrice alarmed him ere he found
The Lord, who chose him there.

Thus early called, and strongly mov'd,
A prophet from a child approved,
SPENCER, his course began ;
From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
Swiftest and foremost in the race,
He carried vict'ry in his face,
He triumphed whilst he ran.

How short his day! the glorious prize
To our slow hearts and failing eyes
Appeared too quickly won ;
The warrior rush'd into the field,
With arm invincible to wield
The spirit's sword, the spirit's shield,
When lo! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of evening's train
Sets early in the western main,
And leaves the world in night.

The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarce risen in brighter beams is lost ;
Thus sunk his form in ocean's coast ;
Thus sprang his soul to light.

Who shall forbid the eye to weep,
That saw him from the ravening deep
Pluck'd like the lion's prey ;
For ever bowed his honored head,
The spirit in a moment fled,
The heart of friendship cold and dead,
The limbs a wreath of clay.

Revolving his mysterious lot,
I mourn him but I praise him not—
To God the praise be given,
Who sent him like the radiant bow,
His covenant of peace to show,
Along the passing storm to flow,
Then vanish into Heaven !

O! Church! to whom the youth was dear,
The angel of thy mercies hear—
Behold the path he trod—
A milky way, thro' midnight skies,
Behold the grave in which he lies,
Even from the dust the prophet cries
PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD !

MR. WOLFE.

Among the speakers at the annual meeting of the London Jews' Society, was the celebrated Joseph Wolf, who had just returned from a journey of 11,000 miles, in Europe, Africa, and Asia. His speech was a recital of his adventures in travel.—The following extract, in which he speaks of his passing from Persia into Tartary, we copy from the N. York Observer.

Human prudence sometimes fails. I thought I would use great prudence at Chorasin, and went to the nearest governor to request protection on my journey to Bokhara, for there are continual wars with the Turcomans, who I have heard, sold their prisoners for slaves. He told me he was always ready to serve an Englishman, but when he knew what I wanted, he desired me first to write an order upon the king of England to give him a pension of £10,000 per annum; I told him I could write the order, but feared it would not be honored. (Laughter.) Then said he you may go where you please. I sat off for Herat, and had got about thirty miles, when two horsemen came after me and brought me back, saying I had stolen ten thousand pieces of money. It was in vain that I told them I had not a hundred pieces. I was taken to a place where a European had never been before. My Bible attracted their notice, and I read some passages, translating as I went on. They said, "But you have no such books in the Persian language!" I told them I had, and circulated twenty copies in that barbarous place, and I afterwards saw the people standing in the streets reading them.

I was escorted to Terschiz, where I saw the streets filled with dead bodies, for the Turcomans had been there, and taken away one thousand five hundred prisoners, burning the villages as they went. The khan of Terschiz would not give me an escort, and I went on with my servant, being joined on the road by seven muleteers. On our road we heard firing and shortly after twenty four horsemen appeared and surrounded the muleteers first, for they did not see me for above half an hour. At last one came to me, and demanded my money. I gave him some, but admitted that I had more. He told me not to tell his comrades that I had given him any, but he had scarcely concealed what he had got, when they came up, and after taking all I had, they asked what I had done with the rest. I told them I gave it to their companion, and they made him deliver it up, and gave him a good flogging.—They then stripped me of every thing, and bound me to the tail of a horse and as we went along flogged me continually. It is in such an hour that one learns to pray, and I prayed to my Saviour. They heard me, unbound me, and put me upon the horse. When they halted they valued us all. They valued my servant at £10, and then came to me, desiring me to open my mouth. "O," they said, "he is not worth much, he has lost three of his teeth already." (A laugh.) They

said I was good for nothing, but might fetch £3. So that what my friend Dr. M'Neil foretold came to pass, namely, that I should be taken for a slave, and sold for very little. (Laughter.) Now you shall see how human means become dangerous. They found the firmans I had got from Abas Mirza, and they were afraid, saying, "This is no common man. Let us kill him, or else we shall lose all the rest."

I entreated them not to kill me, and I would put them in a way to get their price for me. I then wrote in the New Testament, "To the Jews at Terbad Hydereh, in Khorassin; I Joseph Wolf, of the Jewish nation, who go about to proclaim Jesus Christ, have been made a slave. Purchase me, and I will give you back the money." These books were immediately sent off, but they still consulted together about killing me." I said to the chief, "Abel Hassen, I see what you are about; I am sure you will all be killed if you kill me." This kept them back from their purpose. However, the day before we arrived at Terbad Hydereh, seeing that I was not a good horseman, they put me on a wild horse, and whipping him behind, drove him upon the mountains, hoping that I should tumble down, but I sat as fast as a colonel of cavalry. (Laughter.) At last we got to the city, and a most awful place it was. The Moguls and Turcomans came out and offered praise to God that they had made so many slaves. I saw some Jews coming out, and exclaimed, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord!" A Jew came to me, taking my Bible and journal, hid them under his clothes telling the people he would settle every thing. He took me home to his house, and as I was naked and almost frozen, he gave me some brandy. The Jews then questioned me about the books, and all night I was engaged in reading and explaining the New Testament to them. The Jews there are not hardened against Christ, for they say that as their fathers left Jerusalem after the Babylonish captivity, and never returned, they have no share in the crucifixion of Christ. In the morning they invited me to accompany them to their synagogue, where I again read and explained the New Testament, tired as I was; but I assure you I was glad to speak to my nation about Jesus and him crucified. (Applause.)

The next day I was brought back and put in chains with the other prisoners, who cursed me and cried, "This infidel makes us unclean," for they were Mohammedans. In about an hour and a half after I had been locked up in an awful dungeon, the door was opened, and some one asked if any English were there. I instantly answered the call, and was taken out and sent to Bokhara, and from thence proceeded to Calcutta, under the protection of the Persians.

I was hospitably treated at Calcutta by Lord William Bentick, and other friends, and here I am among my dear friends, but I hope with the will of the Lord to go yet to Terbad Hydereh to preach to my nation, for however I may be called an imposter, or a hypocrite, or a wild man, Joseph Wolf will live and die a missionary in the name of Christ, and I will not hold my peace till Jerusalem is blessed—till her righteousness returns as the day break after the night; and the lamp of her salvation is restored. (Applause.)

No affliction would trouble a child of God, if he but knew God's reason for sending it.

Crosses and afflictions are God's calls to us to examine our hearts and lives.

Be willing to be in want of what God is not willing to give.

As the ungodly are hurt by the best things, believers are benefitted by the worst.

The stars of God shine brightest in the darkest night.

He that would be little in temptation, should be much in prayer.

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