

from the wise and prudent; go on, Mary," said he, "'pray without ceasing; and as for us, my brethren, let us bless the Lord for this exposition, and remember that he has said, 'the meek will he guide in judgment.'" The Essay, as a matter of course, was not considered necessary after this little event occurred. "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God: and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus." (Phil. iv. 6, 7.) "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (John i. 29.) "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." (Acts xii. 12.)

A DOCTRINE NOT NEEDED.—Mr. W., a Universalist, preaching at the village of M——, where a large congregation had come out to hear something new, endeavoured to convince his hearers that there is no punishment after death. At the close of his sermon, he informed the people, that if they wished, he could preach there again in four weeks, when Mr. C., a respectable merchant, arose and replied, "Sir, if your doctrine is true we do not need you, and if it is not true, we do not want you."

A VETERAN'S REPLY TO A CHALLENGE.—An officer of distinction and tried valour, refused to accept a challenge sent by a young officer, but returned the following answer:—"I fear not your sword, but the sword of my God's anger. I dare venture my life in a good cause, but cannot hazard my soul in a bad one. I will charge up to the cannon's mouth for the good of my country, but I want courage to storm hell!"

INWARD AND OUTWARD THINGS.—Nothing can be very ill with us when all is well within: we are not hurt till our souls are hurt. If the soul itself be out of tune, outward things will do us no more good than a fair shoe to a gouty foot. 1 Chron. iv. 10; Prov. xxv. 20; Matt. x. 28.—*Dr. Sibbs.*

Poetry.

ON HEARING THE ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSIONS AT THE GRANDE LIGNE.

For the Canada Baptist Magazine.

It breathes o'er the soul like the Islands of palm
When the land breeze surcharges the sail
Of the mariner, freshening views with its balm;
While it hastens him on by the gale.

We hear it! The voice of the turtle is there;
O how sweet are its earliest lays!
And buddings of spring to the heart seem to bear
More beauty than summer displays.

For winter, long winter, how'd over that wild
As his own undisputed domain;
The gush of all holy or mental, was held
Fast bound in its adamant chain.

We look'd, and it seem'd as the dark sterile waste
Never one trace of verdure should show;
We listened; no sound but the pitiless blast,
The withering breath of the foe.

We look now, on what? From the desert redeemed,
On a garden enclosed by the Lord;
Whence, late tho' all blight and all barren it seem'd,
Is the fragrance of paradise poured.

From this spot of first promise, we now stretch our
view

On the still frigid wilderness round;
But we see it dissolving, and watered with dew,
And with foliage of righteousness crowned.

Then, Sun of salvation! shed wide o'er the scene
Thy influence vernal benign.
Those shadows of darkness and death, which obtain,
O chase by thy beamings divine.

Destroy by thy brightness, the *Man of Sin*, dyed
With the blood of the souls he has slain.
Of Christendom's curse let no vestige abide;
From the universe blot the foul stain.

And blot the foul stain from thy churches, which
rests
On their long day of apathy gone.
O let it be gone: now enkindle each breast,
That the snare from the fowler be won.

ORIG.

G.