

POETRY.

THE CHURCH.*

I love the Church, the holy Church, the Saviour's spotless
bride.

And oh, I love her palaces through all the land so wide:
The cross-topp'd spire amid the trees, the holy bell or
prayer—

Say, where is music or a scene more beautifully fair?

The village tower—'tis joy to me! I cry the Lord is here!
The village bells—they fill the soul with ecstacy sincere.
And thus, I sing, the light hath shined to lands in darkness
hurled;

Their sound is now in all the earth, their words through-
out the world.

And here—eternal ocean cross'd, and long, long ages
pass'd,

In chimes beyond the setting sun, they preach the Lord
at last:

And here, Redeemer, are Thy priests, unbroken in array,
Far from Thy Holy Sepulchre and thine Ascension-day.

Unbroken in their lineage, their warrants clear, as when
Thou, Saviour, didst go up on high, and give good gifts to
men—

Here, clothed in innocence they stand, to scatter mercy
wide,

Baptising to the Saviour's name, with waters from his side;

And here—confessors of Thy cross—Thine holy orders
three,

The bishop, and the elders due, and lowly deacons be,
To rule and feed the flock of Christ, to wage a noble strife,
And to the host of God's elect to break the bread of life.

Here rises, ev'ry Sabbath morn, their incense unto Thee,
With bold confession catholic, and high doxology;
Soul-melting litany is here, and holy Gospel's sound,
And Glory, Lord, they cry to Thee through all Thy tem-
ples round.

Then comes the message of the King, deliver'd from on
high,

How beautiful the feet of them that on the mountain cry!
And then the faithful sons of Christ with Christ are left
alone,

And gather to the sacred feast which Jesus' love has
strown.

And kneeling by the chancel side, with blessings all divine,
As from the Saviour's hand they take the broken bread
and wine,

In one communion with the saints, with angels, and the
bless'd,

And looking for the blessed hope of an eternal rest.

The service o'er, a blessing said, and now they wend away
To homes all cheerful with the light of love's inspiring ray;
And through the churchyard and the graves with kindly
tears they fare,

Where every turf was decent laid, and hallowed by a
prayer.

The dead in Christ, they rest in hope, and o'er their sleep
sublime,

The shadow of the steeple moves from morn to vesper
chime:

On every mound, in solemn shade, its imaged cross doth
lie,

As goes the sunlight to the west, or rides the moon on
high.

I love the Church, the holy Church, that o'er our life pre-
sides,

The birth, the bridal, and the grave, and many an hour
besides,

Be mine, through life, to live in her; and when the Lord
shall call,

To die in her—the spouse of Christ, the mother of us all!

* From the Church Magazine, for September.

SCRAPS.

THE INFIDEL AND THE CHRISTIAN.

It is said of Hume, an infidel who lived in Eng-
land, that when he came to die, he so feared death,
that he would not allow the candle to be put out dur-
ing the night and would not be left alone. This
Hume distinguished himself as a writer, and made
great pretensions about his disbelief in a God while
he was in health, but when he came to die, then was
the trial.

Voltaire, another infidel who lived in France, ex-
hibited also an awful spectacle as he was about dy-
ing. He called his physician to him and said, "Doc-
tor, I am abandoned by God and man! I will give
you one half of what I am worth for six months' life."
The doctor said he could not live six weeks.—
"Then," said he, "I shall go to hell!" And soon
he expired, crying out to his worldly companions,
"Begone, see what you have brought me to! Oh
Christ, oh Christ!" Ah! this was the drinking of
the cup of trembling, the foretaste of the second
death!

When the unbeliever Paine was lying on his dy-
ing couch, his fortitude forsook him, and all his sins
coming up before him he exclaimed, "If the devil
ever had an agent upon earth, I have been one."—
And, when the breath was leaving his body, with aw-
ful shrieks he repeated, "O Lord, help! God help
me! Jesus help me! but no soothing balm could he
find! no sweet comforter relieved his aching bosom,
and he was ushered into eternity to meet his God!
yes, that God, whom he had so often denied, and
that Saviour whose name he had vilified.

But now I would change the picture, and lead you
to where the Christian dies.

The Martyr Stephen, when he was dying, gave up
his breath with the prayer, "Lord Jesus receive my
spirit."

The Earl of Rochester, who once had been a very
ungodly man, but who changed his character, and
became a follower of the Saviour, said, as he was
dying, "I shall now die! But, oh what unspeakable
glories do I see! oh how I long to die and be with
Jesus!"

Dr. Goodman, just as he was leaving this world,
said, "Is this dying? oh, how have I died as an
enemy this smiling friend! To me to die is gain!"

One of my little Sunday scholars when dying, bid
his weeping friends farewell, and then said, "Come,
Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Joseph Kinsley, another little Sunday scholar, when
he knew his end had come, exclaimed, "O God,
now take thy little boy to thyself," and, with a sweet
smile, fell asleep in Jesus.—*Epis. Rec.*

Humility, like the diminutive lily, attracts obser-
vation by its fragrance.

BELCHER'S FARMER'S

ALMANACK

FOR

1840.

Containing Lists of the Members of the Executive
and Legislative Councils and House of Assembly;
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C. H. BELCHER.

Halifax, Nov. 1, 1839.

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turns from all the counties taken from the Parliamen-
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