

## P O E T R Y.

From the New York Churchman.

## G E T H S E M A N E.

Gethsemane, Gethsemane, thou dear and hallow'd place,  
My soul would hasten unto thee, led on by quick'ning grace.  
Within thy sacred paths would I with eyes of faith behold,  
The spot that *He*, the risen one, was wont to love of old.

O'er Cedron's gloomy brook of sin, my soul at length has  
pass'd,

And here in contemplation sweet, I may indulge at last,  
Where *Jesus* has before me been, where *He's* prepared  
the way,

I fearlessly may follow on, my feet too safe to stray.

Yes, sov'reign, blessed, precious Lamb, this was thy loved  
retreat;

Here, on that mournful night, thou didst the strength'ning  
angel meet;

Here all the hidden agony that wrung thy soul was pour'd  
The angry powers of darkness here against thy spirit  
warr'd.

The wrath of an offended God was here upon thee laid.  
Thou, for thy erring people's sins, the sacrifice was made:  
Gethsemane has witness'd oft thy deep concern for those,  
Who, harden'd, help'd to heap on thee the heaviest of thy  
woes.

Gethsemane, Gethsemane, thou sweet but mournful spot,  
O never, never while I live, be thou by me forgot;  
The garden where my Saviour oft did kneel to pray and  
sigh.

The garden where he pray'd and sigh'd, that I might live  
on high,

Gethsemane, Gethsemane, thou consecrated place,  
My soul would linger with thee now, led on by quick'ning  
grace.

Within thy sacred paths do I with eyes of faith behold,  
The spot that *He*, the risen one, was wont to love of old.

From the Christian Guardian.

## THE COMMEMORATION OF THE DEAD.

When sickness seizes on the frame,  
And nature dreads to die,  
How sweetly echoes then the name,  
Of those who live on high!

And as each circling year brings round  
The last, sad, anxious day,  
How sweet the heavenly words resound,  
"God wipes each tear away."

We think of those we love passed o'er  
Death's short but stormy tide:  
They seem to stand on Canaan's shore,  
And call us to their side.

Each word, each look, each by-gone hour,  
Our musing souls review,  
Summoned at faithful mem'ry's power,  
And clothed in life anew.

Till the worn spirit shrinks from fear,  
The awful change to see;  
'Are they the same as they were here,  
In immortality?'

Yet, O my soul, that fear repress,  
Thy loved ones yet abide;  
'Tis the same Spirit, tho' her dress  
Is ever glorified.

## TO THE MOURNER IN SION.

O cease thy tears, thou humbled soul,  
Thy inmost sorrows cease;  
Thou Spirit of the contrite heart,  
O hear the word of peace!

"Come all ye weary, and oppress'd,  
And be your sins forgiv'n,"—  
The Saviour said, and says to thee,  
As though he spoke from heav'n.

Straight is the path, and bright the way  
That now before thee lies;  
And open to the spirit's eye,  
The passes of the skies.

Then walk in thy humility,  
Lift up the contrite breast;  
And follow in the Saviour's path,  
To thy eternal rest.—*Ibid.*

From the Christian Guardian.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF MARY B———TT,

Who died of a rapid consumption in the village of B———,  
County of Dorset.

I had not been established long in my new parish, before I received intelligence one morning that the friends of a young person who was ill, wished me to come and visit her. I at once complied with the request, thinking it might prove a favourable introduction to my parishioners. I went to the cottage; it was externally neat, having a little garden before it. On my knocking at the door, it was immediately opened by a well-dressed respectable female who assured me in a somewhat low despairing tone of voice, she was glad I was come. On looking toward the fire-place, I observed a young woman, apparently about 18 or 19, seated in a high-backed chair. On approaching her I could perceive but too distinctly in her countenance the ravages of that most insidious of all disorders, consumption. I learnt from her mother that her illness, which originated in a slight cold, had only lasted five weeks. Her reduced form, and evident weakness afforded sufficiently convincing proofs that the disease had made rapid strides in a short time. When I approached her, a slight blush for a moment overspread her face, and was then exchanged for ashy paleness. The picture of a female in the spring-tide of youth thus evidently going down to the chambers of the grave, could not fail to possess a melancholy interest. But however inclined I might have been silently to indulge in reflections of this nature, I could not forget the important object of my visit. Accordingly taking a seat near her, I addressed to her a few indifferent observations in as tranquil a manner as I could. Then gradually turning the conversation off to subjects of a more serious character, the value of the soul, and the solemn realities of an eternal world, I found she had not been without her convictions; but at the same time her views were very indistinct as to the plan of gospel salvation. I endeavoured to impress upon her mind the importance of an entire surrender of the heart to God; the necessity of renouncing our own righteousness, and going to Christ for pardon and acceptance through the merits of his blood and righteousness; the pride and corruption of our fallen nature rendered all this exceedingly difficult, nay impossible, so far as *our own strength* was concerned, but that the grace of God's spirit in its *renewing and sanctifying influences* was effectual for the purpose; and that this grace must be sought for in *earnest prayer*. When I had concluded these remarks, she appeared to be more than usually thoughtful. The pause however, was not of long continuance, for she soon exclaimed with a radiance transiently beaming over her countenance, "O my Saviour, I love him! my Saviour, I love him!" I then expatiated on the unspeakable love of the Redeemer, in becoming "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," for us men, and for our salvation; the deep obligations we lay under to him for the rich and everlasting benefit he has purchased by his precious blood shedding. Thinking however, my present visit might have been sufficiently long, considering her weak and delicate state, I took my leave, at the same time, promising to call and see her again. I did so in the course of a few days, and found her as I expected, considerably weaker in body. Her mortal tabernacle was indeed fast approaching to di-solution; her breathing more embarrassed than on the preceding visit, and every fatal symptom alarmingly increased. Under existing circumstances, I did not consider it prudent to re-

main long with her, but having again endeavoured to get before her the riches of divine grace, and encouraging promises of gospel mercy to every sinner that flees to Christ; I took my leave in prayer; acceding to the request of herself, and afflicted parent, to visit her the next day. On following morning, whilst I was at breakfast, I received a summons from the dying sufferer, to call to her immediately. I had some misgiving though as to the cause of this early and importunate message; and in consequence prepared to go at once; before I could possibly get ready, I received another and more pressing message to attend her, as she she could not die in peace without seeing me, soon arrived at the house, and found the poor young woman in a dying state. Her emaciated form, now very oppressed breathing announced in a manner that could not be mistaken the near approach of her great change. Her mother was plunged in agony of grief; the darling of her heart was now to be torn from her, and the fondest hopes of parental solicitude were soon to lie withered in the grave. It was indeed a most affecting scene. Some moments elapsed before I could utter a word. I was then overwhelmed by the spectacle before me. But the springs of life were ebbing fast, and but a little time remained for spiritual intercourse. That little time I endeavoured to improve by quoting a few promises of scripture that seemed appropriate to the solemn and affecting occasion. Unable any longer to articulate, she appeared to understand, and realize the solemnness and power of those portions of truth. Her heart was now trembling on the verge of the eternal world, every breath became fainter and fainter; but I could mark in the expression of the eye a calm assurance of scriptural hope, even "that hope which maketh not ashamed." Having offered up a short prayer I took my last farewell. She expired within a quarter of an hour after my departure. The corruptible had put on incorruption, and the mortal immortal. The sufferings of time were exchanged for the glory and happiness of the eternal world. Well may we exclaim over those who depart in the faith, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

*A Brahmin become a Minister of the Gospel.*—On 24th June, Baboo Krishna Mohun Bonerjea ordained at the chapel of the Bishop's College, by Lord Bishop of Calcutta. The Baboo is well known as having been a member of a high caste Brahmin family. He received his education at the High School, and was in the first instance engaged as teacher of Mr. Hare's school. While here he studied the 'Inquirer,' which he conducted for a number of years with great ability. He subsequently became a convert to Christianity, of which he was ever a staunch and devoted follower. The Christian Mission Society engaged the services of Baboo Krishna Mohun, as head teacher of their school at Mirzapore, which under his care and management, we believe, considerable prosperity. A few months ago, the society were pleased, for reasons which we need not divulge here to cut their connection with the Baboo, or, as he might now be called, the Rev. Krishna Mohun Bonerjea. During the last two or three months he had been living at the Bishop's College, where his attention had been chiefly engaged in the study of languages. The circumstance of his ordination will raise various opposite emotions in the minds of men. To the sincere Christian it is a matter of the highest satisfaction. To the Hindoos it will afford a fresh stimulus for scandal and abuse. The Rev. Krishna Mohun Bonerjea will in a few days be settled in Calcutta, where he will use his best exertions for the promotion of Christianity.—*Calcutta paper.*

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