

we quietly sit down and suffer religion to be thus wounded in the house of its friends?

Titus iii. 2. "*Speak evil of no man.*"—"Calumny and evil speaking has been a reigning vice in all ages; and by this means a greater guilt is contracted than men generally apprehend or are aware of. If we know what we report of another to be false, it is downright lying; if we believe what we report of another to be false, it is slander; if what evil we report of another be really true, and we know it to be so, yet it is defamation, and contrary to that goodness and charity which Christianity requires; for to divulge the faults of others, though really guilty of them, without any necessity, is certainly a sin, and included in this apostolical prohibition. To think and speak evil of others is not only a bad thing, but a sign of a bad man; and in many cases it is as great a charity to conceal an evil we hear of our neighbour, as it is to relieve him in his distress."—*Hawker's Family Bible.*

From your humble Servant,

A LOVER OF PEACE.

Brantford, U. C. June 1, 1839.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I beg to ask, through the medium of your Magazine, whether it be right for the professors of religion to read newspapers on the Lord's day? It may be said they are religious ones; but I know that in many families the news of merely a political kind is frequently in their hands after returning from the house of God. Is this "watching and praying lest we enter into temptation!" Are we not commanded to "keep ourselves in the love of God," and to "hate even the garment spotted by the flesh." Brethren, these things ought not so to be.

Your's, &c.

INQUIRER.

July 25, 1839.

POETRY.

HUMANITY'S GEM.

BY THE REV. JOSHUA MARSDEN.

"*Jesus wept.*" John xi. 35.

How sweet is the tear of regret,
That drops from humanity's eye;
How lovely the cheek that is wet,
The bosom that heaves with a sigh!
This world is a sorrowful stage,
A valley of weeping and woe—
From childhood to garrulous age,
The tear uninvited will flow.

Our own, or another's distress,
Will force the soft lustre to fall,
Nor can the mild bosom do less
Than grieve for the sorrows of all;
For he who has nought to impart,
May at least give the wretched a tear,
'Twill comfort the sorrowful heart
When no other comfort is near.

The Saviour in sympathy wept,
And gave the divinest relief,
When Lazarus mortally slept,
To his sister o'erwhelmed with grief;
He sorrowed for Solyma's doom,
As he sat upon Olivet's steep—
He thought on her judgment to come,
And pity constrained him to weep.

THE STREAM OF DEATH.

There is a stream whose narrow tide
The known and unknown worlds divide.

Where all must go:
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
'Mid sullen silence, downward sweep
With moanless flow.

I saw where, at the dreary flood,
A smiling infant prattling stood,
Whose hour was come;
Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,
Sunk, as to cradled rest, and died
Like going home.

Followed with languid eye, anon,
A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan;
And there alone
He gazed upon the leaden stream,
And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,
And he was gone.

And then a form in manhood's strength,
Came bustling on, till there at length
He saw life's bound;
He shrunk and raised the bitter prayer
Too late—his shriek of wild despair
The waters drowned.

Next stood upon that surgeless shore
A being bowed with many a score
Of toilsome years;
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,
Back turned his dimming eye, and sank,
Ah! full of fears.

How bitter must thy waters be,
Oh death! How hard a thing, ah me!
It is to die!

I mused—When to that stream again
Another child of mortal men
With smiles drew nigh.

"'Tis the last pang," he calmly said—
"To me, O Death! thou hast no dread—
Saviour, I come!
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore—
I see!—ye waters, bear me o'er!
There is my home!"

SUNDAY SHAVING.—Not fewer than 27 summonses were issued last week for barbers to appear before the town Magistrates, on charges of having exercised their worldly calling on the Sabbath-day. Only two were acquitted, and the remainder fined 5s. each—being the first offence.—*Liver. Cour. May 11.*