

P O E T R Y.

A SUNDAY AT SEA.

Our Sunday Service was, in many respects, very pleasing. The quarter-deck is converted into a very handsome and convenient Church, capable of accommodating the whole ship's company, except the few who are necessarily engaged forward and aloft in tacking the sails. The bell tolled for a quarter of an hour, to give notice of Service. The morning was bright and calm; and in the shrill note of the bell sounded afar, amidst the measured roll of the waves as they beat against the vessel's sides, it was one of those combinations which find their way to the heart, and stir up the inmost feelings. I have since endeavoured to put these feelings into verse. You will begin to think that the waters of the Atlantic are a sort of Castalia or Pheon to me, as this is my second poetical effusion, but the truth is, poetry is a sort of wayward steed, which sometimes runs off with me.—*Bishop Turner*

BOUNDING along the obedient surges,
Cheerly on her onward way,
Her course the gallant vessel urges
Across thy stormy gulf, Biscay!
In the sun the bright waves glisten,
Rising slow with measured swell
Hark! what sounds! unvoiced—Listen,
Listen! 'tis the Sabbath Bell.

Hush'd the tempest's wild commotion,
Winds and waves have ceased their
war;
O'er the wide and sullen ocean
That shrill sound is heard afar,
And comes it as a note of gladness,
To thy tried spirit? wanderer, tell,
Or, rather, doth thy heart's deep sadness
Wake at that simple Sabbath Bell?

It speaks of ties which duties sever,
Of hearts so fondly knit to thee;

Kind hands, kind looks, which, wander-
ing, never
Thy hand shall grasp, thine eye shall
see.
It speaks of home and all its pleasures,
Of scenes where memory loves to
dwell;
And bids thee count thy heart's best
treasures
Far, far away,—that Sabbath Bell

Listen again; thy wounded spirit
Shall soar from earth, and seek above
That Kingdom which the Blest inherit,
The mansions of eternal love.
Farth and its lowly cares forsaking,
(Pursued too keenly, loved too well.)
To faith and hope, thy soul awaking,
Thou hearest with joy the Sabbath
Bell.

LINES

For the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

MORTAL! lost to reason's light;
Led by passion's baneful sway,
Start thee up from error's night,—
Rise and cast thy chains away!

Mortal! thou wert made to roam,
In yon azure field of light;—
Heaven is thy native home,
Angels are thy guardians bright.

In a world of grief and pain,
Wilt thou dream thy hours away,
Seek a short-lived joy to gain,
'Transient as the sun's last ray?—

Transient as the early dew,
Fading as the sun-sunt flow'r,

Are the joys of earth to you—
Creature of a passing hour!

But the bliss that Heaven yields,
From the breast shall ne'er remove,
In yon glorious azure fields,
Dwell the hours of peace and love.

See, the crown of glory, see!
For the Christian soul remains.—
That shall nerve his trembling knee,
'Till the crown his head obtains

Narrow is the path that leads
To the realms of endless day.—
But the soul that wisdom speeds,
Runs with joy that narrow way. D.