

vering regards to the concerns of the immortal soul and the everlasting God. Respecting the cause of Christ, *the Church of God which he purchased with his own blood*, it is an undoubted truth, *They shall prosper that love thee.* J. M.

Burslem.

REVIEW.

The Last Journey : a Funeral Address, delivered in the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Montreal, on the Death of the late Rev. John Barry, Wesleyan Missionary. By R. L. LUSHER, McLeod; Bryson; and Greig—Montreal. 1838.

A lucid and appropriate illustration of the text, Job xvi. 22—*When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return*; followed by an affectionate tribute of respect to the memory and virtues of the excellent individual whose death is justly deplored. Mr. Barry was unquestionably no common man. Endowed with high mental power, animated with the love of Christ and the sublime desire of saving souls, he laboured with persevering earnestness and no small measure of success in every station to which he was appointed, till his Great Master called him, through much affliction, to his rest and his reward. Being subject to repeated attacks of ill health, his removals were more frequent than is usual in the body of Christians to which he belonged. After preaching as much as his strength would permit, and always with great acceptance and profit to his hearers, in Europe, the West Indies, and Canada, he visited Montreal the second time; but only to meet his family, and die. He arrived on the 6th of May, and departed this life on the 21st of June, in the present year, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and the fourteenth of his Ministry. Of his ardent piety, those who had the most frequent opportunities of intercourse with him were well persuaded; and of his superior talents, if nothing else remained to attest them, his defence of himself in a malicious action for libel brought against him in Jamaica, is an ample and decisive proof. We well remember the sensation produced in England by the report of this proceeding, and the admiration that was excited by this masterly address to the jury. Mr. Lusher has furnished a Memento and a Memorial, highly honourable to his feelings and his judgment; and which deserve to be attentively read—the one for the monitions it imparts,—the other for the character it exhibits.

Poetry.

HERE AND THERE.

Here bliss is short, imperfect, insincere;
But total, absolute, and perfect *there*.
Here time's a moment, short our happiest state—
There infinite duration is one date.
Here Satan tempts, and troubles, e'en the best—
There Satan's power extends not to the blest.
In a weak sinful body *here* I dwell—
But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell.
Here my best thoughts are stain'd with guilt and fear—
But love and pardon shall be perfect *there*.
Here my best duties are defiled with sin—
There all is ease without, and peace within.
Here feeble faith supplies my only light—
There faith and hope all swallowed up in sight.
Here love of self my fairest works destroys—
There love of God shall perfect all my joys.
Here things as in a glass are darkly shown—
There I shall know as clearly as I'm known.
Frail are the fairest flowers that bloom below—
There freshest palms on roots immortal grow.
Here my fond heart is fastened on some friend,
Whose kindness may, whose life must, have an end—
But *there* no failure can I ever prove;
God cannot disappoint, for God is love.
Here Christ for sinners suffered, groaned, and bled—
But *there* he reigns the great triumphant head.
Here mocked and scourged, he wore a crown of thorns—
A crown of glory *there* his brow adorns.
Here error clouds the will, and dims the sight—
There all is knowledge, purity, and light.
Here, so imperfect is this mortal state,
If blest myself, I mourn some other's fate;
At every human woe I *here* repine—
The joy of every saint shall then be mine.
Here, if I lean, the world will pierce my heart—
But *there* that broken reed and I shall part.
Here on no promis'd good can I depend—
But *there* the Rock of Ages is my friend.
Here, if some sudden good delight inspire,
The thought to lose it damps the rising fire—
But *there*, whatever good the soul employ,
The thought that 'tis eternal crowns the joy.

STANZAS ON HOPE.

BISHOP HEZER.

Reflected in the lake, I love
To watch the star of evening glow;
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene;
But earthly hope, how bright so'er,
Still fluctuates on the changing scene,
As false and fleeting, as 'tis fair.