

in his skill and thank him for all his prescriptions.
—*J. Newton.*

As well might the chemist look for the philosopher's stone among the dust of the streets, or hope to elaborate the elixir vitæ from the polluted water of a stagnant lake, as we expect to find among the things below the bliss of our undying spirits. God never put it into them, and nothing can be more to us than God intended it.—*J. E. Beaumont.*

To love our parents and our children, is natural; to love our friends is just and grateful; to do good to strangers, is humane; to relieve the poor and needy is kind and generous. But to love our enemies, to do good to them that hate and injure us, is divine. It is not only commanded by God, but exemplified in the highest degree in all its perfection.—*Jay.—American Paper.*

POETRY.

THE NEW ZEALAND MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

We cannot let him go. He says he is going to return to England—the ship is here to take him away. . . But no, we will keep him and make him our slave,—not our slave to fetch wood and draw water, but our talking slave.—Yes, he shall be our slave, to talk and to teach us. Keep him we will.—Speech of the Rev. Mr. Yates, at the Anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, London, May, 1835.

'Twas night, and in his tent he lay,
Upon a heathen shore,
While wildly on his wakeful ear
The ocean's billows roar;
'Twas midnight, and the war club rang
Upon the threshold stone,
And heavy feet of savage men
Came fiercely trampling on.

Loud were their tones in fierce debate,
The chieftain and his clan.
"He shall not go—he shall not go,
That Missionary man.
For him the swelling sail doth spread,
The tall ship rides the wave,
But we will chain him to our coast,
Yes, he shall be our slave.

"Not from the groves our wood to bear,
Nor water from the vale,
Nor in the battle front to stand
Where proudest foemen quail;
Nor the great war canoe to guide,
Where crystal streams turn red!
But he shall be our slave to break
The soul its living bread."

Then slowly peered the rising moon,
Above the forest height,
And bathed each cocoa's leafy crown
In tides of living light:

To every cabin's grassy thatch
A gift of beauty gave,
And with a crest of silver cheered
Pacific's sullen wave.

But o'er that gentle scene a shout
In sudden clamor came,
"Come forth, come forth, thou man of God
And answer to our claim!"
So down to those dark Island men
He bowed him as he spake,
"Behold! your servant will I be,
For Christ, my Master's sake."

LATEST NEWS.

By the Great Western, which brought out 135 cabin passengers, we learn that Her Majesty and Prince Albert have returned in safety from France, and Belgium, and are now at Windsor.

The same arrival brings advices that Commercial interests are gradually improving; while the state of the Produce Market in England will afford fair prices for Canadian productions.

Our Provincial Legislature is in Session. Several very important measures have been announced by the Colonial Ministry. They command large majorities, and as they have made the removal of the Seat of Government to Montreal a Cabinet question, our distinguished commercial emporium, may be tolerably certain of obtaining this further honour.

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AGENTS FOR THE HARBINGER.

CANADA.—The Pastors and Deacons of the Congregational Churches.

NEW BRUNSWICK & NOVA SCOTIA.—Rev. J. C. Gallaway, St. Johns, N. B.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Rev. D. S. Ward, St. Johns.

ENGLAND—LONDON.—The Rev. Algernon Wells, Congregation Library, Bloomfield Street, W.

LIVERPOOL.—George Philip, S. Castle Street.

MONTREAL.

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