

Idleness is the murderer of time and the destroyer of comfort ; it is the rich man's bane, the tradesman's ruin and the poor man's curse

Genius, like an exotic plant, is rare, and requires not only the same care and attention to bring it to perfection, but also a shelter from the squalls of fortune & the frosts of adversity, without which it will wither and die.

POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER TO HER CLASS.

For whom ought I in faith to pray,
And humbly supplicate each day
That God would guard and guide their way ?
My Class.

Whom, on the sacred Sabbath, should
I point and guide along the road
That leads to glory and to God ?
My Class.

Whom do I long to see live well,
And those sweet truths to others tell,
On which we've often loved to dwell ?
My Class.

Whom do I hope in Heaven to meet,
And with ecstatic love to greet,
Where joys are pure and bliss complete ?
My Class.

Saviour ! do thou thy grace impart,
Give each a true believing heart,
And teach me rightly to exhort
My Class.

And should a flattering world allure,
O rescue in temptation's hour,
And save by thine Almighty power,
My Class.

Whom do I pray the Lord will aid
With that rich love in Christ display'd,
If ever on a sick bed laid ?
My Class.

Soon will our wanderings here be past,
Eternity approaches fast ;
Lord, may we reign with thee at last,
I and my little Class.
Montreal, August 4. E.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

Once, with a fearful, trembling land,
I drew aside the veil, to see
The glories of the heavenly land,
The brightness of eternity.
But soon the vision overcame,
And terror seized my quaking frame.

I look'd—I saw—but O ! the light,
The bliss, the splendour of the place,
The shining host, who all unite
In songs before Jehovah's face !
A sudden dimness seized my eye,
For who could look on Deity ?

One sight I caught of heaven's high train,
One glimpse of that eternal home ;
I heard one sweet melodious strain,
And all my powers were overcome,
I fell aghast ! my senses fled !
Nor dared I raise again my head.

The sight, O ! ne'er shall I forget,
The song still vibrates in my ear ;
When shall I reach that blest estate,
When in yon holy throng appear ?
Haste, Jesus, fetch my soul away,
To dwell with thee in endless day,

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