

POETRY.

JEHOVAH—JESUS.

The voice, which spoke in Sinai's thunders,
Assuaged Tiberias' raging sea;
The hand, which form'd the sky's bright wonders,
Bestow'd its instinct on the bee:
The pow'r, through which the ocean flows,
Perfumes the woodbine and the rose.

Creation's vast extent ne'er cumber
The mind which countless orbs obey;
And He, th' angelic hosts who numbers,
Sustains the sparrow on the spray:
While worlds on worlds his bounty share,
The smallest insect feels his care.

Ah! why, in hours of tribulation,
Should I to fear or faintness yield?
The grace which wrought my soul's salvation,
Remains my fortress and my shield—
Amidst the storm a still small voice
Shall bid my aching heart rejoice.

From Calvary's mount sweet mercy beaming,
Illumes the darksome path I tread;
And strains of joy, from Sion streaming,
Breathe grateful music round my head:
That mercy bid my sorrow cease,
That music softly whispers peace.

O let me then, myself a stranger,
Account all earth's concern but dross,
For Him who, cradled in a manger,
Pour'd out his soul upon the cross:
And day by day the Saviour call
My life, my treasure, and my all!

My all! Amen! a full surrender
I make of body, mind and will;
And He with love most sweet and tender,
In turn, will this wrapt bosom fill:
And give me here, in sin forgiv'n,
A glorious antepast of heaven!

R. HUIE.

THE YOUTH'S CONFIRMATION HYMN.

O! Guide of my youth, the Redeemer of souls,
Whose free acts of mercy no creature controuls;
In the arms of thy love a young sinner embrace,
And save me, O! save by thy sov'reign grace.

I am tender and young, I am feeble and weak,
But I wish to be thine and thy presence to seek:
I oft seem at a distance, O! bring me still nigher,
This is all my salvation and all my desire,

From thy wrath that's to come do thou help me to
flee,

Take this heart, as a willing surrender to thee;
'Tis a poor sinner's heart, and 'tis cover'd with shame,
Yet it trusts in Thy blood, and it loves Thy dear
name.

Make it humble and meek, make it holy and true,
Its transgressions forgive, its corruptions subdue:
Confirm me in ev'ry good will, work and word,
And be glorified in me, my God, and my Lord.

Confirm me with tokens of covenant love,
So in life and in death thou my refuge shalt prove;
Confirm me in hope that my sins are forgiven,
O! Confirm me thine own, both for earth and for
heaven. *Selected.*

GRACE! 'Tis a sweet—a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name—
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound—
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

A MISSIONARY SCENE IN INDIA.

The following very interesting description of the labors of a missionary of the Church of England in India, is from the introduction to the Memoirs of Buchanan, recently published.

Having enjoyed the unusual privileges of a domestication for several months in the families of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society at Madras and Calcutta, I am able to bear testimony to that which has passed under my own personal observation, entering upon that observation too with a mind obscured by long indulged prejudice against all missionary efforts, and these in particular; the subjoined extracts from letters written at the time, may illustrate the habit and manners of these devoted servants of the Lord Jesus, and justify the change which witnessing the scenes described produced on my own opinions.

"It was a lovely moonlight evening, about a week after our arrival in Madras, when, fatigued with the noisy, yet cheerless, merriment of the dinner table, I turned out for a solitary walk. Having exhausted the novelties of the place, and without any acquaintance with whom to pass an occasional hour, I began to feel that most dreary of all sensations, described by being 'a stranger in a strange land,' and having nothing to attach me to it I longed to be again at sea. As I wandered slowly and listlessly through the streets thronged with natives, my attention was aroused by the sound of the bell of a small chapel, which, I knew to be attached to the mission stationed in this neighbourhood by the Church Missionary Society; I entered, and found, seated on mats placed on the floor, about fifty natives, of all ages and both sexes neatly and cleanly clothed, and with every appearance of humble devotion, waiting the hour of social worship. Pausing in the vestibule, I stood, contemplating with rapturous feeling, a sight so pleasing. I saw the western world rolling back upon the East a portion of that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation, which had originally emanated from it. I saw, from the land of darkness and the shadow of death the first faint glimmerings of that light which one day shall cover the earth, dispelling from the minds of its benighted inhabitants the gloomy mists of superstition and idolatry in which for centuries they have been enveloped. Indulging glowing anticipations, I saw among the interesting youth who sat before me the future messengers of the glad tidings of peace, and, contemplating them with their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel, saw them exposing their lives, willingly to danger—and their persons to insult, in the glorious endeavour to bring others to that fountain of living waters opened in the house of David, for sin and uncleanness in which they themselves had been washed and purified. Such was the train of my reflections, when I was interrupted by a cordial and brotherly salutation from a gentleman ascending the steps from the little court-yard with which the chapel was surrounded into the anti-room in which I stood. Finding he was the pastor of the little congregation now assembled, I requested his permission to stay during the service, which, though in an unknown tongue, was possessed of a deep interest. The attention manifested by the poor creatures, who were thus enjoying one of the greatest privileges afforded to the believer, was exceedingly pleasing. At the close of worship, as I was about leaving the church the missionary sent to request I would favor him with my address, and on exchanging cards very kindly invited me to visit him at his station which is about three miles from Madras, surrounded by a native population. I found he was the Rev. William Sawyer, a gentleman of good connexions, and handsome estate, the first of which he willingly sacrificed and the last employed in the service of his Redeemer—leaving friends and the comforts of civilized life to settle himself here among the poor benighted heathen—willing to spend and be spent in the endeavor to spread the knowledge of the blessed gospel of reconciliation among the votaries of dark and horrid superstition. Having learned these circumstances, I did not hesitate to visit him early the following morning.

After riding a considerable distance through miserable villages of mud huts, and swampy paddy fields on a quick turn of the road I saw at my side a beau-

tiful Gothic chapel* of white, stucco, and just behind it a lovely retired little spot, reminding me more of home and peace than any thing I have yet seen, a small one storied house, completely embosomed in trees, and surrounded by a neat shrubbery. A narrow lane, passing by the chapel and between two rows of cottages, inhabited by native Christians, led to the house; at which I was received with that true welcome which a Christian, and he only, knows how to give. But it was not in the exterior of this mansion of love, nor in the pleasing reception I met from its master, that the charm of the morning consisted. After passing an hour or two in delightful conversation; the more so when the circumstances in which I was placed were taken into consideration, he invited me to accompany him in the performance of his morning duty, in visiting a school he has on the premises and which is certainly one of the most interesting objects in India. Under an open shed, each busily employed in his proper task, we found about 25 boys, most of them natives between the age of 10 and 16. A few are the children of Christian parents; others of idolaters selected, from a large body of children whom he has under the instruction of native teachers, in day schools, in several villages in which he is surrounded, and which he daily visits. The principal part of his care, however, is bestowed on this central school. All who are admitted into it must renounce caste, and consent to remain entirely with him adopting all the habits of Christians, (excepting as they would interfere with harmless local custom,) but especially be regular in their attendance on family worship which for their accommodation is in the Tamul language, morning and evening and at church on the Sabbath. They are first instructed in the principles of their native tongue, then in the various branches of a common English education, and some in Latin and Greek. I witnessed their examination in geography, grammar, reading, &c. and was astonished at their progress. The grand object, however, is to bring every thing to bear on the one point—the growth in that knowledge which maketh wise to salvation. The Scriptures, of course, are much studied.

* Built at the private cost of Mr. S.

THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE

And MISSIONARY ANNUAL for 1836, and 1837;
Doddridge's Family Expositor; Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul; Cooke's General and Historical View of Christianity, 3 vols; Brown's Life of Hervey; Brown's Essay on the Existence of a Supreme Creator, 2 vols; Bickersteth's Scripture Help; Bickersteth on prayer; Bickersteth on the Lord's Supper; American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1836, and 1837; New Brunswick Church Harmony; Bibles and Common Prayer Books various sizes & bindings; Burkett on the New Testament, 2 vols; Stebbing's History of the Christian Church, 2 vols; Lardner's (Rev. Nat. D. D.) Works, with a life by Dr. Kippis, 10 vols; Mason on self-Knowledge; Murray's Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America, including the United States, Canada, the Shores of the Polar Sea, and the Voyages in search of a North West Passage, with Observations on Emigration, illustrated by a Map of North America, 2 vols. for TEN SHILLINGS! the Republic of Letters, 4 vols; Robertson's Works complete in one vol; Gibbons' Rome in one vol; Rollin's Ancient History in one vol; Saturday Magazine, in monthly parts, parts 1 to 9, or in vols. vols 1 to 9; Scott's Bible, 6 vols; Triggloff Evangelists, interlinear; Valpy's Greek Testament with English notes, 3 vols; Walker's Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names. For sale by

C. H. BELCHER.

Halifax, May 7th, 1836.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY
E. A. MOODY, LUNENBURG, N. S.

By whom Subscriptions, Remittances, &c. will be thankfully received

Terms—10s. per annum:—when sent by mail, 11s. 3d. Half to be paid in ADVANCE.

No subscriptions received for less than six months.

All Communications to be POST PAID.

General Agent—C. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax.