

"In the present century, geography and astronomy have received great improvements, at considerable expense, by long and hazardous voyages, travels full of fatigue and peril, and painful observations taken in the Arctic Circle, on the summits of the Andes, and in the islands of the South Sea. By these undertakings, the names of Cook, Wallis, Banks, Ledyard, Houghton, Maupertains, and others, have been rescued from oblivion, and will be handed down to posterity, together with the names of the great kings, whose commands they executed, as long as the records of science shall subsist. But are observations of the transit of Venus, the mensuration of a degree of longitude, the solving of the problem of a southern continent, objects of such magnitude? Will they exonerate the princes who commanded, or the men who performed their commands, from the imputation of idle curiosity, unjustifiable temerity, and a waste of treasure and of blood? If they do, and if He who made man in his own image and redeemed him by the death of his own son, be able to appreciate the value of an immortal soul, are there not inducements to draw the ministers of Christ to Africa, Asia, and the Islands of the South Sea, infinitely more worthy of a noble mind than the acquisition of wealth, or the improvement of science? Shall religion refuse to follow, where the love of science leads?"—*Melville Horne.*

POETRY.

'VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH.'

Fight the good fight ;—lay hold
Upon eternal life ;
Keep but thy shield, be bold,
Stand through the hottest strife ;
Invincible while in the field,
Thou canst not fail,—unless thou yield.

No force of earth or hell,
Though fiends with men unite,
Truth's champion can compel,
However press'd, to flight ;
Invincible upon the field,
He must prevail,—unless he yield.

Apollyon's arm may shower
Darts thick as hail, and hide
Heaven's face, as in the hour
When Christ on Calvary died ;
No powers of darkness, in the field,
Can tread thee down,—unless thou yield.

Trust in thy Saviour's might,
Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and like him in fight
By dying, conquer death ;
Then rise to glory from the field,
And with thy sword thy spirit yield.

Great words are these, and strong ;

Yet, Lord, I look to thee,

To whom alone belong

Valour and victory ;

If God be for me in the field,

Whom can I fear ?—I will not yield !

J. MONTGOMERY.

LOSS IN DELAYS.

Shun delays, they breed remorse,
Take thy time, while time doth serve thee ;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee ;
Good is best, when soonest wrought,
Lingering labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;
Seek not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure :
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take then hold upon his forehead ;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind, his scalp is naked :
Works adjourn'd have many stays.
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve, while sore is green,
Fester'd wounds ask deeper lancing ;
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing,
Time and place give best advice ;
Out of season, out of price.

SOUTHWELL, A. D., 1590.

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