

POETRY.

From the Dublin Record.

RUTH.

She came in her meekness—the corn-field receives
A foreigner guest to the shade of its sheaves;
A sweetness, a sanctity breathes o'er the scene,
As she bends in her innocent beauty to glean.

Her presence refines the rude reapers; they fear
Lest their mirth be too coarse for her delicate ear,
Rough-natured, but kindly, they cannot endure
To give the least pain to a being so pure.

Her artless demeanour, her modesty charm
A bosom with heavenly benevolence warm;
He sees her forlorn and unfriended—his words
Fall sweet as the rapturous music of birds—

“I know thee, my daughter—forsaking thy home,
“To trust in our Israel's God thou art come;
“Here freely partake of my bread and my wine,
“Abide in my field—in no other but mine.
“My servants shall touch thee not—shame or rebuke
“Shall never come nigh thee in word or in look—
“Oh, go not away from my maidens, but keep
“Still fast by the reapers, and glean where they reap.”

She bowed with her face to the ground, and thus low
Gave vent to her gratitude's passionate flow;
O'ercome, her confusion scarce language can find
To speak the emotions that rush o'er her mind.

“What am I, a desolate stranger, to be
“So kindly regarded, so honoured by thee?
“How great is the grace thou hast shown me!—thy word
“Doth comfort the heart of thy handmaid, my Lord.”

So tender, so plenteous in goodness and truth
Was He, who descended from Boaz and Ruth;
Samaritan, Canaanite, found in his grace
Rich blessing reserved for a reprobate race.

He came, a Redeemer, to seek and to save,
To aliens the right of a citizen gave,
He gathered the flock that was scattered abroad,
And strangers are one with the household of God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AFFECTION FOR THE DEAD.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open, this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom in her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns; who even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart crushed, as it were, in the closing of its portals; would accept of one consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love that survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overflowing burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved soften away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No—there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song—There is a remembrance of the dead to which we

turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave—it buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and not feel a compunctious thro' that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endowments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful asiduites. The last testimony of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling, pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning from us even from the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the account with the conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endowment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never—return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, and every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.—*Chronicle of the Ch.*

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

Behold the tenderest sight on earth—the mother giving the first bent to the mind that is immortal. Oh! what lessons of heavenly wisdom may come down through her lips and find their way to a heart not yet in contact with the world! How may she seize on the first indication of intellect, and consecrate it to God. How may the eye of a mother, beaming with affectionate regard, direct the little dependent being to the Saviour! A warm-hearted and prudent mother will exert almost unlimited influence over her children the first six or eight years of their life; a period above all others when the heart is susceptible of deep and lasting impressions. Solomon frequently adverts, with great tenderness to the pious counsels of his mother. Timothy was instructed when a child by his mother and grandmother.—John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to say, “I should have been a French Atheist, were it not for the recollection of the time, when my departed mother used to take my little hand in her's, and make me say, on my bended knees, “Our Father who art in heaven.” There are few men eminent for science and religion, who have not expressed deep-felt gratitude for the example, counsels and prayers of a pious mother; and it would be difficult to find an instance in which children have been brought up in the fear of God, and the love of the Saviour, where the mother has showed no marked solicitude to cherish a life of piety in her family.—*Dr. J. S. Law.*

Country Churches.—Unworthy countrymen should be of the Hookers and Herberts, if we had not a reverence for the pulpits to be found in the good old country churches still flourishing in innumerable parts of England, and a love for the churches themselves resembling that which we entertain for our father's graves, and the flowers which grow over them. Never may they perish! Never may a stone of them, if possible, be altered! The sleeps of our fathers and mothers are around about them, in those green beds—calm human dust, as tranquil as the heavens. Hea-

ven itself seems to love the places, so peaceable are they and so still; so visited by gentle winds, whose whisper in the trees resemble those of unseen and serious, but happy spirits. Neighbourhood is at hand without noise; the fields stretch away into quiet remoteness; birds sing as cheerfully as in the homestead, and, in truth, the churchyard itself seems but another homestead, into which fathers and mothers and brothers and children have gone to rest, just as they might do to another and most quiet room. If the clergyman lives close to it, and is a kind man, loving and beloved, we always think that he must be happy in having his kindred thus near him. The same sunshine that comes in his room shines upon their graves: the same evening closes upon them, and, as if they had never gone away. And yet, we think thus, only because we have never known what it is to laugh for the first time in such places, as if such loss had happened. Perhaps we are mistaken—but sure we are of the tranquillity and loveliness of such places, however we might be unable to habitual to them our careless moments. Visit them, dear reader, as often as you can; read the names on the tombstones, the obelisks of them now made of importance by the dignity of death; and come away loving still better the friends that must have their written in the same manner.—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

Mr. Gilpin, one of his biographers, remarks as follows.—“They who saw him only at a distance revered him as a man of God, while they who enjoyed a nearer acquaintance with him were held in a state of constant admiration of his attainments in the divine life. He appeared to enjoy an uninterrupted fellowship with the Father and with his son Jesus Christ. Every day was with him a day of solemn self-dedication and every hour an hour of praise or prayer. Naturally formed for pre-eminence, no common degree of grace were sufficient to satisfy his unbounded desires. While others are content to taste the living stream, he traced that stream to its source, and lived at the fountain head of blessedness. To those who were much conversant with him, he appeared as an inhabitant of a better world: so perfectly dead was he to the enjoyments of the present life, and so wholly detached from its anxious cares.—Wherever he was called by the providence of God, he was acknowledged as “a burning and a shining light. The candle of the Lord eminently shone upon his head, and the secret of God was on his tabernacle. When he went through the city,” or took his seat in the company of the righteous, he was saluted with unusual reverence, and received as an angel of God. “The young men saw him, and hid themselves: and the aged arose, and stood up. Even those who were honored as princes amongst the people of God, “refrained talking, and laid their hands upon their mouth. When the ear heard him, then it blessed him.” His character was free from those inconsistencies which are too generally observable among the professors of Christianity; whether he sat in the house, or whether he walked by the way; in his hours of retirement, and in his public labours, he was constantly actuated by the same spirit. When he spoke his conversation was in heaven; and when he was silent, his very air and countenance bespoke an angelical mind, absorbed in the contemplation of God. In all the changing circumstances of life, he looked and acted like a man whose treasure was laid up in heaven. There his affections were immovably fixed, and thitherward he was continually tending, with all the power of his soul. He spoke of heaven as the subject of his constant meditation, and looked to it as travellers to their appointed home.”

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