

POETRY.

From the Christian Guardian.

P A T E R N A L C A R E.

Father, watching o'er thy child,
 Mother fill'd with anxious care;
 In the soil by sin defil'd
 Sow the seed, and sow with prayer.
 Though, through many an anxious year,
 Neither fruit nor flower appear.
 Though the winter o'er it spread
 Hard and frozen, and the seed
 Seem for ever lost and dead,
 Only seen the anxious weed;
 Yet refrain not in despair,
 Though it sleep the seed is there:
 And the spring of grace will shine
 With the spirits, sun and shower,
 And the heart in warmth divine,
 Feel its vivifying power;
 Haply late, yet surely so.
 Though thou see not, it shall be,
 Though thou live not, it shall grow,
 Certainly and fruitfully.
 Sacred lessons thou hast taught,
 Burst the ground and wake to life,
 One by one each word and thought,
 Springing vigorous and rife;
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Last the ripen'd corn appear,
 Till the golden harvest stand,
 Ready for the mower's hand.
 Though perchance it meet thine eyes,
 Only when 'tis gathered in,
 Hous'd and garnish'd in the skies,
 Safe from every blight and sin,
 Parent, friend, the soil prepare,
 Sow the seed, and sow with prayer.

JAMES EDMESTON.

B I O G R A P H Y.

From the Missionary Register for August 1837.

O B I T U A R Y O F M R S. C O R R I E.*

Tuesday.—She enjoyed more rest during the night than she had previously been accustomed to; and, in consequence, appeared somewhat better this morning, so that hopes of her recovery revived. The Bishop prayed with her on her waking; and, during the day, read a portion of John xiv and xvii.—Her conversation was altogether on passages of Scripture, and verses or Hymns, relating to the Saviour; nor, in conversing with her husband, did she again revert to any earthly subject. There being no regularity in their conversation, it is difficult to remember all the passages or verses which occupied her thoughts; but the line, 'Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,' was several times repeated by her.

In the evening, she prepared for repose at about seven o'clock, as usual, and was quiet for a time; but about ten, a paroxysm suddenly came on, attended with difficulty of breathing.—The Medical Attendant kindly remained in the house; and every endeavour was made to procure, if possible, a little ease to her.

Wednesday.—About two o'clock in the morning, perceiving her a little quiet, the Bishop was about to leave the bed-side, when she said 'Do not go. Though I cannot speak to you, you can suggest things to me.' Soon after she said, 'If I live till six, I will take some strong coffee—it is good for this hard breathing; and if not, I shall be where I wish.' His Lordship continued at intervals to repeat some passages of Scripture and verses of Hymns; which

* Wife of the late Bishop Corrie.

she sometimes took up, or helped him to finish. Once, when she seemed a little easy, he said, 'Can you repose in the arms of your Heavenly Father?' She added—'and in Jesus the Mediator.' At another time she said, 'I dare not doubt His power or His willingness;' at another time, 'Whom He loveth, He loveth to the end.'

After the family had breakfasted, she received the Lord's Supper, when she desired her daughter and Miss Hutchings also to attend. Her breathing was so difficult, that, after receiving the elements, the Service was for a time interrupted, but was at length brought to the conclusion: she joined with evident fervour; and, at the close, added an impressive 'Amen!'

She had laboured much, since the attack came on, for breath. A blister was applied to the stomach, and other means used, which produced a little ease; and about mid-day she appeared again to revive. While suffering most, she repeated in broken accents, or, by repeating a word or two, suggested to the Bishop to take up the subject—

I'll speak the honours of His name
 With my last labouring breath;
 And dying, clasp Him in my arms,
 — the antidote of death.

repeating several times, at intervals, 'dying, clasp Him in my arms!'

During the forenoon of Wednesday, among the verses repeated was,

Beneath Thy cross I fall,
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my all!

dwelling on the words, 'My sacrifice.' At another time—

Lo, glad I come! and Thou, Blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am:
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

When she was a little easy, the Bishop, with a view to the approaching night, retired, to get a little repose.—Miss Corrie thus notices the conversation which she had with her at this interval, and on the preceding Monday:

On Monday evening, as I was sitting by her bed, after having spoken of the probability of her death being near, she blessed me with deep affection; and afterwards said, 'I have two angels in heaven: I am blessed indeed!—And dear Laura too—give my love to her: she was a good child to me; and a kind, affectionate nurse at the Cape. And to George give my love;' (and spoke of his kindness to her,) 'and their baby—I had hoped to have seen the dear little thing. I hope they will bring her up in the right way.'—She spoke of my Aunt, and Uncles, and Cousins, and desired her love to them; adding, 'I hope we shall meet where we shall know as we are known.' The same evening, after a pause, she said, 'I have been too fond of the world, and its love, and admiration; but God has weaned me from it by this long illness.'

On Wednesday, at noon, I was left alone with her. Seeing her suffer much from difficulty of breathing, I said, 'You have been a great sufferer, Dear Mamma; but what a comfort it is that our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!—How small will all suffering appear, on looking back from that glorious eternity!' She said, 'How small!—and is it not astonishing that we should be rewarded for bearing our sufferings patiently? If I were to chastise my child, and she submit, I should not reward her for it: yet God, through Christ, rewards us.' I asked her if she remembered one of her favourite Hymns—

When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

She desired me to repeat it, which I did. She then said, 'And what is my title?' I replied, 'Jesus the Lord our Righteousness.' She said, with emphasis, 'Yes!' On another occasion, I said, 'What a glorious thing it will be, to be free from sin!'—She said,

'Yes!—and from self!'—Miss Hutchings coming I went to lie down; and did not return to the bedside till summoned to give her refreshment, about ten minutes before she became insensible.

About two o'clock in the forenoon, while waiting for the refreshment prescribed, she said, in broken accents, 'What is that—I looked, and there was no deliverer; but mine own arm brought salvation?' The Bishop repeated the passage as it stands in Isaiah; and it has since occurred to him, that he had heard Bishop Turner preach some impressive Sermons from that text.

While taking, with some difficulty, a small portion of arrow-root, she all at once was seized with convulsive spasms—her eyes became fixed, and the attendants around her were not aware that she was any more sensible.

The Bishop and Miss Corrie repeated some of her favourite passages of Scriptures: but she gave no sign of recognition; and continued to breathe but for about half an hour, when she gradually ceased, and entered into rest about a quarter past two o'clock, almost during the time her husband was performing the 'Commendatory Prayer.'

THE HAPPY MAN.

How happy is the condition of that man, who through God's mercy has attained to a state of communion with the Father of spirits! What can he want who enjoys him that possesses all things? 'In thy presence is fulness of joy,' saith the Psalmist: on the contrary, in his estranging of himself from us, there is not only grief and horror. It is with God and the soul betwixt the sun and the earth. In the declining of the year, when the sun draws afar off from us, how do the earth mourn and droop; how do the trees cast the ornaments of their leaves and fruit; how do the sap of all plants run down to the root, and leave bare boughs seemingly sere and dead! But at the approach of it, in the rising of the spring, all these seem revived; the earth decks herself in her fresh habiliments of blossoms, leaves, and flowers, to entertain those comfortable heats and influences. So, more, it is in the declining or approach of this all-glorious Sun of Righteousness. In his presence there is life and blessedness; in his absence nothing but disconsolateness and despair. If an earthly being withdraw himself from us for a time, we are troubled; how much more if the King of Glory shall send himself from us in displeasure. Surely, nothing but our sins can estrange him from us; our sins do rather attract him to us; our sins, and they do separate between God and us. Lord, what do we do without thee? O do thou draw us unto thee that we may come; do thou enable us to draw unto thee upon the feet of our affections, upon the hands of our actions, upon the knees of our prayers, that so thou mayest draw nigh unto us in thine ordinances, in thine audience, in thy grace and mercy in thine aid and salvation.—*Bishop Hall.*

Remarkable Incident.—William Walker, Esq., Freeman, Me., brought to our office a pin measuring nearly two inches in length, which was extracted from the calf of his leg last June. He informs that it was swallowed by him in the year 1830, and has been seven years working its passage through the system.—*Chr. Wit.*

Diary.—The New York Commercial Advertiser says that Mr. John Quincy Adams has kept a diary of public and private events ever since he entered upon public life. The work now consists of several large volumes.—*Ibid.*

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT,

E. A. MOODY, LUNENBURG, N. S.

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

Terms—10s. per annum:—when sent by mail, 11s. Half, at least, to be paid in ADVANCE, in every instance.

No subscriptions received for less than six months: those unpaid at the expiration of 15 months from date of their commencement, will be discontinued.

All Communications, addressed to the Editors, or otherwise, must be POST PAID.

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