

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

" Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, when pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

WORDSWORTH.

No. I.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED,

A SERMON BY THE REV. W. AGAR ADAMSON—PUBLISHED BY ARMOUR AND RAMSAY.

THIS little tract is as forcibly written as the title is happily chosen. The text, which is taken from the 1st chapter Ruth, 8th verse: "The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me," speaks to our souls of bereavement and sorrow, of gratitude and kindness; and while our hearts cannot refuse to sympathize with the suffering of the widowed Naomi, these feelings merge into admiration, as we contemplate the heroic devotedness of the faithful Ruth. The distresses of the widowed mother-in-law have many parallels, were they only sought for in those abodes of sorrow and want, which mankind take too much pains to avoid. But where shall we, in these cold-hearted days, meet with a second Ruth? Where shall we find one, whose own distress could be lost sight of, that another's woes might be mitigated—who could face want and destitution, rather than violate her love; who could expose herself to penury, rather than dishonor her husband's memory, by deserting her who gave that husband being? Duty to the dead, and love for the living, prompted the prayer—

"Entreat me not to leave thee."

We remember as children that the sufferings of Naomi, and the self-sacrifice of Ruth, made our young hearts beat more quickly, and caused the tears to rise unbidden to our eyes; nor are we ashamed to confess before a cynical public, that our manhood is not proof against that which the world in its coldness has learned to call weakness, for we can still weep over the misfortunes of Naomi, and the devotedness of Ruth.

We do not know whether the beautiful stanzas by Swain were present to the mind of the writer when he said that "the gloomy crape of the widow, and the mourning garb of the orphan, in language more eloquent than words, speak to

the soul of the existence, aye, and of the departure of better days;" there is so much of nature in the passage—of truth laden with experience, of experience encrusted with sorrow,—that we cannot withhold it from our readers:

'Twas said she had known better days;
Sad words—*how old on earth!*
The voice which fortune here obeys
Is but of fickle birth!
How oft we mark some faded dress,
Where decent pride betrays
Still mournfully, 'mid all distress,
An air of better days!

Ah! poverty hath many a shape
To make the thinking weep!
The little hat whose scanty crape
Turns pale the widow's cheek!
They touch me most, who fain would hide
Their fall from fortune's ways;
I can respect—nay love, their pride,
Who have known better days!

When we our trifling cares reveal,
Cares which too oft we seek,
Could we but feel what others feel,
Our lips would shame to speak!
To see the morn, but not the *means*—
How dread that morning's ray!
Alas! they bear life's hardest scenes,
Who have known better days.

The Judgments of the Almighty upon us, may perhaps be forgotten in the business of life: the occupations of the world will banish disquieting thoughts, for the duties which custom has devolved upon man, exclude him from that class of suffering, which but too generally attends to heighten the affliction of a woman's bereavement. God help the widow! especially her who has seen better days, for man, having appropriated to himself every description of profitable industry, has left to woman, nothing real but her misery,