

tion with the children; without this, wherever Sunday Schools may exist, the memory will be burdened to little purpose.

We are happy to be informed that His Excellency the Governor in Chief, on his recent visit to Montreal, was pleased to visit the British and Canadian School, and that His Lordship expressed his high gratification on witnessing the progress of the children in their education.

#### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Having been informed of mistakes and irregularities in the forwarding and delivery of the Christian Register; the association beg to inform their numerous Subscribers that they will feel particularly obliged by information of any delay or irregularity in the delivery.

#### PATIENCE IN AFFLICTION.

In affliction, constrain yourself to bear patiently for a day or so, merely for the sake of trying whether patience does not lighten the burden.—If the experiment answers, as you will undoubtedly find, you have only to continue it.

## POETRY.

The following is from the early Muse of SELLECK OSBORNE, Esq. whose poems, on various subjects, are now in the press of Messrs. True and Greene, and will soon appear. We cannot more strongly solicit the attention of our readers to these poems, than by offering the following as a specimen.—*Bost. Patriot.*

### THE RUINS.

I've seen, in twilight's pensive hour,  
The moss-clad dome, the mould'ring tower,  
In awful ruin stand:  
That dome where grateful voices sung;  
That tower whose chiming music rung,  
Majestically grand!

I've seen, 'mid sculptur'd pride, the tomb  
Where heroes slept in silent gloom,  
Unconscious of their fame—  
Those who, with laurel'd honours crown'd,  
Among their foes spread terror round,  
And gain'd an empty name!

I've seen, in death's dark palace laid,  
The ruins of a beauteous maid,  
Cadaverous and pale!  
That maiden, who, while life remain'd,  
O'er rival charms in triumph reign'd  
The mistress of the vale.

I've seen, where dungeon damps abide,  
A youth, admired in manhood's pride,  
In fancied greatness rave:  
He, who, in reason's happier day,  
Was virtuous, witty, noble, gay,  
Learn'd, generous, and brave

Nor dome, nor tower in twilight shade,  
Nor hero fall'n, nor beauteous maid,  
To ruin all consigned!  
Can with such pathos touch the breast,  
As, on the maniac's form impressed,  
THE RUINS OF THE MIND!

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