

ROOT AND BRANCHES—DOCTRINES AND DUTIES.—Our religion may not unfitly be compared to a great tree; of which the doctrines are the roots, and uprightness is the trunk, and godly deeds and all the ministers of love are the outspreading branches, and piety is the heavenward pointing head. As a tree grows up from its roots, and they nourish and support it; so do the duties of religion grow out of, and rest on its doctrines, and draw their life from them. If the trunk of a tree be separated from the roots, it falls: nor will a man's morality be able to stand, unless it be rooted and anchored deep in the great truths of religion. Any hour of trial, a gust of passion, a sharp blast of temptation from an exposed quarter, would lay such an unsupported virtue low. It would fall, like the house built on the sand: and great and sad would be its fall. But as a tree is nothing without its roots, so the roots on the other hand are nothing without the tree. It is for the sake of supporting the branching, wide-spreading tree, that there are any roots at all.

No one ever saw a root growing by

itself and for itself. A root without a tree would be the same sort of thing among God's works, as a foundation without a house among man's works. Nor is this less true of the spiritual roots of faith. God, who does nothing in vain, has not revealed any doctrine to us for the mere sake of feeding our curiosity, or of making us stare and wonder. Doctrines from which nothing springs would be as much out of place in God's word, as roots from which nothing grows would be in the book of nature. Such roots are not living, but dead. Whenever therefore you come to any doctrine in the Bible, bear in mind that the Scriptures were not written to make us wise merely in that which the world deems wisdom,—but wise unto salvation. Instead of stumbling over the doctrine, as a blind or heedless man might stumble over a root that lay in his path, and stood a little way out of the ground,—instead, I say, of stumbling over it, and being offended at it, say to yourselves, "Here is another root of godly living, a root which, if I can only plant it in my heart, is sure to bring forth a goodly tree of some Christian grace or other."—*Hare.*

THE MAGAZINE'S APPEAL.

A little transient thing of earth,
I wave not science' magic wand,
Nor proffer claim to courtly birth,
Nor e'er 'neath mitred smile shall stand.

But I have claims surpassing these—
These all are but a meteor's gleam;
My lamp, though feeble are its rays,
Was lit from Truth's immortal beam.

I live to shed that holier light
Than ever streamed from science' brow,
And trace, midst shades of moral night,
Its kindlings—pledge of morning glow.

I live, to give the moistened eye
What life's best sympathies impart,
And draw the lovely, hallowed tie
More closely round each brother's heart.

While others ride their troubled seas,
Till high, more high, the billows rise,
I live, to bid the star of PEACE
For ever gem my native skies.

Is this to live? And must I die?
Say, at whose shrine am I to fall?
At Charity's? Her beaming eye
Would each retiring pulse recal.

At her's?—But no, I would not name,
Nor doom myself, a doom so base;
Nor draw a but suspected shame
From its unholy hiding place.

Away, each fear—each dark surmise.
Should I belie the fostering care
That woke my bosom's energies?
No! I must live—Life yet is there.

Upper Canada, April, 1839.