

But when there comes some storm of
strife,
Or other ills which chequer life,
Then—then he feels such pains, such woes,
That wake him from his false repose.
Afflict the blow that all must feel,
And e'en the soul from Heav'n steal,
Then, cries he 'Saviour, save my soul—
'Heal it!' yet he thinks 'tis whole.

Too, in this world of sorrow,
Am to pass life's weary day!
How feel happy, on the morrow
See my happiness decay—
When I'll look not here for pleasure,
Earth hath nought this soul can love,
For I've found a lasting treasure,
And that treasure is above:
All that is on earth below,
Prove no real joy is there;
Gold brings fear, and honour's show
Only fills the breast with care!
Then, Oh Lord! I cast my sorrow
On the bosom of thy love,
And from earth no comfort borrow,
But rest all my hope above—
Yet while here—Oh! may I even
Do thy will, as done in Heaven!

Long as I'm doom'd to wander here below,
O Lord, thy choicest gifts bestow!
Grant that my hung'ring soul be daily fed
With truth, Sincerity's unleaven'd bread;
That my food be such as Angel's eat,
And do thy will—my only drink and meat;
Thus my soul rais'd above the world, shall
live
In the enjoyment Heav'n alone can give.

taught in the world—that school of strife,
Whose lessons all with sin are rife,
We learn'd with nicety to scan
The follies of my fellow-man,
But have not learn'd to scan my own,
Till some they ever were unknown;
And will be, lest thou Lord, in love,
Look down propitious from above;
Open my eyes that I perceive
My own, and others' faults forgive,
Even as thou to me hast given
Pardon, and also promis'd Heaven.

The reason Lord, I sigh and moan,
Is not that I am all alone,
Mankind surround me—but I sigh
To think, that not a friend is nigh.
When I've a still, a peaceful mind,
I look around, a friend to find
To tell my joys to—but I sigh
To find, that not a friend is nigh.
When sins within my soul molest,
And doubts disturb my anxious breast,
I think that to a friend I'll fly,
But find that not a friend is nigh.
'Tis true, some with me seem to smile,
But ah! I knew that all that while
They hate me: and it makes me sigh
To feel, that not a friend is nigh.
'Tis true, some with me seem to share
In all my sorrow and my care,
But ah! I know they're foes, and sigh
To feel, that not a friend is nigh!
Satan, the world, the flesh combin'd
Against me are, and as I find
No refuge in the fallen race,
I'll seek another hiding place.
Jesus, my Saviour, Father, God!
I've tasted, and I kiss thy rod,
Glad I accept thy proffer'd grace,
Accept Thee as my hiding place.
Then, through temptation's keenest hour,
When foes exert their ev'ry power
To rob me of that given grace,
I'll rest in thee my hiding place.
My hopes within the veil I cast,
Till life's rough storm be overpast,
Through which, I resting in thy grace,
Am safe in thee my hiding place.
And shall be safe until I see
Thee all in all, and all in thee:
Then I'll behold thy Father's face
Through thee, my only hiding place!

Hail! then, thou glorious Lord of Heaven,
To thee be praise and glory given,
For thine's the Kingdom, thine shall be,
Through time and through Eternity:
Glory to Him whom Saints adore,
For ever and for evermore!

R—y.

Cape Breton, Sept. 1826.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

"GIVE me some companion," says
Sterne, "in my journey, be it only to
remark to, how our shadows lengthen
As the sun goes down; to whom I may
say, how fresh is the face of nature!
How sweet the flowers of the field!
How delicious are these fruits!"
What object, in all nature, can be

so beautiful, as that of two young per-
sons, of amiable lives and tempers,
uniting before the altar in vows of
mutual constancy and love—and af-
terwards proceeding through all the
vicissitudes and accidents of life, as-
suaging every evil, and increasing
every good by the most unaffected