

are not very sanguine of the fulfillment of our good wishes, so long as, in the first place, it is in the Colonial Church partial and Sectarian, so long as in the second place there are divisions and vexed questions at home.

#### SCRIPTURE SKETCHES.—ABRAHAM.

The model Patriarch, the chosen of the Almighty, the seed and representative of the Hebrew nation. We can picture him turning his back upon his native Ur, gathering together his household gods and with his beautiful Sarah, turning his face towards the unknown land. There is a grandeur about the character of this old saint father, to be found nowhere else in Scripture history. He moves in an atmosphere of natural dignity—of dignity without pride, but leavened with perfect simplicity. He is the friend of God, his faith is implicit as that of a child, but pure and lofty as that of an archangel.

He moves among his people without the slightest assumption or assertion of moral or personal superiority. He is rich in flocks and herds, and probably in gold and silver, but in this he differs not from many a wandering Shiekh on the wide plains of Haran. He is the man of men from his moral grandeur; he walks among his herdman; he takes part in their daily toil; he helps to pitch and to strike his tent; he kindles the fire and cooks the evening meal, and speaks words of unaffected love and kindness to his various attendants. Yet what a lordly air in this fine old man, what gravity and dignity of speech! what elevation of heart and soul! There is a conscious power in his few simple words; there is a natural greatness in his most trifling acts. No one approaches him without a feeling of reverence, yet he neither exacts nor appears to notice it. He is as humble as the humblest, but it is the humility of a king of men. Greatness of character is as much a part of him as his right hand, and to assert it requires not the proud look nor the haughty tongue. His love extends to his humblest drudge, even to the dumb creatures of his flock—but it is a love which makes familiarity, much less any approach to levity impossible. The will of God is his only guide, the glory of God his one desire. He is at once the type of dignity and faith—a being as far above the ordinary crowd as the highest of God's creatures are above the meanest. He is his servant, and to him he gives up his whole will, his country, his home, his friends, his beloved Isaac. Not that he wants tenderness—it pervades his whole character, but because in his inmost soul he feels, that the commands of Jehovah must not only be obeyed without question, but with a full and grateful heart. "The God of all the earth cannot do wrong." What strength of character as well as faith, in this all-trusting motto! Yet it would seem that no mere man shall be altogether perfect, Abraham, the faithful, the pious,

the holy and the just, the grave and grand old man, exhibited one weakness, one poor human frailty, as if it were to prove his relationship to the first Adam. He saw despotic power coveting his dearest treasure, and to preserve life rather than honor counselled a mean deceit. In almost any other man such an act would have tainted all, but we cannot despise Abraham. It was but the failing of a feverish moment, impelled by fear, but with no mean or unworthy purpose in his mind. No doubt his trust was then as perfect as when he bound his only child. Noble old man! Father of an illustrious race, harbinger of thrice glorious hopes, ensample of a living faith, type of an almost perfect man, thy history is a beacon for all time, to lighten, to purify, the race of man.

#### For the "Record." ALL'S WELL.

Throughout the hollow hush of midnight's hour,  
When slumber lays on all its death-like seal,  
And banded stars their pale embroidery shower  
Where ebon fringes round night's curtain steal;  
Then as the earth each footfall echoes back,  
And truant breezes rise in whispering swell,  
The watchman treads adown his beaten track,  
And calls out, hour by hour, that "all is well!"  
He walks and wakes while weary nature sleeps;  
But both may rest—the Lord the city keeps.

All may be well to outward sense of sight;  
Robber and foe alike be distant here;  
No desolating flame may scathe the night,  
Or touch the roof-tree with its ruddy spear,  
Yet oft when that midnight cry is heard  
How sinks the heart before its mocking sound,  
Where some pale sufferer by its voice is stirred  
From fitful sleep in phantom regions found,  
Moaning with fever, worn with cruel pain,  
As life returns to consciousness again.

All is not well for those who watch and weep  
In some lone room where lies a doomed one,  
Where death and life an awful vigil keep  
Over the glass, whose sands are nearly run;  
And as they watch the pale contracting cheek,  
And meet the glances of that glazing eye,  
While ash-en lips in farewell whispers speak,  
Telling how hard a thing it is to die,  
With bitter mockery on the straining ear  
Falls the loud sentry's shout of midnight here!

Where some unquiet spirit chafes and wakes,  
Dreaming a broken dream of youth once more,  
Until the wasting tide of memory breaks  
And sweeps life's gift as seaweed from the shore  
Where pointed thorns the softest pillow stud,  
Pressing their jags into the weary brain;  
Where tears rain down a scalding silent flood  
Over life's ruins and love's hungoring pain:  
How throbs the head! how aches the suffering  
heart!

While watchmen's echoes from the silence start,  
Strange outward calm—still stranger inner life—  
That dwells apart and stirs the quivering soul,  
The hidden struggle and the deadly strife  
Is only known to him who gave the whole.  
Oh! when the tenant of life's temple sleeps,  
When of this mortal watch-tower all is dust,  
May He who guard around his chosen keep,  
At once their judge, their ransom and their trust,  
Bid angel voices round our slumbers swell,  
And break the sleep of death with "All is well!"  
Halifax, April 6th, 1861. M. J. K.