

him and the congregation. The services seemed to produce a deep impression.

Mr. Barrie enters upon a very extensive and interesting field of missionary labour; and it is devoutly hoped that, by the blessing of God, his services in the gospel of the grace of God may be crowned with abundant success.

Poetry.

Verses composed by Zwingle when sick of the Plague.

AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS SICKNESS.

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| <p>1.
Lo! at my door,
Gaunt death I spy;
Hear, Lord of life,
Thy creature cry!</p> | <p>3.
Yet, if to quench
My sun at noon
Be thy behest,
Thy will be done.</p> |
| <p>2.
The arm that hung
Upon the tree,
Jesus, uplift—
And rescue me.</p> | <p>4.
In faith and hope
Earth I resign,
So cure of Heaven—
For I am thine!</p> |

WHEN HIS SICKNESS WAS AT THE HEIGHT.

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| <p>1.
Fierce grow my pains:
Help, Lord, in haste!
For flesh and heart
Are failing fast.</p> | <p>3.
In Satan's grasp
Hell's dark brink
My spirit reels—
Ah, must I sink?</p> |
| <p>2.
Clouds wrap my sight
My tongue is dumb,
Lord, tarry not,
The hour is come!</p> | <p>4.
No, Jesus, no!
Him I defy,
While here beneath
Thy cross I lie.</p> |

WHEN HE HAD RECOVERED.

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| <p>1.
My father God,
Behold me whole!
Again on earth
A living soul!</p> | <p>3.
Though now delayed,
My hour must come,
Involved, perchance,
In deeper gloom.</p> |
| <p>2.
Let sin no more
My heart annoy,
But fill it, Lord,
With holy joy.</p> | <p>4.
It matters not;
Rejoicing yet
I'll bear my yoke
To Heaven's bright gate.</p> |