

people; and the Book of Psalms in the press. Here we regret to state, in the printing department, we are compelled to stop for want of paper. The object of the present epistle is to solicit a grant of printing paper, to enable us to proceed with the printing of the Old Testament; which request, we doubt not, will meet with a speedy answer. Our people are very poor; but as soon as they were informed that to the utmost of their ability they must pay for their books, they immediately planted arrow-root for the purpose; and many have brought what they could\* in payment for books received; the amount of which, soon as sold, will be forwarded to the Parent Socie.y. We anxiously wait an answer to our appeal.\*

## POETRY.

## THE TRAVELLER AND THE STATUE OF OPPORTUNITY.

[FROM NORTHCOTE'S FABLES.]

*Trav.*—Say, Image, by what sculptor's hand,  
In breathing marble here you stand?

*Opp.*—By his whose art, to thousands known;  
Bids Love and Pallas live in stone;  
But seldom seen by mortal eyes,  
I claim the kindred of the skies;  
By few I'm found, though great my fame;  
And OPPORTUNITY'S my name.

*Trav.*—Say, if the cause you may reveal,  
Why thus supported on a wheel?

*Opp.*—The wheel my rapid course implies;  
Like that with constant speed it flies.

*Trav.*—Wings on your feet?

*Opp.* I'm prone to soar;  
Neglected, I return no more.

*Trav.*—But why behind, deprived of hair?

*Opp.*—Escap'd, that none may seize me there.

*Trav.*—Your locks unbound, conceal your eyes!

*Opp.*—Because I chiefly court disguise.

*Trav.*—Why coupled with that solemn fair,  
Of downcast mien and mournful air?

*Opp.*—REPENTANCE she, (the stone replies,)  
My substitute, behind me lies;  
Observe, and her you'll never see  
Pursue the wretch deprived of me;  
By her corrected, mortals mourn  
For what they've done and what forborne.  
Ask me no more, for while you stay  
I vanish unperceiv'd away.

\* A grant of 150 reams of printing paper has been made by the Bible Society, to which the above is addressed.

[FOR THE HARBINGER.]

## PSALM 107, 7.

Ah! why despond, my soul,  
Hast thou not promises,  
To bear thee up, when roll  
The billows of distress?

I must, I will believe,  
I rest upon *that* word,<sup>1</sup>  
Which never can deceive—  
*Thy word, Thy promise, Lord!*

Thou, Lord, my lot shalt choose;  
And I will not repine;  
Nor aught from thee refuse,  
Whilst thou thyself art mine.

Thou hitherto hast led,  
In ways I knew not of,  
And still by manna fed;  
I cannot doubt thy love:

Then on; my soul, still on;  
Upward and onward press,  
Thy crown shall still be won,  
Through God's unfailing grace.

Ask not for strength to die,  
So much as grace to live,  
If God below thou'lt glorify,  
Glory to thee he'll give.

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