

P O E T R Y.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness

Lead kindly light amid the encircling gloom—
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus: nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead thou me on;

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone

And with the morn those angel faces shine,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

*Lyra Apostolica.**

A F F L I C T I O N.

Thou in faithfulness has afflicted me.

Lord, in this dust thy sovereign voice

First quickened love divine;

I am all thine—thy care and choice,
My very praise is thine.

I praise thee, while thy providence
In childhood frail I trace;

For blessings given ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan thy grace.

Blessings, in boyhood's marvelling hour,
Bright dreams and fancyings strange,
Blessings when reason's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range.

Blessings of friends, which to my door
Unasked, unhop'd, have come;
And choicer still a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place,
I shrine those seasons sad;
When looking up I saw thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow;
Sweet was the chastisement severe
And sweet its memory now.

Yes! let the fragment*scars abide
Grace tokens in thy stead;
Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side,
And thorn-encompassed head.—*Ibid.*

E P I T A P H F O R A N I N F A N T.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening flower to heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.—*Selected.*

*This work is described by the British Critic, from which our extracts are taken, (and which justly pronounces the first to be "exquisite lines") "as a collection of poems which have already appeared in the British Magazine, by different hands, and all bear more or less directly either upon the particulars of personal religion, or upon the state, prospects, and strength of the church"—*Ed. Rec.*

From the Christian Witness.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM BISHOP CHASE.

After recovering partially from an injury in my back by a severe fall on the ice last winter, I set off from home the last day of February, and returned last night the 7th of April—having been absent five Sundays. In that period of time I preached fourteen times, administered the holy communion 4 times, confirmed 14, baptized 2 adults and 5 children, and solemnized one marriage, and instituted one most promising parish at Quincy, where I found 18 persons duly prepared to partake of the Supper of the Lord, exclusive of those who attended from other communions. On the first Sunday in the next month, I have to be at Tremont, where, having been there twice before, there is another new parish with the best of prospects. On the second Sunday in May, I am to be in Springfield and deliver my first pastoral Letter in the shape of two sermons, which I have by God's grace, prepared with many tears for my new diocese, which I am in the course of nature, so soon to leave—alas! before they have hardly begun to grow in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I am indeed old and gray headed. To continue speaking on my feet and on my knees for more than four hours together, in the performance of all the office of preaching—morning prayer; Communion; Confirmation; Baptism, adults and infants; and then to perform full service and preach again in the evening, is too much for my declining health. To all human view, I shall not continue it much longer. Last Sunday night, at Monmouth in Warren county, I was thought, by reason of a very violent attack of the bilious cholera, to be very near my end. But God raised me up, and I made out, in the course of the week, through storms and swollen rivers, through which twice we had to swim our horses, to reach home—the dear Robin's Nest, in peace.

Extracts from Bishop Chase's Address to the Convention of the diocese of Illinois.

On coming back to my family in Michigan, I found them in the unfinished habitation, disinclined to stay any longer in Gilead, and anxious to accompany me to the scene of my future labors, although no house nor home awaited me there. Accordingly, my personal property on the farm being disposed of, we all set off for we knew not whither, save that we were going to a territory of greater dimensions than all England and Wales put together.

We travelled like the children of Israel in the wilderness, I trust with the Divine presence to direct and cheer us; but like them also it was "through much tribulation;" for in our journeyings we were all of us; with the exception of myself, one after another afflicted with severe sickness.

In Peoria county I found lands suitable for the establishment of an institution for the encouragement of religion and learning; but the same were not as yet brought into market by the United States government. My only resource was to petition for the pre-emption right of the unoccupied grounds; and finding in the neighborhood a suitable place on which to erect my own temporary dwelling, wait patiently for such an event. This was accordingly done. With renewed strength and courage given me from above, seemingly far beyond my advanced years, the house was builded, poor as it is, and the family once more collected around the domestic fireside, to minister to each other in sickness, and to mingle their prayers and their joys and sorrows together. The great difficulty of obtaining lumber (the poorest being from forty to fifty dollars per thousand, besides the expense of transporting it fourteen miles) for building rendered it impossible in the short time allotted me last fall to erect a better dwelling than that to which, in its present form, we have given the appropriate name of "the robin's nest," consisting of mud and sticks, and filled with young ones. Should I continue where I am, and my life be spared, and mechanics and laborers (of whom there is a great scarcity) be obtained, a better home for the accommodation of my family will be erected the coming season.

THE REFORMED CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Dr. Hickeys' Testimony to its Excellency.

The Church of England as it now stands, without any further emendation, is, I verily believe, as sound and pure a church, both for doctrine and worship, as was ever established in any province or nation of the world. I heartily thank Almighty God, by whose good providence I have been bred up in her communion, and am called to the great honor of being one of her priests; and I beseech him, of his infinite goodness, to give all her clergy and people grace to live up strictly to her principles; to her principles of piety towards God, of loyalty to the king, of justice and charity to others, and of temperance and sobriety towards themselves. I am sure it must be ours, and not her fault, if we be not the best Christians, the best subjects, and the best friends and neighbours, in the world; and I shall confirm my own opinion of her, with the testimony which a late, and good and learned man gave of her in his last will and testament. Saith he, "I do declare that, by the grace of God, I die a christian, in the communion of the Church of England, as it is now established by God's Providence, and the laws in force. I do believe this church to be a sound member of Christ's Catholic Church, which he hath purchased with his blood. Clothe her O Lord, with a strict and exemplary holiness in her priests and people, and maintain her in her truths, peace and patrimony unto the world's end. Amen."—*Canterbury Sunday Reader.*

So complete is the word of God as a rule of life, that it may be questioned whether any situation can be supposed, in which a man can be placed, in which it would not furnish him with principles for determining what ought to be his conduct.—*Bishop Dehon.*

Home.—We are born at home, we live at home, and we must die at home; so that the comfort and ceremony of home are of more deep, heartfelt, and personal interest to us, than the public affairs of all the nations in the world.—*Gos. Mes.*

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