

and required the constant experience and exhibition, of many of the highest elements of the Missionary character.

The Dreadful Requisition; or a Treatise on the Righteousness of God in punishing the neglect of souls. By the Rev. CHARLES STOVEL, Jackson & Watford, London; and Greig, Montreal.

A most solemn and affecting appeal to all Christians on the obligations which their allegiance to their Lord places them under, to seek the salvation of souls. It contains the substance of five Lectures, delivered by the author during a revival meeting in London; and is published at the request of the brethren who were present, and "as having a tendency to bring all hearts into a state of prayerful and penitential self-examination." We were about to give a fuller account of this little volume; but when we state that several copies of it have been sent to our publisher, to be sold for the benefit of the Missionary Society, we hope many of our readers will purchase and peruse it for themselves; and if they lay their hearts open to its weighty appeals, they and the world will be all the better for the money and the time thus devoted to the best of causes.

Poetry.

SERENE SUBMISSION.

"Oh! just when thou shalt please would I depart,
My father and my God! I would not choose,
Ev'n if I might, the moment to unloose
The bonds which bind my weak and worthless heart
From its bright home. So I but have a part,
However humble, there, it matters not,
Or long, or short, my pilgrimage,—my lot
Joyful or joyless,—if the flowers may start
Where'er I tread, or thorns obstruct my path,
I look not at the present: many years
Are but so many moments, though of tears:
My soul's bright home, a lovelier aspect hath;
And if it surely shall be mine—and then
For ever mine—it matters little when!"

"GO! TEACH ALL NATIONS!"

Matt. xxviii. 18.

Go, missionary! go,
Relving on thy God;
Nor grieve that thou must know
No more thy natal soil.
The pleasant joys resign
That nestle round thy hearth,
Close as the creeping vine
Clings to thy place of birth.

Go from thy mother's tomb;
Go from thy father's voice:

Leave desolate thy home,
That Pagans may rejoice.
Where nature sternly piles
Eternal hills of snow;
Or where she kindly smiles
In peaceful beauty, go!

Go where the sun, in wrath,
Moves o'er the blasted land,
And marks his dreadful path
By heaps of fiery sand.
Go to the isles afar
That beautifully lie
Upon the seas, like stars
Fixed in a nether sky.

Go where the holy name
Of Jesus is unknown;
Where, dead to truth and shame,
Man loves himself alone!
Go! value not thy life!
Aim for the heavenly crown;
And in the weary strife,
Ne'er lay thy weapons down.

In faith still battle on;
Intently fix thine eye
Upon the mark, and won
Shall be the victory.
Toil on! cease not thy pains,
Though unknown, uncaressed
By men;—for thee remains
An everlasting rest.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26, 1837.

T. M.K.

THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

There is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy;
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear has caught its sound of joy.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose:
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fanned by summer gale,
'Tis not refreshed with vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

No; for this world is ever bright,
With a pure radiance all its own:
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

There, forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode.
Or find it in the curtained sky;
It is the dwelling-place of God.