ASZARD'S BOOK

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."-1 THESS, v. 21.

Vol. 1.

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Advertisements inverted at the usual rates. [To prevent disappointment, all advertisements should be cent to the Office before 3 o'clock on Friday.]

HASTE, TRAVELLER, HASTE.

Haste, Traveller, haste! the time comes on, And many a shining hour is gone: The storm is eathering in the west, And thou are far from home and rest. Haste, traveller, haste.

O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the life, and Christ the way,
And Christ the light. You setting sun
Sink ore the more is scarce begun;
Haste, traveller, haste.
The rising tempest sweeps the sky,
The raise descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear

set thy path, no refuge near : Heate, traveller, hasto. O yee, a shelter you may gain, A covert from the wind and rain— A hiding place, a rest, a home— A refuge from the wrath to come.

Then linger not in all the plain ; Flor for thy life—the mountain gain; Look not behind, make no delay; O speed thee, speed thee on thy way:

* [Original Poetry.]

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ELIZABETH BELL. From friends, and home, not far away, Death early select thee as his proy, And not one warning voice he gave, But quickly laid thee in the grape.

Ere thy check lost its youthful bloom, We laid thee low within the tomb: And these, thy laved ones, were not there, To hear thy last, thy dying prayer.

Ah! and in such a death as thine, And yet our hearts, will not repine; But we will kiss the chaet'ning rod, And my 'tie right, O! holy God.

We would not wish to only thee back,-Where tolls and sorrows are no more.

But when earth's scenes with us are fled. And we are numbered with the dead, O! may we meet those friends we In that bright, happy land above.

Kirwan's Letters from Europe-

LONDON, May, 1860.

REV. Mt. SPURUEOS.

Of course we had to go, with all the strangers that wisit London, to hear Mr. Spurgeon. He preaches on Sabbath incruing in Exeter Hall; and the remainder of the Sabbath day, and of the week, in his own chapel, on the other side of the Thames. The persons who go before half-past ton o'clock are admitted by tickets, which they have to pay for; and the money thus raised appropriated to pay for the use of the building, and for the erection of his new chapel in Surrey; at a quarter to eleven the doors are thrown open to the waiting crowd without, who rush in, and in a few minutes crowd the entire building. At the precise moment the service opens. This is of itself a virtue.

We want with our company, with tickets of admission; but the doors were opened to the multitude before we got there; and we entered with the crowd and he wast hall. The spectacle was a grand one; five housand, or more, in the very highest tier of seats in doc he wast hall. The spectacle was a grand one; five housand, or more, in the very heart of London, all he wast hall. The spectacle was a grand one; five backled for the right. Soon Mr. Spurgeon entered by a die door, preceded by his deacons and some friends, and the lowest backled.—In the prefect. He is quite short, because the shortless of his legs, —roubust in body,—short cled,—a full, round face, more Celtic then English, with upper teath somewhat projecting,—with heavy or his legs,—roubust in body,—short cled,—a full, round face, more Celtic then English, with upper teath somewhat projecting,—with heavy or his legs,—roubust in body,—short cled,—a full, round face, more Celtic then English, with upper teath somewhat projecting,—with heavy or his legs, and the forehead. It has then as a distance, but I have also an an or the company of the forehead. It has then as a distance, but I have a server or the company of the c

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