

POETRY.

From "Lyra Apostolica."

DEATH.

Whene'er goes forth Thy dread command,
And my last hour is nigh,
Lord, grant me in a Christian land
As I was born, to die.

I pray not, Lord, that friends may be
Or kindred standing by,
Choice blessing! which I leave to Thee,
To give me, or deny.

But let my failing limbs beneath
My Mother's smile recline:
My name in sickness and in death
Heard in her sacred shrine.

And may the Cross beside my bed
In its meet emblems rest;
And may the absolving words be said
To ease a laden breast.

Thou Lord! where'er we lie, canst aid,
But He who taught His own
To live as one, will not upbraid
The dread to die alone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WONDERFUL STRUCTURE OF THE HEART.

The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist, is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart. And how well does it perform its office! An anatomist who understood its structure might say beforehand that it would play; but from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts he must be apprehensive that it would always be liable to derangement, and that it would soon work itself out. Yet does this wonderful machine go on, night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of one hundred thousand strokes every twenty four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome; and it continues this action for this length of time without disorder, and without weariness. That it should continue this action for this length of time without disorder is wonderful; that it should be capable of continuing it without weariness is still more wonderful. Never, for a single moment, night or day, does it intermit its labour, neither through our waking nor our sleeping hours. On it goes, without intermission, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours; yet it never seems fatigued, it never seems exhausted. Rest would have been incompatible with its functions. While it slept the whole machinery must be stopped, and the animal inevitably perish. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working for ever without the cessation of a moment—without the least degree of weariness. It is so made: and the power of the Creator in so constructing it can in nothing be exceeded but by His Wisdom!

THE BIBLE.

The testimony of Infidels to the excellency of the Scriptures.

A most surprising thing, and which ought to be more generally known, is the testimony which the most eminent infidels have given to the excellency of the Scriptures. Lord Bolingbroke, the most respectable, perhaps, of all the infidel writers, declares that "no religion ever appeared in the world, whose natural tendency was so directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind." And again he says, "The gospel is one continued lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, of benevolence, and of universal charity." A higher or a juster eulogium cannot be pronounced; we are only surprised that a man could entertain such sentiments, and still remain an infidel. Rousseau declares that the writings of the most admired of the philosophers, "with all their pomp of

diction," appear "mean and contemptible," when compared with the Scriptures. He pronounces also a beautiful and eloquent eulogium upon the character of our Saviour, and asserts the utter impossibility that such a character should be a mere fiction of the imagination, (as Tom Paine somewhere insinuates.) "The inventor of such a personage," adds he, "would be a still more astonishing object than the hero."

Lord Byron also, in his emphatic language, says, "If a man was ever God, or God man, Jesus Christ was both."

And in the blank leaf of his Bible were found after his death, the following lines in his own hand writing.

"Within this wondrous volume lies
The mystery of mysteries,
And blessed, for ever blessed, are they
Who read to hope, and read to pray.
But better had he ne'er been born,
Than read to doubt, and read to scorn."

The only astonishment is, how men, after such admissions, can remain infidels: Lord Rochester, once himself a distinguished member of their corps, explained it when he said, *laying his hand emphatically on the Bible*, "The only grand objection to this book is a bad life." They know the right and approve it, but pursue the wrong.

HEARING THE WORD.

It is to be feared that but few Christians take heed how they hear. If they did, we should not so often be annoyed by petty criticisms upon the manner and style of the messengers of God. Whoever may be the man in the pulpit, the people should remember that he who addresses them is the ambassador for Christ, and that God is beseeching them by him. With this thought in the mind, who would dare to conceive, much less to express, the exceptions so often and so sinfully taken and uttered against various, we might say, all, the preachers of the cross? What a blessed disposition of soul he has received who is enabled to hear meekly the word of God.

"Lord, grant me this abiding grace,
Thy Word and Sons to know;
To pierce the veil on Moses' face,
Although his speech be slow."—*Missionary*.

TEASING.

This is no trivial subject. It is a science as regularly taught and learned as any other. The Vermont Chronicle gives a specimen of it, with some suggestions which we subjoin:

"Mother, mother, mother, may I, mayn't I, won't you, shan't she, shan't he, I won't, I must, do now, mother, mother, mother, mother," &c., &c., &c., &c. Why, if five thousand women had to hear the whole of it, it would drive them crazy! And then, how can a woman work to any purpose, whose thoughts are put in confusion every minute by such onsets? And then for family government, and family enjoyment, and family affection; it makes sad work with these, and with every thing which is lovely and valuable.

Children are taught to tease, very much as they are taught to cry. With all his little wants, real or imaginary, the child runs to his mother. They are matters of importance to him. He wants a definite and decisive answer, one which will settle the question; and his mind will be on the rack till he has it. It is not in the nature of a child to feel otherwise. He will have no peace himself, and will therefore give his mother no peace till he understand and knows that the point is settled. If you give no answer till he has spoken ten times; and then, if he has any reason to suspect that speaking twenty times more will obtain answer more favorable to his wishes, he will speak twenty times more. And this will soon grow into a habit. But give him an answer the first time he speaks, and he will soon give it up as of no use. Your answer may be almost any thing. It may be, "Wait ten minutes and I will then tell you;" "Wait till I have done this piece of work." But it must be something definite, something that the child can understand, and which he knows will not be altered. If you have leisure, and the occasion seems a proper one, you may let him argue the case before you decide it, but not afterwards. Indeed, if he has

learned by experience that your decisions are final, he will seldom, if ever, attempt it. He will consider an answer as an answer. His mind will be at rest on that point, and soon find something else with which to amuse himself.

Now, mothers do not say you have not time to answer the requests of your children as soon as they are made. If your time is so occupied, that you find it difficult, how can you afford to neglect it, and thus teach them to tease, and thus bring upon yourself an inconceivably greater hindrance?—*Epis. Rec.*

DISCONTENT.

The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with his adze around a cask. 'Ah! sighed he, 'mine is a hard lot—for ever trotting round and round like a dog, driving away at a hoop.' Heigho!" sighed a blacksmith, in one of the late hot days, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, while the red hot iron glowed on his anvil—"this is life with a vengeance! melting and frying one's self over a burning fire."

"Oh that I were a carpenter!" ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lapstone—"here am I, day after day, wearing my soul away in making soles for others; cooped up in this little seven by nine room—

heigho!
'I am sick of this out-door work,' exclaims the carpenter, 'broiling under a sweltering sun, or exposed to the inclemencies of the weather—if I was only a tailor!'

'This is too bad!' perpetually cries the tailor, 'to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying the needle all the time—would that mine was a more active life.'

Last day of grace—banks won't discount—customers won't pay; what shall I do? grumbles the merchant. 'I had rather be a truck horse—a dog—any thing.'

'Happy fellows!' groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry, musty record; 'happy fellow! I had rather hammer stone than cudgel my brains on this tedious vexatious question.'

The above appears as a selected article in *Zion's Herald*. It would be easy to enlarge the catalogue, and to extend more in high life and among stations which are usually objects of effort and envy—our judges, senators, governors, &c. are usually quite as far removed from the spirit of genuine contentment, as men in humble life—but there is still another class where discontent is deeper, and more hopeless than any yet referred to—we mean those who do nothing and have nothing to do. If discontent affects the laborer with whips, it affects the loiterer with scorpions.

GOING TOO FAR. In connexion with the remarks quoted above, the writer says, 'We never yet knew the man who would say I am contented.' This we think is pushing the matter quite too far; or at least the writer must have been very unfortunate in his associates; and very unhappy in himself. True, there is much complaining in the world; but there is such a thing as Christian contentment. Last winter we could have shown the above writer a Christian slave who could say, 'Ten years ago I was stolen from my parents in Africa; I was brought to this country and sold in public market; and am still a slave. But I have found Christ; my soul is satisfied—I am contented. I am more happy than words can express.'—*Zion's Advocate*.

Family prayer.—Some families profess, that they find it difficult to raise an altar to the Lord; but where there is a will, there is a way.

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