

POETRY.

HOPE IN THE REDEEMER.

Yes! it is true, my Saviour died
To rescue man from sin and woe!
My heart at once the truth applied,
And could not, would not let it go.

I felt it was my last lorn hope—
A stay to the lone shipwreck'd given;
And grasp'd it with a drowning gripe,
As sent to me direct from heaven.

In confirmation, word on word
Rose sweetly, too, from memory's store;
Truths, which in other days I heard,
But never knew their worth before.

Lodged by a pious mother's care
In the young folds of thought and sense,
Like fire in flint, they slumber'd there,
Till anguish struck them bright from thence.

The beacon lights of Holy Writ,
They one by one upon me stole;
Through winds and waves my pathway lit,
And chased the darkness from my soul!

CAMPELL.

THE RESURRECTION.

Morning of the Sabbath day!
O thou sweetest hour of prime!
Dart a retrospective ray
O'er the eastern hills of time;
Daybreak let my spirit see,
At the foot of Calvary.

Joseph's sepulchre is high:
Here the seal upon the stone;
There the sentinel, with eye
Starlike fix'd on that alone;
All around is calm and clear,
Life and Death keep Sabbath here.

Bright and brighter, beam on beam,
Now, like new-created light,
From the rock-cleft, gleam by gleam,
Shoots athwart the waning night;
Till the splendour grows intense,
Overpowering mortal sense.

Glory turns with me to gloom—
Sight, pulsation, thought depart,
And the stone, rent from the tomb,
Seems to fall upon my heart;
With that shock the vision flies,
Christ is risen—I may rise—

Rise, like Him, as from this trance,
When the trumpet calls the just
To the saints' inheritance,
From their dwelling in the dust—
By the resurrection's power,
Jesus! save me in that hour!

Sabbath morning! hail to thee;
O thou sweetest hour of prime!
From the foot of Calvary,
Now to Zion's top I climb;
There my risen Lord to meet,
In his temple, at his feet.

MONTGOMERY.

DEATH IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Not long shall this feeble pulse remain,
And this failing strength endure;
Thy sunbeams, fair Italy, shine in vain,
Thy climate can work no cure;
And I sigh, when through myrtle groves I roam,
By the balmy breezes fanned,
"Oh! why was I sent from my quiet home,
To die in a foreign land?"

They *knew* I must die; I remember well,
Their foreboding looks and sighs;
And can Death be charmed by an earthly spell,
Soft zephyrs, and azure skies?
I would give them all, on the wood to look
Where the clustering nut-trees stand,
And to gather lilies by the brook,
That runs in my native land.

I weep not because in early youth
I am called from this world of care:
I have humbly studied the Book of Truth,
And mourned o'er my sins in prayer;
And I hope through the Saviour, in whom I trust,
I may join the blessed band
Of holy angels and spirits just,
In a brighter and better land.

But my light and vain companions here
No calm to my mind impart;
Their language is foreign to my ear,
And their manners to my heart.
Would, when I lie down to yield my breath,
My kindred could round me stand;
I think I could greet the Angel of Death
If he came in my own dear land!

BY MRS. ANDY.