

## REMEMBER ME.

There are not two other words in the language that can recall a more fruitful train of past remembrances of friendship than these. Look through your library, and you cast your eyes upon a volume that contains the name of an old companion, it will say Remember me. Have you an ancient album, the repository of mementos of early affection? Turn over its leaves, stained by the finger of time—sit down and ponder upon the name enrolled on them—each speaks, each says Remember me. Go into the crowded churchyard, among the marble tombs, read the simple and brief inscriptions that perpetuate the memory of departed ones—they too have a voice that speaks to the heart of the living, and says Remember me. Walk in the scenes of early rambles: the well-known paths of the winding streams, the overspread tree, the green and gently sloping banks, recall the dreams of juvenile pleasure, and the recollections of youthful companions—they, too, bear the treasured injunction, Remember me. And this is all that is left of the wide circle of our earthly friends. Scattered by fortune, or called away by death, or thrown without our rank by the changes of circumstances or of character—in time we find ourselves left alone with the recollection of what they were:

## POETRY.

## FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

## MEDITATION.

“Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.”

PSALM LI. 10.

What can the reason be  
That I do not enjoy  
That depth of purity,  
That love without alloy?

Is it because the Lord  
Is slow to answer prayer?  
Has he not pledg'd his word  
To lend a gracious ear?

If faithfully I call,  
And plead th' atoning lamb,  
He'll willingly give all  
I ask in Jesu's name.

'Tis true I love him still,  
And for the past I'll praise—  
But oh, I long to feel  
His sanctifying grace.

I know it was for me  
The Saviour did unfold  
His love upon the tree,  
In agonies untold—

That love so free and pure  
Which caused him to brave,  
To enter and endure,  
The terrors of the grave.

Why do I doubt him, then,  
Or murmur at his stay?  
I do believe he can  
Wash all my sins away;

Not only can, but will  
Give me a new, clean heart,  
And then forever dwell  
In me, no more to part.

Montreal, Sept. 1835.

L.

If the talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be some use to the world—but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good-sense, by attracting every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy in human life.

Always endeavour to learn something from the information of those thou conversest with, and to put thy company upon those subjects they are best able to speak of.

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