

## POETRY.

[From the Boston Palladium.]  
A MISSIONARY HYMN:

Now mid the realms of Pagan night,  
The countless heathen seek for light,  
From Asia's plains the Hindoo calls  
The Christian watchman to the walls.

E'en now the Gospel trumpet rings  
Where Ethiopia spreads her wings  
And the degraded race of Cain  
Turn back to Abel's God again.

In the fair islands of the sea,  
The blinded native wants for thee,  
By Greenland's tempest breathing shore  
The sorcerer's mystic spell is o'er.

The Jew forsakes his ancient shrine  
Upon the hills of Palestine,  
And Gentiles bless the Prince of Peace  
In barbarous lauds, and classic Greece.

The Western Indian kneels to pray  
Where waving prairies meet his way,  
And loud the choral anthem swells  
Amid the dark old forest dells.

And shall the harvest now be lost?  
Shall selfish worldlings count the cost?  
When there remains on land or wave,  
One heart to cheer, one soul to save?

Ye drowsy reapers wake and cry—  
The coming of your Lord is nigh,  
Swift let the Gospel's light be hurled—  
And with your sickles reap the world.

The spirit moves, the dry bones shake,  
The chains of heathen bondage break—  
And earth and sea with one accord,  
Await the Gospel of the Lord.

## VARIETIES.

**PLAIN AND PITHY REMARKS OF OLD HUMPHREY.**—*I have very little to say, and that little will lie in a very small compass, though, if you attend to it, it may give you a great deal of peace. The best thing in this world, is the assurance of a better; and our more immediate wants are food, raiment and rest. If you would relish your food heartily, labour to obtain it; if you would enjoy your raiment thoroughly, pay for it before you put it on; and if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you. Do these things, and you will be pretty well off in this world; as to the next, if you have any desire to attain it, you must follow His footsteps who hath said, "I am the way." Rely upon his atonement, and walk in his ways, and you will be well provided for time and eternity.*

**ANTIQUITY.**—"In old ignorant times, before women were readers, history was handed down from mother to daughter, &c.; and W. Malmsburiensis picks up his history from the time, of Ven. Bede, to his time, out of old songs, for there was no historian in England from Bede to him. So my nurse had the history from the conquest down to

Charles 1. in ballad. The price of writing MSS. before the use of printing, was 30s. per quire."—Aubroy.

**THE FIRST CIRCULATING LIBRARY.**—Pamphilus was a presbyter of Cesarea, in the latter part of the third century. He was of an eminent family, of great wealth, extensive learning, and was ardently devoted to the scriptures, copies of which he lent to some and gave to others, several of them having been accurately transcribed with his own hand. He erected a library at Cesarea, which contained 30,000 volumes. This collection was made only for the promotion of religion, and to lend out to religiously disposed people. Jerome particularly mentions his collecting books for the purpose of lending them to read. "This," says Dr. Adam Clarke, "is, if I mistake not, the first notice we have of a circulating library." Some traces of this library remain to this day, at Paris and elsewhere.

**CONSCIENCE.**—Whatever name this moral sense may bear, (and it has been called by several,) its dictates are imperative, and its dominion as extensive as human nature. It lives under the various forms of external observances, and political enactments, but it lives still, often hated, but never despised; feared, but not to be extinguished: it may be weakened, but it cannot be destroyed; it may be lulled, but it cannot be annihilated; and when it rouses from its sleep, the hero turns pale before its accusations: it rushes on with the irresistible fury of the lion, coming up from the swellings of Jordan, roused from the thicket where he had couched by the sudden overflowing of the river. Even to its silent whispers, which none but the man himself can hear, the thunder of heaven is but as the distant water-fall, when its remote echoes are borne at fitful intervals by the light breeze of the summer's evening.

**THE WISE MAN AND THE BLOCKHEAD.**—"Seven things characterize the wise man, and seven the blockhead. The wise man speaks not before those who are his superiors, either in age or wisdom. He interrupts not others in the midst of their discourse; he replies not hastily; his questions are relevant to the subject; his answers to the purpose. In delivering his sentiments he takes the first in order, first; the last, last. What he understands not, he says, 'I understand it not.' He acknowledges his errors, and is open to conviction. "The reverse of all these characterizes the blockhead.—Jewish Saying.

**THE ROBIN REDBREAST.**—"As oft," says an old author, "as I hear the robin redbreast chaunt as cheerfully in September the beginning of winter, as in March the approach of the summer, why should not we give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary frosty hairs of our age's winter, as to the primroses

of our youth's spring? I am sent to the ant, to learn industry: to the dove, to learn innocency; to the serpent, to learn wisdom; and why not to this bird to learn patience and cheerfulness?"—Alix.

**A HINT TO THE MARRIED.**—"I have heard," says Mr. Henry, "of a married couple, who, though they were both of a hasty temper yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule, on which they had mutually agreed, 'Never to be both angry together.'" And he adds, that an ingenious and pious father was in the habit of giving this advice to his children, when they married:—

"Doth one speak fire? t'other with water come;  
Is one provok'd? but t'other soft and dumb."

**PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.**—Pharmaces sent a crown to Cesar at the same time that he rebelled against him; but Cesar returned the crown with this message, "Let Pharmaces return to his obedience first, and then I will accept the crown, by way of recognizance." So God will not accept at our hands the crown of our profession, unless we crown that profession with a correspondent life and conversation.

**MYSTERY.**—As every philosopher will readily admit that there are a thousand mysteries in the natural world, which have hitherto baffled the wisdom of the wise, and brought to nothing the understanding of the prudent; so every christian must admit, that there are deep and inscrutable mysteries connected with our holy religion, which the human mind cannot penetrate, and which must be simply received on Divine testimony.

**CONCEIT IS WEALTH.**—A poor man that hath little, and desires no more, is in truth richer than the greatest monarch that thinketh he hath not what he should or what he might have, or that grieves there is no more to have.

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**H. W. BLACKADAR.**  
April 15, 1836.

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