

the wing," often soars above the region where ordinary bards find their congenial atmosphere. Modesty is universally the concomitant of genius. We therefore venture to suggest to the author as a young man who may yet do honour to his age and country, to study systematically and thoroughly the writings of our religious poets—*Milton, Cowper, Pollok, Jas. Montgomery*.—2, To submit his own writings, previous to publication, to some judicious and faithful literary friend; and 3, To bear in mind that the *greatest triumph of art consists in its own concealment*.

"So it is when the mind is endued
With a well-judging taste from above,
Then, whether embellish'd or rude,
'Tis nature alone that we love.

The achievements of art may amuse,
May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse
A lasting, a sacred delight."

POETRY,

'T IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.'

(From the United Secession Magazine.)

When the storm of the mountains on Galilee fell,
And lifted its waters on high;
And the faithless disciples were bound in the spell
Of mysterious alarm,—their terrors to quell
Jesus whisper'd, 'Fear not, it is I.'

The storm could not bury that word in the wave,
For 'twas taught through the tempest to fly:
It shall reach his disciples in every clime,
And his voice shall be near in each troublous time,
Saying, 'Be not afraid, it is I.'

When the spirit is broken with sickness or sorrow,
And comfort is ready to die;
The darkness shall pass, and in gladness tomorrow
The wounded complete consolation shall borrow
From His life-giving word, 'It is I.'

When death is at hand, and the cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious Forerunner is smoothing the way
For its tenant to pass to unchangeable day,
Saying, 'Be not afraid, it is I.'

When the waters are pass'd, and the glories unknown
Burst full on the wondering eye,
The compassionate 'Lamb in the midst of the throne,'
Shall welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,
And say, 'Be not afraid, it is I.'

Leith, January 1842.

W.

"I SING OF CALVARY."

Down from the willow bough
My slumb'ring harp I'll take,
And bid its silent strings
To heavenly themes awake.
Peaceful let its breathings be,
Soft and soothing harmony.

Love, LOVE DIVINE, I sing;
O, for a seraph's lyre,
Bathed in Siloa's stream,
And touched with living fire.
Lofty, pure the strain should be,
When I sing of Calvary:

Love, love on earth appears!
The wretched through his way;
He beareth all their griefs,
And wipes their tears away.
Soft and sweet the strain should be,
Saviour, when I sing of Thee:

He saw me as he passed,
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemned and doomed to death,
And no salvation nigh:
Loud and long the strain should be,
When I sing his love to me:

"I die for thee, he said—
Behold the Cross arise!
And lo! He bows his head—
He bows his head and dies!
Soft my harp, thy breathings be,
Let me weep on Calvary.

He lives! again He lives!
I hear the voice of Love—
He comes to soothe my fears,
And draw my soul above:
Joyful now the strain shall be,
When I sing of Calvary.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

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MONTREAL.

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