

POETRY.

PSALM XLIII.

"Judica me, Deus"

Give sentence with me, Lord; avenge the cause
Of thine own righteous laws
God of my strength, forget me not, nor leave
My helpless soul to grieve,
In this sad conflict with th' ungodly's power,
While lasts their darkness-hour.

Ah, dearest Lord! when wilt thou think on me
In this my misery?
When wilt thou send thy light and truth, that they
May lead me on my way,
Even to thy holy hill, that I with thee
For evermore may be!

Till then, unto thy altar will I go,
Thy dwelling here below,
God of my joy and gladness, and my heart
Shall bear its cheerful part
In the thank-giving song thy church doth raise
Of never-ceasing praise.

Why art thou, then, so heavy, O my soul?
Why dost thou toss and roll
As a troubled sea? Trust thou thy Lord,
Rest on his promised word,
And thou shalt yet thank him—on thee shall shine
Again that face divine.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

A WICKED BOY.

There was a wicked boy once, who would leave his father's home and go to sea. His kind father tried to persuade him not to go; but he was not to be kept away from the sea. The reason was, he thought that he might be wicked when he got away from his father, and there would be nobody to reprove him. His weeping father gave him a Bible as he went away, and begged him to read it. The boy went away, and became very wicked, and very profane. But God saw him. There was a great storm upon the ocean. The ship could not stand against it. She struck upon the rocks in the dark night. It was a time of great distress; and, for a few moments, there was the noise of the captain giving his orders, the howling of the storm, the cries of the poor sailors and passengers, who expected every moment to be drowned. Then this wicked boy wished himself at home. But he had but a few moments; for a great wave came and lifted the ship up high, and then came down upon another rock, and she was shivered in a thousand pieces. Every soul on board was drowned, except this same wicked boy. By the mercy of God, he was washed and carried by the waves upon a great rock, so that he could creep up, much bruised and almost dead. In the morning, he was seen sitting on the rock with a book in his hand. It was his Bible; the only thing, except his own life, which had been saved from the wreck. He opened it, and there, on the first leaf, was the hand-writing of his father. He thought of the goodness of that father, and of his now ingratitude, and he wept. Again he opened the book, and on every page was the hand-writing of his heavenly Father, and again he wept at the remembrance of his sins against God. His heart was broken. He was truly penitent; and from that hour to this he has lived as a Christian. He is now the commander of a large ship, and seems to make it his great business to honor Jesus Christ. This was true repentance.—*Lectures of Children.*

THE WAY THE LITTLE KAREN BOY STUDIED THE BIBLE.

About a year since, I had in my school a class of young men who wished to become acquainted with the sacred Scriptures. They did not possess the Bible entire—no, nor so much as the New Testament. All they possessed of the heavenly treasure was the Gospel of St. Matthew, in manuscript, which had just been translated, and one copy of it sent to their teacher. From this copy, then, they were obliged to transcribe in the morning, what they were to

study in the afternoon, and recite in the evening. In this class of young men was a little lad about thirteen or fourteen years of age. So great was his desire to obtain the portion of God's word to which he had access, that he waited no bell or call from his teacher—but might be seen between six and seven o'clock in the morning, getting his books, pens, and ink ready, and going to his ricebox, (for we were in the jungle, where tables, benches, &c., are not used) and kneeling down to commence his lesson. When he had copied it from the manuscript, in order that he might be alone and undisturbed, he carefully removed the lid of his empty ricebox, got in, laid himself down, and commenced reading. But his object was not merely to recite his lessons correctly—he desired to understand the meaning. When he read something which he did not fully understand, he might be seen pausing, as if in deep thought, and then after the eastern style of kneeling, turning over on his face, he heard, in a low reverent voice, thanking God for his goodness in sending them teachers, and so much of his word, as they had received. Then he was heard asking God to enlighten his mind, so that he might understand his holy word, and to give him a new heart, so that when he did understand, he might keep all God's requirements. This was not a mere ceremony. He prayed as though he expected God would hear and answer his prayer.—Then, as if encouraged, he would turn over, take up his book, and recommence reading. When he came to another difficult sentence, the same process was repeated; and during the hours of study he might be heard five, six, or seven times praying to God.

And what was the consequence? He not only understood the word of God, but reduced its precepts to practice, laid aside his boyish sports, and became serious in his deportment, amiable in his disposition, and greatly beloved by all who knew him. His great and all-absorbing desire seemed to be, to do good—to become a preacher of the Gospel. Nor was he willing to wait till he should grow up to be a man. He improved every opportunity to go into the neighbouring villages to try to persuade the inhabitants to love and serve God. On one occasion he got a severe beating from his uncle, for no other reason than defending the Christian religion so well. His uncle told him that it was improper for him, a mere lad, to use so many arguments as entirely to confound his seniors.

At the close of the boarding school, he obtained permission to go out with one of the assistants to preach and teach a school. It is about two months since we heard from him, but we presume that wherever he is, he will be doing good. Thus he not only found a blessing himself, in studying the Scriptures with such prayerful attention; but he gives reason to believe he will, by the grace of God, be a rich and lasting blessing to others. Who of all the boys who read this, will resolve to "go and do likewise"? What little lad desires to have the word of God written in his heart so as to influence all his conduct and conversation? What little lad will give himself to the cause of Christ, and make it his only business through life to lead sinners to love and serve God? If there is such a lad in America, God will bless him, and he may be the means of causing thousands of perishing souls to rejoice through all eternity.

Karen Jungle, Feb. 13, 1838.

METHOD OF CARRYING INFANTS.

Our Indians carry their papposes on their backs, as do many savages. In the East they place them on the hips or the shoulders. In predicting the glory of Israel, when the Gentiles shall be added, Isaiah sings thus; 'Thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side;' (Is. lx. 5.) and again: 'They shall bring their sons in their arms, (or bosom,) and thy daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders.' (Is. xlix. 22.) Mr. Lane gives a picture of this, and says; 'The young children of both sexes are usually carried by their mothers and nurses, not in the arms, but on the shoulder seated astride, and sometimes, for a short distance, on the hip.' (Vol. i. p. 69, 79.)

APPALLING FACTS.

By the Inspector-General's Report, the following quantity of domestic spirit was distilled in New York for the year 1838, viz.: 1,347,809 gallons sold at the average price of thirty-eight cents per gallon, amounting to \$702,166.42. This sum laid out in Bibles, at fifty cents each would have purchased 1,404,335 or 3,617,340 Testaments, at twelve and a half cents. How many poor families might have been fed and clothed, with this rich waste of property; what means of education might this sum have procured. How many might have been fed with the bread of life, had even one tenth part of this sum been given to missionary operations. There would have been no necessity of retrenching the expenses of the Society, or of recalling our missionaries home from their fields of labor. Can nothing be done to stay the course of intemperance, sweeping over our land in its length and breadth? Let the philanthropist, the minister of the Gospel, the physician, the statesman the Christian, the patriot and Sabbath school teachers of our beloved land, awake to this subject and endeavor to arrest this evil in its degrading career, and this is only a part of the evil. The quantity of gin, rum and brandy imported into the city of New York for the month of January, 1839, exceeded that of January, 1838, by 69,522 gallons; and of wine by 164,978 gallons; at a value of \$219,851.10. These are facts, appalling facts calculated to arouse every well-wisher of society.—*Christian Mirror.*

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Wilmot, N. S. March, 1839. 4 no's.

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