

for excellent learning, wisdom, and use; and it is want of understanding in them who think or speak otherwise.

HON. ROBERT BOYLE.—The Bible, that matchless book! It is impossible we can study it too much, or esteem it too highly.

JOHN MILTON.—There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the Prophets; and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, on his death bed, to a visitor.—Young man! attend to the advice of one who has possessed some degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker. Read the Bible every day of your life.

LORD BACON.—There never was found, in any age of the world, either philosopher, or sect, or law, or discipline, which did so highly exalt the public good as the Christian faith. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found Thee in thy temples.

BISHOP HOANE.—Indited under the influence of Him to whom all hearts are known, and all events fore-known, the Scriptures suit mankind in all situations; grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals,—like gathered flowers,—wither in our hands, and lose their fragranc; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted; and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them the best.

ST. AUGUSTINE.—The Scripture so speaketh that, with the *height* of it, it laughs proud and lofty-spirited men to scorn; with the *depth* of it, it terrifies those who, with attention, look into it; with the *truth* of it, it feeds men of the greatest knowledge and understanding; and, with the *sweetness* of it, it nourished babes and suckings.

POETRY.

IN BEREAVEMENT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul!
From earth lift up thine eyes,
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And day light beauty dies;
One sun is set,—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

Thus, when some long loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends,
And meets ten thousand there;
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars, that seem but points of light,
The rank of suns assume.

CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE.

MEMENTO MORI.

Millions of feet entraversed here,
Where are their parted spirits?
Each in a dark or glorious sphere
Its own reward inherits:
Where they are fled we soon shall fly,
And join them in eternity.

The crowd who earth's arena tread,
Each busy in his station,
Are few compared with all the dead,
Of every age and nation.
The world of life counts millions o'er—
That of the dead hath many more.

It is a solemn thought that we,
Life's little circle rounded,
Must launch upon that endless sea
Which shore hath never bounded;
A sea of happiness and love,
Or depths below and clouds above.
A holy Judge—a righteous doom—
A bar where none dissemble—
A short quick passage to the tomb—
How should we stop and tremble!
Great God, as years pass swiftly by,
Write on each heart—Thou, thou must die!

JAMES EDMESTON.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Free, yet in chains, the mountains stand,
The valleys linked run through the land;
In fellowship the forests thrive,
And streams from streams their strength derive.

The cattle graze in flocks and herds,
In choirs and concerts sing the birds;
Insects by millions ply the wing,
And flowers in peaceful armies spring.

All nature is society.
All nature's voices harmony,
All colours blend to form pure light;
Why then should Christians not unite?

Thus to the Father prayed the Son,
"One may they be, as we are One,
That I in them, and Thou in Me,
They One with Us may ever be."

Children of God, combine your hands,
Brethren in Christ, join heart and hands,
And pray, for so the Father willed—
That the Son's prayer may be fulfilled.

Fulfilled in you—fulfilled in all
That on the name of Jesus call,
And every covenant of love
Ye bind on earth, be bound above.

THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE FOR 1838.