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HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1858.

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Original Poetry.

To the English Daisy.

What, after an absence of twenty-four years from England, and that period spent in the West-Indian Colonies, the writer has at last in his garden in Canada.

English daisy! simple flower,
Planted in this hemisphere;
O'er my heart thy bloom has power;
Welcome—welcome thou art here!

The verbenas vied with thee,
Crocus, snow-drop, and ranunculus,
The petunia, fine and free,
Primrose, pink, and polyanthus.

Gay the popular tulip's dress,
Glorious the rose,
Willows sweet all hands caress,
Every child the pansy knows.

These, and many, many more
Flung their charm o'er boyish days,
Where, at British cottage door,
Flora all her charms displays.

Where the hedge-row, fragrant, prim,
Blossoms all vied with thee;
Where the sky-lark sings of Him,
Who with wings the morning fills.

Humble daisy! feel no shame,
That my pen should thus portray;
Thou hast won the highest praise,
Tender, and supreme thy sway.

England! England! she renewed!
Christian greatness is thy praise;
Let thy name through earth resound—
Daughters to Victoria raise!

Thine the land to me the best,
Where a mother's yearning love
Laid my infant heart to rest,
Asking blessings from above.

There the hand Divine was held,
Guidance to my path to give;
There, when guilty, I be-
lieved, Calvary, that made me live.

British meadows, fresh and green,
For relief my footsteps tread;
At my feet the flowers lay,
And my spirit bowed in God.

Since then frequent thoughts of thee
Have Canadian toils beguiled;
What I never thought to see,
Has before my window smiled.

English daisy! modest flower!
Wesley Mount shall be thy home;
Flourish in thy latest hour,
When I rest, no more to roam!

ANGLO-SAXON.
Canada, in the Spring of 1858.

Religious Miscellany.

The Silver Buckle;

OR THE SILVER MONITOR.

It was among you, I believe, that I first saw the silver buckle, and I was struck by its beauty and its utility.

God is our Father, and we are his children. He has created us for his glory and our happiness.

When I was a boy about ten years old, I was sent to a boarding-school many miles distant from my home.

At the moment of bidding me farewell, my mother placed in my hands, as a parting gift, a pair of silver shoe-buckles, which in those days were universally worn.

She charged me to wear them with care, and to keep them as a memorial of her love and her prayers for me.

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English Bible Translations.

WICKLIFFE'S BIBLE.—This was the first translation made into the English language. It was translated by John Wickliffe, about the year 1380. It never printed, though there are manuscript copies of it in several of the public libraries.

TYNDALE'S BIBLE.—The translation of William Tynsdale, assisted by Miles Coverdale, was the first printed Bible in the English language. The New Testament was published in 1526. It was revised and re-published in 1539. In 1532, Tynsdale and his associates finished the whole Bible, except the Apocrypha, and printed it abroad.

MATTHEW'S BIBLE.—While Tynsdale was preparing a second edition of his Bible, he was taken up and burnt for heresy at Flanders. On his death, Coverdale and John Rogers revised it, and added a translation of the Apocrypha. It was dedicated to Henry VIII, in 1537, and was printed at Hamburg, under the borrowed name of Thomas Mathews, whence it was called Matthew's Bible.

CRANMER'S BIBLE.—This was the first Bible printed by authority in England, and publicly set up in the Churches. It was Tynsdale's version revised by Coverdale and Cranmer, who added a preface to it, whence it was called Cranmer's Bible. It was printed by Crotton of the largest volume, and published in 1540. After being adopted, suppressed and restored under successive reigns, a new edition was brought out in 1562.

THE GENEVA BIBLE.—Some English exiles at Geneva, in Queen Mary's reign, viz: Coverdale, Goodman, Gilbie, Sampson, Cole, Wittingham and Kook, made a new translation, which was printed there in 1559. The New Testament, however, had been printed in 1557. Hence it was called the Geneva Bible. It was much valued by the Puritan party. In this version, the first distinction in verse was made. It went through some twenty editions.

THE BISHOP'S BIBLE.—Archbishop Parker engaged bishops and other learned men to bring out another translation. They did so in 1568, in large folio. It made what was afterwards called the great English Bible, and commonly called the Bishop's Bible. In 1568 it was published in octavo, in small, but fine black letter. In it the chapters were divided into verses, but without any breaks for them.

MATTHEW PARKER'S BIBLE.—The Bishop's Bible underwent some corrections, and was printed in large folio in 1572, and called Matthew Parker's Bible. This version was used in the Church for forty years.

THE DOUBT BIBLE.—The New Testament was brought by the Roman Catholics in 1582, and was called the Rheish Testament. It was condemned by the Queen of England, and copies were seized by her authority and destroyed. In 1609 and 1610, the Old Testament was added, and the whole published at Douay, hence called the Douay Bible.

KING JAMES' VERSION.—The version now in use was brought out by King James' authority, in 1611. Fifty-four learned men were employed to accomplish the work of revising. From death or other cause, seven of them failed to enter upon it. The remaining forty-seven were ranged under six divisions, and had different portions of the Bible assigned to these divisions. They entered upon their task in 1607. After some three or four year of diligent labor, the whole was completed.

A Cluster of Mooks.

Martin de Valencia, the head of the order of Saint Francis, was a monk who, in early life, had intended from his love of solitude to become a Carthusian. He afterwards gave up this intention, but entered a convent in a very retired situation. There he suffered perturbations, apprehensions, and imaginations, "concerning the things of our sacred faith." In the end however, he came out victoriously from all these troubles and dangers, and was suddenly struck with a great wish to convert the infidel. To go and preach in Africa was what he longed for most. The wish was not granted, but he rose in his order until he became provincial of the province of San Gabriel. It is mentioned as an instance of his humility at this time of life, that, going to his own country to see his relations, when he arrived at the town where he lived, he began to consider with himself what cause he had brought him there, and imagining that it was a mere worldly one, he resolved to mortify and humiliate himself, whereupon divesting himself of his upper garments, he put a cord about his neck and bade his companion drag him by it through the streets where his relations lived, as if he were a slave.

When he arrived in Mexico he maintained the most rigid mode of life. He went barefoot, with a poor and torn robe, bearing his wallet and his cloak on his own shoulders, without permitting even an Indian to assist in carrying them. In this fashion he used to visit the convents under his jurisdiction. Being already an old man when he arrived in Mexico, he could not learn the language with the same facility as his companions, so that what he most devoted himself to was teaching the Indians to read Spanish. Besides he be thought himself that he would become the teachers of their parents. After the canonical hours, he sang hymns with the little children, and as we are told, did great good in the village where he resided. The love of solitude which he bore in his own country, he used occasionally to retire to an oratory on a mountain, where he might enjoy the most profound contemplation.

Francisco de Soto was the next man in that order who attained to high estimation among his brethren. He was a man of singular piety, who after having studied the Bishop's Bible, he was used in the Church for forty years.

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us the Bible, the Gospel, the Spirit.
We salute, as thou comest to us in the
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of that dawn which broke over a nation,
and spread work-marching downward in the
track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud
and guiding beam interweaving with all
th light new beams of discovery and pro-
mises, until thou standest forth more real
than when reflected in the dews and mists
by the flowers of Eden—more actual
than when the trumpet rang of thee in
Sinal! The Christian Sabbath! Like
the Lord, it but rises in Christianity, and
henceforth records the rising day. And
never since the tomb of Jesus was burst
open by Him who revived and rose, has
the day awakened but as the light of seven
days and with healing in its wings! Never
has it unfolded without some witness and
welcome some song and salutation! It has
been the coronation-day of martyrs, the
feast-day of saints! It has been from the
first until now the sublime custom of the
church of God! Still the outgoings of its
morning and its evening rejoice! It is a day
of heaven upon earth! Life's sweetest
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Nothing has such a bound of antiquity on it.
Nothing contains in it such a history!—
Nothing draws along with such a glory!
Nurse of riches, seal of truth! The house-
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KEEP THE SABBATH.—Be zealous on
this point. Whether you live in town or
country resolve not to profane your Sabbath,
or in the end you will give over caring for
your soul. The steps which lead to this are
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The Work of Creation.

The Creator has spoken, and the stars look
out from openings of deep unclouded blue;
and as day rises and the planet of morning
glories in the East, the broken cloudlets are
transmuted from bronze into gold, and soon
the gold becomes fire, and hence the glorious
sun arises out of the sea, and enters on its
course of rejoicing. It is a brilliant day—the
waves of a deeper and softer blue than
before, dance and sparkle in the light; the
earth with little less to attract the gaze, has
assumed a gloss of brighter green; and as
the sun declines and a deep ruddy glow
the moon appears full in the East, to the
human eye the second great luminary of
the heavens and climbs slowly to the zenith
as night advances, shedding its mild radi-
ance on land and sea. Again in the day
breaks; the prospect consists as before of
land and sea. There are no great plori-
ous woods, red-capped swamps, wide plains,
winding rivers and broad lakes; and a
bright sun shines over all. But the land-
scape derives its interest and novelty from
a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds
stalk along the sands, or wade in the
swamp in quest of their ichthyic food, while
the air is filled with the hum of insects
and the chirping of birds, which only
scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick
as insects in the calm of a summer evening,
over the narrow seas, or brighten with the
gleam of their wings the thick woods. And
Ocean had his monsters; great "tanini-
nim" tempt the deep as they heave their
huge bulk over the surface to inhale the
air and out of their nostrils forth smoke as
out of a smoking pot or caldron." Mon-
strous creatures, armed in massive scales,
brant the rivers or scour the flat, rank sea-
wards; earth and water are charged with animal
life, and the sun sets on a busy scene,
which unerring instinct pursues submitting
itself to the few, and the support and
preservation of the individual, and propaga-
tion of the species, and the protection and
maintenance of the young. Again the
night descends, for the fifth day has closed,
and morning breaks on the sixth and last
day of the creation. Cattle and beasts of
the field graze on the plains, and flock-
and ruminant dwell in the marshes; the
quadrupeds rustle among the reeds or
plunge suddenly into the river; great
herds of elephants seek their food among
the young herbage of the woods; while
animals of a fiercer nature—the lion, the
leopard, and the bear—labor in the day
and hunt for their prey, and at night
and tangled thickets or beneath some broken
bank. At length as the day wanes and
the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible
lord of the creation, forced in God's own
image, is introduced upon the scene, and
the work of creation ceases forever upon the
seventh. The night falls once more upon the
prospect, and there dwains yet another mor-
ning, the morning of God's rest—the divine
Sabbath in which there is no more creative
labor, and which "blessed and sanctified"
beyond all the days that had gone before,
has as its special gift moral elevation and
final redemption to man. And ever it is
to receive its reward in the record as follow-
ing, for its special work is not yet complete.
Such seems to have been the sublime plan
of creation, exhibited in vision of old

When he arrived in Mexico he maintained the most rigid mode of life. He went barefoot, with a poor and torn robe, bearing his wallet and his cloak on his own shoulders, without permitting even an Indian to assist in carrying them. In this fashion he used to visit the convents under his jurisdiction. Being already an old man when he arrived in Mexico, he could not learn the language with the same facility as his companions, so that what he most devoted himself to was teaching the Indians to read Spanish. Besides he be thought himself that he would become the teachers of their parents. After the canonical hours, he sang hymns with the little children, and as we are told, did great good in the village where he resided. The love of solitude which he bore in his own country, he used occasionally to retire to an oratory on a mountain, where he might enjoy the most profound contemplation.

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The Child's Faith.

We had a long, cold day, and I was very
tired. After a short nap, I went to bed,
and to whom our visit was paid, we
went to our chamber. Our little son, a
restless child, not yet three years old, was
with us, and not at all inclined to sleep.
At length I said to him,
"Charles, mother is sick and tired, and
cannot talk to-night."
"Ma!" said the little fellow, "God can
make you well, can't he?"
"Yes, my son," I replied. Then the
little fellow started up in the cold room,
and kneeling down on the bedclothes, folded his
hands and prayed—"O, God, heavenly Fa-
ther, please to make dear mother well by
morning for Jesus' sake." After this he
crept back into his bed, and in a few mo-
ments he was fast asleep.

Next morning he woke with the earliest
light, and, waking me, said, "Are you well
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ther, please to make dear mother well by
morning for Jesus' sake." After this he
crept back into his bed, and in a few mo-
ments he was fast asleep.

Next morning he woke with the earliest
light, and, waking me, said, "Are you well
this morning, mother?"
"Yes, my son," I replied. Then the
little fellow started up in the cold room,
and kneeling down on the bedclothes, folded his
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Read the Bible More.

"Oh that I had read other books less,
and my Bible more!" were almost the last
words of an aged friend, as the intense gaze
of her dying eye seemed to pierce into eter-
nity.

These were not the words of a worldly
or a thoughtless reader of fiction. She
was a consistent Christian professor, who
had lived eighty years, and had read her
Bible through many times. She was left a
widow young, and through long years of
loneliness, found, in a love for reading, re-
lief from sorrowful thought. Her mind, by
constant use, retained the vigor of youth,
and was richly stored with valuable infor-
mation.

Old age was relieved of its solitude by
the young, and could scarcely realize that
her probation was near its end. Death
came suddenly, and with the dream sud-
denly the veil of the future was lifted, and
the acts of her past life, illumined by the
light of eternity stood out before her bewil-
dered eye. Then that eye, which calmly
had looked on a hour before, spoke of agony,
and that voice, usually so cheerful, changed
to one of woe as she saw and bewailed a
neglected Bible.

If a mother in Israel who had daily read
the Word of Life, and whose children were
trained to follow God, could utter such a
bitter self-castigation when suddenly called to
depart, what will be the feelings of those who
devoted all their times and energy to the
things which perish with the using? Many
Christian professors spend whole days of
secular reading and study, while the thought-
less perusal of a cloister night and morning
is ordinarily given to the Word of God.
We need a cooling to the heat

The Child's Wish in June.

What can be more natural in thought and expression than the wish known in the poem by Mrs. Gilliam?

Look, mother, the winds are at play, / Prizes let me be idle for a day.

See, how slowly the streamlet glides; / Look, how the violet roughly hides;

Even the butterfly rests on the rose, / And scarcely sips the sweets as it goes.

Poor Tlay is asleep in the noonday sun, / And the flies go about him one by one;

And busy sit near with a sleepy grace, / Without ever thinking of washing their faces.

There flies a lizard to a neighboring tree, / But flies a lizard to a neighboring tree,

And sits and twitters a gentle note, / That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but mother, hear, / How the hum-drum grasshopper sounds near.

And the soft west wind is so light in its play, / It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish, I was yonder cloud, / That sails about in the sky so proud.

Books and work to no more should see, / And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

Miscellaneous.

Reminiscences of Rome.

"Roma! Roma!" shouted the conductor, as the diligence gained the summit of a pass that commanded a partial view of the Eternal City.

I quietly withdrew from my companions, for these hoary rinds, crowned with garlands of bay and laurel, might discourse to me in the eloquence of silence.

How imagination strives to fill up the picture as it was when Rome held her holiday! A hundred thousand spectators, rising above their tier from the arena to the gallery!

The dreams of my youth, for a moment seemed to have been realized. But as we descended the mountain, my thoughts were arrested by Cicero.

How I wish I could see the old man, as he sat in the temple of the Sun, at the foot of the Coliseum, and saw the people of the Piazza of St. Peter's.

How I wish I could see the old man, as he sat in the temple of the Sun, at the foot of the Coliseum, and saw the people of the Piazza of St. Peter's.

ally of terraces, and its form, as is well known, is elliptical. The area of the arena contains nearly six acres.

Force of Imagination. A Luchese peasant, shooting sparrows, saw his dog attacked by a strange and very ferocious mastiff.

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