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Son.

I kneel beside thy lowly bed, My buried son; And bitter, bitter tears I shed,

That thou art gone. My yearning heart in vain implores

One sweet embrace; In vain its fervent longing pours To see thy face. The cold grave still its dark watch keeps,

Mute and alone; Thy manly form within it sleeps, And I weep on.

My streaming tears a mirror then And all thy life rolls back again

To memory.

I see thy childhood's gentle face, Thy boyish sport;
I read thy youth's bold, earnest grace,
Thy manhood's thought.

I stand beside thy weary couch,

To see thee waste; And feel again that old death-touch, That came at last.

I catch that bright, awakening smile, As heaven drew near-Ah, heaven, that death-hour to beguile,

Did open there! And Jesus, with his holy hands,

Came winging thence, To take thee from our yielding hands, And bear thee hence; And from that opening glory streaming

So pure a light, Thy face with scraph brightness beamed, To our fond sight.

Thy silvery notes rang soft and clear At heaven's gate, As angel-girt, thou drewest near Thy glad estate;

Poor, breaking heart! Why weep again? Thy grief dispel;
Thy son God's angel is! Ah! then, My tears, farewell!

Now still beside thy lowly bed I kneel, my son, But no more bitter tears I shed That thou art gone.

My human heart would fain implore A sweet embrace, Would will its fervent longings pour, To by face.
But an i me cold grave cannot keep

What most I love The clay may sleep an endless sleep; I look above!

Recollections of a Pastor's

said my father, "don't you read any other book but the Bible, until you have gone thro' one entire volume of 'Ridgeley's Body of Dimended by one of our acquaintances, that my sisters were allowed to read it. I was shut the company he keeps. out from that paradise of fruits and flowers,

raging us from reading novels, time and observation have taught us. How many have made shipwreek here! Prehaps some one replies, "I know of respectable and intellectual people who have read novels, and were not hurt

One of our acquantances affords another and the most polished of poets.

A Mother by the Grave of her evil? Yet every parent does this who allows Scotchman could not have been the imitator. on his child to read novels, indiscriminately, as they come from the press. If these works lection, which bears date more than a twelvethus undermine morality, can religion escape?
—not the sentimental religion which consists in shedding tears over imaginary sorrow, nor Blair, after stating that he who who the pharisaic religion whose foundation and superstructure is its own righteousnesss; but can the religion of the Bible flourish in such ther, that the greater part of it had been writwrite. an unwholesome atmosphere? Does the hu- ten previous to the year 1731, ere he had yet an unwholesome atmosphere? Boes the human miliating, purifying doctrine of the cross, thrive and blossom amid such uncongenial rubbish?

Do novels give wisdom where it is wanting, or increase wisdom where it already exists?

Do they for it has been for the duties and as great as those of the "Night Thoughts" Do they fortify the heart for the duties and ills of life? Their effect upon the intellect is well known to those who will look about them and see, or, it may be, look within them and observe the effects of such reading upon their century," says Thomas Campbell, "has produced few specimens of blank verse of so own minds. Not only do novels give a positive distaste for better books, but, in many instances they have undermined reason. I once heard of a young lady who was most thoroughly ruined in this way. She read fiction year after year, her morbid appetite for it increasing by includence, till she at length forgot how to draw the mervous and expressive phrases as yulgarisms. Do they fortify the heart for the duties and as great as those of the "Night Thoughts" ser. gence, till she at length forgot how to draw the nervous and expressive phrases as vulgarisms, ine between the imaginary and the real.—
She ceased to feel an interest in things around her, began to think herself a heroine, and the world she lived in was no longer this tidious criticism; but there is a masculine and working-day world. It was a world of romance. pronounced character even in his gloom and She shut herself up in her chamber, for long homeliness, that keeps it most distinctly apart months and years, awaiting the arrival of some from either dullness or vulgarity. His style months and years, awaiting the arrival or some from creder dualities of the powerful expression of a out-foreign lord or prince, who, hearing of her pleases us like the powerful expression of a out-foreign lord or prince, who, hearing of her pleases us like the powerful expression of a out-countenance without regular beauty." Such consurpassing charms, would claim her as his countenance without regular beauty." Such bride. Amid such miserable delusions as is the judgment on Blair—destined, in all these, the poor victim of novel reading wasted life.

The lattice defined a peculiar character from the daily appearance, to be the final one—of a writer who was at once the most catholic of critics contemplation of superior beings and external Sir,—

My father once visited a man imprisoned to beware of the memories of his children. the rocks had been rent, that the dead had me.

Church Poets of Scotland.

[Part of a milk in the Editional, Wilson's and were not hurt by them." Very true, and so a person may be a milk in the Editional Wilson's and the shift of the Editional Wilson's all the shift of the Edition Wilson's all the shift of the Editional Wilson's all

co il fonte del riso, ed coco il rico be mortali perigli in se contiene; for qui tener a fren nostro a desio d esser cauti molto a noi convicue".*

di caser cauti molto a noi conviene".*

ose who roused the people to resistance to directed their measures through a long of eventful years—who formed, out of post unpromising materials, the firest that Europe had ever seen—who frams. that Europe had ever seen—who transdown King. Church: and Aristocracy tone of their minds was often in the short intervals of domestic sedition ing after things too high for pellion, made the name of England ter- And we know, in to every nation on the face of the earth, pery, they too off no vulgar fanaties. Most of their absur- of that bad syst vere mere external badges, like signs of gant austerity sonry, or the dresses of friars. We re- and their crus t that a body, to whose courage and talents DeMontforts. hind has owed inestimable obligations, had bars. Yet whe lofty elegance which distinguished some into consideration breeding for which the court of Charles II.
was celebrated. But if we must make our we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn the specious caskets which contain only Peath's head and the Feol's head, and fix ice on the plain leaden chest which Is the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had One of our acquantances affords another pitiful illustration of the evil effects of novel reading. She was the daughter of an infirm old gentleman, who had once been richer and in better repute in society than he was when we knew the family. The Flemings felt above their circumstances, and were quite disposed to repine at the dealings of providence with them, for much they needed true religion's sode ag, encouraging, strengthening power who was a much a curiosity as a poet; and, in power who was a church member, but in her best days did little to adorn her but in her best days did little to adorn her was Ogilvie, though more favourably regarded ness, and to commune with him face to face. and ability of the Deputation to New to the Parent church had been less, we profession, and why? She was the most inverted t one of the most unhappy persons I ever knew. She was vexed at the dealings of Providence; as a very remarkable one, when we consider she was vexed at society for being so unear that the greater purpose of God. If their papers were not differ so widely, that to confound them so. He might either shew or attempt to NOVEL READING.

Good old Mr Brown used to say, "I do wonder why people will read novels, when there is so much truth to be read." My father symptosised with him, but there was a time with the greater number of the individuals which composed it were all at one time the ministers of a single Church, and that one of the individuals which composed it were all at one time the ministers of a single Church, and that one of the individuals which composed it were all at one time the ministers of a single Church, and that one of the individuals which composed it were all at one time the ministers of a single Church, and that one of the individuals which composed it were all at one time the ministers of a single Church, either the sight of her for a while. We know of no Church, either the sight of her for a while. Then we heard she permitted to leave New Brunswick with in Britain or elsewhere, that could now command such a committee as that which sat, at istering angels had charge of them. Their der wny people will read novels, when there is so much truth to be read." My father sympathised with him, but there was a time when may sitter stand I thought otherwise. Whenever my father found us ongaged in this way, he looked displeased; and, not unfrequently, although our hero and heroine were most critically simuted, as heroes, and heroines are apt to be, and we were distressed in the mists of their distression. I may be read another novel without the mists of their distression. I may father positively forback.

The next news we heard of poor Sophia to be read another novel without his permission. I mysteral years improved by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge of them. Their mand such a committee as that which sat, at the bidding of the General Assembly, companies were most critically more than sixty years ago, to prove siderally more than sixty years ago, to prove his with hands: he didney of the deep interest with hands: he didney of them the notes and the element of the deep interest with hands: he didney of the deep interest with hands: he deep interest with hands: he didney of the discovered in ou the store of the first this permission, I answered, very improperly, "I think novels are much more interesting than theology; I hate such dull books." This reply soon met with its own retribution. "Now, Ellen," who had been destined, benefit this public walks and stared the spirits of light and darkness looked with are inanity itself in comparison. True, the later Blair, though always sensible, was oftentimes quite heavy enough in the pieces given a felicity which should continue when heavyen the standard terrible importance in the proposition and Logan. With all its faults, we know of no other collection equal to it as a whole. The meretricious stanzas of Brady and Tafe are inanity itself in comparison. True, the later Blair, though always sensible, was oftentimes quite heavy enough in the pieces given a felicity which should continue when heavyen the standard terrible importance in the proposition and Logan. With all its faults, we know of no other collection equal to it as a whole. The meretricious stanzas of Brady and Tafe are inanity itself in comparison. True, the later Blair, though always sensible, was oftentimes quite heavy enough in the prior poverty and obscurity, who had been proposition of no other collection equal to it as a whole. The meretricious stanzas of Brady and Tafe are inanity itself in comparison. True, the later Blair, though always sensible, was oftentimes quite heavy enough in the prior poverty and obscurity, who had been proposition equal to it as a whole.

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The meretricious stanzas of Brady and Tafe are inanity itself in comparison. True, the later Blair, though always sensible, we know the proposition of no other collection equal to it as a whole. him in the face,—she left this husband for a times quite heavy enough in the pieces given a felicity which should continue when heaven villain of graceful manners and fascinating address. The name of "mother," so sacred to though, even when first introduced to that,

ery occasion, their contempt of human not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm as he goes on to affirm, that "many ng, their detestation of polite anuseng, their detestation of polite anuseng, were indeed fair game for the laughers.
It is not for the things of this world. Enthusiasing had made them stoices, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the most of the world like Six Arrangle's iven man. Talus tation would which has misled so many excellent the world like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus tation would with his flail, crushing and trampling down the errors oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirm ties; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and

adherents of Charles I., or the easy good | a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful b

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian Witness. Who is right? a few words with taneous liberality of the christian people the Rev. Alexander Forrester.

up a copy of the For

see, that over and beyond t lections to the regular schemes, the si is ever being drawn forth, even in private, towards the objects so presented, The observations which Mr. Forrester not to mention the bearing of reliable

ments," still too few, which a writer in an end, but only a means, and the same "some of the periodicals" bestowed on the observation applies to the Colonial Com-Deputation to New Brunswick, I am al- mittee itself. It is for us, and not we for most ashamed to say that, to the best of it. For what other purpose, than that my recollection, I never read them; and, above indicated, was it that sketches of a one entire volume of 'Ridgeley's Body of Divinity.'' I did not dare to disobey, and the hours which were usually devoted to, my favourite authors were spent in what seemed to me wading through an intellectual quagumire. Peems, reviews, histories, lay neglected on the shelf; and to complete my misery, "The Last Days of Pompeii," about that time, made its appearance of the third that time, made its appearance of the third that time, made its appearance of the third that time, made its appearance of the though, even when first introduced to that, the heart, can never be heard by her poor the care by her poor the care of though, even when first introduced to that, the heart sacreded to the seems of the hours which were usually devoted to, my favourite authors were spent in what seemed to me wading through an intellectual quagumire. Peems, reviews, histories, lay neglected on the shelf; and to complete my misery, "The Last Days of Pompeii," about that time, made its appearance of the though, even when first introduced to that, the heart can never be heard by her poor those who regarded it as the perfection of writing, "O, the sterility of that man's fan-tourite authors were spent in what seemed to the material probability and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had the evangel-by the aid of the Daguerreo-ty, and the material probability to the material probability and the probability to the material probability t ing and elegant paraphrases, would do well for him that the sun had been darkened, that never were "held up to ridicule" by reality of things as they are in New Brunswick might be the better made to and doomed to wander through the desert, one who, although afterwards to roam through strange places with my eyes to roam through strange places with my eyes acquitted by his judges, was yet condemned to beware of the memories of his children.—

2. We are at one as to the fact of a acquitted by his judges, was yet condemned to beware of the memories of his children.—

A poet whose pieces cannot be forgotten may acquitted by his judges, was yet condemned to beware of the memories of his children.—

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A poet whose pieces cannot be forgotten may acquitted by his judges, was yet condemned to be acquitted by his judges, was yet condemned to be acquitted by his judges, was yet condemned to be acquitted by his judges, was yet condemned to be acquitted by his judges, was yet condemned to be acquitted by his judges, was yet condemned to be acquitted by his judges, was yet cond which treats of God, his works, and ways have become a favourite author with measures are above the earth; but Ridgeley will now right our parents were in But how right our parents were in Ground parents and in servers to show the same were become a favourite author with me.

But how right our parents were in Ground parents and in its prison, and observed that its table to the literary taste and ability of the Church ferrent men, the one all, self-abasement, penitothe capted with a pictorial history, it would and it serves to show how very much match and in Blood parents are highly creditable to the literary taste and ability of the Church and its ferrent men, the one all, self-abasement, penitothe contents as a capted the laws of his country, could not escaped the laws of his country, could not estable to the literary taste and ability of the Church and is blood, by man shall his blood by shed,"

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the church the Church and is blood, parents of the laws of his country, could not excent the church that the Church and is positive, and the latter half of the last century; the dust before his Maker; but he did a violent death at the Report in about forty was not published. I many however, the hand the stress changed in this perintance, the Church is the Church and is positive, was simply a ma had in forming his wretched character, that day metrical version of the Psalms, he had to look of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought rester has been singularly unsuccessful the St. John Presbyterian Church, Sydwhich shall reveal the secrets of all hearts alone can determine.

Church Poets of Scotland.

[Part of an article in the Edinburgh Witness]

The Puritans.

The Puritans were, perhaps, the most repeated poor of the Psalms, he had to look of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought bit has been singularly unsuccessful in accounting for its non-publication.—

In accounting for its non-publication.—

Save that by an exercise of imagination, he can produce a conceivable reason for council, or girt on his sword for war, these temperatures workings of the soul had left no perpeated by the fact, it is evident from his letter that markable body of men which the world has centible trace helping them. People who saw the leaves a singularly unsuccessful in accounting for its non-publication.—

Save that by an exercise of imagination, he can produce a conceivable reason for the Free Church, and Richibucto have attained. Nor would a sketch of the Free Church College of the Lower Provinces have come amiss in the same connection, with an account of the youth markable body of men which the world has centible trace helping them. People who saw the leaves a singularly unsuccessful in accounting for its non-publication.—

Save that by an exercise of imagination, he had to look in accounting for its non-publication.—

Save that by an exercise of imagination, he can produce a conceivable reason for the fact, it is evident from his letter that the fact, it is evident from his letter that the fact, it is evident from his letter that the fact, it is evident from his letter that the fact, it is evident from his letter that the fact in the same that the fact in the same that the fact in the same that the formulation and the same that the same that the fact in the same that the same that the same that the formulation and the same that the same tha