

ther there is such a field for the poet in the world. The poet who draws his scenes from the Bible, never can fail to please; his writings are always new.

Are you pleased with the thunders of eloquence? Here is another inexhaustible source. Some passages of scripture are irresistible. What can be more grand and sublime than David's description of the appearance of the Most High? "He bowed the heavens also, and came down, and darkness was under his feet: he rode upon the cherub, and did fly; and he was seen upon the wings of the wind." Do you ask for more such passages? I could quote a volume; but let the description which the Prophet Habakkuk gives of the grandeur of God suffice. "Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet; he stood and measured the earth; he beheld and drove asunder nations; the everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting."

It was such eloquence as made Felix tremble on his throne. But poetry and eloquence are not the only beauties of the Bible. We there find sound science and philosophy; there we find history the most perfect; and there, too, we have the biography of many great and learned men. In the Bible, we have the history of him who groaned on Calvary. From that sacred summit a flood of light broke forth upon the world. It was the dawn of redemption; superstition fled, affrighted, before the glorious appearance of Christianity, and the church of the living God arose on the ruins of the heathen altars. The automatons of pagan idolatry tumbled to the dust, and the false deities perished on Olympus. That glorious gospel which affected this great work, is contained within the Bible. Like the rainbow which is hung out in the heavens, it was sent as a token that God would be mindful of us. Glorious token! I rejoice when I read it; and I would recommend it to all my fellow travellers to the grave. The waves of time are rolling on to sweep us sway; and, as we pass through the dark vale of death, the light of Calvary will illuminate our path to the mansions above. Darkness and death are horrible to the lonely mind; but the Bible will overcome these terrors, and infuse a calm serenity in the darkest hour of existence.

Casket.

THE PILGRIM'S LEGACY.

BY REV. CHARLES HALL.

The May flower on New England's coast has
furl'd her tatter'd sail,
And through her chafed and moaning shrouds
December's breezes wail;
Yet on that icy deck, behold a meek but daunt-
less band,
Who, for the right to worship God, have left
their native land;

And to this dreary wilderness this glorious
boon they bring—

*"A Church without a Bishop—a State without a
King."*

Those daring men, those gentle wives, say,
wherefore do they come?

Why rend they all the tender ties of kindred
and of home?

'Tis Heaven assigns their noble work, man's
spirit to unbind:

They come not for themselves alone—they
come for all mankind;

And to the empire of the West this glorious
boon they bring—

*"A Church without a Bishop—a State without a
King."*

Then, Prince and Prelate, hope no more to
bend them to your sway;

Devotion's fire inflames their breasts, and free-
dom points their way;

And, in their brave hearts' estimate, 'twere
better not to be,

Than quail beneath a despot, where the soul
cannot be free;

And therefore o'er the wintry wave, those ex-
iles come to bring

*"A Church without a Bishop—a State without a
King."*

And still their spirit, in their sons, with free-
dom walks abroad;

The Bible is their only creed—their only mo-
narch, God!

The hand is raised—the word is spoke—the
solemn pledge is given—

And boldly on our banner floats in the free
air of heaven,

The motto of our sainted sires, and loud we
make it ring—

*"A Church without a Bishop—a State without a
King."*

Guard against too much Severity.

By pursuing a steady course of efficient
government, severity will very seldom be