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### POETRY.

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### From the Christain Watchman.

I 've traversed the dark heaving waste of the ocean, Where naught met my gaze save the deep and the

THE OCEAN DEAD.

I have seen it in calm, and in fearful commotion, Have watched the huge billows successfully rise. Now deep in the vale, the proud ship's course was

While closely around her the waves were contending, And high o'er the bulwarks in mad rage descending, Their dash mingled in, with the sailor's loud cries.

Oh; when the wind-god, through the shrouds has been

And the dark clouds flow quickly along the concave; When the masts in the hurley have kept constant I have thought of the dead, 'neath the dark stormy

All lonely ;-deserted,-their names are unnumbered ; By coffin or tomb, their clay unincumbered;

How many, alas! in death's cold arms have slumber-

The dark yawning ocean alone for their grave. Then I 've felt for the sad fate of those fondly cherish.

And oft I have followed them o'er the wide main; The sunshine,—the storm,—e'en the moment they pe-

Have swept o'er my fancy again and again. I have seen the lone barque through the mad billows I saw her hard struggling, the high wave careering,

But ne'er-ne'er again, to those wild heights appear-In the bosom of ocean her wreck is low lain.

Then! ah then! who could paint the deep horror and As the angel of death flew exultingly by; The pencil must falter, and its vigor must languish,

When it strives to depict the dread scene to the eye. The rush to the deck,-the embrace and deep sigh-The still, death appalled,—the wild yell of the flying,

The prayer from the last gurgling breath of the dying, As struggling he feels that no haven is nigh. Farewell to each spirit; could friendship in kindness

Have bent at thy couch o'er thy thin wasted frame, When death's icy fingers had struck thee with blind-Have cheered the deep midnight with love's holy

Could she have poured balm on thy pangs quickly To thy pillow close pressed thee when wildered and

While tears flowed adown to think thee departing. How blest had it been such an exit to claim. Yet what if no mortal could thus linger o'er thee, And no friend could entomb thy cold clay in the sod,

Holy seraphs were nigh in thy last hour, that saw thee, To herald thy name to the courts of their God. And where'r thou wert lain, neath the blue surgy bil-With the sea flowers around thee, the rock for thy

Or calmly reposing beneath some green willow, The spirit alike would rise from its clod.

But go not, fond mourner, thy mind wrung with mad-

To sit and to watch on the wave-dashing shore; Other sails for awhile may relieve thy deep sadness, But that with thy loved one shall ne'er return more. Far away in mid ocean, where the petril is sweeping, Deep down with the coral that loved one is sleeping, And the Peris sing o'er him, their fond vigils keeping, They sing o'er the lost one whose fate you deplore.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Baptist Banner and Western Pioneer.

A SCENE IN A COURT OF JUSTICE. I have frequently seen counsel in our courts of law, who were attempting to be very witty at the expense of some adverse witness, get the laugh completely turned on themselves by the happy retorts of the party under cross-examinnation. In the spring of 1838, a very amusing instance of this kind occurred, in which the laugh was well turned against a counsel who was doing his best to be at once severe and witty at the expense of an adverse witness. The latter was one of the skin-and-bone class of persons, and by a curious coincidence so was the counsel. You could not look on either without coming to the conclusion that to partake of a substantial meal must be an era in his existence.

"So sir," says the counsel to the witness, in the regular brow-beating style, "So, you have been in the prosecutor's house?'

Witness-I have. Counsel-Have you been often? Witness-Sometimes. [A laugh.] Counsel-That, sir, is not an answer to my question. I ask, have you been in this person's house

Witness-(With much archness of manner.) don't know what you mean by often. Counsel-Have you been twenty times? Witness-I never kept count how many times.

[Laughter.] have you been twenty times in this man's house? Witness-I can't speak positively as to the number of times.

The Bench-About the numbers of times; speaking according to the best of your belief; Witness-(With great readiness and politeness.) I should think, my lord, I have been in the prosecutor's house from fifteen to twenty times.

Counsel—(With great harshness of manner.) So, oir, though you could not answer the question when put by me, you found no difficulty in answering it when put by his Lordship?

Witness-His Lordship put-Counsel-(Interrupting witness.)

meet these stragglers. They walk very lazily-you if your please, sir. Witness-O, certainly; as long as you like: I'm in no particular hurry. [Loud laughter.] Counsel-Perhaps, sir, you would condescend to

tell the Court what your object was in going to the prosecutor's house? Witness-The Court has not asked me the question. [Renewed laughter.]

Counsel-Don't be insolent, sir, I have asked you the question. Witness-Then I can't answer you.

Counsel-You must answer me, sir. Witness-I can't; for I often went without knowing the reason why. [Laughter.] Counsel-Can you inform us, then, about what particular hour you were in the habit of visiting his

Witness—(Looking towards the Bench.) Is necessary that I should answer that question, my The Judge-If you can, I do not see why you should not.

Counsel-Come, sir, answer the question. Witness-I should suppose it generally was between one and two o'clock. Counsel-(His countenance brightening up, as if

he had made some important discovery.) O, I see; that was about the dinner hour, was it not? Witness-I never inquired what was the dinner hour. [Laughter]

Counsel-Perhaps not; but I dare say your nose would be of some service in enabling you to ascer-

Witness-My nose, sir, never ask questions. [Loud laughter.] Counsel-(His face coloring with confusion.) But, though your nose does not speak, I dare say it has acquired considerable dexterity, from experience, at discovering when a good dinner is on the table of a friend, and enabling you to regulate your visits ac-

cordingly. Witness-You must be judging of my nose from your own, sir. [Roars of laughter, in which the Bench joined.

You seem disposed to be very witty to day, sir. Witness-I think we are, sir. This sarcastic, though only implied allusion to the efforts of the counsel to be witty, told with ad-

Counsel—(Laboring to conceal his mortification.)

Counsel—You say that your favorite hour for visiting this man's house was between one and two Witness-I never said any thing of the kind.

Counsel-(Pulling himself up.) What, sir, do you mean to deny what you have just said? Recollect, sir, you are on your oath. Witness-I said that was generally about the

time; but I never said any thing about "favorite Counsel-Well, sir, perhaps you would have no objection to tell us whether you were in the habit of partaking of the prosecutor's dinner, when honoring

him with your visit at the particular time you men-Witness-I do not see what that has to do with the present case. Counsel-It's not what you see, sir. Pray, sir, answer me the questions, whether you were in the

habit of partaking of this man's dinner on such occa-

Witness-Whether I partook of it or not depending this distinction, is to keep power and official diged on circumstances. nity under cover as much as possible. For example. Counsel-On what circumstances, sir?

Witness-Why, on whether I was asked to partake of it or not. [Loud laughter.] Counsel-Yes, I dare say you never declined an invitation when you got one. Witness-(With renewed emphasis.) Never, sir.

Never refuse a good dinner when I can get one. [Renewed laughter.] Counsel-Ay, I can well believe that. And I am sure you would do the dinner of any friend ample

Witness-I always to do my best, sir, on such cccasion. [Loud laughter.] Counsel-I don't doubt it; you have always, I

suppose, a good appetite and capacious stomach when at the table of a friend. Witness-Always, sir. Counsel-Ay, you look the very picture of a hun-

tion allowance. shouts of laughter which followed this severe retort, ges his own for the character of the many, thinks the effect of which was greatly heightened by the with the mind of others, and ceases to be properly peculiar archness of manner in which it was made. | himself. But in order to become a Christian, a man

The learned gentleman was completely crest-fallen, must be himself,—he must be his own to give himand made no further efforts to be witty at the witness's expense.]

LONDON .- Our readers will find some information and amusement in the following paragraphs from the private letter of an American in London lying before

of the city is its police. This is the result of Sir Robert Peel's labour and skill. In the space of every half square, or from twenty to fifty rods you see a holy appearance, to take us away from ourselves, man, idling about, as if he had just come to London. He has a narrow leather strap buckled upon his wrist, and a strip of silver edging upon his collar, with one or two letters and figures worked into the cloth of the collar. He has also a peculiar hat on Counsel-Come, sir, don't be rude. I ask you, | which looks like oil cloth highly varnished with the body covered with crape, and the top exposed to the. the native inspiration of our conscience, and defend, weather. He has no arms or other weapons, and if it rains you see him with a cape over his shoulders like our firemen. Once in a while he stops and looks up and down, or if there is any collection or confusion of any kind he slowly walks up to the scene of it. If there is a collection of coaches at a find an echo in more hearts: "Oh that I had wings stage-house or mail-office, one of these men is always looking on. If there is a public meeting of rest!" Let this prayer be ours, my brethren, let any kind, one of these men is in the street, two or three in the entry, one or two at the inside door, and half a dozen in the crowd or near the platform. markets, on the wharfs, at the steamboat landings, find our true original under the thick mass of the appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble near the bridges,-in fact, wherever you go you

seldom see two of them together, and you never see them with any body unless as a protector. These are policemen. They are the men to ask the way ing, in short, any thing that the citizen or stranger needs to inquire about. They are perfectly civil, and seem to seize every opportunity to be useful. There are two commissioners of police, and the force is divided into seventeen deparments, marked with initials and numbers. Each division has one superintendent, four inspectors, sixteen sergeants and 144 constables, making a force of 2,800. Each of these police men receives 19s. or nearly \$5 a week, and his clothes and coals for one fire-perhaps \$1 per day. I have seen no man drunk, and but one case of a squabble in the street, and that was in the suburbs. The principal business of the Lord Mayor appears to be to do the honours of the city on public occasions. I have seen him preside at two public meetings-one of the Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, and the other a public meeting to petition parliament respecting the condition of the colony at New Zealand. He has the title of Right Honourable from being a member of the privy council ex officio. The office is held for a term of years, and the next oldest in commission of the two sheriffs of London succeeds. The office is said to be worth £6000 per annum. He wears a broad gold chain on the neck, a profusion of rings on his hands, and a gold snuff-box. His robe is a light blue edged with fur, and hanging quite to the ground. Wherever he goes the coast is clear, and all respect is paid. To-day being Good Friday he receives at his residence (the Mansion House) all the boys of the Blue-coat school, (mentioned so fully in Mr. Bache's book) and gives each of them sixpence, a bun and a glass of wine. Nothing is more apparent than the broad distinction between the two great classes of society here, and the means of preserving this distinction are equally obvious. On Sunday evening last I attended (by ticket) the supper of the boys of Christ's Church Hospital. There are 1400 boys on the foundation, and they are instructed in the common branches of learning for five or seven years. They are generally the children of decayed gentlemen, merchants or ministers, whose yearly income does not exceed £300 or \$1500. (We do not call men with such salaries "decayed gentlemen.") The boys dress in a long kersey trock which comes down to the ankles-yellow small clothes, (I believe of wash leather) stockings and shoes with ties, (I believe) and bands on the neck. One of the boys read a service appointed especially for them, in which they pray for themselves as "poor children," and pray for their benefactors, &c. A the clese of the supper the Treasurer and Governors of the institution arrange themselves on a bench in front of the gallery, and the boys, two by two, approach to a certain line marked by a row of brass nails, where they make a low bow and retire. Their conduct was faultless, so far as I could see, and the singing of the choir of boys was admirable. At the Borough Road School also I heard the Bishop of Norwich address the girls. One branch of their instruction was in the duties of nurses, sempstresses, and house servants, as if they were inevitably destined to some such station, and the Bishop remimded them that their kind rich friends had provided these means of instruction that they might be more useful in the situations to which Providence had assigned them! A very obvious means of preserv-

# RELIGIOUS.

You want to see a clark in the Treasury office.

You go to Downing street, and find a porter at the

outer gate of the Treasury building. You tell him

what you want, and you pass in and find a sentinel

in uniform and armed marching to and fro. You

tell him your errand, and after passing by half a do-

zen officers, each a grade higher than the preceding

you come to the door of the office, and by passing,

through two rooms and a double door you find him.

To go up from him to the first Lord of the Treasury,

is an immense stride.

IT IS GOOD TO BE ALONE.

"It is not good," even in a religious point of view, Witness-We look as if we were kept on starva- "that man should be alone." But it would be worse for him to be never alone." In proportion as a mai [The walls of the Court resounded again with the | mixes with others he loses his peculiar stamp, chanself to God. If, in mingling with the world, we came to lose that native character of soul which makes us ourselves, the truth in attacking us would search in vain where to find a hold, and, having allowed the mind of the many by little and little to substitute itself for our own, we should find ourselves wanting in that which could feel the truth, recognise and receive it. Never, my brethren, has One of the most striking and admirable institutions this danger been greater than in our day; we encounter it every where, in the Church as well as in the world; all conspires, even under the most and we are continually in danger of mistaking the voice of the multitude for that of the Spirit of God. A strange insipidity of soul, and factitious kind of life, threatens incessantly to take the place of that soul and that life which are properly our own; an unaccountable magic power makes us receive as with the warmth of conviction, systems and creeds, of opinions and the course of events. Men observe, imitate, repeat, and call themselves philosophers. Never ought the prayer of the Prophet King to

like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at bustle of the world-far, if possible, from its associa-In | tions-let us go and seek for ourselves; let us each prejudices of sect, and the spirit of the age; let us of any disguise at all.

listen with devout attention to the warnings so long unheard, of our conscience, yes with devout attertion, for when the world is silent, it is God himself that we shall hear, it is God who will speak by the to any given place, the name or design of any build- voice within us. "I will bring her into the wilderness," says God in the prophet, "and there will I speak to her heart." \*- Rev. A. Vinet of Lausanne. "\*Authorised, Version, 'Comfortably unto her."

#### RELIGION IN THE FAMILY.

Family religion is of unspeakable importance. Its effects will greatly depend upon the manifest sincerity of the head of the family. If his children and servants do not see his prayers exemplified in his temper and manners, they will be disgusted with his religion. Tediousness will weary them. Fine language will shoot over them. Gloominess will make them dread religion as a hard service. Let them be met as for a most delightful service. Let them find it savory, simple, plain, tender, heavenly. Worship thus conducted may be used as an engine of vast power in a family. It diffuses a sympathy through the members. It calls off the mind from the deadening effect of worldly affairs. It arrests every member as with a morning and evening sermon, in the midst of all the cares of life. It says: There is a God! There is a spiritual world! There is a life to come! It fixes the idea of responsibility in the mind. It furnishes a tender and judicious farther and master, with an opportunity of gently glancing at faults, where a direct admonition might be inexpedient.—Cecil.

#### AN ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

In the book of Deuteronomy we have a very animated and beautiful allusion to the eagle, and the method of exciting her eaglets to attempt their first flight; and comparing her proceedings on that occasion to Jehovah's care of his people and method of instructing them how to attain heavenly objects. "As an eagle stirreth her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, so Jehovah alone did lead them."

Sir II. Davy relates his having had an opportunity of witnessing the first flights of the eaglets from their eyerie. The old birds at first made small circles, and the young imitated them; they paused on their wings, and then took a second and longer compass, always rising towards the sun, and enlarg. ing their circle of flight, so as to make a gradual spiral; the young still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime exercise, always rising until they were lost to sight. How powerfully ought this to excite Christian parents to teach children betimes to look towards heaven and the Sun of Rightcourners, and to elevate their thoughts thither more and more on the wings of faith and love, themselves all the while going before them, and encouraging them by their own example !- Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise.

### MYSTERIES IN RELIGION

"The folly of objecting to religion, because it contains mysteries will appear from the obvious truth, that we have no right to expect from Divine revelation that which it not only does not engage to give, but professes to withhold, 'Canst thou, by searching,' asked the partriarch, find out God? Canst thou, by searching, find out the Almighty to perfection?' And if it be objected, that this obsenrity was peculiar to the partial and preparatory dispensation—the twi-light of the Gospel dawn—we will appeal to the Apostle, acknowledgeing that, without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness, and exclaiming, 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out !". But, further, to cavil at the my teries of the Gospel is, virtually, to charge imperfection on their Author. It is to stretch the Divine wisdom upon the rack of Luman judgment. It is to assume the power of dictating to the Omnipotent how he shall make man, or govern man, or redeem man; what form the Godhead shall assume, what instruments he shall employ, what signs he shall work, what effects he shall produce. It is to usurp the prerogative of explaining what our Master has left dubious, of harmonizing what he has left concealed. It is to charge him with having revealed too little or too much; to arraign his wisdom and to impugn his goodness; to snatch the sceptre from his hand, rejudge his justice, and erect oureslyes into the arbiters of God."-Rev. Mr. Dale.

Blindness of Passion, or Mistakes of a Kamtschatkan Bear .- Fish, which forms their chief nourishment, and which the bears procure for themselves no the r.vers, was last year excessively scarce in Kamtschatka. A great famine consequently existed among them, and, instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter through, even in the streets of the town of St. Peter and St. Paul. One of them finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-machine, full of boiling water, in the court; the bear smelt to it and burned his nose: provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the kettle, tolded his fore-paws round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it, and burned himself, of course, still more and more. The horrible growl which rage and pain forced from him brought all the inhabitants of the house and neighbour-hood to the spot, and poor bruin was s soon dispatched by shots from the window. He has, however, immortalized his memory, and become a proverb amongst the town's-people, for when any which have been generated without us by the shock one injures himself by his own violence, they call him "the hear with the tea-kettle." -- Captain Kotzebue's New Voyages Round the World in the Year's 1823—1826.

# CANDOUR.

We are so used to disguise ourselves to others, us seek some place of rest; far from the dust and | that at last we become disguised even to ourselves. Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might

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