

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

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MISCELLANEOUS

It is I, be not afraid—GOREL

In the storm of battle, my soul

No pilot at the helm,

As mountain hills seem to roll,

Prepared to overthrow!

A awful horror, see they rise!

Near and more near they come;

Hope from my fainting spirit flies;

I tremble at her doom!

Even I seek a friendly shore,

To save my shatter'd bark;

In rending tempests round me roar,

Terrific, deep and dark.

With glares in his most awful form,

Before my sinful heart,

As from the midgling storm,

And shakes his quivering dart,

When sudden, as the billow ride,

Lo, robes of white array'd,

Form appeared, and sweetly cried—

"Thou art not afraid!"

Then to the storming seas he gave

His high command—Be still!

Obeyed his sovereign will,

And to my rescued soul he giv'd

With matchless grace to die!

Repeat, believe me, with guilt thus stain'd,

Repeat, believe me, and live!

Thus JESUS o'er the billows came,

And saved me from despair;

That in Heaven might praise his name,

With rescued millions there!

RELIGION

Oh! wide they wander from the path of truth,

Who count Religion with a bow of gloom;

Her step is buoyant with unfading youth,

Her features radiant with immortal bloom.

In life's gay morning, when the crimson tide,

Of pleasure dances through each burning vein;

She leads with guardian care her charge aside,

From the broad passage of undying pain.

And when the fleeting joys of time are past,

And dark dependence on the spirit's pray,

She bids with holy hope, the sufferer cast,

To brighter regions his confiding gaze.

From vulgar joys, from low debating cares,

"Thou art alone the sinking soul to save,

For her its sweetest smile creation wears,

For her no horrors has the yawning grave,

No, should this scene in heading ruin close,

Each shatter'd planet from its orbit move,

She would not tremble, for full well she knows

The arm is near her of UNBOUNDED LOVE

"TO DIE!—Ah, solemn scene! yet sure nature

recalls at the gloomy thought, and

vain would pass it over. The tyrant may

forget the object of his revenge, the parent

her smiling offspring, and man his God, but

death remembers man—our lot remains

unchanged—our doom fixed—Earthly

splendour has no exemption from its

shaft; youth and beauty must obey its

mandates. To die in health, to-morrow

"good for worms." The tender ties of earth

cannot prolong our stay; the tear of paternal

fondness, conjugal affection, avail not;

the tide of life spent, we must depart to

worlds unknown. The pillow of disease is

the moment of reflection; we then cast a

retrospective eye on time past in improprie-

ties—we bid them not welcome—the intru-

sions of our mind, and torture our departing

spirits.

It is but too common for those who at-

tend public worship, to look upon the ser-

mon as something to be criticised and can-

passed, and perhaps it is seldom made the

subject of meditation at all, for the residue

of the week. Let us suppose a parallel case:

Suppose that a criminal, just about being

launched into eternity, is permitted to have

all the consolation afforded by religion,

administered to him previous to his depart-

ure. He hears with great composure the

precious promises held out in the gospel to

the repentant sinner, and as soon as the ex-

hortation is ended, while standing on his

coffin, he occupies the remainder of the

time, in criticising the sentiments of the

speaker. This is a case, precisely parallel;

and holy beings—we are all standing at this

very hour upon our coffins. The ledger of

divine love and mercy, is made to us every

Sunday from the pulpit, and we are employ-

ing that time allowed us for repentance, in

criticising the speaker's language. We

would have this offer made in a more smooth

and decorous phraseology—it must, to say

truly our elegant taste, be embellished with

all the graces of delivery—our delicate ears

are shocked at the barbarous phraseology of

the orator.

What madness is there in Bedlam super-

ior to this! Let us now be seized by a

victorious foe, and, incapable of holding out

our arms, we are proclaimed to be the

property of the invading general, offer-

ing a free pardon to all who should re-

turn to their allegiance, how few of the in-

habitants would think of offering the

tones and accents of the herald who was

employed to announce such joyful tidings!

[Chronicle]

All associations, however suspicious, and

regarding world, most, their separation and

regard of admiration. The first demand

of all your friends, is the degree of

external marks of friendship, the degree of

their worth, by the earliness, unabating,

and faithful attachment, which are due from

admiration.

THE BELL

The following extract, was followed by

one of the Members, before the House of

Deputies, as an address, in being one of

the speakers.

"I believe, a more abject

slave, society produced in a more odious

vermin, nor can the Devil receive a more

more worthy of him, nor possibly more

welcome to him, than a Slanderer. The

world I am afraid, regards not this monster

with half the abhorrence which he deserves,

as I am more afraid to see the reason of this

criminal lenity shown towards him; yet it

certain that the world looks on him as a

comparison; for the murderer himself can

seldom stand in competition with his guilt;

for slander is a more cruel weapon than a

sword, as the wounds which the former gives

are always incurable. One method indeed

there is of killing, and that is to stab the

heart of all, which bears an exact ana-

logy to the vice here exclaimed against, and

that is poison; means of revenge so have

yet so horrible, that the wisest and most

distinguished by our laws from all other

murders, in the peculiar severity of the pun-

ishment; beside the dreadful mischief done

by slander, and the baseness of the means

by which they are effected, there are other

circumstances that highly aggravate its

atrocious quality, for it often proceeds

from no provocation, and promises itself no

reward, unless some black and infernal

mind may propose a reward in the thought

of having procured the misery and ruin of

another. Shakespeare hath nobly touched

this vice when he says:

"Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis

something, nothing;

"'Tis mine, 'tis his, and hath been slave to

thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which nothing enriches

him,

And makes me poor indeed."

Let us not exult unnecessarily over human

deficiencies. The more we know of our

own defects, the more candid shall we be-

come towards those of others, and certain-

ly a good mind will always regard them

rather with sorrow than contempt. Let us

also consider that "the thousands" with

whom we have but little sympathy, may often

be spared by the wisdom of Providence, for

other friendships; and in a different

sphere to ours, may fill their station with

equal, perhaps with superior, propriety—

on nothing is mistake so general as on char-

acter.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MAN IN THE BELL

In my younger days, bell ringing was

much more in fashion among the young

men of —, than it is now. Nobody, I be-

lieve, practices it there at present except the

servants of the church, and the melody has

been much injured in consequence. Some

fifty years ago, about twenty of us who

dwelt in the vicinity of the Cathedral, form-

ed a club, which used to ring every peal

that was called for; and, from continual

practice and a rivalry which arose between

us and a club attached to another steeple,

and which tended considerably to sharpen

our zeal, we became very Mozart in our

favourite instruments. But my bell-ringing

practice was shortened by a singular ac-

cident, which not only stopped my perfor-

mance but made even the sound of a bell

terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the

bellry to ring for noon prayers, but the se-

cond stroke we had pulled shewed us that

the clapper of the bell we were at was muf-

fling. Some one had been buried that morn-

ing, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring

a mournful peal. We did not know of this,

but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said

my companion, "step up to the loft and cut

off the hat;" for the way we had of muf-

fling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or

of cloth (the former was preferred) to one

side of the clapper, which deadened every

second toll. I complied, and mounting into

the bellry, crept as usual into the bell,

where I began to cut away. The hat had

been tied in some water, fastened man-

nerly to the sides, and I was perhaps three or

four minutes in getting it off, during which

time my companion below was hastily call-

ing away, by a message from his sweetest.

I believe, but that is not material to my

story. The person who called him, was a

brother of the club, who, knowing that the

time had come for singing, for service, and

not thinking that he was above, I began

to sing. At this moment, I was just

getting out when I felt the bell mofling,

and getting the reason at once. It was a mourn-

ful peal; but by a happy, and almost con-

vulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down,

and shoving myself flat on my back un-

der the bell.

The room in which I was, was little more

than a cupboard to contain it, the bottom of

the bell being supported by a couple of feet

of the floor. At the time I especially was

not to bulge, and I was perhaps three or

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