

Poetry.

The Soul's Departure.

Oh, the hour when this material
Shall have vanished as a cloud,
When, amid the wide ethereal,
All the invisible shall crowd;
And the naked soul, surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
Feel herself with God alone.

In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.

Will she then, with fond emotion,
Aught of human love retain?
Or, absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no earthly trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dis sever,
With the very heart-strings twined?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friend she leaves behind?

No: the past she still remembers,
Faith and hope, surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew.
For the widowed, lonely spirit,
Waiting to be clothed afresh,
Longs perfection to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.

Angels, let the ransomed stranger
In your tender care be blest,
Hoping, trusting, safe from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest;
Till the trump which shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll;
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing!
Beam around my spirit there.
Jesus, blessed Mediator!
Thou the airy path hast trod;
Thou the Judge, the Consummator!
Shepherd of the fold of God!

Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence.
Jesus is their sun, their centre;
And their shield Omnipotence
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

To! it comes, that day of wonder!
Louder chorals shake the skies.

Hades' gates are burst asunder:
See! the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought! repress thy weak endeavour:
Here must reason prostrate fall,
Oh, the ineffable For Ever.
And the Eternal All in All!

Begin with God.

Begin the day with God!
He is the sun and day;
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.
Sing a new song at morn!
Join the glad woods and hills;
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains,
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Sing thy first song to God!
Not to thy fellow-man;
Not to the creatures of his hand,
But to the glorious One.

Awake, cold lips, and sing!
Arise, dull soul, and pray;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes;
Brush slothfulness away.

Look up, beyond these clouds!
Thither thy pathway lies;
Mount up, away, a linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside!
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God!
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed with and on him; he with thee,
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God!
Let him go fourth with thee;
By stream or sea or mountain-path,
Seek still his company.

Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well;
And all the day be love.

Bonar.

NOTICES, ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS, &c.

The subscriber acknowledges the receipt of \$10 from the Rev John Scott, of St. Matthew's, Halifax, per Rev P. G. McGregor, for the benefit of the Colportage Scheme of our Church.
JOHN I. BAXTER.

TRURO PRESBYTERY.—The Presbytery of Truro is appointed to meet at Truro, on Tuesday, February 10th, at 11 o'clock, forenoon. A full attendance of members is requested by order of Presbytery.

A. L. WYLLIE, Clerk.