

human race so much as by the abolition of all intoxicating liquors.

"As every man has some influence, and as we ought to employ usefully all our talents, and as I have been for nearly half a century endeavouring in this city to serve my generation, by the will of God, I have no objection to your using this testimony in any way you please. I am willing that both as a pledger and a subscriber you should put down the name of,

"My dear Sir, yours truly,
"WILLIAM JAY."

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

MANY of our readers are no doubt occasionally present when the popular lyric, "God save the Queen," is sung; and they must have often felt dissatisfied with certain expressions in it. The following is a new and much more satisfactory version:—

God bless our native land!
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore!
May Peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On War no more!

Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our Queen,
Long may she reign!
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in the nation's love
Her throne maintain.

May just and prudent laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our Isle!
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile!

Nor to this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore!
Let all the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide earth o'er.

RICHES OF THE GOSPEL.

WHEN I go to the house of God I do not want amusement. I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear of the remedy against the harassing of my guilt, and the disorder of my affections. I want to be led from weariness and disappointment to that goodness which filleth the hungry soul. I want to have light on the mystery of Providence, to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right; how I may pass the time of my sojourning here in fear, and close it in peace.

Tell me of that Lord Jesus, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." Tell me of His intercession for the transgressors, as their "Advocate with the Father." Tell me of His chastenings, their necessity, their use. Tell me of His presence, and sympathy, and love. Tell me of the virtues, as growing out of His cross, and nurtured by His grace. Tell me the glory reflected on His name by the obedience of faith.

Tell me of vanquished death, of the purified grave, of a blessed resurrection, of life everlasting, and my bosom warms. This is Gospel; these are glad tidings to me as a sufferer, because glad to me as a sinner.

Mason.

THE BIBLE.

TRAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, as here we stray;
Stream from the Fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveller's way!
Bread of our souls! whereon we feed,
Our manna from on high!
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky!

Pillar of fire, through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay!
Pole-star on life's tempestuous deep!
Beacon, when doubts surround!
Compass, by which our course we keep!
Our plummet line to sound!

Riches in poverty! our aid
In every needful hour!
Unshaken rock! the pilgrim's shade,
The soldier's fortress tower!
Our shield and buckler in the fight!
Of victory's hour the palm!
Comfort in grief! in weakness, might!
In sickness, Gilead's balm!

Childhood's instructor, manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!
Word of the ever-living God!
Will of His glorious Son!
Without thee, how could earth be trod?
Or heaven itself be won?

Yet, to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit, which first gave thee forth,
Thy volume must unseal,
And we, if we would rightly learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teachings turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton.