

But shall I, too, the sinking Church forsake?
 Forbid it, Heaven, or take my spirit back!
 No, ye diviners sage, your hope is vain,
 While but one fragment of our ship remain!
 That single fragment shall my soul sustain.
 Bound to that sacred plank my soul defies
 The great abyss and dares all hell to rise,
 Assured that Christ on *that* shall bear me to the skies."

But perhaps the gem of all in the way of scripture imagery is our poet's inimitable "Wrestling Jacob." Whether we regard the elevation of its sentiment, or the fervour of its tone, or the ingenuity with which the patriarch's mysterious conflict is made to set forth the process of an awakened soul's salvation, this Kohinoor of lyrics must ever commend unstinted admiration.

"Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold but cannot see!
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with Thee;
 With Thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day," etc.

Now it is this pre-eminent Scriptural character of Wesley's hymns that constitutes them a poetic rendering of revealed truth—the Bible in rhyme. From this source our minstrel is a most prodigal borrower. If occasionally he goes down to the Philistines of common literature to sharpen a weapon or to borrow one, it is only that he might till the soil of sacred truth more effectually. And still the product is all his own—purely Wesleyan. His genius is open to every influence. Like a flower it drinks in the quickening dew and takes on the tinting ray; and while it borrows life and beauty from every benignant influence, it gives back with interest all it borrows in breathing sweetness and in a smiling grace.

LABOUR is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from world's sirens that lure us to ill:
 Work! and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow,
 Work! thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow,
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

—Mrs. Osgood.