

GOD ALL IN ALL.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth ;
 She is my Maker's creature ; therefore good ;
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
 She is my tender nurse—she gives me food.
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee ?
 Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to Thee ?

I love the air ; her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul and to new sweets invite me :
 Her shrill-mouth'd quire sustains me with their flesh,
 And with their polyphonian notes delight me ;
 But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee ?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye,
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavements of the sky :
 But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee ?
 Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence earth gives no refection ;
 Without thy presence sea affords no treasure ;
 Without thy presence air's a rank infection ;
 Without thy presence heaven itself no pleasure ;
 If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in Thee ?
 What's earth, or sea, or air or heaven, to me ?

—FRANCIS QUARES.

NOTE.—The Rev. David Lindsay's name was omitted, by mistake, in the Report of the last Synod, as having been appointed "on Rural Deans, &c.," he having himself moved for that Committee. There is also a slight error in the return given of the income received by the missionary at West Farnham in the report of the Rural Dean : it should have stated that he receives \$300 from the S. P. G. and \$140 from the Endowment Fund.

Subscription received.—W. D. McNeill, North Plantagenet, 50 cts.