

## QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE ENDOWMENT.—We have to report progress as follows: Elgin and Athelstane \$384.50, Russeltown \$136.50, Beauharnois \$152, Chatham, P.Q., \$217.85, Point St. Charles \$264.75, Sherbrooke \$165, Lancaster \$346.25, Scott and Uxbridge \$246.25, Georgina \$173. The subscription at Lachine has been raised to \$460 and that at Lalleville to \$594.

OPENING OF SESSION.—The 29th Session will be opened on the first Wednesday, the 5th of October. Professor Ferguson will deliver an address on the occasion. On the 6th of October, matriculation examinations and competitions for scholarships will begin. We notice a statement in the Calendar, that all scholarships in arts have *endowment nominations* connected with them, securing exemption from class fees, and thereby virtually adding \$29 to the value of each. See advertisement.

The new buildings hitherto leased to the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons are to be henceforth devoted exclusively to the use of the departments in Arts and Theology, and we believe we are correct in saying that the accommodation which these departments will have is superior to that of any College in the Dominion, in respect of spaciousness, compactness, and comfort.

We are led to understand that the ensuing session will open under very auspicious circumstances, and we expect to hear of a much better attendance of intrant students than has been the case for a number of years.

NEW WORK.—We understand that a work entitled *Outlines of Hamilton's Philosophy*, by Professor Murray, is well advanced, and that the learned author intends to make use of it next session as a text book on the subject of Metaphysics.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Grace be unto you and peace—from the seven Spirits which are before His throne.—Rev. i. 4.

Come, thou Holy Spirit, come!  
And from thine eternal home  
    Shed the ray of light divine;  
Come, thou Father of the poor,  
Come, thou source of all our store,  
    Come, within our bosoms shine.

Thou of a'1 consolers, best,  
Visiting the troubled breast,  
    Dost refreshing peace bestow;  
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;  
Grateful shadow from the heat,  
    Solace in the midst of woe.

O most blessed Light divine,  
Shine within these heart of thine,  
    And our inmost being fill;  
If thou take thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay,  
    All our good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds; our strength renew;  
On our dryness pour thy dew;  
    Wash the stains of guilt away;  
Bend the stubborn heart and will,  
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,  
    Guide the steps that go astray.

On the faithful, who adore  
And confess thee, evermore  
    In thy sevenfold gifts descend;  
Give them virtue's sure reward,  
Give them thy salvation, Lord,  
    Give them joys that never end.