

in Gilead and a Physician there," and that he cometh "mighty to save,"

I remain in our beloved,

VERO CATHOLICUS.

As bird from fowler's snare set free,  
Soaring sings:—"Sweet liberty!"  
As the roe from hunter's hand,  
Darting, bounds o'er stream and land;  
So from Satan's slavish band,  
So from this world's iron hand,  
Our soul's set free!

Our spirit breathes its native air,  
The vault of heaven ascends in prayer;  
Hinder her not—her God is there.  
The spirit breathes its purest fires,  
Gives utterance, too, to its desires,  
The world abash'd, beholds, admires,  
And Satan from the field retires;  
Our soul's set free!

P. S.—I know that the best of arguments may be gained. Witness the cavils against even the Redeemer's reasonings, and how much more these hasty and desultory remarks; but they are my best, so except them; and if they exhibit any useful and seasonable truth, may it fall into "honest and good hearts," and then, though "but as a grain of mustard seed," it will, with that blessing which maketh effectual, bring forth some fruit to his glory whose grace and power is magnified in the insignificance of the agency he is pleased sometimes to make use of. I ask the witness of his spirit to the truth I have here endeavoured to vindicate, and I ask no more; in his hands I leave it, whose name, as I believe, most assuredly is in these ministrations most falsely assumed. "He that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper."—*Is.* 59.