

It is with pleasure, that we copy the following from the Canada Presbyterian. "The pulpit of St. Andrews, Church, London, of which the Rev. Robert Johnston, B.A., B.D. is pastor, was occupied last Sabbath by Mr. A. Mahaffy, B.A., graduate and gold medalist of the Presbyterian College, Montreal. The large and thoughtful audiences of both morning and evening evinced a high appreciation of the most helpful and spiritual services of this promising young minister."

T. A. SADLER.

Presbyterian College.

Poetry.

Alone, I sit in silence here
And muse while all around is dark,
Away behind the lights are clear
But clouds surround my bark.

And near the angry breakers roar,
And toss their white foam to the skies,
Should on my bark drift to the shore
There surely danger lies.

I could not steer the helm aright,
Or furl aloft a single sheet.
But He who made the world has might,
Oh I would seek his feet.

And tell him how my bark was borne
And tossed by every surging wave.
Then show my helpless bleeding form
I know that he would save.

Oh often when the moon is bright
I gaze upon the glittering sky,
With all its heavenly orbs of light,
And wonder what am I.

Where now, the philosophic dream.
In which my soul oft sought repose:
A meteor's flash; a rainbow's gleam,
At the day's close.

Gone, as a lovely summer flower,
Why will my spirit o'er it brood,
No solace it, in death's dark hour
Then faith alone, is good.

Hush still thy fears thou trembling heart,
And all thy doubting be at rest.
Live in thy life that better part,
Have faith for it is best.

—J. A. AGNEW,

Partick.
Glasgow, Scotland.