

this request, should not be allowed to keep Presbyterians apart.

But the truth is that Presbyterian divisions in Canada are not matters of actual grievance, but of sympathy. Perhaps this was the case even before 1854; certainly it is so now. There is a Canadian Church in connection with the Scotch Establishment because of affection for and sympathy with the "Old Church," there are many in Canada who glory in the stand taken at Edinburgh in 1843, and they connect themselves with the Free Church, and there are also many descendants of Seceders of a more ancient date who find themselves in totally altered circumstances in Canada—a country in which the Church and the State are essentially separate. It is of course natural that these sympathies should continue to be cherished. But can any Presbyterian reconcile it to his conscience to injure on account of them the cause of Presbyterianism itself? He may not indeed hold with the Westminster Confession of Faith that Presbyterianism is supported by Divine authority so strongly as to be the only system conformable to Scripture. But it is natural to cherish respect and love for the Church in which one has been brought up; and the Presbyterian has certainly no reason to think ill of his. There is something solid and substantial about the middle stand, taken by Presbyterianism between Episcopacy on the one hand and Independency on the other, which commends itself to many; and a simple church service impresses not a few as fully as the most gorgeous ritual does others. There are of course foolish Presbyterian clergymen and congregations: but it must be admitted that, as a general rule, Presbyterians add to simplicity of worship that regard to decency and order which is apostolically commended in the services of the Church. It is pitiable to see these bodies separate. With every thing in common, with nothing to keep them apart, is it too much to hope that they will ere long form a strong and united Canadian Church?

We do not write as theologians; we write as politicians, interested in the progress and happiness of the Province. Time was when Canada occupied a very different position in the mind of its inhabitants from that which it occupies now. It was once very little better than a mere station. People came here to make money, intending to go home to England or Scotland to spend it. An absurd opinion was prevalent that Canada was not fit for permanent residence. Provincial exile was to be endured for as short a time as possible. It was customary to scoff at and deride everything Canadian. Perhaps all this showed narrowmindedness; but it was to some extent justifiable. Our rulers were then mere agents of the Imperial authorities. Canada was a barbarous outpost of the Empire. When this was the case, it was fair enough to carry-out home sympathies in this country. But a complete change has taken place. The Province is beginning to assume a national aspect; and Presbyterians should take cognizance of this. We want to see the different branches of the Presbyterian Church, not Scotch, English or Irish, but Canadian; and we hope to see them one Church instead of three. Unnecessary ecclesiastical divisions do much to weaken a country. They cause heartburnings and jealousies. They keep apart many who should act together in a national spirit. Presbyterians are not only strong in numbers in Canada, they have a fair share of the wealth, the energy and the respectability of the country. It is unfortunate that an influential religious body should be divided by absurd prejudices. If we were Presbyterian theologians, we are convinced that we would wish above all things Presbyterian union. But, as politicians—as Canadians—we desire earnestly the dismissal of foolish sympathies and the merging of Presbyterians in one national Canadian Church.

## POETRY.

## "I SHALL SEE IN HEAVEN."

"I shall see in Heaven!"  
So murmured, in a low but gladsome tone,  
A dying girl; veiled from her soft blue eyes  
Were all the beauties which God's hand hath  
[thrown  
O'er this fair earth and richly-jeweled skies;  
Her glance had never marked the opening flower  
Nor watched the blending tints at sunset's hour.

"I shall see in Heaven!"  
No curtained vision there, nor tear-dimmed  
[sight,  
To hide its glories, or their splendor pale;  
The griefs and trials of life's weary night  
Pass not the limits of this shadowy vale;  
In brighter regions all see "face to face,"  
And, never wearied, countless wonders trace.

"I shall see in Heaven!"  
With this bright hope her spirit passed above,  
Leaving death's impress on her marble brow;  
Weep not for her: the Saviour's smile of love  
Hath beamed upon her, and she seeth now!  
Forgotten now are the regrets and fears,  
Which gathered round her through her darkened  
[ed years.

"I shall see in Heaven!"  
Oh, is not this a cheering thought for me,  
Now struggling on through darkness and  
[through strife;  
For all around is fraught with mystery,  
And strange is the enigma of one's life:  
And oft with feverish longings for the light  
I grope my way, and trust that all is right.

"I shall see in Heaven!"  
How truths, which once so widely parted seem-  
[ed,  
By links invisible to mortal ken  
Were intimately joined: how things we deemed  
So adverse to the real good of men  
Were its promoters: how from grief and care  
God's touch evolved such joys as angels share.

"I shall see in Heaven!"  
The loving and the gentle-hearted friends,  
Long the companions of my chequered path,  
Whose hallowed memory such enchantment  
[lends  
To evening musings by my peaceful hearth,  
Oh, when within our Father's House we meet,  
How joyfully each other we shall greet!

"I shall see in Heaven!"  
The Saviour, "whom not having seen" I love,  
And gaze through all eternity on Him,  
Enthroned amidst rejoicing saints above;  
When naught of earth His radiant charm can  
[dim.  
Here sin and sorrow oft His glories hide;  
There I shall dwell for ever at His side!

## PSALM CXXI.

There's a whisper of comfort, O weak one, for  
[thee,  
When thy sins rage within like the waves of  
the sea;  
The voice of the Master shall calm them at  
length;  
Look up mid the breakers! the Lord is thy  
strength.

The night of thy sorrow is starless and cold,  
It is dark on the mountain and dark on the  
wold;  
Press onward, lone traveller! fear not the  
night!  
Thy God is thy glory—the Lord is thy light.

Thou art old, weary pilgrim, and hastening on  
To the dark, silent land where thy fathers have  
gone;  
But the Spirit hath written in letters of flame,  
"Throughout all generations thy God is the  
same!"

What ill can betide if the Lord is our own?  
There's a fullness in Him which can more than  
atone  
For the losses we feel, for the crosses we bear;  
If the Lord is our portion, we need not despair.

Still closer and closer I'll cling to Thy side,  
Then boldly press onward whate'er may betide;  
And, if forms of affection lie crumbled in dust,  
May I sing mid the ruins, "The Lord is my  
Trust!"

When death, the grim phantom, shall bid me  
depart,  
And exultingly wreath his cold arm around  
my heart,  
I shall conquer, while conquered, in this my  
last strife;  
I shall smile on the tyrant—The Lord is my  
Life!  
*Puritan Recorder.*

## SELECTIONS.

## THE INFANT IN HEAVEN.

Dr. Chalmers furnishes the following touching expression of his opinion on the subject of infant salvation. It is expressed in strong and beautiful language.

This affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question that is often put by a distracted mother when her babe is taken away from her. When all the converse it ever had with the world amounted to the gaze upon it a few months or a few opening smiles which marked the dawn of self-joyment, and, ere it had reached, perhaps, the lip of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness with its power, and at length be overcome by it.

Oh, it little knew what an interest it had created in that home where it was so passing a visitant, nor, when carried to its early grave, what a tide of emotions it would raise among the few acquaintances it left behind! There was no positive unbelief in its bosom. No love at all for the darkness rather than light, nor had it yet fallen into that great condemnation which will attach itself to all that perish, because of unbelief, that their deeds are evil.

When we couple with this the known disposition of our Great Forerunner—the love that He manifested for children on earth, how He suffered them to approach His person, and lavished endearments and kindness upon them in Jerusalem, told the disciples that the presence and company of such as these in Heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before Him—tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb?—and, should any parent who hears us feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under his roof and at the end of this little period expired, we cannot think we venture too far when we say that he has only to persevere in the faith and in the following of the Gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in Heaven.

The blossom which withered here upon its stalk has been transplanted there to a place of en-<sup>er</sup>rance, and it will then gladden the eye which now weeps out the agony of affection that has been sorely wounded. And, in the name of Him who, if on earth, would have wept with them, do we bid all believers present to sorrow not even as others that have no hope,