

saying truth than of his own distinctive opinions, who would rather know of the establishing of the Kingdom of the Saviour than the temporary prosperity of his sect. A.

For the "Record."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall,
He giveth his beloved sleep,'" *From her own Poem, entitled "The Sleep."*

So long beside the altar-stone, toiling with strange endeavor,
To pierce the mystery, at last within the veil forever;
No longer in the outer porch the poet's heart is praying,
No longer chides the yearning soul the Master's long delaying.

No longer down the aisles of thought her foot-step trends uncertain,
Between her and the glory now droops no dividing curtain;
The soul which earth could never soil has donned its robes of whiteness,
The earnest eyes long heavenward raised now see the King in brightness.

Not with a woman's trembling touch her hand essayed the lyre.
Those wondrous harmonies were learned through baptism of fire;
So full and exquisite the strain, so lofty, yet so tender,
Love, human hearted and sublime, became life's sole defender.

Her path was always skyward bound, amid the sun-capped mountains,
Where flowers of radiant beauty grew, fresh by Faith's silver fountains;
While dreams of passionate delight on wings of promise bore her,
Up to the great eternal land, the goal that lay before her.

Outstretching to the cherubim where God is manifested,
Her longing soul went up from earth until its pinions rested,
In very weariness of strength the awful mystery under,
From out whose veiled depths she heard the echo of its wonder.

And from her lofty stand, like some apocalyptic angel,
In words of fire she sang to earth the poet's sweet evangel;
All human, all immortal things, like Jacob's ladder given,
Whereby her feet in search of truth might climb from earth to heaven.

Until, as mounting step by step, the charmed voice grew stronger,
The harpers in her Father's land could bear delay no longer;
But opened wide the pearly gates that she, their sister spirit,
Who long had owned a kindred harp might kindred tones inherit.

And downwards falling from the bow that binds the throne eternal.
Issued the emerald light which keeps that land forever vernal;
She saw and entering into rest at last knew love's full sweetness.

Where all life's broken harmonies were bound in Heaven's completeness.
Halifax, August 12th, 1861. M. J. K.

SERMON BY THE REV. DR. MATHIESON OF MONTREAL.

The Discourse now before us, was preached in the city of Quebec on the occasion of the meeting of the Synod of our Church in Canada. It possesses an interest and importance of a special character, for a three-fold reason,—the circumstances under which it was delivered, the position and character of its author, and the subject and object of the address. We shall confine what remarks we have to make almost entirely to the latter. Let us premise, however, in a very few words, that the Rev. Dr. Matheson as Moderator of the Synod during the past year, had peculiar and delicate duties to perform, in which the interests and honor of the Church were very nearly concerned, and with what ability, authority, and dignity he performed them is known to all. Within there were questions of the greatest moment, agitating the Church, more especially with regard to Union with other Presbyterian bodies, as well as incidental and outward circumstances of no mean importance, which could not be foreseen and depended altogether upon the judgement, firmness, and experience of one man, as the Church's Representative. With what tact, dignity and success he performed the latter delicate and trying duty is known to every one, and has placed the Church of Scotland in Canada, and all over America, under a lasting debt of gratitude to him. But there was a far higher and more important duty remaining, and that duty has been performed in this Synod Sermon, in a manner which ought to gladden the heart, convince the understanding, and touch the feelings of every true member of the Church of Scotland, and indeed of every Christian and enlightened man.

During the last year or two the subject of Union has been a very prominent one among the churches, and its merits had begun to be canvassed somewhat actively within the Synod of the Church of Scotland in Canada. To this great and important subject does this distinguished father of the Church address himself, in the discourse now under review. He grasps it with a strength and earnestness, and yet with a tenderness and liberality, which show how well he understands and how deeply he feels the matter under consideration. There is no shadow of uncertainty in his deliverance. Every reason and opinion are clear, succinct and definite. He is too much in earnest for a shade of ambiguity to