

'I see it, father—and its banks are green with immortal verdure.'

'Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?'

'I hear them, father—as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time—and they call me—her voice, too, O, I heard it then.'

'Doth she speak to thee?'

'She speaketh in tones most heavenly.'

'Doth she smile?'

'An angel smile! But a cold, alm smile. But I am cold—cold—cold! Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely. Is this death, father?'

'It is death, my Mary.'

'Thank God!'

Sabbath evening came, and a slow sad procession wound through the forest to the little school-house. There, with simple rites, the good

clergyman performed his duty, and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some had rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot—and the stars were bright before I left—for I always had an idea that a grave-yard was the nearest place to heaven on earth—and with old Sir Thomas Brown, I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.

POETRY.

In Commemoration of the Bazaar, held at the Wesleyan Mission-House, London, June, 1851.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him; and His enemies shall lick the dust. The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. Yea, all Kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve Him.—Psalm lxxii. 8—11.

Glory, glory to our God!

Let earth and heaven agree;
Sound Immanuel's praises loud
Through heaven, and earth, and sea!
May His kingdom still extend,
Idols bow, and sceptres fall;
Children come, in rapture bend,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL!

See, beneath His gentle sway,
The olive yields her fruit;
Warriors cast their spears away,
The trump of war is mute!
All is love where Jesus reigns,
Savage deeds no more appal;
Praise Him in the loftiest strains,
O crown Him LORD OF ALL!

See His promises fulfill'd,—
The isles their tribute bring;
Savage hordes, debased and wild,
Have own'd Him as their King;
Human vultures change to doves,
Bears and tigers wait his call:
O the power of Jesu's love!
Come, crown Him LORD OF ALL!

Soon shall our Immanuel be
Enthroned in every land;
"Kings of armies" then shall flee,
And bow to His command;
Bloodless conquest! Glorious day!
Satan shall no more enthrall;
Foes shall meekly own His sway,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

Margaret.

June, 1851.