

quite another man, and in a temper entirely altered from that in which he went.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN ROBERTSON, OF KINGSTON.

It is with affectionate regret that we record the death of this excellent man, whose character and spirit accorded with his profession, and recommended and adorned the doctrine of Christ. He was the first Christian brother of our denomination to whom the Editor was introduced on his arrival in Canada; and the short intercourse he had with him excited a desire for a more prolonged acquaintance. Our correspondent observes: "His removal will be a loss to the church, and the world, of which it may be emphatically said, 'he was the salt.'" He departed this life in the month of October. If any of his friends in Kingston will favour us with a further account of him, we shall be glad to insert it in the *Magazine*.

Poetry.

THE FLOWERS.

I. THE SUN FLOWER.

Through all the changes of the day
I turn me to the sun,
In clear and clouded skies I say
Alike—Thy will be done.

II. THE VIOLET.

A lowly Flower in secret bower,
Invisible I swell,
For beauty made without parade,
Known only by my smell.

III. THE LILY.

Emblem of Him in whom no stain
The eye of Heaven could see,
In all their glory, Monarchs vain
Are not arrayed like me.

IV. THE ROSE.

With ravished heart the crimson hail
Which in my bosom glows;
Think how the Lily of the Vale
Became like Sharon's Rose.

V. THE SNOW DROP.

When Time's dark winter shall be o'er,
Its storms and tempests laid,
Like me you'll rise a fragrant flower,
But not like me to fade.

VI. THE GARDEN.

"The bower of innocence and love
Sin caused to disappear,
Repent, and walk in faith and love,
You'll find an Eden here.

I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

(JOHN, C. xiv., v 6.)

Thou art the Way—and he who sighs,
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from Heaven's eternal glow,
By Thee must come, Thou gate of love
Through which the saints undoubting trod,
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting place in God.

Thou art the Truth—whose steady day
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom.
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in the ton. ;
The light that out of darkness springs,
And guideth those that blindly go ;
The word, whose precious radiance flings
Its radiance upon all below.

Thou art the Life—the blessed well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those who drink shall ever dwell,
Where sin and thirst are known no more.
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
Our lamp by night, our light by day ;
Thou art the sacred bread from Heaven,
Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

STANZAS.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—Deut.
xxxiii. 25.

When adverse winds and waves arise
And in my heart despondence sighs ;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,—
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my days, my strength shall be."

When with sad footsteps memory roves
Mid smitten joys, and buried loves ;
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs.—
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That "as my days, my strength may be."

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last ;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering, heart-strings fail,
REDREMER, grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields—
I'll tarry in the sky ?

What if a shining beam at noon,
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Can not create a day ?

Doth not *each rain-drop* help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And *every ray of light* to warm
And beautify the flower ?