

put on his episcopal robes, he took his seat at the communion table, and the ordinary service was performed by the Rev. John Colborne, M.A., the minister of the church. His lordship then ascended the pulpit and selected for his text the first few verses of the 21st chapter of Revelation, in which St. John describes the "New Jerusalem," "the new heaven and the new earth," and the eventual departure from the world of sin and sorrow. In an animated address, suited to the minds of the congregation, he pointed out to them the vagueness of the notions of the generality of men as to the nature of heaven, assuring them that their future state of happiness would not be in some unreal and unsubstantial place among the clouds, but that their real bodies would be re-united with their real souls on a real new earth, which the Book of Revelation so majestically described. That would be the "Holy City," the "New Jerusalem," the real city of true holiness. He asked them to look forward from amid their sorrows and poverty to that new state, and then emphatically exclaimed, "There is a good time coming, when there shall be among you no more sorrow, poverty, or sin, but I warn you to ask yourselves seriously where you will be when that good time arrives." The congregation, unused to such earnestness, were struck with his lordship's animated and yet simple style of oratory, and, as he passed away from the church, followed him by hundreds, but without uttering a word. It was announced that the bishop will preach at St. Peter's Church, in the same parish, on the evening of Wednesday, the 23rd inst.

The subject of University Reform is again beginning to assume particular prominence. A large meeting of graduates is to be held in the course of a few days, to consider what steps ought to be taken to urge the claims of the Scotch Universities to be represented in Parliament, and a public meeting is to be held on Wednesday to discuss the whole question of University Reform. The last mentioned gathering will be rather a notable one in some respects—chiefly on account of what may be called the Catholicity of its platform. The list of speakers, which I have just seen this afternoon, leads to the conclusion that "Whig and Tory all agree" on the more important points of the matter. Dr. Candlish and Dr. Robertson, Sir William Gibson Craig, Mr. Stirling of Keir, Sir E. Colebrooke, Colonel Mure of Caldwell, and the Dean of Faculty, are to sit beside each other and to take part with each other. A happy family this truly—a union which would lead to the belief that we must be getting near the University Reform millennium.—*Edinburgh Paper.*

THE MADIAT.—From an interesting work by Miss Brewster, just published, we learn that Rosa Madiat and her husband, whose imprisonment in Tuscany made them famous some years since, now keep a depository for the sale of Bibles and religious books at Nice; and, like many other refugees from all parts of Italy, love Sardinia as a land of toleration and constitutional liberty.—*Express.*

SPIRITUAL PURITY.—You find not indeed absolute holiness in your persons nor in your best performances, yet, if you breathe and follow after it; if the pulse of the heart beat thus; if the main current of your affection be towards purity; if sin be in you, as your disease and greatest grief, and not your delight, then take courage; you are as pure as travellers can be; and, notwithstanding that impure spirit, Satan, and the impurity of your own spirit vex you daily with temptations, and often foil you, yet, in despite of them all, you shall arrive safe at Home, where perfection dwells.—*Leighton.*

P O E T R Y.

THE DYING BOY.

Draw nearer, mother—let me feel
Your kiss upon my brow,
And place your hand within my own,
So cold and withered now.
Still whisper to me words of love,
That fill my heart with joy,
And twine your arms around the neck
Of your poor dying boy.

I cannot linger now, mother,
The parting hour has come,
Sweet angels beckon me away
Unto a brighter home;
And myriad voices fill the air
With songs of peace and love,
To cheer the pilgrim on his way,
That seeks his rest above.

Oh, weep not when my spirit's fled,
Let no sad tear-drops flow;
The God who wipes the widow's eyes
Will soothe my mother's woe,
Will cheer her in affliction's hour,
When faithless friends depart,
And heal, with His Almighty power,
Her bruised and broken heart.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow:
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—"Harvest home."
—*James Montgomery.*

OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

Rev. 21st Chap, 4th and 22nd to 27th Verses.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song,
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailing blends not with the voice of spring
As some too tender floweret fades and dies.

No night distils
Its chilling dew upon the tender frame,
No moon is needed there! The light, which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep,
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blighted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction, like a ruthless foe!

No battle-word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread:
The song of peace, creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel-minstrels tread!

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul;
Look up, then, stricken one! thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With Faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to trace the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide
And find the ocean of eternal day?

Most High and Holy Trinity!
Who of Thy mercy mild
Hast formed me here, in time, to be
Thy image and Thy child:
Oh, let me love Thee day and night
With all my soul, with all my might;
Oh, come Thyself, my soul prepare,
And make Thy dwelling ever there!

Father! replenish with Thy grace
This longing heart of mine;
Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine!
Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares;
Enfold her in Thy changeless peace,
So she from all but Thee may cease!

O God the Son! Thy wisdom's light
On my dark reason pour;
Forgive that things of sense and sight
Were all her joy of yore;
Henceforth let every thought and deed
On Thee be fixed, from Thee proceed;
Draw me to Thee, for I would rise
Above these earthly vanities!

O Holy Ghost! Thou fire of love,
Enkindle with Thy flame my will;
Come with Thy strength, Lord, from above,
Help me Thy bidding to fulfil:
Forgive that I so oft have done
What I as sinful ought to shun;
Let me with pure and quenchless fire
Thy favour and Thyself desire!

Most High and Holy Trinity!
Draw me away from hence,
And fix upon eternity
All powers of soul and sense!
Make me at one within; at one
With Thee on earth; when life is done,
Take me to dwell in light with Thee,
Most High and Holy Trinity!