

Wilt thou, I ask, while with us here below
 Seek happier songs of Jesu's love to know,
 That thou this gift in heaven may yet employ
 Where swell the songs of everlasting joy.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Around the shade of thy projecting wall
 Dwell sires and sons of such as Robert Hall,
 Or Dr. Watts, whose towering soul no mind
 Its utmost bound can fathom or yet find.
 Yet here are they with mind as pure and good
 Preaching the truth that lead men to their God.
 Fenwick, whose powers and principles of mind
 From a hallowed light of some angelic kind,
 He loves those truths his ancient fathers bought,
 Teaches them here as veteran preacher's ought.
 I know these truths, my mother's able soul
 Engraved them deep within my powers whole,
 And in their light the poet's early days
 Were spent in bliss beneath their hallowed rays,
 And though his mind has other thoughts of power
 He fondly turns to days of childhood's hour,
 And all the heart doth rise to love those men
 That taught the muse her first faint thoughts to pen;
 He gladly hails the walls that tower on high
 Climbing in pride and grace toward the sky;
 When finished here, may Fenwick's happy mind
 And sweetest soul, its gracious virtues find,
 To bless again through distant year's afar,
 And shed the light reflecting from his star.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—REV. P. GRAY.

Here Scotia's son would cease effect to cause
 And search so deep the principles and laws
 Which govern God in his projected plan
 To save a world of foul rebellious man,
 He lifts those truths and principles divine,
 In graphic stroke he makes their glory shine,