

joyment. The book of nature has unfolded its ample pages to my gaze, and the blessed volume of God's word has been to me as a fountain of joy and peace, from whence I have quaffed healing waters, that have brought health to my soul—and so I still pass on my lonely way, sorrowful yet resigned, grateful to my Heavenly Father for his enduring love, and waiting with patient hope His summons to rejoin my loved one, in the regions of eternal joy.”

(To be concluded in our next.)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MOURNER'S PRAYER.

BY M. ETHELIND SAWTELL.

Oh, Holy Saviour, bless'd Redeemer, hear
The lone heart's fervent offering, whose sincere
And contrite anguish, now ascends to Thee.
Thou, who hast known, the depth of agony.
Thou, who wilt not the desolate forsake,
Nor leave Thine own bereaved—Thou wilt not break
The reed which Thou hast bruised ; then sanctify
Affliction in Thy mercy. Let the sigh,
The broken spirit breathes, to Thee arise :
The widowed mourner's lowly sacrifice,
Which Thou wilt not reject. Oh ! Jesus, let
The memory that Thy sacred blood drops wet
The ground beneath Thee, whereon Thou didst pray
That then from Thee, the cup might pass away,
If so, Thy Father's will. Oh, let that thought,
Be with the fervour of devotion wrought.
When sorrow bids me kneel to seek from Thee
The strength Thou didst implore on Calvary.
Redeemer save me ! Thou, who meekly in
Thine hour of intense suffering strove to win
Forgiveness from Thy Father—when Thy prayer
Which, glorifying Him, besought to spare
Those who knew not, according to Thy word,
What they then did—Thou the life-giving Lord,
Who on Thy cross the penitent sustained
With promised rest in paradise obtained,
Through Thy blessed mercy.—Thou hast in the tomb
A holy slumberer laid ! Within the gloom,
Of its sepulchral darkness. To fulfil
The expiation of Jehovah's will.
Thou who didst from Thy transient grave arise,
With victory over death, a sacrifice
Accepted in redemption. E'er the light
Of Easter's dawn woke from the silent night
Through the tall olives, on the dew to shine,
Which dimmed the blossoms of the passion vine.
Thou, whom the Magdalene in sorrow sought,
And early tears. Whose supplication fraught
With such imploring earnestness to know
Where they had borne her Lord. Oh, Christ bestow
On me such love ! Thou who didst then reply
Thou hadst not yet ascended to Thine high
Eternal rest. Unto Thy Father's throne.

Unto her Father. Thou, who didst atone,
For our sins and transgressions. And art found
Worthy to ransom all. That Thou shouldst say,
Thy Father—and her Father—Thou the way,
The life—The light—the well beloved of God !
The spotless lamb—The only Son—who trod,
The earth, Salvation's glory to awake,
And that Thou shouldst the wretched sinner take
Unto Thy God with Thee. Then let me be,
With faith like hers, washed from my sins in Thee.

(ORIGINAL.)

GENIUS AND ITS APPLICATION.

“ In the soul

Are many lesser faculties that serve
Reason as chief ; among these Fancy next
Her office holds ; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny and call
Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.”

Milton.

Of all the popular opinions that have made their way into the world, there is none more erroneous than that entertained by many persons with respect to genius. It is a prevalent notion, that it is a thing within the reach of every man ; and, to adventitious circumstances, to the accidents of art and knowledge, is often ascribed the character of genius. A writer of verses is called a genius ; a smatterer in the languages of the ancients is named a genius ; and not unfrequently does the tone of a man's voice acquire for him the distinction of genius. In a word, genius is, by many, considered synonymous with learning ; and as often as a person of any acquirements is mentioned, are we likely to hear the term genius applied to him.

A refined and cultivated mind does not properly constitute genius ; but it consists in a gift of nature, which, without any assistance of art, notes its possessor to be a remarkable character, and enables him to produce works, alike the admiration of their own times, and the astonishment of subsequent generations. Education may embellish the mind ; it may refine the conversation, and set rules for our instruction ; but there is something noble and majestic in a great natural genius, that places it immeasurably above a mind polished by learning. There is something divine in a true genius that raises the soul above itself, and enables it to attain objects beyond the sphere of intellect. “ Genius,” it has been observed, “ resembles a proud steed, that whilst he obeys the slightest touch of the kind hand of a master,