

assuredly not have met over the grave of their beloved Metropolitan in vain if, thereby, a step towards unity has been gained—that unity of feeling, and soul, and purpose, which he, the earnest servant of the One Church of the Blessed Redeemer, so untiringly sought to impress upon the Church over which he ruled.

The Synod, after passing several Canons of discipline, and amending the Church Temporalities Act, was dissolved at three o'clock on Saturday, the 19th of September.

News has been received from England of the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Jeune, Lord Bishop of Peterboro; Archdeacon Denison is named as his successor in the See.

ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

SLEEP ON, MY HEART.

(From the German.)

Sleep on, my heart, sleep on in peace,
For o'er the drooping floweret's eyes
Night has brought down the pearly dew,
That on their leaves so gently lies.

Sleep on, my heart, sleep on in peace,
All life below doth sleeping lie;
The moon in calm magnificence
Looks down, like God's clear, watchful eye.

Sleep on, my heart, sleep on in peace,
From earthly cares and doubts set free;

Who spread the curtains of the sky
And cares for flowers, will care for thee.

Sleep on, my heart, sleep on in peace,
And fear no evil dreams the while,
Strengthened by Faith's all powerful might,
Hope on, thy soul shall sweetly smile.

Sleep on, my heart, sleep on in peace;
And if it is appointed thee
At midnight's solemn hour to die,
In heaven shall thine awakening be.

H. M. P.
