

From a venerable member of one of our congregations I have received the following Poetry. Though it cannot claim to belong to the class called *first rate*, it is creditable to the piety of the author.

J. J.

—
Paraphrase on the 12th Chapter of Isaiah.

In that blest day when grace shall shine
 In love and mercy all divine :
 When saints shall sing—for all they've done—
 "His mercy's come, and anger gone."

'They then shall sing, ev'n while they're here
 In midst of all their doubts and fear
 "I taste the grace, the joys I feel
 Of Him who ransom'd me from hell."

I'll trust his word and will not fear
 The dangers I may meet with here,
 His strength and powers shall be my song
 While I am journeying here along.

Altho' I weary be and faint
 I'll be supplied from that great fount
 That is in Christ my Saviour dear
 For travellers, such as I am here.

In that blest day as sung above,
 When Jesus shall appear all love,
 I'll mention then his doings all,
 And also on his name will call.

I'll sing his praise as well's I can,
 I'll tell his glories, every one,
 I'll mention that his name is great,
 That he's exalted high in state.

When I his works each one survey,
 And see them reg'larly obey
 His will, in all the earth throughout,
 In praise to Him I'll cry and shout.

And so should every saint of his
 Whose standing on mount Zion is :
 Because it's there that God doth dwell
 The Holy One of Israel.'

R.

Vanitas Vanitatem—Omnia Vanitas.

Fain would I now repose my head
 Upon thy lap, my mother earth !
 And mingle with the pious dead
 That which thou gavest birth !