

erescence of the system. Can she prevail? How can she in the end, if she be not on the side of truth? But how vain in men—in Popes or Emperors—to think that it is they, by their skill, or cunning, or protocoling, or fighting, who move the wheels of the world in their wondrous courses.

THE DYING FLOWER.

(Translated from the German of Friedrich Birkert.)

This poem consists of a dialogue between the poet and a dying flower, in which at first the repining of the latter at her cruel fate, which would presently doom her to annihilation, and at last her resignation and grateful acknowledgments of all she had received from the great source of terrestrial light and life, are beautifully delineated in the original.

"Hope! for thou yet may'st live again
When the bright spring returns,
Though autumn desolates the plain
Flowers live within their urns.
Hope with the patience of the bud,
Waiting the winter through,
Till the sap springs, a joyous flood,
And bursts in verdure new."

"Oh! I am not a stately tree,
Whose crown of summer leaves
From winter's dreamland fresh and free,
A vernal poem weaves;
I only am a little flower,
Waked by the May's sweet kiss;
Once in the white grave's silent power
Nothing will rise from this."

"Take comfort, meek retiring heart,
A life within thee dwells;
What if a fading flower thou art,
Death shall unclothe thy cells,
And scatter o'er earth's quickening breast
Thy life-dust from the tomb,
Until that dust, in beauty dressed,
Shall rise, expand and bloom.

"Yes; after me will blossom here
Fair flowers resembling me,
The race shall live and re-appear,
But I alone must be.
Say, they are what I once have been,
I am myself no more—
Now self-existent on earth's scene—
Naught after, naught before.

"The glorious sun, whose living ray,
Warm flashes on my brow,
Assuages not my fate to-day,
But rather dooms me now.
Oh sun! why charm and thrill me so
From thy far dwelling borne,
The laughing clouds are all aglow,
Look down with frosty scorn.

"Woe for the hour whose fond surprise
First drew my soul to thee
In passionate embrace; thine eyes
Kissed being into me:
Now thou hast stolen my life away,
And since thy love is lost
I wrap myself within decay,
And woo thy rival, frost.

"Yet, as fond memory charms my soul,
Life's stern ice melts in tears,
I still must yield to thy control,
Whose touch each life pulse hears.
Shine on me yet, beloved one,
Through misty sorrow thrill;
All that was mine from thee was won:
Dying, I bless thee still.

"Where dancing butterflies rejoice
In morning's radiance bright,
For every breeze, beneath whose voice
I trembled with delight;
For sweet cool dew that bathed mine eyes,
For fragrance gladdening earth,
For perfumed robes and beauty's dyes,
For being and for birth,

"I thank thee, glorious sun, to-day,
Though but an humble flower,
An ornament beside the way,
I bloomed my little hour,
And with the garden stars had place;
Now in the dust laid low,
Beneath thy light I droop my face,
From this fair world to go.

"Eternal flame! great Nature's heart!
Thy fading treasure see;
Receive my breath as I depart,
Droop heaven's blue tent for me.
Hail to thee, Spring! thy glory keep;
Hail, morn! thy whispering strain;
Here sink I to eternal sleep,
Nor hope to rise again."

M. J. K.

Halifax, 1861.

UNION OF PRESBYTERIANS IN AUSTRALIA.

We take the opportunity of laying before our readers a report of one of a series of meetings which are being held through out Scotland on the important subject of Union of Presbyterian Churches. It is well that we should see occasionally both sides of the picture and make ourselves acquainted with the reasons against as well as in favor of this new principle. It is well known that the question of Union if not first broached in Australia was there first practically carried out and we believe that the members of the Church of Scotland in that distant colony