

His goodness to His creatures, especially to our First Parents : I have tried to show Adam's ' mute desire,' which, before his helpmeet Eve was created, was nothing more nor less than unsated ' love' : I have very faintly described the surpassing beauties and excellences of the Eden ' Home,' and its—possibly numerous—occupants ; in a word, I have striven to grasp and portray, the IDEAL. But, sad to say, the Ideal now belongs only to *other world's than our's*. This our planet is probably the stray sheep of which the Saviour spoke in His parable : we are the sheep for whose sake He laid by His glories ; left the ninety and nine other worlds with their myriads of sinless inhabitants, and came to redeem by His own death and resurrection.

E. J.

In Memoriam.

WRITTEN IN LOVING COMMEMORATION OF THE LATE
PHILANTHROPIST, MR. H. F. BRONSON.

The orphan child, those bowed to earth with age,
Th' untutored poor, the wealthy and the sage,
To-day with tearful eyes and throbbing breast,
Have gently laid a friend beloved to rest :—

To sweetly rest, beneath the parent sod,
Till he shall hear the thrilling voice of God
Ring through the vault,—" My son, awake, arise,
Come hence, thy soul awaits thee in the skies !"

When o'er the earth these gladsome notes resound,
Straight shall emerge from every Christian mound—
Despite the mould, the dust, the cumbrous clay—
Our former selves, renewed, to live for aye !

So though we weep 'tis for th' immortal dead ;
We mourn for one who in the van hath led
To noble deeds, till death's swift arrows flew
And laid him low—a comrade tried and true.