

met by "False Prophets, who come in the vesture of sheep, but who are ravenous wolves within." Let the Christian soul avoid those "Prophet,s" and who batten on our destruction. Let him "prove every spirit." Let him flee the "Guide" who directs him to happiness by any other route than that laid down by Heaven: and it will not be his luckless fate to taste in the "Fruits" of bitterness, the punishment of cherishing the "Tree" of Corruption. Otherwise, Faith becomes folly; hope becomes presumption; the present only the presage of a Future which is a curse. "Not every one," concludes the Gospel, "who says, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the kingdom of Heaven, but those who do the will of my Father."

LITERATURE.

THE VESPER HOUR.

It is the twilight's holy hour,—
Mute is the bird, and closed the flower,
The heaven and earth are still and clear,
As if they listened His voice to hear!
All is hushed on the ear of night,
Save a fitful breeze, and a beetle's flight—
But hark! that knell,—to the evening star
The Vesper-bell tolls faint and far.

The heaven above, and the earth beneath,
Send up His boundless praise,
The tapers are light
On the altar bright,
And the lonely friar
And the holy choir
Their even song upraise!
The stars in the sky
Are His tapers high,
And the flowers of the field
Their incense yield,
And dew of the night,
Like drops of light.
Earth's holy water, pure and bright.

Glory to Him, who reigns in might,
Where never is bound of day or night,
And all in Heaven's eternal blaze,
Cherubs and Seraphs sing His praise.
Child of the dust, I kneel to Thee!
Angels of Heaven, pray for me.

Thou, who on thy sick bed lying,
Hear'st that sweet bell's blessed sound?
"Lingering, hoping,"—haply dying
Lift thy hand and wipe thy brow,
When that faint chime wakes thee now

Father and mother shall pray for thee,
And the stainless soul of infancy
Mingle its unselfish hymn.
And when that bell, and hymn, and prayer,
Rise up to Heaven from earthly air,
The Cherubim and Seraphim
Shall veil their heads in their wings, and join
Their glorious voices to succor thine.
Far away, on the ocean wide,
Where mariners and on the white wave ride,
And all unlike this evening still
The tempest is raving wild and shrill;—
Faint in the blast through the waters' roar,
When the vesper knell comes off the shore,
The hoary pilot and fainting men,
"De Profundis" shall murmur then,
And the trembling nates shall say, *Amen!*
Mother of Mercies! pray for them!

Deep, in the lonely prison cell,
Where never the sun the day may tell,
And many a year of pain and dole,
The iron has entered the captive soul,
When to the dungeon's living grave,
The vesper-bell its toll shall wave,
Beside the ring-bar's steely tree,
The wasted form shall bend his knee,
And in the cold and heavy chain,
To cross his brow the fetter strain;—
It may be at that vesper's dim,
His brother and sister shall pray for him.
Blessed Apostles and Martyrs dear,
Beseech in Heaven their prayer to hear!

INTERESTING INCIDENTS, REGARDING THE APOSTLE OF THE GENTILES. SACRED ART—ST. PAUL.

BY MRS. JAMIESON.

St Paul, though called to the apostleship after the ascension of the Saviour, takes rank next to St Peter as one of the chief witnesses of the Christian faith.

The most ancient traditions describe St Paul as a man of small and meagre stature, with an aquiline nose, a high forehead, and sparkling eyes. With regard to his stature, we must observe, that as painting can only speak to us through form, it is a point not merely of propriety but of necessity to express the greatness of character, the wisdom, the energy which distinguished Paul by giving him a lofty and dignified person; and in a picture to make Paul short, and overtopped by the other figures, would be a violence of that essential truth, to which all truth of fact merely must be subservient.

In the single representations of St Paul (which are very frequent) he is a majestic figure, more elegant in feature and graceful in mien than St Peter; with something of the bearing of a Greek philosopher, and in his countenance a contemplative dignity rather than activity or energy; his face is oval, his hair curling, his beard long and flowing; he bears as his attribute the sword; generally, he holds the Gospel in his right hand, and the sword in his left.