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**CONTENTS :**

POETRY—The Saguenay..... 261 Light Literature of the Day..... 262  MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.. Free Church Missions..... 266 United Presbyterian Missions..... 266 English Presbyterian Missions.—China... 268  GENERAL RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE. England, &c..... 269  HOME ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE. Calls, &c..... 271 Collection for French Evangelization.... 272 Foreign Mission Committee..... 274	PROCEEDINGS OF PRESBYTERIES, &C. Presbyteries of Paris, Simcoe, Guelph, Ottawa, London..... 275-279 Report on State of Religion..... 279 Memorial of Elders, &c..... 283  Giving for Christ—The right way and mo- tive..... 285 Congregational Singing..... 288  CORRESPONDENCE. Letter from Rev. J. Nisbet—Address to Sabbath Schools..... 288 Father Chiniquy and the Priests of Rome 289  NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS. 290 Moneys Received..... 291 Receipts for RECORD..... 292
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**THE SAGUENAY.**

*Written while sailing down the river during a thunder storm.*

Hail to thee, Saguenay! deepest of rivers,  
 Wild is thy grandeur, and awful thy gloom ;  
 How tremendous the force that rent mountains to shivers,  
 When thy long pent-up waters rushed forth from their tomb.

The thunder is rolling, the thick rain is falling,  
 Gloomy the dark mist, and straitened the view ;  
 But what is this storm to the earthquake appalling,  
 Which rent the stern rocks, when thy waters rushed through?

Bare are the wild rocks which skirt thy dark waters,  
 Grim in their loneliness, rugged and wan ;  
 Rifted and torn with the lightning that shatters  
 The glories of nature—the proud works of man.

But the scenery changes ; the wild banks that border  
 The river are higher, and mantled with green ;  
 And scattered like hillocks, in graceful disorder,  
 They rise with sweet glades of rare beauty between.

Again the scene changes, the prospect is grander,  
 As the two glorious Capes from the water arise ;  
 I have witnessed scenes brighter and fairer and blander,  
 But none so sublime ever burst on my eyes.