

dating from 1386, occupies a large plain building. The students wear a jaunty scarlet cap with a broad gold band. I saw on the cheek of one a great scar of a sabre slash, received in a student's duel, to which these golden youth are much addicted. The Church of the Holy Ghost is unique, I think, in this respect, that it is occupied in common by Catholics and Protestants. In 1705 a wall was built between the choir and nave, and the two Churches have ever since conducted their service under the same roof.

JERUSALEM.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.*

"When He beheld the city He wept over it."

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 Thou sittest as a queen, with diadem
 And royal mantle on :
 O city of my heart—I see thy glory gone !

 O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 I mourn for thee, and worship's richest gem
 Of snowy stone :
 I see the foe rush in and thou art overthrown !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 I mourn for thee, but more I mourn for them—
 Thy stubborn sons, self-willed :
 I see their hate return—their awful doom fulfilled !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 I came to save—I came not to condemn ;
 To guard and gather thee,
 As bird her brood, I came—but ye would none of Me !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 Hadst thou but known the things revealed to them
 Whose hearts are timely wise ;
 But *now* they must be hid forever from thine eyes.

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 I see thee sit without thy diadem,
 Sunk from thy queenly state !—
 Behold thy house is left unto thee desolate !

CHEERYFIELD, Me.

* This is one of Mr. Lockhart's poems referred to by the Rev. M. R. Knight in his monograph on this young Canadian poet.