

ments of religious worship. The faculties which qualify their possessor for the pleasures of taste—which enable him to take delight in art or nature, in poetry or painting or music, in scenic effects or dramatic exhibitions—are identical with those which an elaborate and poetic ritual calls into play. The soul that is devoid of true reverence towards GOD may be rapt into a spurious ecstacy, while in rich and solemn tones the loud-voiced organ peals forth His praise. The heart that never felt one throb of love to CHRIST may thrill with an ecstacy of sentimental tenderness, while soft voices, now blending, now dividing, in combined or responsive strains, celebrate the glories of Redeeming Love. And not seldom the most sensual and profligate of men have owned to that strange, undefined, yet delicious feeling of awe and elevation that steals over the spirit in some fair adorned temple on which all the resources of art have been lavished—where soft light floods the air, and mystic shadows play over pillar and arch and vaulted roof, and the hushed and solemn stillness is broken only by the voices of prayer or praise. Christian thought and feeling may, indeed, appropriate to its own high use these outer things. All that is noble in taste and beautiful in art it may lay hold of, and, by the inner transforming power of devotion, ennoble and spiritualize. Still, it should never be forgotten that, if largely introduced into the act of religious worship, the refinements of art may become to multitudes, not the means, but the end. Instead of walking by the light you kindle, many, gazing on the beauty of the lamp, will stumble in the Christian path. For one that will take hold of the angel's hand, there are multitudes who will content themselves with gazing artistically on the splendor of his vesture. It is easy to admire the sheen of the sapphire throne, while we leave its glorious Occupant unreverenced and unrecognized. Better that the world should stay away, than join CHRIST's ranks on false pretences; better that the hearts of men should remain utterly cold, than that, warmed by spurious feeling, they should deem themselves inspired by a pure and holy flame."

## POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

### FIRST IN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.



AS days their fleeting rounds record  
On every page of nature's chart,  
So may these pages well be stored  
With breathings fresh from friendship's heart.

Though brush and sculpture often fail

Mind's choicest pictures to outline;

Yet may I here on you prevail

To drop a word at friendship's shrine.

Write not alone a page to fill,

But keep a heavenly end in view;

Thy lines may lasting good distil,

And garland memory's thoughts of you!

York Co., N.B.

THEO. MACK.

### THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

I dimly guess from blessings known

Of greater out of sight,

And with the chastened Psalmist, own

His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone;  
For vanished smiles I long;  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me,  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in drift;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

WHITTIER.

### AT MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

I come half voiceless here, and bring  
The sorrow that I dare not sing;  
A grief set evermore apart  
In the veiled chamber of my heart,

His moldering dust can never hear  
The tenderest footsteps drawing near;  
But far beyond our finite view  
His spirit walks the boundless blue.

And though I cannot see him stand  
Within the soul's illumined land;  
Yet somewhere by God's crystal sea,  
I know my father waits for me.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

### WOODS.

Of in the woods we long delayed,  
When hours were minutes all too brief,  
For nature knew no sound of grief;  
But overhead the breezes played,  
And in the dank grass at our knee  
Showed pearls of our green forest sea,  
The star-white flowers of triple leaf,  
Which love around the brooks to be  
Within the birch and maple shade.

—Lord Lorne's Poem on Quebec.

### LOVE ME NOW.

Love me now! Love has such a little minute,  
Day crowds on day with swift and noiseless  
tread,

Life's end comes on ere fairly we begin it,  
Pain jostles joy, and hope gives place to dread.

Love me now!

It will be too late when we are dead!

Love me now! While we still are young together,  
While glad and brave the sun shines overhead  
Hand locked in hand, in this blue, smiling  
weather,

Sighing were sin, and variance ill bestead.

Love me now!

It will be too late when you are dead!