

The Cathedral of St. John is an immense edifice, though presenting no external display of magnificence. We visited it by candlelight, and a most interesting visit it was. As we walked over its rich mosaic pavement, emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the knights who sleep below—wandered through the side-chapels belonging to the different *langues*, adorned with paintings and rich in sculpture, and descended into the solemn crypt, filled with monuments of the grand masters in bronze or marble, and hung with highly-wrought tapestry representing the life of the Saviour, we could not but recall to mind the days of chivalry of which these valiant knights of St. John were so distinguished an ornament. Few edifices in Europe are more impressive than this Cathedral.—*Selected.*



RETROSPECTIVE.

“ But she is in her grave, and, Oh !
The difference to me.”—WORDSWORTH.

My youth's fond hopes, how bright
They flashed and played, until my future life
Rich promise gave of joys unmixed with strife,
And bathed in golden light ;
So fair the prospect was, that life did seem
To mock at death as if 'twere but a dream.

The seasons came and went ;
But happiness arose with each new change,
And thoughtlessly I only sought to range,
Where rainbow tints were blent,—
Where the gay sunlight gladdened all the plain,
And the grove echoed every pleasant strain.

I cared not, had not known,
That brightest suns must pale and darkly set,
That fondest friends must part altho' they met,
As *Mother* and her *son* ;
That even the strongest bonds of earthly love,
Must 'gainst the power of change but futile prove.

But now, the gold how dim,
Obscurity involves that road so bright,
And I seem lost—Oh ! that I might
With purpose turn to Him
Who was on earth, *thy* ever present stay,
Was more—was all—*thy life ! thy truth ! thy way !*

PERSOLUS.

Montreal, March, 1854.