

THE
CANADIAN CHRISTIAN OFFERING.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PEN FROM AN EAGLE'S WING.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.

COWPER.

Trace my thoughts, thou Eagle plume :
Far to those I love, they fly :
Ne'er shalt thou thy flights resume,
Traveller of the boundless sky.

Fleeter than thy flights of yore
Speed our thoughts and farther range,
Traverse time remote—explore
Space—and, ah ! remember change.

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