

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE WHITE ROSE.

Rose of the desert! thou art to me
 An emblem of stainless purity,—
 Of those who, keeping their garments
 white,
 Walk through life with steps aright.

Thy fragrance-breathes of the fields above
 Whose soil and air are faith and love;
 And where, the murmur of silver springs,
 The Cherubim fold their snow-white
 wings;

Where those who were severed re-meet
 in joy.

Which death can never more destroy;
 Where scenes without, and souls within,
 Are blanched from taint and touch of sin;

Where speech is music and breath is
 balm;
 And broods an everlasting calm;
 And flowers wither not as in worlds like
 this;
 And hope is swallowed in perfect bliss;

Where all is peaceful, for all is pure;
 And all is lovely; and all endure;
 And day is endless, and ever bright;
 And no more sea, and no more night;

Where round the throne, in hues like
 thine,
 The raiments of the ransomed shine;
 And o'er each brow a halo glows
 Of glory like the pure White Rose!

H E A V E N .

HEAVEN! who will tell us where and
 what it is? Why shall we be happier
 there than here? Why is there such
 music in the name, that the face of the
 christian is lighted up with untold joy,
 as it hangs upon his lips, or breaks upon
 his ear? Whisper it to him when dying
 —when the world, with all its pomp and
 pageantry, have passed forever from his
 vision, and eternity!—eternity with all
 its dread realities—lies close before him,
 and see what a glory overspreads his
 features, and how joyfully those dull
 eyes look out from their hollow homes,
 like stars gleaming through the night;
 and he answers with the last breath he
 gives to earth, "Heaven! yes, I see it—
 I am coming!"

Breathe it to the young convert while
 his heart is full of JESUS' love, and you
 might think the pure, sweet airs from off
 the eternal plain were fanning him, or
 that the enchanted music of the celestial
 choir had entered in, and was rolling
 majestically through the hitherto silent
 aisles, and the vaulted roof of that temple
 just swept and garnished, and consecrated
 to the worship of God.

Heaven! Some have told us of a
 spot somewhere in the unknown regions
 of space, where calm, bright skies look
 down eternally upon a scene of matchless
 beauty and loveliness, where soft and
 gentle winds freighted with the fragrance
 of innumerable flowers, and bearing upon
 their unseen wings the sweet songs of
 birds and the music of the rustling foli-
 age, are ever passing along, undisturbed
 by chilling frost or unharmonious sound
 — here field and forest, hill and valley,
 are ever smiling in the perpetual green
 of the early spring-time; where clear
 streams murmur on through the green
 meadows, and sparkle in the sunlight;
 where the circling years bring no night,
 no chilling winter, but the splendors of
 noon-tide glory, and the soft, sweet airs
 of a perpetual summer. All this, and
 much more, have we been told of heaven;
 and yet it gave us not so beautiful, so
 glorious, so heavenly an idea of heaven,
 as when in our boyhood we stood and
 gazed entranced at the mild, yet splendid
 beauty of the evening star, as it looked
 from its blue home at us, and wondered
 if it could be heaven. No fancy picture
 can ever give us such a view of that
 blessed home of God's people, as now
 and then breaks through the windows of
 the soul, flooding every avenue with
 glory, and shutting out for a time every
 earthly object. Such a view of heaven
 we believe the christian sometimes gets,
 when all that he can say of it is—"lo!
 here is Heaven!"

Heaven! we know not where it will
 be; whether upon this earth, renovated
 and renewed, or whether upon some of
 the glittering worlds that hang far off on
 the confines of eternity; but this we be-
 lieve—we know (and is it not enough to
 know?) that God, our Father, will be
 there, and JESUS, our Saviour, who died
 for and bought us, will be there, and we
 shall see him *face to face*, and we shall
 know as we are known.

There in the city of our God will be