

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED STATES, Comprehended in 1837,

23 Synods,
135 Presbyteries,
2140 Ministers—of whom

771 are Pastors,
549 are Stated Supplies,
410 are Without charges
64 are Employed in Educational Seminaries,
59 are Employed in Agencies.

280 Licentiates,
244 Candidates,
2365 Churches,
220557 Communicants.

The following sums were raised,

For the Mission Fund,	\$163563
For the Education Fund,	90533
For Theological Seminaries,	20431

In the PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, which is under the care of the General Assembly, there were at the date of the last report, (May 1836) 124 Students. During the Summer Session 6 new Students were received, and during the Winter Session 51. The highest number of Students connected with the Seminary at any time throughout the year, has been 142.

In the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh, 37 students attended during the Winter Session.

POETRY.

*From a forthcoming Volume of Poems by Mr. Du
gald Moore.*

STANZAS TO A MISSIONARY SHIP AT HER
DEPARTURE.

Away, thou fragment of a world :
Fair be thy path across the deep :
Go while the winds are now unfurl'd,
And all the storms asleep.
And, oh, what wastes thou wilt skim o'er,
What various climes thy wings may tan ;
But may'st thou find on every shore
The sacred rights of man.

Go, and may Heaven be with thee while
Thou journeyest o'er thy lonely road :
Go, and to every Indian Isle
Proclaim the Word of God.
And you, ye frail and erring throng,
Awake ! and be no longer dumb ;
Rise ! and pour forth a joyful song,
For now the light is come.

Thou hast the Bible ; then away,
Thou need'st not fear the hurricane ;
Thou hast His volume who can sway
And hush the troubled main.
Yes, he who curbs the tempest's power,
Whose arm can roll the thunder back ;
Will gladden, in its darkest hour,
Thy solitary track.

How gallantly thy pinions kiss
The sportive gales which waft thee on ;
Which seem to whisper songs of bliss
In solitudes so lone.
Away, away, thou beauteous thing,
No tempest o'er thy path be driven ;
Away, thou ark of peace, and bring
A world estranged to heaven.

LIFE.

Life, thou art like the moth,
That sports at evening o'er a summer stream ;
When winds and waves are loth
To mar the golden tissue of thy dream :
And like that insect, when
'Tis whirl'd with every breeze that sweepeth by,
A moment proud—and then
Wash'd o'er the waters to eternity.

A while thy dance is up
Amidst the sunshine ; but when dull hours come
And close the daisy's cup,
Thy wings are frozen, and thy music dumb.
When twilight robes the ground,
And bids the glow-worm light the lonely heath,
Where are thy thousands found—
Drifting away into the arms of death.

SONNET.

SUMMER—MID-DAY.

Ten thousand happy insects are abroad,
The gnat, the bee, the sparkling dragon-fly,
Glancing, and humming o'er the sunny road,
And filling with their music the warm sky ;
The air seems living, shining with the load,
The bright elastic fluid of the hour ;
The winds compress their lips, and only sigh
Around the parch'd cheeks of each sleepy flower ;
The azure lakes like wav'less mirrors lie
Reflecting heaven, and all its moveless crowds
Of glorious shapes ; while, solemnly and high,
The eternal hills look like a world of clouds,
Gather'd by silence in a boundless hall ;
A sphere of light, which draws the raptur'd eye
To scenes of love, where God is all in all.