

What the string is to the lute,
 What the breath is to the flute,
 What the spring is to the watch,
 What the nerve is to the touch,
 What the breeze is to the sea,—
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the estate is to the heir,
 What the autumn's is to the year,
 What the seed is to the farm,
 What the sunbeam's to the corn,—
 What the flower is to the bee,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the light is to the eye,
 What the sun is to the sky,
 What the sea is to the river,
 What the hand is to the giver,
 What a friend is to the plea,—
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What culture is unto the waste,
 What honey is unto the taste,
 What fragrance is unto the smell,
 Or springs of water to a well,
 What beauty is in all I see,—
 All this and more is Christ to me.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY.—We have just read the March number of this excellent quarterly. All the articles with the exception of two are from the pen of Dr. Morison, its gifted and laborious Editor. It is exceedingly interesting, fresh, and refreshing. We don't wonder that its circulation is rapidly increasing. Truth and light must prevail;—Talent and labour must be rewarded.

INTELLIGENCE.

NEW CHURCH EDIFICE AT BELLEVILLE.—We learn from the *Canadian Independent* that a new Congregational Church has been erected at Belleville. The former building was destroyed by fire. Through the aid of friends there is a fair prospect of its being opened without debt.