

Of lion-hearts in bloody fray,
Who fearless gave their life.

I may not dwell. A mightier woe
Our sad hearts soon could tell,
For, driven before a countless foe,
These brave young brothers fell.

And then the desolater's arm
Passed o'er my father's dome,
Mid strife at night, in wild alarm,
We fled our much loved home.

My mother died upon the sea,
But ere she closed her eyes,
She bade us seek the country free,
Columbia's azure skies."



A SWEET VOICE OF COMFORT.

An interesting incident occurred soon after Mrs. Judson left Calcutta. With health prostrated, surrounded by strangers, and a long sea-voyage before her, the weight of her loneliness and grief was almost insupportable. One day, while in her cabin weeping, a soft little hand touched her arm, and a very sweet voice said, "Mamma, 'though I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.' Is that true, Mamma?" The bearer of this timely and precious word of hope was her little son, a boy of six years, who had crept into the cabin unobserved.

In Lower Canada there is but one College possessed of University privileges—M'Gill College, Montreal. Besides, however, a great number of very superior Roman Catholic Colleges, theological and secular, there is one Episcopalian theological institution—Bishop's College, Lennoxville. The Baptists had a College at Montreal, which has been recently closed.

The Vatican contains eight grand staircases, and two ordinary ones, twenty courts, and four thousand two hundred and twenty rooms. With all its galleries, grounds, and appurtenances, it has been computed to cover as large a space of ground as the City of Turin.