

POETRY.

HOURS WITH CHRIST.

Saviour slain, and slain for me,
 While thy mercy I implore,
 While I humbly bend the knee,
 While my prayer is gushing o'er,
 Speak refreshment to my soul,
 Great physician make me whole.

Though abased and full of shame,
 Shrinking with well-founded fear;
 All my trust is in thy name,
 Bid thy love to me appear;
 Bursting like a day of light,
 Through the stormy cloud of night.

Not the lightning's deadly blaze
 Bursting wheresoe'er it flies;
 But the summer morning's rays,
 As the healing beam doth rise;
 Bidding night and terror cease,
 Bringing glory, bringing peace.

Oh! to tread life's weary way
 Cheered by my Redeemer's smile;
 Sun of righteousness, thy ray
 Will its weariness beguile;
 Making life a happy road
 To a happier abode.

EDMESTON.

THERE IS A STAR.

There is a star no gloom can shroud,
 A hope no woe can sever,
 A ray that through the darkest cloud,
 Shines smilingly for ever!

When nature spreads the shades of night,
 With scarce one hope of morrow,
 That star shall shed serenest light
 To gild the tear of sorrow.

When melancholy's silent gloom
 Enshrouds the earth with sadness;
 That ray will issue from the tomb,
 To fill the heart with gladness.

Then humble christian fearless go,
 Though darkest woes assail thee,
 Though dangers press and troubles flow,
 This hope shall never fail thee.

PHILADELPHIA PRESBYTERIAN.

TWILIGHT.

I have roamed in the twilight, when evening was still,
 And the zephyrs of day lay asleep on the hill—
 When the herd of the mountain had hied to the shade,
 And repose on the eyelids of nature was laid.

And oh! 'twas an hour gave my feelings release—
 Hush'd the tumult of care to the slumbers of peace—
 Gave my soul an ascension to soar to its God,
 And leave the ennumbered and spiritless clod.

I gazed on the star of the rapturous hour,
 And holy and clear were the rays of its power:
 It beamed on my soul like the empress of night,
 And oh! but the torch of its glory was bright.

And why did the twilight effulgence impart?
 And why shone the radiance of peace in my heart?
 Say, was it I felt as estranged from the crowd?
 Far away from the worldling, the false, and the proud.

'Twas the dew that embalmed sensibility's hour,
 Besprinkled each plant, and reposed in each flower:
 'Twas the vespers of twilight at parting of day,
 And the radiance were angels that bore them away!

I love thee, O twilight! thy shadows impart
 A calm to my bosom—a peace to my heart.
 Methinks on thy dark clouds I ever could gaze,
 Nor care for one sunbeam to lighten my days.

If e'er there's an hour when the soul can ascend
 In the spirit of prayer, to its Father and Friend,
 'Tis when the gray twilight has lengthened its shade,
 And nature reposes in valley and glade.

Ye sons of creation! ye mortals of earth!
 In the morning of youth, give religion her birth;
 In the noon of your manhood your comfort she'll prove,
 And the twilight of age shall ensure you her love.

W. M'COMB.

Belfast.

ERRATA—in the REVIEW OF MR. LORIMER'S LECTURES
 in the September number:—

In page 258, col. 2, line 14, for *treaties*, read *treatises*.

Page 259, col. 1, line 1, for *established* read, ex-
 hibited.

line 12, for *Church of God*, read
 character of God.

col. 2, line 19, for *characters*, read *cha-
 racter*.