

Where thou art now the love is pure ;
 Where thou art now thy bliss is sure ;
 An angel now,
 Resting upon thy Saviour's breast
 All happy, sinless and at rest—
 Would I wert thou !”

Of a similar character is ‘The Dying Child,’ p. 46. We will venture to affirm that no poetic fiction, however truthfully conceived, could have suggested those touching lines. Doubtlessly they depict a reality, and a reality too that must have been powerfully felt. We are not aware that anything in the course of our reading has produced so sad and yet so soothing an impression on the mind. We will not except even Deltas’ ‘Casa Wappy,’ which though much longer is not more truthfully told. The uncontrollable gush of sorrow, which the last sad scene naturally calls forth, is here finely tempered with present reflection, and chastened into a full reliance on a higher power, by thoughts of the bright and glorious future.

The tone and character of these poems are eminently religious, imparting a solemnity and a seriousness to the diction, which both please and instruct the devoutly inclined. In this peculiarity we think we perceive indications of the high degree, in which the ardour and zeal of the missionary spirit impel the feelings of the author, and are mixed up with all his sentiments. The exquisite lines on page 23, will illustrate our meaning. They are conceived and written in a manner which leaves no doubt of the pure and sincere spirit of piety that suggested them :—

“ No holy pledge, no sacred vow,
 Are needed, Lord, where thou art now ;
 Amid the joy that reigns above,
 Thy saints behold, adore, and love.”

The wilderness and journey o’er,
 The clouds and fire are seen no more,—
 But we poor pilgrims, journeying here,
 By symbols know that thou art near.”

One of the profoundest mysteries of our faith is here made to yield both instruction and melody. Could there be a terser or a truer description of that solemn and sad yet calm and comforting feeling, which pervades every devout heart, in the act of commemorating a dying Saviour’s love, than the concluding line of the above stanza ? Or could a soul filled with gratitude to heaven for the enjoyment of many blessings, and overflowing with love to the Great Creator of all things, find vent and utterance for its feelings in loftier lines than the following ?

“ The light of the morning,
 At heaven’s command ;
 Now comes forth adorning,
 The water and land.
 Awake then, my spirit !
 Rejoice in the Lord,
 ’Tis thine to inherit
 His work and his word.”

Very beautiful, indeed, is this ‘morning hymn,’ and full of poetic fire.