

(No other's more of love and holier sure,  
 How far soever we may stretch the lines),  
 It is this place, where, from turmoil secure,  
 Our simple praises rise an upward stream,  
 Till glows the heart, as when the captives dream  
 Of lands, where freedom's sun forever shines ;  
 And when the heavenly mysteries are spread,  
 Aged by Aged to God's board is led—\*  
 Most saintly men, whose earthly duty done,  
 Look towards the land of never-setting sun—  
 In verity, it makes thee sweetly seem  
 The gate of heaven and pathway to our Head.  
 While all around us lie, in peaceful sleep  
 Our best beloved, who used with us to keep  
 Sad vigil and the joyful holy-day ;  
 Whose souls o'er Jordan winged from us away.  
 That they some foretaste of that joy might reap,  
 Which we with them to share both hope and pray.  
 Sweetness itself thou art ! Thy life in Him  
 We prove in prayer, in praise, and rite ; though dim  
 Our view, our faith is clear, and brighter love.  
 And prayer thus joined to solemn chant and hymn,  
 In thee below, we rise to things above :  
 Our treasure there, though still our hearts are here ;  
 Yet our affection is as sure on high ;  
 For love of thee foreshadows as we move,  
 The coming love, for which we often sigh,  
 Which shall be ours, when we have victory won :  
 And from each face Himself shall wipe last tear—  
 The God so distant, yet, in Christ, more nigh  
 Than even thou, the fabric held so dear !

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\*(In the third canto, beginning with the ninth line, reference is made to two venerable, retired clergymen, Canon Arnold, late rector of Fort Erie, and Doctor Ker, for years the church's devoted and beloved missionary to Gaspé. The former, nearly ninety years of age, and some ten years older than Dr. Ker, was hale and hearty ; the latter, less active and, in fact, grown feeble, found it much less easy to get about. This gave Canon Arnold the opportunity of taking the arm of his clerical brother and assisting him in going to and from the table of the Lord. It was always to the writer and others a very affecting sight.)

Jno. C. Garrett.