

The communion was also held at Cape John on the 23rd ult. The minister of the congregation was ably assisted by Revds. Messrs. McCunn, and McKenzie and Mr. Burnet who preached on Monday.

On the 4th inst., similar services were conducted at West Branch River John. Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Burnet and Fraser assisted the minister of the charge on this occasion.

We are much gratified by receiving an order from P. E. Island for 38 Records additional. If any of our adherents in that flourishing Island send us any church news, we shall publish it with great pleasure.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY L. MURRAY, BACR. MEADOWS.

(WRITTEN BY C. F.)

Only a lovely form:
 Lying so silent there;
 Two snow-white hands are clasped
 As if in silent prayer

But we miss that treasured one
 Draped in a snow-white shroud,
 She is not here but gone to dwell
 Far, far, beyond the cloud.

Only a living soul
 Has winged its flight to Heaven,
 Back, back, to the God of love
 By whom in mercy given

Only an opening rose
 Plucked by the gardener's hand
 T'will be worn above in the immortal
 wreath
 T'will bloom in a fairer land.

Only an empty vacant chair
 That Mary used to fill
 Where I used to hear a cheerful voice
 That now is hushed and still

Only a burning tear
 Which I try to brush away
 But many more come thick and fast
 Like rain on a summer's day

Sleep on, sweet Mary sleep
 Thy sufferings all are o'er
 In Jesus' arms thou'lt sweetly rest,
 Upon the shining shore

And there amidst the heavenly throng
 Of angels round the throne
 I see sweet Mary once again
 Can hear her cheerful tone

And gazing on her radiant face
 So beautiful with peace
 I dry my burning tears that fall
 My sighs of anguish cease.

And now I will rejoice
 In the assurance given
 That tho' all fades below on earth
 T'will bloom again in Heaven

Dear Mary, thou art gone
 Thy form no more we'll see
 For now the darkness of the Lamb
 Doth round encompass thee.

Why should we weep for thee
 For Christ has gone before
 And now he reigns at God's right hand
 Where parting is no more.

Perhaps while here on earth
 Thy spirit oft was tried
 By doubts and troubles told to none
 But Christ the crucified.

Perhaps we should rejoice
 That thou art here no more
 Far from the sorrows of thy life
 Thy spirit now doth soar.

Thy death now speaks to all
 Prepare to meet thy God.
 Oh! may we see God's mercy spread
 To shield us from his rod.

Dear Mary, now farewell
 We'll meet on earth no more.
 Oh! may we meet at God's right hand
 Where parting is no more.