

superintendence and government over her office-bearers and members, she possesses all the powers and prerogatives which Christ conferred or requires; and her alliance with the State only tends to confirm the possession of these essential privileges, and to afford additional security for their upright and independent exercise.

"I do not hesitate to affirm that the Church of Scotland enjoys a greater amount of practical freedom than belongs to any other Church in Christendom, and embodies in her constitution to a larger extent the means and capacities of fulfilling the ends of her existence in giving glory to God and doing good to men. It affords no doubtful testimony to the excellence of her character to observe, that the various bodies who have seceded from her communion still adhere to her standards of faith and forms of worship and modes of government, and differ from her only in matters which all men of intelligence and candour believe to be, if not indifferent, yet secondary and comparatively unimportant. In no other country, where dissent prevails to the same extent as in Scotland, has it produced so little diversity of religious sentiment and observance, or might be relinquished and departed from at so small a sacrifice either of principle or consistency. The reunion of parties, now unhappily divided, might under such circumstances be reasonably considered an object of easy and hopeful attainment; but the facts of experience serve to prove that grounds of sectarian disagreement and separation are generally contended for and insisted on, even by conscientious men, with a tenacity exactly proportioned to their insignificance. — *Edinburgh Northern Standard.*

## POETRY.

## METRICAL VERSION OF THE CLIPSALEM.

(BY THE LATE PROFESSOR TENNANT.)

Of this Psalm the Hebrew original, if it ever existed, is lost; the Greek version is found appended to the Septuagint translation of the Psalms, and with the following note prefixed:—"This Psalm, which, as being supernumerary, is not numbered with the rest, was written on the peculiar subject of David, when he fought in single combat with Goliath."

Among my brethren deemed was I  
Of mean account and small;  
And in my father's house I was  
The youngest of them all.

I fed my father's sheep; my hands  
The shepherd-organ made:  
I strung with strings the psaltery,  
And on it sweetly played.

Who shall report my name, my praise,  
Unto the Lord on High?  
The Lord Himself on High; He heard  
My gentle vow and sigh.

He sent His angel down; He took  
Me from the flocks I fed;  
And with His own anointing oil  
He did anoint my head.

My brothers were of valiant strength,  
And goodly-fair to sight;  
But not in Jesse's elder sons  
The Almighty took delight.

I to the war went out to meet  
The heathen champion proud;  
The Philistine looked down, and cursed  
Me by his idols loud.

My sword I drew in God's own might;  
His head I took that day;  
And from the hosts of Israel  
Removed that stain away.

## THE BIBLE'S COMPLAINT.

Am I the Book of God? then why,  
O man, so seldom is thine eye  
Upon my pages cast?  
In me behold the only guide  
To which thy steps thou canst confide,  
And yet be safe at last.

Am I the record God has given  
Of Him who left the court of Heaven  
Thy pardon to procure?  
And canst thou taste one moment's bliss  
Apart from such a hope as this?  
Or feel one hour secure?

Am I the Spirit's voice that tells  
Of all His grace and love who dwells  
Between the cherubim?  
And wilt thou slight my warning still?  
And strive thy cup of guilt to fill,  
Till it shall reach the brim?

Oh, turn at length from danger's path,  
And kiss the Son, lest in His wrath  
The Father rise and swear  
That, since, in mercy oft addressed,  
Thou still hast scorned His promised rest,  
Thou shalt not enter there!

Know that in yonder realms Above,  
Where fondest sympathy and love  
For erring mortals reign,  
Ten thousand glorious spirits burn  
To celebrate thy first return  
In loud, ecstatic strain.

And, hark! from that abyss of woe,  
Where tears of grief and anguish flow  
Amidst devouring fire,  
What sounds of hopeless wail proclaim  
The terrors of Jehovah's name,  
The fierceness of His ire!

O sinner! hear that doleful cry,  
And learn from sin and self to fly,  
Ere justice lifts her rod!  
List, while thou mayst, to mercy's call,  
For 'tis a fearful thing to fall  
Into the hands of God!

Now, now is the accepted day,  
And, show-like, it fleets away  
On wings of awful speed!  
Take up the Cross, and thou art strong,  
Come life, come death! Reject it long,  
And thou art lost indeed!

*Toronto Christian Guardian.*

## I WOULD.

I would young happy voices hear,  
And loving faces see:  
I would have little tiny feet  
Come trotting oft to me.

And I would pardon frolic wild,  
And little saucy tongue;  
Remembering there was a time  
When I was also young.

Nor would I be ashamed to mix  
Amid the infant train;  
But learn from them to love and trust,  
And be a child again.

Nor would I be forgotten quite;  
Each little cherished one  
I fain would have with fond regret  
Remember me when gone.

Though Time hath reft each youthful grace,  
And left his shade behind,  
Yet spare, O Lord! in pity spare  
The memory—the mind.

And, while this feeble 'outward' frame  
Shall sink by slow decay,  
Oh, be the 'inward' deathless part  
Renewed from day to day.

My daily cross of sorrow, pain,  
Or poverty to bear  
Give strength; and in the valley's shade  
Do Thou be with me there!

MRS. GODFREY.

## THINK OF JESUS.

Doth sorrow's shadow hover o'er thee?  
Then think of Him!  
Is toil, and care, and pain before thee?  
Then think of Him!  
Think of Him on earth descending,  
'Neath thy sins and sorrows bending,  
With thy griefs His bosom rending—  
Oh, think of Him!

If morning's light to joy awaken,  
Oh, think of Him!  
Should evening find thee lone, forsaken,  
Still think of Him!  
Should Time's hand of friends bereave thee,  
And thy brightest hopes deceive thee,  
Think of One who will not leave thee—  
Oh, think of Him!

When stormy passions rise within thee,  
Oh, think of Him!  
When earthly pleasure lures to win thee,  
Then think of Him!  
Though the cup of anguish draining,  
Cease thy wearied soul's complaining;  
See the Lamb in glory reigning!  
And fly to Him!

*Ibid.*

On the catastrophe of MARY NEWSTEAD, a girl who, while yet in her "teens," was smothered to death by the bursting of a floor under a load of oats in Messrs. Baby & Wright's warehouse, Moore, River St. Clair, which she had just before entered, a quarter of an hour after leaving school, Monday afternoon, 20th Feb., 1854.

ADDRESSED TO HER PARENTS AND SCHOOLMATES,  
"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump."

Even now, midst mirth and laughter  
Of her school dismissed to play,  
God demands her darling daughter,  
Ere the sun shall set "to-day."

Parents! playmates! little dreaming  
Ne'er again her voice to hear,—  
At His bar youth's brightness beaming  
"In a moment" must appear.

With her friends engaged in gladness,  
Just within their circle centered—  
Lo! the scene is changed to sadness;  
She *Eternity* has entered!

Yet, while young and old are weeping  
For the child and comrade gone,  
Let us, warned and wisdom reaping,  
God's "whole armour" now "put on."

"Now," yes, now, lest it be "never,"  
Mercy seize ere *Hope* is fled;  
Quick! ere soul and body sever—  
Learn, ye living, from the dead.