

Rising above the calm blue sea beyond,
 And, lo, as keen he gazes it dissolves
 Into a glory far above his thoughts.
 That snow-capped height is now a great white throne,
 That calm blue sea, the glorious sea of glass,
 That rolling flood and smiling land of rest,
 The stream of life eternal, and oh, sight
 Of joy supreme, the Paradise of God!

So Moses died. With kiss of love most sweet
 Jehovah closed his faithful servant's eyes,
 And gave great Michael charge over his dust,
 To guard it safe for that transcendent hour
 When he should stand upon that well-loved height
 A fit attendant, and a councillor
 Most glorious of His own transfigured Son;
 To speak, with great Elijah, of that death
 He should accomplish in Jerusalem,
 To open wide through judgment's rolling flood
 ETERNAL REST, for all who know His name.

*Deuteronomy.

A. B. MACKAY.

CONSCIENCE VERSUS CREEDS.

MEN'S instinctive feelings are often better than their creeds. In his great work upon Christianity, M. Guizot tells of a Voltairian who, in spite of his scepticism, made this curious confession:—"I am sorry," said he, "that attacks have been made upon Christianity; I do not lament this for my own sake, for, as you know, I am a Voltairian; but I insist upon having order and peace in my domestic establishment. I congratulate myself on my wife being a Christian. I intend my daughters to be Christians. These destructives know not what they are doing. They fancy that their blows reach the churches only. It is not so. They reach our dwellings, and their very innermost recesses." On the same principle the sceptical historian, Sismondi, writes;—"After sending my first sheet to the press, I prayed with fervency and tears. This was a very unusual thing for me, and, perhaps, was not logically consistent, for I deny any immediate action of Providence which can for a moment interrupt the course of affairs. But my heart was full, and I felt a need of prayer." As a similar instance of the inconsistency of unbelievers, it is related that a society of Atheists in Venice, on one occasion sent an address to Victor Emmanuel congratulating him upon the escape of his son and daughter from assassination "through the miraculous intervention of Divine Providence." It is an undisputable fact that all classes, and even those who hate Christianity most bitterly, owe far more to it than they intentionally or unwittingly acknowledge. In the memoirs of R. and J. A. Haldane, it is related that when David Hume was on his death-bed and surrounded by his sceptical friends, "he was cheerful even to frivolity, but when alone, he was often overwhelmed with unutterable gloom, and had in his hours of depression declared that he had been in search of light all his life, but was now in greater darkness than ever." Many a man may think his creed good enough to live by, which conscience declares a poor affair when he is compelled to face death and eternity.

THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

BY J. C. CAMPBELL.

THE Editor of the JOURNAL has invited me to prepare a short article on San Francisco, and I therefore begin to write with brevity definitely in view, at the same time hoping that my fellow-students in Montreal may discover in what I have to tell something of passing interest.

And in the first place just a few facts about California itself. It were almost superfluous to begin by praising the climate. The climate is above praise. You never hear any one in *these* parts say, "I wish it were colder," or, "I wish it were warmer." Not you! for the weather is always at the happy medium. Herein lies the difference between California and Canada. In the former country, if you would have a change in the weather, you must shift your position forty or fifty miles; whereas in Canada extreme vicissitudes may be experienced in close succession when you remain in one place. Yes, undoubtedly the *climate* of California is constant and reliable. Would to God all the *people* were so! The population is rapidly increasing, and while the difficulty of reaching the country winnows considerably the immigration of the poorer elements of humanity, it unfortunately does not altogether prevent an inflow of the more wicked. Still the cause of truth is progressing, and there is reason to believe that the wildest days are past.

Well, what about San Francisco? You know, of course, that it is the capital of the Pacific coast, and is situated on a Bay bearing its name, and vaunts itself of one of the largest, safest, and most beautiful harbors in the world, and has a population of about 300,000 souls—you know all this, and it is only left for me to observe that the city is very regular'y laid out. The streets are wide and clean. The principal thoroughfares are well graded and paved, and, as the place is built on several hills, the system of cable street cars, so interesting to the stranger, forms a quite indispensable feature of the out-door life. These cars are propelled by means of a strong wire rope continually in motion underground, with which connection is made by a sort of powerful brakes. Thus the crowded vehicles ascend and descend the steepest inclines with perfect ease and safety. I feel sure that if the poor horses formerly doomed to public service could only speak they would not be niggardly in thanking the inventor of these ingenious carriages. The various lines are valued at \$6,330,000.

The leading hotels are lavishly furnished. The "Palace," true to its name, is the grandest, and when built a few years ago was considered the largest in the world. I understand a larger one has been built since in Paris. One of the theatres boasts of the greatest chandelier on earth. Education is not entirely neglected. There are some fifty public schools managed by a Board