

THE BISHOPRIC OF LLANDAFF.—The *Globe* announces that the Bishopric of Llandaff has been conferred on the Rev. Dr. Ollivant, the regius professor of Divinity at Cambridge. His thorough knowledge of the Welsh language is shown by the fact of his having been connected with the college at Lampeter, where so many of the Welsh clergy have been educated.

THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL.—The negotiations for the occupation by Mr. Noel, of Mr. Mortimer's chapel, Grey's Inn Road, have been, we understand, brought to an unsuccessful termination, owing to legal difficulties. It is now arranged that Mr. Noel will become the pastor of Mr. Harrington Evan's chapel, John Street, Bedford Row.

The collection in the Scotch National Church, Crown Street, on Sunday, after the solemn services of the day, amounted to nearly £100, which Dr. Cumming announced was to be divided among the medical practitioners in the congregation for distribution, at their discretion, among families known to them who have suffered by the epidemic.

We have been always of opinion that a little exertion on the part of our friends would greatly extend our circulation. We have already been gratified by the reception of a considerable number of new subscribers, and though we have lost a few, the loss has been much more than counterbalanced by the addition of fresh names to our list. We are anxious that our circulation, which last year reached 2000 copies, should be extended as much as possible, as the objects sought to be obtained by the establishment of our periodical, would be much better obtained by its wider distribution through the country. Were equal efforts used with those that a zealous friend of the Church has made on our behalf in Kingston, our circulation would be at once trebled. Last year twelve new subscribers were obtained there, and this year we have obtained twenty-two names in addition to those we formerly sent to that place. We take the liberty of inserting our correspondent's remarks, though not intended for general perusal, as they may have the effect of stirring up others to adopt a like method, to that so successfully adopted in Kingston:

"An annual increase might be obtained in most of the other Congregations, if the same means were employed to procure it, as in Kingston. Dr. Machar, with characteristic fidelity has repeatedly and warmly recommended your periodical in public, and his people being thus prepared to regard it with that favourable attention, which his recommendation never fails to receive from them, they have readily responded to the appeals that were made to them in private. Private appeals, however, were necessary here, and in all places ought to be made; for it is obvious that many persons who are willing and even desirous to take the paper, through procrastination or forgetfulness, will never actually order or pay for it, unless spoken to individually on the subject."

We would feel obliged, if parties sending us remittances for the present year, would give us as complete lists of the names of the subscribers as possible. We find there are a few parties, who have not paid their subscriptions for the past two years, and we will be under the necessity of discontinuing to send them our paper, unless remittances are promptly made of their arrears. The amount of subscription is so trifling, that none would feel it, while these small sums form a large aggregate.

Messrs. A. H. Armour & Co., of Toronto, having kindly offered to act as Agents for the Presbyterian, for Toronto, its vicinity and places to the westward, of that place, we have to request that parties remitting from these localities, would address their letters, *post paid*, to Messrs. Armour & Co. The adoption of this plan will lessen the amount of postage, and will in other respects be more convenient to many parties, than remitting direct. Acknowledgments, will continue to be made in the usual way.

FEAR TATTIACH NAM BEAN.

Mr. Robert Blackwood of this city, the Corresponding Secretary of the Lay Association, has consented to act as agent for this periodical in place of H. E. Montgomerie Esq., who has returned to the Mother Country. Subscribers will therefore have the kindness, to address their remittances to Mr. Blackwood for the future.

POETRY.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

The subjoined lines, from the pen of Mrs. M. S. B. Dana, are founded on the following passage of Jewish history:—It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner—The lambs were separated from the dams, and enclosed in a sheep cot, with only one narrow way out; the lambs hastened to join the dams, and a man placed at the entrance with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying,—LET THIS BE HOLY. Hence, says God, by his prophet:—"I will cause you to pass under the rod."—*New York Recorder*.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked brilliant and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding
and torn,
And the chain had been sever'd in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables
of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe;

But the Healer was there, pouring balm on the heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthen'd the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies.
There had whisper'd a voice,—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod!"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmur'd her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh! sweet as the rose bud, encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seem'd,
As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw, when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold;
But paler and colder, her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven, he has placed it on high,
And the murmurer will sweetly obey.
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod!"

I saw when a father and mother had lean'd
On the arms of a dear cherish'd son,
And the star in the future grew bright in their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the star-light of love glimmer'd bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
But I saw where they stood, bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care
And he show'd them a star in the bright upper world,
'Twas their star, shining brightly there.
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod!"

A LAY OF THE NEW YEAR.

Another year from human ken,
Hath sped on pinions fast;
Another leaf is added now
To the records of the past.
Another page has been turn'd o'er
In Time's still open book:
A page from which we will may turn,
And shuddering, fear to look.

For there, in characters of blood,
Are stamped rage, hate, and strife,
Lust, carnage, and impiety,
The waste of human life.
Well may we dread and tremble, for
E'en yet it hath not past,
And ask yourselves of the new year—
"Will it be like the last?"

And a voice answers from within,
In deep and solemn tone,
"Peace, murmurer! ask me not of that
'Known but to God alone!'
Seek not to learn—enough for thee
Thy duties to fulfil;
And thus by meek well-doing strife
To check the tide of ill.