

not who its editors are, but they are no tyros, evidently. Their writings are neither racy nor sensational, but thoughtful and trenchant. food for strong minds. It deserves the patronage of intellectual readers.

A CANADIAN NATIONAL SPIRIT. We have to thank Mr. A. T. Drummond of Montreal for a copy in pamphlet form of his lecture delivered before the young Men's Association of St. Andrew's Church. It has a right healthy ring about it, and we are proud to think that the author of it is the representative of a large class of well educated, loyal, and patriotic youths to whom we can point with confidence as the "coming men" in whose hands the destinies of "the young Giant asleep"—this Canada of ours—may be safely entrusted.

THE CHAIR OF NATURAL HISTORY in the University of Toronto has become vacant by the appointment of Dr. Nicholson to the School of mines—or practical science—in Dublin. Professors Bell and Lawson, both formerly occupants of Chairs in Queen's College, Kingston, are understood to be among the large number of candidates. An important Canadian work is just being issued from the press by MacMillans of London. "The Ballads and songs of Scotland, in view of their influence on the character of the people," by Professor Murray of McGill College.

Poetry.

THE STRANGER AT THE MANSE.

(A SCOTTISH LEGEND.)

The week was nearing to its end;
The manse had closed its door;
The Pastor had his house convened
For worship, as of yore.

A footstep in the porch was heard,
Before they knelt for prayer:—
The Pastor quick the door unbarred,
And found a stranger there.

The stranger clasped his proffered hand:—
A reverend man was he:—
Gladly he joined the little band,
In prayer and psalmody.

The Pastor, as his wont, began
To question round the room:—
It was for years a goodly plan,
In many a Scottish home.

The stranger, as he took his place,
Was questioned in his turn:—
He spoke in words so full of grace,
It made his hearers burn.

"You know God's laws," the Pastor said,—
"Tell me their number, pray:—"
"Eleven,"—the stranger answered,—
While all sat wond'ringly.

The Pastor started in amaze:—
"Eleven, my friend!"—said he —
'I marvel, one advanced in days
"Should speak so thoughtlessly.'

The stranger said,—"I quite agree
"That Sinai's laws were ten:
"But Christ disciples ought to be
"Distinct from other men.

"A New Commandment Christ enjoined —
"Its *Principle* is new:—
"Be you to one another kind,
"As I have loved you."

The Pastor pondered the reply,
And hid it in his breast:—
Dismissed the little company,—
And all retired to rest.

The Sabbath morning dawned apace
The Pastor rose to pray:
Seeking supplies of needful grace,
To help him through the day.

His way he wended to the Kirk:
The road lay through a glen,—
Sprinkled with beech-tree, spruce, and birk:
It was a lovely scene.

While on his way, there met his ear
A voice, in earnest tone
Of humble thanksgiving and prayer,
Pleading before the Throne.

The Pastor stopped and looked around:—
Before him, in the wood,
The stranger knelt upon the ground,—
His eyes upraised to God.

The Pastor paused a little while,
Gazing in silent awe:—
The stranger rose, with kindly smile,
Soon as his friend he saw.

Then, arm in arm, and heart with heart,
They took their loving way:—
No longer strangers,—loth to part,—
They talked of yesterday.

The Pastor questioned with his guest,
Whither and whence he came:—
But, what new wonder filled his breast,
When he announced his name?

The Presbyterian Pastor found
A † *Bishop* at his side!—
A title, which, "in duty bound,"
He heretofore decried.

But no such feeling either deemed
Worthy that sacred hour:—
The "New Commandment" only, seemed
To exercise its power.

Each with the other sympathized;
For each saw "eye to eye:—"
Each in the other recognized
A Gospel Ministry:—