

been instrumental in building the new church, much opposition arose, and newspaper correspondence pro and con was very lively at the time. At last a petition was sent in to Bishop Strachan, under whose jurisdiction Hamilton then was, praying him to make the Church of the Ascension a separate and independent parish. To this the Bishop consented, placing, however, the nomination to the new incumbency in the hands of the Rector of Hamilton, in consideration of his efforts to erect the new church. Mr. Ede having died and Mr. Hebden having gratuitously filled his place so zealously and well, it was but natural that Mr. Geddes should select him as Rector of the new parish.

The new church was opened in June, 1851, the first church-wardens being Messrs. Hugh C. Baker and Richard Juson.

(*To be continued.*)

My Lord and I.

I have a Friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love—
He loves so faithfully :
I could not live apart from Him,
I love to feel Him nigh,
And so we *dwell* together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary—
He knows that I am weak,
And as He bids me lean on Him,
His help I gladly seek ;
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we *walk* together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love Him,
He knows I love Him well ;
But with what love He loveth me,
My tongue can never tell ;
It is an everlasting love,
In ever rich supply,
And so we *love* each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell Him all my sorrows,
I tell Him all my joys,
I tell Him all that pleases me,
I tell Him what annoys ;
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try,
And so we *talk* together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go, and speak
The loving word for Him ;
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And why He came to die,
And so we *work* together,
My Lord and I.

I have His yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to bear ;
In the burden which He carries
I gladly take a share ;
For then it is my happiness
To have Him always nigh :
We bear the *yoke* together,
My Lord and I.

So up into the mountains
Of Heaven's cloudless light,
Or away into the valleys
Of darkness or of night ;
Though round us tempests gather,
And storms are raging high,
We'll *travel on* together,
My Lord and I.

And when the journey's ended
In rest and peace at last ;
When every thought of danger
And weariness is past ;
In the kingdom of the future,
In the glory bye and bye,
We'll *live and reign* together,
My Lord and I.

MRS. L. SHOREY, in *Christian Progress*.