

of Lent late passed so gloomily. Oh! the world, and the waters, and all—all seem on Easter-morning to smile in blessedness and languish with delights. The bridal-day of Heaven and Earth! Yes—the banquet it spreads is a banquet for mankind from Him who was born lowly, and who is a stranger to all else, up to him on whose breast beams the star of distinction, and above whose brow waves the plume of renown,—yes; and the revellers are those from India's spicey shores to Ocean's farthest island—and the hall where the banquet is made, is the wide world's own old hall.

Reader! are you in a state that will permit you to share in the common joy—is the heart not too hard for an impression—can it beat amid the crowd and taste not the pleasures abounding? Ah! surely no—you cannot pass over a lovely field where bloom and beauty are smiling; yet gather not some choicè flower among the many that perfume your path, and will you, then, at this blest day, unobserving and listless, let the glad opportunity escape and enjoy no more treasures than if such never existed? Perhaps the “Cross” that now engages your attention will be printed no more for *you*.—Do you know this, you have not been very long reading the few sentiments before you, but will you believe me, short as you imagine that time, a man has passed from the world into eternity for every line you have read!

EASTER.

A FORM.

By a Student.

I.

Rise, rise! 'Tis the dawn of the day,
The season of sadness hath gone.
Cast thy wreath of your sorrow away,
And the garland of gladness put on.
The angel has come from his throne.
The guard, are all scattered or fled,
Far removed is the sepulchre's stone,
And the Saviour awakes from the dead

II.

The day dawns forth in delight,
The forests are dulcet with song,
And in freedom, in beauty, that world is bright.
There Life was a shadow so long.
Go stand by the river so sweet,
It is rolling more happily by,—
O list to the wind—'tis more sweet,
Look up how more fair is the sky.

III.

And hark to the sweet joyous bells
That summon the christian to prayer.

While round us their melody swells,
Heaven's joys and we might be then,
Our altars are bright as the morn,
And fragrant and beautiful as flowers,
As children again we are born,
And all that is Heaven's is ours.

IV.

The slave has been freed from his chains—
And care no more shadows the brow—
O when could joy warble her strains
If smiling she warbled not now?
Thou exult in your love's best lay
O this is a time for your mirth,
We live amidst angels to day
Soaring round, singing bliss to the cart:

March 22, 1845.

General Intelligence.

RIGHT REV. DR. WALSH, NOVA-SCOTIA

His Lordship is still in Dublin, and in excellent health and spirits. He was to preach in the Church of the Conception on the fourth Sunday of Lent.—and had preached in his native City (Warrford) a fortnight before. The collection on the latter occasion was double the amount ordinarily received.

By the following extract taken from an exposition of the state of All Hallows it will be seen, the Bishop is securing the services of Ecclesiastics and providing permanently for the wants of his Diocese:

“There are at present 55 students in the Establishment—37 reading Theology, 19 Physics and Logic, and 8 Rhetoric, all destined for Foreign Missions. Eleven for Dr Fennell, Madras, and two for Dr Borgho, Agra, East Indies; 3 for Dr Polking, Australia; one for Dr Griffith, Cape of Good Hope, seven for Dr Scott and Dr Murdock, Glasgow; one for Dr Carruthers and Dr Gillis, Edinburgh; one for Dr Brown, Wales; five for Dr Smith, Trinidad; and one for Dr Fernandez, Jamaica, West Indies, two for Dr Hynes, Demerara; ten for Dr De la Hillaudiere, Vincennes; two for Dr Fenwick, Boston, one for Dr Hughes New York; two for Dr Tyler, Hartford, United States; two for Dr Walsh, Nova Scotia, and a few whose missions are not yet fixed. Dr Collier, Mauritius, and Dr Pomphrey, New Zealand, and other Bishops on the Foreign Missions, applied lately to their Lordships for them also into the College. Their Lordships pay £10 annually for each student they have in the house.

LITERATURE.

SPRING.

Come, lovely Spring—gay lingerer come,
With all thy beautiful returne
Walk forth amid thy flowery train,
And spread o'er earth its gayest hue.

The minstrelsy in yonder grove
Heralding thy coming forth;
And caroling from twig and limb,
In all the revelry of mirth.

Thou'rt here ' we feel thy balmy power,
Thy beauties rise in thousands forms;
Through echoing hills thy voice resounds,
And verdant plains reflect thy charms.

Aurora scarce has decked the east
With ruby tints—her daily care,