

a footing as a ten years' acquaintance. I know not that I can give this model Superintendent higher praise than by saying, that with the warm heart of a Scotchman, he has a real *Canadian* frankness!

Too many thoughts and scenes in my mind longer to enjoy contact with the crowd, I retired, pondering as I went, to the quiet Temperance House where I lodged. There, sipping a cup of tea, book in hand, with Scott's monument closely opposite my window, the Castle at the right, and Arthur's Seat at the left, (both in sight,) and the "lang simmer's gloamin'" allowing me to read, in the intervals of wayward thought, up till half-past nine, (a new experience to me—an hour added to my summer evenings!) I could not but feel something of that gratitude we owe for mercies given and happiness bestowed, beauty appreciated and pleasure found.

"'Tis light at eventime when Thou art present
Thy coming to the eleven in that dim room
Brightened, O Christ! its gloom:
So bless my lonely hour that memories pleasant
Around the time a heavenly gleam may cast,
Which many days shall last!"

W. W. S.

"WAITING TO GO HOME."

The word *Home* has many attractions; its associations are often pleasant and interesting. However homely, there are few places to be compared to it; indeed multitudes frequently exclaim, "*There is no place like home.*" We meet with many friends as we pass through life, and many sources of enjoyment; but still there is a lingering for *home*, where we can be free and unfettered, and where there are pleasures peculiar to itself. To fulfil the duties devolving upon them, the members of a family are often scattered one from another, but they hail the time when they can return beneath the same roof, or have a home of their own, with its various ties and connexions.

So, with regard to the Christian, the idea of "Home" is associated with all that is quiet, peaceful and happy. Here he has no continuing city—this is not his rest. However favourable the circumstances in which he is placed, the spiritual life within him, finds no appropriate resting place. He cannot feel at home. Not wealth, nor honours, nor pleasures, such as worldly people delight in, can afford him true contentment. His life is a warfare, and his home is unseen. He has a home in reserve—it awaits him at the close of his mortal career.

When on a missionary tour a few months since, I was struck with the parting remark of a Christian friend, who has passed three score years and ten. It was this:—"I am waiting to go home." Surrounded with every earthly comfort, without any stint, her mind looked beyond them all to something better and more enduring. She was evidently reminded of her frail tenement by her growing infirmities. She delighted to hear those portions of God's word which bore upon things unseen and eternal. And when I bade her farewell, her countenance beamed with delight at the thought of *going home*, for which she was "*waiting.*"

How pleasant to contemplate "the rest which remaineth for the people of God!" How desirable to set our affections "on things above, not on things