

Spirit who applies it. 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' Such are the gracious words of our Lord and Master, let us believe and rejoice."

His daughter said of him shortly after his death:—

"For months previous to my father's decease his mind was entirely occupied with 'things divine,' and my mother says he generally spent his sleepless nights in very earnest audible prayer. In the last hours of his life when the power of speech was granted him, he made use of the momentary strength to repeat to his weeping relatives around his dying-bed, his confession of faith in these words, "Jesus! my Lord and my God, my sure salvation!" Several of the gracious promises of God were quoted to him, of which he showed his appreciation by repeating as he was able a few of the words. When the 23d Psalm was repeated to him, my mother reminded him that it was Charlotte's psalm (his youngest and most beloved child who died at four years of age, and whose intelligence and extraordinary piety evinced on her death-bed, were remarkable); the tears gushed from his eyes, and clasping his hands he exclaimed, 'Aye! Charlotte's psalm—mine too, mine too!' and then followed an inarticulate strain of prayer, for he was so weakened by disease that he spoke with great difficulty; and sometimes a pressure of the hand, or pointing of the finger, was the only mode of conveying his wishes."

Mr. Vedder belonged to the United Presbyterian Church, and was, at the time of his death, a respected member of the Congregation of Broughton Place, Edinburgh. We are glad to understand that Mr. Alexander Smith, acknowledged to be the most promising of the young poets of Scotland, who is also connected with our church, and was lately appointed Secretary to the University of Edinburgh, has undertaken to edit a volume of Mr. Vedder's poems, the profits of which are to be applied to the erection of a suitable monument over his grave, in the Grange Cemetery, close by that of his illustrious countryman, the Rev. Dr. Chalmers. The following verses, by Mr. Vedder, have been much and justly admired:—

THE HOUR FOR DEEP DEVOTION.

"When the lunar light is leaping
On the streamlet and the lake;
And the winds of heaven are sleeping,
And the night eagle awak'd,
While mirrored in the ocean,
The bright orbs of heaven appear;—
'Tis the hour for deep devotion.—
Lift thy soul to heaven in prayer!

"When the autumn-breeze is sighing
Thro' the leafless forest wide;
And the flowers are dead, or dying,
Once the sunny garden's pride;
When the yellow leaves in motion
Are seen whirling in the air;
'Tis the hour for deep devotion.—
Lift thy soul to God in prayer!

"On His power and greatness ponder,
When the torrent and the gale,
And the cataract and thunder,
In one fearful chorus swell;
Amidst nature's wild commotion,
Is thy soul oppress'd with care?
'Tis the hour for deep devotion —
Lift thy soul to Him in prayer!

"In sorrow, and in sickness,
And in poverty, and pain;
And in vigour, or in weakness;
On the mountain or the plain;
In the desert, on the ocean—
To the throne of Love repair;
All are hours for deep devotion —
Lift thy soul to heaven in prayer!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY, THE POET.

Mr. Montgomery, whose death took place at Sheffield, on Sabbath, the 30th of April, was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, on the 4th of November, 1771; and was a great honor to his country. His father was a Moravian Missionary, who went to the West Indies, where he died. The son occupied