

Rejoice! Join in the grand triumphant song,
 Its chorus full prolong,
 And Heavenward ever send
 The grateful incense of thy praise, to blend
 With all the throbbings that to heaven ascend,
 In music grand and sweet,
 A symphony divine, a harmony complete.

The voice of praise the grateful may employ
 To tell their inward joy
 Which utterance desires.
 Which, viewing all God's love, in love aspires
 To simply speak that joy. But speech retires
 Till graceful, clear and strong,
 In music clothed it bursteth forth a joyful song.

Sweet are these notes of praise, 'tis joy to hear
 That melody so sweet.
 But listen yet again,
 Alas! there seem some discords in the strain.
 And something seems to mar the full refrain,
 The perfect unison.
 'Tis Earth that beats not yet with Heaven attuned as one.

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How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical, as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

—Milton.