

re was half a million of natives professing
 erence to the Dutch Reformed Church. I
 k a great deal about the prospects of
 ysterianism, or the Reformed Church as
 ught rather to be called; and I think that
 re are wise, we should all encourage the
 tendencies of which I see traces both at
 ne and in the Colonies; the tendency to-
 ds union with those who have separated,
 the tendency towards the idea of the
 rmed Church as understood by Calvin
 Knox. This last, corrects the dangers
 he others, gives us our true historical po-
 on, and connects us not only with the
 ysterianism which has sprung from Scot-
 l, but with the older branches on the
 nment of Europe. I saw lately a letter in
 Canadian *Presbyterian*, about the injus-
 done to the Church of Scotland, in a
 ysterian Almanac published in America,
 what struck as still more blameworthy in
 publication, judging from the number of
 which I saw, was the omission from its
 es of any account of the German, Dutch,
 other continental Reformed Churches,
 h their branches in the new world.
 have written so often about my own mat-
 that it is like an old story going over it
 in. It consists of regular service in the
 ch Church here to a congregation made
 of Scotsmen and Dutch descendants, and
 occasional service in the jungle to the cof-
 planters. I like this last expedition very
 ch, were it not from the necessity of clos-
 the church in Kandy, or getting one of
 elders to read a sermon. I send out no-
 a few days before my visit, go out on
 Saturday to a distance of 20 or 30 miles,
 conduct service in some central bunga-
 among the hills, to a congregation of 20
 30 Europeans, who come riding up on the
 nday morning, over mountain paths, astride
 Australian or South American horses,
 nselves rigged out with top boots and
 met hats to protect them from the sun.
 ing the past year, we have had a clergy-
 n, whose whole work lies among the plan-
 s; and all the white hands tell us that dur-
 the past few years, there has been a very
 at religious improvement in the jungle.

Yours, very sincerely,

G. W. SPROTT.

Rev. Allan Pollok,
 St. Andrew's Church, New Glasgow.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HARRISON.

JANUARY 21ST, 1860.

Fold the hands and close the eyelids
 No more work for either here;
 He at noon his toil has finished—
 Summer corn in growing ear.
 Furl the sail and drop the anchor,
 Say not wherefore, ask not how,
 No more need of chart or compass!
 He is safe in harbor now.

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Many a rough and stormy voyage
 He has made across the sea,
 Where the broad and blue Atlantic
 Surges on in majesty,
 Till to him each wave and billow
 Home-like seemed as daisied sod
 By some old familiar highway
 Which the boy to school had trod.

Often when the angry tempest,
 Like the charge of coming foe,
 Whistled through the yielding halcyards
 To the boiling waves below—
 When the brave ship tossed and trembled
 On the wide sea's stormy realm,
 He with nerve that never faltered,
 Stood beside her guiding helm.

And with brave heart raised to heaven,
 For the skill to dare and do;
 He has conquered in the battle,
 Borne the good ship bravely through,
 Till the storms became as playthings;
 And so well he knew the way,
 Memory put aside the log-book,
 Where the roll of reckoning lay.

And when England's ocean glory
 Sought one triumph more to gain,
 Climbing up the steep of science,
 High as tower on Shinar's plain,
 First of all her noble sailors,
 Brave on sea and firm on land,
 She in faith and honor gave him
 The "Great Eastern" to command!

How his labor he accomplished—
 How the work she gave was done,
 Needs no poet's line to blazon,
 For the world was looking on!
 Generous enterprise and courage
 To the noble task he brought,
 And his faith and perseverance
 Cheered them who the problem wrought.

Fold the hands and cease from labor,
 Droop the colors; softly tread!
 What have we to do with glory
 When we stand beside the dead?
 He who often on the ocean
 Met and triumphed over death,
 In the Solent's silent water
 Yielded to its cruel breath.

But a breeze upon the river—
 But a plunge within the sea:
 Spectre of the lonely valley,
 What had these for such as he?
 He the hero in the tempest,
 Conqueror over storm and tide,
 Shall a land-breeze now appal him,
 With his comrades at his side?

He is brave and wise in danger;
 Aid he counts but idle boon;
 Fresh in vigor, strong for labor—
 His is but life's summer noon.
 England needs his gallant service:
 See the great ship anchored by!
 Home and friends and science claim him,
 Tell us not that he must die.

Hush! the kindly heart is silent:
 All his work on earth is done:
 He has made his latest voyage,
 And the hardest port is won!
 Moored within a quiet haven,
 Home beyond a stormy sea
 He no more has fear of shipwreck,—
 Anchored for eternity!

Halifax, Feb., 1860.

M. J. K.