

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast—
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Dost full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield—
Another hand thy standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

BRYANT.

Miscellany.

REPENTANCE.—Three things there are in perfect penitency—compunction, confession, and satisfaction; that as we three ways offend God, namely, in heart, word, and deed; so by three duties we may satisfy God.—*St. Augustine.*

It is deserving of notice how closely the proofs of our Saviour's Divinity border on those of his Humanity, and *vice versa*; e.g. the declaration of his power to call legions of angels to his defence, immediately succeeded by his death, "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He will give me twelve legions of angels;" and again, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me."—*N. T.*

THE GRAVE OF POLYCARP.—I now took my first walk to the grave of Polycarp and the Genoese fort, accompanied by a friend, who had touched at Smyrna *en route* from Palestine to England. It was a splendid morning as we wended up the steep hill on which 'Ismeer' is built, and leaving the last house of the town behind us, reached, in about a quarter-of-an-hour, what by tradition has reserved the name of Polycarp's Tomb. If it is the tomb of Polycarp, it is also the tomb of some Mahometan saint, who, notwithstanding the proximity of the Christian martyr, seem to sleep undisturbed in the small enclosure, at one end of which stands the usual Turkish headstone—a block of white marble surmounted by a turban; at the other, the fine old solitary cypress, which is seen from far and near. It is, I believe, admitted that Polycarp suffered martyrdom near this spot, though there are many local traditions regarding the manner of his death, widely differing from the well-known ancient and semi-historic record. That most generally believed is, that he was torn to pieces by wild beasts; and quite near to this are the evident remains of the amphitheatre, and the vaulted dens in which it is supposed the savage animals were kept. It certainly is not unlikely, that about this very spot the martyred

body of the saint was buried—at all events, it is venerated as his grave by Greeks, Roman Catholics, Armenians, and Protestants, and many a twig is torn away from the good old cypress as a memento of the 'Tomb of Polycarp.' Strange that it should also be a spot considered sacred by the Turks! A light is kept burning there all night, its faint glimmer marking the martyr's resting-place to those in the vessels resting in the Bay of Smyrna. This cypress, too, is the sacrificial tree; its roots have been watered by the blood of many a victim; and when I was there, in the middle of November, it had evidently been used the night before, as its trunk was all sprinkled with blood. My friend and I had a Jewish servant with us, but to him the spot had no tale to tell: he plucked me a sprig of cypress, and gave it to me with an apathetic air of pity and contempt.—*Smyrna and its British Hospital: by a Lady.*

NEW ZEALAND.—A letter from the Canterbury Settlement (hereafter to be the see of the new bishop of Christ-Church), makes mention of the late visit of Bishop Selwyn:—"We have had a week of some excitement. The Bishop arrived here last Tuesday in his yacht the *Southern Cross*, presented to him by Miss Young, authoress of 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' and purchased, it is said, with the proceeds of that work. This yacht may now be said to be his only horse. Bishop Selwyn is, in the highest sense of the term, a Missionary Bishop, sailing about from one settlement to another; and not only this, but extending his labors to the as yet uncivilized and cannibal islands, of the seas to the north of us, and to which he is now on his way. His wife always accompanies him. Collections were made in church last Sunday in aid of this perilous Mission. He remained one week only among us, and was most actively occupied during the entire time. In addition to an immensity of Church business to be settled, requiring many meetings, he visited all the towns of the settlement, even as far as Kaiapoi; and last Sunday, after a nine o'clock Maori service at Lyttelton, and the morning service at eleven, at which he preached, and subsequently held a Confirmation, he actually scampered over the hills and came here to the half past three service, when he again preached and held a second Confirmation. After this there was a meeting upon the general affairs of the Church, at which he presided. He looks worn and fagged, as well he may; but his voice is clear, full, and beautifully impressive—his manner and look intensely earnest, yet perfectly calm and composed. In ordinary society he is remarkably cheerful, with much of playful quiet humor. It seems to be settled at last that we are to have a Bishop of our own within a year from this time; but unless some quicker mode of communication can be found, this is not very probable."