

Poetry.

OCTOBER.

By JOEL BARTON.

The scholar drops his book and pen  
To mix with visions sober  
The gorgeous tints of hill and glen—  
The pallet of October!

For, Jacob-like, the waning year,  
With patriarchal passion  
Gives to the month supremely dear  
His many coloured fashion.

To this conspired the buds of Spring,  
And all the months and seasons:  
Their sheaves to his the cloven bring  
In dutiful obeisance

Earth finds no bluer, fairer skies,  
Since June's the gentle-hearted:  
Each bow suspends some sweet surprise,  
In pay for gifts depart<sup>d</sup>

'Tis sweet when May's young leaves unfold  
To drink her charmed caresses;  
To day the forest's fire and gold  
Our inmost being blesses.

So, scholar, let thy dream fulfil  
Add blissful thought to sober;  
And greet, when Life and Joy o'er spill,  
The gorgeous-hued October!

WINNIE.

HIGHER THAN I.

1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is overwhelmed with sorrow and care; From the  
2. When Sa-tan, my foe, dares come in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good, I'll pray  
3. And while as a stranger I sojourn be-low, All thy covenant blessings, Lord, freely be-stow; In af-

ends of the earth un- to thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, High-er than I,  
to the Sa- vour who mock- ed did die, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, High-er than I,  
fic-tion's dark night to thy throne let me fly, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, High-er than I,

High-er than I; Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.

4 When thou, Lord, shalt close my frail pi-grimage here,  
In the likeness of Jesus then let me an-swer;  
In the swiftings of Jordan on thee I'll rely,  
Look! g to the Rock that is high-er than I,

5 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,  
When the dead in Christ Jesus immortal shall rise,  
With thee ransomed I'll praise him above yonder sky,  
Fixed firm on the Rock that is high-er than I.