

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 eleven bring
In dutiful obelance

Earth finds no bluer, fairer skies,
Since June's the gentle-hearted :
Each bow suspends some sweet surprise,
In pay for gifts departe⁻¹

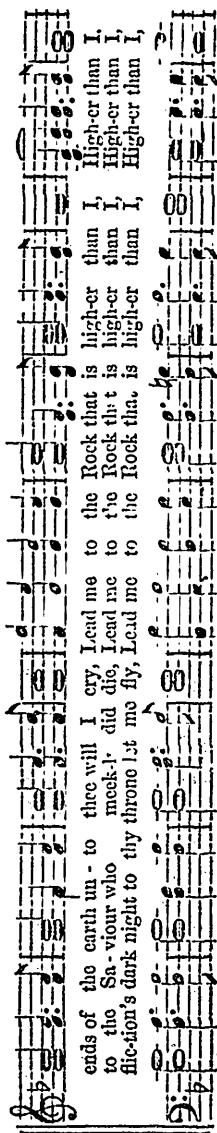
'Tis sweet when May's young leaves unfold
To drink her charmed caresses ;
To day the forest's fire and gold
Our inmost being blesses.

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

Music.

HIGHER THAN I.

1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair, When my heart is overwhelmed with sorrow and care; From the ends of the earth un - to there will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
 2. When Sa-tan, my foe, doves come in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good, I'll pray to the Rock that is higher than I,
 3. And while as a stranger I sojourn be-low, All thy covenant blessings, Lord, freely bestow; I'll pray to the Rock that is higher than I,



4. When thou, Lord, shalt close my frail p'grimage here,
In the likeness of Jesus then let me up, ear ;
In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll re'y,
Look'g to the Rock that is higher than I,
 5. And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,
When the dead in Christ Jesus immortal shall rise,
With the ransomed I'll praise him above yonder sky,
Fixed firm on the Rock that is higher than I.

