in religious reformation, which he aided forward by the weight of his character. Our vencrable aud deceased brother Daniel Stewart was a disciple
"Who hailed with joy the morn that roll'd the Lordsday round And in the court of worship wasever to be found."
Nor was it in the courts of the Lord only he enjoyed the sweets of social worship; at his family altar morning and evening, he worshipped God. He has gone we fully trust into his presence
"Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethern transported to greet, While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

James Black.
Eramosa, April, 1849.

## GRIEF-HOPE--JOY.

Lines prepared for the occasion, and sung at the funeral of Wilson Murtox, only child of Caroline and Abram Farefell, aged fifteen months.

Why throbs the heart with fruitiess woe?
Why should these tears of sorrow flow?
Check the fond wish, and cease the sigh,
Why should we call him from the ski'?
Unfetter'd from the flesh, refin'd,
There peaceful roves his raptur'd mind,
Of heav'nly spirits joins the choir,
And warmly breathes their pure desire.
There rills of sacred pleasure roll;
All perfect beauty charms the soul,
And splendors from th' eternal throne
Pour their full tide of glory down.
Now freed from vanities and cares, Escap'd a thousand ills and snares, Rejoic'd to find life's voyage o'er, Perfect his bliss-what wish we more?

Adien! thou short-lived charm, adicu!
Just shown and ravish'd from our view; A thoussnd hopes, thy parents' pride, And fondest wishes with thee died.
In pity Hear'n thy mortal race
Contracted to a narrow space,
Snatch'd from the world's delusive stage, Where grief still waits on rip'ning age.

In circling jojs and sportive play
Thy pleasant moments passed away :
For care, or sorrow's rankling dart
Had never reach'd thy harmless heart.
Come resignation from the sky!
Tis thine to raise the down-cast eye,
Come thou! with cheerfal faith descend, For thou art always sorrow's friend.

