

sleeps the dust of my parents. As I stood over it with tearful eyes, I could not but thank God, that although dead they were speaking still, and that I was able in some small measure to perpetuate the influences which they had thrown around my life.

And now I wish to say with undissembled sincerity that of all the fair sights which I witnessed, that of all the enchanting landscapes which I beheld, that of all the splendor and magnificence that blazed before my interested vision during those weeks of travel, nothing seemed to me so fair as Toronto and the Jarvis St. congregation on my return.

THE PERSPECTIVE OF YEARS.

I.

Midway in the journey of life, 'tis said,
The traveller pauses to rest :
He shadows his sight from the noonday sun.
And turns to the East and the West.
He turns to the East where life's morning broke,
And down the long vista of years
He sees all the joys and the griefs, and notes
How little each one now appears.
That loss is diminish'd that filled his life,
And poison'd his moment of bliss ;
Until he can say, with a sigh, " That loss
Was hardly as bitter as this."
And still they recede, all the joys and the griefs,
The sins and their sorrow, in truth.
His eyes wander down the vista of years,
And the vanishing point is youth.

II.

Midway in the journey of life, 'tis said,
The traveller pauses to rest :
He shadows his sight from the noonday sun,
Then wearily turns to the West.
He looks thro' the vista of future years,
And riches and honor grow small,
Ambition recedes, only love is left,
And hate is not found there at all.
And still they recede, and he shadows his sight
To centre the vision thus giv'n.
His eyes wander down the vista of years,
And the vanishing point is heav'n.

EVA ROSE YORK.