

There, till I come, waits me a home
 All human dreams excelling,
 In which, at last, when life is past,
 I'll find a regal dwelling,
 Oft 'midst this, &c.

Then shall be mine, through grace divine,
 A rest that knows no ending,
 Which my soul's eye would fain descry,
 Though still with clay 'tis blending.
 And, SAVIOUR dear, while I tarry here,
 Where a FATHER's love hath found me,
 Oh ! let me feel, through woe and weal,
 Thy guardian arm twined round me.
 Oft 'midst this, &c.

2. THE GERMAN UHLANS.

Dr. Russell, correspondent of the *Times*, says :—After leaving the outpost, I came across a Uhlan bivouac, and I will now try and describe one of these men—the dread of the French peasantry. Before doing so, I must, however, clear them of the dreadful atrocities they are said to have committed. As you are well aware, they are always the precursors of the Prussian army. They go frequently as far as 20 or 30 miles in advance of the army, and, of course, on entering a town or village, if they meet with resistance, they must use harsh measures. Not infrequently one or more of the Uhlans meet their death treacherously or otherwise ; however, this seldom impedes their progress, for if one out of two comes back sound, they have gained their object, which is a reconnaissance of the country. An Uhlan is about the best mounted cavalry man in the service, the average weight of a man with his accoutrements is about 160 lb. German. The horse appointments are very similar to those of our own cavalry—i. e., they have the ordinary cavalry saddle and bridle. But the manner of packing away a Uhlan's kit is different. First of all, they have but one wallet, which holds the pistol ; the other is an ordinary leather bag which looks like a wallet ; in this they stow away a pair of boots, and brushes, &c., for cleaning their accoutrements. Below the saddle there is an ordinary saddle cloth. Then across the saddle—on which the man sits, is his whole kit, which consist of one pair of canvas trousers, loose canvas jacket, and two pair of stockings, packed carefully away in a bag resembling a valise. The cloak—no cape—is rolled up and placed at the back of saddle. They carry two corn sacks, containing 6lb. of corn in each, on either side of the cloak, and a mess tin encased in leather, strapped on to the back of the saddle. Over all this comes the shabraque. The lance is a clumsy looking weapon, weighing 4½ lbs. The man's dress is similar to our Lancers, with the exception of the overalls, ours having leather, the Prussians wearing boots. They never seem in the way nor out of the way. If they crowd a road, they clear it too. They come in from outposts 20 miles ahead, and bring information which is news to all. Some, however, do not come in—for I am sorry to say, the French peasantry have taken up arms in reply to the levy *en masse*, and fire on the Prussian officers and outposts recklessly at night. Depend upon it this will lead to terrible reprisals, and you must not be shocked, if you hear of some great vengeance being wreaked upon a French village. The Prussians cannot, for their own safety, allow their solitary guards in charge of food waggons to be "potted at" in this cowardly manner. People, they say, may take up arms in defence of their country ; but when they take to firing on solitary stragglers, who in the field they could not face, it becomes a guerilla warfare, in which the French will most assuredly get the worst.

4. AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL CONVENTION.

A body of American scholars, zealous for the dignity and usefulness of American letters, organized in July of last year a society to be known as the "American Philological Association." Their first yearly convention has been held during part of last week in Rochester, and has been a very successful one.

Professor Whitney, of Yale, occupied the chair, and delivered the introductory address. One remark, among many, made by the President, may be quoted. He said :—

"This is a democratic assembly of American scholars, and we are to discuss living questions. Germany is the great philological laboratory to which we must all resort. We must be content not only to be a workshop but also a receptacle of the knowledge which comes from abroad. The classics will, of course, occupy a prominent place in our discussions. Their position is assured. We need no encouragement, but rather greater caution and repression to their study.

We are in danger of talking too much, and of fulfilling the popular idea of our Association in being too wordy about words. An excess of speech is an American peculiarity, which is shown in youth and continues through later life. If silence be golden, it would be well to get on a specie basis in this respect as well as in others."

Quite an exciting discussion thereafter arose on the Greek accents. And the Greek *ictus* in the hands of those learned gentlemen threatened almost more than one *ictus* of a very different kind. Other philological discussions and some of a more material character, took up the other sessions, and the learned members of the convention separated with feelings of mutual respect and general satisfaction, resolved to meet "some other day."—*Globe*.

5. THE PRINCIPAL OF KNOX COLLEGE.

The Rev. Dr. Willis left Toronto recently for Britain, where he intends to take up his permanent residence. He long occupied the position of Principal and Professor of Theology in Knox College in this city, and has also since he came to Canada been very assiduous in preaching throughout the country, when his collegiate duties permitted. His abundant labors, and his advanced time of life, well entitle him to the repose and quietude to which he now retires ; and the Presbyterian Assembly, over which the Doctor lately presided in this city, in accepting his tendered resignation, voted him a very handsome retiring allowance. In retiring from active life in Canada, Dr. Willis carries with him the respect and affection of very many in this country ; and large numbers will wish for him many years of a green old age in Scotland.

By the death of Dr. Burns and the withdrawal of Dr. Willis, the opportunity for a thorough remodelling and improving of the whole arrangements of Knox College is very evidently presented. The course of study may be found to require certain changes ; and the number of the professors ought to be increased. The Canada Presbyterian Church requires, and can well afford to support, a thoroughly efficient first-class Theological Institution in Toronto for the Western division of the Church. We are glad that there is a movement on foot for raising an endowment for a Theological Chair, as an appropriate memorial of Dr. Burns in connection with this Institution, which he loved so well, and for the prosperity of which he laboured so assiduously.—*Globe*.

VI. Miscellaneous Friday Readings.

1. BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BY MAJOR WM. A. H. SIGOURNEY, AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,
 In the mystic future what wilt thou be ?
 A demon of sin, or an angel sublime ;
 A poisonous Upas, or innocent Thyme ;
 A spirit of evil flashing down
 With the lurid light of a fiery crown,
 Or gliding up with a shining track,
 Like the morning star that never looks back,
 Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,
 Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child ?

Beautiful child in my garden bower,
 Friend of the butterflies, birds and flowers.
 Pure as the sparkling, crystalline stream,
 Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam,
 Was there ever a whiter face than thine
 Worshipped by Love in a mortal shrine ?
 My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet years
 With rainbows of Hope through mists of tears—
 Mists beyond which thy sunny smile,
 With its halo of glory, beams all the while.

Beautiful child, to thy look is given
 A gleam serene, not of earth but of heaven.
 With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,
 Would thou couldst ever thus be young.
 Like the liquid strain of the mocking-bird,
 From stair to hall thy voice is heard.
 How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found,
 With flowers thy curly head around !
 And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,
 Oh ! who would not dote on my infant saint ?

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be,
 Perchance is wisely hidden from me.
 A fallen star thou mayst leave my side,
 And of sorrow and shame become the bride—
 Shivering, quivering, through the cold street,