POETRY.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

Forever with the Lord
Amen, so let it be
Life from the dead is in that word
'Tis immortality.

Here is the bod, pent,
Absent from him I roam
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home

My father's house on high
Home of my soul how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love
The bright inheritance of saints
Jerusalem above

Yet clouds will intervene
And all my prospect flee
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies

Anon the clouds disperse
The winds and waves are still
And sweet (e'er my shattered spirit
Expands the sail) I speed

Beneath the flowery vale
Along the shell-lined strand
I see the ransomed assembled
A company of the saints

I hear at morn and eve
At noon and midnight hour
The choral harmonies from
Earth's Babel hurrying

Then, then I feel that He
Remembers his flock
The Lord is never far from us
Though I perceive him not

In danger's hour
Holding me from harm
I wake and sleep without
Who looks on me

From the first hour of life
The every-varying
On mortal pilgrimage
Follows upon me

All that I am, I have been
All that I do, I do
He sees as he will see
And shall I not trust

How can I fear
Mine on the cross I lay
And own my life is
Mercy from first to last

Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil

Be thou at my right hand
Then can I never fail
Uphold thou me and I shall stand
Fight, and I must prevail

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain
In death I shall escape from death
And life eternal gain

Knowing as I am known
How shall I love that word
And oft repeat before the throne
Forever with the Lord

Then though the sod keep
Communion high and sweet
While worms the body must consume
Both shall in glory meet

The trump of final doom
Shall speak the self-same word
And heaven's vaults echo the
Forever with the Lord!

The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound
The saints shall hear it in their sleep
And answer from the ground

Then shall they upward fly
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory
Forever with the Lord!

That resurrection word
That shout of victory
Once more, O never, never
Amen, so let it be

M. A. M.

HYMN

Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight
Hear us, we humbly pray
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bear
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight
Health to the sick in mind
Sight to the inly blind,
O! now on us on mankind
Let the redeeming ray

Spirit of truth and love
Life giving holy Dove
Speed forth thy flight
Move o'er the waters's face
Bearing the lamp of grace
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

MISCELLANEOUS

EDUCATION

Our views of education are various, but were we to subject them to severe analysis we should find them almost as various as our notions.

A belief that some men are born to be great luminaries, burning and shining lights in the intellectual firmament, while others are subject to a preordered inevitable destiny to occupy inferior places, to be lesser stars, or even opaque bodies, affording no light at all, has led many to distrust the power God has given them, and made them set down contentedly in ignoble ignorance, believing their very ignorance a special decree of Providence.

This doctrine of *innate inequality of mental capacity* has been the cause of more indolence, indifference to mental cultivation, want of effort and of success, than all other causes put together, it is the bane, the paralyzing upas of intellectual effort, and inevitably leads to mental sloth and hopelessness.

Our first effort in emancipating the mind should be directed to scout this belief in the doctrine of innate intellectual inequality, that musty old saying, so true notwithstanding, what man has done man may do. [illegible]