

I learned of but one monument of architectural fame, the old steeple of St. Mary's church, which is pronounced a great curiosity. It is one hundred and fifty-six feet in height, and is said to have been founded by a brother of the Scottish monarch, William III., in gratitude for his deliverance from a shipwreck in the Tay. The round, green hill, "The Law," in the rear of the town, commands a fine panorama—the mouth of the Tay, the Bell Rock lighthouse, the bay and town of St. Andrews, and the German ocean. After an early tea, escorted by the eldest son and daughter to a near way-station, we took the 6:30 p. m. train for Perth, carrying with us the remembrance of our Dundee day as one of our most cherished European recollections.

C. L. HENDERSON.

TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

<p>Oh, beautiful Columbia! Thy waters dark and deep, Speak to my heart of mysteries so infinitely sweet, I fain would lave beneath the wave whose depths thy jewels keep.</p> <p>I yearn to pierce thy secret, the secret of thy power, That giveth thee such grandeur, and doth thy soul endower With strength to brave, undaunted, the storm king's darkest hour.</p> <p>I long to learn the lesson that floods thy soul with song, Until thy jovous cascades leap merrily along, All obstacles surmounting, so turbulent and strong.</p> <p>Anon, thy placid waters invite my soul to rest, Thy mirrored stars allure me to float upon thy breast, Heaven's choicest gifts seem hidden beneath thy wave's white crest.</p> <p>The cliffs, that tower above thee, look upward from thy heart; The sentinels that guard thee unbidden seem to start From out thy deeps, as of thy life they were with God a part.</p> <p>Oh, deep, mysterious waters! From whence thy source and life? Oh, darkly turbid waters, heaving in angry strife, Thy undertone proclaims thee freighted with human life.</p>	<p>Thou, grand and mighty river, art dowered with life divine, That from thy star-lit waters angelic faces shine, Proclaiming thee immortal, with the mystic sea of time.</p> <p>The human life above thee, from God's love draws its source, The hidden life within thee is from the same grand source— The infinite doth guide thee in all thy winding course</p> <p>From rock-bound mountain fastness, where, like a little child, With untried feet, thou glidest from deep springs undefiled, Through lonely gorge and deep ravine and forests dense and wild,</p> <p>Through peaceful vales and meadow lands, through pastures sweet and fair, By rural homes sequestered from all the world's sad care, Or racing with the iron horse, whose wild shrieks pierce the air.</p> <p>Where'er thy course God guides thee, until thy wandering's o'er, Thou reach'st the grand old ocean, thy home forever more, To mingle with its waters and kiss the immortal shore.</p> <p>Thus human life is guided, if like Queen Nature's child, We trust the light within us and know we're deified, Through Christ's divine humanity, love, pure and undefiled.</p>
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JULIA P. CHURCHILL.