

Farewell to the few—though we never may meet
On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song or my name
Shall recur to their ear they'll recall me the same,
I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and blest,
Ere hope had deceiv'd me or sorrow deprest.

But, Douglas! while thus I recall to my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas
Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze,
Not a track of the line, not a barbarous shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore
Oh! think then how gladly I follow thee now,
When hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my heart is enshrined;
Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain;
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
And ask it in sighs, how we ever could part?—

But see!—the bent top-sails are ready to swell—
To the boat, I am with thee—Columbia, farewell!

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

WHEN morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was "God knows. It may have been."

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together, by the river side at night. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And, even then, she never thought or spoke about him, but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon a summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came the very almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers which he begged them to lay on her breast. It was he who had come to the window over night and spoken to the sexton, and they saw in the snow traces of small feet, where he had been lingering near the room in which she lay, before he went to bed. He had a fancy, it seemed, that they had left her there alone; and could not bear the thought.

He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear of his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to this time, the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from her bedside. But, when he saw her little favourite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, and to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on, which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes for ever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed. It was Sunday—a bright, clear, wintry afternoon—and as they traversed the village street, those who were walking in their path drew back to make way for them, and gave them a softened greeting. Some shook the old man kindly by the hand, and some uncovered while he tottered by, and many cried "God bless him," as he passed along.

And anon the bell—the bell she had so often heard, by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll, for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on through the coloured window—a window, where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light, would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One, called to mind how he had seen her sitting or that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another, told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she, should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, well, and arch, and most

of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that we must all learn, and is a mighty, universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for ever fragile forms from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

It was late when the old man came home. The boy had led him to his own dwelling, under some pretence, on their way back; and, rendered drowsy by his long ramble, he had sunk into a deep sleep by the fireside. He was perfectly exhausted, and they had taken care not to rouse him. The slumber held him a long time, and when he at length awoke the moon was shining.

The younger brother, uneasy at his protracted absence, was watching at the door for his coming, when he appeared in the pathway with his little guide. He advanced to meet them, and tenderly obliging the old man to lean upon his arm, conducted him with slow and trembling steps towards the house.

He repaired to her chamber, straight. Not finding what he had left there, he returned with distracted looks to the room in which they were assembled. From that, he rushed into the schoolmaster's cottage; calling her name. They followed close upon him, and when he had vainly searched it, brought him home.

With such persuasive words as pity and affection could suggest, they prevailed upon him to sit among them and hear what they should tell him. Then, endeavouring by every little artifice to prepare his mind for what must come, and dwelling with many fervent words upon the happy lot to which she had been removed, they told him, at last, the truth. The moment it had passed their lips, he fell down among them like a murdered man.

For many hours they had little hope of his surviving; but grief is strong, and he recovered.

If there be any who have never known the blank that follows death—the weary void—the sense of desolation that will come upon the strongest minds, when something familiar and beloved is missed at every turn—the connexion between inanimate and senseless things, and the object of recollection, when every household god becomes a monument, and every room a grave—if there be any who have not known this, and proved it by their own experience, they can never faintly guess, how, for days, the old man missed and hoped

away the time, and wandered here and there as if seeking something, and had no comfort.

* * * * *
At length, they found, one day, that he had risen early, and, with his knapsack on his back, his staff in hand, her own straw hat, and little basket full of such things as she had been used to carry, was gone. As they were making ready to pursue him far and wide, a frightened schoolboy came who had seen him, but a moment before, sitting in the church—upon her grave.

They hastened there, and going softly to the door, espied him in the attitude of one who waited patiently. They did not disturb him then, but kept watch upon him all that day. When it grew quite dark, he rose and returned home, and went to bed, murmuring to himself, "She will come to-morrow!"

Upon the morrow he was there again from sunrise until night; and still at night he laid him down to rest, and murmured, "She will come to-morrow!"

And thenceforth, every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave, for her.

How many pictures of new journeys over pleasant country, of resting-places under the free broad sky, of rambles in the fields and woods, and paths not often trodden—how many tones of that one well-remembered voice—how many glimpses of the form, the fluttering dress, the hair that waved so gaily in the wind—how many visions of what had been, and what he hoped yet to be, rose up before him, in the old, dull, silent church! He never told them what he thought, or where he went. He would sit with them at night, pondering with a secret satisfaction, they could see, upon the flight that he and she would take before night came again; and still they would hear him whisper in his prayers, "Lord! Let her come to-morrow!"

The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well; and, in the church where they had so often prayed, and mused, and lingered hand in hand, the child and the old man slept together.

(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

CARDINAL WOLSEY ON HIS FALL.

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Born 1564; died 1616.]

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness,
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls—as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard of—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king,
And—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

LORD BYRON.

[Author of "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," &c. The most celebrated poet of his time. Born 1788; died 1824.]

THE lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant seat for lated wight is found.
Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;
The crowd's loud shout their prize, and ladies' lovely glance.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without his friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving, to and fro
His angry tail;—red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time, to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes; nor lance nor darts avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;

Though man and man's avenging arms assai,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast.
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the cunning hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheath'd in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes!
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
What private feuds the troubled village stain!
Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,
Enough, alas! in humbler homes remain,
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm stream must
flow.

THE DEAD ASS.

LAURENCE STERNE.

[Author of "The Sentimental Journey," a prose work unrivalled for its pathos. Born 1713; died 1768.]

HAVING settled all my little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little

bidet,* and another on his (for I count nothing of his legs), he ranted away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince. But what is happiness? what is grandeur, in this painted scene of life? A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career: his *bidet* would not pass by it, a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kicked out of his jack-boots the very first kick. . . .

"And this," said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet;—"and this should have been thy portion," said he, "hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me." I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature. The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with an ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time, then laid them down, looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it some time in his hand, then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle, looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh. The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home. It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain. When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature his tribute, and wept bitterly. He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey; that it had ate the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern; La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it; it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured loved him; and upon this, he told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean moun-

* Post-horse.

tains, which had separated them from each other three days: during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass; and that they had scarce either ate or drank till they met. "Thou hast one comfort, at least," said I, "in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." "Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so when he was alive; but now that he is dead I think otherwise; I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him; they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for." "Shame on the world!" said I to myself. "Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass, 'twould be something."

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

[A celebrated American authoress. Born 1791; died 1865.]

AN axe ran sharply 'mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the skies had tower'd
In unshorn beauty. There, with vigor arm,
Wrought a bold emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response,
Beguiled the toil.

"Boy thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river on whose breast we sail'd,
So many days, on toward the setting sun?
Our own Connecticut, compared to that,
Was but a creeping stream."

"Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launch'd
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round,
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother nurtured in the garden bound
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."

"What ho! my little girl," and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And, setting down the basket that contain'd

Popular Recitations.

His noon's repast, look'd upward to his face
With sweet confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see,
That bright-wing'd paroquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New England, such a mellow tone?"

"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Still made me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing then,
In that first home. I should be happier now,
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets."

Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the emigrant
The wretched spirit of the rising storm
Spoke bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declined, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois
Dashing against their shores.

Starting, he spake—
"Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?
'Twas even so. Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home."

"No, no. All was so still around, methought
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which, 'mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,
So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion."

And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that sooth'd;
Her waking infant, reassured his soul
That wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content and placid, to his rest he sank;
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him.

Up rose the thronging mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire,

The Death of Nelson.

41

All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neigh'd;
The favourite dog came frisking round his feet,
With shrill and joyous bark: familiar doors
Flew open; greeting hands with his were link'd
In friendship's grasp; he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and, till morning, roved
'Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

He fell with his face upon the deck. Hardy turned round as some men were raising him. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. Soon after he had been carried to the cock-pit, his wound was discovered to be mortal; he felt this himself, and insisted that the surgeon should leave him, to attend those whom he might yet save. He was in great pain, and intensely anxious to know how the battle went. "Will no one bring Hardy to me?" he asked: "he must be killed! he is surely dead!" At length Hardy came, and the two friends shook hands in silence. After a pause, the dying man faintly uttered, "Well, Hardy, how goes the day?" "Very well; ten ships have already struck." Finding that all was well, and that no British ship had yielded, he turned to speak of himself—"I am a dead man, Hardy! I am going fast. It will soon be all over with me!" Hardy hoped that there was yet a chance of recovery. "O no! it is impossible. I feel something rising in my breast that tells me so." Captain Hardy, having been again on deck, returned at the end of an hour, to his dying friend. He could not tell, in the confusion, the exact number of allies that had surrendered; but there were at least fifteen; for the other ships had followed their admiral's into action, breaking the enemy's line and engaging closely to leeward, in the same gallant style as the *Victory* and *Sovereign*. Nelson answered, "That is well, but I bargained for twenty." And his wish was prophetic; he had not miscalculated the superiority of his followers; twenty actually surrendered. Having ordered the fleet to anchor, he again spoke of himself. "Don't throw me overboard. Kiss me, Hardy!" Hardy knelt down, and obeyed in silence. "Now I am satisfied; I thank God I have done my duty." Hardy kissed him again, received his blessing, and then took leave of him for ever.

The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire

had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength.

THE DYING CHIEF.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

[Author of "Ten Miles from Town," a volume of poems of great merit. Mr Sawyer is a well-known contributor to several of the leading periodicals.]

THE struggle over, we, yet in the grime
And reek of fight, sought out where lay our Chief,
Prone on a leopard skin, beneath an oak
Wide-spreading. With a mortal wound he lay,
His stern face bloodless, and upon his breast
Gash interlacing gash, and in the midst
A spear-thrust gaping. By his side his Page,
His bright hair blood be-dabbled, knelt: his scarf,
One rent in crimson strips for bands: the rest
Fetch'd cooling leaves, or in their caps of steel
Came bearing water. Rueful all, and sad:
Rueful and wan, and pitying each face,
Till from the camp, heaped with the dying, now
A Priest came, stealing softly as a ghost,
And reach'd his side, and knelt, and whisper'd hope.
But as he whisper'd, he who heard was still
For death was in his heart: his part in hope
And life was done—he knew it and was still.
But when the secret Priest whisper'd of pain—
The scornful wrinkles pucker'd round his mouth:
And when of victory won—he heeded not:
And when of rest—but then his furrow'd brow
Flush'd scarlet.

"Rest!" form'd on the thin blue lip,
And died in gasping. "Rest!" he cried, and then
The fire of scorn flash'd thro' him. "Rest! To me
Action is rest, and what men call repose
Is but the torturous fretting-out of life.
The eagle is not hooded into rest:
The lion chafes to madness in his cage:
And mine is not the slavish soul to lie,
Counting the spots upon this leopard-hide,

Dreaming the hours out like the boy who weaves
Verses in love-time. Peace and rest for me!
Not so is cool'd the fire that in these veins
Burns into action. I am as a brand
Snatch'd from the watch-fire in the night, that toss'd
From hand to hand, or swiftly borne along,
Against the darkness, blazes redly out,
But thrown to earth smoulders its life to dust.
What part have I in aught of rest or peace?
Peace is to me disease—inaction, death.
For me there is no life, but in the fierce
Encounter of the field: no music like
The sharp exultant blast that breaks the truce,
That slips the leash, and lets the bloodhounds go,
And in its signal frees a league of swords
Outringing with a flash! Dearer to me
Than years of silken ease, one little hour
Snatch'd in the battle's fore-front, when the foes,
Meeting in silence, eye to eye, brows knit,
Teeth clench'd, knees set, and hand and weapon one,
Forget death, danger, glory, only feel
Strength—sinewy strength—and with it the fierce thirst
That prompts to carnage! With the sense of blood
Men madden into demons. Tiger-fierce
Their eyes: their cries the cries of beasts: their hearts
As cruel and as pitiless. I know
The spur of violence, and the thirst for life,
I know the moment—life's supremest—when
The fight is fought, the stricken curse, the weak
Go down, the craven fly, and yet the tide
Of human life and passion, spraying blood,
Rages and eddies round the soldier's arm,
As still he breasts the waves, still carves a path
Through dead and dying on—and at the last,
Or falls a hero among heroes slain,
Or fights, till on a sudden yields the foe,
And breaking ranks commingling, onward pour
A torrent thundering in its gathering force—
And from the mystic sacrament of blood
Valour emerges—glory!"

On the lips
Died the faint accents: died from brow and cheek
The crimson flush, and with a groan the Chief
Fell on his face. The Priest bent over him:
The little Page wept glistening tears—the rest
Looked on bareheaded. Silence fell on all

(By permission of the Author.)

THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE warrior bow'd his crested head,
 And tamed his heart of fire,
 And sued the haughty king to free
 His long-imprison'd sire;
 "I bring thee here my fortress keys,
 I bring my captive train,
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—
 O break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,
 A ransom'd man this day;
 Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
 Will meet him on his way."
 Then lightly rose that loyal son,
 And bounded on his steed,
 And urged, as if with lance in rest,
 His charger's foaming speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd,
 There came a glittering band,
 With one that 'mid them stately rode,
 As a leader in the land;
 "Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there,
 In very truth, is he,
 The father whom thy faithful heart
 Hath yearn'd so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved,
 His cheek's hue came and went;
 He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side,
 And there, dismounting, bent;
 A lowly knee to earth he bent,
 His father's hand he took.—
 What was there in its touch that all
 His fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—
 It dropp'd from his like lead;—
 He look'd up to the face above—
 The face was of the dead!
 A plume waved o'er that noble brow—
 The brow was fix'd and white;
 He met at last his father's eyes—
 But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung and gazed;
 But who can paint that gaze?
 It hush'd their very hearts, who saw
 Its horror and amaze;
 They might have chain'd him, as before
 That stony form he stood,
 For the power was stricken from his arm,
 And from his lip the blood!

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low,
 And wept like childhood then;
 Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
 The tears of warlike men!—
 He thought on all his glorious hopes—
 On all his high renown,—
 He flung the falchion from his side,
 And in the dust sat down.

And covering with his steel-gloved hand
 His darkly mournful brow,
 "No more, there is no more," he said,
 "To lift the sword for now.
 My king is false, my hope betray'd,
 My father—oh! the worth,
 The glory, and the loveliness
 Are pass'd away from earth!"

"I thought to stand where banners waved,
 My sire, beside thee yet;
 I would that there on Spain's free soil
 Our kindred blood had met;
 Thou would'st have known my spirit then,
 For thee my fields were won;
 But thou hast perish'd in thy chains,
 As if thou hadst no son."

Then starting from the ground once more,
 He seiz'd the monarch's rein,
 Amid the pale and wilder'd looks
 Of all the courtier train;
 And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp,
 The rearing war-horse led,
 And sternly set them face to face—
 The king before the dead!

"Came I not here upon thy pledge,
 My father's hand to kiss?—
 Be still, and gaze thou on, false King
 And tell me what is this

The look, the voice, the heart I sought—
Give answer, where are they?
If thou would'st clear thy perjured soul,
Put life in this cold clay!—

“ Into these glassy eyes put light,—
Be still, keep down thine ire,—
Bid these cold lips a blessing speak!—
This earth is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed!—
Thou canst not, and, O King! his dust
Be mountains on thy head!”

He loosed the rein; his slack hand fell!
Upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—
Then turn'd from that sad place!
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate
Untold in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more
Among the hills of Spain!

AN ENGLISHMAN'S PRIVILEGES.

In England, a man may look around him, and say, with truth and exultation, “I am lodged in a house that affords me conveniences and comforts, which even a king could not command some centuries ago. There are ships crossing the seas in every direction, to bring what is useful to me from all parts of the earth. In China, men are gathering the tea-leaf for me; in America, they are planting cotton for me; in the West India Islands, they are preparing my sugar and my coffee; in Italy, they are feeding silk-worms for me; in Saxony, they are shearing sheep, to make me clothing; at home, powerful steam-engines are spinning and weaving for me, and making cutlery for me, and pumping the mines, that minerals useful to me may be procured. My patrimony was small, yet I have railways running day and night, on various lines, to carry my correspondence. I can send my messages, with lightning speed, on the telegraphic wires; thus taming, for my use, “the fiery bird of heaven!” Hundreds of miles through the land, and through the sea, I can send to my friends, and hear from them again, in a few minutes. This is wonderful, very wonderful, but it is true! I have roads, and canals, and bridges, to bear the coal for my winter fire; nay, I have protecting fleets and armies around my happy country, to secure my enjoyments and repose. Then I have editors and printers,

who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world, amongst all these people who serve me; and in a corner of my house I have books! the miracle of all my possessions, more wonderful than the wishing cap of the Arabian Tales; for they transport me instantly, not only to all places, but to all times. By my books, I can conjure up before me to vivid existence, all the great and good men of old; and, for my own private satisfaction, I can make them act over again the most renowned of all their exploits. In a word, from the equator to the pole, and from the beginning of time until now, by my books, I can be where I please.”

This picture is not overcharged, and might be much extended; such being the miracle of God's goodness and providence, that each individual of the civilized millions that cover the earth, may have nearly the same enjoyments as if he were the single lord of all.

“I WOULDN'T—WOULD YOU?”

ANONYMOUS.

When a lady is seen at a party or ball,—
Her eyes vainly turn'd in her fits of conceit,
As she peers at the gentlemen, fancying all
Are enchain'd by her charms and would kneel at her feet,
With each partner coquetting,—to nobody true;—
I wouldn't give much for her chances!—would you?

When an upstart is seen on the flags strutting out,
With his hat cock'd aslant, and a glass in his eye;
And thick clouds of foul smoke he stands puffing about,
As he inwardly says, “What a noble am I!”—
While he twists his moustache for the ladies to view;—
I wouldn't give much for his senses:—would you?

When a wife runs about at her neighbours to pry,
Leaving children at home, unprotected to play;
Till she starts back in haste at the sound of their cry,
And finds they've been fighting while mother's away,
Sugar eaten—panes broken—the wind blowing through;
I wouldn't give much for her comfort!—would you?

When a husband is idle, neglecting his work,
In the public-house snarling with quarrelsome knaves;
When he gambles with simpletons, drinks like a Turk,
While his good wife at home for the poor children slaves;
And that home is quite destitute—painful to view;—
I wouldn't give much for his morals:—would you?

When a boy at his school, lounging over his seat,
Sits rubbing his head, and neglecting his book,
While he fumbles his pockets for something to eat,
Yet pretendeth to read when his master may look,
Though he boasts to his parents how much he can do;
I wouldn't give much for his *progress*:—would you?

When a man who is driving a horse on the road,
Reins and whips the poor brute with unmerciful hand,
Whilst it willingly strives to haste on with its load,
Till with suffering and working it scarcely can stand;
Though he may be a man,—and a wealthy one too,
I wouldn't give much for his *feelings*:—would you?

When a master who lives by his labourers' skill,
Hoards his gold up in thousands, still craving for more,
Though poor are his toilers he grindeth them still,
Or unfeelingly turns them away from his door;
Though he banketh his millions with claims not a few;
I wouldn't give much for his *conscience*:—would you?

When a tradesman his neighbour's fair terms will decry,
And keeps puffing his goods at a wonderful rate;—
E'en at prices at which no fair trader can buy;—
Though customers flock to him early and late;
When a few months have fled, and large bills become due,
I wouldn't give much for his *credit*:—would you?

When in murderous deeds a man's hands are imbrued,
Tho' revenge is his plea, and the crime is conceal'd,
The severe stings of conscience will quickly intrude,
And the mind, self-accusing, can never be heal'd;—
When the strong arm of justice sets out to pursue,
I wouldn't give much for his *freedom*:—would you?

When a husband and wife keep their secrets apart,
Not a word to my spouse about this, or on that;
When a trifle may banish the pledge of their heart,
And he naggles—she snaggles;—both contradict flat;
Tho' unequal'd their love when its first blossoms blew;
I wouldn't give much for their *quiet*:—would you?

When a man who has lived here for none but himself,
Feels laid on his strong frame the cold hand of death,
When all fade away,—wife, home, pleasures, and self,
And he yields back to God both his soul and his breath;
As up to the judgment that naked soul flew,—
I wouldn't give much for his *Heaven*!—would you?

THE COUNTRYMAN'S REPLY TO THE INVITATION
OF A RECRUITING SERGEANT.

ANONYMOUS.

"So ye want to catch me, do ye?
Na! I don't much think ye wool,
Though your scarlet coat and feathers
Look so bright and beautiful;
Though ye tell such famous stories,
Of the fortunes to be won,
Fightin' in the distant Ingles,
Underneath the burning sun.

"'Spouse I be a tight young feller,
Sound in limb and all that ere,
I can't see that that's a reason
Why the scarlet I should wear.
Fustian coat and corded trousers
Seem to suit me quite as well;
Think I doan't look badly in 'em,
Ax my Meary, she can tell!

"Sartinly I'd rather keep 'em,
These same limbs ye talk about,
Covered up in cord and fustian,
Than I'd try to do without.
There's Bill Muggins left our village,
Just as sound a man as I,
Now he goes about on crutches,
With a single arm and eye.

"To be sure he's got a medal
And some twenty pounds a year,
For his health, and strength, and sarvice,
Government can't call that dear;
Not to reckon one leg shattered,
Two ribs broken, one eye lost,
'Fore I went in such a venture,
I should stop and count the cost.

"Lots o' glory? lots o' gammon!
Ax Bill Muggins about that,
He will tell ye tain't by no means
Sort o' stuff to make ye fat;
If it was, the private soger
Gets o' it but precious little,
Why, it's jest like bees a ketchen,
With the sound of a brass kettle.

Popular Recitations.

" Lots o' gold, and quick promotion?
Pshaw! just look at William Green,
He's been fourteen years a fightin',
As they call it, for the Queen;
Now he comes home invalided,
With a sergeant's rank and pay,
But that he's been made a captain,
Or is rich, I ain't heerd say.

" Lots o' fun and pleasant quarters,
And a soger's merry life;
All the tradesmen's—farmers' daughters,
Wantin' to become your wife?
Well, I think I'll take the shillin',
Put the ribbins in my hat.
Stop! I'm but a country bumpkin,
Yet not quite so green as that.

" Fun? a knockin' fellow-creatures
Down like ninepins, and that ere,
Stickin' bagnets through and through: 'em,
Burnin', slayin', everywhere!
Pleasant quarters?—werry pleasant,
Sleepin' on the field o' battle,
Or in hospital, or barracks,
Crammed together just like cattle.

" Strut away, then, master sergeant,
Tell your lies as on ye go,
Make your drummers rattle louder,
And your pipers harder blow;
I shan't be a son o' glory,
But an honest working man;
With the strength that God has gave me
Doin' all the good I can."

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Who is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs:
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

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No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek;
Cold and hunger awake not her care.
Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom half bare, and her cheek
Has the deathly-pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the maniac has been,
The traveller remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd her guests with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile.
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved; and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

" 'Tis pleasant," cried one, " seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
" A fine night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied.
" Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.

" I myself, like a school-boy, would tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head:
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,—
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

" I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
" That Mary would venture there now."
" Then wager, and lose!" with a sneer he replied;
" I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow!"

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win,—for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent,
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid;
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight.
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dimly round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she past,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well-pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear:
She paused, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listen'd,—naught else could she hear,
The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdled cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by,—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd—
She felt, and expected to die.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaimed; "Nay, come on here and hide
The dead body," his comrade replied.
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She gazed horribly eager around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For—O God! what cold horror then thrill'd through her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you still from the road may espy,
The traveller beholds them, and thinks, with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

THE BATTLE OF "BOTHWELL BRIG."

A LAY OF THE COVENANTERS.

ALLAN CURR.

[Mr. Curr is well known as an Independent minister, and is a popular lecturer at our principal literary institutions.]

'Twas on a Sabbath morning in the sunny month of June,
Oh! wae fu' Sabbath morning, when Scotland's sun gaed doon;
And bright that Sabbath morning broke—to close so dark and drear
For Scotland's hour of woe had come, and Scot'and's doom was near.

The sun was on the rippling Clyde, that sparkled clear and bright,
On either side the armies lay, and marshalled forth their might;
Loud rose the shouts of armèd men—loud rang the cries of war,
And highland host and lowland's boast were gathered from afar.

Ten thousand sounds were mingling then with music of the drum,
Ten thousand swords were glancing bright, and told the foe had
come;

There rode the faithless Livingstone—there rode the bloody Grahame,
And fierce Dalziel, and Monmouth there, to work their country's
shame.

With life and drum, and banner red, and war-pipes shrill and clear,
The foe are marching to the bridge—their horsemen in the rear;
Loud rose the shout, "God save the King!" and answer back we
sent,

"The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts! and Kirk and Covenant!"

Right facing them our army lay, the river roll'd between,
And Burley bold, and Morton brave, on Bothwell Brig were seen
Behind them, spreading on the moor, our scatter'd army lay,
With none to lead them to the fight, and win that bloody day.

Loud murmurs swell'd along our ranks,—by factions weak and
blind

Our camp was tost, like forest leaves, blown by the autumn wind;
Loud rose the sounds of angry strife,—loud rag'd the fierce debate,
And traitor words were spoken whilst the foe were at the gate.

Where is the spirit that of old defied th' invader's might—
Where is a hero like of old to put the foe to flight?
Oh! for an hour of Cromwell's sword to change the fate of war,
Oh! for the arm that led them on at Marston and Dunbar.

Had we the blade of Wallace true, or Bruce to lead the van,
Our foes would flee before our face as their forefathers ran,
Had we one arm to guide us on—the battle-tide to turn,
Our song would be of victory, and Bothwell—Bannockburn!

On Bothwell Brig a dauntless few, stood forth in stern array,
Right gallantly they kept the bridge upon that fatal day;
With pike and gun, and sword and spear, and hearts sac leal and
true,
Long stood they there in glory's place to guard our banner blue.

Thrice rush'd the foe the bridge to gain, and thrice our blades drank
blood,
Some fell beneath the broad claymore—some threw we in the flood,
Again the shout, "God save the King!" and answer back we sent—
"The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts! and Kirk and Covenant!"

'Gainst fearful odds they kept the Bridge till one by one they fell,
And deeds of glory had been done no minstrel tongue can tell;
"The Bridge is lost!" God help us now, for yonder come the foe,
And horsemen with their nodding plumes, now cross the ford below

Then out spoke Grahame of Claverhouse,—a bloody man was he,
"Now charge them with the sword and lance,—your battle-cry
Dundee!"

Then spoke out sturdy Cameron—a brave old man was he,
"In God we trust, our cause is just, we fear not thine nor thee.

"Curse on thee, bloody Clavers, now, curse on thee evermore,
Curse on thy traitor hand that dy'd old Scotland's streams with
gore;

Long as the hills of Scotland stand shall hated be thy name,
And each true Scottish tongue for aye shall curse the bloody
Grahame."

But, see! the foe have passed the bridge, their must'ring ranks are
near,

Their swords are glancing in the sun,—their horsemen in the rear.
Again the shout, "God save the King!" and answer back we sent,
"The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts! and Kirk and Covenant!"

In vain, in vain, ye dauntless few, with Burley keep the van,
In vain around our banner blue, die fighting man to man;
"The day is lost!" our stricken host like traitors turn and flee;
God help me ever from the shame such other sight to see!

Oh! weep for Scotland, weep! for God hath her afflicted sore,
Weep—weep bloody tears for Scotland—her freedom is no more;
Oh! bright that Sabbath morning broke,—the sun shone on the
flood,

But ere that Sabbath day had clos'd—Her sun went down in blood.

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ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

ELIHU BURRITT.

[Born in America (U.S.) 1811. Known as the "learned
blacksmith," from his having acquired the mastery of many languages.
A popular lecturer and journalist; still living.]

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in
Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel
below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks,
which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments,
"when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky
spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-
day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up

those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them; and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone buttments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracing his steps. It is

impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair,—*"William! William! Don't look down! Your Mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!"* The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade? How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and

closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity—Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting! and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

—♦—

A PERIL BY SEA.

THE REV. DR. GEORGE ASPINALL.

The coast-guard men who were under me
Gazed idly out on the sun-lit sea;
No smuggling lugger, no skulking boat
Within the range of view did float.

A distant ship, with her white wings spread,
Was the only craft to be seen ahead;
And the pilots put out with practised oar,
And to hail and pilot her to the shore.

In an open shallop, at stroke of noon,
My wife had left for the town of Stroon,
With my three young sons—a town that lay
Facing the bend of the deep, broad bay.

Two were to reef, and the third was to steer,
The waves were crisp and the sky was clear;
And I watch'd them off from the jetty stair
With no thought of fear, for the wind was fair.

The time wore on, and I dined at two,
Alone, with the froth-fringed waves in view;
And the years came back of my early life,
When I woo'd and married my absent wife.

Then I saw to the guard, but as night drew nigh
I noted a frown on the brow of the sky;
And a wrathful change was taking place,
Like passions at work on the human face.

Anon, and clouds of a dun-red hue
Had blotted and blur'd the morning's blue;
And wild and swirling gusts swept by,
With rushing roar, and with sullen sigh!

I minded the boat, and my heart misgave
If its summer build could the tempest brave;
For I knew that by now 'twould be midseas o'er,
On the homeward tack, from the other shore.

The wind increased, to a gale it spread,
The lights were lit on the lighthouse head,
And they flash'd and flamed on the waters of strife,
On which rock'd the boat with my sons and wife.

Like an egg-shell we could see it tost
By the glare of the lamps, and we deem'd it lost;
One moment, and then like a bird 'twould rise,
While borne on the blast came a woman's cries!

Up to this I had ne'er been a praying one,
I had never pray'd as I should have done;
But now, right up through the storm-fill'd air,
To the ocean's God I breathed my pray'r!

For I thought of the vessel on the lake,
And of those within whose faith did shake,
And who cried to Jesus, sore afraid—
"Lord, save; we perish! Master, aid!"

And I thought on Him, who by His will,
Bade straight the winds and waves be still,
Who King-like caused the storm to cease,
And lull'd the troubled sea to peace.

And on Him I call'd who could yet command,
(Who holds the waters in His hand);
Yea, I pray'd as I ne'er had pray'd before,
'That the Lord would bring them safe to shore.

Nor did He the strength of His succour hide,
For when midnight chimed came the turn of tide;
And there fell a sudden calm on the sea,
And my wife and bairns came back to me!

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