

'Fainter her slow step falls from day to day,
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow.
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say:
 'I am content to die—but, O! not now!
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe--
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing--
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps
 wreath.

Spare me, great God, lift up my drooping brow--
 I am content to die—but O! not now!

The spring hath ripened into summer-time;
 The season's viewless boundary is past;
 The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime;
 O! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
 'Let me not perish while o'er land and sea,
 With silent steps the Lord of light moves on,
 Not while the murmur of the mountain-bee
 Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
 Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow--
 I am content to die—but O! not now!

Summer is gone; and autumn's soberer hues
 Tint the ripe fruit, and gild the waving corn;
 The huntman swift the flying game pursues,
 Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
 'Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
 On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
 To watch in silence while the evening rays
 Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
 Cooler the breezes play around my brow--
 I am content to die—but O! not now!

The bleak wind whistles! snow-showers far and
 near

Drift without echo to the whitening ground,
 Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
 Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound;
 Yet still that prayer ascends. 'O! laughingly
 My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
 Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
 And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
 Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
 I am content to die—but O! not now!"

O, sinner! It is high time to awake
 out of sleep. The night is far spent,
 and the day is at hand. Time is hasten-
 ing toward its close, and the day
 of eternity will soon dawn upon the
 world. Yet a little while. He that
 shall come will come, and will not
 tarry. Prepare to meet him at his
 coming. "Work while it is day; for
 the night cometh, when no man can
 work." This is your day of probation.
 Here heaven is to be won or lost for-
 ever. Whatever grace you have to
 get, you must get it now. Whatever
 work you have to do, you must do it
 now. Whatever preparation you have
 to make, you must make it now; for
 "there is no work, nor device, nor
 knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave,
 whither thou goest." Pardon of sin,
 peace with God, holiness of heart and
 life—these are blessings which you
 must secure now, or never; for "now
 is the accepted time: behold, now is
 the day of salvation." Another day
 may be too late!

The Bosphorus.

The conflicts now existing between
 the Turks and Russians must be familiar
 to most readers of this periodical. The
 locality, therefore, of which a very
 distinct and correct representation is
 here given, is necessarily invested with
 peculiar and painful interest. The obtuse
 point of the angle of an unequal triangle,
 which forms the figure of the imperial
 city of Constantinople, and which ad-
 vances toward the East and the shores
 of Asia, meets and repels the waves of
 the Thracian Bosphorus. The Bos-
 phorus itself, as a great writer further
 observes, is the winding channel through
 which the waters of the Euxine flow
 with a rapid and incessant course to-
 wards the Mediterranean. The Straits
 of the Bosphorus are terminated by the
 Cyanean Rocks, which, according to
 the description of the poets, had once
 floated on the face of the waters, and
 were destined by the gods to protect the
 entrance of the Euxine against the eye
 of profane curiosity. We reject the fables
 which attach to much of the scenery
 of this neighborhood, and reject the
 dismal superstition which has for ages
 enveloped the inhabitants generally;
 but we must admire the taste and talent,
 though rude comparatively, which has
 been displayed along the banks of the
 Bosphorus. We are told that from the
 Cyanean Rocks to the point and har-
 bor of Byzantium (Constantinople,) the
 winding length of the Bosphorus extends
 about sixteen miles, and its most or-
 dinary breadth may be computed at about
 one mile and a half, being, however,
 much narrower in many places. An-
 thon, in his Classical Dictionary, says,
 "Various reasons have been assigned
 for the name. The best is that which
 makes the appellation refer to the early
 passage of *agricultural knowledge* from
 East to West (*Bovs*, an Ox, and *ποπος*,
 a Passage.") Nymphius tells us, on the
 authority of Accarion, that the Phry-
 gians, desiring to pass the Thracian
 Strait, built a vessel on whose prow was
 the figure of an ox, calling the strait
 over which it carried them, Bosphorus,