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## PORTUGUESE HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

BY JOHN LAYDEN.

Star of the wide and pathless sea,  
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,  
These votive garments wet to thee,  
We hang within thy holy shine,  
When o'er us flushed the surging brine,  
Amid the warring waters tost,  
We called no other name but thine,  
And hoped, when other hope was lost,  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,  
When dark and lone is all the sky,  
And mountain-waves o'er ocean's plain  
Erect their stormy heads on high;  
When virgins for their true loves sigh,  
And raise their weeping eyes to thee,  
The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,  
And saves the foundering bark at sea.  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea,  
When wrecking tempests round us rave,  
Thy gentle virgin form we see  
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.  
The howling storms that seem to crave  
Their victims, sink in music sweet,  
The surging seas recede to pave  
The path beneath thy glistening feet,  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the desert waters wild,  
Who pitying hears the seaman's cry,  
The God of Mercy, as a child,  
On that chaste bosom loves to lie;  
While soft the chorus of the sky  
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,  
And angel voices name on high  
The mother of the heavenly king,  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! at that blest name  
The waves sleep silent round the keel,  
The tempests wild their fury tame  
That made the deep's foundations reel:  
The soft celestial accents steal  
So soothing through the realms of woe,  
• • • • •  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,  
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,  
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese  
- O'er all that to the depths go down,  
With hymns of grateful transport own,  
When gathering clouds obscure their light,

And heaven assumes an awful frown,  
The Star of Ocean glitters bright,  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres  
To hymn thy holy name essay,  
In vain a mortal harp aspires  
To mingle in the mighty lay!  
Mother of God! one living ray  
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires  
When storms and tempests pass away,  
To join the bright immortal choirs.  
Ave Maris Stella!

## FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

If a woman be as beautiful as one of those celestial beings, with whom the vivid dreams of imagination have peopled Mahomet's paradise, as lovely and fresh as the fabled Aurora, and graceful as Hebe—yet, if she does not unite to the external charms of her person the refined accomplishments and sublime sentiments of an elegant mind, she can never enchant the heart of her husband with those golden fetters which only death can sever. Sweetness of disposition and intellectual endowments wreathe those fetters with the ever-blooming roses of enjoyment, and call forth into action all the tender charities which irradiate that sphere of connubial happiness. A woman may shine in mechanical accomplishments, though a ray of mental light does not dawn upon her mind; she may paint, sing, and play upon musical instruments, and by those manual-vocal arts gain a transient triumph over those who are contented with female cultivation hung on walls, or hearing it vibrate on strings.

But a man of discernment feels that a woman thus gifted can only amuse for an hour, and attract by her adscititious donations some frippery fops, who, like the stupid butterflies, light on exotic flowers without fragrance or perfume, rather than on the odoriferous blossoms that yield delicious honey. The looks of a stupid beauty, "who has not soul within her eyes," are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility; they emit no electric spark to kindle the affections—so that they are examined without emotion, and beheld without love.

In the winter of life, when the gaudy flowers of personal beauty are nipped by the "rude breathing" of age; and when the lustre of the blue eye is dimmed, and the bloom of the rosy cheeks fled; how fallen then will be the unmarried who has not resources in the treasury of knowledge; she will remain a tyrant without power and remorse. A woman of intellectual accomplishments, on the contrary, in the evening of life, will draw at the fountain of the graces the limpid balsam of literary knowledge—diffuse the pleasure of instruction to her children, and illuminate, by her cheerful conversation, all who are circled within the attractive sphere of the society in which she moves. Beauty is as fleeting and as fragile as the bloom of an exotic flower, blown under the chilling influence of a northern breeze. Education alone is the towering oak that braves the tempest of years.

The most inestimable blessing which the benign bounty of the Creator has bestowed upon man is the possession of