

They appear'd to my eye as a late wedded pair,
 Now join'd in the wedlock of pale despair ;
 And I fancied she haply had left her home,
 And to share the sad fate of her husband had come,
 Little deeming the villains that tore him away
 Had doom'd them a cruel parting day.
 But it came in its horrors, and heart from heart,
 By man's cruel mandates, was doom'd to part ;
 Though a rock might have melted to see their embrace,
 As they kiss'd the big drops from each tearful face.
 Yes, I saw them asunder by rough hands torn,
 And I saw their last lingering look forlorn,
 Though the wretch who had stol'n them stood silent by,
 With no pang in his breast, and no tear in his eye.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

Instructed oft with patient zeal
 By those who love the young,
 Before the Lord we humbly kneel,
 And try with all our heart to feel
 The language of our tongue.

And when each infant voice in praise
 Attempts the simple hymn,
 Imperfect though the strain we raise,
 He smiles, and listens to our lays,
 Who hears the cherubim.

To read, to love the sacred page,
 While taught by Christians' care,
 Who thus the Sabbath hours engage,
 We often, though of tender age,
 Remember them in prayer.

Our Teachers, like their blessed Lord,
 Seek not themselves to please ;
 Eternal be their vast reward,
 From Him who fails not to record
 Such acts of love as these.

Their friendly toll will soon be o'er ;
 We too shall die ere long :
 By faith, to heaven O may we soar,
 And sing with them for evermore
 The hallelujah song !

ELIZA W. BRADBURN.