

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FIRST SACRIFICE.

Slow o'er Judea's sacred plains, the shades
Of evening fell; around each mountain's brow,
And vine clad hill, twilight still wreathed her
Golden veil, and old Euphrates silver
Stream, flashed brightly in the parting ray; rich
On the dewy air, rose up the mingled sweets
Of od'rous flowers, and delicate fruits,
Which grew unplucked in that fair garden, lost
By disobedience,—our first parent's sin—
And guarded by the angel's flaming sword,
Lest their repentant feet should thither turn.
But not confined to that fair paradise,
The presence of the Lord.

His goodness fill'd

The universe, and tearful penitence,
And heavenly hope, and holy love made their
Abode with man, and from the fruitful Earth's
Deep solitudes, arose the ceaseless hum
Of gratitude—sweet incense to the source,
And giver of all good.

Beneath the vaulted sky, Adam and Eve
Stood in their loneliness. The voice of God,
Which erst in Eden's bowers, distinct and clear,
Spoke in the whisper'd breeze, no longer
To their outward sense reveal'd His holy will,
But on their hearts, impress'd the goodness which
Delay'd their doom, and of forgiving love,
And mercy undeserved, their souls assur'd;
Lowly they knelt upon the grassy turf,
Fresh from the hand of God, and clothed with grace
And majesty, such as no mortal's since
Have worn,—created to immortal life,
Yet by one fatal act condemned to Death's
Dominion,—dark—unknown,—from which their
souls
Shrank trembling,

With deep remorse, and humble
Penitence, they bend to seek the favour
And forgiveness of their Judge, and offer
At his best, a sacrifice for sin.
Held by a flowery chain, Eve's trembling hand
Retrain'd the gambols of a snowy lamb,
The firstling of the flock, whose innocent
Meek confidence, smote her full heart with pity,
And remorse.

At God's command, Adam prepared the stones,
And reared an altar to His awful name,
Then on the sacred pile,—mysterious rite!
The spotless victim laid. Silence profound
And deep, reigned on the solemn scene. The stars
Look'd down from their pure depths, and the young
moon

Pour'd from her silver urn a flood of light,
The feather'd warblers hush'd their thrilling lays,

And scarce in evening's soft and balmy breath,
Trembled the aspen's leaf.

The heartfelt prayer, pure from their contrite souls
Went up to heaven,—and, lo! descending thence,
A lambent flame consumed the smitten lamb,—
Visible symbol of acceptance, and
Prophetic type of that far nobler
Sacrifice, which God in His own time, would
Send, to bless, and save mankind.

H. V. C.

THE HAME-SICK WIFE AND CONSOLING HUSBAND.

PART II.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

GEORDIE.

'Tis, Jenny, noo just towmonds five,
Since we came here, this fourth o' June;
Ye doubted, when I said, belyve
Frae grief to joy you'd change your tune.

JENNY.

Nae wonder, Geordie, I was wae,
For then ye ken a' roun' was gloom;
I missna' noo the birk clad brae,
Nor burnies side where flowries bloom.

GEORDIE.

I wonder'd na' that ye were sad,
I pitied you, my bonnie woman;
An' though I seem'd to you sae glad,
I grieved when ye grat 'bout the gloamin'.

JENNY.

About the gloamin' jeer nae mair,
For then my thoughts were hameward roamin';
I mind weel when my heart was sair,
Ye aye said blyther days were comin'.

GEORDIE.

An' so they hae, my Jenny dear,
Look roun' an' count our comforts noo;
We've muckle here, our hearts to cheer,
Our blessins are na' sma' nor few.

JENNY.

To Him aboon that kens the mind,
I'm thankfu' aye for a' that's given;
An' that ye've, Geordie, proved so kind,
I prize high 'mong the gifts o' heaven.

GEORDIE.

Noo ye can hear the kirk-bells ringin',
An' gang to worship aye dry-shod;
We needna noo be loupin—springin',
Ower mud holes to the house o' God.

JENNY.

Wi' worldly comforts aye encreasin',
We noo enjoy the means o' grace;
May our minds be raised in praise unceasin',
To Him who rules ower time an' space.