

POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SIR—The following is from a selection of "Religious and Preceptive Poetry;" and I trust will find an insertion in your valuable little work.

J. A.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

Fear was within the tossing bark
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed;

And men stood breathless in their dread
And baffled in their skill—
But one was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still."

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And calm the tempest's mood,
Oh! send thy spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood;

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
Thy mandate to fulfil—
So speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say—Peace, be still!

MRS. HEMANS.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

(By Mrs. Sigourney.)

I saw thee at thy mother's side, ere she in dust
was laid,
And half believ'd some cherub form had from
its mansion strayed;

But when I traced the wondering wo that
seized thy infant thought,
And 'mid the radiance of thine eye a liquid
crystal wrought,
I felt how strong that faith must be to vanquish
nature's tie,
And bid from one so beautiful to turn away
and die.

I saw thee in thy graceful sports, beside thy
father's bower—
Amid his broad and bright parterre, thyself
the fairest flower—
And heard thy tuneful voice ring out upon the
summer air,
As though a bird of Eden poured its joyous
carol there—
And lingered with delighted gaze, to the dark
future blind,
While with thy lovely sister's hand thine own
was fondly twined.
I saw thee bending o'er thy book, and marked
the glad surprise,
With which the sun of science met thy spark-
ling eagle eyes—
But when thy deep and brilliant mind awoke
to bold pursuit,
And from the tree of knowledge plucked its
richest, fairest fruit—
I shrunk from such precocious power, with
strange, portentous fear,
A shuddering presage that thy race must soon
be finished here.

I saw thee in the house of God, and loved the
reverent air
With which thy beauteous head was bowed low
in thy guileless prayer,
Yet little deemed how soon thy place would be
with that blessed band,
Who ever near the Eternal Throne in sinless
worship stand;
Ah! little deemed how soon the grave must
lock thy glorious charms,
And leave thy spirit free to find a sainted mo-
ther's arms.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Honestas," and "Maria," have been
received. An interview with the authors is
requested.

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