

For its bright dawning. Ev'n inanimate nature
 Echoed the general wish, and deeply mourn'd
 Its fallen state, and beauty sore defil'd.
 The Everlasting hills desir'd their God.
 And when the broken Heav'n's distill'd their Dew
 Of Life and sparkling radiance; when the Earth
 Was open'd, and the Saviour budded forth;
 When Truth and Mercy met; when meek-eyed
 Peace

Was kiss'd by Justice; when the Heav'n's bow'd
 down,

And God was seen on earth!

The Heav'n's were joyful and the Earth was glad
 The sea was mov'd, with all its teeming fullness
 The gladden'd fields and sylvan trees rejoic'd
 Before EMMANUEL'S face; the desolate land
 Look'd smiling; and the sterile wilderness
 Bloom'd like the Lily, budded forth and blos-
 som'd;

With joy and praise resounding. Saron's beauty
 And Carmel's deck'd it; and the brightest glory
 Of cedar'd Libanus. For, He, its King,
 Had come to Sion's daughter. O'er the moun-
 tains

His feet, that brought good tidings, preach'd of
 peace,

Were seen. And, oh! how beautiful!—Alas!
 Although He came unto His own, His own
 Received Him not. His glorious, divine Light
 Shone amid darkness; and the purest splendour
 Of this bright, stainless Mirror was obscur'd!

[To be continued.]

LITERATURE.

Tales from the Canon Schmid,
 AUTHOR OF THE WOODEN CROSS.

The Melon.

CHAPTER I.

TERESA.

On a fine summer morning, a fruit-woman was
 seated at a neat and tasteful stall, near the gate of a
 large city. Her pretty straw baskets, lined with
 fresh green white leaves, were filled with all the
 fruits of the season: beautiful cherries, both red
 and black, and unusually large; dark yellow
 peaches, streaked with glowing purple; pyramids
 of citrons and pomegranates; and, last of all, shi-
 ning out among the other fruits, like the moon
 among the stars, an enormous melon, the first of
 that season.

But few persons had, as yet, passed through the
 gate where the woman was sitting under the shade
 of a lime-tree, when suddenly a little girl, not
 more than fourteen years old, dressed in a neat, but
 humble gown, came up, and asked the price of the

melon. She was the very picture of innocence and
 beauty.

"Ah, my child!" said the woman, "this melon
 is too dear for you. In three or four weeks, per-
 haps, you could get such a one for a dollar; but I
 could not give you this for less than five florins."

"Five florins," said the girl, "is a large sum.
 Could you not give it cheaper?"

"Not a fraction," said the woman. "I applied
 to five gardeners before I found that single melon.
 I have no profit on it. I did not buy it to make
 money by it, but to keep up my name with my
 customers."

"Well, then, be it so," said the girl. "I never
 thought that melons were so dear." She took out
 her little purse, and counted out the money.

"But what will you do with the melon?"
 asked the woman, pensively, before she took
 the money. "Surely you will not eat it your-
 self?"

"I never tasted one in my whole life," she
 answered. "I am not accustomed to such costly
 food. We are happy enough when we can get
 bread."

"Whom are you buying the melon for, then?"

"I cannot tell you that," she answered with a
 slight blush; "and I beg of you never to tell any
 person that I bought it."

The fruit-woman raised her hand warningly, and
 began to advise her. "Dear child, take care that
 you have not got into bad company, among per-
 sons who, without the knowledge of their parents,
 are squandering ill-gotten money, and with whom
 nothing good can happen. That would be a great
 shame. Once more—take care. Wasps always
 cling to the fairest fruit."

"O, Ma'am, don't be afraid!" said the girl. "I
 go no where but to the chapel;" and so sincere and
 innocent did her clear blue eyes appear, as she
 made this answer, that all the woman's misgivings
 vanished.

She took the money: the girl bought and paid
 for the basket in which the melon lay, and casting
 a cautious glance around, quickly threw her white
 apron over the melon, to hide it, made her courtesy,
 and disappeared.

"Ha!" said the woman to herself, "if she did
 not look so good and simple, I could not believe
 her. Still there must be something in it, she did it
 so secretly, and yet appeared so free from fear.
 Ah! what a pity if she is going astray! Her cur-
 ling hair is like shining gold, and the fairest of
 those apples or peaches, is not so delicately red as
 her cheeks."

For a long time, the woman could not help
 of the purchase. "Many a penny," thought she,
 "that child gave me when she was little, for
 strawberries or cherries. I must speak to her