

THE EMIGRANT.

WRITTEN ON SEEING AN ENGRAVING OF AN EMIGRANT FAMILY
RESTING AT NOON IN THE DEPTHS OF A WESTERN FOREST.

BY E. L. C.

It is a shady glade, shady and cool
In the old forest where that exile band
Have paused for shelter from the noontide heat.
Wearied they are, and worn with journeying
Through those pathless wilds;—sad too their hearts
With thronging thoughts of home—that pleasant home,
Which they have left for aye—left in its beauty
For the valleys wide, of the Far West.
Yet ever lies it mirrored on their souls,
That village street; with its gay orchard slope—
One flush of vernal bloom,—its bright trim gardens,
Its low cottage roofs, half hid in shady coverts,
Where the birds make joyous melody,
Mingling their songs with childhood's silver tones
That on the ear gush in glad mirthfulness,
Waking within the heart, how sad so'er,
An answering thrill of joy.

But ah! the contrast.
'Twas that cherished spot, and this vast wilderness!
Moments there were, and this was one of them,
When scarce it seems, their hearts can bear the change,
They feel, indeed, how grand and beautiful
This world of trees, those boundless prairies,
And those far-off hills, whose shadowy forms
On the horizon lie, like piled-up clouds,
Skirting with fleecy folds, heaven's azure robe.
But all to them is strange: wanting that charm
Of daily, sweet companionship, which lends
A nameless witchery to familiar haunts,
And stamps their fond remembrance on the heart
Till its last pulse is still.

Long sat that group
In the dim forest aisles, holding sweet commune
'Neath those ancient trees, of their forsaken home,
Till with the softening theme each eye grew moist,
And the old grandeur striving to conceal.
The unwonted drops that dimmed his fading sight,
Rose, and led forth the weary benets, that stood
Cropping the fragrant herbage, to the rill
Which ran like liquid silver through the grass,
Templing the thirsty lip with its bright foam.
She, too,—that blooming girl, fair budding flower,
Transplanted in her beauty to the wild,
With woman's hopes, and youth's fond fairy dreams
Just dawning in her soul,—how swelled her heart,
Aye, e'en to bursting, as her thoughts roved back
To the green fields, the streams, and flowery dells
Of her young love: and sadder yet, to friends
Forever left—to one, alas! too dear,
Whose image hallowed every spot of earth
Her feet with his had trod. Fast flowed her tears—
But ere the sob burst forth, she quickly rose,
And bounded swift away, 'mid the deep shades
To hide her secret grief.

But quiet still
The parents sat, while at their knees, clustered
Their little ones, and the fond father
Full of manhood's hopes, and sanguine schemes,
For his brave boy shaped forth high destinies,
And for that darling girl, his youngest hope,
Saw visions bright, illumine his western home.
But with the love, holy, and deep, and pure
Of that meek mother's heart, mingled no dream
Of earthly pride—she felt her loved ones near,

Yet silent sat, wrapped in fond memories
Of the blessed past—her mild eyes dimmed,
But on her lip a smile, for in her ear
Murmured the hum of her own garden bees,
And the soft air came freighted with the scent
Of the wild grape which wreathed the rustic porch
Of her low door. And hark! that Sabbath bell!
Doth she not hear it, waking once again
The echoes of the vale? Oh, blessed sound!
Heard never in that wilderness, calling
The humble worshipper to turn aside
From the world's toils, and bend the knee in prayer.
Closer her children press, and she awakes
From her brief trance, to meet their smiling eyes
Upraised to hers, with childhood's trusting love.
Joy flushes her pale cheek, as bending low
She clasps her treasures to her grateful heart,
And thanks her God, the giver of all good,
For these most precious gifts—sweet household treasures,
Whose young guileless souls whisper of heaven.
"Oh, e'en the wilderness will blest become,"
So murmured her fond lips, "while o'er my path
These flowers of human love, their fragrance shed."
So with the music of their infant tongues
The day-beam of their smiles, she on her way
Journeyed with cheerful heart, content to know,
That God, where'er she went, would guide her steps,
And that her new-found home must still be filled
With blessings rich, and crowned with heart-felt joy,
While round its hearth clustered these living flowers,
These gifts of love, from the bright spirit-land,
By sense unseen.

THE PLACE OF THE NATIVITY.

PERHAPS, says Wilson in his work on Judea, there is not one spot upon the face of the globe, that is more deeply interesting to Christians than the village of Bethlehem. It extends east and west, standing on a hill six miles east of Jerusalem, and in which the most remarkable events had occurred, according to those minute descriptions given in the Record of Inspiration; but above all, none more striking than its being the place of giving birth to the infant Jesus, who was the Prophet of the Highest, and came forth to give light to those who sit in darkness. There is one large monastery of Franciscan monks on a commanding height, looking down on a charming valley which calls to mind the ever memorable moment when the shepherds, who were watching their flocks, heard the heavenly choir, and saw the star with unbounded joy, which had led the Magi, or wise men of the East, to the place of the Nativity. In the magnificent church within this monastery is a chapel under ground, finely ornamented, where fifty massive lamps are suspended, and kept constantly burning. Here is pointed out in the form of a star in marble the place where He came forth, who was declared to be Wonderful, the Mighty Counsellor, the Everlasting Father, and Prince of Peace.