

To light far distant nations from her urn.  
 There, the lone wolf for carne wildly strays ;  
 The daring leopard, or the greedy bear,  
 The hungry lion, and fell tiger preys  
 On helpless innocents, that wander there,  
 O God, defend the traveller from their power,  
 From their unmerciful relentless power  
 Shield him, from their inclement dreadful jaws,  
 Or if he dies, regard him in that hour,  
 How blest are we, in safety here to tread  
 These lonely paths; secure from savage tribes  
 Tranquil, as with no enemy to dread ;  
 That others nightly of their peace deprives.  
 This grateful walk new vigour seems to give  
 To all my frame, and in a pleasing voice  
 It seemed to say, at once enjoy and live :  
 And leads my heart to admire and rejoice.

Here dwells a cottager exempt from pride,  
 From envy, care, and half the ills of life,  
 His partner for their offspring helps provide ;  
 And to the husband well explains the wife.  
 Himself a Woodman, not yet reached his home,  
 Feels pure delight in all his treasures there ;  
 As she, expecting he will shortly come,  
 In decent order sets his homely fare,  
 Which done she sets herself again to spin.  
 Her children with the sun to rest retired ;  
 Except the buzzing wheel all still within,  
 She works, and sings, with true content inspired.

Though poor my lot, and plain my cot,  
 I have content within :  
 When morning breaks, my heart awakes  
 And I my work begin.  
 My minutes fly, my days pass by,  
 And both with pleasure move,  
 And when night-falls, the good man calls,  
 And deth my fondness prove.  
 I've little wealth, but blest with health,  
 I envy none I see ;  
 I love my home, nor wish to roam,  
 So happy here I'll be.  
 Learned I'm not, nor rich, I wot,  
 But I my living earn ;  
 And all my kind, I keep in mind  
 To do them good in turn.

So humble, so content; how rich, how wise ;  
 How truly so, beyond the vain esteem  
 Of her, who for her happiness relies,  
 On glittering dust, or honours splendid dream !  
 The husband when returned, salutes the wife,  
 Then she the like—with more than full returns ;  
 Thus love, though simply told, cements their life,  
 With which each faithful heart sincerely burns.  
 With gratitude they own the hand that gave,  
 With gratitude they share their frugal-store,  
 They have their daily bread, nor more they crave,  
 Content with this, they covet nothing more.  
 They then in simple talk together join,  
 Alike to please and edify the mind ;  
 Then read a chapter from the book divine,  
 Where they sweet comfort, and instruction find.  
 Then with accustomed reverence bow the knee,  
 And offer up their evening sacrifice  
 Of praise and prayer, with such humility,  
 Such faith, as wings its way beyond the skies.  
 Last, they betake them to required rest,  
 Peace, which worlds cannot give, or take away,  
 Becalms the hearts, of this dear gift possess,  
 Blessing of Him, whose bounty crowns the day.  
 Envidable lot ! The sweetest paths of life  
 Are not the greatest. Those who're enriched in  
 Faith are indeed rich : and e'en here arrive  
 At peace, which realizes heaven within.  
 They love their God, his word, and people too,  
 Devote their talents to his praise and love,  
 What they desire, they unto others do :  
 And seek the promised recompense above.  
 The village maidens, and the rustic swains,  
 Have played their sports adown the mossy green—  
 Now negligently rove, and leave their games,  
 Thus here and there, a rambling group is seen  
 Returning home: and as they walk, they tell  
 Of fearful things, which wondrously appeared.

At such a time, and where they know full well ;  
 And how that such an one, was sadly scared,  
 Passing along the church-yards lonesome way,  
 The awful bell, so made her heart to beat ;  
 And then she saw ? \* \* \* \* O they can hardly say—  
 Too far to see—too fearful to repeat.  
 Ah where the hearts attached, each trifle pleases ;  
 The one we love, can seldom say too much ;  
 That licensed tongue, the fluttering heart appeases ;  
 Gains our indulgence, by each sentient touch.  
 Now farewell day ! With all thy colours bright,  
 And all the softened tints of evening grey ;  
 Which now approach, the dark empire of night,  
 Or in its shades are banished far away.  
 How true an emblem this of life's decline :  
 When we approach the last long sleep of death,  
 When we all earthly treasures shall resign ;  
 And chief of all resign our vital breath.  
 'Tis not important then where we have trod ;  
 In flowery paths, or in the stormy way,  
 The question is if we have walked with God,  
 In peace confirmed against the solemn day.  
 A solemn thought, that on the silent earth,  
 Numbers exist, that ere to-morrow die :  
 Many who revel now in giddy mirth,  
 Or seeking pleasure, to perdition fly.  
 Many who think not, or who think amiss :  
 The callous atheist, who himself denies ;—  
 The sensualist, who here receives his bliss,—  
 The desperate sinner, who his conscience flies.  
 Yes,—however various, some of each must fall ;  
 Some on the right hand, others on the left,  
 Must bear, and must obey that final call  
 Which varies much,—but yet to all is death.  
 Of all the scenes, which nature's student knows,  
 None can more pleasing, should more useful prove,  
 Than that which each returning evening shows  
 Which ought to serious self enquiries move :—  
 To gratitude for all that we receive ;  
 To wisdom earning moments as they fly,  
 As still each day should teach us how to live ;  
 So every evening, we should learn to die.  
 We may experience daily retrospect  
 Of well-spent hours ;—or if we find them not  
 We can resolve our habits to correct ;  
 And better practice may through grace be got.  
 But there's a night that can but once arrive,  
 From which our footsteps cannot be retraced ;  
 Our joy we must from virtue then derive  
 When meekness is exalted—pride abased ;  
 Then will the never dying conscience vex,  
 The heart that silenced oft its warning voice,  
 And then no sorrows will the soul perplex,  
 Which has the one thing needful made its choice.  
 Let each reflect on this ; and day by day,  
 Give humble praise for what they each afford ;  
 Look up, and ask for grace to speed her way,  
 Till all appear before our sovereign Lord  
 On Zions hill ; and there partake the bliss  
 Which that delightful glorious morning brings,  
 When shall, the eternal Sun of Righteousness ;  
 On us arise with health upon his wings.  
 To him give praise, whose sacred name we bear ;  
 Which angels chant in never ceasing strains.  
 Let every creature some return prepare  
 To Him; who over all creation reigns.  
 O give him glory, with our fleeting breath,  
 All ye that breathe : let even silence wake  
 To praise, till all these scenes are closed in death ;  
 But while I live, my praise, that silence break.

TEULON.

INDUSTRY.—It has been said with truth; that man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite—of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a brier or a thorn which divine mercy could have spared. We are happier in the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyment are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

Translated from De la Martine's Tour in the East.

## SKETCH AT SEA.

At length the captain, holding a nautical watch in his hands, and looking silently towards the east for the precise moment when the disk of the sun, partly refracted, seems to kiss the wave, and to float there a moment before sinking beneath it completely, elevates his voice, and exclaims, "To prayer!" The conversation subsides, the plays cease, the sailors cast into the sea their yet lighted cigars, they doff their Greek caps of red wool, hold them in their hands, and kneel between their masts. The youngest amongst them opens the Prayer-book, and chants the "Ave Maristella," and the litanies, in tones tender, plaintive, and subdued, which seem to have been inspired by the sea, and that sleepless melancholy which is born at the declining hours of day, when all the souvenirs of earth, of their cottages and hearths, ascend from the hearts into the thoughts of these simple men. Darkness is about to descend upon the billow, and envelope, until to-morrow, in its dangerous obscurity, the path of the mariner, and the lives of so many who have Providence alone for a beacon, and the invisible hand which sustains them on the wave for an asylum. If prayer were not born with man, it is here that it would have been invented by men: alone with their thoughts and frailties, in presence of the abyss of the heavens, where their vision is soon lost; of the abyss of the seas, from which a fragile plank alone divides them; amid the roaring of the ocean, which thunders, hisses, howls, and sounds as with the voices of a thousand ferocious beasts; amid the violence of the winds, which make their shrill sounds amid the ropes, at the approach of night, which magnifies every peril, and multiplies every fear. But prayer never was invented; it was born with the first sigh, with the first joy, with the first pain of the human heart; or rather, man was created for prayer alone; to glorify God, or to implore him, was his only mission here below; every thing else perishes before him or with him; but the song of glory, of admiration, or of love, which he raises to his Creator whilst passing on the earth, does not expire; it mounts on high, it reverberates from age to age in the ear of God, as the echo of his own voice, as a reflected ray of his own magnificence; it is the only thing which can be completely divine in man, and which he can exhale with joy and pride; for this pride is a homage to Him who alone can receive it, to the infinite Being. Scarcely had these thoughts, or others which resembled them, been silently considered, when a cry of Julia came from that part of the vessel which looked towards the east. A conflagration at sea! A ship on fire! We hurried to see that distant fire on the waves. In reality, a large spark of fire floated on the sea toward the east, at the line of the horizon; then, in a few moments, slowly ascending and growing rounder as it increased, we discovered the full moon, inflamed by the vapor of the west wind, and emerging gently from the waves, like a mass of heated iron which the smith draws from the furnace with his tongs, and suspends over the water in which it is to be extinguished. In the opposite portion of the sky, the disk of the sun, which had just descended, had left the east like a bank of golden sand on the shores of some unknown land.—Our eyes wandered from one direction to another between those two magnificent spectacles of nature. By degrees the brilliancy of the double crepuscule was extinguished; myriads of stars were born overhead, as if to trace a path for our masts vibrating between them; the first night-watch was ordered; every thing which might obstruct the manœuvres of the crew was put aside, and the sailors came alternately to the captain, and said, "May God be with us!" I continued to walk some time in silence on the deck, and then descended, returning thanks to God in my heart for having allowed me thus to see this unknown face of nature. My God, my God, to see thy works under all their forms, to admire thy grandeur on the mountains, or on the seas; to adore and bless thy name, which no language can adorn—this alone is to live! Multiply our days, to increase love and admiration in our hearts! Then turn the leaf, and teach us to read in another world the endless marvels of the book of thy magnificence and thy goodness.