

song to me, Sweet lark thy note re-calls the past; When roam-ing by this

ad lib.

summer sea, I tasted joy too sweet to last.

A CANADIAN HOLY-DAY.

(FROM THE EXILE'S PORTFOLIO.)

"Wherefore," I asked, "resound those joyous bells,
Filling the welkin with harmonious peals?
And why, with cheerful looks, and lightsome steps,
Those throngs of human beings, in attire bright,
Proceed towards the crowded city?" "This is the day
Set forth to praise their God, they hasten to their fane
To join the organ's glorious sounds. With sacred songs,
To bow before his presence in the host; and those bells
Remind the grateful throngs, that they may meet,
And join their priest in sacrifice."

What then, my soul,
Though different forms be ours; and shades subsist
Between their creed and ours; hast thou no cause
To join the general theme? and canst thou think
With apathy, upon this sacred day? True, each Sabbath,
With crowds thou may'st attend, and in the temple kneel
To supplicate the Deity, and celebrate the day,
When He pronounced "creation good;" and meet it is
That such completion noble, and rest therefrom;
Should be remembered, while creation stands!
For so complete and beautiful the design,
That the great Architect required no after thought
For its adornment: to will, was to perform;
And one great day of rest, a Sabbath of eternity is his.
And in his people's hearts, each sublimary day
The tribute of affection should arise, and holy joy,
That they were made, and breath'd his spirit blest.
And meet it is, that they should dedicate a day
From worldly cares, each week, to "God's own festival."
How brightly beams the emblem of beneficence, yon sun,
And pours his radiant gladness in the scene; the blue

The lovely blue of heaven, invites th' aspiring mind
To seek its native home; there, where all griefs shall
cease;

And perception deep divine, awaits the longing soul.
What though *yon field of sorrows* meets my gaze
When it descends to earth; and the heart's wrung with
woe

At thoughts of friends departed; the beloved, the good,
The sweet hopes blighted, and life's thousand ills.
Doth not the very contemplation of that scene
Produce a consolation and call forth for praise!
For since by man's rebellion, all this woe was wrought;
And from this world's paradise, death drives us forth
Ah! what, *with such a scene to close our view*
Could cheer us to support earth's cares? The spirit
crush'd

Must droop and mourn, and even despair near all,
But that best hope of immortality! heaven sent!
The re-union for eternity with those loved friends.
And all the glories of that heaven, that mortal ken
Can never reach, although its aspirations be sublime,
Partaking of the spirit that created it.
And there to laud Redemption's glorious plan,
Composed by love omniscient and divine.
Then join my soul, the anthem of this day;
A day that chains the gratitude of all!

And whilst the multitude of immortal spirits dwell
Here on the glorious Majesty of God; wide may their
hearts
Open to the influence of the Holy Spirit wield,
And prove the gratitude they profess to feel; and walk
This world's narrow path, in holiness and love
And mutual forbearance, the Christian's course
The very bond of righteousness and peace.