

band called out to the conductor, "Set us down at ——" naming a quiet, unobtrusive new-built square. He said it with the half-conscious importance of one who gives a new address, thinking the world must notice what is of so much interest to himself; and then the young people looked at one another, and smiled.

I said to the wife—drawing the bow at a venture—"What a miserable night! Is it not pleasant coming home?"

She looked first at her husband, and then turned to me, her whole face beaming and glowing with happiness, "Oh, it is—it is!"

They bade me good night, and disappeared. I leaned back in my dark corner, my heart very full; it had just strength to give them a silent blessing, and no more. I remembered only that I had been young once, and that I was now an old maid of forty years.

[ORIGINAL.]

## Earth's First Days.

The first days of Earth how smoothly they pass'd,  
Ere men in his glory was troubled by care,  
No affliction and sorrow earth's pleasures to blast,  
How bright were its heavens, its landscapes how fair;  
But brighter than all these our first parents shone,—  
The will of their Maker had made earth their own:

How mild was the air, and how healthily the breeze,  
How perfum'd ev'ry blast by gay scented flowers;  
How happy each beast beneath the wide branching trees;  
How harmonious in joy the birds in their bowers!—  
Then the lion was harmless, playful, and mild,  
As obedient to Adam as a young happy child!

When the sun in his splendour sunk down in the west,  
And left the bright landscape a little less fair,  
As beauty by contrast is thought to shine best,  
The day and the night, Adam pleas'd could compare;  
The day was most brilliant for his dwelling below,  
But night to man's eye distant wonders could show.

How mildly the pale moon look'd down from afar,  
And diffused its soft light on Eden's first pair,  
How fair was the radiance of earth's evening star  
While the notes of the nightingale filled all the air!  
Bright ministering Angels were hovering near,  
Evening's hymn from Adam delighted to hear.

How bright was the knowledge to Adam reveal'd,  
Of the stars of the heavens the Angels had pass'd.  
Of the great extent of the stellar field,  
Of worlds by the laws of their motion held fast!  
To the glad ears of Adam such converse was made,  
By visitant Angels in Eden's sweet shade.

Then early from rest with the lark they arose,  
And hail'd with delight the sun's glorious beams,  
For these ev'ry day to earth's loved ones disclose,  
Some wonder to be found in woods, hills, and streams,—  
So various the objects of beauty around,  
No room in their glad hearts for sadness was found.

But ah! how soon midst those once blooming bowers,  
Was hid the dark venom that blasted earth's good,  
The smooth shining serpent was wreath'd in its flowers,  
And Satan in its breast his base plans pursu'd;  
Instill'd in the heart of the Mother of all,  
Those thoughts of her Maker that led to Earth's fall.

Horton, February, 1852.

T. H. D.

[ORIGINAL.]

## Scripture Pencilings.

NO. I.

### THE ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM.

It was mid-day in Jerusalem, and the voice of revelry rang through its thronged streets, when a procession was seen slowly advancing up the slopes that led to the holy city. Silently it moved onwards; observed but unmolested; until it approached the walls of the city, and then gradually might be heard rising and swelling, higher and yet higher, from the crowd that followed it, the inspiring pæon, "Hosannâ to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" Long did that triumphant sound thrill and quiver upon the lips of the multitude, as the "man of sorrow," amid their acclamations, the gaze of the passers-by, and the withering sneer of the haughty Pharisee, entered that city whose approaching fate had filled his soul with anguish, and which had so often, in wrath and derision, turned away alike from the pleading voice of mercy, and the fearful denunciations of judgment. Ere it passed within its gates, "while at the descent of the Mount of Olives," Jesus lifted up his eyes and "beheld the city." There it lay, stretched out before him in all its beauty and gorgeousness, sleeping in the glad sunlight; and as his eye rested upon its watch-towers and gilded fanes, upon the Holy Temple where their fathers worshipped, whose memory was so intertwined with every Jewish heart; and as the hum of its mighty population broke upon his ear, his spirit kindled within him, the fountains of his heart were broken up, and from his lips broke the impassioned words—"If thou had'st known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace; but now, they are hid from thine eyes." His all-seeing eye, piercing through the dim vista of futurity, beheld the devoted city given over to the merciless rapacity and vengeance of the Imperial legions—the worn and exhausted inhabitants falling beneath the potent arm of the victor; and that hallowed spot, that once "bloomed as the garden of the Lord," and over which the glorious shekinah had in other days so long