

low,' never shrunk from his duty, had earned the privilege of spending his quiet evening in his chimney-corner; he took care of the boats and tackle, and George was a bold and lucky fellow, and did not want an old man's seamanship. It was a happy day when Mary married him, and God bless them and their dear child!"—It was impossible for any feeling heart not to unite in this prayer. We offered a present for our refreshment, but this was steadily refused. The honest old man put us into the nearest path; and we closed a day of pleasure, as such days ought to be closed, happy in ourselves, and with a kindly feeling to all our fellow-beings.

During my short residence at the village I have described, I made several visits to the fisherman's cottage. It was always the same abode of health, and cheerfulness, and smiling industry. Once or twice I saw the husband of Mary. He was an extremely fine young man, possessing all the frankness and decision that belong to a life of adventure, with a love of domestic occupations, and an unvarying gentleness that seemed to have grown in a higher station. But ease and competency, and luxurious refinement, are not essential to humanize the heart. George had received a better education than a life of early toil usually allows. He had been captivated, when very young, by the innocent graces of his Mary. He was now a father.—All these circumstances had formed him for a tranquil course of duty and affection. His snatches of leisure were passed in his little garden, or with his smiling infant. His wife's whole being appeared wrapped up in his happiness. She loved him with a deep and confiding love; and if her hours of anxiety were not unrequited, there were moments of ecstasy in their blameless existence, which made all peril and fear as a dim and forgotten dream.

Seven years had passed over me, with all its various changes. One of the light-hearted and innocent beings who rejoiced with me in the happiness of the fisherman's nest, as we were wont to call the smiling cottage, was no more. I had felt my own sorrows and anxieties—as who has not? and I was in many respects a saddened man. I was tempted once again to my favourite watering place. Its beauty was gone. I was impatient of its feverish noise and causeless hurry; and I was anxious to pass to quieter scenes. A recollection of deep pleasure was, however, associated with the neighbourhood; and I seized the first opportunity to visit the hospitable cottage.

As I approached the green lane which led to the little cove, I felt a slight degree of that agitation which generally attends the renewal of a long suspended intercourse. I pictured Mary and several happy and healthy children;—her husband more grave and careful in his department, embrowned, if not wrinkled, by constant toil;—the old man, perchance, gone to rest with the thousands of happy and useful beings that leave no trace of their path on earth. I came to the little garden. It was still neat; less decorated than formerly, but containing many a bed of useful plants, and several patches of pretty flowers. As I approached the house I paused with anxiety; but I heard the voices of childhood, and I was encouraged to proceed. A scene of natural beauty was before me. The sun was beginning to throw a deep and yellow lustre over the clouds and the sea; the old man sat upon a plot of raised turf at the well-known cottage-door; a net was hung up to dry upon the rack behind him; a dog reposed upon the same bank as his master; one beautiful child of about three years old was climbing up her grandfather's shoulders; another of seven or eight years, perhaps the very same girl I had seen in the cradle, was holding a light to the good old man, who was prepared to enjoy his evening pipe. He had evidently been labouring in his business: his heavy boots were yet upon his legs; and he appeared fatigued, though not exhausted. I saw neither the husband nor the wife.

It was not long before I introduced myself to the "ancient" fisherman. He remembered me with some difficulty; but when I brought to his mind the simple incidents of our first meeting, and more especially his daughter's song, while I listened at the open casement, he gave me his hand, and burst into tears. I soon comprehended his sorrows and his blessings. Mary and her husband were dead! Their two orphan girls were dependent upon their grandsire's protection.

The 'Song of the Fisher's Wife' was true in its forebodings to poor Mary: her brave husband perished in a night of storms. Long did she bear up for the sake of her children; but the worm had eaten into her heart; and she lies in the quiet church-yard, while he has an ocean grave!

Beautiful, very beautiful, is the habitual intercourse between age and infancy. The affection of those advanced in life for the children of their offspring, is generally marked by an intensity of love, even beyond that of the nearer parents. The aged have more ideas in common with the young, than the gay, and busy, and ambitious can conceive. To the holy-minded man, who wears his grey locks reverently, the world is presented in its true colours: he knows its wisdom to be folly, and its splendour, vanity: he finds a sympathy in the artlessness of childhood; and its ignorance of evil is to him more pleasing than men's imperfect knowledge, and more imperfect practice of good. But the intercourse of my poor old fisherman with his two most dear orphans was even of a higher order. He forgot his age, and he toiled for them: he laid aside his cares, and he played with them: he corrected the roughness of his habits, and he nursed them with all sweet and tender offices.—His fears lest they should be dependent upon strangers, or upon public support, gave a new spring to his existence. He lived his manhood over again in all careful occupations; and his hours of rest were all spent with his beloved children in his bosom.

Excellent old man! the blessing of Heaven shall be thy exceeding great reward; and when thou art taken from the abode of labour and love to have thy virtue made perfect, thou shalt feel, at the moment of parting, a deep and holy assurance that the same Providence which gave thee the will and the ability to protect the infancy of thy orphans, shall cherish and uphold them through the rough ways of the world, when thou shalt be no longer their protector.

ST. LUKE—XIX. 41.

Proud daughter of Zion! the years of thy glory
Are waning away—and the mighty shall fall;
And *I-cha-bod**, yet on the page of thy story,
Shall be written the last and the deepest of all.

Ere he come from his eyrie, yon eagle of Rome,
To wave his red plumes o'er each desolate hearth
Of the dwellings of Judah, one deed of her doom,
Will make her the scorn of the uttermost earth.

There are tears—and the words of the Weeper declare,
How lov'd she hath been, and how deep is the ban,
That is written for her in the book of despair—
'Tis the vengeance of God, and the hatred of man.

O! who is the weeper! and why should a tear
Be shed for the haughty Jerusalem now!
And what is the crime that is doom'd to appear,
More dark than the fratricide's curse on her brow?

It was Jesus who wept, and the tears as they fell,
Were an omen too true of her darkness to come;
And the deed of her shame let Mount Calvary tell—
'Tis done—and where now is the Israelite's home?

* I. Samuel, iv. 21. † Genesis, iv. 15.