

immediately think of the probability which exists, that our own humble home and condition, disposed as we sometimes may be to repine about them, comprise just as much of what is to be desired by a rational man as the other. Even in those great capitals, where affluence and luxury are so wonderfully concentrated, and all the higher orders appear so singularly well lodged and fed and attended to, we cannot help looking to the other side, and imagining for every one his own particular misery. The houses appear like palaces; but the idlest spectator may be assured of it, as one of the incontrovertible decrees of Providence, *that there is a skeleton in every one of them*—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE INDIAN'S EVENING SONG.

God of majesty and might,
God of darkness and of night :
God of gloom and God of glory,
God of wild woods, high and hoary,—
Hearken ! let the red man's tale
Reach **THEE** through the night's dark vale !

God of yonder rising shield,
Glittering far o'er flood and field—
Lamp of desert, wood, and brake,
Mirror of the stream and lake,
Guiding with its silver ray
The Red man's dark and weary way :

God of yonder sparkling sky,
God beyond the ken of eye ;
God of calmness and of storms,
God of men as well as worms ;
God of silence and of noise—
God ! in whom all things rejoice :
God of the whirling meteor's maze,
God of the forest's awful blaze—
Hearken, 'midst this silent grove,
To the tribes who hunt and rove !

Then hasten from each wood and wild !
Hasten parent—hasten child ;
Hasten chieftain from thy rule—
Hasten prophet from thy school—
Hasten horseman from the race—
Hasten huntsman from the chase—
Hasten rowman from the lake,
Hasten bowman from the brake—
Hasten warrior from the fight,
Hasten ! rest thy limbs of night ;
Spill no more thy brother's blood,
'Tis the Cannibal's foul food !
Rest thy spear, unbend thy bow,
Hasten here, and pay thy vow :
Hasten ! hasten ! every one—
Mother, daughter, sire and son ;

The chorus raise—the rites prepare—
Hearken ! Bless us, God of prayer !

God of the Indian's birth and death—
God, who gave him life and breath,
Save him from the foeman's scowl,
And the victor's ruthless howl :
Guard his tent, and shield his wife,
Long protect his infant's life !

Spirit of the gloomy woods,
Spirit of the wayward floods,
Shield us in the midnight hour,
Guard us when thy tempests lower ;
Father of our ancient race,
Lend us rest and give us peace,
Till the dawn begin to burn,
And the morning star return

Let the spirits of our sires
Watch around our wigwam fires.
'Till the golden beam of day
Bid them wend their airy way
To the regions of the brave,
Far beyond the broad, green wave !

God who slumbers not nor sleeps—
God the innocent who keeps,
Let thy dark cloud be our cover—
O'er us let thy spirit hover !

God of endless time and space
Long befriend the Red man's race :
Guard him from the white man's chains—
The white man's tortures, wiles, and pains !
God of night and God of day,
Thus we praise, and thus we pray !

D. C.

(ORIGINAL.)

WEDDED LIFE.

" 'Tis sweet to think there is an eye will watch our coming, and look brighter when we come."

THE lengthening shadows speak of the falling eve,
and the gentle breeze is laden with choicest perfume. Flowers of many and lovely hues are blossoming around, and the creeping plants embrace the aged stems, hiding their decay with the robes of youth. Smiling Nature looks forth in every bud, and her beauty gladdens the heart and eye of the gazer.

In the midst is a summer bower, and from its flower-woven lattice a face of gentlest loveliness watches the playful gambolings of one yet in the very rosiest hour of childish beauty. Look ye upon that mother's eye—bears it not the impress of the heart's true happiness. Mark how truly it follows