

Sudden there fell
Across the burnished wave a darkening shade—
They felt a holy presence in their souls,
When lo! the Master on the rocky shore
Stood in their sight. Gently the light wind raised
The parted hair from his majestic brow,
That brow on which benign compassion sat,
And love unbounded—love which only he,
The Saviour of mankind, for our frail race
Could know, and manifest. Therefore he came,
A messenger divine, to reconcile
Us, wandering children, by his holy life,
And by his death (of his great mission's truth
The sign and seal), unto his God and ours—
His Father and our own.

For a brief space,
In silence stood he in the twilight dim,
Silent and calm,—yet full of majesty
That would have hushed their trembling hearts
with awe,
But for the tender pity of his glance,
Which melted them to love. His prescience read
What thoughts were in their souls; and as they
stood
In act to cast their nets into the sea,
His voice of more than earthly sweetness broke
In accents low, but with persuasive tones,
Upon their ear.

"Come, follow me," he said,
"And ye shall soon become fishers of men,"—
They heard, and straight obeyed—forsook their
nets—
Severed all earthly ties, and followed him,
Their Master and their Lord.

Blessed disciples!
Self-denying men! who for the gospel
Of the kingdom, left pleasure and gain,
Home's quiet joys, and the dear friends of youth,—
All, all that clung close as the twining clasp
Of the green vine around your hearts, to brave
Reproach and shame, and fearless look on death,
For "him the world knew not."

Yet we, alas!
From whom no sacrifice like yours is asked,
Are we not loth to follow in that path
Where Jesus led! We covet sensual joys,—
Thirst for some draught from broken cisterns
drawn,

Nor love to sit in meek submission down
Low at his feet, and from the fountain pure,
Unscaled by his dear love, quaff full and free
The healing waters of eternal life;
Henceforth be ours, that cloudless faith, that love
Ardent and deep, which, 'mid the insulting scorn,

The cruel wrongs of those he came to save,
Bore him unfaltering on in his high course;
Be ours his spirit,—may we him obey
In heart and life,—and as he meekly bowed,
E'en in the hour of death's deep agony,
Unto his Father's will, so let our souls
In sorrow's darkest night, trust in His love
Which never fails nor faints,—and may our lips,
Though earthly hopes lie dead, say with meek
faith,
"Thy will, oh God, be done!"

E. L. C.

SOME LITERARY RELICS.

"Rosamond's Bower, his (Thomas Crofton Croker) residence at this period, has many literary associations connected with its pleasant memories. Maria Edgeworth, Lucy Aikin, Moore, Rogers, Sidney Smith, Barham ('Ingoldsby,') Hook, 'Father Prout,' and doubtless very many more kindred spirits, have all sat and communed beneath the beautiful weeping ash that we so well remember to have breakfasted under in the pretty garden, 'one bowery morning,' as it was called; and many were the quaint records which we saw, and then noted, of the visits of such guests. One chair bore the Herrick-like inscription of,—

"Here Maria Edgeworth sat,
And did pat
A cat,
Who did purr
Unto her.
What is there to make a stir
About that!

"27th DECEMBER, 1843."

Another chair, on which the name of Moore had been deeply cut,

"This is to tell o' days
When, on this cathedra,
He of the Melodies
Solemnly sat, agraph."

There, too, was Thomson's table, which had been brought from the Dove Coffee-House, at Hammer-smith, inscribed,

"HERE THOMSON SANG THE SEASONS AND THEIR
CHANGE."

"Here Thomson sung"—the phrase I quote
Meaneth that here that poet wrote
About the Seasons—"Spring" and "Autumn!"
And here he drank the change they brought him."