

## HYMN IN HARVEST TIME.

BY CHARLES WIST THOMPSON.

'Neath summer's bright and glorious sky,  
While proudly waves the golden grain,  
And through the falling fields of rye,  
Comes on the joyous reaper train—  
While nature smiles, and hill and plain  
Are tranquil as the sleeping sea,  
And peace and plenty brightly reign  
By homestead, hearth, and forest tree.  
God of the seasons, unto thee we raise  
Our hands and hearts in melody and praise.

There is a sweet breath from the hills,  
The incense from the mountain air,  
Which from a thousand flowers distills  
Its odours delicate and rare—  
We feel its balm—we see it there  
Among the bending wheat-blades move,  
Kissing their tops in dalliance fair,  
As if its very life were love.  
God of the harvest, whence its breezes blow,  
Receive the humble thanks thy creatures owe.

Our loaded wain comes winding home,  
Then let us rest beneath the shade  
Of this old oak, our verdant dome,  
And watch the evening shadows fade—  
O'er mount and meadow, lawn and glade,  
They spread their deepening tints of gray,  
Till all the scene their hues pervade,  
And twilight glories melt away.  
God of the world, who round thy curtain throws,  
Thanks for the time of quiet and repose.

How still is nature all around !  
No song is sung, no voice is heard—  
Save here and there a murmuring sound,  
As if some restless sleeper stir'd ;  
The grasshopper, night's clam'rous bird,  
Chirps gay, but all is hush beside—  
And silence is the soothing word,  
Whose spell diffuses far and wide.  
God of the universe, by night and day,  
We bless thee for the gifts we ne'er can pay.

From the Gift for 1839.

## MAN OVERBOARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE MUTINY.'

'Moot hor, quartermaster !' hailed the officer of the deck ;  
hold on, every body !'

Torn from my grasp upon the capstan by a mountain wave which  
swept us in its power, I was borne over the lee-bulwarks ; and a  
rope which I grasped in my passage, not being belayed, unrove in  
my hands, and I was buried in the sea.

'Man overboard !' rang along the decks. 'Cut away the life-  
buoy !'

Stunned and strangling, I rose to the surface, and instinctively  
struck out for the ship ; while, clear above the roar of the storm,  
and the dash of the cold, terrible sea, the loud thunder of the trum-  
pet came full on my ear :

'Man the weather main and maintop-sail braces ; slack the lee  
ones ; round in ; stand by to lower away the lee-quarter boat !'

My first plunge for the ship, whose dim outline I could scarcely  
perceive, in the almost pitchy darkness of the night, most for-  
tunately brought me within reach of the life-buoy grating. Climb-  
ing upon this, I used the faithless rope, still in my hand, to lash  
myself fast ; and, thus freed from the fear of immediate drowning,  
I could more quietly watch and wait for rescue.

The ship was now hidden from my sight ; but, being to lee-  
ward, I could, with considerable distinctness make out her where-  
about, and judge of the motions on board. Directly, a signal-lan-  
tern glanced at her peak ; and oh ! how brightly shone that soli-  
tary beam on my straining eye !—for, though rescued from im-  
mediate peril, what other succor could I look for, in that fearful  
swell, on which no boat could live a moment ? What could I ex-  
pect, save a lingering, horrid death ?

Within a cable's length, lay my floating home, where ten mi-  
nutes before not a lighter heart than mine was enclosed by her  
frowning bulwarks ; and though so near that I could hear the rat-  
tling of her cordage, and the rustling thunder of her canvass, I  
could also hear those orders from her trumpet which extinguished  
hope.

'Relay all with that boat !' said a voice that I knew right well ;  
'she can't live a minute !'

My heart died within me, and I closed my eyes in despair. Next  
fell upon my ear the rapid notes of the drum beating to quarters,  
with all the clash, and tramp, and roar of a night alarm ; while I  
could also faintly hear the mustering of the divisions, which was  
done to ascertain who was missing. Then came the hissing of a  
rocket, which, bright and clear, soared to heaven ; and again fall-  
ing, its momentary glare was quenched in the waves.

Drifting from the ship, the hum died away : but see—that sheet  
of flame !—the thunder of a gun boomed over the stormy sea.  
Now the blazo of a blue-light illumines the darkness, revealing the  
tall spars and white canvass of the ship, still near me !

'Maintop there !' came the hail again ; 'do you see him to lee-  
ward ?'

'No, Sir !' was the chill reply.

The ship now remained stationary with her lights aloft, but I  
could perceive nothing more for some minutes : they have given  
me up for lost !

That I could see the ship, those on board well knew, provided  
I had gained the buoy : but their object was to discover me, and  
now several blue-lights were burnt at once on various parts of the  
rigging. How plainly could I see her rolling in the swell !—at  
one moment engulfed, and in the next rising clear above the wave,  
her bright mast and white sails glancing, the mirror of hope, in this  
fearful illumination ; while I, covered with the breaking surge, was  
tossed wildly about, now on the crest, now in the trough of the  
sea.

'There he is, Sir ! right abeam !' shouted twenty voices, as I  
rose upon a wave.

'Man the braces !' was the quick, clear, and joyous reply of  
the trumpet : while, to cheer the forlorn heart of the drowning  
seaman, the martial tones of the bugle rung out, 'Boarders,  
away !' and the shrill call of the boatswain piped, 'Haul taut and  
belay !' and the noble ship, blazing with light, fell off before the  
wind.

A new danger now awaited me ; for the immense hull of the  
sloop-of-war came plunging around, bearing directly down upon  
me ; while her increased proximity enabled me to discern all the  
minutiae of the ship, and even to recognise the face of the first lieuten-  
tenant, as, trumpet in hand, he stood on the fore-castle.

Nearer yet she came, while I could move only as the wave toss-  
ed me ; and now, the end of her flying jib-boom is almost over  
my head !

'Hard a-port !' hailed the trumpet, at this critical moment :  
'round in weather main-braces : right the helm !'

The spray from the bows of the ship, as he came up, dashed  
over me, and the increased swell buried me for an instant under a  
mountain-wave ; emerging from which, there lay my ship, hove-  
to, not her length to windward !

'Garnet,' hailed the lieutenant from the lee-gangway, 'are you  
there, my lad ?'

'Ay, ay, Sir !' I shouted in reply ; though I doubted whether,  
in the storm, the response could reach him ; but the thunder-toned  
cheering which, despite the discipline of a man-of-war, now rung  
from the decks and rigging, put that fear at rest, and my heart  
bounded with rapture, in the joyous hope of a speedy rescue.

'All ready ?' hailed the lieutenant again ; 'heave !' and four  
ropes, with small floats attached, were thrown from the ship and  
fell around me. None, however, actually touched me ; and for  
this reason the experiment failed ; for I could not move my un-  
wieldy grating, and dared not leave it ; for by so doing, I might  
in that fearful swell miss the rope, be unable to regain my present  
position, and drown between the two chances of escape.

I was so near to the ship, that I could recognise the faces of the  
crew on her illuminated deck, and hear the officers as they told me  
where the ropes lay ; but the fearful alternative I have mentioned,  
caused me to hesitate, until I, being so much lighter than the ves-  
sel, found myself fast drifting to leeward. I then resolved to make  
the attempt, but as I measured the distance of the nearest float  
with my eye, my resolution again faltered, and the precious and  
final opportunity was lost ! Now, too, the storm, which, as if in  
compassion, had temporarily lulled, roared again in full fury ; and  
the safety of the ship required that she should be put upon her  
course. \* \* \*

## CUSTOMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY LILLIAN CHING.

"After Captain Basil Hall had visited the island of Loo-Choo,  
he called at St. Helena and had an interview with Napoleon. In  
the course of conversation he mentioned to the emperor, that the  
Loo-Chooans had no arms. "No arms !" he exclaimed, "that is  
to say, no cannons. They have muskets?"—"Not even mus-  
kets," the Captain replied. "Well, then, lances, or at least  
bows and arrows?" said Napoleon. "No, none," replied the  
Captain. "But," said Bonaparte, clenching his fist and raising  
his voice to the highest pitch, "but, without arms how do they  
fight?" Driven to this corner, the Captain could only reply, that  
they had no wars. "No wars !" reiterated Napoleon with an ex-  
pression of countenance which showed how little credit he was dis-  
posed to give to such a report."—*Quarterly Review*.

LETTERS OF LILLIAN CHING, TO HIS BRETHREN IN THE  
ISLAND OF LOO-CHOO ; WRITTEN DURING HIS RESI-  
DENCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

U. S., Mount Prospect, 7th month 1825.

My Dear Brethren,

I have now been in the United States of America more than five  
years, but neither time nor distance has weaned my affections from  
my country, my brethren, and my friends. They are had in daily  
remembrance. The people of this country generally trace their  
origin to Great Britain, and speak the English language, which you  
had opportunity to hear, when the British ships of war visited our  
Island. The language is now familiar to me, and as I wish to im-  
prove in writing it, I shall use it in my letters to you—not doubt-

ing that by this time some of my countrymen understand it, and  
will be able to interpret for others.

I shall say nothing of the geography of the United States ; but  
shall endeavour to give you some account of the character, the  
manners and customs of this extraordinary people. As I shall  
have strange things to relate which might lead you to suspect me  
of such prejudices as naturally arise from unkind or contemptuous  
treatment, it may be proper for me in the outset, to assure you  
that I have been treated with much hospitality during my residence  
in this country. In many respects, I think highly of the Ameri-  
cans. They are far before the people of our Island as to general  
knowledge, and in the arts and sciences. But many of their opi-  
nions and customs are shocking to me. I may in some things  
misjudge, in others, I may have been misinformed ; but I shall aim  
to be correct in all I shall communicate to you respecting them.

LILLIAN CHING.

## LETTER II.

Mount Prospect, 8th month, 1825.

You will remember that the Britons, who formerly surprised us  
by their warlike appearance, called themselves Christians—a name  
which was then but little understood by our people. The inhabi-  
tants of these States have assumed the same name ; and I am told  
that it is a name common to many nations of Europe, and also of  
South America. By inquiry I have learned that this name was  
not derived from a place or country, as we derive Chinese from  
China ; but from a wonderful personage who appeared in Pales-  
tine, as a Divine Teacher, a little more than 1800 years ago. As  
he was called Jesus Christ, his disciples call themselves Christians.

You will not soon forget what an unfavorable opinion we form-  
ed of Christians, when the Britons who visited our country ex-  
plained to us the purposes for which their ships were built, and  
the use of their guns. We very naturally associated the idea of  
men-killers with the name of Christians ; for the Britons made us  
understand that they were trained to the business of war and man-  
slaughter, and that they deemed this employment just and glorious.  
To a people like ours, who were wholly ignorant of war, and fight-  
ing, and who had been educated to live in love and peace with all  
men, it could not but be shocking to see such huge ships furnis-  
hed with engines of death, for the destruction of mankind, and to  
see them manned with many hundreds of people exulting in their  
profession as warriors ! After my arrival in this country, I found  
that the Christians of these States had not only their ships of war,  
and men trained to fight on the ocean, but that throughout the  
country, the young men spend several days in each year to learn  
to fight on the land. It is supposed that more than a million of  
men are thus trained every year. In the opinion of this people,  
great glory is acquired by successful deeds of manslaughter. Bat-  
tles fought fifty years ago, in which many were slain, are still  
celebrated in praise of the actors, to excite in others what they  
call the martial spirit, and the love of military glory ! I am also  
told, that this people in time of war, pray to their God to assist  
them in destroying their fellow-men, and that such prayers are  
offered up in the name of Jesus Christ, who is called their Media-  
tor and their Saviour.

From such facts, it was very natural to infer, that the Chris-  
tians regard their God and their Mediator as beings who have great  
delight in deeds of war and bloodshed—especially when practised  
on a large scale. I was therefore induced to make some inquiry  
respecting the religion of this people. On mentioning the subject to  
some friends, I was referred to a book, called the Holy Bible,  
which they said would give me a full account of Christianity. I  
was also told that I should find the Christian religion far preferable  
to any other, as its tendency is to make men love one another, and  
to live in peace. How to reconcile this with what I had learned of  
the practice of Christians, I could not understand. But having ob-  
tained the Sacred Book, I resolved to examine it myself. I found  
it to be divided into two parts or Testaments—one is called the Old  
Testament, and the other the New Testament.

I have already examined the Old Testament. It gives a con-  
cise account of the creation of the world, and the fall of man ; but  
a considerable part of this Testament is a history of events relating  
to a particular race of men, called Hebrews, Israelites, or Jews, to  
whom their God had shewn special favors, and who are often call-  
ed his chosen people. Abraham their father, and a considerable  
number of his posterity were, I am inclined to think, good men ;  
but the nation as a people, were often reproved by their God, as a  
rebellious and stiff-necked people.

The Old Testament also contains many extraordinary predic-  
tions of future events, some of which are not yet accomplished.  
There is a prediction, which is often repeated, of the coming of an  
extraordinary prophet or messenger among the Jews, who was to  
effect great changes in the world. The Christians affirm that this  
wonder-working person was their Christ or Messiah. But the  
same prophets who foretold the appearance of such a personage,  
also predicted that under his reign, there would be a time of uni-  
versal peace, and that the nations would learn war no more. Yet  
more than eighteen centuries have elapsed since the birth of Jesus  
Christ, and the time of peace has not arrived. It is true, that the  
prophets did not very distinctly say at what period of the Messiah's  
reign the state of peace would begin ; but 1800 years is a long time  
to wait for the fulfilment of such a prediction. Besides, it seems