

Mendowit thought himself richly repaid for his share in the expedition. He had, besides, a new gun, powder and knife, both the guns of the Mohawks, which he managed to carry to Dover as trophies of his complete success in tracking their paths. And, moreover, he enjoyed, till the day of his death, the friendship and hospitality of Robert and Mary. Their house was always his home, when he chose to make it so; and when he slept that deep, cold sleep, which, sooner or later, will close the eyes of all who dwell beneath the sun, these faithful friends saw him laid decently in the grave, and their tears fell at the remembrance of his virtues and his services.

**THE CHASE.**—A noble ship of 600 tons was on her outward passage to India, with a valuable cargo of specie and American goods. Before doubling the Cape, a suspicious looking vessel was discovered dead to windward under a press of canvass, bearing down upon the Indianman—the experienced eye of the Captain instantly enabled him to determine that she was a small tight schooner—an acquaintance with which would not be desirable. He had few arms—and although his crew was true as steel, they could not contend with a well armed pirate. The ship was therefore put away before the wind and every rag of canvass packed upon her that she could bear. The eye of the captain rested for a time upon his bending masts covered with canvass to the very truck—was then turned upon his gallant crew, who collected, having entire confidence in his skill and courage, and at last settled long and steadfastly upon the chase. She gains—she gains, and there are many hours yet of day-light. A ship has the advantage of a small craft with a flowing sheet—but yet she gains. The danger is pressing, is imminent, and lo! a new and terrible enemy appears, far to leeward—a black cloud rises slowly from the horizon, and gives but too surely, an intimation of what may shortly be apprehended. The ship cannot shorten sail, for the chase will be upon him—and the captain's plan was instantly laid. Every man was ordered to his post—the heavens grew more portentous every moment—but the pirate did not start a tack or sheet, as the captain hoped he would, and allow him to gain a little before the hurricane came on. The wind freshens—the masts yield to the tremendous pressure which they have to sustain—the teeth of the stoutest seamen are set firm, in the apprehension that they will go by the board. The steady eye of the captain is fixed upon the gathering tornado—at last it comes,—the ocean in the distance is white with foam, and he who was before so quiet is now animated to tremendous exertion. "Let go all fore and aft," rung out clear and loud—"clew up, and clew down,"—"lay aloft," were orders which followed each other in quick succession, and were as quickly obeyed—the flapping sails are rapidly secured—the wind lulls—the tornado is upon them, taking them aback—the ship falls off—she bends to the gale, until her yard-arms are in the waves—she begins to move through the water with a constantly accelerated motion.

The Pirate, with the quickness of perception so common among men of their class, instantly comprehended his advantage. He was near two miles dead to leeward of the Indianman, which made greater headway under her bare poles than he did—the hurricane could not last long—he would therefore be close on board of her when it passed over, and she must then fall an easy prey to him.

The captain of the noble merchantman saw it all—there was but one fearful way to escape. He had a gallant and staunch ship under him—she had not yet sprung a spar, nor split a sail: he had an extremely valuable cargo, and his men he could not see them strung up to the yard arm, on the principle that "dead men tell no tales"—he therefore set his foresail and close reefed main-sail, which urged his ship through the water with great velocity. The little black pirate saw the plan, and, attempted to make sail, but all would not do, and he saw that his only chance for safety was if possible to elude the shock, at the very moment of the expected concussion.

The ship came down upon him with terrific precision. "Hard to port," shouted the pirate to his helmsman. "Hard to port;" echoed the merchantman to his. One tremendous crash—one wild frantic shriek of despair—and all was hushed in death.

### THE AURORA BOREALIS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The heavens speak forth thy glory, Lord of Hosts.  
Night kindleth as the day. The darken'd line  
Where hills and skies commune, o'erflows with light  
Of rainbow hue. A crimson canopy,  
Flecker'd and fring'd and interlac'd with white,  
Floats from the zenith downward. Streaming rays  
Of changeful lustre traverse every path  
Where star and planet do their Maker's will.  
—The pure snow blushes, doth it see its God,  
Who in His secret chambers gave it birth,  
And sent its feathery flakes, a graceful gift  
To hoary Winter?

Lo, the glowing skies  
Warn thee, O man, with tongues of living fire,  
As erst on Pentecost there strangely fell  
The flame miraculous, till every heart  
Was melted to the truth. Look up! Look up!  
The anxious stars are watching the result,  
And o'er each orb a bright-winged angel peers,  
With lyre new-strung for that high strain which hails  
The sinner that repenteth.

So, be wise,  
And let this show of God's omnipotence  
Guide thee to Him.

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### MORNING HYMN.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"Let there be light!" The Eternal spoke  
And from the abyss where darkness rode,  
The earliest dawn of nature broke,  
And light around creation flow'd.  
The glad earth smiled to see the day,  
The first-born day came blushing in;  
The young day smiled to shed its ray  
Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,  
The God who first the day-beam pour'd,  
Whispered again his fiat forth,  
And shed the gospel's light abroad.  
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays  
On rich and poor were meant to fall,  
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise  
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the Orient first  
Flashes the signal light for prayer;  
Come with the earliest beams that burst  
From God's bright throne of glory there.  
Come kneel to Him who through the night  
Hath watched above thy sleeping soul.  
To Him whose mercies, like his light,  
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

### SONG OF THE DYING.

Disease had well nigh done its work—the flame but glimmered in the socket—one moment more, and it would be out. The dying girl called, by her waving hand, her sister to her, and faintly breathed forth the wish that she would sing—sing some sweet melody that she might leave earth with the tones of inspiring music lingering on her ear. "And what, dear sister, would you choose for me to sing?" "Sing, Harriet, my favourite—I leave earth willingly," said the dying girl. The sister, well knew her choice, and she sat down to the instrument and brought forth its softest, sweetest tones; they were indeed, born of heaven, and never had music a holier influence than when it breathed forth the elevated thoughts of one dying in the beauty of her youth, and yet willing to depart. We looked on her with sacred awe; we felt we were in the presence of a being of another world, who

was soon to know the mystery of death. What a calm and beautiful expression was on her countenance! What a glow was on her cheek, and a brilliancy in her eye, as the notes of the favoured song rose sweet and clear, and seemed to float around the couch of the dying! Oh! is not that religion worth possessing, that enabled her to wear a heavenly smile at the last moment, and show that she felt the words that were uttered, though she could not speak them! And she died as the sister repeated—

"I would not live away, away from my God.  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode."

There was much to wean thee away, fair sister of the gentle speech and tender eye! "Storm after storm" did, indeed, "rise dark o'er thy way," and heaven was fairer to thee than earth. And when the pale conqueror cometh to bear me from this shadowy world, may thy sweet cheerfulness be mine and some gentle one sing me to death's sleep as thou wert. Sweet sister! we part from earth's melody, for the purer and nobler harmonies of heaven! The strains that greet us as we linger on the shores of mortality are not the last, for there are harps and voices in that home which awaits us all, and everlasting songs will be sung to the praise of our Father and our God!

**GRASP OF THE HUMAN MIND.**—Our earth, as is well known, has the form of a spheroid, a little flattened towards the poles. Its radius is about 1500 leagues. The highest mountains do not rise to more than two leagues above the level of the sea, and there are but few tracts naturally situated below that level; and the greatest depths which have been reached by digging in the quarries, and more especially in the mines, do not exceed 1800 feet. The inequalities of the soil, then, are very trifling, when compared with the whole mass of the terrestrial spheroid; and if the depth of the pits dug from the surface strike us with awe—if the elevation of the mountains, whose summits we perceive to be lost in the clouds, confound us with astonishment, it is only because we judge of them by comparison with the extreme smallness of the objects which surround us. The earth, the superficies of which seems so unequal and rugged, would offer to the eye of an individual, capable of embracing the outline at a glance, only the smooth appearance of one of our artificial globes, at the instant when it comes from the hands of the workman who has polished it. Let us suppose the terrestrial spheroid to be represented by a ball three inches in diameter. If we wished upon this ball to figure, in relief, the inequalities which are seen upon the surface of the earth, the slightest protuberances, almost invisible to the eye, assisted by a microscope, would represent the highest mountains; the slightest scratch which could be made on its surface would be deeper, in relation to its diameter, than are the greatest artificial cavities in proportion to that of the earth; and the vapours which a single breath would cause to be condensed, would perhaps be too thick to represent the atmosphere, even to the height at which clouds are formed. For us, imperceptible atoms, who vegetate in this stratum of humid air, there is no expression to describe our littleness, and the weakness of our means, when we employ them to act upon the globe. Nevertheless, this puny atom has measured the earth, the dimensions of which crush him to nothing; he has measured the sun, a million times greater than the earth; he has calculated the distance which separates it from that orb whose brilliance his feeble gaze cannot sustain; he has recognized in the myriads of stars which sparkle in the firmament, so many other suns spread through the immensity of the universe, around which revolve their respective systems of opaque globes, all of whose movements they regulate. Capable, in his diminitiveness, of raising his ideas to an expanse without bounds, the earth is no more to his enlarged conceptions than a grain of sand lost in the infinity of space. Is there not, in all this, matter for much reflection on the superiority of the human mind, which enables it to comprehend objects of such magnitude, though nature seems to have condemned it to vegetate within so narrow a circle?—*Bertrand's Revolutions of the Globe.*