

# SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

VOL. I.]

MONTREAL, MARCH 29, 1834.

[No. 19.

## JOSHUA BEFORE JERICHO.

So the people shouted when *the priests* blew with the trumpets; and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city. *Joshua, chap. vi. verse xx.*

Before the city's walls he stood,  
The chosen one of God ;  
And Jericho beheld the strength  
Of his chastising rod.  
The strong ones trembled, and the weak  
Grew pallid with affright,  
And o'er the city's fate there fell  
A hopeless, starless night.

"And," said the Lord to Joshua, "see,  
I've given into thine hand,  
The city and the King thereof,  
And the mighty of the land.  
And ye shall compass it around,  
Ye men of war-like ways,  
Go round about the city once,  
Thus shalt thou do six days."

And thus they did, and Joshua then  
On the seventh day came out,  
And the priests the brazen trumpets blew,  
And the people raised a shout.  
And the Omnipotent, the Lord,  
Was faithful to their trust,  
And the harlot walls of Jericho  
Were humbled with the dust.

Thus when thy voice, oh! Lord, is heard,  
Before the wall of sin,  
Which, in his strength, the Evil One,  
Has lifted up within;  
May it be levelled by its power,  
And I become in truth,  
What thou in mercy and in love,  
Had made my sinless youth.

## THE ORPHANS.

I was staying, about ten years since, at a delightful little watering place on the southern coast, which, like many other pretty objects, is now ruined by having had its beauty praised and decorated. Our party had wandered, one sunny afternoon, to an inland village. There was amongst us all the joyousness of young hearts; and we laughed and sang, under an unclouded sky, "as if the world would never grow old." The evening surprised us at our merriment; and the night suddenly came on, cloudily, and foreboding a distant storm. We mistook our way,—and, after an hour's wandering through narrow and dimly-lighted lanes, found ourselves on the shingly beach. The tide was beginning to flow; but a

large breadth of shore encouraged us to proceed without apprehension, as we soon felt satisfied of the direction of our home. The ladies of our party, however, began to weary; and we were all well nigh exhausted, when we reached a little enclosure upon the margin of the sea, where the road passed round a single cottage. There was a strong light within. I advanced alone, whilst my friends rested upon the paling of the garden. I looked, unobserved, through the rose-covered window. A delicate and graceful young woman was assiduously spinning; an infant lay cradled by her side; and an elderly man, in the garb of a fisherman, whose beautiful grey locks flowed upon his sturdy shoulders, was gazing with a face of benevolent happiness upon the sleeping child. I paused one instant, to look upon this tranquil scene. Every thing spoke of content and innocence. Cleanliness and comfort, almost approaching to taste, presided over the happy dwelling. I was just going to knock, when my purpose was arrested by the young and beautiful mother (for so I judged was the female before me) singing a ballad, with a sweet voice and a most touching expression. I well recollect the words, for she afterwards repeated the song at my request:—

### SONG OF THE FISHER'S WIFE.

Rest, rest, thou gentle sea,  
Like a giant laid to sleep;  
Rest, rest, when day shall flee,  
And the stars their bright watch keep;  
For his boat is on thy wave,  
And he must toil and roam,  
Till the flowing tide shall lave  
Our dear and happy home.

Wake not, thou changeful sea,  
Wake not in wrath and power;  
Oh bear his bark to me,  
Ere the darkness midnight lower;  
For the heart will heave a sigh,  
When the loved one's on the deep,  
But when angry storms are nigh,  
What can Mary do,—but weep?

The ballad ceased; and I entered the cottage. There was neither the reality nor the affectation of alarm. The instinctive good sense of the young woman saw, at once, that I was there for an honest purpose; and the quiet composure of the old man showed that apprehension was a stranger to his bosom. In two minutes our little party were all seated by the side of the courteous, but independent fisherman. His daughter, for so we soon learnt the young woman was, pressed upon us their plain and unpretending cheer. Our fatigue vanished before the smiling kindness of our welcome; while our spirits mounted, as the jug of sound and mellow ale refreshed our thirsty lips.—The husband of the young wife, the father of the cradled child, was, we found, absent at his nightly toil. The old man seldom now partook of this labour. "His Mary's husband," he said, "was an honest and generous fellow;—an old fisherman, who had, for five and forty years, been reughing it, and, 'blow high, blow