

fiat was pronounced against him, and the next day he was doomed to a disgraceful death! Though the attached creature was prevented from re-entering the prison, yet he remained at the door during the whole night; and in the morning, when the unfortunate man was destined to pass through it, he was greeted by the carresses of this unalterable friend, who alone remained firm in the hour of exigence, and refused to be separated even by the power of death!

"The lifeless body was no sooner stretched upon that element where it was destined to ever after to remain, than the afflicted animal walked sorrowfully round it, and testified his distress by the most moving complaints; and when concealed from his eyes by the earth that covered it, he refused stirring from the side of the grave. In vain was he attempted to be attracted from that asylum where the sorrows of his master were peaceably laid; for though he would occasionally partake of the food prepared for his sustenance, he always regularly returned to his melancholy retreat.

"At length the friends of his master, in whose house he had been cherished, allured him from the spot where his affections were confined, and prevented him from displaying such marks of attachment as were ultimately calculated to destroy his life. But what manacles are capable of confining the affections? He soon broke through the fetters by which he had been restrained, and rushed towards the grave that contained the ashes of his master, as if forming the resolution there to remain. Without attempting to force him from his favourite haunt, different kinds of food were offered him to eat, but in vain they tried to induce him to partake of it, for he refused touching any kind of meat. Four-and-twenty hours did this faithful creature employ in attempting to scratch the earth from the body it contained, when nature exhausted by exertion and attachment, found each attempt grow still more weak and vain: a sudden shriek testified his anguish; a convulsive motion shook his frame, and stretching himself upon the ashes that concealed the object of his affection, he relinquished a life of fidelity and pain!"—*New Preceptor.*

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

PIETY TO GOD.

PIETY to God is the first thing to be recommended, as the foundation of good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then, spontaneously, rise into the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness.—Where can any object be found, so proper to kindle those affections, as the Father of the Universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good, which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the insurer of all the friendship which has ever been shown you by others: himself, your

best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage, as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers; of him, to whom your parents devoted you; of him, whom in former ages your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in Heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm vigorous dictate of the heart.—*Blair.*

P O E T R Y.

From "The World before the Flood."

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

(Concluded.)

Wrestling with God, as nature's vigour fail'd
His faith grew stronger and his plea prevail'd;
The prayer from agony to rapture rose,
And sweet as angel accents fell the close.
I stood to greet him; when he raised his head,
Divine expression o'er his visage spread,
His presence was so saintly to behold,
He seem'd in sinless paradise grown old.
Ere noon, returning to his tower, I found
Our father labouring in his harvest ground,
(For yet he till'd a little plot of soil
Patient and pleased with voluntary toil;
But O how changed from him, whose morning eye
Outshone the star, that told the sun was nigh!
Loose in his feeble grasp the sickle shook;
I mark'd the ghastly colour of his look,
And ran to help him; but his latest strength
Fail'd;—prone upon his shoaves he fell at length:
I strove to raise him; sight and sense were fled,
Nerveless his limbs, and backward sway'd his head:
Such pass'd; I call'd him, and we bore our sire
To neighbouring shades from noon's afflictive fire:
Ere long he woke to feeling, with a sigh,
And half unclosed his hesitating eye;
Strangely and timidly he peer'd around;
Like men in dreams whom sudden lights confound—
"Is this a new creation?—Have I pass'd
The bitterness of death?"—He look'd aghast,
Then sorrowful;—No, men and trees appear;
"Tis not a new creation,—pain is here:
From sin's dominion is there no release?
Lord! let thy servant now depart in peace.
Hurried remembrance crowding o'er his soul,
He knew us; tears of consternation stole
Down his pale cheeks:—"Seth;—Enoch!—Where is
Eve?"

How could the spouse her dying consort leave?"

"Eve look'd that moment from their cottage door

In quest of Adam, where he toil'd before;

He was not there; she called him by his name;

Sweet to his ear the well-known accents came;

Here am I," answered he, in tone so weak,

That we who held him scarcely heard him speak:

But resolutely bent to rise, in vain

He struggled till he swoon'd away with pain.

Eve call'd again, and turning tow'rd the shade,

Helpless as infancy, beheld him laid:

She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,

Forward, and cast herself upon the ground

At Adam's feet: half-rising in despair,

From our arms she wildly strove to tear:

Repell'd by gentle violence, she press'd

His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,

And kneeling, bending o'er him, full of fears,

Warm on his bosom shower'd her silent tears.

Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,

They open'd on her in a transient flame:

"—And art thou here my life! my love! he cried,

Faithful in death to this congenial side?

Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,

One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part."

"—Leave me not, Adam! leave me not below—
With thee I tarry, or with thee I go.

She said, and yielding to his faint embrace,

Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face.
Alarming recollection soon return'd,
His fever'd frame with growing anguish burn'd:
Ah! then, as nature's tenderest impulse wrought,
With fond solicitude of love she sought
To soothe his limbs upon their grassy bed,
And make the pillow easy to his head,
She wiped his reeking temple with her hair—
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air:
Moistened his lips with kisses: with her breath
Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of death,
That ran and revolv'd through his swollen veins:
With quicker pulses and severer pains.

"The sun, in summer majesty on high,
Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky;
Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays,
His orb expanded through a dreary haze,
And, circled with a red portentuous zone,
He look'd in sickly horror from his throne:
The vital air was still; the torrid heat
Oppress'd our hearts, that labour'd hard to beat.
When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
Thence to his home our father was convey'd,
And stretch'd him, pillow'd with his latest sheaves,
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
Here, though his sufferings through the glen were
known,

We chose to watch his dying bed alone,
Eve, Seth, and I. In vain he sigh'd for rest,
And oft his meek complainings, thus expressed:
—"Blow on me, wind! I faint with heat! O bring
Delicious water from the deepest spring;
Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,
Ye cedars! wash me cold with midnight dews.
Cheer me, my friends! with looks of kindness cheer;
Whisper a word of comfort in my ear;
Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom,
This silence is the silence of the tomb.
Thither I hasten; help me on my way;
O sing to soothe me, and to strengthen pray!
We sang to soothe him,—hopeless was the song;
We pray'd to strengthen him,—he grew not strong.
In vain from every herb, and fruit, and flower,
Of cordial sweetness, or of healing power,
We press'd the virtue; no terrestrial balm
Nature's dissolving agony could calm.
Thus as the day declined, the felt disease
Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees:
Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resigned,
More self-collected, grew the sufferer's mind,
Patient of heart, though rack'd at every pore,
Not his the fortune that mocks at pains,
But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.
—"Tis just, 'tis merciful," we heard him say,
'Yet whereso'er hath He turn'd his face away?
I see him not, I hear him not, I call,
My God! My God! support me or I fall."

"The sun went down, amidst an angry glare
Of flushing clouds that crimson'd all the air,
The winds brake loose, the forest boughs were torn,
And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne,
Cattle to shelter scudded in a fright,
And liquid evening vanish'd into night.
Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,
In peals of thunder, and thick-voll'd hail;
Prone rushing rains with torrents whelm'd the land,
Our cot amidst a river seem'd to stand,
Around its base, the foamy crested streams
Flashed through the darkness to the lightning's gleams:
With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground,
The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round;
Never since nature into being came,
Had such mysterious motion shook her frame;
We thought, infulg'd in floods, or wrapt in fire,
The world itself would perish with our sire.

"Amidst this war of elements, within
More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin.
Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,
Breathing the slow remains of life away.
Erewhile victorious faith sublimer rose
Beneath the pressure of collected woes,
But now his spirit waver'd, wane and came,
Like the loose vapour of departing flame,
Till at the point, when comfort seem'd to die
For ever in his fix'd unclosing eye,
Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,
The faint brake forth, and Adam thus began:—

"—O ye that shudder at this awful strife,