

and screen the seams caused by the destroyer. A "first love" is all-powerful; but the heart *does sometimes* know a *second*. The former has more of passion—the latter of repose.

The sky had during the day been unusually clear; but now a dark muttering cloud was seen to rise rapidly, and, as it neared the zenith, the vivid flash, the quick, sharp report, and the high wind, portended a tempest of no ordinary power.

"Dear Amelia, how you tremble!" said Mrs. Ellwood to her sister. "I did not know you were afraid of thunder."

"Nor am I," replied Mrs. Campbell. "Do you forget, Ellen, that our husbands are exposed to this fearful tempest. They were to leave the island on their return at four o'clock, and just now they must be half way home."

"God protect them!" exclaimed the agitated woman, as the lightning illuminated the apartment, and a volley of Heaven's artillery seemed to jar the very foundations of the house. Her child was laid down in its cradle, and again clasped convulsively to her bosom. At once it was cast upon the bed, and its mother resumed her hurried walk across the floor, repeating:

"Oh, Ellen, think of those mountain waves—that little boat,——"

"My sister, calm yourself," murmured Ellen; "He who holds the waves in the hollow of His hand can protect, guide, and preserve those we love. All will be ordered wisely; and this agitation, while it cannot benefit George, will seriously injure you and your baby. See, he is calling you to take him," she added, as the little fellow crowded out his delight at the brilliant lightning.

Mrs. Ellwood's words produced no effect. At length it was found necessary to force the excited woman to swallow some medicine, which for a short time quieted her.

The rain descended in torrents—the wind swept by, lashing the beautiful bay into foaming surges, which broke upon the beach with a tremendous noise. Yet was this outward storm quite equalled by the uncontrollable excitement within doors.

"Would to God, Ellen, papa had married your mother three years earlier—I might have been as calm as you. Oh! I have prayed for grace to subdue myself—why am I not heard?"

"Dear Amelia, you have been heard, and your usual course is not broken, as formerly, by fits of temper. It is only at times these excitements return."

"Yes, Ellen, I owe much to grace; but had I begun earlier how much more successful I might have been."

But there was no more time for words. A tree near the house was struck by the electric

fluid, and shivered to splinters, and the wretched mother's agony was fearfully enhanced. The firmest spirit might well be awed, and even tremble at the display of Divine power, and Mrs. Ellwood was not unmoved. Still she was mistress of herself, and her calmness communicated itself to her babe, whose sweet smile betokened its composure.

The winds were at last hushed—a sun burst forth with redoubled power and splendour, and his beams were flung back from every diamond drop that studded herb, tree, and flower. The waves were not quiet; but over their tops might now be seen dancing a little bark, bearing two who hastened to all they loved. Why are they waited for on the wet sand? why hurried to the house. They enter the lately happy dwelling, and find extended on the bed of death the wife and mother. A blood vessel had broken, and the vital spark was extinguished. The uncontrollable excitement was "*over in a moment*;" but it had carried with it life—had caused the wreck of a household's happiness—had left a widowed spirit to mourn over a helpless, motherless babe!

Z.

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THE BLACKBIRD'S PETITION TO A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

BY J. B. P.

Oh, spare me, thou, whose still unerring aim
Hath scattered death my kindred tribes among;
Thou wilt cast no darkening shadow o'er thy name,
To spare with pitying hand the "child of song."

Mute is my once glad voice—its tones are hushed,
Amid the terrors of impending doom;
And sad my sinking heart, for hope is crushed,
And every joy is darkened into gloom.

Even when the summer flowers their odours fling,
In balmy fragrance on the passing air,
I dare not rest on earth my wearied wing,
In fear that thou, alas! may'st linger there.

Oh, bid me live, and aid oft at early morn,
With fearless wing, I'll come thy dwelling near;
And, perching gaily on some verdant thorn,
I'll pour my grateful song upon thine ear.

Oh, bid me live, and still at evening's close
My voice shall mingle with the fading light;
The lowly strain may soothe thee to repose,
Or gild the changeful visions of the night.

In after life, thou too, perchance, may'st rove
Where death and danger may encompass thee;
Oh! then protected by the Powers above,
Be thine the mercy thou accord'st to me.

I dare not plead—he anxious as I may—
I dare not plead, for aill the feathered throng;
But yet in pity hearken to my lay,
And spare, oh, spare, the trembling "child of song."