

H Y M N

To conclude the Summer Evening.

Continued from page 147.

Father Almighty, Gracious Lord,
Whose hand hath spread these scenes abroad,
Whose works they are, to thee I'd raise
An evening-sacrifice of praise.
Each opening day proclaims thy love;
Each night thy tender mercy proves,
Each living plant, and blooming flower,
Bears witness to thy gracious power.

Ungrateful man forgets the grace,
That freely shines in every place,
The love in which he should confide,
Which doth for every want provide.
But senseless, thus, O let not me
With a rebellious world agree.
For while thy mercy crowns my days
My life should teem with ceaseless praise.

The birds that in the expanse do fly,
The beasts that in the pasture lie,
The fish that cuts the living deep,
Thine eye regards, thine hand doth keep.
Where'er thy wondrous works are found,
Thine equal goodness doth abound,
Our tongues must fail thy power to tell,
Oh love, that doth all love excel.

Thou didst create, and dost sustain
Creatures, thy glory to maintain:
Thy grand design, shall never fail;
Thy truth shall o'er all might prevail.
Through thee alone, we lift our head,
From thee derive our daily bread,
So let me thy salvation see,
Let thy great name all hallowed be.

Glory to thee, for this day's good,
For wants supplied, for strength renewed,
For thy secure conducting hand,
For thy support in which I stand;
O God, my strength, sustain me still,
Defend my steps from every ill,
Forgive my sins, controul my ways,
And let thy favours crown my days.

Eternal refuge, and defence,
Revive this night my drooping sense,
To balmy sleep compose my dust,
Whilst to thy care my soul I trust.
O let me find my rest in thee;
Let thy kind arms, my pillow be,
Until thy word dispels the night
And bids the sun return his light.

Shepherd of Israel, at whose voice,
Thy numerous feeble flocks rejoice;
Feed thou my soul in pastures fair;
And guide me safe through every snare.
Through all my life do thou attend,
To guide and save me to the end:
Until thy vassal death shall come,
To bid my wearied spirit home.

When the last Trumpet gives its sound,
May I secure in Christ be found,
When quick and dead shall hear thy voice,
May I behold thee and rejoice;
Oh when that day springs from on high,
In fairer worlds beyond the sky;
To me thine attributes display
Through one eternal blissful day.

TEULON.

GASPARINI THE ROBBER.—At Rochefort there is a convict, a native of Italy, whose ingenuity in putting travellers under contribution might have furnished the face-tious Grimaldi himself with a banditti scene in a pantomime. This hero was for some years the Turpin of France, and was much dreaded by travellers: Gasparini, though guilty of many robberies on the highway, has never been accused of wanton cruelty. He some years ago undertook alone to stop a diligence as it was passing through a wood at nightfall. Here he drew up his forces, which literally

consisted, not of bloody-minded robbers, but of half a dozen well-stuffed coats, fixed on poles, with formidable caps, presented arms, and other appendages well-suited to inspire the travellers with terror. When the diligence arrived, he ordered the postilion to stop; he then made the conductor and passengers alight, and in a resolute tone, pointed to his supposed companions, whom he had ranged on the skirts of the wood, and desired the trunks to be opened, out of which he took what he thought proper. He then said to the trembling travellers, 'Do not be alarmed, gentlemen; allow me to take what I require, and depend on it my troops shall not advance a step further; from them, I assure you, you have nothing to fear.' This modern Rolando was sentenced to hard labor for life in the galleys. It appeared on the trial that when the gendarmes went to scour the wood, they were not a little surprised to find half a dozen robbers, who appeared determined to stand their ground. They summoned them to a surrender, and on receiving no reply fired a volley, and then attacked the *manukins* sword in hand. Of course they met with but feeble resistance, and laughed heartily at the joke.

LEGENDS OF THE ROSE.—The following details respecting the rose are taken from a very able and scientific work, now in course of publication, entitled *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*.—"The Romans were fond of roses. Cleopatra received Antony at one of her banquets in an apartment covered with rose-leaves to a considerable depth; and Antony himself when dying, begged to have roses scattered on his tomb. The Roman generals who had achieved any remarkable victory, were permitted to have roses sculptured on their shields. Rosewater was the favourite perfume of the Roman ladies, and the most luxurious even used it in their baths. In the east the rose has always been a favourite with the poets. They represent the nightingale as singing for its love, and many beautiful verses are derived from this fable. In a curious fragment, by the celebrated Persian poet Atter, entitled "Bulbul Nahem, the Book of the Nightingale," all the birds appear before Solomon, and charge the nightingale with disturbing their rest by the broken and plaintive strains which he warbles forth all the night, in a sort of frenzy and intoxication. The nightingale is summoned, questioned and acquitted, by the wise king, because the bird assures him that his vehement love for the rose drives him to distraction, and causes him to break forth into those passionate and touching complaints which are laid to his charge. The Turks believe that roses sprang from the perspiration of Mahomet; for which reason they never tread upon a rose-leaf, or suffer one to lie on the ground; they also sculpture a rose on the tombstones of females who die unmarried.

BEAUTIFUL APPEAL TO AN ATHEIST.—I cannot believe that a mind like yours can walk abroad through this beautiful world, beneath its glorious canopy of light, and not feel, and sometimes tremble, at those evidences of Almighty being and agency, that flame from the sun, sparkle in the stars, echo in the thunder, breathe in the winds, murmur in the waters, exhale from the flowers, and warble from the groves. And I am sure that sometimes in your hours of depression and sorrow, your desolate spirit sighs for brighter hopes and surer foundation than any on which you can now repose. You are beginning to take the downward path of life; the hey-day of youth and enterprize is past—you have tasted about all that this world has to give; death has again and again invaded your domestic circle, and every year as age approaches, one star after another will drop from your sky.

To the christian, surrounded by the sharers of his hopes, these loved and parting lights of life glide away to wait his arrival in a purer sphere; to you they are sinking to blackness forever. And as each year your passage to the tomb becomes more desolate and dim, no glimmer of hope arises to cheer, but all around is darkness, silence, and interminable gloom.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The mystic science is not mine
The Eastern record teach,
I cannot to each bud assign
A sentiment and speech;
Yet, when in yonder blossomed dell
I pass my lonely hours,
Methinks my heart interprets well
The eloquence of flowers.

Of life's first thoughtless years they tell,
When half my joy and grief
Dwelt in a lily's opening bell,
A rosebud's drooping leaf—
I watched for them the sun's bright rays,
And feared the driving showers,
Types of my girlhood's radiant days,
Were ye, sweet transient flowers.

And sadder scenes ye bring to mind,
The moments ye renew
When first the woodbine's wreaths I twined,
A loved one's grave to strew;
On the cold turf I weeping sprang
My offering from the bowers,
Ye seemed meet tribute to the dead,
Pale, perishable flowers.

Yet speak ye not alone, fair band,
Of changefulness and gloom,
Ye tell me of God's gracious hand,
That clothes you thus in bloom,
And sends, to soften and to calm
A sinful world like ours,
Gifts of such purity and balm
As ye, fresh dewy flowers.

And while your smiling ranks I view,
In vivid colours drest,
My heart, with faith confirmed and true,
Learns on the Lord to rest;
If He the lilies of the field
With lavish glory dowers,
Will he not greater bounties yield
To me, than to the flowers?

Still still they speak—around my track,
Some faded blossoms lie,
Another spring shall bring them back,
Yet bring them, but to die:
But we forsake this world of strife,
To rise to nobler powers,
And share those gifts of endless life,
Withheld from earth's frail flowers.

O may I bear your lessons hence,
Fair children of the sod,
Yours is the calm mute eloquence,
That leads the thoughts to God:
And oft amid the great and wise,
My heart shall seek these bowers,
And turn from man's proud colloquies,
To commune with the flowers.

Metropolitan, for September.

THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE.—There is no language which can speak more intelligibly to the thoughtful than the language of nature; and it is repeated to us, as it were, every year, to teach us trust and confidence in God. It tells us that the power, which first created existence, is weakened by no time, and subject to no decay; it tells us, that, in the majesty of his reign, a thousand years are but as one day, while in the beneficence of it, one day is a thousand years; it tells us, still farther, that, in the magnificent system of his government, there exists no evil; that the appearances, which to our limited and temporary view, seen pregnant with destruction, are, in the mighty extent of his providence, the source of returning good; and that, in the very hours when we might conceive nature to be deserted and forlorn, the spirit of the Almighty is operating with unceasing force, and preparing in silence the renovation of the world,