

"I cannot very well make out my bearings and distance," said Rockwood, hesitatingly, and with a very feeble voice. "I seem to be in two places at once—in my own village and my aunt's room, looking out upon the half-yearly parish land; and yet, things are about me that could only be on board ship. I am sure I've had a methody parson praying with me the last two glasses; and what vexes me is, that I, a thorough seaman, who have always done a seaman's duty, should be buried in a dirty grave ashore!" This was uttered with many interruptions, yet the meaning was distinct.

"John Rockwood," said the captain, "I never, purposely, deceived any one. Collect yourself, my good friend.—Believe it, that you are now very dangerously ill, on board his Majesty's ship *Majestic*."

"In deep sea, and in blue water?" asked the poor man, anxiously.

"The water blue as midnight—the depth unfathomable. We have no soundings."

Then, after a pause, the sailor said, in a very low, yet firm voice—"I am ready—aye—ready!"

"Then turn your thoughts with me to your Maker," replied Captain Dabricourt. He then read the necessary prayers, to which it was plain that the departing man attended devoutly, as, when the office was finished, he appeared to lapse into unconsciousness; those who were about him prepared to depart; his embrowned and now bony fingers were uplifted, and he was imperfectly heard to ask—"Have I done my duty?"

"Gallantly, nobly, bravely—always—always!" said Captain Dabricourt, with a voice trembling with emotion.

"Alo and aloft—alow and aloft! Hurrah!" How faint, how pitiable was that dying shout. It was the last sound uttered by John Rockwood, the maintopman.

In the middle-watch, two of his messmates were assisting the sail-maker in sewing John in a hammock, chaunting, in a low voice, the simple dirge—"He's gone, what a hearty good fellow!"

"Give him a double allowance of shot," said one; "'cause as how, poor fellow, he had a notion that the deeper he went, it was more becoming to a regular out and out sailor. But it's my notion, that seeing as if we does our duty, it won't signify where we start from, when we are all mustered at the last day. We shall all be in time, depend on't!"

"I think so too," said the sail maker.

#### REASON.

REASON is a faculty or power of the mind, whereby it distinguishes good from evil; whereby man is distinguished from beasts, and wherein he greatly surpasses them: or reason is that principle whereby comparing several ideas together, we draw consequences from the relations they are found to have.

## ON BEING CALLED A SAINT.

A saint! Oh, would that I could claim  
The privileged, the honoured name,  
And confidently take my stand,  
Though lowest in the saintly band.

Would, though it were in scorn applied,  
That term the test of truth could bide—  
Like kingly salutations given,  
In mockery, to the King of Heaven.

A saint! And what imports the name,  
Thus bandied in derision's game?  
Holy and separate from sin,  
To good, nay, even to God akin!

Is such the meaning of the name,  
From which a Christian shrinks with shame?  
Yes—dazzled by the glorious sight,  
He owns his crown is all too bright.

And ill might son of Adam dare  
Alone such honour's weight to bear;  
But fearlessly he takes the load  
United to the son of God.

A saint! Oh! Scorners, give some sign,  
Some seal to prove the title mine,  
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,  
Than bringing kingdoms to my hand.

Oh, for an interest in that name,  
When hell shall ope its jaws of flame,  
And sinners to their doom are hurled,  
While scorned saints shall judge the world.

How shall the name of saint be prized,  
Though now neglected and despised,  
When truth shall witness to the Lord,  
That none but saints shall judge the world.

#### EVILS OF LIFE.

WHEN I consider the instability of human affairs, and the variations of fortune, I find nothing more uncertain or restless than the life of man. Nature has given to animals an excellent remedy under disasters, which is the ignorance of them; we seem better treated in intelligence, foresight, and memory; no doubt they are admirable presents, but they often annoy, more than they assist us. A prey to useless or distressing cares, we are tormented by the present, the past, and the future; and, as if we feared we should not be miserable enough, we join to the evil we suffer the remembrance of the former distress, and the apprehension of some future calamity.—*Petrarch*.