

churchyard. Her son rose rapidly in his profession, and married a young lady of large fortune, leaving the antiquated farm-house as a portion for the sister, whom he never afterwards publicly acknowledged as his relative.

And Mildred, what became of Mildred, after that disastrous night which witnessed the destruction of the conquered vessel, commanded by the smuggler, Christian, and that of his conqueror?

Raving under the influence of a temporary aberration of reason, she was conveyed by young Burwood to a fisherman's cottage, and left in charge of his wife, who immediately despatched her young son to Dunwich, to inform Mrs. Rosier that her daughter was safe, but in a miserable and helpless condition.

Mildred was immediately removed to her own home, but the malady under which she labored saved her from the cruel reproaches of her brother; who, fortunately for her, was ordered upon a distant station. Before the poor girl recovered her reason, her mother was consigned to the grave; and when, at length, she awoke to the painful consciousness of the past, she found herself under Mrs. Stainer's roof, who, herself a widow, had felt a deep compassion for the poor girl, and after her mother's death, had removed her to her own dwelling, and tended her with a parent's care, and a Christian's untiring benevolence and love.

This lady had been severely tried in the furnace of affliction, which had softened down all the sterner points in her character; and finally led her to adopt a less rigid creed. To the motherless and deserted orphan she proved in her hour of need and mental darkness, a faithful and attached friend; and she hailed the first dawnings of reason with tears of heartfelt joy. And Mildred learned to love and honor the stern woman whom she had once regarded with feelings of undisguised aversion and fear. Deeply humiliated by her past conduct, she turned from the world and all its soul-debasing vanities; and yielded up her whole heart to God. In cherishing the holy humanities of the Christian religion, she became an active laborer in her Master's vineyard, ever foremost in works of piety and love. Her hand was sought by many excellent men, eminent for their talents and virtues, but she yielded her heart to none, but was contented to remain despised by the world, bearing with serenity and cheerfulness, the unenvied title of an

OLD MAID.

OWN had as good go to law without a witness, as break a jest without laughter on one's side.—*Wycherly.*

SONG OF PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

BY J. W. DUNBAR MOORE, ESQ.

First Voice.

O! Thou Great God! from whose eternal throne
Unbounded blessings in rich plenty flow,
Like Thy bright sun in glorious state, alone
Thou reign'st supreme—while round Thee, as they go,
Unnumbered worlds, submissive to Thy sway,
With solemn pace pursue their silent way.

Second Voice.

Benignant God! o'er every smiling land
Thy handmaid, Nature, meekly walks abroad;
Senttering Thy bounties with unsparing hand,
While flowers and fruit spring up along her road.
How can Thy creatures their weak voices raise
To tell thy deeds in their faint songs of praise?

First Voice.

When darkling o'er the mountain's summit hoar,
Portentous hangs the black and sulph'rous cloud,
When lightnings flash, and awful thunders roar,—
Great Nature sings to Thee her anthem loud:
The rocks reverberate her mighty song,
And crashing woods the pealing notes prolong.

Second Voice.

The storm is past: our fields and woodlands gay,
Gemmed with bright dew-drops from the Eastern sky,
The morning sun now darts his golden ray,
The lark on fluttering wing is poised on high:
Too pure for earth, he wings his way above,
To pour his grateful song of joy and love.

First Voice.

Hark! from the bowels of the earth, a sound
Of awful import—from the central deep,
The struggling lava rends the heaving ground,
The Ocean surges roar! the mountains leap!
It shoots aloft, O God! the fiery tide,
Has burst its bounds and rolls down *Edna's* side.

Second Voice.

Thy will is done, Great God! the conflict's o'er,
The silver moon-beams glance along the sea.
The whispering waves scarce ripple on the shore,
And lulled creation breathes a prayer to Thee!
The night flowers' incense to their God is given,
And grateful mortals raise their thoughts to Heaven.

Worcester, U. C., November, 1841.

No outward tyranny can reach the mind. The tortures of the body may be introduced, by way of ornament or illustration, to represent those of the mind, but, strictly, there is no similitude between them; they are totally different both in their cause and operation. The wretch who suffers on the rack is merely passive; but when the mind is tortured, it is not at the command of any outward power; it is the sense of guilt which constitutes the punishment, and creates the torture with which the guilty mind acts upon itself.