

got unknivered in the skrimmage after the Yankee; but bear a hand, and kiver her, unless you wish a fellow to stay here all night."

Old Sal, our readers must know, was no other than the long twenty-four pounder, that had formerly belonged to Gerald's gun-boat, and which, now removed to his own command, lay a midships, and, mounted on a pivot, constituted the whole battery of the schooner. The apron was the leaden covering protecting the touch-hole, which, having unaccountably fallen off, had encountered the heavy foot of Tom Fluke, in his advance along the deck.

The apron was at length replaced. Tom Fluke took the helm, and his companion departed, as he said, to have a comfortable snooze.

Gerald, who had been an amused listener of the preceding dialogue, soon followed, first inquiring into the condition of his faithful Sambo, who, on examination, was found to have been only stunned by the violence of the blow he had received. This, Gerald doubted not, had been given with the view of better facilitating Desborough's escape, by throwing the schooner out of her course, and occasioning a consequent confusion among the crew, which might have the effect of distracting their attention for a time from himself.

What the fearful results of that escape were, and what influence they had over the fulfilment of the curse and prophecy of Ellen Halloway, at the moment of her falling into the arms of Wacousta, will be seen later.

ADDRESSED TO —

Yes, gentle fair one, let thy sorrow flow
In trickling showers down thy pallid cheek,
Keen is thine anguish, bitter is thy woe,
And softest sympathy thy griefs bespeak.
Yet yield not up thy soul to dark despair,
Nor weep as one whose only hope is dead,
Oh, rouse thy faith, lift up thy drooping head,
And see a brighter, better hope appear.
Christ is that hope—sure help in time of need,
He comes to bid conflicting cares depart,
To heal and not to break the bruised reed;
Then bow thee, lady, humbly kiss the rod—
The hand that chastens, is the hand of God.

THE ALMOND.

THE medicinal properties of the bitter almond are considerable; but it should be administered by professional persons only, being a powerful poison when taken in too large a dose. The kernels of sweet almonds are of considerable use in the arts; the oil obtained from them is used by draughtsmen in tracing drawing on common letter paper. It may be interesting to some of our fair readers to be informed that Maccassar oil is merely of almonds, co-

loured with alkanet root; and the no less celebrated Russia oil is the same, rendered milky by a small quantity of ammonia or potash, and scented with oil of roses. Gowland's Lotion, Milk of Roses, Caledonian Cream, Kalydor, &c., &c., are nothing more than a solution of oxymercurate of mercury in almond emulsion, with solution of sugar of lead, or white oxide of bismuth. Perhaps the inventors of these popular and fashionable cosmetics are indebted to Pliny for the first idea, as he states that a decoction of the roots of the bitter almond tree supple the skin, prevents wrinkles, and gives a fresh, cheerful colour to the countenance. Another very important virtue is ascribed to the fruit of the bitter almond, namely, to prevent or relieve intoxication. Plutarch relates that Drusus' physician, who was the greatest Bacchanalian of his age, took at every cup five bitter almonds, to allay the heat and fumes of the wine, owing to which he never became intoxicated.—*The Orchard, by C. Mackintosh.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN.

She stood 'mong strangers. Not to haughty Tyre,
Nor to Sidonia's soft and balmy clime,
Owed she her birth. But from Phenicia's coast,
Full of confiding faith, she hither came,
To seek for one, most lovely and beloved,
The master's aid. Full oft her ear had heard,
How with an outstretch'd hand, He healed the sick,
By power Divine—the loathsome leper cleansed,—
With new-born vigor, strung the cripple's limbs,—
Loos'd from its chains, the long imprisonment tongue,
Unseal'd the avenue of airy sound,—
Pour'd on the sightless orb in darkness veil'd,
Glad forms of light and joy,—and from the grave,
Summon'd its tenant forth, to share again
The thronging thoughts, the rainbow-tinted hopes,
That cluster round the path of busy life.
These wonders wrought, had reached her list'ning
ear,
But not that greater work of grace and love,
Achieved by Him, the founder of our faith,
Which opened heaven to man's beclouded eye,
And rais'd to life, from spiritual death,
His priceless soul.

Yet, by the same allur'd

Of wondrous deed, and still more wondrous word,
And urg'd by that deep love, whose holy flame
Burns in a mother's breast with quenchless light,
That Gentile woman, sought the Saviour's feet.
There now she humbly knelt, clasping his knees,
And gazing upward with a kindling glance,
Upon his face divine. With head thrown back,
And pale and quivering lip, she earnest plead
For one more dear than life—and as her eye