

levity and unmerited sarcasm performed what time, and weary wanderings, and regal pomp, and life's vicissitudes had been powerless to effect. They had completely weaned Israel's monarch from the dreamy vision which had brightened his long watchings in the wilderness, which had without doubt no inconsiderable share in staying his hand against Saul, when entirely in his power, which had caused him, in the first interval of leisure he could command from regal cares, to demand his earliest love from the hands of Phaltiel. Is it that an adopted parent cannot love as a real mother, or was it owing to a natural selfish feeling that Michal suffered her five adopted children to hang exposed to the ravenous beasts of prey for so long a period, without a single enquiry respecting them; whilst she luxuriated in all the magnificent splendor David permitted her, whilst he doomed her to perpetual widowhood?

Surely Michal must have been very deficient in those qualities which elevate and endear woman, and her name will never awaken one pleasing emotion whilst Kizpah's conduct will dwell till the latest period of time in the bosom of every true-hearted woman—in the memory of every high-minded son of Adam.

Reader, do you deem I have drawn too largely on imagination in this little sketch? Bear in mind that the teeming myriads which have preceded us to eternity were beings "of like passions with ourselves."

MARY ELIZA.

Hamilton, Aug. 14, 1848.

For the Calliopean.

"GOD TOOK HIM."

She stood beside me, with
Her soft blue eye upraised to mine, and
Her silken tresses waving in the breath
Of evening breezes. She was a thing of
Beauty—scarce had the roses of five summers
Shed their fragrance round her pathway,
And spake of life and happiness.

Now we stood together. Oft had
We paced that noble deck, and watched
The curbless sea in beauty. In the
Calm of Sabbath morning—in the
Rush of tempest—playing with
Moonlight, we had felt its baptism
And its breath. But now a holier
Scene awaited us.

Death had breathed on the
Ocean: nor shrank his pinion from the
Briny billows—but, commissioned by
His ruler, he struck—and the time-wearied
One lay sleeping for ever.

His form was shrouded, and
We gazed upon it. It was sunset.
How the glory king was sinking into
Sleep, as if reluctantly he set upon
Our broken numbers. Long time we
Watched. I told the gentle girl beside
Me, that the rising sun would see
The sleeper in a watery tomb—how
Sad 'twould be to lay him where
No eye should look upon his grave.
And then I told her, that the Angel
Death came but to usher him
To heaven—how it brighter, clearer
Grew before him, as his earthly house
Was failing—how earth grew dim
Before his aged eyes, as he marked
The coming on of angels—and how
He was folded from all danger—how
He sang with holy ones—and paced
That city, whose throngers are forgiven
All their iniquity.

I looked upon my fair companion;
She had been listening, as
She was was wont to do, with deep
Attention. Her young eye beamed
With glory far beyond the crimson
Rays which gilded Ocean. It seemed,
That for one word of kind permission,
Her infant soul would slip its
Moorings, and her spirit, now
Anchor-bound, would sweep over Time
And Death, as we swept o'er the billow.

I spoke again,—“Why do we see
Him not? Why doth his weary eye
No longer watch the sweep of Ocean?”
She looked earnestly upon me, and
Meekly folding up her hands together
And raising her love-breathing eyes to
Heaven, said sweetly and solemnly,
“God took him.”

Years have rolled on since then.
We parted, and I know not where the
Flower bloometh. I have seen many
A train of fashion throng, and they
Have passed unheeded. I have seen
Infants in their coffins, and the loved
Of years in death—and it is in scenes
Like these, and in hours of solitude,
That the fair child comes up before
Me, and I see again those eyes, and
Hear again those words, “God took
Him.”

And for my loved one—it may
Be that she hath wandered from that
Blest shepherd whom she loved.
It may chance, that she hath deeply
Drank of this world's pleasures, and
Her young heart hath lived on
Empty joys, which pass away.

Or it may be, that He to whom
Her ocean hours were given, looking
Down from heaven, and seeing how
The lily flourished amid thorns,
Hath taken her to Paradise.

To know this would be happiness,
For though our love grew deeply,
Gladly would I think of her as being
Not—because “God took her.”

HARNET ANNIE.

Hamilton, August 14th, 1848.

EARTHLY BLISS.

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

THE pleasures of this world are so transitory and fleeting, that it seems a crime for man to pass his days in frivolous pursuits, or to stake, as many do, their whole mind upon what, before tomorrow's sun shall go down, will become as mist and vapor. The uncertainty of life, the dark veil which covers the future from the piercing eyes of man, the ignorance of what a day might bring forth, have a salutary effect upon the thoughtful, and wean them from a too great love of the world, its pleasures, or of themselves. Though there be a few who live to the age of threescore years and ten, it is no guarantee that we shall live till then. Health and youth are not to be relied on, for the nipping frost often destroys in an hour the fairest flower, and the lightning from heaven often rends the sturdy oak. If we place our hearts upon the riches of the world, they fade away before our sight, and the hard earnings of years, in a day have been swept away.