

its little homage to the profound adorations and triumphant hallelujahs of the whole host of heaven, and all thy saints on earth. Power and honour be to thee, dominion and glory, infinite and everlasting, my Lord, my Father, and my God.

THE OLD SHEPHERD.

A TALE.

'Twas in a solitary glen,
Far from the cheerful haunts of men,
By poverty oppress'd, and taught
The lonely task of silent thought,
A Shepherd liv'd, a surly wight,
As ever pac'd the mountain's height ;
He was as cold and eke as grey,
As morning in a winter day,
And gloomy as November's sky,
Old Simon mark'd life's shadow fly.
And often from the Mountain's side,
The Manor House old Simon spy'd
The rich domain of corn and fields,
With all that smiling nature yields ;
And oft—as he look'd he sigh'd
That heaven to him such gifts denied .
The Squire had mark'd the ancient swain,
And felt in pity for his pain ;
He mark'd him at the dawn of day
Pacing alone the dewy way ;
At evening hour he saw him tread
The bleak hill to his rushy shed,
And still he heard him sigh and groan,
That he was poor and left alone.
Near the large Manor House, a cot
Was doom'd to mend old Simon's lot,
The Squire propos'd that staid hitway he
The tenant of this cot should be ;
Simon was grateful, " yet," said he,
" If I'd a little shrubbery
A bit of garden, full of flow'rs,
'Twould charm away my summer hours ;
And there amidst o'er hanging trees
I might enjoy the cooling breeze."
The Squire complie'd, and round the cot
A thick plantation grac'd the spot.
Now Simon wish'd a brook were seen
Gliding the shady walks between ;
Soon from a torrent's rushing way,
A little rill was taught to stray ;
For still the Squire his humour pleas'd,
And Simon's varying fancy seiz'd.

Simon was grateful, yet he strove
He'd be content with one thing more ;
A little field enclos'd and fair,
Where he might quaff the morning air—
The ground was feuc'd, he wish'd to
keep
A cow, and half a score of sheep.
And still the kind good natur'd Squire
Indulg'd him in his soul's desire.
Thus favour'd, still was he inclin'd
To bear the discontented mind !

The wind was cutting, and he found
The cottage stood on Northern ground ;
The soil was coarse, and bleak the air,
And loud the tempest rattled there.
The brook at times would overflow,
And the trees waving to and fro,
Disturb'd his rest—the cow and sheep
Would stray along the upland steep,
And he was old, and could not bear
The endless toil of watching there
Now to the Manor House remov'd,
Old Simon every comfort prov'd ;
The wind might howl, the tempest frow'd.
Still Simon slept on bed of down,
And all was rich and warm, yet he
Still discontented chose to be.

The following lines were written by the late John Thornton, Esq. of Clapham, upon his receiving a Mourning Ring for a cousin of his own name, then lately deceased :—

WELCOME, thou presage of my certain
doom !
I too must sink into the darksome tomb ;
Yes, little Prophet, thus my name shall
stand,
A mournful record on some friendly hand.
My name ! 'tis here—the characters agree !
And every faithful letter speaks to me !
Bids me prepare to meet my nature's Foe,
Serene to feel the Monster's fatal blow ;
Without a sigh to quit the toils of Time,
Secure of glory in a happier clime.
Then mount the skies,—forsake my old
abode,
And gain the plaudit of a smiling God .
Receive, Lord Jesus, body, soul, and spirit ,
Behold my plea,—Thy sufferings and thy
merit.