

frowns upon vice and strengthens virtue, is a more sublime object, more inspiring, and giving more dignity to the epic muse, than myriads of minor deities, who assemble in counsel, and, with the ungovernable passions of human beings, guide the affairs of this nether world as their caprice dictates.

Camoëns is best known to the English reader through the translation of Mr. Meikle, who has entered into the spirit of the original, and preserved the raciness which is often entirely lost by a too verbal translation. Perhaps this sketch of Camoëns cannot be better closed than by the sonnet which Tasso addressed to his dreaded but honoured rival:

"Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
Against the rising morn, and, homeward fraught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native shore;
Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore.
The Greek who sorrow to the Cyclop wrought;
And he who victor with the Harpies fought,
Never such pomp of naval honours wore.
Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camoëns ow'st thy noblest fame;
Farther than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name,
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along."

MAN'S ARROGANCE.

ARROGANT and self-sufficient man! powerful as thou may'st be in relation to other beings, dost thou presume to wrestle with the ordinances of thy Creator? Can we stop, aye but for a moment, this or any other of the celestial bodies in the course of their periodical revolutions? Can we make them go faster? Can we make them go slower? Can we add another star to the heavens, or can we diminish the number of those already existing? Will the sea obey our command, or can we change the course of the winds? What is man, who, in the height of his ignorance and presumption, imagines that the universe was created for him and for him alone? What is he but an itinerant occupier of one—and that not the most considerable—of the innumerable host of heavenly bodies, and of which he is himself only a component part?

MUTUAL INTERCOURSE.

THE mutual intercourse of the sexes is essential to society. Be you of which sex you may, were you surrounded only by those of the other sex, you would soon be tired of being worshipped as a god or goddess, as the case may be, and to set up an idol of your own would become in its turn a positive want of your nature.

THE RUIN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

I know a cliff, whose steep and craggy brow
O'erlooks the troubled ocean, and spurns back
The advancing billow from its rugged base;
Yet many a goodly rood of land lies deep
Beneath the wild wave buried, which rolls on
Its course, exulting o'er the prostrate towers
Of high cathedral—church—and abbey fair,—
Lifting its loud and everlasting voice
Over the ruins, which its depths enshroud,
As if it called on Time to render back
The things that were, and give to life again
All that in dark oblivion sleeps below
Perched on the summit of that lofty cliff
A time-worn edifice o'erlooks the wave,
"Which greets the fisher's home-returning bark,"
And the young seaman checks his blithesome song
To hail the lonely ruin from the deep.

Majestic in decay, that roofless pile
Survives the wreck of ages, rising still
A mournful beacon o'er the sea of time,
The lonely record of departed years:—
Yes—those who view that ruin feel an awe
Sink in the heart, like those who look on death
For the first time, and hear within the soul
A voice of warning whisper,—“Thus, e'en thus,
All human glories perish—rent from time
And swallowed up in that unmeasured void
O'er which oblivion rolls his sable tide.”
Such thoughts as these that moss-grown pile calls forth
To those who gaze upon its shattered walls,
Or, musing, tread its grass-grown aisles, or pause
To contemplate the wide and barren heath,
Spreading in rude magnificence around,
With scarce a tree or shrub to intersect
Its gloomy aspect, save the noble ash
That fronts the ruins, on whose hoary trunk
The hurricanes of years have vainly burst,
To mar its beauty;—there sublime it stands,
Waving its graceful branches o'er the soil
That wraps the mouldering children of the land.

The shadowy splendour of an autumn sky
Was radiant with the hues of parting day;
The glorious sun seemed loth to leave the west,
That glowed like molten gold—a saffron sea,
Fretted with crimson billows, whose rich tints
Gave to the rugged cliff and barren heath
A ruddy diadem of living light!

Hark!—'tis the lonely genius of the place
Sighs through the wind-stirred branches, and bewails
Its desolation to the moaning blast
That sweeps the ivy on the dark gray walls!—
No—'twas a sound of bitter agony
Wrung from the depths of some o'erburdened heart
Which in life's early morning had received
A sad inheritance of sighs and tears.

Starting I turned—and seated on the ground
Beside the broken altar, I beheld
A female figure, whose fantastic dress,
And hair entwined with sprigs of ash and yew
Bespoke a mind in ruins. On her brow
Despair had stamped his iron seal; her cheek
Was pale as moonlight on the misty wave;
Her hollow eyes were fixed on vacancy,
Or wildly sent their hurried glances round
With quick impatient gesture, as in quest