

wept also. The prayer was concluded—and the plank was raised—the sullen plunge, the splash were heard—the next moment the hissing froth-bubbles marked the spot—again the clear glass shone through—the rite was passed—and the husband and father had gone down to his awful sepulchre.

It was a burial worthy an hero. The sun had already peered over the deep on our quarter—about five miles distant, the shores of Nova-Scotia waved in picturesque lines—and several craft of various sizes, detained by the calm, formed an immense unconnected semicircle of which our ship seemed the centre. There were no guns to heighten the effect—but the stillness was more suitable—and the noble picture of animated creation, of the sublime deep, and the glowing heaven—insensibly, but absolutely raised the gazer's mind;—and the contemplation of misery and death soon gave place to the vast beauty of the burial scene; and to the worship of him who is the Author of all life and loveliness.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Who looks upon thee—rising star of eve?
 The joys of earth in giddy currents flow,
 The hues of sunset linger on the wave,
 The fading cloud has bold attractive glow;
 Who gazes on thy modest twinkling grace?
 The call of glory, dulls the voice of peace.

“ These frantic joys shall be as hush'd as death,
 “ While I revolve 'mid music of the sky;
 “ That cloud shall scatter at the tempest's breath,
 “ While calm I sit my azure throne on high;
 “ When the dark howling waves with horror teem,
 “ Brilliant and pure, the eye of heaven, I'll seem.”

Such is his course, who with a purposed end,
 Keeps pure, tho' humble on his lonely way;
 Low is his state to theirs who round him wend;
 The hues of fashion give to some a ray;
 To others, pomp and wealth their lustre lend;
 And while he ponders—all the earth seems gay;
 But, when the moths are whelm'd, in storm and night,
 Then does the giant gain his proud meridian height.