

Through every street, and lane and narrow pass
 Then might be viewed full many a varied mass
 Of men and matrons, and of shepherd boys,
 Swift rolling onward with tumultuous noise ;
 And some went dashing in their chariots by
 More gave their sails before the breeze to fly,
 In open porticos lay others 'round—
 All filling all with one eternal sound—
 Whilst far and near, as far as eye might gaze,
 Great fires of Jubilee flung high their blaze !
 Around the scene the old man casts his eyes,
 And marks the multitudes with vast surprise,
 He searches, then, through every inn around,
 A place of rest, but not a place is found,
 " Then, cries the sage, come be it ours to stray
 Wherever heaven shall point to us the way."'
 Without the town a little grotto stands,
 Th' uncertain work of man's or nature's hands ;
 High o'er its top huge rocks jut darkly out,
 And time-worn peaks encompass it about,—
 A grateful spot, where when his labours close,
 The weary shepherd may indulge repose !
 Led by the Lord and counsel'd from the skies,
 Thither the senior with his consort hies,
 Till having many a dreary winding pass'd,
 Far in the night they gain the grot at last.
 Then kindling first a little fire of boughs,
 The old man spreads a straw-bed for his spouse,
 Then gently placed her on that pallet cold,
 And round her body wrap'd a garment's fold.
 Within the grot there stood a manger, made
 Of willow-boughs with palmy twigs inlaid ;
 Here then he tied the cattle sheltering there,
 And with soft pattings smoothen'd down their hair—
 No longer showing Nature's stubborn will,
 But all the while remaining calm and still !

To themes of wonder never tried before
 Now would, ye Blest ! my daring Spirit soar,
 Such as ne'er issued from the muses' throne,
 And e'en to Phœbus glorious self unknown,
 Aid ye my efforts in so great a task,
 If thus deserving, I the boon may ask,
 And guide my footsteps to the cave of Joy,
 The bliss of Cherubim ! the heav'nly Boy !

'Twas at that hour, when night had scarcely driven
 Her sable car o'er half the vault of heav'n ;
 When stars, exultant, shone with golden glow,
 And tranquil lay the midnight world below,
 When man o'erlabour'd sank away to rest,
 And pleasing slumber charm'd the weary breast ;
 When birds and beasts were heard no more around,
 And scaly serpents cease to crawl the ground,
 When the last spark had dwindled all away,
 And in the grot the saint reposing lay—
 Lo ! from on high there burst a beauteous light,

That, shining far around, illumined all the night,
 And dulcet voices in the radiance sung,
 And with glad strains a thousand harp-strings rung,
 Filling, with heavenly music, all the air,
 Sent forth from winged choirs of Spirits floating there !

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The view from the gallery of the building is more exciting, and on looking down upon the moving mass of human beings beneath, my mind was forcibly carried back to the scene which the court of Solomon's temple must have presented when the different tribes and nations who, from various parts of the world, came up to worship in Jerusalem, were assembled within its sacred walls. I scarcely knew on what object to rest my eye, so strange and varied was the appearance and costume of the crowd assembled beneath. The diversity of manner, the flaunting of the silken banners that slowly moved to and fro from the top of the sepulchral dome, the gaudy paintings of the Greeks, the waving of censers, and the perfume of incense, the crowds of devoted pilgrims, some in attitudes of deep emotion, round each sacred spot ; the turbaned Greek ; the high-capped Persian ; the shaggy coat of the Muscovite or the Siberian ; the long beard and downcast visage of the despised Copt ; the rich dresses of the different ecclesiastics ; the mitred abbot, the venerable patriarch, and the cord-girt friar, shall never fade from my memory. But when to these I add the scenes that took place upon some of the succeeding days that are considered more important than sacred, when the devotees joined in full chorus, though to speak correctly, it was anything but chorus and harmony, the effect was indescribable. Then when the organ of the Latins was in full play, and the measured chant of their hymns rose from the vaults beneath ; with the loud nasal twanging of the Greeks ; the drum and timbrels of the Armenians ; the low, plaintive murmuring of the Copts ; the groans of the devout pilgrims, that issued forth from calvary ; the glimmering of the thousand lamps and tapers ; the long lines of the different processions ; and the " bustling busy hum " that at intervals came from the court without, as some of the pilgrims quaffed their sherbet, forms a scene that beggars all description. But even at those moments when the din and clamor of this scene, which resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel, was loudest, there was one that, like a death bell, ever rung in my ears—a sound which, eighteen centuries before, every spot in the vicinity must have heard ; a sound at which the very rocks were rent, and the earth did quake, which burst