

And then the sky and rocks and shore
Shook with the crash of the thunder's roar:
Oh! all the face of the raging sea
A vision of fury seemed to me!

And borne on the breath of the wild wind's sigh,
Was it fancy,—that struggling, bitter cry,—
The dull, deep sound of the minute-guns,—
The fainting cry of the drowning ones,—
The helpless, hopeless, anguished prayer
Of the trembling hearts that were sinking there?

But morning came; and the tranquil day
Scattered the clouds and the storm away,
And the hushed sea sang in a low sweet tone,
Whispering mysterious things unknown;
But I listened not to thy song, O sea!
'Twas beautiful no more to me;
For thou breakest hearts in thy reckless play,
Thou scatterest hope and life away,
And down far beneath thy sparkling waves,
In the starry depths of thy coral caves,
Thou hidest our loved ones in countless graves.

Hamilton, Feb. 12, 1867.

KATE PULLAR.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

In the Spring of 18—, the Town of B—, in Canada West, was the scene of an extensive and most precious religious awakening, in the blessed results of which nearly all the Protestant Churches in the place participated. A season of unusual spiritual dearth had preceded it, and long and dreary seemed the night to the chosen few who,

“Among the faithless, faithful only found,”

had continued, amid much discouragement, to supplicate the promised blessing.

Many a time had they looked, as Elijah's servant did, for a little cloud of hope, but had returned, saying, “there is nothing.” The heavens were as brass above, and the earth as iron beneath them, but faith in the promise of a covenant-keeping God bore them up, notwithstanding the unpropitious appearances which so often influence us, and they labored and fainted not.

At last the morning of joy succeeded to the night of weeping. The dearth was at an end, and there was “a sound of abundance of rain.”

One of the first indications of the coming shower, or perhaps we should rather say its first visible effect, was observed in the improved spiritual condition of the churches, the pastors of which were surprised to see coming to them, among the first enquirers, members of undoubted piety, suffering the deepest distress on account of their sins and unfaithfulness. They had looked anew on Him whom they had pierced, and they mourned as one mourneth for an only son, and were in bitterness as one is in bitterness for his first-born.

Special meetings for prayer were instituted at their request, and soon after enquirers were multiplied, and flocked to the house of God as doves to their windows. Our present object will not permit us to speak of the general