



Where the gentle streamlets flow,
Where the morning dew-drops glow,
Where the zephyrs wing their flight,
In the cool and welcome night,

Whispering through the fragrant grove
To the heart that "God is love:"
Where the light cloud skims the sky,
Worship! "God is passing by!"

Hoary forest, rugged rock,
Roaring torrents, earthquake shock,
And when thunder rends the sky,
Tremble! "God is passing by!"

CHEER UP.

BY MARTIN P. TUTTLE.

Never go gloomily, man with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than fear,
Providence ever benign: and kind,
Gives with a smile, what you take with a tear;
All will be right,
Look to the light,—
Morning is ever the daughter of night,
All that is black, will be all that is bright,
Cheerily, cheerily then cheer thee up!

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a sorrow, a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise,
With love ever precious and joys ever new,
Stand in the van!
Surre like a man!
Thus is the bravest and cleverest plan,
Trusting in God while you do what you can,
Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer thee up!

LIFE IN THE DESERT,

OR HOW A PANTHER FELL IN LOVE WITH A FRENCH SOLDIER.

During the enterprising expedition into Upper Egypt, by General Desaix, a provincial soldier fell into the power of a tribe of Arabs, called Maugrabins, and was thence carried into the desert, beyond the cataract of the Nile. In order to place a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Maugrabins made a forced march, and did not stop till night closed in. They encamped around a fountain surrounded by palm trees. Not supposing their prisoner would attempt to escape, they contented themselves with merely binding his hands: and after having fed their horses, and made their supper upon dates, they all slept roundly. As soon as the French prisoner was convinced of this fact, he began to gnaw the cords that bound him, and soon regained the liberty of his hand. He seized a carbine, and took the precaution to provide himself with some dry dates and a little bag of grain, armed with a scimitar, he started off, in the direction of the French army.

In his eagerness to arrive at a place of safety, he urged that already weary horse until the generous animal fell down dead, and left his rider alone in the mid-st of the desert. For a long time the Frenchman walked on, with the perseverance of a runaway slave, but was at last obliged to stop. The day was finished; notwithstanding the beauty and freshness of oriental nights, he did not feel strength enough to pursue his journey. Having reached a little cluster of palms, which had gladdened his heart at a distance, he laid his head upon a stone and slept, without taking any precaution for his defence.

He was awakened by the pulseless rays of the sun, which fell upon him with intolerable fervor, for in his weariness he had reposed on the opposite side to the morning shadows of the majestic palms. The prospect around him filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eye but a wide ocean of sand, sparkling and dancing like a dagger in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left the imagination nothing to desire. Not a cloud obscured its splendor, not a zephyr moved the surface of the desert. The earth and the heavens seemed on fire. There was a mild and awful majesty in the universal stillness: God, in all his infinity, seemed present to the soul!

The desolate wanderer thought of the fountains and roses of his own native provinces, and wept aloud. He clasped the palm, as if it had been a living friend. He shouted to relieve the forgetfulness of utter solitude. The wild wilderness sent back a sharp sound from the distance, but no echo was awakened. The echo was in his head.

With melancholy steps he walked around the eminence on which the palm trees grew. To his great joy he discovered on the opposite side a sort of natural grotto, formed by piles of granite. Hope was awakened in his breast. The palm woods furnished him with dates for food, and human beings might come that way before they were exhausted. Perhaps another party of Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to have some charms for his imagination—or he might hear the noise of approaching cannon—for Napoleon Bonaparte was then passing over Egypt. The Frenchman experienced a sudden transition from the deepest despair to the wildest joy. He occupied himself during the day with cutting down some palm trees to defend the mouth of the grotto against the wild beasts, which would come in the night time to drink at the rivulet flowing at the foot of the palms. Notwithstanding the eagerness produced by fear of being devoured in his sleep, he could not finish his fortification during the day. Towards evening the mighty tree he was cutting fell to the ground with a crash that resounded through the desert, as if solitude had uttered a deep groan.

But like an heir, who soon ceases to moan over a rich parent, he immediately began to strip off the broad and beautiful leaves to form his couch for the night. Fanned by his exertion and the extreme warmth of the climate, he soon fell into a profound slumber. In the middle of the night his sleep was suddenly disturbed by an extraordinary noise. He raised himself and listened—and amid the deep silence he heard the loud breathing of some powerful animal. The hair started upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. He caught the glimpse of two faint yellow lights at a distance from him, he thought it might be an optical delusion, produced by his own earnest gaze; but, as the moon entered the chinks of the cave, he distinctly saw an enormous animal lying about two feet from him. There was not sufficient light to distinguish what species of animal it was, it might be a lion, a tiger, or a crocodile; but