

THE SETTLER'S SABBATH MORNING.

The honest settler in the lonely wild,
 Far from his early home and friends exiled,
 How sweet to him when weekly labors cease,
 The holy Sabbath's sacred rest and peace.
 Up with the morning star or rising sun,
 His cattle fed, and all that's needful done;
 His healthy blooming children young and fair,
 Like olive plants around his table there.
 The snow-white breakfast table neatly spread,
 The household coffee, and the home-baked bread;
 The maple sugar which his trees supply,
 The eggs, the butter, and the pumpkin pie.
 With streams of milk and honey for their use,
 As good as ancient Canada could produce;
 With grateful hearts for all the gifts bestowed,
 They own and bless the bounteous hand of God.
 Their early breakfast o'er, the family now
 With meekness round the household altar bow,
 From the new dwelling in the forest there
 The voice of Psalms breaks on the silent air.
 The prayer of faith soars to the mount above,
 Breathed with the fervor of a parent's love,
 While round him kneel the treasures of his life,
 His darling children and his faithful wife,
 Whose all-enduring love and constant smile
 Beams on his soul and lighten all his toil.
 Tho' youth's bright roses may have died away,
 She owns a beauty cannot meet decay.
 The happy group, bound by the dearest ties,
 Present to heaven their grateful sacrifice—
 This sacred duty over, they prepare
 For public worship and the house of prayer.
 In cloth of home-spun grey or modest blue,
 The settler looks genteel and comely too;
 His thrifty wife, the linsey-woolsey wears,
 And neat and tidy in that dress appears.
 In homely sleigh of plain, unpainted boards,
 The best as yet their forest home affords;
 They take their seat, and look as happy there
 As if they rode in state a royal pair.
 Their hardy poney of Canadian breed,
 Trots smartly on with unabated speed,
 Swift o'er the winter roads for many a mile,
 They glide along in smooth and easy style.
 Through ancient forests solemn and sublime,
 Whose trees have waved before Columbus' time—
 The stately oak, whose reverend form has stood
 A thousand years the patriarch of the wood.
 The honest maple, honored for his worth;
 The portly birch, a dozen feet in girth,
 The graceful elm with branches widely spread;
 The aged ash with bare and hoary head;
 Like naked giants at the winter frown

Whose storms have shook their leafy honors down
 While all the family of the firs are seen
 Doting the peerless white with cheerful green,
 From the young tender sapling slim and straight,
 To the tall pine, an hundred feet in height,
 Planted o'er countless leagues by nature's hand,
 In one eternal grove sublime and grand.
 The river frozen like a sheet of glass,
 Presents a road o'er which our travellers pass,
 So smooth and level that their pretty steed,
 With equal ease obtains a double speed,
 On either bank far to the left or right
 A partial clearance sometimes meets the sight;
 By the blue curling smoke you there may trace
 The only dwelling in the lonely place.
 The modest log-house, white-washed, neat and
 clean

Upon the margin of a brook is seen,
 Whose sparkling waters and unfrozen stream
 Add to the beauty of this land of dream.
 Some elms and maples near the simple cot
 Remain to shelter and to grace the spot;
 And when in autumn times those lands are clear
 This handsome forest grove shall flourish here.
 Now frequent openings, and the new cleared land
 Reveal improvements thick on every hand,
 Until emerging from the forest drear,
 The smiling homes are scattered far and near;
 The miles and minutes pass in rapid flight,
 And soon the village church appears in sight,
 Whose sacred courts they enter with delight.

PUPIL AND TUTOR.

Was aber ist deine Pflicht—die Forderung des Tages.—
 GOETHE.

- P.* What shall I do, lest life in silence pass?
T. And if it do.
 And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
 What need'st thou rue?
 Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute,
 The shallows roar.
 Worth is the ocean; fame is but the bruit
 Along the shore.
- P.* What shall I do to be forever known?
T. Thy duty ever.
- P.* This did full many who yet sleep unknown.
T. Oh! never, never.
- Think'st thou perchance that they remain un-
 known
 Whom thou know'st not?
 By angel trumpets in heaven their praise is
 blown.
 Divine their lot!
- P.* What shall I do to have eternal life?
T. Discharge right
 The simple dues with which the day is rife,
 Yea, with thy night.
 Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
 Will life be fled;
 While he who ever acts as Conscience cries,
 Shall live though dead.