

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

WHEN Jacob was returning from the holy place where God had once revealed himself, when he, in his youth, saw the heavens open, his heart was full of gladness; for Jehovah had just established anew with him a covenant of friendship.

But soon he was smitten by deep sorrow.—Rachel, the beloved of his youth, died in giving birth to her second son; and when her soul was departing, and she saw that she must die, she kissed the child, and with her last breath named him Benoni, the child of sorrow.

And when she appeared before the Eternal she wept, and said, "Grant me, O Father, the first petition which I ask at thy throne! Let me sometimes see mine own beloved ones from whom thou hast separated me, that I may stand by them in their sufferings, and dry their tears."

"Three times shall thy prayer be granted," said the Almighty, "to revisit thy children upon earth, but thou canst not alleviate their troubles."

When she came down to earth for the first time, she found the aged Jacob sorrowing bitterly for both her sons. Joseph's bloody garment lay near him. "My gray hairs," cried he, "will be brought down with sorrow to the grave, for now also Benoni is taken away from me."

Sighing, she reascended to heaven, when, after awhile, the blessed spirits of her husband and sons rejoined her, and told how beautifully all their sorrow had been turned into joy.

She came the second time to visit her tomb. She saw her posterity driven into exile as herds of cattle are driven. She found everything desolate; even her grave had not been spared.—She lingered a long time by that solitary tomb, and the air was filled with the sighing of an invisible spirit.

She went down to earth the third time.—Bethlehem was flowing with the blood of innocent children. Their mothers wept because they were not, and Rachel at her grave wept also. Long was heard from that tomb a voice of wailing—"they are no more—they are no more."

And when she returned, the All-merciful said, "Rest now, my daughter, and disquiet thy heart no more with the sorrows of thy children. The path of mortals leads early into a valley where only complaints resound; but soon there is a turn in the valley, and behold

the dirge is changed into a song of praise.—Trust thy children with me; they are my children also; thy heart was not made to bear and to soften the woes of the earth-born."

Henceforth the spirit of the beautiful Rachel remained content in Paradise. She inquired of the newly-arrived concerning the destiny which they had fulfilled upon earth; but she never revisited this world; and the sighing of her motherly heart was no more heard upon her tomb. The sepulchre is silent, and Rachel rejoices with her children in eternal rest.



PREFATORY LINES FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

MAIDEN, on thine album's page

Yet hath fallen no darkling stain,
Type of thine own guileless age—

May that guileless age remain!
Little know'st thou yet of woe.
Little may'st thou ever know!

And from evils which are rife
In the onward path of life,
Ever may thy bosom be,
Like this album, pure and free!

Yet I mark, though pure the leaves,
Each a different tint receives:—
So to thee in after years,
Must arrive, what comes to all,
On this changeful earthly ball,
Hours of joy, and hours of tears—
Hours of hopes, and hours of fears—
Hours that vary as they pass,
Like the hues in prism-glass.

Such is life;—and though 'tis vain
To hope for joy unmixed with pain,
Though we know each coming day
Cannot all be clear and gay—
Maiden, may the Future be
Largely bright and blest to thee!



FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

THE appearance of Quebec, as you approach Cape Diamond, is, in the highest degree, imposing. You behold a city built upon a precipice, surrounded by a huge wall of stone, with cannon frowning upon you on all sides from its lofty embrasures. At its base, upon a narrow margin of the river, is the Lower Town above which rise the castellated battlements of the cliff, with their round towers, ditches and gates, like some wild and stupendous creation