

rose high up above the waters. The poor fellow uttered a shrill and piercing shriek—a shriek which seemed to be the very embodiment of horror, and which rang in the ears of his shipmates for days, and months and years afterwards. He then sank beneath the waters, and was never seen again.

The main top-sail was laid aback—the quarter boat was lowered and manned. Mr. Ringbolt himself sprang into the stern seats and seized the tiller, and the boat was shoved off and pulled in the direction of the ship's wake where Amos was last seen—but no trace of this miserable *victim of intemperance* could be found. The waters which had parted to receive him, were now closed over him—and not a ripple remained to mark the spot.

Such was the fate of Amos Chauncey!

Wild Flowers.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

Beautiful children of woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets' mid the heather.
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels' galther,
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem.
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
Than those that flourish by a garden wall:
And I can imagine you as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens nursed in hamlets small—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fixed, as in a queenly diadem:
Though lowly ye, and most without a name
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the world came—
I love ye all!

Beautiful things, ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eye—
Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise
Where'er sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees:
I often wished that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—
I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoever we stray—
I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!
The wild bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy aide!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And though the worldling, scornful may deride—
I love ye all!

Why do I Drink?

You drink because your mind cannot
Upon itself rely;
Because you have not strength of will
The poison'd charin to fly;
O! man, thy God the impulse gave
Of good and ill to know;
And say, does peace and calm o'er come
Amid wine's sparkling flow?

You drink because you wish to drown
The thoughts that inward goad;
Because you'd fain destroy the thorns
That wound around life's road!
But are there not upon that path
Some sweet and lovely flowers,
Whose fragrance and whose loveliness
Might cheer your lonely hours?

Take heed, lest plucking out the thorns,
The rose be scattered too,
And crushing thus the beautiful,
Thy pains begin anew;
Are there no lies upon the earth,
Save those whose joy has fled,
To win from you the goblet's power,
And nobler feelings shed?

You drink because the revel's mirth
Imparts a social glow;
Because your mind can then forget
Its agony of woe!
Because you deem it brave to think
You thus control the strife,
The misery and the suffering
That ever haunts your life!

But in the watches of the night,
In silence and alone,
O! comes not memory then to fill
Her ever potent throne?
You cannot quench the burning flame,
That tortures then your heart,
It only burns more bright and fierce,
For being crush'd in part!

O! mortal, who would bravely stand,
To see your life blood gush,
Yet meekly bow your spirit's might,
Before the bowl's soft flush!
O! coward heart! gird up your strength,
Dash off this tyrant chain,
And by the conquest of yourself,
Be godlike once again!

You drink, because the glowing hopes
You built on woman's faith,
Have turned to ashes in your heart,
And darkness worse than death;
Because the altar of your love,
Is now no holy shrine;
But think you that its holiness
Can be restored by wine?

If she you loved be false and vain,
Will it not triumph be,
To see you on your downward course,
And watch your honor flee?
Will she not know she still can wield
Her power o'er your soul,
When e'en her image makes you seek
For comfort in the bowl?

And there are some upon the earth,
That o'er your weakness weep,
You have no right their lives to shade,
Their hearts in sorrow steep!
Take courage! never 'neath the storm,
Bow down your suffering head;
For though the clouds be thick and dark,
The sunlight is not fled!