

No more shall stray where meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned mind
May yet have scope to range among her own,
Her thoughts her images, her high desires.

THE SABBATH.

Sweetly the Sabbath morning dawns—
A calm is on the air ;
Like an o'erwearied child, the world
Lies 'neath the wings of prayer ;
The very clouds that float along
The blue and silent skies,
Look heavy with the holy thoughts
That slowly heaven-ward rise.

I love to deem the sabbath day
A fairy isthmus given
To man, where he may breathe awhile
On earth the gates of heaven ;
The wheels of life stand motionless—
Action in slumber lies—
The thought resumes its throne, and Faith
Points, flame-like, to the skies.

Upon our ear the sound of bells—
The Sabbath music—falls ;
Rejoicing let us enter in
Religion's hallowed walls !
A day of joy ! Why walk ye then
With steps so sad and slow ?
Is not God's smile above you spread ?
" Are not the dead below ? "

They are—but 'tis not well to mourn
Our brethren 'neath the sod ;
Can tears be grateful to the dead ?
They are the care of God !
Sweetly the Sabbath morning dawns—
A calm is on the air,—
Ye have six days to laugh and weep.
Oh ! give the seventh to prayer !

(From the *New York Freeman's Journal*.)

CONTEMPLATION OF THE STARRY
HEAVENS.

(COMPOSED AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, EMMETS-
BURGH, MD.)

The dim shadows of twilight had long since blended with the darker shades of night ; the festal hall was silent that had rung with the joyous bursts of laughter from the rotaries of pleasure ; the last peal of revelry had died away. Time waned to the midnight hour, and all was wrapt in deep repose. Amid the solemn stillness that reigned over the face of Nature, I sallied forth to contemplate the grandeur and magnificence of the starry Heavens. The vast firmament was decked with a thousand dazzling orbs, looking out from their chambers above, on the darkness that over-

shadowed the earth. My imagination was lost in the contemplation of the sublime and beautiful, while my heart glowed with enthusiastic devotion, at such a grand display of the omnipotence of the Supreme Deity. At one moment a meteor flashing across the sky and then disappearing, would engage my attention, and kept alive the sacred flame, kindling within me. Anon some lonely star, shining in solitary splendor, would arrest the wandering glance. I traced each constellation glowing with intense brilliancy till I fancied I heard the rich melody of the celestial Lyre, enchanting all around with its unearthly strains. At length, every emotion within me being awakened, my imagination penetrated that gilded vault, and I seemed to be communing with the spirits of the blissful realms above. The moon had ascended the immense arch in queenly splendor, eclipsing the dazzling orbs that glistened amid that mighty dome. Smoothly she glided along her azure path, while her attendants continued their usual course, some going before to lead her trackless way, and others following the luminous path left visible by her scattered beams.—Oh ! thou divine source of all that is wonderful and sublime, what power but thine could have framed systems of such vast and unlimited extent, of such unrivalled beauty and magnificence. I passed the veil of Time, and with the lamp of Memory, penetrated into the dim recesses of the past, when lonely shepherds, keeping their nightly vigils, gazed with rapturous emotion on the silent course of glowing ether.—I glanced at the vast and mighty changes that time in its onward course had effected. The golden diadem had become dim that once graced the Conqueror, the laurel crown had withered on the brow of the statesman and poet, cities had risen in splendor, declined and disappeared, leaving nought but unsightly ruins to mark their ancient grandeur. Oh ! Time, destruction lies in thy path, Empires decay, and freedom falls beneath thy unsparing scythe ; but while the things of earth perish under thy potent sway, those above are unseathed by the withering influence. Ages have rolled on, and each on high still glows with the same undimmed lustre as when it first burst forth with living light from the hands of its Creator. The mighty Eagle has looked down on the perishing liberties of Nations, yet he unfolds his warlike pinions, and soars through the sky as though each moment were the renewal of some brilliant triumph. And the same bright orbs that guided Columbus, happy discoverer of our free America, on his perilous voyage across the trackless Ocean, conducted the wanderer to his tomb—Oh ! mighty emblem of the Deity's Immutability what heart does not swell with rapturous devotion when gazing on that glorious company above !