

REMEMBRANCE.

“Unchangeable, unchanged,
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged.”

“Unmoved by absence—firm in every clime,
And yet, oh, more than all—untired by time.”

BYRON.

Thou still art beautiful,
And, to mine eye, as fair as when I gazed
In love's young hour, upon thy seraph form
Then budding into womanhood. Aye, thou art still
To me as beautiful as when I pressed
In love's embrace, thy trembling heart to mine,
And on thy lip sweet words of trusting love
Had utterance. All nature then
Was clothed in loveliest verdure, and the sky
Did seem as it wore a brighter hue
Than was its wont; but, 'mid them all—
The many beauties which their magic threw
Around the heart—the fairest still wast thou.

Long years have passed,
And many times since then, yon star that seemed
A witness of our plighted loves, hath shone
Amid the ether sky—and sometimes, too,
When worldly griefs, have like a despot held
Dominion o'er me—yet never have I seen
The ray it yields, but that blest hour
Hath come again, by memory's pencil sketched
Upon my heart of hearts. Like to the dove
Which o'er the waters of the deluge brought
The olive-branch of peace, it e'er to me
Hath seemed the herald of the welcome calm,
That follows when the spirit of the storm
Hath spent his wrath—a harbinger of hope,
With “healing on its wings.”

Still thou art beautiful,
Methinks, e'en now, when gazing upon thee,
I see the same bright smile—the sunny glow
Of matron love, which mantling o'er thy cheek,
Gave token of thy blessedness, when thou
Didst bend above the cradle of our boy—
The first-born of our loves. One ringlet, then,
Of many tresses, tinged with youth's bright ray,
Had wandered o'er thy brow, and thou didst seem
Too young for matron-cares—a very girl
In all except thy love. But when I saw
The soul-pourtraying glance of thy bright eye,
Which met his look of infant love, I knew
That not the fulness of delight was thine
Till matron-cares had thrown a shadow o'er
Thy girlhood's buoyancy.

Still thou art beautiful—
Though Time hath worn his furrows on thy cheek,
And tinged thy once bright looks with winter's hue,

Methinks there is a sweeter beauty dwells
Among them while they fade. Now, too, I feel
The god-like spell, that, void of passion's glow,
Still links my heart to thine. While thus we glide
“Together down the steep,” I do not heed
The coming on of age, nor seek to shun
The mighty fiat of the Ancient One
Omnipotent—which says, “E'en thou shalt die!”
That yet a few short years, and we shall be
On earth as things forgotten. But, in that hope
Which “maketh not ashamed,” of other worlds,
When life's brief dream is o'er, where purer bliss,
And holier pleasure reigns, the grave doth seem
But as the opening of the gate that leads
To immortality.

STORIES FROM THE TALMUD.

“TERAH, the father of Abraham,” says tradition,
“was not only an idolater, but a manufacturer of
idols, which he used to expose for public sale. Being
obliged one day to go out on particular business, he
desired Abraham to superintend for him—Abraham
obeyed reluctantly. ‘What is the price of that
god?’ asked an old man who had just entered the
place of sale, pointing to an idol to which he took a
fancy. ‘Old man,’ said Abraham, ‘may I be per-
mitted to ask thine age?’—‘Threescore years,’ re-
plied the age-stricken idolater. ‘Threescore years!’
exclaimed Abraham, ‘and thou worship a thing that
has been fashioned by the hands of my father's slaves
within the last four-and-twenty hours? Strange that
a man of sixty should be willing to bow down his
grey head to a creature of a day!’ The man was
overwhelmed with shame and went away. After
this, there came a sedate and grave matron, carrying
in her hand a large dish with flour. ‘Here,’ said
she, ‘have I brought an offering to the gods, place
it before them, and bid them be propitious to me.’
‘Place it before them thyself, foolish woman,’ said
Abraham, ‘thou wilt soon see how greedily they will
devour it.’ She did so. In the mean time, Abraham
took a stick and broke the idols in pieces, excepting
the largest, in whose hands he placed the instrument
of destruction. Terah returned, and with the utmost
surprise and consternation beheld the havoc amongst
his favourite gods. ‘What is all this, Abraham?
What profane wretch has dared to use our gods
in this manner?’ exclaimed the indignant Terah.
‘Why should I conceal anything from my father?’
replied the pious son. ‘During thine absence there
came a woman with yonder offering for the gods.
She placed it before them. The younger gods, who
as may well be supposed, had not tasted food for a
long time, greedily stretched forth their hands and
began to eat, before the old god had given them
permission. Enraged at their boldness, he took the
stick and punished them for their want of respect.’
‘Dost thou mock me? wilt thou deceive thy aged