

beauties of creation, he reflects, to whom he stands indebted for all these entertainments of sense, who it is that sheds around him such smiles of loveliness. Spring call upon us to feast upon its soft and agreeable charms—the murmur of brooks—the melody of birds—the sunbeams dancing upon the water—the shade of groves—all invite us. Let us listen to the call. Let us leave awhile the bustle and turmoil of the world, and like the bee amid nature's fair field of fragrance and flowers.

Let us view yon flourishing tree—a short time ago bare and leafless; lo, now, an emblem of the christian divested of the wintry aridity of sin, and clad once more in the inviting bloom of virtue. In every blade, leaf, and flower, we behold displayed the infinite power of God. This infinite goodness is visible in the brooks and streams, that, as they flow, bright and musical, fertilize and beautify the plain and valley. The grandeur exhibited in universal nature proves his infinite love of his creatures. When we thus contemplate his wonderful works, all the blessings he is continually showering down upon us, we ought to resolve never more to offend him, but always to live and fear him, so that when death calls at our door we are ready to wing our way to the glorious land of eternal Spring.

"The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all."

LITERATURE.

SONG OF THE LAST OF THE CHIEFS OF PARAGUAY.

(Addressed to the Jesuits.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

Sir—As you have announced that a History of Paraguay is in contemplation, I trust the accompanying verses may not be judged out of season. Of the barbarities perpetrated on the Indians, before the Jesuits opened for them folds of shelter, Muratori exclaims, "Essemper simile di crudetta iniquissima non si legera di alcun paese O di alcun nazione de' Gentili." Had he lived to see Francia's reign of horror, what would he have said? The one horror preceded, the other followed the little republic of the Reductions.—I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your very faithful servant,

MILES GERARD KEON.

The diamond moon of a tropic night,
Which had just arisen, behind his prison,
Now bathed it in ceaseless show'rs of light;
And plaintively swept the breeze along,
When thus "Azara," last chief of Gunya,
Poured through the lattice his dying song:
"Moan on, thou wayfaring western breeze,
Over the ocean bear my emotion,
And heartfelt sighs to the Loyolesse!

Tell them to-day was my wedding day,
When they were preaching and meekly teaching
The crucified One in Paraguay—
In poor and deserted Paraguay.
With dying, reviving, wave-like roll,
Ever appealing to mystic feeling,
Peacefully sounded the deep bell's toll,
Peacefully, peacefully rung its toll.
Tell them that she, my Christian bride,
Heard them addressing the nuptial blessing;
This day; and this day, this day she died;
This day of anguish, by murder, died.
Say, that methinks I still hear the chime
Of that marriage bell, and others as well,
Which ring not, but ought, this funeral time.
They surely should ring the funeral time!
For, tell them, Francia has also slain
My grey-haired mother and only brother,
Baptised by them ere they crossed the main—
In happy times, ere they crossed the main.
And add that I, the Cacique, must die,
In shame and sorrow, at dawn to-morrow,
Because their mention had made me sigh—
For Loyola's name oft makes me sigh.
There's no other cause than simply this—
I loved them dearly, well and sincerely:
Faded and gone is our dream of bliss—
Gone for ever is that dream of bliss!

St. Patrick's Day, 1845.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

The witty prebend of St. Paul's died in Mayfair, on Saturday, the 23d ult., in his 77th year. The following sketch of his life is abridged from the *Times* of Tuesday, the 26th:

"A gentleman of the name of Smith, who resided at Lydiard, near Taunton, in Devonshire, was the father of the reverend and learned person whose name stands at the head of this article. Although his family were inhabitants of Devonshire, it so happened that the subject of this memoir was, in the year 1768, born at Woodford, in Essex. The ancient school founded at Winchester by William of Wykeham was the seat of learning at which Sydney Smith imbibed his first draughts of knowledge. He was elected to New College, Oxford, in the year 1780, where, ten years afterwards, he obtained a fellowship; but it was not until six years subsequent to the last-mentioned date that he took the degree of M. A. He had by this time approached the thirtieth year of his age. The first ecclesiastical duties which involved upon him were those of the parish of Netheravon, near Amesbury; and it appears that in that almost solitary situation he resided for about two years. Here he soon made the acquaintance which ripened into friendship of the wealthy squire, and Mr. Beach prevailed on Mr. Smith to take charge of the education of the youthful hope of the squire's family. With his pupil he set out for Weimar, but was driven by press of continental politics to Edinburgh. Sydney Smith had remained on Salisbury-plain two years, and his sojourn in Edin-