

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me  
wrought,

I supplicate for thy control,  
But in the quietness of thought;  
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;  
I feel the weight of chance desires,  
My hopes no more must change  
their name,

I long for a repose that ever is the  
same.

Stern law-giver! yet thou dost  
wear

The Godhead's most benignant  
grace;

Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face;

Flowers laugh before thee on their  
beds,

And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from  
wrong;

And the most ancient heavens,  
through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!

I call thee: I myself commend

Unto thy guidance from this hour;

Oh, let my weakness have an end!

Give unto me, made lowly wise,

The spirit of self-sacrifice;

The confidence of reason give;

And in the light of truth thy bond-  
man let me live!

### THE STORY OF ALBERT BANE.

HENRY MACKENZIE, a Scottish lawyer and novelist, author of the "Man of Feeling," and editor of the "Lounger."—1745-1831.

WHEN I was last autumn at my friend Colonel Caustic's in the country, I saw there, on a visit to Miss Caustic, a young gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbour of the colonel's, with whose appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased. "The history of their parents," said my friend, "is somewhat peculiar, and I love to tell it, as I do everything that is to the honour of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recall it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.

"The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our country. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connexion, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity and sharing its fortunes. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favourite of his master. Albert Bane (the surname, you know, is