

## Literature. &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Hours of Sun and Shade.

## THE ETERNAL.

BY GORDEN DE MONTGOMERY.

Oh Thou, th' Eternal, the Omnipotent,  
The Omnipresent, God, Jehovah, Lord,  
In whom all glorious attributes are blest,  
The "King of Kings" the Holy the Adored!  
Oh Thou, the Great "I Am," the infinite,  
Creator of air, ocean, sky, and earth,  
Of world invisible to mortal sight,  
But seen by thee, who call'd them into birth!  
Of Thee I sing, to Thee I raise my song;  
Let my adoring strains flow reverently along.

Oh Thou, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The Three divided, yet the Three in one,  
Whose viewless throne glows 'mid th' angelic  
host,

Who wert ere time its mystic reign begun,  
Who art whilst time endures, and still wilt be  
When time shall be no more, ever the same;  
Author of time and of eternity,  
Oh let me humbly breathe Thy sacred  
Name!

Give me the power Thou gav'st to him of old,  
Who his undying verse Thy glories did unfold.

Speak to my shadow'd heart, illumine mine eyes,  
Fill me with holy thoughts, my lips in-  
spire;

Oh thrill my ears with heavenly melodies,  
With quenchless glory set my soul on fire.  
I deeply feel my utter helplessness:

Oh I am weak, but thou canst make me  
strong:

Grant Thou my prayer, my feeble efforts bless,  
And as I trembling tune my solemn song;  
Let me not seek my own but Thy blest praise,  
For I am Thine and Thine these tributary  
lays,

Oh for a mind imbued with heavenly light,  
To sound Thy glories in immortal strain;

Oh for a glimpse of that ecstatic sight,  
My yearning soul is longing to attain!

Oh for one ray of splendour from above,  
To chase the clouds away that shade my  
thought;

To tell of thy unfathomable love  
In seraph-tones with mighty meaning  
fraught;

Of the o'erpowering, never waning rays  
Which stream from Thee, and dazzle e'en th'  
archangel's gaze!

Oh for celestial wings to soar away,  
Up through the voiceless void of starry space,  
On spirit-pinions rise to endless day.

Higher and higher mount, until my face  
Reflected lustre flowing from the throne,  
And my rapt soul drank in the melody,  
Pour'd forth by seraphs' lips, whose every tone  
Is born of purest love eternally!

Oh could I gaze on those unnumber'd throngs,  
And bear my lowly part in their adoring songs!

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## WE FLY BY NIGHT.

Poor Alexander! all is over with him! The young beast was full of courage and fire, and no doubt fought his blood-thirsty enemies bravely with his hoofs; but he was obliged to give way: the numbers were too great for him. Yes, sir," continued he, "that dreadful cry announced to us the death of your favorite horse. I have heard this tone, which pierces to the very soul, on the field of battle. It is peculiar to strong young horses, which part hardly with their life, and struggle with death to the last moment. I will lay any wager it went easier with Cynthia; she was weaker than Alexander, and older too. But this much is certain, that the poor animals have become a prey to the wolves, which are at this moment engaged in devouring them, and therefore leave us in peace. At this moment there are but few of them about the hut; the great mass are engaged in their horrid meal. They will soon return, more ravenously hungry and more blood-thirsty than ever; for this slight repast is sufficient only to stimulate their insatiable appetites.

The old man had spoken truly. We sat still, and as if waiting round the fire; and a few moments only had passed when we again heard the feet and the panting of the wolves close outside; then they came bursting against the door and the window-shutters: then the growling became louder, and we could find that, with newly-excited rage, they were trying to climb up the door-posts and the mud-walls in order to get upon the roof. We were in the most anxious suspense. Our eyes were fixed on the opening in the roof just above us, through which, when a puff of wind parted the cloud of smoke which went up from our fire, the star-lit heavens looked brightly down upon us. A fresh column of smoke was just about to twirl upwards, when the lady's maid uttered a loud shriek, and pointing with her finger to the roof, fell speechless on the ground. A fearful sight was before us! Four wolves' heads, with bloody jaws, and their tongues hanging out showing their white rows of savage teeth, were

ranged round the edge of the opening, and looking down, with glowing eyes, into the flames beneath. Seen through the smoke as we saw them, they looked like demons. At this unexpected sight, only Rosko retained his presence of mind. He threw a fagot into the fire, saying: 'We have nothing to fear from these four; they do not like fire; it dazzles them, and they will not be able to see us.' But suddenly there came a loud crash in the weak rafters of the roof; three of the monsters disappeared, but the roof gave way under the fourth, and hung down within the cabin, whilst the creature in vain endeavoured to cling to the rafters which kept breaking round it. It was very evident that it must soon fall into the flames beneath.

'Away from the fire!' cried old Rosko to the two females, who, terrified, fled into a corner. Then he turned to me and said: 'Now shoot! Send a pistol ball into the fellow's body; take a good aim—hit sure!

He seized the gun himself, and stood by with it ready to strike a blow with the stock. We heard the creature groaning with fear. It was of unusual and fearful size. I obeyed mechanically the command of the old servant. I took a true aim, fired, and at the same instant the animal fell into the burning pile of wood beneath, from which flew on all sides firebrands burning coals, and sparks. I started back from the flames; but there lay our enemy bleeding and rolling itself among the firebrands, howling horribly and piteously with pain. Rosko kept his place courageously; and after having raised the stock of the gun once or twice over his head, and brought it down again each time with a heavy blow, there lay the beast dead before us, its limbs stretched out stiff from its body amongst the burning wood, which, being all wetted with its blood, gave forth a smothering steam. Rosko, who had always his wits about him, pulled it out of the fire, and dragged it into the furthest corner, where he left it lying, saying at the same time that he hoped it would be the only visit of the kind we should have during the night; 'but the day, the day,' added he, in a low tone of voice, 'will bring us more of such customers than we shall be able to master.' These words had reached my ears only: Axinia and the French woman looked anxiously up at the roof, to see whether any fresh danger threatened us. I drew near to the old man, and led him far away from Axinia towards the dead wolf, as if I wished to examine it, and then I asked him, in an under-voice, what were the fears he entertained for the day, as I had been in hopes that, when morning came, the wolves would forsake our place of refuge, and betake themselves to the depths of the forest.

'And even if that were to be the case,' said he, gloomily, 'of what use would it be to us? The horses are dead; and how is a weak, tender female like Mademoiselle Axinia, to reach the outside of this forest on foot? In the midst of our endeavour, night would overtake us again and the wolves would know well where to find us. But any hope of this kind is in vain. When the wolves have assembled in such an enormous mass as they have done here, they are not afraid of daylight. So long as our stock of wood holds out, our fire will protect us from any attack above; indeed I do not think another of the monsters will be bold enough to try the roof again to-night; but by daylight the flames do not make so powerful an impression on them. We must summon all our courage and our strength for what may then happen, and prepare to defend the women and our own lives to the last moment. But it will be all of no use, of no use,' added he, in a tone growing fainter and fainter—'of no use at all!

I had placed my whole confidence on the return of day; I had already imagined that we were safe at home in the castle of my father; but now all my hopes were destroyed—now, for the first time, our destruction appeared to me to be certain—and again all the horrors of despair took possession of me. I did not dare go near Axinia, lest she should guess, from the disturbed state that I was in, what was the truth as to our fate; I wished it to be kept from her as long as possible, that she might continue to enjoy the feeling that she was safe until the danger was really near. The hours passed anxiously and painfully by. Axinia had fallen asleep, and lay reposing like an angel of peace—like a child who knows nothing of the dangers which surround it. The lady's maid, too, exhausted by her apprehensions and her exertions, had fallen into a kind of disturbed slumber or stupor, from which she every now and then awoke in affright, raised herself up, and stared vacantly at the hole in the roof, and then sank down again, seemingly insensible. I looked at Axinia, and as I saw her smile in her sleep, it pierced me to the heart; I felt oppressed within me, as if a heavy load lay on my breast from which I could not get free. In the mean time, old Rosko silently went on keeping up the fire, and appeared to be thinking seriously about our position, although he did not communicate his thoughts to us. He was right in what he had said about the wolves; not one of them appeared again during the night at the opening in the roof; but their scratching and scraping, and pushing against the door, their low growling, and their running backwards and

forwards round the hut, continued the whole time.

It is not surprising that even at this length of time I should remember accurately every particular of what we then suffered; the dangers of that moment were such as would make an impression upon a whole life-time, however long it might be. Before Rosko told me what we had most to dread, I had longed for daylight to return; but now I could have wished that the night might be without end. But how senseless was such a wish, for what would have been gained by it? Instead of being torn to pieces by the wolves, we should have suffered the lingering death of starvation, or, at best, have been frozen to death! I now felt without hope, and perfectly desolate.

The stars became paler, the twilight appeared above us, the flames of the fire became less bright, and the day broke. Axinia slept on: the frightful howling of the wolves, the increased energy which was evident in their movements around our place of refuge, did not wake her, but at one time I saw that her lips moved, and that she was speaking, and I drew nearer to understand what she said. 'Fear nothing, Cassimir,' said she, softly, as if in a sweet dream: 'God is watching over us; a deliverer is nigh.' I cannot describe the effects which these words had on me, and how they instantly filled me again with hope and faith. I suddenly felt myself influenced by a supernatural power. I felt quite calmed with regard to any future danger, and seizing the hand of the astonished Rosko, I exclaimed in a cheering tone: 'Courage faithful Rosko! We are too good to serve as food to the wolves: a deliverer is near.'

And he was near. He appeared in the time of our greatest need, when the fire, now grown pale under the light of day, no longer scared our hungry pursuers, which now clambered upon the roof in such numbers that it threatened to fall in upon us; and as we looked up we beheld twenty pairs of savage jaws wide open, thirsting for our blood, and longed eagerly to devour us. Axinia had not awakened: she slept as soundly as if convinced that the angel of God was watching over her. My whole being appeared now to have resolved itself into faith in our deliverance. I looked no longer at the savage growling forms above; I looked into the pure and innocent face of my sister. She smiled and moved slightly, and then awoke crying: "He comes!—we are saved!"

At that moment, we heard the report of fifty shots in the forest; a loud halloo and the barking of dogs resounding through the air, and the trampling of horses' hoofs came fast towards us. My sister and her maid started up; we heard our enemies scrambling down from the roof; we heard the howling of the scattered wolves in the distance, and we cried: "We are saved!"

Rosko went and looked through the split in the door, and said: 'There is a wolf-hunt: The wolves have fled, and the hunters are just breaking out of the wood.' He threw the door wide open, and went out into the space before the hut; freedom was again ours; and we had the joy to see at the head of the troop of horsemen who had thus rescued us, the friend whose journey we had left when we started on our journey. How is it possible to describe the delight of our meeting, or our thankfulness? We now related in hasty words the fearful circumstances of the night; and our friend told us that shortly after our departure, news had been brought to his castle that a herd of wolves from the boundless forests of Lithuania, had entered the forest through which we were to pass; that they had already committed great destruction and devastation, and that the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood were prepared to begin a general attack upon them. He had been seized with the greatest alarm on our account, and had seen in a moment all the danger to which we were exposed. He had assembled round him all that were capable of taking part in a hunt, and was just about to hasten after us, when several landed proprietors in the vicinity desired to join his little troop with their followers, and to accompany him in the chase. These newcomers, however, wished not to set out upon the expedition until the next morning; but our friend's energetic description of the fearful situation in which we were in all probability placed, at length prevailed upon them to make use of the moonlight night for the undertaking; and thus were we saved from a fate at which the imagination shudders.

## GREEK SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

THE birth of a daughter is as much condolence, as the birth of a son is one of congratulation. A foreign resident at Athens, the father of a large family of girls, is looked upon by his neighbours as the most unlucky of men. They wonder at his failure to appreciate their sympathy. A story is told of an Athenian, who had set his heart in obtaining a son to perpetuate his name. Upon learning the disappointment of his expectations, he endeavoured to conceal his chagrin, and shame also, in the Grove of the Cephissus; where he skulked for three days, before he could muster assurance to meet his acquaintance. The anecdote may be somewhat exaggerated; but the fact that such feelings exist cannot be doubted.

## LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A PINE TREE.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

(Copied from the Mercury by the request of a Subscriber.)

"Somebody says there are tongues in trees,  
"And that they talk with as much ease  
"When cut and squared, as while they grow."

It has long been my intention to write my own memoirs, and favor the world with a few of my adventures in life from the time of my springing up upon the banks of the Miramichi until the present period. But methinks I already hear the cry of astonishment; which burst from the gentle readers at the very idea of the 'Life and Adventures of a Pine Tree'—but who has not heard of the 'Adventures of a Guinea,' and the 'Peregrinations of a Silver Sixpence'—and have not the 'Memoirs of a Bag of Cotton' been recently presented to the inhabitants of the second Mercantile City in England, and why, I ask, may not a Pine Tree claim a share of the public attention? Men have for ages been instructed by the mouths of Lions, Bulls, Monkeys, Jackasses, and birds have been known to teach a useful lesson to an Eastern Monarch, and who knows but the 'moving accidents by flood and field,' which have befallen your humble servant, may serve to instruct as well as amuse.

Writing one's own life is one of the most comfortable things in the world; it is like a Limner setting opposite a glass to take his own picture—the glass reflects back his own image, with perfect precision, yet some how or other, he always contrives to make it a handsome likeness. So the still small voice in the breast of man, invariably reminds him of the secret impulses which led to his most brilliant actions, or in other words, presents him with a moral picture of himself, but which he generally contrives to dress up with a certain brilliancy of colouring, and by adroitly casting any little deformity into the shade, presents to the world a very pretty picture, which seldom fails to secure him its approbation and applause.

However, let it not be supposed for a moment, that I mean to avail myself of the privileges claimed by all human Biographers. The early part of my life was marked by little which would be likely to interest, and all the mischances that have since befallen me, and all the variety of situations in which I have been more recently placed, have not been the results of any impulse of my own; I have been a passive instrument in the hands of others, and all the good or evil which I have been instrumental in promoting, must be laid to the account of those who for years have made a perfect Cat's Paw of me.

Byron says I 'love to be particular in dates,' but there I differ from him; Chronology is my aversion—this I presume springs from early impressions, as when I came into the world, and for many years after, we 'took no note of time,' so that it will be entirely out of my power to inform you of the precise period at which my existence commenced, neither is it of much consequence to which of the twelve species described by Linnaeus, I belong. Indeed it has long been the practice to throw a veil over the early part of the lives of persons of eminence, so that for these slight omissions, precedent will furnish ample grounds of justification. It will be sufficient to say, that I sprung up about fifty years before the flood, and when that dreadful deluge came, I was a tall sapling of great promise, and perfectly remember seeing Noah and his Ark floating over my head, with his assorted cargo of Live Stock, and I can assure you that the Columbus and Baron of Renfrew are no more to be compared to that fine vessel than a Man's Nose is to the Peak of Teneriffe. So deep were the waters at that time, that for several days I was debating with myself, whether it would not be the best of my plan to turn into a sea weed, however, at last they subsided, and my growth was not a little accelerated by the decomposition of a drowned Mammoth, which sunk immediately over my roots, and for several years served as a wonderful stimulant to my advancement. I grew high, and was well shaped, and spread my fair branches to the morning sun with as much pride and gratification as a Peacock spreads his tail; but the Peacock, poor fellow, has his subject of mortification in his feet, and I was not without mine, for although the greater part of my branches were strong, well shaped, and luxuriant, yet here and there there was one which exhibited symptoms of rotteness and decay, their verdure gradually faded, their sap forsook them, and from having been the ornaments and pride of the Parent stem, they became sources of mortification and disgrace. The Spectator says, that in examining the genealogical tree of a certain family, he found several branches lopped off, and upon enquiry ascertained that they had been purposely severed, as they had conferred no honour on the tree, and not unfrequently did I almost wish that I had the power of ridding myself of my degenerate offspring. But I believe I was not singular in my misfortunes, for I fear there are few trees, however great their elevation, or imposing their appearance, but what are annoyed with rotten branches.

The early part of my history will present but few materials for the gratification of the reader, for I must candidly confess that it was