

thanks to him for the mercy which he ever displayed towards the sons of Abraham, his beloved.

And may his grace yet farther protect and bless us, now and for ever. Amen.

Nissan 14, April 10, 5606.

Communings with Nature.

No. VI.

THE EVERGREEN.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

THE evergreen ! mid nature's bloom,
Why art thou sad and lone ?
We leave thee as a thing of gloom,
That hath no gleesome tone.

Thou art so changeless, that we deem
No poesy dwells in thee,
No vision'd love, no shadowy dream
Shrin'd in thy leaves may be.

We heed thee not, when spring's sweet voice
Comes laughing on the breeze,
When new-born flow'rets wait our glance,
And light hath touch'd the trees.

We see thee not, when summer's smile
Hath pierc'd earth's quiv'ring heart,—
Bidding her buds that slept awhile,
To bloom in thousands start.

Mid autumn's glory still thou art,
And still we pass thee by,
To garner in our wayward heart
The beauty that must die.

In winter's storms,—ah, there alone,
 When all is bleak and bare,
 We love to list thy changeless tone,
 To feel—our friend is there.

And still thou smilest,—man's neglect,
 Rude storm, and blighting blast,
 Thine upward growth have never checked,
 Nor lain thee with the past.

Thou'rt ever present,—ever nigh,
 In meek endurance still,
 Oh, ingrate man, to pass thee by,
 Till life grows changed and chill !

Emblem of God's omnific love,
 His never-changing care !
 Fair shrub, His faithfulness to prove,
 Thou'rt scatter'd ev'ry where.

Constant in every varied scene,
 Of Nature's joy and grief,
 For this I bless thee, evergreen,
 And love thy fadeless leaf.

And feel how much of poesy lies
 In thy still changeless shrine ;
 Unto the heart thy voice replies,
 With whisperings divine !

1843.

Jewish Lyrics.

No. III.

SONG OF PEACE.

BY MRS. HARTOG.

LET the sword be sheathed ! let the sword be sheathed !
 The land hath been deluged in blood too long ;
 Let the harp with the myrtle of peace be wreathed,
 And the reaper's succeed to the battle-song.