

And the sun and the moon that continued their light,
 Till thy conquering sires put the foeman to flight,*
 And the stars that fought for them near Kishon's deep waves,†
 Shed their purest and loveliest beams on your graves.

And why, ye fleet winds, do you pensively sigh,
 As these grass-covered mounds of the dead you pass by?
 And why dost thou murmur, thou broad Congaree?—
 Poor remnant of Israel, they're wailing for thee.

Like you, lowly slumberers, I've wandered from home,
 In the land of the stranger an exile to roam,
 Like you, amid strangers, I'll sicken and die,
 Like you, amid strangers, I shortly shall lie.

CAROLAN.

Columbia, S. C.

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN ON THE CLOSE OF A PECULIARLY BLESSED DAY OF REST.

BY GRACE AGUIAR.

"Six days shall work be done, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest. *It is the Sabbath of the Lord in all your dwellings.*"—LEVIT. xxiii. 2.

I BLESS thee, Father, for the grace
 Thou me this day hast given,
 Strengthening my soul to seek thy face,
 And list the theme of heaven.

I bless thee, that each workday care
 Thy love hath lulled to rest,
 And ev'ry thought whose wing was prayer,
 Thine answering word hath blessed.

I bless thee, Father! those dark fears,
 That linger'd round my heart,
 That called for murmurs, doubts and fears,
 Thy mercy bade depart.

* Joshua x. 12, 13.

† Judges v. 20, 21.

Oh, Thou alone couldst send them hence,
On this bless'd day of peace,
And with thy spirit's pure incense,
Bid workday turmoils cease.

The with'ring pangs of anxious care,
Were through the week mine own,
Eased only in the hour of pray'r,
But never from me flown.

Darkly around me closed the night,
Though trusting still in Thee;
And heavily I hailed the light,
Fraught with few joys for me.

How came it, then, my Sabbath day
Is with such bliss replete,—
That visions bright around me play,
Whose smiles my spirit greet?

Oh, 'tis as some reviving dew,
Were o'er each sorrow stealing,
Folding in heaven's own azure hue,
Each dark and weary feeling.

As if no sorrow could molest
My soaring soul again,
Nor find a momentary rest
For aught of earthly pain.

A Sabbath to my inmost heart,
Thy day, my God, hath been,
Thy loving kindness to impart,
E'en to a child of sin.

A verdant spot, a cooling spring,
On earth's unkindly breast,
Where all who childlike spirits bring,
Shall healing find, and rest.

My God! my Father! 'tis from Thee
These blessed hours have come,
I hail them type of joys for me,
That wait me in THY HOME!

Come, then ! if, Lord, 'tis thy decree,
 My workday thoughts of care,
 The day of rest is still for me,
 Thy presence then to share.

And nought shall banish from my heart
 Its memories lingering yet,
 Their twilight soothing to impart,
 E'en when their sun hath set.

Oh, never let its fleece* be dry,
 Thine own day mid the seven,
 And wing with prayer, my God, each sigh,
 That yearns for Thee and heaven !

THE JEWS IN SAVANNAH.

(Concluded from page 384.)

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE ISRAELITES IN SAVANNAH—THEIR RELIGIOUS HISTORY—THAT OF THEIR SUCCESSORS, &c.

Manuscript page 14. "1774, September 14. Having a sufficient number of Jews here to make a congregation, we came to a resolution to meet at the house of Mordecai Sheftall." The congregation convened punctually for a length of time at Mr. Sheftall's house. He was a man of exemplary piety, and adhered closely to all the rites and ceremonies of his faith. He had fitted up a room in his house, at his individual cost, for the accommodation of the congregation. Religious affairs progressed harmoniously, the members of the congregation were gradually augmenting, and experienced no interruption, until the commencement of the American successful struggle for liberty caused a temporary dissolution.

Some short time subsequent to the ratification of the definitive treaty between Great Britain and the United States, many Israelites arrived in Savannah, and made it their place of residence.

* Judges vi. 38.