

And Nature's God, to whom alone
 The secret of the heart is known, —
 The hidden language traced thereon ;

Who from its many cumberings
 Of form and creed, and outward things,
 To light the naked spirit brings ;

Not with our partial eye shall scan,
 Not with our pride and scorn shall ban,
 The spirit of our brother man ! .

1841.

ST. JOHN.

The fierce rivalry between Charles de La Tour, a Protestant, and D'Aulnay Charnasy, a Catholic, for the possession of Acadia, forms one of the most romantic passages in the history of the New World. La Tour received aid in several instances from the Puritan colony of Massachusetts. During one of his voyages for the purpose of obtaining arms and provisions for his establishment at St. John, his castle was attacked by D'Aulnay, and successfully defended by its high-spirited mistress. A second attack however followed in the fourth month, 1647, when D'Aulnay was successful, and the garrison was put to the sword. Lady La Tour languished a few days in the hands of her enemy, and then died of grief.

“ To the winds give our banner !
 Bear homeward again ! ”
 Cried the Lord of Acadia,
 Cried Charles of Estienne ;
 From the prow of his shallop
 He gazed, as the sun,
 From its bed in the ocean,
 Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
 That shallop had passed,
 Where the mists of Penobscot
 Clung damp on her mast.
 St. Saviour had looked
 On the heretic sail,
 As the songs of the Huguenot
 Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
 Remembered her well,
 And had cursed her while passing,
 With taper and bell ;
 But the men of Monhegan,
 Of Papists abhorred,
 Had welcomed and feasted
 The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop
 With dun-fish and ball,
 With stores for his larder,
 And steel for his wall.
 Pemaquid, from her bastions
 And turrets of stone,
 Had welcomed his coming
 With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders
 Had followed his way,
 As homeward he glided,
 Down Pentecost Bay.
 Oh, well sped La Tour !
 For, in peril and pain,

His lady kept watch,
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone,
On the plane-trees which shaded
The shores of St. John.
“ Now, why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love!
Why waves there no banner
My fortress above ? ”

Dark and wild, from his deck
St. Estienne gazed about,
On fire-wasted dwellings,
And silent redoubt ;
From the low, shattered walls
Which the flame had o'errun,
There floated no banner,
There thundered no gun !

But beneath the low arch
Of its doorway there stood
A pale priest of Rome,
In his cloak and his hood.
With the bound of a lion,
La Tour sprang to land,
On the throat of the Papist
He fastened his hand.

“ Speak, son of the Woman
Of scarlet and sin !
What wolf has been prowling
My castle within ? ”

From the grasp of the soldier
 The Jesuit broke,
 Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
 He smiled as he spoke :

“ No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
 Has ravaged thy hall,
 But thy red-handed rival,
 With fire, steel, and ball !
 On an errand of mercy
 I hitherward came,
 While the walls of thy castle
 Yet spouted with flame.

“ Pentagoet’s dark vessels
 Were moored in the bay,
 Grim sea-lions, roaring
 Aloud for their prey.”

“ But what of my lady ? ”
 Cried Charles of Estienne.

“ On the shot-crumbled turret
 Thy lady was seen :

“ Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,
 Her hand grasped thy pennon,
 While her dark tresses swayed
 In the hot breath of cannon !
 But woe to the heretic,
 Evermore woe !
 When the son of the church
 And the cross is his foe !

“ In the track of the shell,
 In the path of the ball,

Pentagoet swept over
 The breach of the wall !
 Steel to steel, gun to gun,
 One moment, — and then
 Alone stood the victor,
 Alone with his men !

“ Of its sturdy defenders,
 Thy lady alone
 Saw the cross-blazoned banner
 Float over St. John.”

“ Let the dastard look to it ! ”
 Cried fiery Estienne,
 “ Were D’Aulnay King Louis,
 I ’d free her again ! ”

“ Alas for thy lady !
 No service from thee
 Is needed by her
 Whom the Lord hath set free ;
 Nine days, in stern silence,
 Her thralldom she bore,
 But the tenth morning came,
 And Death opened her door ! ”

As if suddenly smitten
 La Tour staggered back ;
 His hand grasped his sword-hilt,
 His forehead grew black.
 He sprang on the deck
 Of his shallop again.
 “ We cruise now for vengeance !
 Give way ! ” cried Estienne.

"Massachusetts shall hear
 Of the Huguenot's wrong,
 And from island and creekside
 Her fishers shall throng!
 Pentagoet shall rue
 What his Papists have done,
 When his palisades echo
 The Puritan's gun!"

Oh, the loveliest of heavens
 Hung tenderly o'er him,
 There were waves in the sunshine,
 And green isles before him:
 But a pale hand was beckoning
 The Huguenot on;
 And in blackness and ashes
 Behind was St. John!

1841.

THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.

Ibn Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable Jogeas, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.

THEY sat in silent watchfulness
 The sacred cypress-tree about,
 And, from beneath old wrinkled brows,
 Their failing eyes looked out.