

“The same,” replied his companion; “truly is she a wise and a skilful woman, my lord; she holds by her art, subservient to her will, a spirit who will at her command reveal the events of the future to such as she may favour; but of late she has refused to exercise her sorcery, for she is fearful of sharing the fate of those whom thou, my lord, hast formerly doomed to death.”

“Knowest thou her dwelling?” eagerly demanded the king.

“I know it well.”

“Then by to-morrow’s eve we will assume a disguise which will effectually conceal our station, and seek her presence; and thus I hope to penetrate by her assistance into the dark obscurity of the future, which is otherwise denied me. Farewell; I leave to you the task of providing fitting raiment, and to-morrow, relying on your discretion and secrecy, I will repair to this woman’s dwelling.”

The officers made their obeisance and withdrew to their quarters.

(To be continued.)

A VISION.

STRANGE thoughts, and stranger visions rose
 Before my mind’s delighted eye,
 Which to the poet’s soul disclose
 Such worlds of truth and witchery.
 In silence, both by night and day,
 With wisdom burning on my tongue,
 I breathed the words I could not say,
 On which my soul enraptured hung.
 I uttered in soft tones and low,
 The inspirations of my mind,
 And beauteous verse, like music’s flow,
 Melodious, vague, and undefined.
 I saw my God, the Blessed One,
 Unfold the dream which we call Life,
 A fragile web of shadows spun,
 Woven with sorrow and with strife.

I saw the cause of every grief,
 Which God will show to all one day,
 When sadness, like an autumn leaf,
 Will, like that leaf, be swept away ;
 So that in voices mild and clear,
 We shall acknowledge *He* was just,
 And wonder at the darkness here
 Obscuring Hope, and Faith, and Trust.
 The Prophet King in vain poured forth
 The tender breathings of his heart ;
 To beings icebound as the north,
 His spirit he could ne'er impart.
 In vain his warm, ecstatic lyre
 Its trembling chords of love awoke ;
 Few souls could breathe that living fire,
 Few hearts to whom those echoes spoke.
 And wisdom's page is thus passed o'er,
 And scanned by most unlearnéd eyes,
 Who see not in prophetic lore
 The road that leads beyond the skies.
 'Tis not the written word alone,
 Sublime, yet simple as a child,
 This is sweet nature's under tone,
 In which she gives her lessons mild ;
 But Genius from her lofty car
 Beholds in Scripture's hidden charms
 A soul, a beauteous soul afar,
 And clasps the *spirit* in her arms.
 Spirit of Scripture ! how divine
 Thou shinest with thy golden wings,
 Flitting around this soul of mine,
 Revealing most mysterious things.
 I list to thee, I hear thy voice
 In sweet, and most pathetic numbers,
 Making my inmost heart rejoice
 Awhile mine eyes are closed in slumbers.
 Spirit of Beauty ! then didst thou
 Descend and bless my mental sight ;
 Methinks I see thee even now
 In mid-air floating on the night ;

In dream-like loveliness didst glide,
 A vision clad in robes so fair,
 Thine arms extended from thy side
 As if to cleave the ambient air.
 Sweet spirit of the earth and skies!
 I see thy form in ether move;
 Like light in darkness thou dost rise,
 Emblem of light! thy name is Love.

R. E. S.

November, 1850.

 HEBREW MELODIES.

BY MRS. R. HYNEMAN.

No. III.

ON SEEING THE SUN SUDDENLY BREAK FORTH AND ILLUMINE THE SEPHER WHILE
 IT WAS BEING CARRIED TO THE HECHAL.

WAS it thus, stricken remnant, the glory of God
 Burst forth on thy fathers, and showered its light
 Across the rude path that those weary ones trod,—
 A cloud-pillar by day, a flame-witness by night?

As it guided the sire, it now gleams on the son;
 As it shone in the wilderness lonely and drear,
 So it burst to assure thee, Oh desolate one,
 That in sorrow and exile his presence is here.

Then say not the day of thy triumph has fled,
 Say not that the star of thy glory has set,
 While the same holy blessings still rest on thy head,
 And the same "fire from heaven" illumines thee yet.