The Young Sailors Grave.

He sighed from among us and quickly disappeared,
Beneath the wild foaming waters on which the ship steered.
With scarcely a moment to murmur a prayer
The waters closed over him

The waters closed over him no more was he seen,
He sank in the waters to sight and to green,
His body now lies deep in the dark wave.
And no mark guides the mariner to the poor sailors grave

On board he was cheerful and very kind hearted
Beloved by his shipmates now martyred since departed
But his soul is at rest up to Godrit has flown
And left friends and parents his absence to mourn.

No more shall his hand guide the helm of the barque
Through the wild waste of waters so deep and dark,
But his spirit shall sing to his God on high,
While waves over his ocean bed shall swell to the skies.

May this teach a warning his untimely end.
To each other seaman his thoughts more to bend
To God who is willing and able to save.
The souls though the body should sink in the wave.

He left friends and parents and his dear native home
On the cold polar seas a Sailor to roam.
He fell over-board, no power could save.
His body now lies underneath the cold wave

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The lost path

One beautiful afternoon in May, 18— two young ladies of the Seminary of Le— without any guides set out for a ramble in the woods; about one mile from Once there, nothing could endure them to return back, without; something on their part which required much daring and courage to procure. Elated on by this, and the scene nature presented, they every moment, became more and more resolved to accomplish their design. Never for a moment thinking how far they had strayed, in their thoughtlessness, from the right path. Hearing of them been told of the accidences following a ramble in these woods without a guide, they determined to avoid, resist the danger of losing their path, and silencing the "whitens" as they called them of all of their teachers. Wild flowers gathered by them, and many, and beautiful were the articles which they gathered, in their ramble in the woods. They crossed (beautiful and) rapid streams, which in turn received much of their admirations. Beautiful moss covered rocks, were found by them in their search, which, must ever be mourned, tore some of its garments. Nature had furnished it, by their destroying hands. Suddenly expiring, not to that they had not thought of into an open spot, where they could have the full beams of the noon, they were happened to find it. Now; and on consulting their time, found it to be almost night. Quickly were their steps turned home ward, but it was not as easy getting out of the woods, as coming in. They followed all, as they thought, the path they came, but they soon found their mistakes, when they suddenly came into a perfect swamp of briars and brakes, and were unable to proceed any farther. The exclamation "we've lost our paths," burst from both their lips at once. They quickly resolved to retrace their steps, and were once more at the place they started from but a few minutes before. Again they set out, and this time they took a different path which they followed until they came to a spot where two paths a path was right and left. which of these to take they knew not. They had forgotten in their eagerness to explore the woods, to mark the right path. And to think of how the paths run. And by nearly did each path seem to resemble that they knew not which to choose follow. But they must make some no time in deciding. Afraid of getting more and more bewildered. If they stopped to consider, much longer, and knowing that their absence would cause much excitement on the part of their teachers, if they once did not soon make their appearance, they resolved to risk one of the paths knowing that they could but perish, and making they started off at a brisk walk happening to strike upon the right path and arrived