

our obligation to Mr. Bonnal, the consul of the United States at Canea. His long residence in the island, together with his general information, gives great authenticity to his statements, and he seems as eager to communicate as the traveller is to collect. He enjoys a high reputation at Canea, and deservedly so, and is a most worthy representative of our country in that remote place. We know no subject in the legislation, connected with our external relations, which demands more prompt and urgent attention than the situation of our consular establishments, more particularly those placed in Mahometan countries. Almost every where, indeed, the office of American consul is little better than an eleemosynary employment. Scattered over the globe, and stationed at all the interesting commercial points, these officers are dependent upon casual fees—altogether, except in a very few instances, inadequate to their support. On the continent of Europe, at some of the consulates, these fees are principally composed of charges upon the American traveller for the *visa* of his passport; that is, for the certificate of the consul, under his official seal, that he has examined the passport—an indispensable ceremony—without which the traveller would find his journey arrested by the police. But this tax is paid with much reluctance, and in fact ought to be abolished. But a substitute, however, should be immediately provided by law in an annual fixed allowance. And, what is still worse, many indispensable expenditures made by the consuls are left without being remunerated, because there is no legal provision for their allowance.

There is a little American mission at Canea, at the head of which is Mr. Benton—a worthy man—devoting himself zealously to the task he has undertaken, principally the education of youth. He has met with some difficulties from the local authorities, but we understand these are yielding to a better knowledge and a more correct appreciation of his motives and objects, and we could scarcely invoke for the island a more interesting institution than the firm establishment of this missionary undertaking.

No American can meet these little bands of pilgrims, which his country now sends forth to every benighted portion of the world, without an emotion of pride and patriotism as pure as it is profound. With a devotion at once ardent and enlightened, these generous apostles of religion, morality and education, gird themselves up to their task, and abandoning their native land with all it offers, go forth to regions, marked by ignorance, intolerance and misery as their own. They go indeed under the star-spangled banner, but it is neither to gather riches nor to carry war. Higher and holier sentiments impel them to the journey, and support them in the trials they are called upon to encounter. It was our good fortune to visit several of these establishments in the east, and we found that their inmates had conciliated the respect of the native inhabitants and were laying the foundation of future usefulness. These green spots in the moral desert are indeed refreshing, and doubly so to an American, as tributes of the generous zeal of his country to these regions of early civilization. We sincerely hope they may continue to multiply and flourish, and that the fructifying streams from the western continent which give them nourishment, may not fail in their supplies.

## THE WATER.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

How beautiful the water is!  
 Didst ever think of it,  
 When down it tumbles from the skies  
 As in a merry fit?  
 It jostles, ringing as it falls,  
 On all that's in its way—  
 I hear it dancing on the roof,  
 Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout  
 And gushing out below;  
 A happy thing the water is,  
 While sporting thus, I know.  
 The earth is dry, and parch'd with heat,  
 And it hath long'd to be  
 Releas'd from out the selfish cloud,  
 To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes, rather rudely too,  
 The flowret's simple grace,  
 As if to chide the pretty thing  
 For dust upon its face.  
 It scours the tree, till every leaf  
 Is freed from dust or stain,  
 Then waits till leaf and branch are still'd  
 And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop, is tinkling down,  
 To kiss the stirring brook,  
 The water dimples from beneath  
 With its own joyous look—  
 And then the kindred drops embrace,  
 And singing, on they go,  
 To dance beneath the willow tree,  
 And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is!  
 It loves to come at night,  
 To make you wonder in the morn  
 To see the earth so bright;  
 To find a youthful gloss is spread  
 On every shrub and tree,  
 And flowrets breathing on the air,  
 Their odors pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is,  
 It loves the flowret's cup,  
 To nestle mid the odors there,  
 And fill its petals up—  
 It hangs its gems on every leaf,  
 Like diamonds in the sun;  
 And then the water wins the smile,  
 The flowret should have won.

How beautiful the water is!  
 To me 'tis wondrous fair—  
 No spot can ever lonely be,  
 If water sparkles there—  
 It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,  
 Of grandeur, or delight;  
 And every heart is gladder made,  
 When water greets the sight.